

Poetry Series

Souren Mondal
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Souren Mondal(10th November 1991)

Born on November 10,1991 in Chandannagar, a small town in West Bengal, India, I had very little idea about turning up into a 'poet' ever in my life. I wrote a few poems when I was about 6, but never pursued it. I didn't write a line of poetry until I turned 16 or so, when I wrote things that I thought were 'poems'. By the time I turned 18, I was all guns out praising the beauty of Spring and talking about immortal love, while munching upon chocolates and listening to Taylor Swift songs..

This kind of casual poetry writing continued as I entered college, where I wrote many a poems for 'the girl with the glasses'.. These poems, too were stupid..

Cut down to 2015, and long story short, with a ragging depression and anxiety, filled with anti-depressants, anti-anxiety pills, insomnia, and a prevalent, almost ever-existing desire to kill myself I started writing more poems - this time more seriously - and put them up here at poemhunter. Since then I had written a lot of poems and published them here..

I no longer sing praises of Spring or talk about immortal love in my poems, but Taylor Swift and chocolates are still here!

The themes I mostly try to deal with include sexual violence, philosophical questions, human relationship, and social issues, particularly those of gender inequality....

MY FAVOURITE POETS: Rabindranath Tagore, T. S. Eliot, Charles Baudelaire, William Shakespeare, Charles Bukowski, Jibdanada Das..

I had been inspired a great deal by Bukowski perhaps. To a lot of people, including myself, he is a very cynical poet. But what I like about him is that he does not hide his cynicism. He has a 'bold' soul, one that Baudelaire might have talked about in his "Au Lecteur"...

I had been a huge fan of Fellini, Kurasawa, Kubrick, Vishal Bharadwaj, and Satyajit Ray. Their movies, particularly Fellini's "8 1/2" has been something that I have often looked up to. Kubrick's adaptation of "A Clockwork Orange" too has meant a lot.

But it has to be Paolo Sorrentino's "La Grande Belleza" with Tony Servillo playing Jep Gambardella that nearly changed everything for me. That one movie made

me see artists and beauty in a manner that I had never knew of before.

Beauty, some say, is in the eye of the beholder.. But I feel beauty is in the manner in which an artist presents whatever he is writing about. We can talk about filth, the most abhorrent things that exist, the cruel and the disgusting, the sick and the decaying - all of it - none of which will be beautiful to the naked eye, but it can become beautiful from the representation of the artist.

A few words, I must devote, to the likes of Friedrich Nietzsche, Jean-Paul Sartre, Samuel Beckett, and the many more philosophers that I have read in excerpts or fully too..

The comparative reading of Nietzsche's "The Birth of Tragedy" and Aristotle's "Poetics" was an eye opener for me, that encouraged me to pursue critical thinking without any shame..

At present,24 and healthy, sober for more than ten months, still a chainsmoker, less borderline than before, less depressed than before, almost free of anxiety, I get about at least five hours of sleep every night and have been in good shape.

I need to thank my fellow member poets. It is because of you all, my fellow artists, and friends that I have been able to write poems, and had moved on from "A Beautiful Life" to "To the Little Angels".. My life, today, is on a second innings, so to speak, and it is due to all of you.

Thank You.

Downhill

Downhill

People come, people go
The door inches towards being closed.

Life
Birth, remembering faces
And disappearing ones with age.

Youth, that was once spent in
Meaningless nights drowned in cheap alcohol,
Now evaporates into gradually growing grey

Salt and pepper
Rubbing the once-vigorous heart into a
slow, painful submission.

The heart yearns for solitude
yet all it gets is loneliness....

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Can we, with rust in the rod
thrust back motion into this thick inertia?

The days past when our hands toiled the dead land into greenery.

The hardships have substituted the hardness

There's no place more calm than the herd
Of those sheep, once so despised.

And I,
That poet who once thought
He was an old soul in a young man's body,

Have finally subsided

There is no resolution to the drama of life

Once you hit the point,
There is only downhill
And then uphill
And then

Downhill again...

One must imagine happiness that doesn't exist...

Souren Mondal
November 22,2016

Souren Mondal

Red Pearls (T: W: Graphic Images Of Sexual Violence)

CHORUS:

She is the Red She-Devil
Bleeding bad blood from between her legs.

At fourteen she was married off; and
her first child, a girl, was fed to dogs

Her second was a stillborn

At sweet, sweet sixteen she was sold a sex slave
and at seventeen, she's swimming for her life.

MONOLOGUE IN WATER:

Am I not a woman who knows infinity?
I was raped those many times



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After a while I just wanted to say:
"I don't mind the rape, just don't beat me that hard"

...

...

Should I have killed myself?
Should this body - mine yet still not mine - self-destructed?

,

O I was a good girl

Never did I raise my voice while they beat me
All's justified in the name of God maybe...

*

And now I swim for a refuge - a place to call my own

Call no woman a 'citizen' - we're all without lands.

EPILOGUE: DEATH IN WATER

She died in water

with those red pearls flowing out of her vagina

No one to mourn

embraced in the depth of the oceans, just a little less deeper
than the sufferings of women...

Call no woman a 'citizen' when she swims against the tide.

Call no woman a refugee when she's dead...

Souren Mondal

September 11,2016

Souren Mondal

Corpse Of Humanity: A Definition Of Hell

For Kelly Kurt and Mike Smith

IMAGINE A HELL WITHOUT FIRE
IMAGINE THE DEVIL WITHIN US

The river of humanity run pink
Cold corpses replace Laughing Buddhas in Feng Shui stores
Killing innocents and hating others are en vogue now

And I,
an old soul in a young man's body
stand alone on a red moist salt desert



I walk over the cold, limbless, butchered bodies
that cover the skeletons of young children blown up in bombs and drone attacks

Are there entrails of babies buried here?
Livers that cannot digest anything but milk and boiled carrots?

Hearts, that were just learning to pump blood
lay now under the debris.

*

You say Hell is a place of Fire and Fury?
(Should I not laugh the most bitter laughter in Human history?)

No

This is Hell

This desert that is no longer dry
Here amidst the humid scarlet air

Here

lies the Corpse of Humanity -
buried somewhere under the heap of rotten flesh and blood
and decaying bones.

Here lies the Corpse Humanity.

Souren Mondal

30.07.2016

Souren Mondal

A Depressed Hypocrite's Monologue

There's no offence taken when people
tell us that we are nuts...

No offence when we are told that we only lack guts
to go out more..

Fight with our problems..

We are on the pill
we are going downhill

What is it after all? ?

It's just depression

Everyone's depressed...

Everyone's depressed when their favourite character in a daily soap dies..

Everyone's depressed when their barber cuts their hair wrong..

We are just drama queens..

We like to be different

It's en vogue

Insomnia's a way of saying how cool we are

Cutting ourselves is a way of saying we are rebels

"How are you depressed? ", says one, "you are not even
dressed like Emos"

Hell,
I don't even have tattoos or got
piercings or most importantly

I don't look ill

"You run for five kilometres everyday"

"I heard you weigh more than seventy killos"

Damn it! !

I am so strong...

I stand with a straight posture...

Where's the illness about me? ?

"I heard you are educated"

Ya,

Having read Shakespeare means I cannot be mentally ill

Even though I've been on the pill

What's wrong with me then? ?

In a summer's honey day I show stamina

I stand with a straight posture

I run...

"It's just a frickin excuse for you"

Hell ya! !

I make an excuse to save myself from working...

Sleepless nights,
Suicidal tendencies...

A pain within my heart..

All just an excuse...

"It's because you smoke so much

Nicotine screws up the brain"

Yeah..

Addictions, substance abuse is the cause of this...

"Are you sure you never did something immoral? "

Insinuations

What have I done? ? ?

Oh yes,

I was abused by a man

That must mean that I am gay

I am just a f***ot

That's my problem..

Or maybe,

"It's because you don't believe in God"

What? ! !

The all compassionate,
all merciful God is angry? ? ?

And thus punishes me like sinners in inferno? ?

Screw it!

Do I need to justify this to you? ?

Do I need to tell you why I shouldn't be ashamed that

I visit a psychiatrist once in every three months? ?

Do I,

with all my insecurities and pain
let you all aggravate it further
by letting you call me a weirdo
and then

...

Then pay heed to your ignorance? ?

Yeah,
some of you, I thought,

were my friends...

Some,

I thought were ones who cared...

Maybe if I were dying of some illness that would have made me look ill

You would have cared? ?

Maybe you would have had pity on me..

After all, what does a dying man need but pity and sympathy? ?

I am a hypocrite I know..

But you guys are worse...

I never run away from my hypocrisy,
never judge...

Who are you or me to judge? ?

Do I judge your life? ?

Do I show fake pity for you? ?

If I do so would that make me more human? ?

We are all pathetic,

And I am done justifying these things to you..

I care not about what you think,

But if you ever feel low,

Down, and in trouble

Do you think I will run away? ?

No,

I will stand up for you..

I will treat you like a human being

A fellow hypocrite in need of love and compassion...

Screw your concern..

Screw your bigotry

Screw your stigmatising me

I will give zero ****s about that..

Absolutely zero..

But if you need help
and feel you are distressed
then I will still care

I will share your pains

But never tell you

"You are just overacting mate"

"It's nothing of a big deal"

'Cause dear fellow humans,
my friends by default

I am a hypocrite,
but not the one who shows
pity
not the one
who looks down upon others

Just the one who knows
all pains are real..

And a little help is crucial

Souren Mondal
April 25,2016

~monster Under My Bed~

There's a monster under my bed
It paints my world bloody red

It takes medicines to keep me from killing myself or
others...

Angry, barren, confused, disjoined
thoughts

Incoherent

Nightmares with
screams of a woman who lied

A heart filled with black, black tar

That runs like tears from my eyes and paints it black

A frail liver damaged with alcohol

A soldier in a war...

A civilian turned into soldier in a war

I don't know who I am fighting

I don't know why

Or even,

For whom? ?

All I know is that fight I must

Or those images of

Broken skulls in a sea of blood

under the half moon tinted blue
will return,

And she will be there too

Neena!

In her dress with an Olé Luckoiè umbrellla

The third one...

And
I
a
man
lost
in
a
sea
of
blood

Will find no respite...

There's that monster under my bed

It's a spirit ethereal

No form,
no shape

But big enough to cloud my world...

Hungry enough to eat me alive....

Will it take me for breakfast? ?

Maybe lunch,

Or an evening snack...

I know I won't last until dinner...

I would be one of those skulls
in Golgotha

I know it will chop me from head to toe
like a brave warrior who turned traitor...

*

What is this? ?

This monster in red? ?
does it have claws? ?
or just teeth? ?

Or maybe it has tentacles
each one capable of sucking up life from me...

Extinguished soul,
extended pain,

A heavy heart,
and a broken soul...

This be the life..

No meanings anymore..
no logic
no shape
no symmetry...

Only a fire that burns
yet makes everything go dark....

Souren Mondal
April 15,2016

Souren Mondal

Choices Galore

Sit back and relax
your cup of coffee will be cold
if you don't drink it now...

We have had,
like everyone else
our moments

Of tenderness
cruelty
passion
mourning
and

indifference....

Life has been kind,

Life has always been about finding
that one moment
that we felt
complete

The rest has been fragments

I know that

I had lived long enough

Sometimes in dark caves

Sometimes in posh hotel rooms

And sometimes

Just inside your consciousness

I had been the there

When you had your hands deep in blood of dead babies

I had been there when your fingers have touched the rainbows

Although I wasn't there
before you were born

Neither will I be
when you will be dead...

I am just a part of yours

I am your entire identity

But I have no form

I have no powers

To act

I can only suggest

Crawl up to your hands like a snail
or
run around your fingers like a cheetah

As you prepare yourself

With the gun in hand,

To kill

Yourself

Or

Someone else...

I am nothing

And yet

I am everything...

Will you drink your cup of coffee today? ?

It is served in a cup...

Or

Will you drink the blood? ?

It is served in a soft, broken skull

Of

An infant that was killed

By rats....

Souren Mondal

March 14,2016

Souren Mondal

A Tale Of Two Daughters (For Dimitrios Galanis)

Uneasy lies upon the daughters of
the ones wearing the crown.

So many centuries

between the two of us
and yet our tales are same

Drunk in pride and blindness
our fathers did not see the storm, the madness
and the plague coming upon themselves.

Imprisoned in a wall made of the their mistakes
we had both been hanged to death.

Was it my fault, father and brother with
plucked out eyes
that I was born to you?

Was it my fault, proud father,
running like a madman in the storm
that you preferred eloquence over emotions?

Alas,
both of you were blind
Blind not for your Fate
but blind by choice

Your pride,
Your errors in judgement
became our Nemesis
as we both died on the bloody cross of your sins,
pregnant with the child of our lovers
we died
without having our heads rested upon their lap.

*

One of us followed our father into exile
the other was exiled by her father

What irony is this?

We are now dead - long gone - turned into ashes
and drowned in the whirlwind of forgotten histories

But imagine....

Couldn't this have been different?
Couldn't we have defeated the sisters of Fate?
Saved the thread from being snapped
and lived peacefully

...

Tiresias said 'no'

He said

'You are doomed to agony and death like many daughters are,
You were cursed in birth and have cursed back at death'

The curse of the blind fathers
And the curse of their dead daughters returned

CALL NO ONE HAPPY TILL THEY BE BLIND

[This tale is of the two daughters,
old this maybe,
but true...

