

SAILING THROUGH ICHAMATI

By Jaydeep Sarangi

We are a very old wall,

Useless at times. Sometimes forgotten.

People don't want us anymore

In need of no repair,

History books record tears on our bricks

Long languishing hours

Smoked around us.

Policies and principles ruled our lives

When the country was young.

Ichamati is the corridor

Into things we can design.

We are twins

Our veins have one blood

Even when we are separate souls on map.

Note: Ichamati is a river that separates India from Bangladesh.

WAITING

My thoughts are now

Waiting. Half sought things are

Recalled at night, and stored

In life's dark vessel and cool wind blowing.

My cherished dreams

Usher monsoon of hope and desire

When life whisks on a chariot

I burn like a charcoal.

I sit with the priest who keeps talking

About mystery of the land, I wait

Till the temple gate is half opened.

Small birds twitter

And forest paths are muddy

Herbs have their festival. Each small rain drop sings.

I'm a visitor here. I've come only to wait.

I wait for my loud days to be over. I only wait

For music to come from within. Feelings deep.

Bio:

Dr Jaydeep Sarangi is a bilingual writer, academic, editor, translator, academic administrator and the author of a number of significant publications .He is the **Vice President**, GIEWEC (head office at Kerala). He is one of the founder members and the Vice President of SPELL(Society for Poetry,Education,Literature and Language)in Kolkata. Dr Sarangi has delivered keynote address in several national and international seminar and conferences. His stories are featured in different journals and magazines of international repute in different continents. He has been invited as guest writer/critic in Australia, Poland, Italy, Germany and Canada. He reviews literature regularly. Dr. Jaydeep Sarangi is Associate Professor, Deptt. of English at Jogesh Chandra Chaudhuri College (Calcutta University), 30,Prince Anwar Shah Road,Kolkata-700033,WB, India. E mail: jaydeepsarangi@gmail.com