

My River

By Gopal Lahiri

My river always meanders in silence
The temple bell echoes,
In search of peace and purity.
All those concrete steps go slippery,
Drawn to hazard; to the edges of water.
The sun peaks through the rugged rocks
Cast lights over the still water; as if
A meditation on love and grief.
People may not notice at times
The shadow lengthens on its own
Try to do away with a deadly rival,
Strange though, the life is not stifled.
No one knows the sin of height
No one really cares for death.

Exchange

The moon sliced
Into pieces
hold that much
Love and light
Drawing white wings
Against the starlit
Wide Canvas.

A tall tree
Detailing the
The dark haze
In most
delicate pastels
Expresses its
True artistry.

Sitting on the
Narrow branches
A night bird
Sleepy eyed
Flaps and whistles
Reclaims identity
In a fit of rage.

The rising wind
And a few leaves
Give a voice
To the muted
Lips to exchange
Some words
In silence.

Turn pages

Facing straight ahead, your eyes look blank.
just out of mess and ruins,
veins of your skin turn scarlet red.

in a matter of a few syllables,
as if I am made to form,
reveal the eternal, care for nothing else
all the time behind.
a spark, a tiny thought revolves in my mind.
the smallest play of the green leaves
in the branches,
can erase the wounds and scars.
undeterred the law of life; we grow silent.
out of this trust, we live in response
that lay ahead,
turn pages to history.

Unlock

It's not about me
It's not about you perhaps,
But it's there, stay locked in our mind.
Listen to the trees rustling
In the easterly wind.
Teach our hearts to weep;
We feel we are at the end of the road.
Every day lead you back again
You cannot break open the door.
Every night crawls in the dark
All the staircases lead me to the abyss.
We are stricken, not bear any longer,
No roots in eternity, nowhere at all.
We do not have the voice

Still our words are shrill and loud.

Our ever shifting presence unlocks the truth.

Our World

Our world ripening like a tall tree
stands bare even in the spring
peaceful and calm at the end of it.
learn it every day, silent and vast
dust settles, the silence is so deep.
not so loudly, not talk so much.
under the power of sun, which to burn
we are in a tiny closet, a bridge to cross
see in your eyes the note and the chord.
the wind ruffles, the bend in the road
crack at the edge, noise fills the earth
we have lost in words, in our thoughts.

Secret Seed

Something burning inside
you feel in silence
every step is labour,
all the struggles
all the distresses,
the attacks resisted
the storms endured,
scars and wounds
aligns with the life,
something illuminating

even in the smallest details,
something bright
we can carry with us
wherever we go,
live out to the
secret of the seed
to the very end.

Bio:

Gopal Lahiri, a bilingual poet, was born in Kolkata. He currently lives in Mumbai. He has been writing poetry for more than twenty five years. He has had six poetry collections in Bengali (mother tongue) and five collections in English. His literary works in English appeared in several print (notably in Indian Literature, CLRI, Inklink, Taj Mahal Review, Indo-Australian Anthology, Poets International, The Dance of the Peacock and The Illuminations) and electronic publications (Arts and Letters, Underground Window, Muse India, Poetry Stop, Debug, etc) worldwide. His poems were highly commended in ICOP Annual awards, 2012 in Wakefield, U.K. He also occasionally writes fiction, short story, and essay, articles on current affairs and scientific interest and does translation work. He has translated (From English to Bengali) a collection of short stories of Israel (published by NBT, India). He is a regular contributor of poems in several poetry web sites and magazines.