And the more the daughters will be cursed
The more they will curse back

The plague that you spread
will kill you in return

Rotten
and destroyed
you will, too, one day
be sent behind the same walls that you built around us]

Souren Mondal
March 11-12,2016

Souren Mondal

Rotten Away (T: W: On Rape)

I didn't know

I didn't know

I didn't know that he could have done this..

On that evening in his room
while we are supposed to just study
he began to touch me wrong

I told him to back off

I didn't want to take things this far

This early,

But then he wasn't the one to listen

He took off his branded leather belt
and suddenly started to beat me

Like a dog

I cried and begged him to stop

'I will do anything', I said...

He asked me to take off my clothes

*
*
*

He continued to beat me further

Laughing and told me this is what I deserve for not co-operating with him

The belt landed on my bare skin

I was beaten
again and again

The lashes fell on me
all over me

Once satisfied he threw me on the bed

And started doing it...

It hurt!

God it did hurt!

Blood flew like that for the first time
from my privates..

And I was first pleading him to stop

But then just gave up and looked at the white ceiling...

Tears ran down from the corners of my eyes
Burning my skin

My ears became wet and deaf

He was calling me names...

And when he finished he just got up
and threw my clothes on me...

Shhh!

He made the gesture and laughed again

The marks of his teeth upon my breasts

The bleeding nipples
saw the look in his eyes

There were marks - red
and swollen all over me,

And all I did was to put on my clothes and run away...

Away to my home

Blood still oozing between my legs

Tears still running from my eyes

I don't know what I am going to do

I don't anything....

The insides have rotten away...

Souren Mondal

March 7,2016

Souren Mondal

~ Confessions Of A Hypocrite: Part 1 ~

I don't always feel like this
but then there are moments
when it all ceases to make sense

I act like a fool
one who would talk of moments

Moments of love, tenderness,
desires
and
intellect

Thrown down into the gutter
meaning nothing at all but
nothing

I feel like killing myself
but know well that it would lead me nowhere....



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Should I call myself an artist? ?

A poet with courage to speak of the unspeakable
but in real life

I become a crybaby

Heartbroken I deserted my destiny

I became a poet instead of a professor

I let down my mentors,
the ones who gave me so much...

I drowned myself in alcohol
smoked cigarettes
and killed my liver and lungs...

I say that I am a feminist

but I have desires dark
to have a woman in flesh and fluids
in my bed
crushed under my weight...

I say that I hate the intellectual bankruptcy of the age
but crack stupid d#*k jokes and laugh...

I say I love people

I sing songs of love

But then under my preferred façade
there is enough hatred to burn down
a whole herd of useless humans

I hate them
I had killed them again and again in my head

I had been a tormenter

I had been tormented by these thoughts

What am I? ?

What am I but a bunch of contradictions?

A hypocrite with no centre

An atheist who had prayed for years
for a girl with the glasses

A man with depression who is scared of
mad men left open in the street

I am a bigot

I am a sinner

I am nothing

Nothing but a bunch of ideas that contradict

Only that I am aware
that
I
am
a
hypocrite....

Souren Mondal
March 6,2016

Souren Mondal

A Translation Of ' Premer Feriola': Pyaar Ka Feriola (In Hindi)

Pyaar ka feriola main
Dil me bas meri bhari hai mohabaat

Banna chahte ho jo saathi mere
Hath me mere dhar lo apna hath

Sur milao mere suron se

Ga raha hoon main geet pyaar ke
Dil me mere na hai koi
Nafrat, jalan ya gusse ka beej

Na hai koi moh-maya
Na hai andhera

Hai to bas dene ke liye bohot, bohot saara

Pyaar



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Chahte ho agar lena isse
Aao mere humsafar bano dost

Pahar khod kar aj rastein banayenge hum

Iss prithbi ki saari nafraat
Aj Shiv ki tarah pi jayenge hum
Uth ke aaye gi dekho amrit
Nafraat nahi chaiyehe ab aur,
bas pyaar ho tumhare aur mere dil mere dil mein har roj...

29.02.16

Souren Mondal

Haiku 3

Legs like broken twigs

Gathering food from water

Looking at itself

Souren Mondal



PoemHunter.com

A Translated Adaptation Of Abhilasha Bhatt's 'kabhi Agar Aisa Ho To Kya Ho..': If It Ever Happens

You go out looking for me
and find me not

If ever such a thing happens
What would it even mean?

If you call for me
and I could not listen to it

If ever such a thing happens
What would it even mean?

You make your lover's complaints
And I would ignore you like a soldier
ignores their wounds...

If ever such a thing happens
What would it even mean?

You speak the desires of your heart
pouring them upon me like fresh rain
or boiling water
And I walk away ignoring you

If ever such a thing happens
What would it even mean?

You speak the words of love to me
- telling me exactly what you always want from me
And I just listen to the noise of Time in the Twilight sky

If ever such a thing happens
What would it even mean?

You turn a heated face - say that I have
let you down
And I don't give a single damn about your sick tantrums

If ever such a thing happens
What would it even mean?

You walk away from me - disappointed with my whole being
And I -

Having given everything that my poor bleeding heart
had to offer

Do not beg you to stay

If ever such a thing happens
What would it even mean?

...

If it ever happens that you
love me like it's meant to be
Will I call you crazy?

If it ever happened that you kept
any of the promises you made
Will I call you not my lover?

I made promises to keep
I kept myself loyal
your love I had breathed

What would have happened if we remained true forever?

But what does it matter now?

Now

That neither you are here

Nor

am

I...

26 February, 2016

Souren Mondal

A Poem On Nothingness (Closure)

Wandering between
nothing and everything
confusion and peace
life and death

I choose love....

We are born without our will
we die mostly reluctantly
sometimes willfully
rarely with grace...

Nothing then is in our hands

What is true is only true for a moment
the time it takes for an insect
to be trapped in a frog's leaping tongue...

Our thoughts are like like tadpoles
that never evolve
but remain floating in the water...

Who cares if there is a God?
Who cares if there isn't? ?

Everything is relative,

Mankind's heroic wars
are a shame for Mother Nature...

Your moral laws for women
are but a chain to imprison them in a black hole of misogyny

Innocent kids
with stumbling voices
are better than the leaders of the world...

*
*

*S *
*E E *

For yourself and believe,
life is but meant to be lived

Ask questions but do not let yourself get

Entangled in them...

#####

In a womb
racing with a millions of sperm
only one wins to fertilise the egg
only at the right time
at the right moment....

We are born with precision from human bodies
bodies that evolved through millions of years

We have this body
and this mind
and this soul only....

We have this planet only..

We have this ONE life only...

Nothingness maybe something
that something may be nothing

But at the end we choose something
even if it is nothing

So
why choose nothing? ? ?

Souren Mondal
February 23,2016

Souren Mondal

Four (And A Half) Poems On Nothing

You think once
sober
You think once
drunk

And you think the third time past the hangover
at nine o'clock in the morning

In between
nothing has happened

(1)

IN VINO VERITAS

(A)

The night of the last Christmas
He lied that he was with nobody

He was with himself
thinking about what lies behind the ultimate truth

Is there any such thing? ?

He thought and thought
and then drank eight shots
of tequila
in seven minutes

The blood and mind
both got corrupted in a few minutes

And he went back to his daydream
of an encounter with a being who had the answers of his most profound
questions....

[BY VIRTUE HIS GUIDE WAS A WOMAN]

'Why me? ? ',
she asked.....

(B)

So he went for a walk at evening
to meet his friend
THE PROFESSOR

They talked about the being of
nothingness and
the nothingness in the BEING

They concluded that
nothingness' being must be fascinating

And dragged themselves to death
by Alcohol...

(2)

BRAMHAN AND HESITATION

The Saint asked his pupils

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF LIFE? ?

Most feared the wise SAINT
and remained silent...

But for Sunaina

She said

LIFE, GURUDEV, IS THE LIE BETWEEN TWO TRUTHS - BIRTH

AND DEATH

The SAINT smiled and told her

YOU HESITATED

(3)

THE TRAVELLER AND THE SUPREME BEING

Once upon a time a TRAVELLER
curious about what happens after
death
killed himself to open the portal
of THE OTHER WORLD

There beyond the weeds and seeds of life
the TRAVELLER met the
SUPREME BEING...

are you the ONE?

THE SUPREME BEING NODDED IN AFFIRMATIVE AND GAVE A SMILE

did you make us?

"YES" said the SUPREME BEING

I HAVE MADE YOU AND YOU MADE ME

i made you? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

I MADE YOU AND BY MAKING YOU I MADE MYSELF

(4)

BEING AND MISUNDERSTANDING(S)

So we all have been there

Here in a place
between sense and

nonsense
from where all meanings are formed.

There is a puzzle -

a labyrinth that was created by a FOOL
on the first day of human existence,

Another FOOL copied it down
kept making copies on a million of trees
until he died....

Only one ancient tree survived

there was written

ALL OUR SOULS ARE LIKE FISHES AND BODY WATER
THIS YOU MUST KNOW AND NOTHING ELSE

....

Centuries,
or maybe a few minutes past when a YOUNG SAINT

curious for finding the universal
transcendental truth
arrived at the PLACE

there he perched and began meditating
under the Ancient tree

For one hundred and seventy years the Young Saint
remained in meditation
chanting

MA FALESHU KADACHINAM
KUN FAYA KUN

(Work, don't bother about results/
Be, and it is)

And on the first day of the 171st year,
A young boy found the skull of the
Young Saint

And upon looking up he saw

THIS YOU MUST KNOW AND NOTHING ELSE....

Souren Mondal
February 20,2016

Souren Mondal

A Translation Of Pablo Neruda's 'always': Humesha (In Hindi)

Mai jalta nahi hoon usse
jo aaya pehle mujhse.

Kisi ek admi ke saath aao
apne kandho par bithake usse,
apne lambe balon mein sau admio ko le kar
aao,

Le kar aao ek hazaron ko aapne seene
aur pairon ke beech,

Aao kisi nadi ki tarah
bhari huyi ho jo dube ashiquon se
behti huyi aao pagal saagaron ki tarah,
kabhi na khatam ho jo
waisi anantakaleen dharon ki tarah behne do

Behne do unhe samai ke akhri akshar se bhi aage!

Le karo aao unhe -
Un sab ko
waha jaha main tumhara intezaar kar raha hoon;

Humesha

hum akele honge
tum aur mai
akele is duniya mein

Humari ek nayi zindigi shuru kar ne ke liye!

Souren Mondal
February 16,2016

Souren Mondal

Chopped Off (T: W: On Female Genital Mutilation)

They held me down
my mother and that woman
taking off my clothes
on the strange strawy floor

The tin roof was dark
only a little light came through a hole

And then came the pain
as they did something with my
vagina

...Blood flowing like piss
warm and fresh....

my screams were muffled by the dirty cloth
that smelled like faeces

they had stuffed into my small mouth

The blade was not sharp
the cutting not done

So they persuaded again

Pig in a slaughterhouse

A pig of only seven
in
a
slaughterhouse

I could not pee for five days
Without feeling a burn
one that melts the soul

My screams were due

my clit cut off.....

Cutting,
Cutting
Cut....

A pig in a slaughterhouse

A girl with mutilated vagina

It was my body
my vagina

They cut it down
to curb my bad wants

sexual desires

Shhhh! ! !

Don't say those those words
no girl here says that.....

Souren Mondal
February 16,2016

Souren Mondal

Hard

Teardrops running down the cheeks should be salty
But they burn like pepper when concealed in a thick beard.

Pains of broken heart
pressure of camouflaged emotions
The leaves may have turned brown
Rust on the iron rod is covered in
red paint

No one will see what's inside
Being hard is the norm
Even if by unwanted supplements

When the heart's flaccid
what's the point of a hard d*#k?

Souren Mondal
January 13,2016

Souren Mondal



PoemHunter.com

Dancing Demon (Limerick) For Wes Vogler And Kelly Kurt

I would DANCE like a POSS-ess-ed DEMON
Will EAT every DAY with the TREE MEN
If TRUTH could prevail
With the FACTual tale
Of HOW God had MADE man from semen.

Souren Mondal



PoemHunter.com

Senryu 1 - Ashen Hair Submerges

Falling autumn leaves
My ashen hair submerges
In noisy children

Souren Mondal



PoemHunter.com

An Attempt At Ars Poetica

no rhyme
no rhythm
just fragmented thoughts
caught mid air in a net
and bottled up in a cage
where the circus ringmaster
with a whip of whimsical arbitrariness
tames them down
and parades them in a somewhat meaningful pattern

disciplined unruly curs

hoping that the camouflage is good enough
for them to be considered

deceptive enough to be called a poem or
something

ars poetica  PoemHunter.com

an experiment at taming down
unwanted thoughts

a mere experiment into verbalising scattered
nightmares

no metre
no syllable counts or forms

just words meaningless horrible words
that contradict each other
laid down upon a white sheet of paper

one that might have been more useful
in making at least twelve cigarette joints

souren mondal
6.2.16

Souren Mondal

Nayi Zindigi

Aao fir chalte hai
Tum aur hum,
Shaam hai mehki huyi
Hawayo mein hai gulabo ki khusbu

Chalo fir baadte hai maikhane ki aur
Aaj ghum me dube huye humare
purane doston
Se mil ke aate hai hum

Unki zindigi mi dard hai mili
jaise mai mai milta ho paani

Saab ki dil ke dard ko
baatenge aise jaise
bachpan me school mein tiffin baatein the

Sab gaaye hai chood hume
par ab bhi tumhara hai saath kyun?

Mai me dubi huyi hai tumhari shaamein

Kabhi kisi Asad ne bole the jo labhj

Ab bhi dil me teri goonjti hai wo kyun?

