

*HOMOGENEOUS HEADS*

By Pijush Kanti Deb

When a few heads of equal size  
meets together in a parlor,  
double duty is registered  
for tongues and lips  
allowing a temporary leave  
to the standing ears,  
the crows-  
sitting on the roofs and the trees  
stop crowing,  
peep the heads-  
busy in beating their own drums,  
through the open widows  
and extend their wings in fear  
to sneak away  
far from the babbler's sound pollution,  
the rooms-  
adjacent to the parlor

tremble in the vibration of the ego- war  
ensued among the homogeneous heads  
and feel comfort  
when the verbal war is ended up  
without putting two and two together  
regarding their forgotten objective  
but with the useless killing  
of some lazy but priceless hours only.

***A POEM BUT ILL-FATED***

**By Pijush Kanti Deb**

A poem,  
maybe, a careful embellishment  
with the illumination  
of the luminous hearts,  
an immortal image  
drawn with the ink of nectar  
borrowed from the Heaven,

painted with more than seven colors  
collected from  
both the rain-bow and dream-bow,  
an offering from the devotees  
to the earthly Gods  
live and die  
only in the literary world,  
yet, the poem is always ill-fated  
to be loved and praised  
only by a few  
differently made hearts and tongues.

***AN ANGRY POET***

Alas! A calling in the name of devil  
reverberates in the air and the sky  
as a poet is made angry  
enough to shout to his mirror,  
‘‘What is to be written, my ash?’’  
by his dogmatic misfortune

that curses him with a trembling old mother  
whose eyes are protruded at the death-  
crawling to her silently,  
a less-blessed ever-sick wife  
whose eyes pray to death for freedom  
from her painful life  
and two speechless gloomy children  
who heave a sigh every now and then  
witnessing the declining shining  
of their sun and moon,  
pushed outside beneath the open sky  
snatching all soft petals of his heart  
and provoked too  
for a roaring challenge against someone  
looking above in the sky,  
‘‘Come on! You fuck me now,  
otherwise, I will fuck you until my death’’.

**Bio:**

Pijush Kanti Deb is a new Indian poet with more than 225 published or accepted poems and haiku in more than 68 nos of national and international magazines and journals [print and online] like Down in the dirt, Tajmahal Review, Pennine Ink, Hollow Publishing, Creativica Magazine, Muse India, Teeth Dream Magazine, Hermes Poetry Journal, Madusa's Kitchen, Grey Borders, Dead Snakes, Dagda Publishing and so on. His best achievement so far is the publication of his first poetry collection, "Beneath The Shadow Of A White Pigeon" published by Hollow Publishing is available on AMAZON visiting the link,

[http://www.amazon.com/Beneath-Shadow-White-Pigeon-Pijush/dp/1505854113/ref=sr\\_1\\_1\\_tw\\_i?ie=UTF8&qid=1422829526&sr=8-1&keywords=beneath+the+shadow+of+a+white+pigeon](http://www.amazon.com/Beneath-Shadow-White-Pigeon-Pijush/dp/1505854113/ref=sr_1_1_tw_i?ie=UTF8&qid=1422829526&sr=8-1&keywords=beneath+the+shadow+of+a+white+pigeon)

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