

Moinak Dutta

Purely Academic

Let's now become purely academic

Our goals lined by books,

You should cite Virginia Woolf

And I, just William Blake,

You would say something about theories

Like how fancy differed from imagination,

And how imagination kept Coleridge

Apart in two distinct parts,

I would try not to be traditional

So would I quote from Eliot,

You would challenge me

With an wasted land

Before I would take you

To the mariners,

From there we would both change places

You would take the right hand side of the window

And I would sit on the left,

And both of us would occasionally look at

The outside world

Out of our bookish pursuits.

The Girl with Never-Ending Secrets

'My first husband got a son

I never met him

Saw him on photos

And thought he was dream'

That's how she narrated her life

So horrid and filled with pathos

She had been several times wived

And still she found her course,

I thought I was just like Manto

Giving in to her dismal state

But how could I not feel her woe

Which she had it by her fate;

Then came a day deep and long

I saw how earth smiled like a child

I thought then I wrote a song,

An ode to the summer mild,

I gave that to her, out of grief

Knowing that she could it bear

Like a yellow disillusioned leaf,

But she not for that had care,

She tore it and flung across

The day as it went away

I knew she would take a pause

Before she would next time pray.

That Fruit Juice Seller at Kufri

A meandering road lied upfront
Like a virgin spreading her charms,
The warmth of the day brought smell of
Cherries, apples and a lot of candy floss;

Hiking a few kilometres when thought to rest
The vendor selling juice appeared
I must have been thirsty
For took only few minutes
To empty the steel tumbler,
' want another?'

The vendor asked, business like his tone,
' yes, one more please'
I had been the most agreeable thing,
Docile, modest, too gentlemanly,

He smiled,
An all knowing smile,
' Kufri leaves no one thirsty'
He said.
I agreed not to disagree.

About the Poet

Moinak Dutta has been writing poems and stories from school days. Many of his poems and stories were published in national and international anthologies and magazines and also dailies including 'The Statesman' (Kolkata edition), 'World Peace Poetry Anthology' (United Nations), and some others. His first full length English (romance) fiction “**Online@Offline**” *was* published in 2014, by Lifi Publications. His second fiction '**In search of la radice**' was published in 2017 by Xpress Publications. Presently working on his third literary fiction. He may be contacted at moinakdutta@yahoo.co.in.