

Ujjal Mandal

The Farewell

It was a winter evening, I remember
I fed him that last night. Who knew he would run
Away in secret from the sweet garden of paradise
To the world of Death?
I fetched milk to drink him,
He drank unconsciously I supposed.
When I called a divine call, the cat took his last breath
Lifting his right leg as though blessed me;
I paused for a while like a cold statue,
I called him time and again
But it was too late.
Still today I can hear the sounds of the spade and the ground
They made a little room together for our dear cat,
My father digged the grave.
I made his bed under
The ground with my own hands.
But I couldn't provide a single lamp
For the dark room.
He was looked like Seamus Heaney's the tollund man.

Often I dream of our dear cat is alive and cheery, but
Oh, in reality he is no more.
Although he speaks a lot now
Like a silent portrait hanging on the white wall.
Ah, my heart aches in pain!

We Kill the Rose

I often ask the rose
"Why have you come out if you will fall?"
"I am born to give pleasures to the eyes pricked
with a needle, minds poisoned with black thoughts
and hearts pierced with thorns.
And I know I shall die.
They will look at me with their bloodshot eyes,
they will poison me with their venomous minds
and they will throw the sharp
arrow into my rosy heart.
Tell me, will I survive then?",
The rose replies. And I
remain unanswered.

The Power of Black

the black cuckoo
sings so deep
that defeats
the stringed lyre,

none
but the black ink
can sow the seed
of immortality
upon the wall of each
hearts,

coal is black
has capability to
catch the fire,

the dark road
will be the only path
of hope and commitment
when we sleep forever

Thy: The Untold Beauty

I was in the dark out of thy visibility
Now no peace more I have except thee,
Where I go keep thee green
Feel dejected if not find thee at shrine,
Thy hidden laugh peeps into the white teeth
A diver am I, desire to sink into thy blithe,
I keep thy eyes gentle and fresh
Would be thou bride of mine I might guess,
Thy eyelids are like the water lilies
Opening the arms in the blue seas,
Lips are like having bloom a red rose
Taking thy kiss, agree forever my lips to close,
Succulent apples are thy cheeks so sweet
I run after to collect them and to eat,
When thou walk seems dropping of diamonds,
And I glean them with loving bonds,
Thy hair was fairly thick and brightly curl
How much I love you, O my sweet girl!
Thy laugh sheds thousand cascades
Where I find no stains on your innocent face,
Thy gestures are like the buds to burst into bloom
I must not wrong if I wish to be thy groom.
Today I feel, love is the beauty of life
And your love will keep me always alive.

About the Poet

Ujjal Mandal is an Indian poet and a connoisseur of literature who writes in English and Bengali. He was born at Ganguria, West Bengal. He says, “the color of imagination is nature and nature is beauty”. He has published more than 500 poems up until now in the literary press, magazines, journals & books. ‘**Ambrosia In Budding Flowers**’ is his first book of poetry has been published in 2021.