

The Soft Ache for Kolkata

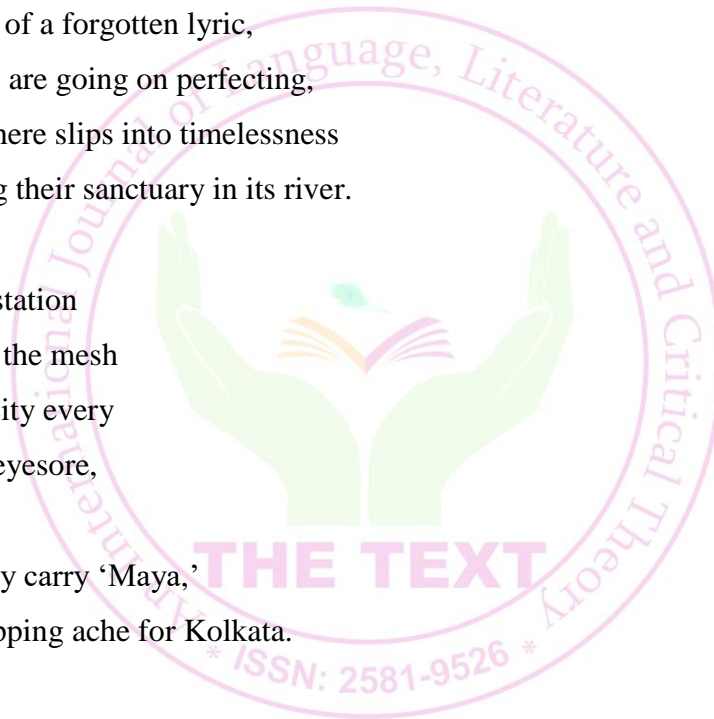
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It is a gnawing ache
waking you up when
your body has to be
far away from the city.

It is a remembrance of a forgotten lyric,
a musical strain you are going on perfecting,
Knowing that time here slips into timelessness
like the dead finding their sanctuary in its river.

And when your outstation
friend makes fun of the mesh
of cables tying the city every
inch, calls them an eyesore,

You tell her that they carry 'Maya,'
the unavoidable gripping ache for Kolkata.



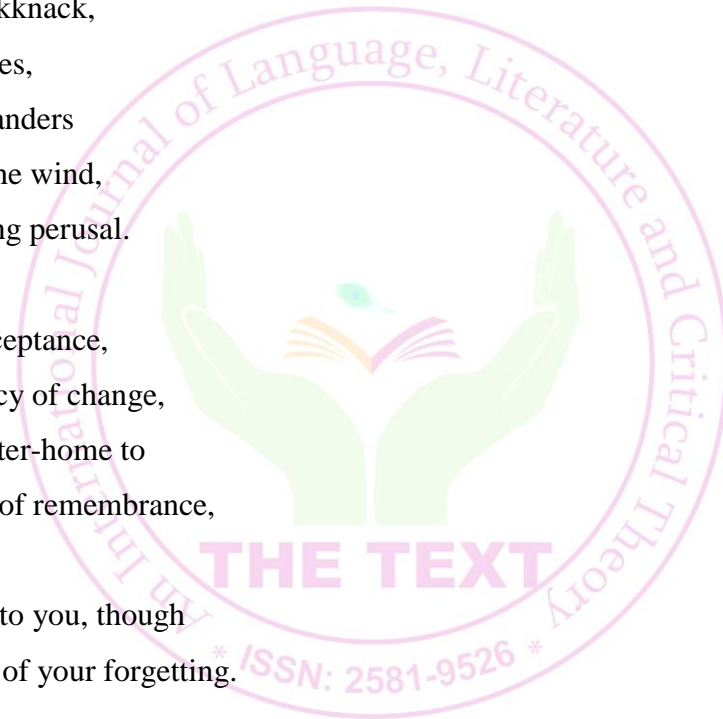
Forgetting

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Here inside the home, made of your forgetting
the rooms are spacious, like it would be if old.
Furniture are sent away,
those stacking knickknack,
heavy with memories,
papers fallen off wanders
around carried by the wind,
as if missing a caring perusal.

Lighted with an acceptance,
of the only constancy of change,
this will be my winter-home to
curl up for warmth of remembrance,

All of which I owe to you, though
now, it is the home of your forgetting.



The Closed Door

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I must have fallen in
love with it last evening.

Otherwise why is it invading
my thoughts obstinately?

Why am I standing in front
of it, in my mind, head bowed?

What am I whispering to myself
as I wait there -“Open sesame?”

Why do I feel that the old-world
knockers on it, would not fail me?

That it would one day open from
inside, a yellow light will lead me in.

Will I be lost to the world if I get in?
Why is time infinite as I wait here?

What is it about this closed door
that I am transfixed before it?

Aren't all doors supposed to open?
May be it will too, past midnight.