Aao na phir
chaalein hum
aaj ki shaam me hai
kuch kaami

Aankhon me tumhare aj kyun hai ye naami? ?

Tumse juda hone ka na hai mujhe koi dard mere dost

Par ab humara waqt jo khatam hone ko hai
Jaana to parega hi tumhe...

Yaar jo mera gaya tha chod mujhe
Saalon pehle mere dost

Aj us bewafa ke jhoot nahi rulati hume

Aai nahi aati hai dil se koi aawaj

Kehti ho jo

'Dard hai in saason mein
Dard hai in baaton mein
Khaali hai meri bahen
Aaja laut ke tu bewafa
Tujhe bhar ke karna hai mohabaat
Sunapaan hai mere dil mein'

Ye main nahi tha tum the mere dushman-dost

Aaj na hai koi sunapaan

Aao aaj chalte hai tum aur hum

Ek akhri baar jaana hai mujhe maikhane mein
Milna hai doston se phir

Kehna hai unse
ke dost mere

Na pi iss zeher ko smajh ke koi dawayi

Na pi iss zeher ko samajh ke koi dawai

Na hai iss me marj koi
bas hai to hai tabahi...

To Gham mere
aao fir chalte hai hum
ek akhri baar maikhane

Ye shaam hai akhri dukh ki shaam

kal se hai to hai sirf khushiyan

Baanjar bagiche me mere
Ab laut aayi hai hariyali

Na royenge ab us ke liye
Jis ne diya tha dhoka

Nayi zindigi jo hai mili mujhe
Ab mujhko kis ne hai roka! !

Souren Mondal
February 1,2016

Souren Mondal

Premer Feriola (In Bengali)

Premer feriola ami
Hridoi jure amar khali valobasa

Jodi hote chao songi amar
Hath e vore nao hath

Sure melao sur amar saathe
Ami gaichi premer e gaan.

Naiko amar hridoi majhe
Ghrina, irsha ba raag er chaya

Naiko kono moho maya
Naiko kono andhar

Aache to kebol deoar jonne Onek Onek

Valobasa

Chao jodi nite eso go sokhi
Pathor kete rasta khuji

Ei prithibir sokol jala
Gilbo aji Shiv er moto
Uthbe dekho amrito aji
Sokol er 'pore ami prem korte raji.

Souren Mondal
January 27,2016

Souren Mondal

On Reading Daniel Brick's 'who Said This? ': The Storyteller Lost At His Story

We are listening to Mozart, my friends
at this time and age,
when we have all grown too old to be stirred
we only can take peace
in the simple moments of our lives
and look back at such days when we were younger -

I remember when I,
a man with more grey yet some black
salt-and-peppery all around
decided enough was enough and
Chose this - this life - this life of freedom and tender thinking
Softly formed like a dew-drop upon a blade of grass

And I left my madness -
The useless chases after women,
the drinks at one o'clock in the night
until the bartender said those ancient words -

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME
HURRY UP PLEASE NOW IS THE TIME

And I took no notice,
didn't know when the time came and went

I stayed disillusioned like I had become

When she left me -
deserted me on our prom night to go with the Football Captain.

We were supposed to be together

ARE YOU LISTENING? ?

Yes,
together,
till death do us part

We had dreamt dreams of a life of peace
when we made love for the first time
at the backseat of my second hand truck
on a lonely winter's night
High up at the lone mountains' track

And the kisses were like the first one
at the Park when we held our hands together for too long
and I stared too deep into her eyes....

They were as blue as the azure sky of the playground
when we first met on the fourth day of the school

And I helped her to play with the swings

As her first words came into my ears -

'Hi, I need some help'.

Souren Mondal
January 25,2016

Souren Mondal

Useless Bastards

Slick, and wonderfully crafted
The world works in mysterious ways
Riches, become more rich
and the poor sway away.

Here in the dreams of the boy living in slums

The corporationals sell pizzas in a fancy resturant
Where his mum's parathas lose their magic

Murdered hopes,
Mutilated daydreams at night

Their bodies are wet in dew
A car runs over them along the footpath.

The dog and the child with a torn, black shirt
No one mourns their death

Let the mercedes crush the innocent daydreams at night
Let the poor beg at stations

We are as blind as the child
who was blinded with acid
To become the beggar that will supply money for drugs.

Souren Mondal
January 21,2016

Souren Mondal

Nayi Dastaan-E-Mohobaat

Manzile hai mili nayi nayi
Hai umeed jagi dil me ab firse
Unki ankho me kho rahe hai hum
Raat o me jag jag ke sapne dekh rahe hai hum

Saab kuch naya jaisa
Hai hawao me kaisi ye khushbu nayi
Jo dil kabhi gaya tha toot
Aj phirse dharak rahi hai kis ke liye?

Aaye hai zindigi me wo ban ke meri
Farishta aasmaano ki
Hai noor unka pario ki hasi jaisa
Hai aawaj unki mehekte bagiche sa

Unhe chu kar dil me phirse
Jaag raahi hai koi nayi daastan-e-mohobaat ki umeed

Phir se aayi hai roshni andhero me
Amabas dekho gayi mit

Phir se mohobaat hai dil me jaagi meri
Yaar mera shayad akhir kar gaya hai mujhe mil.

Souren Mondal
January 18,2016

Souren Mondal

Skeletons In The Closet

He walked up to me with a smiling face in
the auto-stand and told me I was such a nice young man.
I smiled at him,
being all of fourteen I used to smile at all.

We went inside the vehicle and talked
about school and sports
Friends and chocolates,
Dreams and and aspirations.

How tender the old gentleman seemed
well-behaved and soft-spoken.

But then came the horror
His hand touched me in the bad place and he
squeezed it like a pressure relieving ball

I froze,
I couldn't move,
So much ran through my mind like a herd of vultures
across a dun sky...

Tears welled up but did not flow,
Angee and shame began to build up within my heart
but my face,
My mouth gave nothing away...

When the autorickshaw stopped I ran out of it
with the old gentleman saying
'Hey kid wait! We should talk more.'

A few drops of tears may well have rolled down
my cheeks and dried in the harsh wind against my face

Souren Mondal
January 10,2016

Souren Mondal

To The Little Angels

Muttering half a syllable on repeat
with a mouth that has only a few teeth
they fit into my lap like it were a throne
giving the purest of the looks.

Some run, and some ask for stories
while some are happy with a cuddle
and a million of kisses

They sleep with their heads rested on my chest
- little rascals that still wet their beds!

Fairies and imaginary dragons are totally there
And wonderlands where chocolate ice-creams
are grown on the trees
with rivers of fresh strawberry flavoured milkshake
flow with ease.

Little angels on earth, who make everything better
Can you see from their eyes?

Even your oldest furnitures are objects of wonder -

'Here's a chair', you say to them, 'look a
chair - that's a chair' - keep cooing until
they say - 'clar' -
So wrong yet so right.

Blessed be these idiots who poop in their diapers.

Souren Mondal
January 8,2016

Souren Mondal

Blue Blood

Red turns into thick blue
cells invaded by substances
Nicotine and Venlafaxine run
parallelly
Competing for a stronger withdrawal

Consciousness runs into dark spaces troubled,
face to face with the Shadow
and staring into each others' eyes
we hit a psychedelic dream

where

moments of unuasy agony
Insomnia's dead body
murdered by sleeping pills
pile together

rot into a thick, black muck

Through which I swim and drown

swim again

C'est la vie

Happiness is a forced farce

Quitting is not an option

Fighting is....

Souren Mondal

December 15,2015

Love At The Time Of Terrorism Part 2

'I am sorry', Angelin said to Asad
Asda looked at the white woman before him and
felt something in his heart

MAMMA WHY ARE YOU TALKING TO A TERRORIST?

'Sam ' she shouted 'he is not a terrorist'

Asad's blood boiled and he felt a rage within

'I am sorry', Angelina said, 'since his dad
died at Afganisthan, he talks like that'

APOLOGISE SAM

I AM SORRY MISTER
YOU'RE NOT A TERRORIST. YOU DON'T HAVE A BEARD

YOU MUST SHAVE LIKE THOSE KAFIRS BECAUSE GOD WANTS IT
ALLAH IS ALL COMPASSIONATE, ALL FORGIVING
ALLAH DEMANDS THE BLOOD OF KAFIRS
THAT IS WHY YOU MUST NOT LET THOSE WHITES UNDERSTAND
SHAVE YOUR BEARD, EAT PORK AND NEVER SPEAK ANYTHING
BUT ENGLISH
DON'T LET THEM BECOME SUSPICIOUS
ALLAH IS ALL COMPASSIONATE, ALL FORGIVING

'It's okay', Asad said, trying to bring a rage in his
heart,
but the tender blue eyes of both the mother and the child
melted him.

angelina offered Asad an invitation for a meal and
he somehow accepted at T minus twenty minutes

*

They went together to board on an metro

to go to Sam's favourite place.

Asad felt he must be crazy or Shaitan had eaten his brains
but those kafirs seemed normal humans

ASAD IS MAD
ASAD IS LOSING HIS MIND

ALL WHITES ARE AGAINST THE WILL OF ALLAH
THEIR WOMEN NEVER UNDERSTAND THE VALUE OF MOTHERHOOD

Angelina placed her arm softly on Sam's and spoke
about unicorns

REMEMBER HOW YOUR MOTHER DIED AT THE STRIKE OF THOSE
DRONES.
VENGEANCE ASAD - ALLAH WANTS VENGEANCE

THOSE TERRORISTS KILLED PAPA. THOSE AFGANS ARE TERRORISTS

NO SAM NOT ALL OF THEM. MOST ARE LIKE US. WE BOTH SUFFER.

*

Asad felt something for the poor yatim and
he could no longer understand anything

The explosives were still inside his jacket
warmed tenderly by his confused heart....

They went of the train to have a meal
All lines were blurred.....

Souren Mondal
December 6-7,2015

Souren Mondal

Love At The Time Of Terrorism Part 1

On a lovely morning of November
He went out wearing a jacket
with a bomb strong enough to blow up about a few
hundred.

On his way,
walking across the flower shop,
He saw an old lady who greets everyone she sees with a

'Have a nice day'

He did not say anything but gave her a mean stare
like the ones he had given for the last one month
And she returned it with the same graceful smile

DO REMEMBER MY CHILD GOD WANTS US TO AVENGE THE INJUSTICES

So much injustice had been done to him and his likes
His seven year old cousin had lost her leg
and the other one, younger than his sister, died like a dog.

DON'T SPARE THESE GUYS
THEY ARE LIVING AGAINST THE WILL OF GOD

INFIDELS!

GOD THIRSTS FOR THE BLOOD OF THESE INFIDELS

As he crossed 392/2 STREET he saw an immodest
woman kissing a man in public.

His blood boiled as he imagined her
doing IT against the will of GOD

He knew she was not a virgin
None of these infidel women are.

THERE WILL BE SIXTY AND TWELVE VIRGINS FOR YOU IN HEAVEN
MOST OF THEM WILL NOT BE EVEN THROUGH PUBERTY

FRESH VIRGINS

He would sacrifice himself today for the injustices,
He would sacrifice himself to punish the sinners
He would sacrifice himself for the VIRGINS
and to punish the WHORES.

AND GOD WANTS IT
GOD WANTS IT ALL
THE BLOOD OF THESE INFIDELS

He finally came to the place where he was supposed to blow himself up
in thirty mintues.....

'I am sorry', she said as she bumped into him.

He stared at her for long and felt something in
his heart beneath the jacket where the explosives were
kept...

Souren Mondal
December 2,2015

Souren Mondal

To A Cigarette Butt

Taken out from a shiny pack of ten
Kissed, sucked, blown, and inhaled

Tar filled lungs full of love
Burning to death for the mild
pleasure of another
with nothing but the butt ends
remaining

Thrown on the ground
and crushed with shiny boots
with crap on the sole

Cigarette butts - you are the ultimate
masochist lover

Taking one so high to let yourself
lie alone on the dusty ground
ending in a pile of garbage...

Souren Mondal
November 26,2015

Souren Mondal

Red Ashes Of Terror

Young Nafisa,
all of seven,
sat against a blown up tank
and wished her younger brother Rahim
had been as lucky as her.

She, after all, had her right leg intact and
a stick for crutches.

Martha was graduating from High School.
She wished her Peter was there.
He died in Iraq.

'BUY THE OLD MAN LUNCH PLEASE'
HOMELESS PAUL sat with a pitchboard sign

He was an Afghan veteran without an eye and with PTSD.
A guy named Ahmed gave him a dollar
and said 'MAY ALLAH BLESS YOU'

*

What a piece of work is war?
A bunch of lunatics kill innocents
and another bunch of lunatics kill more innocents
to avenge the death of innocents.

And all we are left with in the end
are the rotten red ashes of humanity drowned in the wind...

Souren Mondal
November 22,2015

Souren Mondal

A Beautiful Life

In a salt desert
under the scorching sun's rays
I want to take a bath
in a white ivory tub
filled with thick, red blood
of rotten falcons and children
of lions and pigs.

Skeletons of dead trees
Skulls of dead newborns,
Dry umbilical chords
and the sound of bones being
crushed by an imp for pure pleasure

Deep fried brains
Rotten flesh and breasts of
beautiful dreams,
chopped finely into a dish of delicious
insomnia
- Lost hopes

sleep in a grave
peacefully with a cigarette
lit up at the left corner of
dark, rough, scarred
Beautiful lips

And there you are
Neena - in a bright scarlet gown,
Your glasses fixed meticulously upon
your long nose,
Decapitating freshly born babies
melting their umbilical chords in boiling acid

- Let there be many modest
proposals

I drown myself under the blood

The eagles will be flying in
the dun sky

What a beautiful life...

