

I AM YOUR DAUGHTER

By Madhumita Ghosh

I am the daughter
who did not know she was to be born.
I am the daughter
who asked for love
unwittingly
and was given love without love
crushed beaten
I forgot where to find my voice.
My lips were sealed
as was my doorway to pleasure too.
My virgin womb
sealed and locked
waited for unknown years
shedding tears
in trickles
from behind bars.
I am that daughter.
I was poked and pierced and sucked out
my life useless
flowed down the drains
a bloody gory waste
I lay in gutters
blue with pain and shivering
not knowing how to save myself
from the hungry canines.

I am that daughter you did not want.

MASK UNMASKED

Those red blue and yellow masks

you wear

different days of the week

You hide your true self

You think you are hidden

The cracks

and the chinks

you had overlooked

ones made with wear and tear

of over usage

have given you away

Those eyes

the eyes of a slithering invertebrate

have looked through the chinks

inadvertently

You had to see who says what

as you are never sure of yourself

and

you let the world see who you are

from behind your myriad masks

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM

Nobody talks there
nobody would want to

There are scenes to see
and feelings to be imbibed

The ferns growing in abandon
bending down to the waters flowing
and the water flowing
down the terrain
crystal clear and just a foot deep
caressing the pebbles and rocky rocks
that sleep in quietude on its bed
wet and mossy
sleepy yet awake
Will shift its stance
once you dare to step on it
and may make you lose your bearing
to trip and stumble on the rippling cold water
The pines and conifers don't speak
they croon with love for the whistling wind

You listen to the sound of mountain love
and the tinkling sound
of the mountain stream
dancing merrily down the hillside

singing a choir with the sashaying conifers
that play with the wind and the birds
that call out to their lovers

You gulp down your spontaneous applauding voice
you stand there still for a while
and long
and just listen

My tribute to Kaviguru Rabindranath

Tomarkholahaowa-Tagore

Setting the free flowing wind on your sail
Severing the tying ropes
Am willing to drown
I am willing to drown.

My morning has gone to waste
And the afternoon follows suit
Please don't hold me any longer,
Don't tie me any longer
Near the shore.

I stay awake all nights for the boatman
The waves keep playing with me.
I shall make the storm my friend
Shall not be afraid of its grimace.

Leave me, o, release me

I shall be happy and relieved to have a tempest.

Translation- MadhumitaGhosh

Bio

Prof. Dr.MadhumitaGhosh, is also a poet and editor of anthologies of Poetry books. Her poems have been widely published in print, e-books, journals and magazines all over the world, in places like Canada, UK, Ghana, Bangladesh and India.

She has authored four poetry books titled For All You Lovely People, Pebbles On The Shore, Flowing with the River, My Poetry My Voice and also an academic book, William Blake, A Prophet for Mankind.