



Photo Credit: Rocco Rorandelli

Around my Karma

Let me hang my body and rotate around this tree
wearing the bangle of wild flowers.

I will win the ear to hear
the song of moths, grasshoppers, horses, tigers, cows and giraffes
and step into a common song of the earth.

It's a rotation through which I will win the vision
to see the smiling stance of beaks
and pain in snarling canines.

I am a singer without voice
without beat and tune

without a tone that deserves claps.
Still, I have perceived and learnt the unheard songs
and I am the chosen one — to sing today
being one — with the wild cactuses, nodding roses
and ever dancing trees that rotate me
around my Karma.

Proshitabhartruka - *A lover's loneliness*

Why did you gift me those aromatised candles?
They are soft when ablaze and rigid when calm.
I knew I wasn't like those, but you wanted me to be ...
My warm breathe has weakened me now but the
winter — silently moving on hands and knees
has kept me intact.
I wonder what makes me sustain this roughness—
the breath or the cold?
the candles or your departure?
Wait and hope —
lurking on the periphery
of the borderless episodes of life
complimenting each other through an inner strife.
Here I exist — entangled, hovering like a fluttering kite
hoping to free myself from the shackles of a long wait.
And you? I believe you have crossed miles now
joined many pennies together.
I hope that you won't buy me these candles anymore.
They are shape-shifters, but
I am a product of lasting wait and hope
and I am still waiting.

Virahotkanthita - *A lover distressed by separation*

It is difficult to get by with your smile
for they are caged, inside the glass framed portrait.
My smile is hanging beside yours.
Some part of me is in there.
That I sometimes cried my eyes out, that I even
thought to go on an unframed vacation and that
I felt to welcome randomness, in every course of my life—
locked the worth of living, in a basket of dark elements—
worries, woes, futility ...
The old snaps — nostalgic and known is now transporting
me to a world of faith.
Weaknesses are falling through!
Beliefs are folding in with hanging smiles.
Memories are filling in for your touch.
I would make no bones about my despair when
you come back. Before I land on my feet,
I would pull you inside the world —
where the moon tried to burn me with loneliness
where your gifted jewels acted as thorns
where I failed to mother my longings.
This voyage of yours is the last straw for me.
Let me smile, with that bit of me with you
inside the frames.

Svadhinabhartruka - A lover's control

I was paddling my own canoe to set up
a lighthouse — to locate you, inside me.
And then — on a fair weather night I smelled you.
The disobedient winds brought it with them — unwillingly.
I could catch them and feel you, but I never
wanted my despair to invade a returning love.
Now, my woes are shaking off my alluring belief.
That I thought myself to be a tangling twig —

seeking a bond with its trunk, is fading away.
Earlier, the whole sunlight was for me and the roots drew water
just for me. You were the tree indeed and I was the cause
of your movements.
Each leaf attached to you was a thought, that moved
at my will — without queries.
Amidst poison spread all around, I have been able to pull through
and you must phase in your love for me now.
Find me — all that you had left for me. They are lying scattered.
Yes I forsook them, but now — I want to be in raptures
with you and all associated.

Abhisarika - Union of Lovers

Hours seem as aeons as you stand there.
The door presents you in a shell but I no longer
wish you to be in frames.
The time of perceiving you in my past must be over.
The necklet, beads and the veil —
let me take them, to control my zest for your arrival
and feed my prejudice with slow steps
towards the gate where you are standing.
Let me step out of my house and step inside
the frame you are caged in.
I am lost in a conflict of ideas —
ideas of spending time —
time that swells with each passing moment —
moments that adds to conflicts.
My seldom smile is just like papers pasted over cracks.
Let the cracks appear now
Let them open up — to the one they have been expecting.
I can hear the fluttering pages of my diary
but I care less — let them drift off.
I am in my most coveted present.

I am just like a happy bird flying around its nest
that is about to witness the hatching of its eggs.
I have preserved them for long and you
are giving them the left out warmth.
It is thundering outside, let it rain too
Let the Sun give birth to it —
smiling through the cracks of the clouds.
Let the talk between light and shade start again.
Let them adorn our words and passion.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Sonnet Mondal

Sonnet Mondal writes from Kolkata and has authored six collection of poetry. His latest books are *Karmic Chanting* (Copper Coin, 2018) and *Ink and Line* (Dhaulti Books, 2018). He is the founder director of Chair Poetry Evenings – Kolkata’s International poetry festival and editor in chief of *The Enchanting Verses Literary Review*. He has served as guest editors for *Words Without Borders*, *Poetry at Sangam* and is an international coordinator for Lyrikline.