Souren Mondal
November 17,2015

Souren Mondal

Dishehara (In Bengali)

'Sokol loker majhe
Amar nijer mudradoshe
Ami aka hotechhi alada? '

[Bodh, Jibananda Das]

1

Chander aloi
Morubhumite,
Ekla pothikee moto ghurte ghurte
Trishnartho,
Khudai kator pothik ami
Dibasopno dekhi tomai niye - Neena
-Amar jiboner sob theke boro morichika.

2

Ami lobhi,
Ami boro boka -
Tomar valobasa Dedalus o-er dhadha
Ar amar tomake pete chaoa Icarus-er
Bokamo -

Momer dana geche gole
Mukh thubre porechi - gechi toliye
Sumudrer tolai,

Othocho mritu amake kore ni boron.

3

Nijer nistobdho, nogno premke
Ador korechi kon ondhokar ghore mombatir aloi
Kon joludosur kotha sune hotechhi patatone?

Ghor neiko mor kono ar

Neiko astana kono
- Jajaborer moto ghure berachi aj
Kebol dishehara mritur protikhai.

Souren Mondal
November 9,2015

Souren Mondal

Haiku 1: Khoniker Dekha (In Bengali)

Khoniker dekha
Kichukhoner valobasa
Chirokaler batha.

Souren Mondal



PoemHunter.com

Premer Kon Deshe? (In Bengali)

'Choli jobe gela jompure
Okale! '

[Meghnadbodh kabbo, Madhusudan Dutta]

1

Tomar protiti kothar modhe lukiye thaka
Nirashar beejguloke
Raat-er por raat nijer buker jomite
Putechi aami

Amar chokher jol diye korechi boro
Diyechi amar valobasar saar,

Chaander alo ar jonakir doler majhe
Nijeke ek glass rum ar du'packet Cigarette-er
Bishe dubiyechi - Nilkonther moto ei sob bish
Nijer modhe jomiyechi
Tao tomari bolte vulini tomari valobasi

2

Tomar kalo chokher ognishikhai nijeke
Cigarette-er moto puriyechi,
Dhoya hoye geche ure amar atma haoai
Tao noroker agunete tandabnito kore
Geyechi premer gan tomar jonne
Rekhechi asha tomar chuler jhornai ekdin
Sob agun jabe nive
Bhebechi kono din tomari niye bandhbo ami
Amar songsar.

.....
.....

3

E kothai elam ami?
E kon desh jekhane majh akashe
Neel ronger surjo ar beguni ronger adha-chaand
Sobsomoi jole?

Kiser bhumi ekhane?
Na mati, na baali - kebol churno kora haar
Ar na-jani koto kongkal

Haoa dhushor, ar joler rong lal,

Kothai chilam,
Kothai elam,
Tao je mone valobasa

Tomar jonne valobasa
Tomar jonne bish pan korar icha

Chahida

Ei tahole tomar-amar valobasa?

Souren Mondal
November 6,2015.

Souren Mondal

On The Myth Of Loving Without Expectations

[...] c'est cela l'amour, tout donner, tout sacrifier, sans espoir de retour. [...]

The many a humans
hold that love is true only when
Love is without expectations
of anything in return
- A difficult resolution like the
Fire Suicides of the Buddhists

Suicide, I say, because the idea is
good to indulge in
but never easy to execute

[Abstinence is easy only when you are impotent]

You can go ahead and have that resolution
[like the many you have had throughout
years on the New Years' Eve]
but you will never be good enough to be
so stoic - this fantasy of yours is an empty vessel

For let us be honest - my dear friend - to
expect no expectations in love is an expectation
in itself

A paradoxical resolution
that you, me - we - will never achieve.

Souren Mondal
November 6,2015

Souren Mondal

Zakhm Hare Hai Abhi

Zakhm hare hai abhi
Bhare hai ansu aankhon me,
Hai dil me abhi bhi aarmaan tujhe
pane ki,
Hai mohabaat abhi bhi mere naso me,

Bewafaayi ki saboot abhi bhi hai
aankhon ke saamne,
Hai chura abhi bhi seene me daba hua,

Khoon ki baarsaat me abhi bhi
bheege hue hai mere kapde
Hai taalaash ek ashyaane ka

Zakhm hare hai abhi
diye the jinhe tune uss raat mujhe
Jab chaandni aasmaan me thi roshan,
par tha andheera mere kamre mein

Zakhm hare hai abhi teri
un batoon ki
Jinhe tune unhi hoothoon se tha kaaha
jine choomne ki aarzo thi mere dil me,

Dard bhare hai abhi mere
labhzon me,
Hai chaahat abhi bhi milne se tujhse,

ai quatil mere aarmaanoon ki

Zakhm hare hai abhi teri bewaafayi ke
Kureed ke rakha hai maine unhe saamhaal ke,

Yaadein abhi hai teri mohabaat ki
Raatein abhi hai tanhaa,

Zakhm hare hai abhi
Bhare hai ansu aankhon me meri

Zakhm hare hai abhi
Teri yadoon se bhara para hai
bagicha
Har roz unhme aankhon se pani hai dena mujhe
Teri hi yadoon me jina,
hai marna mujhe....

Souren Mondal
November 4,2015

Souren Mondal

Ekti Dekha (In Bengali)

Amar dekha sei meyeti
Borshar ek dine
Chata mathai chilo dariye
Bus stop-er ek nirjon kone
Porone tar chilo lal saree
Hath-e mobile phone

Purono hoa notun bondhur saathe hoyeche tar ari
Dekhe mone holo tokhon.

Pore tare dekhini kokhono
Tobu mone pore tar kotha,
Lal tar sei saree-er rong
Ar borshar jol,

Du chokheo tar chilo ki jol?

Ami jani na ekhon'



PoemHunter.com

Souren Mondal

April 15,2010

Souren Mondal

Opurnota (In Bengali)

Prithibir ei jonosumudrer majhe
Nijer banano kon kolponar jogote
Aacho tumi lukiye?

Tomai tonno-tonno kore cholche khuje kon kobi?
Kon chitrokor ondhokar ghore mombatir aaloi
Chaiche tomai ankte?

Ar tumi aacho tomari jogote
Jekhane
Porichorjai tomar lakho dasi
- Rajkumari!

Krishnoborno chekon shama, chokhduti tomar neel
Porone tomar lal pader shada sari
Pith diye jai boye chul lomba kalo
Jeno asharer kono diner megher ghot!

Ha,
Kobira tomai niye lekhe kobita
Rangai tomai nijeder subidha moton -
Tader kache to tumi sorbogunsomponna

Sobi aache tomar kache,
Tobu monta tomar sunno
Aacho takiye tar khojete
Korbe tomai je purno.

Souren Mondal
July 29,2010

Souren Mondal

A Translation Of 'mohabat Ke Parinde': Birds Of Love

The roads which we had
traversed once together,
hand in hand,
are now flooded with dry loneliness

There was a wish in the heart
that one day I would break
dams of rocks with my bare hands

There was a desire to live,
so strong,
that I invited Death for a game of Chess
every evening

There was love for You
my darling - so strong
that I cared not of becoming a kafir

But now,
On that road that we had once
traversed together
There's only a heap of dead doves
under the star lit sky

Yea,
I walk into the bar everyday
and kiss the glass of wine
as if it were your lips

Neither You nor your love is
left
I am left with only this Glass of wine
mixed with arsenic

And I drink this without any fear or care
I drink this with love...

Souren Mondal

Mohabaat Ke Parinde

Jin raasto pe kabhi ek saath
chale the hum
waha bas aaj tanhayiaan hai.

The dil mein aise aarma ke
patharo ke bandh hath se tor dete

Thi jini ki aisi khwaish
ke Maut ko har shaam shatranj ke
khel me harate the

Thi mohabaat tujhse aisi
jaan - e - maan ke
hum kaafir baan se bhi nahi
darte the

Par jin raasto pe kabhi ek saath
chale the hum
raat me taroon ki roshni me
unme aaj bas mare hue fakhtain dikhte hai

Jate hai maikhane me
to mai ko tere hooth samajh ke
choom lete hai

Na tu hai na hai teri
mohabatein

Bas teri yaadein aur ye ek mai ka piyala hai
zeher jaisa

Jise hum befikr hoke
shokh se pite hai

Teri hi yaadon me jite hai
Teri hi yaadon se pite hai...

Souren Mondal

Flesh And Fluids

In a dark room with flickering
lights,
melting wax and broken

heart

He stands lonely after a sweaty encounter
with her,
she's all of eighteen

Flesh and fluids,
all have been mixed up and exchanged.

There's the smell in the room
that same yet different smell of flesh and fluids

Both of them are young and beautiful
and there are many like them
on Saturday night of October

But nothing will ever be same...

The moon at the three o'clock in the balcony,
the smoke rising from his Marlboro
and her languid bony, body under
white sheet

A pair of moist eyes fixed at the ceiling,
Moments, passing yet not passing,

There will be many more nights and
many more women and men in
beds of hotel rooms

But there will never be the same smell,
moon,
Cigarette butts
and a woman staring at the

blank ceiling

The laundry will be dirty...

Souren Mondal
November 1, 2015

Souren Mondal

Ten O'clock At Chinsurah Station

In a moment,
when the shadow hangs large upon
our head,
we always forget that there are
many
who are in perpetual darkness.

And we,
with our world wrapped up
entirely around ourselves
look nowhere else but our own

Shadow

The gloom that is in us
not the dark, pathetic sinister side
of humankind
all around us...

Kids starve
and women remain in shakles,

men die everyday

and many kill

Some for money,

some maybe even for the thrill....

Do we then

look only at the moon,

pristine and white,

while the marks on it go unnoticed?

Her majesty

serves her orders

and gets served by servants,

None,

none care about

the children forced into begging

at Chinsurah station at

ten o'clock in the morning

A girl with a broken heart and

torn yellowish black frock

and a boy with bird's nest for hair

Stand before the queue at ten o'clock

in Chinsurah station,

Begging for a rupee,

The passengers are annoyed

and a blind begger, old

and haggard

yells at them

GO AWAY DON'T STEAL MY

BUSINESS

What judgement will you have

At ten o'clock in Chinsurah station? ?

Souren Mondal

Saint, Sinner, Lover

'A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for
ever.'

[King Lear,5.3.269-271]

1. Fish and Water

It is said that the soul is like a fish
and body water,
each entirely different from each other
and yet dependant ? the fish on the water
that is.

So it holds for You and I,

I am the fish You are the Water,
I exist on You and live upon
You.

And now that you are gone,
I do not really live but survive
like a Betta

But I know one day,
I will gradually lose it all
My struggle for existence without you
will be meaningless,
futile,
and one day I will die

But even in death
I shall find no Moksha,
will not be united with the
One
since it's You - - You are the
One

2. The Addict

I have three addictions - - a woman,
Cigarettes and Alcohol.

I loved all three until I left
alcohol for the doctors said that I had
a minor hepatogamy

That was half a year ago
Before that I used to drink a glass of alcohol
every night with three cigarettes in half an hours? time
playing Decoder Ring?s ?More than Scarlet? on repeat
in an empty room with a candle
burning,

flickering lights - - flickering memories
of You

It is an interesting combination - - Old Monk,
Silk Cuts and You - - Your memories ? all of
them run
in my blood,

A fine exotic Cocktail that my heart pumps
and drives to all my cells.

Rotten Cells that imprison me

And I lean languidly upon a bed of dust mites and sandalwood
Resting my head on my left hand,
with manuscripts of my love poems for You
lying around the floor of scorpions.

I am chained in addictions - - You, nicotine
and the unpurged alcohol in my veins.

All of it in this body and soul ? addicted and rotten.

3.To Neena with Love

When all things fall apart we look for Love,

When life becomes too heavy to bear we look for Love,
When Love becomes too much to be taken care of
I look at you - - Neena - - my Girl with the Glasses,
my woman of no importance,
my greatest addiction

my glass butterfly with beautiful stripes of
China,

Transparent yet opaque,

So confidently insecure,
so possessive of me,

Neena,
you are the subject of all my nightmares
You are the dream I had dreamt of since I learnt
how to dream.

I am a poet who loved you,
I am the lover whom you converted into a poet.

I am a man with your memories,
I am a man with dreams and nightmares,

I am nothing but a mad Lover,
My poetry is in madness
I am nothing but a reflection of yours.

My sins are long - - I desired you in
my dreams,
Fondled each contour of your curvy, beautiful body
with the devotion of a worshipper.

Your naked body, free from all inhibition,
pure and pristine
have flashed a thousand times before me

And I wanted to unite with you,

make love to you with the tenderness
and devotion that Michelangelo
might have shown when he painted
the Sistine Chapel's ceiling?

I would have made each move with care
and passion mixed in equal proportion
with sheer passion,
choosing them like Tagore chose his words
for his lyrics and songs

Kiss your pink, soft, wet lips
when we would have united in
Stark nakedness of our souls.

And our moans would have been like
Beethoven's symphonies - - masterpieces - -
works of art.

This was my love for you Neena
- - You and I - - together - - in pure sin of Love
- - together - - till death do us part.

And that Love
would have brought to earth
an Angelic soul - - perhaps
a little Neena,
who would have asked me for
kisses and cuddles
and bedtime stories

And I would have told her our story
- - You and I - - how it all came to be?

