

Poetry Series

Susanta Pattnayak
- poems -

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Susanta Pattnayak()

A Bright Sunny Day After Days Of Incessant Rain

A bright sunny day
After days of incessant rain
When thin silvery clouds pass leisurely
Wind is also in no hurry
Young are out in the open
In the playground, in the lawn
Birds pecking-picking the grass
Trees node their heads contentedly.

While the sun is peeping
Through some cloud-hole
And Glancing from above
I, from the balcony
With a pipe
Puffing away my time
And, you in my dream.

Susanta Pattnayak

A Longing!

I may die unknown
Buried, burnt or may be thrown
Into some corner of a hell
Than to long for a life
Of rich, powerful, well-known
And corruption
Nicely bundled,
And die every moment
Many a death before my death
Die within me, in you
In the eyes of my children
Everyone.

A deadly life
My countrymen.

God! Give us strength!

Susanta Pattnayak

And Thus Began The (Cosmic) Life

... And thus began the (cosmic) life,
The plants, animals, stars and the galaxies
Are the transformation of this singularity, the all encompassing absolute reality
Of knowledge, ignorance, happiness, suffering, the substratum of everything.

Creation and Destruction of universe, a process perpetual
To which, I'm the beginning, the end and the middle
Dimensionless, endless and indestructible
Said so, asked HE, 'How would you like to see the end! '.

I saw, a luminous explosion, in the distant sky, a supernova, as the star dies
The cycle of stardust, the formation of stars, creation of life, as it all begins
I saw, in the zenith, a red giant, a white dwarf, a nadir black-hole, and in the
oblivion
The neutron remnants floating around, A Big Bang..and Universe was born!

... And thus began the (cosmic) life.

Susanta Pattnayak

Caged Dreams

She dreams, no more.
The rise and the fall of the waves,
the dancing of the breeze,
the symphony of the wind,
the colors of the seasons,
the twilight, moonlit nights
all cease in smoke
under the suffocating arms of
some demonic beast
who ruptures her to dust.

She dreams no more.
Dreams have gathered dust
also a thick coat of rust.
Blurry in her mind, the day,
when she was caged
her voice was squashed
her wings were clipped
and was passed from hand to hand
for mere amusement and joy.

She dreams of
her mother, her father
in the darkness of
night, every night...
Spreading their hands from heaven
the two bright little stars
wait, twinkling for her
night after night, every night.

She dreams of
the strengths of the invincible
the powers of the inaccessible
to annihilate the brutality
and rest beside her mother
eternally till eternity.

Susanta Pattnayak

Comfort Zone

When from its nest, the babyish sun
Nestles in my window, curls
Into my room, snuggles
Down into my blanket, cuddles
Me by its glossy hands, I know
Into my ears, it sings
The first song of the morn.

Down the window and down the lane
A tree, the branches of which on the drums
And the leaves dance in concord, when
The chirps, the tweets, the caws sing
In chorus, the hymn of the morn.

From inside of my inner dome, then
And precisely from the kitchen
The amusing, funny crockery
Of brass, metal and steel
And the sink and its funny whistle
Synchronically, in harmony
Play the symphony
For a long day's song!

And, I'm in love
with my comfort zone!

Susanta Pattnayak

Drunken

As a child, on my mom's lap
Hugged and kissed
Listened to the lullaby
Drunken was I, with affection and love.

The pristine kiss from her sweetly lips
Nectar flowing through my veins
At the top of the world
Drunken was I, with intimate love.

On hearing the first cry of the sweetie baby
Little hands, little feet, little lips.. cute little angel
Amazingly happy, speechless
Drunken was I, with parental love.

Crystal glasses, best of wines at hand..
Why 'd I be drunk again
To commemorate life fulfilled
Gratified with achievement and love!

Susanta Pattnayak

Flowers And The Stars

High above is the garden
Wide and long, far and beyond
And when on earth the night falls
With its velvety veil
There in the garden
Soft sparkling wonders
Gently open their eyes, peep
And little by little blossom
The bright little stars in the sky.

