

## POEMS by Anupam Roy

April 21, 2019

I lie, desireless,  
in a perpetual motion of experience  
that leaves through me repeatedly in portions of my consciousness.  
An unreal string of dream particles  
holding on to nothing,  
hanging from the towering absurdity of fate  
keep me blinded in the magnified glory of real void.

This unexplained behaviour  
attracts cannon balls of nonspherical ideas,  
distorted in every possible way  
determined to fall at my feet,  
forcing me to rise up and start once again.



**April 23, 2019**

I was late for a life that began too early,  
even before she jumped on a moving train  
on its way to the usual boredom of narrow,  
gloomy ways between houses heavy with people,  
swaying in the unbearable heat of exhausts.

Often coming close,  
cursing the hanging wetness of the clothes,  
swimming in a pool of dead emotions  
and time was killed in an effective manner  
agreeable to both parties until we had nothing to say.



**Dec 2, 2019**

Your copper heart,  
oxidised  
with petals of laughter,  
trying to humanise  
the remains of a party, long over,  
smokes out a kettle-cry of longing,  
turned into a bitterness of staying unnoticed.

Spectral lines of emotion spread the sky,  
torment the eyes,  
a cauliflower image of an existence running out of ideas.  
Unseen pathways remain obscure,  
an overdose of caution kills every possibility  
of life and thereafter.

Your copper heart,  
reduced to nothingness  
of roots in the concrete,  
failing to touch or  
to kiss the rim of reality,  
away from the marmalade sun.



Jan, 29 2020

My struggles with reality,  
as I keep searching for the road open to all explorers,  
drive me back to my unwanted thoughts  
and amusing interpretations of caged animals.

A record of all my average days  
doing nothing of any importance to human kind  
makes me question my very existence,  
my life which is living my world  
while I hide behind bushes of guilt  
and fear of the unpleasant possibilities.

My evanescent days, nights, constant doubt and futile attempts  
to calculate my expiry date  
de-illusionises every remaining prospect  
of a remarkable tomorrow.



**May 05, 2020**

If you want to leave you can,  
there must be sounds I cannot hear,  
there must be wounds that need to heal.  
There is nothing I wish to change,  
if the ship has to sink it will,  
we will watch hand in hand in the safety of the sands.

I will paint my tears  
and transform them into  
marbles of the mundane,  
rolling on.  
All the celestial bodies,  
who knows of what consequence,  
keep their motion unperturbed  
as if nothing has happened.

What was I expecting?  
Vaccine for lovers?  
There is no cure for heartbreak.



May 13, 2020

Disintegrating into petals of colours,  
beyond the scope of my imagination  
they initiate a motion which reminds us  
of subways in black and white continuity.

By the time its past noon, there's a sky full of elephants  
climbing down trees of hope and remembrance.

A girl on a beach looking at a peculiar sunset  
where the water starts to rise and the sun is shy.

Sand on her toes, sprayed over her ankles  
like lustful dust enjoying our attention, as we stay glued  
and feel incredibly happy about all the silence.

Then what's the use of poetry  
if you are so unwilling to travel?

Inside your heart there's turbulence of the third degree,  
it's a mess but you choose to limp on.



**Aug 19, 2020**

Take me to a river,  
I want to think of her.  
Her pebbles of laughter,  
her bones against my body.

Gentle wind on her face,  
tamed by the softness of dusk  
overflowing kindness,  
she is not ready.

At the edge of stillness  
when the leaves start to murmur,  
boats begin to elongate  
with time,  
she will not ask me and  
I will not ask her.  
We will let the earth  
transmit our thoughts  
to galaxies unknown  
only to be interpreted  
in the language of stars.





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**A**nupam Roy (b. 1982) is a much celebrated Indian lyricist, composer and playback singer from Kolkata, West Bengal. Nominated for the 61st Filmfare Award (India) for Best Music Director, and winner of the Filmfare Award for Best Background Score for the Bollywood film *Piku*; a recipient of the 64th National Film Award for Best Lyrics, Anupam's award list needs an endless scroll. In a quieter avatar, he is also a Bengali author and bilingual poet who has authored eight books and has been a regular contributor to *Kaurab*.

Anupam Roy leads his own music band, lives in Kolkata with wife Piya and works internationally.

