

## **A Thousand Wounds**

- **Bipul Banerjee**

A thousand wounds concealed,  
Behind a thousand masks.

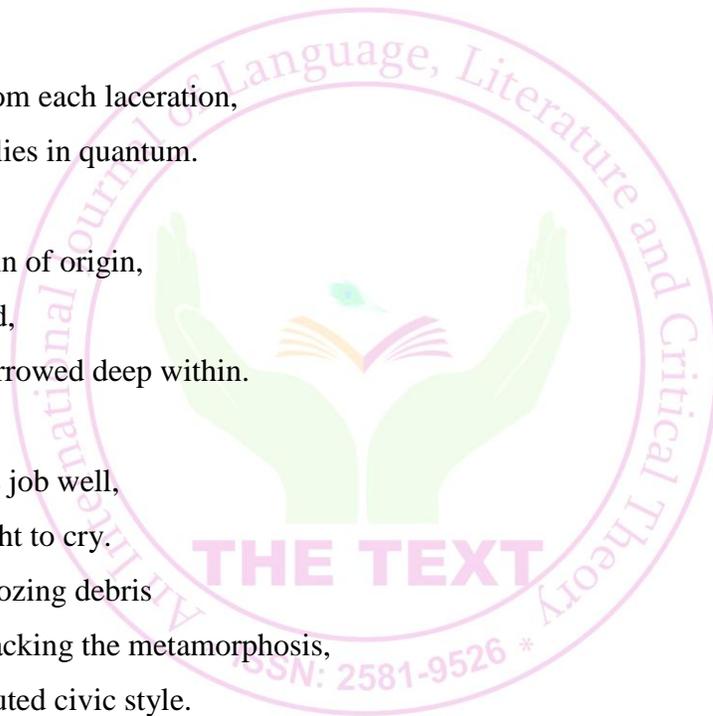
A camouflage of skedaddled emotions,  
Cruising in and out on,  
Turbulent roller coasters.

The pain emitted from each laceration,  
Mingles and multiplies in quantum.

A punctilious disdain of origin,  
Yet to be discovered,  
As each hurt has harrowed deep within.

Ersatz smiles do the job well,  
Confiscating the right to cry.  
Encapsulating the oozing debris  
Decorating and repacking the metamorphosis,  
In an evenly distributed civic style.

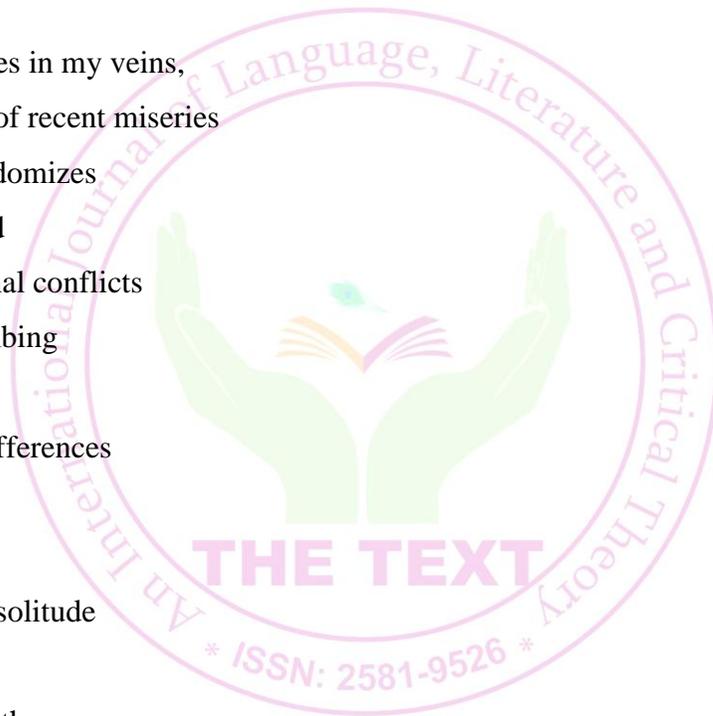
They say, 'time heals'.  
At what pace? Is unknown.  
Do the moieties matter or,  
Is it just the sheer sovereignty that reigns ?



## Alcohol...

- Bipul Banerjee

Hurt  
Battered  
Tattered  
When brought down  
On knees  
I ingurgitate a portion  
Called YOU  
Your alcohol mingles in my veins,  
Blurring all shades of recent miseries  
The intoxication sodomizes  
All inflictions gifted  
In return of emotional conflicts  
An anaesthesia numbing  
All pains prior to  
Eenucleation of indifferences  
Slowly  
Steadily  
I slip into trance of solitude  
A preferred refuge  
To assimilate strength  
Refuelling craters of murky wounds  
To heal  
Conciliate for  
the inflicter and beholder  
Bring in the war of peace  
Rise again at 'dusk'  
To soar above  
Unexpected heights



## **Black...**

- Bipul Banerjee

A perceived shade of melancholy??  
An odyssey of perpetual darkness?  
A sentiment of deprived joy !!  
Absence of spectacular spectra  
Ah ! Black such a misunderstood facet

Existence of brighter varieties  
Underlined by murkier shades

Flaunting none  
Absorbing all  
Is the virtue of blackish sentiments

Reminiscent of endurance  
Synonyms to consistency  
Black is secular to all

Rising from the ashes  
I dawn the cloak black  
Masking all hurts  
All pains  
Containment of all joy

Standing tall  
Embracing all assaults  
Dogged determination  
To not only survive  
But excel everywhere