Down when the dawn breaks
The heavenly wonders
Of the bright little stars
Glitter all over
In the gardens and on earth
And in beautiful little flowers!

Ignorant me and unenlightened my soul;
Above in the stars
Below with the flowers
Euphoric, lost I
Ethereally in the ether.

Susanta Pattnayak

Forest

Forest

Has always been a thrilling mystery to me
Mysterious as the tells, told by my Nanny
In many a moon glittery nights
I slipped off from my Nanny's stories
Rode my wish horses, stars with me as my army
Ventured the dense dark forest, deep in my dream
And valiantly rescued the beautiful princess,
From the dungeon of the wicked witch.

Forest

Has always been a princess to me,
Elegantly poised on a leafy carpet under the silken sun
The princess smiles through her lovely flowers
Sings her spring songs
Spellbound that I'm, as her beauty drenches in rain
Canopy swinging heavenwards, her legs go bare
Abashed but reassured, she is,
For her loved ones spring to new life, under her care.

Forest, has always been a passion.

From the midst of the concrete and mortar
It's the forest, often I desire to retire
To dance passionately, coupling with a majestic peacock
Jump with a buoyant monkey, childish though, from a tree top
Or hop round a bush as a naive deer
I 'd like to get drunk and lost in it's wild flavor
Following the hoofs on the elephant's track
Be a spectator to their day long, royal bath
From behind a thick tree cover
Silently like to observe, on his hind legs, a pot-bellied bear
The sprinting of the cheetahs, the hares and the wild boars
Or quietly lying down on earth, inside the closet of a cottage
I 'd like to listen silently to the distant echo of a lion's roar.

Susanta Pattnayak

Good And Evil Together

Good and evil together
Churning the ocean deeper
Gather, the bounty
The youthful divine beauty
The nectar of immortality
And (eternal) venom of eternity.

The gem, the loving deity,
The nectar of immortality
Looms later
The fumes of vicious poison
Emerges sooner.

To enjoy the sweet
Immortal nectar
Gleefully absorb
The bitter (deadly) rancor.

Susanta Pattnayak

Grass

A cool winter morning, dawn
gently approaching the doorstep, when
I set to the open
surprised, to see my lawn, turn
into a bed of silvery droplets, shine
like glittering pearls under the golden sun.

Oh, tears!
Feet dipped, hands soaked
eyes filled with drips of tears! !

In a green velvety night gown,
posture as gracious as the graceful queen
small little flowers her royal crown,
rising from her princely bed, fresh as the spring,
the beautiful princess, spotless and flawless beauty,
served with her soft flexing hands,
the pearl droplets of tears.

Love me or hate me
Cut me or mow me
crush me, weed me out of your life, but
leave me as a grass at your feet, shall n't I
sooth your eyes, solace your heart, forever provide
comfort to your life.

Give me a name, savanna, pampas, zoysia or a turf
dry me to a hay or a straw, but
leave me as a grass at your feet, in your garden
in the deserts, in the forests, shall n't I
embrace life, make an oasis, provide
warmth and accord life to more lives.

My fair little princess, my cute little love
humble and petty, dejected and deprived
on the ground, though you live
dare I say, at my feet
when you win my heart
for your selfless immense sacrifice.

Susanta Pattnayak

I Head For The Stars

Look not back,
Leave your being,
Hold my hand,
And fly.

I flew
Curling into the wind,
Plucking the clouds,
Hands poised, calm
Further into tranquil beholding
Of abysmal silence,
Gathering warmth
From her fairy feathers.

My person (, the cloak?)
Rest motionless, mourned
And when (they) cover me with flowers
I head for the stars.

Susanta Pattnayak

Maiden Separation

She ears, every wind
That passes caressing her hair,
She hears intently
To the coos and the caws
Those fly wagging over her,
Braid unwoven
Chrysanthemum too, gloom,
Her tear sunken eyes
Sticking to the orifice
Stretching, till blurred, weeps
The grief of her maiden separation.

