

A Thousand Wounds

- **Bipul Banerjee**

A thousand wounds concealed,
Behind a thousand masks.

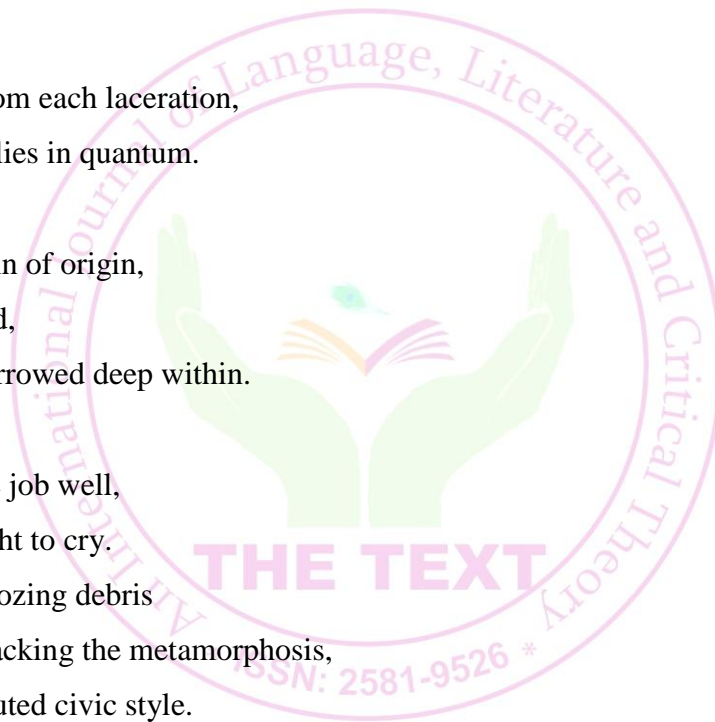
A camouflage of skedaddled emotions,
Cruising in and out on,
Turbulent roller coasters.

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.

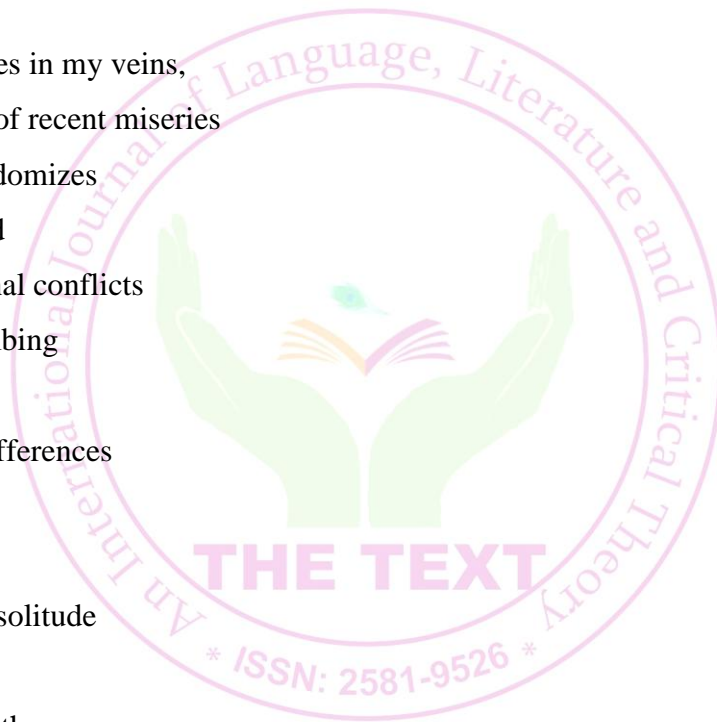
They say, 'time heals'.
At what pace? Is unknown.
Do the moieties matter or,
Is it just the sheer sovereignty that reigns ?



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

