

***MY LOVE AND OTHER POEMS***

**By Surabhi Bhattacharjee**

My love  
for me, for home  
and  
for world  
"a little room"  
without butterfly colour to fly  
around me.

Love of a man, held me back  
without feeling of freedom  
eventually dry  
for world, for home  
and for me.

I willed my love, in the arm of  
unknown Man  
Day of young  
now  
cold upon my bone  
without butterfly colour to fly  
around me, in the street of  
colloquial vocabulary  
and syntax with enjambment rhyme  
closely structured  
on the path of time.

On the ground of privacy  
it focuses on its voyeuristic gaze  
semi ---naked  
semi---surrender  
non---introspective  
how complicated for my days.

So, love sought its tailor made cloth  
with chill promise of  
Home.

***SUNDAY LETTERS***

Lying under blank face of life  
my words roll round upon my fingertips  
now I stumble in my blank page  
where yellow dairy notes whisper  
my Sunday letters.  
Feathers of summer syllables  
dance upon, overwhelming silence of mine.  
The emptiness of beggar's bowls  
is heard once more.

In next room, women travel-led  
long road between, loving and not loving  
that news goes, round of a million tongues.  
And today I think, a half smile on my lips  
words that escaping the cave, of mouth like twittering birds  
shake their wings, on a window roof.

In a lazy Sunday  
A squirrel sitting on a tree  
Goat balancing itself on its two feet  
Parrot upside down on a branch nibbling at fruits  
my father's voice, echoing wearily from, corner of room.

And you begin smiling, once again upon me  
on my own  
Testimonies  
Anxieties  
and  
Sorrows.

### ***A ROOM***

Inside-----

A woman sweeps, another knitting  
twenty watt bulb shine in veranda  
I myself live in one  
leaning against sofa  
Mother keeps the kitchen, makes tea  
Four empty cup on a tray  
Trickling sound of tea being poured.  
The washer man and watch man  
sip their tea with Lemon  
country ,landscape ,memory, anguish  
full of cancel words  
and large handwriting

searching for  
saddest songs.

Outside -----

Wind, light, rain revolve  
a heavy tree bent their necks  
Each leaf nurture a rain -drop  
Ants are travelling by hidden routes  
under the sleeping earth.  
On the silver line of day  
one end, sun is half way down  
other side, clear moon shining high.

Two eyes dividing a single face  
In my solitary rhyme.

***ETHNIC SCENT OF DISTANT BOKUL***

Smoking cups of cappuccino  
Feeding with  
Golden ear rings  
And  
A diamond nose pin.

I see  
Red rings  
With smiling promise  
Of red dust

Silk and blood

Under the serpent's hiss...

Love take care

Don't forget

You are going out for first time,,,

" Ethnic scent of distant bokul".\*

Under the wall of inky sky

Honey bees drunk it

Yellow blossoms.

\*Bokul -----is a name of flower in West Bengal.

***MY LOVE IN THIS JUNE SKY***

I am living with a voice

not moulded, by lips

not tasted by tongue

unspoken, unformed.

Even my Love in this June Sky,

make a room for hundreds of sizzling heat walls

sitting in cafe

between you ,old papers,

three legged stool there over

hanging on phone

discussing

poetry ,shipments, discounts  
eyeing on grocery boy.

Each day my hands  
touch the warm hit of  
my brother's hand  
with a small reservoir.  
Ladies of my Town  
one day back to me  
with their shimmering voice of life.

Now I wear a notch skirt  
to hide my lies  
with a sequins of tight tie  
women of flowery hair  
dunce under  
the world where I fear  
to burn  
against empty palm tear.

Even in this June sky  
my love nothing but four walls dream  
bickering with the echoes of the soul  
dragging themselves by hollowed eye  
between the alleys of obscene odes  
furnished room emptied down  
under cheap cigarette eye.

**Bio**

**Surabhi Bhattacharjee** is founder & Editor-in-chief of Asian Signature ([www.asiansignature.com](http://www.asiansignature.com)) and Co-founder and Chief-Managing-Editor of "Shadow Circle:An International Journal of contemporary Theatre". [www.shadowcirclejournal.com](http://www.shadowcirclejournal.com). She is a Research scholar of English Literature ,emerging poet ,writer, essayist ,activist and translator. Her works maintain a focus on social issues, linguistic identity and feminism. Her articles and poems have been profiled in several international newspaper and magazines. Her Research area is "South Asian Women Poets". She attends various poetry reading seminar all over India. Currently she is working upon translation of contemporary famous French poet Gabriel Arnou -Laueac 's Beyond Elsewhere and Hindi poet Dhruva Harsh's Aye Jingegi Tu Ret to Nahi. Apart from poetry she likes Nature and spirituality.