The forest is on fire
I beseech you, O' thunder
Pour your shower and comfort
My love, bless my dear
I shiver at the dread thunder,
Behest you, O' lightening,
Illuminate and lead
My love home, safer.

Bees buzzing
The flowers bloomed
Sun is soothing
The clouds drizzled;
I await our forgather, my dear,
With tears shed and
Blissful moments
Together we shared.

Susanta Pattnayak

Mountain

Mountain,
An assiduous carving by the mother sculptor,
for ages, of allegorical, parabolic curls..
curls atop curls, curls beneath curls.

Stiff cliffs ahead, abysmal valley beside
I rode through the curly-curvy mountain side
leaving mundane wavy-chores way behind.

Dawn aroma budding through
dusky crescent fading away,
From between the curls, a milky white fall
throws itself at a high force,
Huts cling to a distant slope, like jewels stud a necklace
A rivulet flows through the valley at it's jolly pace
a bumpy stone, an earthy pimple when it passes,
a deep curly dimple that it blushes.
Trees firmly rooted to earth between the stones,
upsurge towards heaven, in constant contest to catch the sun
Birds, animals, beasts fiddle the place
mother nature at her elegant best.

Mountain has life
it speaks, it cries.
Put your ear to the stones for stories they tell
Listen the caves intently, for those sing you fables
Listen to their gossips, under the shade of those trees
Sit with the brook, share her shy, her silent cry
Or the mountain tears,
stored hidden, in a smooth stone box, for years.

Susanta Pattnayak

Mountain Never Demands Your Vision

Mountain, the priceless abode
of exquisite landscape and nostalgic tranquility
Alike, a behemoth archive of some priceless crust
Look, as your vision carries your sight,
Rooted firmly, the generous primeval relic
Does not demand any of your perspective!
Sing the carol of the birds,
Sing in harmony and sing the civilization
Or flock and fly together,
As the birds of same feather,
to it's peaks and seek it's demolition
Mountain, never demands your vision!

Susanta Pattnayak

My First Kiss, Never Too Late!

She with her Barbie,
I with my action Rocky
In a lush tea party
Evening dropping, romantic
Marine leaning over the Barbie
I kissed her lips, she kissing my cheeks
Said, little girls never kiss, the lips!

My eyes in the studies,
Hers the opposite;
Her fingers clasped mine
Toes under the table, electrifying
With flickering lips, craving eyes
When her head tilted,
'Its the nose, came between the way
Got to get good grade, baby
Kiss ought delay!

From the silken corner of her bridal veil
Two awaiting eyes exquisitely winked
Under the shower of a thousand flowers
Scarlet petals gracefully opened
With passion of a hundred years
And love of a thousand, we hugged
And kissed each other
To be remembered as our
First Kiss ever after.

Susanta Pattnayak

My Heart For Every Human

Draw lines on Earth
Bind me to a region
Do not impress lines
In my heart and forbid me
From being humane.

Gave the fruit
Asked never, the tree
Sang the bird,
Smiled the flower,
Twinkled the star,
Asked never my affiliation.

Whose air?
That passes a boundary
Whose water?
That crosses a territory
Whose cloud?
That glides a country
Unable I'm to unravel
To every satisfaction.

Nation is prime,
Nationality no less,
No lesser is the human
And humanity it possesses
Body and mind committed to the Nation
Have your heart for every Human.

Susanta Pattnayak

My Universe, So Is Yours

Stars, galaxies, clusters and super-clusters

This is my universe of some billion light years,

So is yours..

Riding a light beam, I darted for yours,

How far is yours..

My universe, yours though, expand much faster

Dark energy pushing, our extended hands go bare

How far is yours!

Sans space, Sans time

Think of the singularity, when our universe

were compressed in a single atomic nucleus

And then the big bang! , when matter and light no longer bond

Fossils see the light,

Your universe and my universe were born!

Susanta Pattnayak

O Internet

O thou internet
thee my confidant
be my ambassador
ferry my bashful silence
to my love
over the labyrinthine web.

