

Ditipriya Sen

Death of the Stannik

What could have the world done better,
Than to question your sanity and your fears?
Last night it was the sound of your soul I heard,
That wasn't shot at head and was not thrown off.
And what's that I hear from a distant dream?
Calling your name with the Queen's.
Tell me, could you treat the blood,
Or the blood treated you ?
The world was not a safe place for you,
Neither did it prove to.

They killed you twice but twice was not enough,
Oh mad monk ! Was that Jesus that came to you at your fall?

An Evening

When the car stops by some unnamed traffic in this named city, and you slightly remove your glasses and press your face against the quarter-glass, you see it's all blurred. Some blots of red, yellow and water, and a distant umbrella holding hands. Few naked footprints on the wet roads of South Calcutta and smells of yesterdays blowing with the petrichor. And again when the motor starts rolling, the marching of unusual thoughts stop and suddenly the elderly mansion of that grey-haired lane whispers, *what are we all but nomads seeking home?*

Womanhood Always Confused Me

Womanhood always confused me and manhood never accepted me,
Every night as I smell the supper from a distant house,
I feel myself being cooked and ravished.
I would starve and intoxicate and call it love.

At night when the moonlight would contour my body,
You would distort its curves,
And call yourself an artist.
I was never too young, I was never too old
I was everything that you told.

And like a cigarette butt soaked in coffee dregs,
I have you inside me.
Spreading and contaminating my blood.
And as I recklessly cut myself,
Bleeding becomes an addiction.

While the world is busy and the moon is sleeping,
My poetry witnesses my pain.

About the Poet

Ditipriya Sen is an undergraduate student of English Literature. Works in Theatre Companies based out in Calcutta. She finds solace in music, painting and films.