

POETRY

Partha Sarathi Mondal

Behind the Mask

I have floated with this barge
On the wave-winding flood;
I have carried legacy
In incorrigible blood!

I have gazed the azure sky,
But Seven Stars not seen;
I have trodden the grain-field,
But not a grain I glean!

I swam by tossing lotus,-
Not a single did I pick;
The lake was mirror-like clear,
My fog fathomed me bleak!

He hailed me in green garden,
In my green glow of time;
Spring swept her melodic mirth,
But I lost life-lent rhyme!

I sailed to see Eastern sun
To be drenched in dawn-light;
Being lost in mazy knot,
Dusk-delved darkness in sight!

I gazed and gazed damask rose,
That in my green was born;
Petals wilted to dry hue,
I was left with the thorn!

From Thy "wish-fulfilling tree"
Thy nectars trickle and fall;
To drink it with deep delight,
Smiles Thy clarion call!

O, in this deep dark forest
Thou cast honey-brimmed hive;
In the gloom of wilderness
For gall instead I dive!

He anchored sail on this bank
To wade through surging sea;
But still anchored got my boat,
How from this shoal to flee?

Thy prim-rose fragranced my green,
That joyed my inner part;
Thou still send sweet-scented spell,-
Closed canvas is my art!

I sought to soar like skylark,
Leaving the sense-bound Earth;
But I've hewn a wild cottage-
A Cock's complacent mirth!

Juggling with words and rhyming,
I falsely oozed my sweat;
O, save Thy inspired vision,
False is your pen, O Poet!

Poet's fancy, Prude's reasoning
Are nothing but a mask,
Behind which dost lie the Light,
In which soul has to bask!

Darkness

Clock by clock the dark dye dost flock
To pile gloom on gloom on pitchy sky;
Solemn, sullen sky delves the sky,
Where night's black agents cannot fly!

My meandering moon muses light,
Enveloped by nebulous breaths!

Sweeping silent sigh of agents;
Dark –deity dances with wild wreaths!

O Stars! Stay a-far in mystery,
 The coy moon stole behind clouds' door;
 Primeval Energy dost throb,
 But perches ne'er on psychic floor!

O Moon! Thou hast seductive spell
 That teases to dispel grave gloom;
 The grievous gloom weaves weird spell,
 Primeval Force to invoke, builds room!

In Search of "True Art": A Sonnet

O, Love! Why my Art only praise Thy name,
 Glorious accolade in love's mute mask,
 While sincerity's veiled in subconscious fame,
 That thrives on accolades of poetic task?

From my heart's loveless land Thy praises spring,
 Where but growest the thorns of prickly pear,
 Where my bird ne'er solitarily sing,
 With her soothing song my dross to clear!

Thou inspire, as Cynewulf was bidden
 To sing Thy dream-conjured praise and verse,
 And restore Thy 'Song' that's in me hidden;
 Else, will Thy "praise" perish into a farce!

Sans Thy vision's grace my 'song' wouldn't be song;
 Praise void of fondness is rant-rendered wrong!

About the Poet

Partha Sarathi Mondal is an Assistant Professor at Shibpur Dinobundhoo Institution (College) affiliated under the University of Calcutta. His areas of interest are Western Psychology and Vedic Literature.