Susanta Pattnayak

O' Sculptor

O' Sculptor
With your hammer and chisel
carve my body granite
chisel my lines and the curves
grace my face and the laces
I'm your indolent damsel
your ethereal creation
of hope and love.

O' sculptor, enliven me
with your tender fondle,
the heavenly beauty
your melody on stone
'll fly singing your tone.

Susanta Pattnayak

On Sixty-Sixth Independence Day

Sixty-Five and I'm hearty and strong
My Children, you'r so young
Young 'r your dreams
Fearless your mind
open the petals of the rainbow
Paint your dreams
Idea and it's wings
Run, march, fly or pierce the sky
Nothing is too far
And who stops you from reaching there!

Susanta Pattnayak

Say Without Awe

Unzipped lips
unsealed tongue
profound the truth
likewise,
profuse the love.

Kiss her nifty lips
truthfully,
without pretension
to relish the divinity.

Say without awe
Your word,
to the world
you ought to say
and never hold but applaud
the nicely and wisely said.

Susanta Pattnayak

'Sea' Verse

-1-

Sea,
My wife and I
sneaked through
a winter cold dark night
along the passionate moments
under the warmth of a glossy blanket
to the touch, to the cool breath
of a lonely sea.

The water washed our feet
the sands gave us a ready seat
the breeze played the symphony
the waves danced in harmony
along moved to the tune,
the fishing lights, up and down.

Sea,
Whispered into our eras
the mystery of
the vikings, the rovers and their plunders
the history of
the trades, traders and their crafty barterers
the adventure of
the wars, warriors and their adept conquerors.

Sea
sang, the melancholy of myriad tragedies
the melody of many a comedies
romantic, of love and empathy
deponent to the flowering of humanity
that 'Sea' is!

We sat sealed
heart touching heart, body closing body
in a winter cold night
enthralled at the hypnotic ecstasy
of the pacific beauty of the sea,

that 'Sea' is!

-2-

The moon sprinkling it's moonlit charm
on her body, seduces the Sea
Behold the ethereal romance of
the moon and the sea
from the foamy shore of a dreamy sea
in a moon cold night.

Sea,
Jumps onto the moon with her breasts wide open
ferries him afloat, close to her heart
wild to his tune, closets forgotten
roars, cries, screams and dances and poses
a terrific noisy love that she indulges.

Stars still gazing, the moon fades behind
Sea sleeps calm, after an affair torrid
We retreated tardily
amassing experience of a lifetime.

Sea,
Screamed from behind,
Ever if..
'Sea' silts, volcanoes erupt
the globe warms, the snows melt
or ever.. the plates tilt
or ever.. the polls roll?

Life evolved in water
Shall perish in water
and 'Sea' sings the lone truth!

-3-

Sea,
My wife and I,
playfully toeing the surf
and kneeling the fading waves,
strolled around the wet sand, hand in hand

When,
Little crabs sprint to water, atop their pinhead legs
Little shells pretend dead till the water reaches
Occasional insomniac gulls feast their catches
Fisherman setting his day,
sets his fishing net in transparent darkness

When,
My wife and I
strolled the wet sand, hand in hand
in calm sea, in cool breeze, peacefully
body transcending physical self, floated
mind gliding the delicate wind, relaxed,
day yet to break and the seaside yet to rock!

Sea,
far off in the east,
where the sky embraces the sea
look, the golden line on the horizon,
from the sea's womb the crescent sun
sprinkles hue on earth and heaven
When, the world celebrates this new born
the sea calmly blushes, the sky warmly blesses.
With the rise of the radiant sun
blooms a sparkling new morning
A new morning of
hope, love, faith and mutual respect..

Susanta Pattnayak

Shadow

Head bulging the radicular neck
ribs anchored into the body
sucking the nutrients
hollowed the belly.
On two sticky legs of a stork
the shadow
jolted, bolted, framed
not to form a shadow.

The shadowy feature,
a masterpiece and an exclusive wonder
fixed and hanged on the wall
exhibiting, that the shadow
does not have a shadow.

But shadows do have shadows.