And if anyone asks me the question
today I will say only one thing and never stop
until my Chain-smoked lungs burst up - -

?I do. I do. I do. I do.? ?

Adieu,
Adieu,

À dieu,
Adieu?

Souren Mondal
October 11,2015

Souren Mondal

Purgation

The pain burns like the small tobacco

leaves in a pipe under the ashes

The smoke is inhaled thick

Life is in a broken moon,

pieces shattered upon a mirror,

The candle is lit up

the wind blows through

the flickering curtains

while the one who dared love

truly

sits in a reverie of past memories

Inconstancy,



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the greatest virtue of a whimsical cynic

who loves not yet shows

that love

True lies,

read between the lines

and the light and shadow of

our experiences,

Yea,

the One is gone,

spent a fortune upon that One,

left no stones unturned,

But now that she's gone

her memories

pick my heart like the roses' thorns

What a laurel upon my head?

What an adventurer?

What Love junkie on my road to recovery of a love that meant nothing and everything at the same time...

Green, wild grass

not pruned is my heart..

A burden upon myself

I am

Love,

like a bitter shot of tequila

has gone down through my throat

on a dry, dusty day.

And ashes is all there's now

in my garden

The flowers she had stolen

and left...

What a marvelous theft?

what a thing of beauty is this craft

of stealing one's heart...

Meticulous, beautiful thief,

thief with smile of pure ivory,

cheeks of milk and syrup

yet a mouth full of lies

that smell like perfumes exotic

What a misery I'm

what a gigantic dream

full of hope

and devoid of substance you are...

What life is this?

what love was that?

Nothing,

oh nothing matters now...

For now it's all fragmented,

corrupted and beyond cure...

Aye,

I am a soul of a broken lover,

with no promise of hell and heaven

but a permanent spot in purgatory of your memories

that will never purge....

Souren Mondal

Poet In Transition

I am a poet in transition,
who still has the plasma cover around him
and yet can travel miles,

Miles,

until the chord pulls me back and shows me my
Limits.

But I am arrogant,
and pretend to be bold,

This boldness is feigned
I am an ostrich trying to hide myself
from predators...

Yet,

What makes one a poet?

Is it the poet's emotions or objectivity?

Is it memories of a love that

never worked out or an endless love for the entire humanity?

Tender regrets or great satisfaction of completing a poem?

Or,

Is it,

Just words - right words placed in right
places,

each one chosen like a general chooses his
Soldiers,

each move made with the dexterity of a chess
grandmaster,

And then placed in the right slots to solve the
puzzle that a poem is

A poem is a solved puzzle that becomes only
a piece in a bigger puzzle when the reader reads it.

So,

Why do call myself a 'poet in transition'?

Because my writings (poems if they are) reveal more than what they hide...

Unless it goes the other way around,

it will always be like this:

I will be poet in transition,

Waiting for the metamorphoses to complete,

to turn into a butterfly from a caterpillar

The shell finally to be broken,

But now my poems are just solved puzzles

Souren Mondal

Cutting

I

You think that I am an Emo guy
with seventeen tattoos on my body
and an association with some cult
that performs weird rituals
and summons Satan for a supernatural
rendevous

I wear only black and
listen to indie bands
that no one has ever heard the name of,

and for you it's just a fetish of mine - to
cut - take a razor and cut my body's
skin here and there to let out some
blood -

For you,
It's a way for me to be cool,
To be a non-confirmist - live outside
the boundaries of the social circle that
YOU NORMAL people make

You call yourselves normal,
as if You and I have so many differences

But do you not, like me, have same
organs - like the heart - that pumps
blood in our bodies - us - humans.

I cut and you don't - that's
why you are normal folks and I am
abnormal

But do you ever dare to stare long into my
eyes

and find the deep, dark abyss
of pain and scars that I am?

II

You think that I might have been
raped, had an abortion, or had
done something that good girls don't

since you saw the Ambulance rush
with me in it at three in the morning

or night or whatever -

And you are Goddamned angry on me
for ruining your good night's sleep
while I had been an insomniac for
four years.

I always wear full sleeve shirts and
Tees,
even when the lead hits forty,

I do it to hide my scars - the ones
that I have all over my body - not
only my wrists...

You think that I'm weird, a freak,
since I have no friends and never talk or
smile, yet wear a lot of kajal
and always keep my head low...

What you don't know that there are
nights when my blood feels like
boiling lead melting my veins and
burning my heart -

I feel like a monster - a masochist,
some of you educated folks might say -

and at those times I cut
to let that boiling lead mixed up with

ridiculous substances run out of
my body,

To purge myself.

Yes,
I'm a screwed up lunatic as
you say,
But there's no moon in my life
that can lighten up the dark hole
that I live in,

The dark hole that I am...

III

We are the cutters,
We cut ourselves to harm us,
Because it's in harm that we find
relief

A moment of tremendous pain and
a threat to our lives - a risk, a rush, adrenaline,
The compulsive action worth taking,

again and again.

And although like Sisyphus it takes us
nowhere it somehow gives us a few moment
to breathe in the fresh red air of life,
while for the rest

Our life's each moment is toiled
away fighting with a predator that's inside
Us -

We are the predator -
We are its prey -
We are Pain, Agony, Struggle for Existence in camouflage
Personified

There's no happiness in our lives,
but no sadness either,
We are a strange ocean, with a stagnant
surface
and a whirlpool inside...

There are no mermaids in there,
Only a creature that is a crossbreed
Between a sea horse and a wild hyena,

You'll never be strong enough to hold that creature in yourself like we do...

We don't need your sympathy,
We certainly don't need your judgement

All we need is love, acceptance, compassion
and empathy -

That's all we need,
If not that, give us nothing.

Souren Mondal

Ars Prozatica

They ask me why do I write?
I really don't have an answer for that,
'it's me not you', says the dæmon
in my brain

He likes Prozac - - loves it,
His hunger is insatiable - - he can chew
Prozac and Venlafaxine and Escitalopram,
and sleeps only when he gets some
Clonazepam...

He writes verses, some are stupid
and some even more - - imbecile like
moron.

He makes me see things like a vivid HD
dream in a foreign language without
subtitles - - I don't understand them,
but the images stay with me
- - the image of a violent scream in darkness,
another image of a vagabond chasing
a mirage in night at a salt desert
- - the vagabond sees the sky with the
stars coming together to form the face
of a decapitated baby making a chuckle

What? Lo! The language is yonder the
horizon of the black, rotten blood ocean,
where the sun is shaped like a
minator
and there's Oedipus - - in the shape of
a cat, without eyes - - tears of fresh blood,

And Antigone has snake hairs,
while the human in me is coiled up
like a snake again,
trying to digest the rotten rat's bones
inside its belly

And then there's always that one room
- - there's no room for light or air or anything human
in it,
except a voice - a voice that tells me -

'Be a poet on Prozac, take your liberties
with anything and everything,
the meanings will be

lost between the lines,
and you will metamorphose into
the dæmon that's inside you'

Ars Prozatica,
not worth a shot of tequila or sensible
arguments - - it's just the dæmon in
my head,
trying to crack open my skull like a
coconut - -
Only from inside.....

Souren Mondal

Haiku 2

Flying kingfisher
My soul is a stagnant pond
My heart is stolen

Souren Mondal



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Nocturnally Conceived

Dark, sweaty, blue bed
A nightmare of past memories
An idea of a poem

Souren Mondal



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Smiling Girl

And she always greets everyone with a
tender smile,
Flashing her pearly white teeth;
She speaks in a sweet, melodious voice

Everyone thinks she is a happy-go-lucky
girl of seventeen,
with dark, deep eyes and silky smooth
hair and a permanent blush on her cheeks.

But inside she is like a ballerina with a
broken toe, in an opaque glass globe,
where charcoal snow falls and freezes her heart,
with an occasional acid rain that melts her bones.

But she always flashes her tender smile at everyone
And speaks in a voice that sounds like music.

No one knows what's inside her,
What broke her so bad,
that she cannot but always smile...

Souren Mondal

Moonlight And Fireflies

On an Autumn's night
with a pledge of voluntary insomnia,
your firefly memories fly across the room
where the nightstand light is always kept off.

They flicker, those fireflies, and move around in all directions.

And I have lost my eyelids as it were
since I long to see you once again...

A faint wind blew,
for just long enough
to make the curtain window dance like a ballerina,
and the Full Moon's ray crawled in
like a baby.

It was for just a second, the moonrays crawling in,
but in that second I saw a glimpse of a shadow on the wall,
a shadow of my Muse standing right there somewhere in the dark room...

I see fireflies,
I am too preoccupied with a memory of a love that
did not work out,
that I never saw the shadow of my Muse in moonlight.

Souren Mondal

Fragmented Thoughts, Or, Wasting Time

I

Scattered, torn, ruined and needless
Thoughts,
Like a flock of birds,
flying in the orange twilight sky,

It looks good,

maybe,
but makes too much noise for my liking.

II

There are days,
and then there are nights,
but memories of an once beautiful Love
haunt me all the time,

Peace - a moment's silence - is more precious than the look in an Angel's eyes

III

And I have ran out of ideas,
but not short of memories,

Memories - of You and I - us...

Us, that never wasn't
We never existed together
uniformly,
like atoms of Hydrogen and Oxygen in water

IV

On a short moment's notice,
High on three hundred milligrams of Venlafaxine,
and low on controlling the high flow of my memories
of you,

Depressed and lethargic,
I started to pen a poem about my fragmented
thoughts

V

What are thoughts?

.....

... ..

Read between the lines
and maybe your and my thoughts may combine
into a poem - maybe a Haiku

VI

A lonely poet in a frustrated frenzy
wrote a poem that looked crazy
And made no sense.

VII

Sense is an interesting thing,
like sensing that this isn't really a poem,
but a caricature of a poem,
A wastage of Time

VIII

Is Time precious?
Is YOUR time precious?
Is YOUR TIME more PRECIOUS than mine?

then I apologise I ate up yours.

IX

I apologise to myself too
that I had ate up my own time,
Or did Time devour me?

Do we spend our time,
utilising it, or wasting it

or maybe, merely, enjoying it in a lazy leisure?

X

It doesn't really matter,
Your Time, my Time, our Time, Time's Time,

All will go on

Spend it, waste it, do whatever you like,
read a silly poem,

Time will go on...

Was it worth it?

Souren Mondal

When I Will Be Very Old

When I would be very old,
with wrinkles on my face and a
stick on my hand,
without all of my natural teeth,
and grey, thin hair on my head,
shrinking body
and a cold, calm look in my eyes,
Would you love me?

Would you love me if I told you
that my heart needs a pacemaker
to make it run?

Would you love me still
if I told you that you can no longer
compose blazons on me
because my body had lost its
former shape and is no longer the one
that made you stare at it for hours?

Would you love me still if I
told you that I now spend each evening
sitting on a chair beside the fireplace,
without any maid,
reading your stupid poems,
the ones you write about me,
thinking in your mind that I regret
having lost you,
While I think that my decision to let you
go was absolutely correct?

Frankly speaking,
my old, grey haired, stupid poet,
Poet with an ego with the size of
large glaciers,
I really don't care whether you
would love me not,
because all that you ever loved was
your idea of me and not the

real me.

Write your sonnets
and your complains,
and everything in between,
Live in your bubble,

But this woman,
Woman with an old heart
that runs with a pacemaker,
and peace in her mind,
will write back to you.

So,
When I would be very old,
I would not give a single damn
about your opinions
dear poet,

Because when I will be very old,
I will be happy and calm
that I lived my life on my own terms,

Living a life that you imagine I should live?
Nope,
I don't have time for that.

Souren Mondal

Poète Maudit

[Je suis belle, ô mortels! comme une rêve de pierre]

[The Beloved woke. We became That and the lake is crystal clear]

[comme un lait nourricier et bleu;
je suis suspendu à vos bouches
femmes, cœur de vinaigre durs
Iness,
Invité]

I dissolve Clonazepam into Laudanum
and swallow my Venlafaxine down,
Then light up a Marlboro and take a deep puff,
exhaling it at the full moon,
hiding herself partially behind the grey clouds

My eyes are closed,
my room is dark
and only a faint, flickering image of your
face appear before me,

Neena,
Art thou a mirage or someone real?
An angel caught up in earth
Or,
A daemon of my imagination?

You replied well to another poet,
but to me,
you were always vague,
deliberately keeping me on the edge,
with your melodramatic over reactions.

And what I thought to be a
wheel of passion,
was actually the wheel of fortune,

the thread was snapped
way before I realised my fate.

But in the end,
are there any difference between the two?

I probably misunderstood both those
wheels,
they take you nowhere,
but make you roam in a strange circle
only to lead you to disappointment
and nothingness.

This nothingness is now my life as I
sit on a canvas chair on the balcony,
looking at a couple of dogs on the street
and their burning eyes
while a few cats fly across the sky.

And I have a razor on my hand,
I want to slit my wrists,
and finish this whole business for ever.

'Que voluz-vous? ', I hear the fiend ask
me from inside,
and all I do is cut my thighs,
a couple of straight A's across both ones,

Are those scarlet or mere red?
I know not,
for all I see is your image,
your eyes covered in glasses,
but I feel the blood run through my legs,
warm and with a life of its own,
It turns the Lake red

And the Blood does speak,
as it flows in an asymmetrical pattern

'You are the Theban King, who's eyes are intact,

You are his daughter without the
walls around her,

You are the Prince from Denmark,
without his philosophy and
eloquence,

You are the woman directed toward
the nunnery
without drowning yet,

You are Antoine Roquentin,
You are Esther Greenwood,

You are madame Sosostriis
and her client at the same time

You are Lèon Robinson
and Ferdinand too,

You're Kurtz
and Marlow,

You are everything
and nothing,

You are yourself,
and someone else too....

