

Rituparna Khan

## **Cry of COVID**

I existed there since ages,  
a queen in my own world,  
ambling and loitering inert,  
harmless.

I watched many movies  
created by the you  
I found a number of  
fresh faces introduced.

Those were the faces of  
heroes, heroines, villains, vamps.  
I saw them act and perform,  
a source of entertainment.

Every other decade emerged  
with some havoc of a  
production from your  
creative end.

I watched those, I watched you  
from my own circle of life,  
subtle, inactive, naive, a  
silent spectator.

Everything changed in a jiffy.  
The introductory face of  
your latest movie was me,  
Queen Corona.

A queen in my own quiet world,  
I believed you to launch me  
as the fresh lead face of  
21st century production.

How stupid of me to trust you,  
the least trustworthy of  
creatures under the sun,  
you humans!!

Your misdeeds abated me to the  
platform of a vamp, renamed  
COVID 19, fresh in  
negative role.

## **Dirge**

If dirge had a color,  
it would be tinted in my flesh tone.  
If dirge had an odor,  
it would be the fragrance of my breath.  
If dirge had a shape,  
it would be as amorphous as my shattered soul.  
If dirge had a size,  
it would be as unfathomable as my grief.  
If dirge had a life,  
it would be as eternal as your poetry.

## **Disappearance**

Suddenly something has disappeared  
from the green canvas around her.

It is something in grayish tone creeping and  
crawling towards her, steadily moaning.

There's a silent aridity in the adieu.  
She doesn't know what has vanished.

She is gaping at the window pane, wondering,  
where has the tapestry textured by the raindrops gone!

If it showers again in its usual reigning form,  
she could satiate her soul drenching herself.

She is yearning to be humid again with the  
droplets resting on her shoulder and breast.

She is loitering like a phantom in vain  
to let the pelting pearl drops penetrate her.

Alas! Now, all is in an untouchable distance.  
Frequent rain is a myth that no more reigns.

Felling of the greens to transform to grays  
has reset luscious nature to a repulsive mirage.

## **Flawed Maidens**

Burning in the pyre of your ashes,  
Loire river valley was impaired.  
You were nothing but a witch,  
turning Orleans to a desert of  
prostitutes.

Occidental orthodoxy  
to Oriental bigotry,  
no one spared any of you.  
Not you, Maid of Orleans,  
not you, Miss Magdalene.

Humanity in inhumanity  
was fathomed in deeds, less  
and misdeeds, more.

Men were in their frailty,  
yet they were granted mercy.  
Women were flawed always.  
Then, now and forever.

## **Half Cooked Meal**

A paradigm shift is this  
new world order.  
I find it tasteless,  
this half cooked meal.  
Where is the care  
and where is the cure?  
An abnormal new normal is  
heading to a discomfort zone.  
"New" is sans happiness.  
The world is in ravages,  
leaving us destitute  
in untouchable islands.  
"Normal" is a myth now  
alienated from reality.  
Would we ever revive from  
this permafrost of crises?

## **Home inside Home**

Home is earth with an April heart.  
She has a home inside her hearth.  
Once that home was safe in August hands.

Home is earth with an April heart.  
She has a home inside her hearth.  
Once that home was happy with July showers.

Home is earth with an April heart.  
She has a home inside her hearth.  
Once that home was stable with November chills.

Home is earth with an April heart.  
She has a home inside her hearth.  
Once that home was at bliss in February charms.

Home is earth with an April heart.  
She has a home inside her hearth.  
These days it is imperiled with seasons, plundered.

## Next

Gazing with a blank, captivating look  
in those eyes,  
sizzling a restless tune of eternal moan  
in those ears,  
savoring a bitter saliva of monotone  
with the taste buds,  
smelling an aromatic chart of the  
necropolis of Zenda,  
touching skin deep wrinkle of the  
parched earth,  
Gina once acted in the main role  
of mother earth.  
Her vision is a dried up well now.  
Her laughter is midnight darkness now.  
Her smell smells the wrinkled earth no more.  
Her touch has lost the look of that sweetener.  
Her tongue has forgotten to sense the aroma of zucchini.  
Gina is forever to no one anymore.  
Prisoners are indeed, prisoners no more.  
Who knows what will be the destination next?  
Earth is too puny to humans these days.

## Oblivion of Ashes

You're in me, you're in them, you're in us.  
Where ever you're, you're very vicious.  
Borne with enough of your tantrums,  
I have learnt the art to curb your genesis.

Here is a tumbler of distilled water.  
This is a simpleton's life succor.  
Mixed with pure heat of rays of dawn,  
this will reduce your power to none.

Then I add to it fresh air of honesty  
to churn out your desires to utter modesty.  
I seek sweet drops from honeysuckle buds  
to remove from you all bitterness.

This is added with soil and green leaves  
to make a dough sans rapacious longings.  
I put the dough in hearth of a pure heart  
to burn you Greed, to oblivion of ashes.

## **About the Poet**

Rituparna Khan is an Assistant Professor in Bidhannagar College, Salt Lake, Kolkata. She is a Geographer by profession dealing with anything and everything from natural to human phenomena based on a spatial dimension. However, her inclination to Literature, especially poetry is no less. A few of her works are published and well appreciated and awarded in print as well as social media (two poems in the anthology, “Nostalgia-A Story of the Past”, five poems in OPA Anthology, one poem in SETU, three poems in the anthology, “Float Poetry: reverse the rivers” and one poem in the anthology, “Eternal Flame”).

She has received an award from Inter Cultural Poetry and Performance Library for writing in a Rhyme Competition on World Poetry Day and received the Reuel International Award for Best Upcoming Writers in Poetry, 2019 judged by The Significant League in Glopowrimo (Global Poetry Writing Month). Her debut book, ‘Tales told and Untold’, a collection of short stories has been launched in Kolkata international Book Fair in 2020.