In the form of that boy
picking up plastics and polythene
from the municipal garbage
In the form of that naked man
slept peacefully(?) , wrapped in a gunny bag
at the platform, in the graveyard
In the form of that ripped girl
at the brothel, in the slums
miserable, powerless, poor shadows.

In the form of
Hepatitis, meningitis, malaria or schistosomiasis
In Ethiopia, Niger or Somalia,
In Zimbabwe, Congo or Liberia,
In Pakistan, Bangladesh or India
Miserable, powerless, poor shadows.

A shadow does have many shadows...

Susanta Pattnayak

Shouldn'T I Change..?

A scintillating hope gleams, when a caterpillar placidly
Blooms and burgeons its dreams to fly
Come into being its wings, and stoically
Descending a cool dawn, a butterfly spreads its wings to fly!

Events such, nature's grace, onlookers are you and I
For in his early dreams a human child,
Generations but cocoon him under the chary eyes
He, severed as his wings, can't fly as the butterfly!

Ice age, glacial epoch.., warm, cold.., natural are all changes
Just placid-worried emotions, healthy-fragile relations over the ages
Kindles this a conviction, as one's survival at stake
Lest extinction, rest in the history pages!

Many an evolution after, I shred my tail, changed to a Homo Sapiens
Now shouldn't I shred beastly to spread hope, love and compassion...!

Susanta Pattnayak

Simply Mother

The magnificent woman on earth, with
tears in her eyes
fears in her mind and
cares in her heart, is
my mother.

The beautiful woman on earth
Thinly in built
broad at heart
Love beyond any love
measured or caged in words, is
my mother.

In my despair
who comes to me in a flash
in my closed eyes, and
I peacefully respire
into the caressing laps, is
my mother.

Susanta Pattnayak

Spring

The herons, flamingos, the stocks
Leaving winter behind their shoulders
Shedding memory moisten feathers
Fly my lake in flocks, high over
Into the horizon they disappear.
Following the stars and the sun
Reach your ponds and gardens
Spring has come!

The banyan, with heart big as sky
open her tender embracing arms,
Her nascent leaves of fingers
To hug, Caress and bless the loved pairs.
From the nesting abode in her warm lap
The coos, the chirps, the tweets echo the air
Spring has come!

Spring!
A veiled beauty?
Dancing with the breeze in the ripen field
Blushes intermittently, as her beauty
Unveiled (, and semi-nude) by the naughty wind.

Spring!
A rainbow of flowers?
Tulips, dahlias, roses
Many a wondrous colors and fragrances
Bewitch the bees and the butterflies
To the romantic garden of love.

Spring!
The angel?
The harbinger of prosperity, happiness,
Of creation and a new dawn
Descending on earth,
In the valleys, falls, gardens and homes
With her magic stick changes
My earthly world to a heavenly paradise.

The Inn

She stands decorated
With knitted bouquets of cheerful incense
To open the doors with her untiring hands
O Journeyer! ,
Come at your pace
At your atypical hours.

A seeker, a tired wanderer
O Journeyer! ,
Dump your fatigue
Enliven your weary brain
Betrothed to love
Dismiss your distress and pain.

She has whispers
Veiled under layers
Of sweet and frost
Of cheer and suffer
To mumble to
A curious Journeyer!

Susanta Pattnayak

The Moon

When dark drops down through the pine pins
And when a baby dove
Closes herself to her mother's warm wings
Then, through the stripes of the coconut leaves
The moon
Descends on earth, onto the darkness
With glorious bright lily hues
And, perhaps in shame or in fear
The darkness hides itself
In the narrow corner of some lonely cave
Or recedes to the thin cover of some wild bush

When, I stand mesmerized look
At the zebra stripes
Of the coconut leaves
Up against the sky.

Susanta Pattnayak

Those Four Close Friends

Those four close friends
The four bosom chums
When they met after years
Greeted with wild hugs, loud and ecstatic
embraced each other
With silent teary eyes, calm and nostalgic.