You are your own doppelgänger
You are, my fellow,
a poète maudit...

Souren Mondal

Little Girl

I

And she stands in the room
with downcast eyes
as I scold her for
breaking the frame of my
favourite painting.

Her eyes are downcast,
she fidgets with her fingers,
and her hair falls on her
face,

but it can't hide the sweet
grin of my daughter
because she knows that I
can never be
angry with her for long.

II

We go out for ice creams,
Strawberries and chocolates
are the ones she loves the most.

And she drops hers and starts to
cry,
So, I give her mine and it makes her smile,

It is this smile of my daughter
that keeps me wrapped around her fingers.

Having ice creams,
having tea-parties with her barbies,
playing football with her,
making her meals,
packing her bags for school

Goodnight kisses, cuddles and



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Bedtime stories,

All of these,
each moment of seeing her grow up
is the most wonderful thing.

III

And I am down on my knees,
praying for her
outside the operation theatre

How could some daemon do this
to a five year old?

What screwed up world are we in?

Are they going to say that her polka dotted frock
was too provocative?
Blame it on my child?

They can say anything,
those monsters,
all of them

Nobody would have known either
if she had not been hurt this bad.

The school authorities are still trying to
shirk responsibility,
some angry mob are vandalising the school,
not because they care about her,
but because they like to take out their frustrations,
some random news channels are debating

But I care for none of that,
I cannot even bring rage into my heart
for the fiend who did this,

I care for nothing but my child,
I want her back,
my life, my love, my everything.

And when the light in the Operation
Theatre is off
and the doctor comes
out with a mask on her face
that makes it impossible for me to
read her face,

I know, either ways I will be left
with a portrait of a little girl in a
broken frame...

Souren Mondal

Talk Behind My Back

You talk behind my back,
whisper shouts,
accusing me of being one thing
or another,

Calling me names,
Bestowing me with vices,
Coronating me as the Queen of Heartbreakers.

All because I have,
in your opinion,
No sanctity,
No moral virtues,

I stand not a chance,
not a chance at all
to pass the test.

I am no Seeta,
I'll burn in fire,

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Actually I am the fire,
There's fire inside me,
between my legs,
And I have no shame admitting
that.

I play not with hearts,
But I play with other stuff,
more fun to do so,
but it hurts not
the soul or persona of another.

No injuries acquired
during us trying moves
from Kamasutra.

Us,
Who are this 'us'?

What is this 'us'?

I know not.

I have been with too many
to care about anyone but myself.

I don't recall their names,
just the sweating in the dark.

I take care of my lust,
my desire,
my hunger.

There are no strings attached,
Easy going, easy coming.

Sometimes hard to come,
It's always hard to make me come,
But do eventually arrive,
where I want to be,
with or without anyone's help...

No strings attached,
no bonds,
no calling each others' names
But merely wild grunts
and moans,
With sweat and smell.

I love that smell,
I live on it,
thrive upon it,
and none can take that away
from me as long as I have
the glow.

This is what I have done,
This is what I do,
This is what I will continue to do,

While you,
with your judgemental hat,

and words that smell like a dead rat,
will whisper behind my back,

Because darlings,
without bold souls,
All that you can do,
Is talk behind my back.

Souren Mondal

Salvation

[Je hais le mouvement qui déplace lignes,
Et jamais je ne pleure et jamais je ne ris.]

On many a lonely nights,
I laugh on myself when I
think that I cannot even cry,
when memories,
unwanted like a leech,
suck up my soul,
and puke it up on my face,

Those memories belong to me,
but you are not mine,

Why is this discrimination?
Equality in love is but a myth,

One big
black
horrible
Screwed up myth



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I have lost you
finally,
You have left me,
My love is like a black muddle of tar

You have left
but your memories don't

And I cry and laugh at the same
time
on myself,
on this love,
Because now,
I can neither laugh nor cry
neither leave your memories till I
die...

In Aqua Sanitas

Your words,
that flow out of your mouth is like
a river.

Your smile,
like a five year old child's,
is like cold shower no a
hot summer's day.

Your dark, mesmerising hair,
is like a waterfall,
flowing throug your back.

Only your tears,
ones you shed when you are hurt,
is like the water of an ocean,
blue and maybe beautiful,
but not the one I could drink,
only drown



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Drown in your sadness,
in your pains,
delve deep inside your heart
only with a hope that I could heal it,
fearing not my impending, inevitable,
Death by Water.

All of these,
all of these waters,
I wanted to live by mademoiselle...

But now that you are gone,
Alive but dead for me,
A liar,
just like me,
one who didn't understand my pains,
when I was sinking into a whirlpool of
dark, depressing nightmares.

Cruel sweet Lady,
Lady with a self-indulgent heart,
You have left me,
Or,
Maybe I have shown you the door,
finally devastated and ruined,
with your manipulations,
and deliberate blows upon
my tender, vulnerable,
growing soul.

But still,
without you,
without your waters,
How do I live?
but live like a ghost

Souren Mondal

One Look

One look is what it took
to feel a strange sharp sensation
in my heart mind and soul

It was a lady in a green dress
on the cover of 'Civilisation'

and while everyone else on that
cropped reproduction of some painting
were looking at what was taught
things that people already knew

She looked upwards
toward the skies
toward the unknown
toward the new...

Souren Mondal



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Red Dot

Home is where I feel unsafe,
dwelling in the poison of
Nicotine filled air,
I smoke the cancer stick,
I smoke your memories,
your lies

And the false dreams that you
made me see,

And I hear your face,
with that smile of a five year old,
it echoes inside me forever,
runs through my veins,

and pours down on the
white marble floor...

The room is dark,
The door and windows are closed,
The last cigarette is burning,
hanging precariously
from the left corner of my
dark lips,
almost finished
a small red dot in the dark...

Home is where I feel unsafe,
dwelling in your memories.

Home is where I feel safe,
Drowning down in darkness with an
unseen fog of cigarette smoke,
and a faint, dismal, yet visible red dot.

Souren Mondal

Dedications To A Girl With The Glasses 5, Or, One Of The Best Nightmares She Ever Endowed Me With

Once upon a time,
in a Fairytale-town called Adityaland
There lived a happy family,

There was a dark, clumsy poet
and his wife Neena, the Girl with the
Glasses,
the most beautiful woman in the world,
And there was,
of course,
a tiny little baby girl,
their daughter of only four.

O, it was such a happy family,
where everyone loved each other
and there was peace.

But one day,
as the family were having breakfast,
pancakes and Neena's favourite apples,
An evil daemon called Rudra
broke into the house with a weapon
in his hand

And threatened the beautiful family.

.....

I was tied up with a rope,
alongside my little Princess,
my daughter.

and Rudra,
that evil, horrible Rudra,
went ahead and started to

call Neena names.

And my Neena,
my poor Girl with the Glasses,
did cry and begged
Rudra to stop his horrible
verbal abuse,

But the vile monster did not
stop, but called her a harlot!
My sweet Nightingale- my Neena- a harlot!

My daughter and I did
cry,
Tied up together,
We watched the daemon
ravish my bride and the mother
of my child.

'O Lord! ', I did say in my mind,
(for I had no more strength to utter
even a whisper) , 'why are you so
unjust?
Why do you allow such barbarism to
happen? '

But the monster was far from done
yet,
As he took out his leather belt
and began to whip my poor wife,

And in sheer agony she did scream
and pleaded to the monster
'Please do not hit me.
It hurts me so much! '.

But as I was mute,
the monster was deaf,

He listened not to the pleas of
my wife,
But went on with his assault

And I could hear our little
daughter scream,
in a voice that was so different
from the ones I've heard so many a
times

'Please leave mommy! ', she
begged,
'please... Please leave her'.

And I, helpless,
Felt a deep impotence,
a Death Adder palsy came over
me,
as I saw faint echoes of
my wife being ravish'd before
her own child's eye,

I felt tears running down my
cheeks,
And all of a sudden

I woke up in my bed,
A poor boy of only twenty-four,
Sweating,
Drenched in fear,

And then I remembered her words,

The ones she said on an eventful
night of June 2013,

And the others that she said
on another eventful night of
August 2015.

Both mere 'melodramatic over-reactions',
but good enough to maim a
lonely poet for life.

I thank thee Neena,
the Girl with the glasses,
You gifted me the best nightmare
that I could have ever dreamt
of.

Souren Mondal

Preface To My Dedications To A Girl With The Glasses, Or, An Open Letter To The Woman Who Made Me A Lunatic Poet

I want to clarify a very simple thing here..

I had done so to you in my facebook message, which,
I am not sure whether you have read or not..

The poems I am writing or the way I am talking about you has more to do with
my mental state than my attitude towards you..

I have never intended any harm to you willingly,
but do understand, if you could
that my mind is a mess..

I've been having nightmares since you used that word
In those nightmares I would hear your voice calling me for help..
Screaming my name,
begging me to save you..

Did I love you?
Or is it worth anything to either
one of us at this juncture in our lives?
Perhaps not. I have nothing left.. Neither do I have the same intellectual
capacities which I once was very proud of,
nor do I have the same ability to trust people or love them in the same manner
that I did..

All I do throughout the day is take antidepressants and sleeping pills and remain
numb..

It is as if someone has lobotomised me..
I'm diagnosed with Obsessive Compulsive Disorder,
Boderline Personality Disorder, Major Depression,
and a light dose of Schizophrenia,
in which I do not even understand who I am.

Alongside that I have those nightmares, your greatest gift to me
and cannot even set my foot outside my home without having to fear that maybe
I will die.

Now, the only way through which I might reclaim some sort of my sanity is considered or advised to be writing.

That is why I am writing whatever I am writing.

Believe me if I could have helped it I wouldn't have uttered a single word about whatever you had told me let alone quoting them in my poems..

But, in short, if I need to survive, and that means, not kill myself, which I have tried now already a few times,

I should better let things out..

The most important of which is your ' melodramatic over reaction', mostly due to the fact that firstly, I had not enough emotional maturity to cope up with such a word when you said it to me.

Secondly, because it reminds me of my own childhood sexual abuse that signals a traumatic experience with me.

I have had issues, and although, let's say for arguments sake that my feelings for you were nothing but an 'obsession' perhaps, or a 'crush' or whatever,

I had certainly related to the trauma that you talked about there..

Slowly but surely you became a person with whom I empathised to such a degree that I wanted to

make your pains mine, that I

wanted to make you smile and keep you happy to the best of my abilities.

Now once again, perhaps, from a sure shot rational, and purely psychological point of view

this might be considered as a kind of obsession

or perhaps a little too much of unhealthy show of empathy,

or perhaps even sheer lunacy..

Whatever you may prefer,

but from a different angle this

might have been love, for when would someone want to give all of

their time to someone but when they are in
love?

I may well say that perhaps it was an 'unhealthy' love,

one which would have benefitted neither you nor me..

But all I have now is a story of how I met a girl when I was eighteen,

fell in love with her,

got into some kind of 'relationship' with her when she herself proposed me,
and then broke up with me, which was followed
by a week long spell of terrible emotions where I could neither sleep nor eat,

but vomitted and felt nausea and became a permanent insomniac..

Then after two years the girl came back,

or rather I allowed her to come back into my life..

And for one reason or another misunderstood her, and when she

said something that was so terrible that I became damaged..

Damaged for life..

Perhaps it was my fault that I
thought I could be friends with you, while,
at least in my own mind, I had 'feelings' for you..

But now, after almost two and a half years after these incidents
and that night of 'exaggerations',
I am no longer the same person I used to be..

Nor am I aware who I meant to be or what I am supposed to do..
Perhaps this is a phrase, one that shall pass with time..
But meanwhile, I have no options but to give vent to my emotions lest I lose everything else,
every little bit of sanity that has somehow preserved itself inside me for reasons unknown or maybe, mostly, psychiatric help..
I am pretty sure you were unaware of the consequences of your words,

as much as I was unaware of my prowess as a confidant..
Either ways, we both messed up, and hurt each other,
which, in mathematical terms would mean we have 'equalled' the shares of our own faults..
Hence, let's not bother..
Neither should you bother about what I write,
and whether they refer to you since it is impossible for most people to even remote guess that they might
be written about you..

And neither should I bother about what you may or may not think about my actions,
which, might be labeled as bizarre, to heinous,
to plain self-preservation.

Have a good life and please do not bother about anything I write,

because somewhere down the line,

I, too have become like just another boy that you have met in your life..

Whoever was responsible for this, no one knows,
neither I'm completely innocent nor you are completely evil..
It's all hanging in between..

I now must find myself again, only through getting through you
and that means,
telling 'our' story, albeit in such a manner, that none shall understand..
But it must be done..
And as Baudelaire had once said 'Hypocrite lecteur! - mon semblable, - mon frère'...

Whenever you will read them,
my works,

you will be same hipocrite that I am..
Best of luck for your life and
wish me luck on my journey to
reclaim my sanity, my old identity, something that i badly want..
Take care...

Souren Mondal

Lady With A Vengeance

I wanna undo things,
I hate myself, just being a bunch of
diseases and nothing else.

I have a story to tell,
I was twelve when I first met him,
a charming, handsome lad of thirteen,
And we went out on a journey,
perilous and crazy.

