
THE FALLEN

Sayan Mukherjee*

Boundless heavens, the colossal ethereal sky,
My feet clamped on a cloud, detained on to its glossy shroud
The boulevard of CHOICE, like a heedless happy river
Fearless and unalarmed, my shade hauled the Sol
Then the smog dazed me.
I fell 'headlong' from a MORNING STAR
Into an unfathomable well, a strand let loose in hell, a bucket HAPPILY FELL.

That heedless happy river
Dried away in a vapor
ESSENCE parted like wind to paper.
Taken away like a BABE's dream
Dusk devours the dawn-beam.
Then the smog dazed me.
I fell 'headlong' from a MORNING STAR
Into an unfathomable well, a strand let loose in hell, a bucket HAPPILY FELL
Parched as molten rings, flying off burnt wings.
What allows?
Cloaking from eyes, losing to lies
What allows?

The Kite Runner

Strolling the track helplessly, aimless
Characters have obscured somewhere, a holy mess
Our shadows lurk alone at this barren brink of being
The sky still stands without drizzle, eyes beyond foreseeing.

My spirit, my frame, both have lost the crusades
But I keep looking for a mirage through sleepless shades
Across the chalky, ceaseless horizon
I'll sure find the mead of mission.

This empty soul now knows
It's reason for survival backflows
The blurry night will pass
When the morning will lit up the dew in grass.

I keep gazing for it in the sky

I long to become my Kite of Wishes and fly
It is calling me,-My childhood
I bask in the fond memories of black woods.

*Sayan writes passionate poems on his personal experiences and psychological upheavals. He also writes short stories and research articles on occasion. He is a contributor to various local and state level magazines and journals of West Bengal like Kishore Bharati, Suktara, Anandamela, etc. Being a Guest Lecturer in English Literature in Bhairab Ganguly College affiliated to West Bengal State University, his orientation to poetry is far-reaching.
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