

SITA AND OTHER POEMS

By Goutam Karmakar

Are we not questioning the age-old history?
Or have learnt nothing from the Ramayana story?
Why do we pretend of raising voice for a woman?
When we are leaving them to be criticized by men?
Your suffering and struggle will be everlasting.
Although being pure, you are not accepted,
And always thrown in a position of casting
In order to prove your chastity, unless rejected.

You are the epitome of supreme devotion
and wait for Rama hoping a possible action.
You get the rewards of your sacrifice
by being dejected with pregnant twins.
Again and again you have to prove chastity
for those who are dethroned from their purity.
Oh Man! you fail to give her birth
and she returns to the womb of Earth.

You are the symbol of female strength,
a resilient women and victim at length.
Always you have been given a boundary,
But what to do if evil is in the territory?
Have we failed to understand The Gita
for your readers are exploiting Sita.
Now you get humiliated not only by man,
but also get blows from the diplomatic woman.

REFLECTION

It was an early morning and
I walked along the ghats to see
what the people were doing
in this beautiful surrounding?
Suddenly I saw my reflection
on the stagnant water of the river
I look at me for a while
to see myself with confusion.

But what did I see?
Only myself or my destiny,
and I did not find there anything.
For questioning on my role
in this universe,
I felt myself so tiny.
I thought over the roles given-
but only to realize that I am also written.

I saw the sky there crystal clear-
but the water was not like that
for it was polluted and I saw
myself also being corrupted.
That reflection told me something,
perhaps I was unaware of that.
But I stood there silently
and trying to understand myself whole heartedly.

Only my secondary image was pure,

and told myself so many things that I need to cure.

Perhaps the reflection told about honesty and I
made out what was hyper-reality.

Suddenly a glow on my face
with full understanding about my deeds done;
I understood why my fortune had gone,
and began to think what was undone.

A BIRTH

The head looks like a womb
filled with a lot of things,
and definitely those want deliverance,
in order to act with independence.
With the help of balm and lancet,
It comes out in the world.
It is a growing mechanism finds;
its bed on a white paper
and grows from line to stanza.

Is it a birth of a poem?
or the birth of a poetic mind?
It is roaming everywhere
to collect data to feed itself.
It is in a position to build its nest
and turns into a bird to sing again-
with the passage of time.
For about many months,
it is a mating which is not a crime,
and what comes out?

thoughts, idea and image
with keeping one engage.

AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH

Everyone likes to see old photographs
that remind happy memories of years.
But who likes to see old photographs
that compels your eyes to shed tears?

One such photograph is in my table
shows you stand amidst the Nature.
Now you become a myth; turned fable
which utters your characteristic feature.

One photograph whispers to my ear
to tell how your eyes made me blind.
Now the photo remains and you too far;
where your heart stays known to my mind.

This old photo reminds your used words
where phony innocence plays a vital role.
Oh Dear! Like you even this photo guards
you from the clutches of pure unclouded soul.

This old photo attracts me more and more
for this is the piece which reminds me
your favourite lies used to hear long before
and the double-dealing feelings of thee.

I would love to see old photo many a times
for the person in it will never be changed.
But this same photo obligates me sometimes
to think how this person in reality has changed.

MEMORIES

If a mind full of memories suggests remembrance,
then a path full of memories epitomizing persistence.
A dreamy past unveils your reflective presence
where the imminent future tries to make a sense.
A few memories etched, few became very insane,
and a flashback takes me down the mind's lane.
A few remain unforgettable and perfectly vivid,
A few always misleading: unconsciously conceived.
An established memory is liable to disruption,
A newly formed memory resistant to alteration.

Memories are good while experiences received
Memories are counted while lessons guaranteed.
Memories and moments are always valued,
with adventures and previous promises assured.
Memories takes life back with closed chapters
where life is faced with failed encounters.
Memories are always protected and taken care,
as it cannot be relived and is beyond repair.
No matter what happens some exceptional memories
will always be remembered, cherished through centuries.

Bio

Goutam Karmakar is currently working as a PhD Research Scholar at the Department of Humanities and Social Sciences at National Institute of Technology Durgapur (NITD), India. He has attended seminars and conferences on English literature across the country. He is a bilingual writer and his articles and research papers have been published in many International Journals. He has contributed papers in many edited books on Indian English Literature. He has taken interviews of notable Indian poets writing in English. He loves to read and write poetry and his poetry has been published in many international journals. His debut poetic volume written in English is going to publish very soon. He seeks interest in Indian English Literature specially poetry, Postmodern and Postcolonial literature, gender studies, queer theory, ecocritical studies, dalit literature, folklore and culture studies.