We made out under the trees and in his
home, where one used to be,

And one day we did go beyond
the limits,
beyond what it was meant to be,

A girl of fourteen with dreams
in her eyes,
Made love for the first time with his
charming guy.

I did not care about anything,
did not bother to protect myself,
And that did get me in trouble
as I became one with the child.

My womb,
filled up with my lover's seed,
Did in it hold a baby
which I knew I would never see.

It was a terrible affair that I
did try to hide,
But certain things are impossible to conceal.

They found out,
my parents,
And I was thrashed,

My father found out my lover
and beat him up,
But as a revenge, my lover
spread out rumours
that I had sex with him like a
harlot,
And was pregnant at fourteen.

I had to abort my baby,
and the world did not care,
My father slapped me and beat me
up with a belt,
And no one could understand
my hidden pains...

I decided that it was enough,
when my father said I was like
a bitch,
who can sleep with anyone who pleases
her.

I slit my wrists and nearly died,
But somehow, miraculously, came out alive.

And then I decided that enough was enough,
Boys have made me cry,
I will get even with them,
I will avenge all my pains.

No one will be spared,
O, none at all,
I'll take them down,
One by one
And although...

Although it will hurt me somewhere,
Somewhere down my own heart,
broken,
broken and torn into pieces,
I'll still hold this burning
charcoal

in my hand,
I'll send each one of them down to hell

And people will judge me,
Let them!
I don't care!

I am a woman on a mission,
A girl with vengeance in her heart
And I will not stop
until everyone falls apart.

Everyone,
Everyone, including me.

Souren Mondal

Dedications To A Girl With The Glasses 4, Or, Being Asked When I Learnt The Meaning Of Love

'When did you learn the meaning of Love? ', asked the Girl with the Glasses once,

'It was on an occasion', said I,
'a very strange one.
It's a story that is hard to tell
but it was when I was with this
tiny baby girl,
and she was desperate for some help,
someone to support her,
because she was crying
and was in tremendous pain,
I tried my heart out to soothe her,
without caring twopence about
anything or anyone in the world...

I have known her before
I have loved her before,
and yet I have never really known her,
I never really loved her the way
I loved her at that moment.

It was that moment
that taught me what it was to love
and the beauty of it.

Since then I never stopped loving.'

That baby girl was you Neena,
my Girl with the Glasses,
The time you went ahead and said
that you were ravish'd by a brutal
monster,

An evil avatar of Rudra,
who took you by force against your

will,
beating you with a belt
and leaving marks on you,
I did cry...

It was that moment that rekindled
All my love for you,
The fire that I had kept inside my heart
came to the fore.

And I trusted you woman,
Woman in spectacles,
Trusted your pains,
Trusted your loneliness,
Trusted each one of your words (most of which were 'melodramatic
overexpressions') ,

Taking you as if you were my own
child,
Loving you like a father loves his daughter,
a protective, caring love,

Love that made me be with you as much as
I could,
listening to your each words,
taking them in,
taking in your pains,

I kept you company in your lonely
nights,
I gave you a space in which you
could vent all your emotions,

I listened to your stories,
all of them.

Now tell me Neena,
if this was just a crush and not love,
what does love mean to you?

You said you never knew
I loved you,

When I told you that I did

You said you never knew again,
when I told you same on
your birthday.

And I still stood by you,
believing each and every one of your
words,
Giving you all I had,
until I was almost left with nothing.

And it was only when I was
fighting a daemon inside my head,
And a horrible, pathetic pain
inside my heart,

That I did ask you,
like a poor child,
For some time to
reclaim a little bit of myself,
Lost amidst an abyss of
nothingness,

I wanted to regain,
my sanity,
my purpose in life,
my will to live,

And all you did was to come up with
another one of your melodramatic overexpressions,
hitting me right in the heart with your words,
Throwing me farther into that pit of nothingness,
into that abyss,
from where no one can come out...

Was a little sympathy too much to ask for?

I understood that you loved me not,
I understood you still wanted me there,
As your friend.

But did you not believe
that your friend too was so much in
pain?

All I ever wanted from you were a
few kind words,
particularly at that time,

I called you my daughter,
Loved you as much as that,

And I knew you'd never love me in the same way,
Or anyway,

But a little compassion lady,
Is a little compassion too much to ask for?

When did I not stand up to you?
When did I not make myself available
to you?

Did all that meant nothing?

You may still say that I loved you not,
But what is Love then, my dear lady,
but standing up for another?
But giving another all of one's time
and attention?

If whatever I felt for you,
whatever I did,
was not love,
Then no man had ever knew what it
was to love a woman,

And no woman had probably understood
what a man's love is.

If you actually did not really
understand that all that I did for you

or am doing now
(Yes these poems)
Is not but a sign of my love,

Then believe me lady,
Lady with spectacles on your eyes
You never understood my love,
And neither you probably ever will.

Souren Mondal

Dedications To A Girl With The Glasses 3 Or, The Nights She Made Melodramatic Overexpressions

'But man trust me I did not lie.
I don't even remember whether I used
the word rape. But if you are saying
it then I trust you. That was over-reaction.
I admit. Actually, I have spent so many
fun moments with you that auch PETTY things
I can't remember.'

'm nt pure suvo.nthng cn make me pure again
my body n soul was raped.do u undrstn that?
do u? ther' mark on my arms thigh all over...
nobdy wl accpt me.nobody'

'Ok I still believe that nobody will love me.
And I'm not pure. That mark on my arm faded of course. And that was done by
force
but not rape. So ya, I gave a MELODRAMATIC
Over-reaction'

Three messages sent by the same girl
who wore the glasses,
Talked with me when it suited her,
using me like a dustbin to dump her
melodramatic over-reactions
while using others
to quench the thirst of her body!

Why are you so melodramatic?
Even about issues that are so sensitive
as this?

One of your melodramatic over-reaction
was good enough to send me into a
frenzy of madness.

I cried that night for you,
And the subsequent days never meant the
same again.

Lost somewhere amidst the abyss
of your pains,
of your broken self.
I stood up for you,
Replying to your messages late at night,
Or early in the morning,
Soothing your teardrops like a mother
soothes her weeping baby,

I listened to all your stories
and trusted you like a baby bird
does,
when her mother throws her off
from a high cliff...

I knew I could fly with you.
I knew I could believe that you'll have my
back.

But you always ran away whenever I needed you,
Turning your back on me,
Manipulating our conversation
Talking about yourself and yourself
only.

You said you were raped,
and then somewhere down the road
contracted amnesia,
calling your statement 'petty' one,
A mere 'over-reaction'.

Do you even know or understand
how many women everyday,
in every country of this big beautiful world,
actually go through such trauma and torture?

Their voices silenced,

Their bodies ruined,
Their minds devastated,
Scarred for ever!

Did you have no conscience?

Did Nirbhaya's Ghost not haunt you,
when you speak such a hyperbole?
Or,
You are just like this?
Willing to go down to any extent
just to receive attention and
maybe,
sympathy?

Do you know about the girls
captured in Boko Haram,
Do you know what it is to
be a woman in South Africa?
Did you ever read about Lucrece?

Does none of that come to your mind
when you 'over-react'?

What heartless, cruel, human you are?
Or,
Maybe you are just an android
devoid of emotions and any conscience? ?

Self-centred, selfish, pathetic woman,
Woman filled with apathy,
Do you not connect with the pains of
millions and millions of other women,
who have to go through the horrible
experience,
One, that you call with extreme levity
a mere 'over-reaction'?

What narratives do you conjure to suit
your own means,
Sometimes to capture the attention of
some fat college professor,

sometimes to enchant some Rudra,
sometimes to make a slave out of a
Sahib...

Nymph with spectacles

Do you really think that no one will
ever see through your lies?

That no one will ever do the same to
you that you had done with many?

Life goes around in a circle,
And one day when the moisture of
your womanhood will evaporate,
And your pretty face will be filled with
wrinkles,
None will fall in your traps,
No one will show sympathy for you
and your lies.

And your own lies will eat you up
like worms,
And your dark, sinister heart
made out of charcol
will turn to dust
And there will be in your womanhood rust.

And that day no one will lust
after you,
no one will look after you,
I promise you fair maiden,
You will read your own tales,

Yourself you will find in pages written
not by a jilted lover,
but of a man who cared about you
more than many,
if not any,

And you will find how it is easy to play
games in your youth,

When you have beauty to attract,
But die a slow, lonely death in your
Old age,
with grey hairs, and wrinkled skin,

And before that you will find out too,
That not all men are as fool as
your young victims.

The grave disrespect you have shown
towards the women, who actually suffer,
Women, who actually have to fight
battles tougher than the ones in the
Warzone,
will one day haunt you,
For remember fair maiden,
Maiden wearing the glasses,
Everyone believed the shepherd
until the day
He actually spoke the truth.

Souren Mondal

Dedications To A Girl With The Glasses 2, Or The Night She Spoke Some Truthful Lies

On a night of July in 2014,
Exasperated, devastated, demolished by the
agonies conferred upon a poet,
he called his love at eleven o'clock in the night.

'I love you', he said to the lady,
who had once thought to be in love with him.

'Oh, dear poet! ', said the Lady, said the
Girl with the glasses, 'I am not in love with you'.

What a mess it was for me,
a man who had stood up for her always,
always there on her call.
And I asked her if it were all a lie?

'No', quoth she, the girl with the glasees,
'Not a lie, I loved thee,
but that love was broken when a
monster came into my life,
and broke me into pieces'.

Oh! Shame,
Oh! Shame,
Why was I a mere poet, but not
a Knight at arms,
Chivalrous, full of Galantry, and brave and strong,
One,
who could have rescued his Princess
from the evil Rudra's castle,

Rudra,
He is supposed to be an avatar of Shiva,
A good man,
But how,
How see in this Kaliyug,
Nomenclatures are done so wrong!

That man ravished my would be bride,
My charming Princess with
Glasses on her eyes...

Evil!
Evil is the world,
And innocent she is,
Her much cherished womanhood is
hammered by the Evil Daemon,

Where art thou Good Natur'd God?
Where art thou when Princess Neena,
the damsel in distress, needs thee?
So cruel a heart thou hast,
So cruel a world thou hast created.

And my Princess said,
'I wish I could love thee poet, but dost thou
not knowest, girls like me are so incapable
of love...'

Oh!
Such tragedy,
Such tragedy of a beautiful lady being
chained unto the dark, filthy world of sins and sex.

What my dear Neena have you done
to suffer so much?

And I cried like a baby and listened to
her words,
full of sorrow, a voice shrill and soul piercing,
Touching the heart like feathers
and ripping it apart as if with an arrow!
Such pains,
Such agonies,
Of the girl who wears the glasses
Talks to me during the classes.

She opened up and spoke,
About how horrible and sadistic

her lover is
Forcing her to be in his castle,
Locking her up with chains,
Unfaithful,
Ungrateful,
vile, vile creature.

And I,
a mere poet, and not a Knight at Arms,
did cry at her sorrows.

But then I did shiver
when she said
'Do you know how it feels to
look into each others' eyes when we reach
the peak of the path of pleasure,
Trembling in each others' arms,
locked in the bonds of lovemaking
attaining so much pkeasure from the act! '

What contradiction!
What a logical falacy!
What can you, the Girl with the Glasses,
be forced, be ravish'd slave of a monster
and yet,
yet attain pleasure from thy ravishing?

What art thou?
An angel in the form of a harlot
Or,
A harlot in the form of an angel?

Is thy body still pure albeit ravished
(as thou say'st)
Or,
Is thy mind pure,

Maybe both your body and mind are corrupted.

Freaking witch!
Charming with an innocent smile that hides
the true intentions of your heart.

Thou plays't victim only to hurt preys
What charm dost thou have?
What power is bestowed upon thee queen
of lies and manipulations?

O, Neena,
My Girl with the Glasses,
Art thou no innocent victim as
thou claim thyself to be?
Art thou just a nymphomaniac
with a heart that have no mercy for
the poor bastards it enslaves?

What cruelty lies behind your feigned
innocence?
What truth lies behind your feigned
Lies?

Is the desire of the body enough for you?
Do you noy care about the calmness of the mind?
What, angel or harlot,
What is inside thy brain?
What do you want?

'Fie! Fie!
Shame be ever strong with you,
And a curse ever stronger
May you never find love,
May we never talk again...',
I thought.

But then the witch brought her own
magic potion
and charmèd me with her piwers,
Amd I did fall,
Once again into deep abyss of
her well-constructed lies,

Innocent is my girl with the glasses,
So pure and charming,

She has magic in her words
And I'll be
a slave to her for ever,
Her poet-lover,
One of her boy-toys
One that never got away...

Souren Mondal

Dedications To The Girl With The Glasses 1, Or The Dream Of A Mad Poet-Lover

Each night,
Each mornings, the doubts creep in,
making me think about you,
And I believe I exist
For I doubt if I would love ever anyone but you,

Your words, mademoiselle,
each one is like a multi-dimensional
paranomasia,
I pawned my heart for your
infinite types of ambiguity

And you,
the Girl with the glasses,
Glittering like gold
with a heart painted on an easel
with charcol,
Dark and without a single drop of
empathy,

What broke you so bad,
that you are now out with a vengeance?

Many boys made you cry,
But did you not,
woman with a shrill, sweet voice
and high appetite for
pleasures received in closed rooms,
Made boys cry too?

What power,
what strength do you exhume from
keeping those boys on their toes?
Toying with their hearts
even their names?

