

Truth

Anirban Basu
Kolkata, West Bengal

Grieve not my parting O mortals!
For this is The Liberation
Of the outer Self
Towards the realization of the Inner
The Eternal
Truth.

O ye mortals!
Beware the beguiling Charybdis Time
Unfetter your own selves before it swallows you to a masticating pulp
Death stays alive
And so shall it be across all Times
The Eternal
Truth.



The Death of 22 Sravana

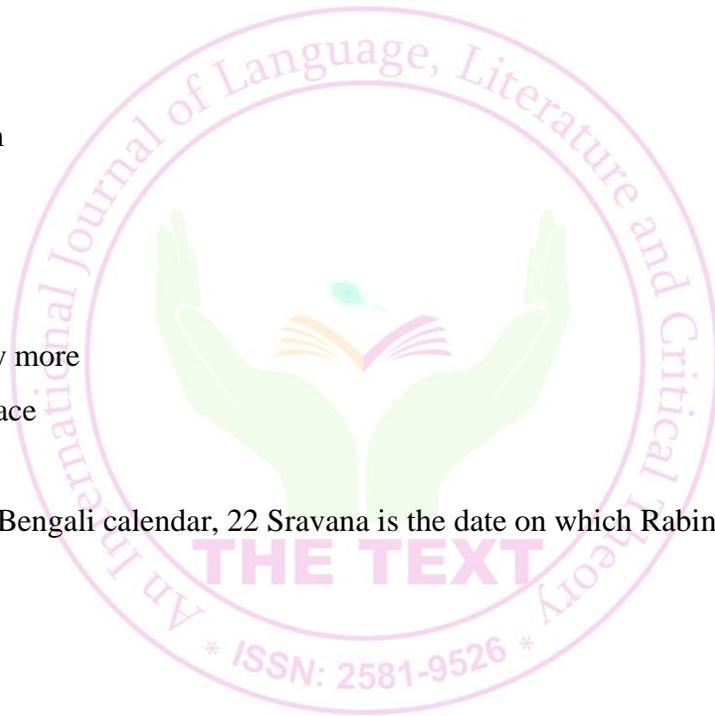
Anirban Basu
Kolkata, West Bengal

At the clarion call
I departed for the welkin
The ghoulish world at its merciless best
Mistook my liberation as Death.

On this day
With his death
Many died with him
Forgotten
Lost

They do not Die any more
Death is commonplace
Now.

*(According to the Bengali calendar, 22 Sravana is the date on which Rabindranath Tagore died)



Your Shadow

Anirban Basu
Kolkata, West Bengal

The shadow of your specs

Is larger than your specs

The shadow of the glasses of your specs

Is greater than the glasses itself

Large Great Huge Enormous Luminous

A sun's ray struck the left temple of your cranium

Under whose shadow you sensed the brilliance of a million suns

The droplet of a shadow of one made you pregnant

And you mothered and gave birth to a Little Boy

Whose weight at birth was a mere

Nine thousand seven hundred pounds only

Under whose shadow was born

The radiance of a thousand brilliant suns not to glorify and liberate

But to Annihilate for All Times to Come.

The shadow of your creation

Is larger than your creation

The shadow of your work

Is greater than your work itself

Larger Greater

The shadow of your name

Is lengthier than your name – immortal

You have created hope and the hype of the

“Advance” of Human Civilisation by radioactivity

For all times to come

The shadow of your creation

Is larger than your creation

The shadow of your work

Is greater than your work itself

Larger Greater

The shadow of your name

Is lengthier than your name – immortal

You have helped create the fear of destruction by radioactivity

Which larger than life looms like a demon let loose,

unleashing the terror shaking and rattling humanity

Making a human run like

one possessed with the hallucination of terror you had created,

fleeing away from a mere passing monsoon wind

Wounding and lacerating his own self

in the process to survive

For All Times to Come

Hail ! The Eternal Destroyer of Time

Come Hither.

Let

The shadow of death of a poet

Be larger than the poet himself, immortal

Let

New poems be born from its phoenix