Those four close friends
When met after years
By chance or by provision
To revisit the past
And to walk through the present
And to blush away their long lost adolescence
Then, in silence, there
Where pearl droplets fell a little while ago
Jealously a thin smoky ring, curled along
And thickened, with the dark deepening.

When, with breaking of the dawn
The darkness faded
Sparkled, the silken eyes
And warm hands flew
In the air, jades of promises
Weaving, the glory of friendship
Of the four close friends
Then they parted from one another
To gather after years or near
At here, there and at the place far afar.

Susanta Pattnayak

To A Rain Drop

Millions of water strings
Playing for a high pitch
Rain at its best
Thunderous outside.

When at the window, my nose
Pressed at the against side
I watch the raindrops drop, a drop
Silent and calm
On the window pane
Crawls over my nose, my lips
And misses my kiss.

Go dear, go
Go to your sisters
Mingle with your kin
But, promise a comeback
Into my glass
To quench my lips thirst
Or when I need you the most
A drop at my last!

Susanta Pattnayak

When, I Closed My Eyes

I never knew
One can see with closed eyes
Till, I closed my eyes.

Gently flashed
The greens, the teens
The meadows, the shadows
The steep hills, the sharp falls
Swamps, dumps, pebbles, conchs and shells
Over my closed eyes.

Rose, with petaline lips little open
Jasmine, in full shringhar
Shaking with lashing glance, the campus queen
Splashed, in my closed eyes.
On the fluidly layer though, an angelic beauty
Quite, as she always is, speaking by her eyes
I lost me in her eyes, when I closed my eyes.

I never knew
One can see with closed eyes
Till, I closed my eyes.

On an uneven granitic mound
Palms under the cheeks
Shorts till the knees, chest open
In the narrow corner, a little boy
Smiled through my closed eyes
When, I closed my eyes.

With paper boats in hand
I waited, he said
throughout the rain,
to sail through the village road.

Under the autumn moon, full bloom
I waited, he said
by the river-side,
with many a ghost stories to tell.

Beside the village fire
I waited, he said
in chilled winter,
with roasted (stolen) chicken, wrapped in paper.

Towel wrapped round the waist
To swim across the summer-slim, knee-deep river
Semi ripen mangoes, green and yellow
Alone in the orchard, I waited
You never came...

I never knew
One sees oneself in closed eyes
Till, I closed my eyes.

Hand-in-hand, soul-to-soul, we flew
Over the green fields, thick forests
Ruined castles, prison walls
Over the deserts, oceans, volcanic eruptions
The creeks, the high peaks
Leaving behind the eagles, flamingos and the geese.

Rowing the clouds
Kissing the rainbow
We sailed past the blue
Further deep into the blue
In closed eyes...

Susanta Pattnayak

When, I No Longer..

When I no longer
Be able to sit with you
In your garden
To smile, smell and talk
To the flowers
And when my breath holds
Allow me a space
In your Eden to sleep
Keep a flower beside my stone
In caress of which, I'll rest in peace
For times to come.

Susanta Pattnayak

Where, The Village An Art Gallery

Where, every house a studio
village an art gallery
every wall a mural
every villager an artist
Where, cloth, paper, silk and the leaves
elegantly rhyme the hue of life
On the bank of 'Bhargavi'
surrounded by coconut trees
palm, mango, betel and paddy fields;
Lead me to 'Raghurajpur',
the abode of effulgent artists.

The 'Chitrakara' and his wife,
their children alike
herbal, natural colors with
from precision till finish
paint the 'Pattachitra' on fabric
depicting the folklore, bucolic cultural legacy
sing the hymn, the lyrics and the chores of life.

Commend you,
your progenitors, descendants alike
for persisting the legacy
and burgeoning the eternal art
to ageless glory.

Susanta Pattnayak

Why Seek Solitude..?

Fly with a fairy little wind
Flow with a misty little spring
Sing with the humming bees
Dance with a courteous daisy
Why seek solitude? , When
A delicate little song
A pretty little dance
A tittle titillating touch are enough
To silently conjure
A blissfully beautiful dream.

Susanta Pattnayak