

Read it again

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This is it. The end. Count the seconds, one, two, infinity,
Hear the rattling of the keys against the door, unlocked
and asking for forgiveness, love and some more
Do you even want to try? Or just
give in like you did yesterday or the day before
Or any other days before that? You do not have it in you
To break the monotony of regularity, of symphony,
You are afraid to be wrong, to be at the receiving end of things.
You egotistical, arrogant prick. Look at the mirror and abhor, abhor, abhor.
Have you ever thought about suicide? Do now,
For the reader in you just died an abnormal death
When you considered yourself above the author, publisher, editor,
Everyone
When you thought that the preface had a typo.
I bet no one taught you to read twice before calling someone's bluff.
Read more, child, read more
Only more words can heal you for you are ruined,
More words and then some more,
You need the solace that we call
Literature

Catharsis

I want release. Release from the infringements of you.
So that in you I find another me, unabashed and scattered
Don't hold me with lies and consummation, or threats
In a claustrophobia called love, rather demanding ego
Go, go.
Into the wild and fire
to tomorrow
Misty shrouds shall not part you or your trickery
You cannot tempt or lure me

Try it as you will,
No. I won't budge
Dreaming of freedom from you, I shall it achieve
With prowess, shine, confidence and honesty
For the right is by me
No, no
Abuse me more
So that shackles are loosened
And independence is born
Dare me to consume you full
Dare me, I dare you.
In a heathen landscape find me life
Will you?

Sonnet?

Petrarchan love? Platonism? In vain
Shakespearean? Spencer-like? Only rhyme
Since eternity in verse was written
Octaves and sestets, or musical chime
Denied courtship? Pathetic fallacy?...
Iambic pentameter? But futile
False claims by pseudo poets of fantasy
All but an attempt to touch the nubile.
Thereafter in a burlesque I wrote down
A mockery of this puny, deft genre
Thus the critics around me will now frown
For I have no lost love, no 'Lost Lenore'.
The smirk, however, will shine forever
Like those one fifty fours fade shall it ne'er