

***A CAMOUFLAZED MIRROR***

**By Pijush Kanti Deb**

Neither telepathy is known  
nor an effective time-machine is owned  
yet the race towards you  
seems to be so automatic that  
the frightening distance  
between you and me  
and the ongoing moking circumstance  
from my land to your sky  
fall like rain on my roof  
forming two options for my destination,  
either enjoying a bath  
and returning to the old central point  
or centralizing ownself in that new point  
where capricious water flows me down.  
Alas!  
I am still uncontented and restless  
bearing the tight wrapping  
of a long mysterious tape of life around me  
and the resultant brain-beating  
for unabated detection and solution  
embracing someone like you  
who is still a camouflazed mirror to me  
as I look more at you  
so I know more about myself  
instead of you and your love for me.

*A QUIXOTIC PROJECT*

No sooner  
treasures started following  
my remunerative projects  
and flowers became praise-worthy to me  
than  
I asked the rising sun, “ What is love?”  
The sun took time to reply  
but I took no time  
to dip myself down and down  
in the depth  
of glittering pools of beckoning eyes  
with no fear  
and  
of course, with no penitence at all,  
only a folk of tickling interest  
and a king’s heavy treasures  
assisted me to be hidden therein  
until  
the bubbles of interest started flying up  
and the treasures became diluted in the water.  
At last,  
I had to float myself up  
facing the setting sun  
and witnessed the subjective meaning of love  
written on its burning screen  
“ Love is a quixotic project”

*MY DESERTED FATHER AND HIS TEARS*

She seems to be submissive to me  
who is yet to witness that stern storm  
which may drive a ship high and dry  
but I witnessed  
my deserted father and his hidden tears.  
So, I grant her with a grain of salt.  
Maybe,  
she has gone the whole hog  
and found no truth hidden in my heart  
or she is stronger than me to hope  
against hope for anything she likes to achieve.  
I am contented so far  
and habituated to keep good hours,  
but her breaking into my life,  
I assume,  
can brake my running wheels  
and I may find myself in hot water  
playing blind man's buff round the clock  
and repenting too  
for standing passive in the box  
while she has already branched out herself  
in my heart and soul  
yet I am determined to welcome her  
with love and care to judge my father and his tears.

***MAY LIFE BE VICTORIOUS !***

May life be adventurous !  
If the opening of eyes  
happens to be in a wrong place,  
the closing of them,  
at least,  
must have a right to quest  
for a right place of interest.

May life be courageous !  
On the way to a right place,  
not to be surprised,  
some unfortunates must be trapped  
in between  
Sarenghati in the front  
and Nile In the back.

May life be victorious !  
When back touches the wall  
and the sun still rises in the east,  
the remaining of the ill-fated  
must turn themselves  
into lions or crocodiles  
to change the wrong into the right.

***PERFORATORS AND CHARACTER***

Perforators are always available,  
seeking for one fetches hundreds  
and

wandering with one of those in hand  
on the soft surface of plain character  
digs holes on it for the available captious  
captivating one  
in the glittering of an earthly mirage.  
Day is still in progress,  
so, no problem in singing and dancing  
trampling  
the voice of prohibition  
and the fear of side-effect  
forgetting the ensuing night  
and its loneliness  
when the biting creepers must crawl out  
of the holes  
and no one-  
nearest and dearest,  
will be available nearby for a rescue.

**Bio**

Pijush Kanti Deb is a Professor in Economics and a new Indian poet with around 300 published or accepted poems and haiku in around 100 nos of national and international magazines and journals ,print and online His best achievement so far is the publication of his first poetry collection, "Beneath The Shadow Of A White Pigeon" which is available on AMAZON. Now he is working on his 2nd poetry collection "The Divine Face Of Smile".