

Blessed Spirit

Avijit Dasgupta

The sun blazing lustrous
Not to fetch applaud from mortals glamorous
But to bestow fuel to the living existence.

The moon elevates in the night firmament
Not to show her golden lineaments
But to clear away the blackish plot.

Diurnal flowers, in plenty florets
Not to be arrogant for their bouquets
But to confer pleasure to human eyes.

Birds chant in musical passion
Not to show their trilling intonation
But to give rapture to the catching ears.

Likewise an amiable and blessed spirit
Never a narrow and confine-feeling inherit
But to dedicate his whole contentment
For the assistance of the indigent.

Barren Land

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Heaps of broken bones
Whose identity not known
In the sky, vultures hanging round
Some undesolved flesh may be found.

A bare, yellow pale tree
Showing no impression of glee
Standing like a cancer-patient
Counting his last painful moments.

Fields waterless in the core
Widening cracks widening more and more
Screaming out for rain
To console her deep-rooted pain.

A turbid and secluded river
Flows in a regularly irregular manner
With her fragmented footsteps
To manifest her skeleton shape.