Full of melodramatic overexpressions

and a false, vague memory,
Suffering from amnesia
and apathy,
Do you ever care that those whom
you used for your own ends,
Some Sahib for your pleasures,
Some lonely, dark, fool of a poet
to keep you entertained
on lonely nights?

Do you still play victim
of crimes unperformed,
of sins committed with your own consent?

Is sympathy enough for you?

Do you not dream of Love with a
capital L?

Mademoiselle,
Thy eyes are covered in glasses,
Thy camouflage is spectacular,
And one day,
Woman, overly-jealous, spread out like V
when the call comes,
all you might be left with
would be the scent of once a beautiful
Painting burnt into ashes.

And I would be walking upon the shores
of the Dark Sea under the full moon
Holding a child that grew up from
a painting drawn in pencil
on a folded paper,
And when she will ask
'Where's mamma? ',
in her cute, shrill voice that
resembles yours so much
I will tell Neena that you were never there,
You were her dream-mother,
Just as you were my dream-wife.

Scintillating beauty,
with heart filled with vinegar and charcol,
What did bring you down,
Or,
You were always like this?

Feigned innocence,
Feigned smiles,
Even teardrops feigned in glycerine
that you magically produce.

What are you, woman?
What do you want?

Souren Mondal

A Venomous Ode To A Venomous Lady Disguised As A Victimised Angel

Loving you was like a
particle dancing around gaily an event
horizon,
Fearing not the eventual spagatification
despite the déjà vu of someday
hoping an enouement might be necessary.

While I drowned and drowned
into that deep abyss of your
mysterious words,
half lies told in earnest,
Half casual truths,
You never cared twopence about my demolition,
my degradation before you, and my destroyed heart.

Yea,
This is about you my girl with the glasses,
You talked to me in the classes,

I wrote you a poem,
I took your rejection,
I accepted your Love,
Love,
That was a gigantic lie,
just like the night you told me
a melodramatic overexpression
that maimed me for life.

Your love was a lie,
At best a whimsical thought,
But our friendship too?

Escitolopram, Venlafaxine, Fluoxetine Hydrochloride,
Clonazepam,
These are my new friends
alongside old pal Nicotine

But none run through my blood quite
like your words,
your lies,
Sweet, manipulative lady,
where art thou
But in myself?

Your lies are as ugly as your beautiful face,
Dangerous lady,
Where art thou?

Roaming across the street for your next victim,
spilling venom out of your mouth that tastes like honey.

The amount of love I gave you is
inversely proposional to the manipulation of
your charms,

Dark, ugly, ferocious lady in the
costume of a beautiful mirage,
Thy gait is well-balanced,
But thy path is ridiculous,

Digging your own grave with your own
lies,
What will lie beyond the horizon when
your charms will be gone?

Whom will you fool but yourself?
Who will drool over you,
but wolves with no love and only desire,

You've lost many and you will lose more,
when your body,
whipped by the strong blows of Time,
will no longer find pleasure in
games played in darkness...

With whom you'd talk about what a victim
you are,
Who will believe your lies?
Who will give you anything unless they

can receive something from you?

But it's your choice,
It's your life,
So,
Best of luck for thy future victims,
But remember,
False beloved, unworthy friend,
Every predator becomes a prey some day,
And you shall reap as you'll sow,
with no one to listen to you,
and no one to engage you in nonsensical conversations,
in the morning, evening or late at night,
Thou shalt live,

But live a life forbidden of happiness,
and will be abandoned,
Abandoned by those who had loved
you real,
And your biggest fear,
Your loneliness will grasp you with
it's claws,
And just like your false love,
and dark, sinister heart,
You'll have nothing but a false life,
Dark and sinister upon you,
For know this lady in
spectacles,
Lies do once come true...

Souren Mondal

Life In A Nothingness

And she always wore her heart on her sleeve

Always dreamt of the man whenever she slept,

Eyes wide open, mouth shut

Words unspoken, life cut out,

She never left a scar except on herself,

And now she's too tired,

Too tired to try something new

All,

All has happened,

And nothing had happened at the same time,

Life is miserable,

But so is death,

But what's worse?

It's being alive while being dead,

It's being dead while being alive,

Nothing has never made any sense,

Nothing will ever make sense..

Drag along,

Crawl,

Creep through the slimey dark caves,

And one day,

When you will see light at the end of the tunnel,

When the hatchet is buried,

And peace is restored,

You'll find again, my friend,

The same nothingness,

The same chaos that you escaped,

Embracing you again...

No one's happy,
No one's sad,

All, all is relative,
Beyond time and space and all known and unknown infinite dimension lies your
love,

But that love,
Is not for yours to have
If you strive to get it,

It's not yours,
It's never yours,

Because that tunnel is your own heart,
Infinitely complex,
Undeniably sad,
Never satisfied with itself,
And thus,
Never satisfied with love....

Souren Mondal

The Urn

I wish I could talk to you again
like the way I used to do.
Nights after nights,
your words kept me awake.

But shit has happened and now it's all over,

Yet when I look at your face,
I wish I could touch it
and kiss your lips one last first time,
and take you to an island only for us.

And you would be forever young,
and I would be entirely yours.

It would be the paradise where neither you'll cry nor I'll die.

But now it's gone...

You're gone,
and I'm spent for ever.

There's no fuel to ignite the fire that kept me alive,
the fire of my life,
my love for you,
pure as the look of your eyes,
strong as your gravity that pulled me toward you,

But now it's all gone,
Spent and downright empty.

Nothing remains...

Souren Mondal

I Am A Woman

I am that girl who didn't fit into her mother's shoes,

Tormented, cornered, ridiculed for being not too girly

Cause I did not like dolls, and wanted to play football,

'Be feminine', they said,

'Learn how to cook, be obedient, pray for a good future husband, watch your conducts, learn manners, and never be like those horrible women who strive to learn differently, and by knowledge live on their own,

Better live on the street'..

I had to be the girl they wanted me to be,
So I gave up my dreams of football and prayed for forgiveness to the God who made us all,

Guilty, shamed, I moved on...

And one day,
I began to bleed from somewhere I'm forbidden to name,

'Stay put', they said, 'your body is now dirty'

The God that I prayed to everyday,
now closed his doors on me,
'Don't go there when you're dirty! '

But mamma I'm a good girl,
I play with dolls and never watch sports,

I pray for a husband, a master, another God...

And then they said my chest was flat,

But when I wore padded bras,
they said I was making them mad,

When I wore a salwar, they called me bahenji
When I wore jeans I was easy,

And one day a man came in my life,

'You're beautiful', he said, and asked for my hand...

'I love you so much', he told me into my eyes,

And I, a naïve girl, trusted him,
And against the world in love I fell,

.....

Buy mamma, papa, why do you scold me
so bad,
I was a good girl,
and he loved me...

Why do you say that I brought disgrace
upon you and the world?

I didn't do a thing that was not for
love...

'I am ashamed of you', said mamma,
'Wish you were dead'....

Daddy slapped me hard with the same
hands that once taught me how to walk,
My mom called me a whore with the same
mouth that taught me words....

'Get rid of it! ', they said together

I obeyed like a good girl
(I was not gonna keep it anyways)

My lover, my hero, has meanwhile fled,
My heart emptied of blood, with poison
replaced,

Yes,
I am a girl
The one who obeys, loves and gives up
without a second thought,

Yes,
I am a woman,
The one who over-reacts, in jealous-fits goes mad, and
speaks too much,

or too little...

One, who has to give thanks that she was
not killed in the womb, One, who's not been raped or killed or been burnt
alive...

I am the woman who was directed toward the nunnery,
I am the one who was given snake hair,
I'm the one who has been asked to take a purity test
on fire,
and then went under the earth,

I'm all encompassing,

I'm the harlot of your fantasies,
I'm the mother who taught you to talk,
I'm the semi-nude girl on the magazine,
I'm the ideal partner,
The obedient wife,
Master-chef in kitchen, pornstar in bed,
I'm the one you lust after despite your vows

But then,
I'm none of them,

Neither the slut nor the sati,
Neither pure nor corrupt,

I am a woman,
I am all women,

But mostly,
I'm a human being...

Being the woman of your choice?
Fucking no, I'm not that
Neither will I ever be,

At least from inside...

Souren Mondal

I'M The Man

When I was a kid and skinned my knees
They said 'Man up son! '

When I was a grown boy and had to give up
My toys,
They said 'Man up son! '

When I was in my teens,
Shy, reluctant, weak, dark skinned with pimples,
didn't speak much, didn't speak less,
They said 'Man up son! '

When I cried, I wasn't a man,
When I cared too much, showed affection, I was weak,
When I didn't give a damn I was too reckless.

And then I fell in love,
One day she came,
the other day she went



'Take it like a man', even she said.

And I cried in the dark room,
Soft tears upon the warm pillow,
Memories, regrets, wishes and a façade,

.....
.....
.....
.....

Yes,
I am a man...
I misunderstood her.

When she came back and asked for
my friendship,
I misunderstood her,

When she wanted someone to speak with,
When she wanted someone to stand by her,
When all she wanted was someone to
listen to her,
Someone to feel her pain.

I did misunderstand her.

And Yes,

I am a man,
One who receives phone calls at two
in the night,
One, who speaks softly and assures
and reassures.
One, who holds back his tears when
his heart breaks down in a nuclear
fusion with every nanosecond
making the heat unbearable,
The destruction inevitable...

Yes, I am that man,
holding back tears from my eyes
so long that they dry up like
a desert deserted by even the eagles
and the cactus,

Yes, I am that man,
Vain, irresponsible, chainsmoking
alcoholic bastard

I am that man,
broken, torn, reduced to dust
and sand,

I am the foul-mouthed, filthy, stinky
impotent,
I am the dæmon,
I am the fiend,

I am the crossbread between an imp
and the imposter,

Emotions camouflaged,
Two-faced rascal...

But I am not the man who can
feel nothing,
no, no..

I am not that man who never feels
pain 'cause he's too strong,

No...

.....

I'm not that man,
Neither will I ever be

Souren Mondal

Lèon Robinson's Dead

Reclaim your sanity,
Reclaim yourself...

The words are spoken,
uttered in utter silence amidst the thunder,
The sky's filled with dark, black clouds,
The tress are on fire,

Hang yourself...
Do not hold on...

Why? 'Tis not worth it to live anymore,
Its not worth it to write anymore,



PoemHunter.com

Don't bring disgrace,
Your mind's filled with boiling tar,
Cigarette buds on the floor,
Ashes, all around the bed

Let that bed be your funeral pyre
Do not drag this along anymore...

'My temples are sore,
Its burning in water'

Should I care?

Its you, who once trangessed so far,
Farther than your forefathers,

And maybe your children

You make me laugh,

I am impotent....

'Please stand in the line,
You'll be delivered.... '

Waiting all these times had got me maddened...

I am mad,
I make no sense

What had ever made sense, sire?
Lèon Robinson's dead,
Shot,
Dead,
In short,
Dead,

Demise, scroundels,
Murderers of art,

artful murders

You have played enough,
In vino veritas encore,
In aqua sanitas jamais

C'est la vie, mon ami artist,
No point struggling,
No use wriggling...

But how can I accept it?
How should I accept?

'Nothing's in the world is unacceptable,
Despair's worth every penny '

Leon Robinson,
He's dead, shot at the heart.

Souren Mondal

The Cave

And then came the end of it
Not the very end, but the gradual beginning of it
The pink flowers were not red
The azure sky is not blue,

The mind seized in palsy was not dead

Subtlety, although nothing amazing, leaves all speculations
Alive

I care not, I care not, I care
Not at all to reduce or deduct or decipher
Meaninglessness, confusion, conflicts and all
Can remain inside my brain
I will bear all the pain
I will tear through the dirty muslin
Covering the light coming in the cave
I will touch the sun one day,
Burn in its flames

Burn with its flames

I shall go...

I care not, I care not, I care
Not that I can move no muscle
For I, an old man in a young age, seized with palsy,

Plagued with the abundance, live and live
And eat and eat and find no sleep
Nor any peace,
The noise of life resumes
The noise of life remains
The noise of life

Restarts

There is no room...

The pen moves no longer
The limbs move no longer
Life moves no longer

All, all have stopped
All, all have stopped

And yet I cannot leave
I cannot leave this dusky cave
I can neither read the hieroglyphics
The incoherent dim shapes on the damp walls,
The mumbling dark rays through the muslin
And the humming of insects hidden in the earth
All make a chorus of meaninglessness
All make a noise of incoherence...

Souren Mondal

To A Woman Of No Importance

You know so well that you are so bad...

Sometimes you make me smile, sometimes you make me cry

Sometimes you make me strong and sometimes you make me kneel

And in all these moments, its none but your whimses that make me

Whatever I am...

I am constituted by your wishes,

I am made from your words...

I am nothing but what you make me

And still there's you, here in front of me,

With only a small universe of lonlines working as a bridge...

And I feel lost,

lost with the longing of never being found ever again

And between the time of being lost and found,

And the time of being seen and losing myself into opaqueness of lost love for a woman, who has been there in the heart and yet has been far far away

The flying eagle and its shadow has a distance,

So does you and I,

and yet in between us that are inseparable, there is a goodwill of being separated,

For it will be better,

To forget it all, and to remove this shadow from my heart

And say with the firmness of the hold of the roots on the soil,

'Go away! Go away,

O for God's sake do not stay...'

And then to finish the business of the day...

And then to finish the business of all days...

To disappear into the shadow of the eagle,

And to murder the stars of the night,

To leave this void of loneliness and love unsatisfied

And to meet the dark
In the darknes of the night

In this is the beginning of the end.

Souren Mondal