

Poetry



Poet: **Jibendu Narayan Mazumder**

email: jibendu@gmail.com

Never met the sea

Vibrant hues of crimson and cherry red,
Swelled over the rambling hilltop,
Land of the potent cliffs and feral green,
All were unvoiced at the sun drop.

A soothing hum that wanes one to sleep,
Ensued from beneath the mossy rocks,
Where breeds a cluster of white blossoms,
A transient spring emerged from the hillocks.

Bantam trickles of chastity in jolly swirls,
Rolled down with copious shining foam,
Reinforced by other brooks fed by the rain,
Hauling with it the gravel and the loam.

Winding it surged through the fiercest gorge,
Deluging the eroded banks and making way,
Bulging the white waves in a thousand rapids,
The bountiful raged on towards the bay.

It reached the plains, land of ornate people,
Running through wider canals and flatter land,
Giving life to the exuberant gaudy culture,
The watercourse flooded past the fertile band.

It left behind the forts and the placid lakes,
Medieval stronghold of the Rajputs, they say,

The wild profusion of flora was behind,
It raged on to fuse with the sea one day.

Till when the downpour declined to nurture it,
Till when it entered the perilous arid zone,
Losing its force in the sterile shifting sands,
Dwindling in volume and flowing alone.

Obliterated it ran through the salty clay,
Where all the migratory birds take a lee,
Finally disappeared in the marshy wastes,
And, the bountiful never met the sea.

It was not to be...

It had drizzled all the hours of darkness,
The space in the woods had a tang of rain,
All over the ranch was a hint of mess,
As if the soil was in angst and pain.

A lone stallion treaded the mucky farm,
Chill was the gust of the lake not so great,
The sun was nowhere to keep him warm,
Everything else was tranquil by fate.

Till, rapidly out of the thriving green,
Surfaced a cute mare with full pace,
A lustrous splendor never before seen,
Tandem they resolved to sprint the race,

And all was azure in the heavens,
Pledges were made never to fail,
Silent words found language of Cavens,
The lone vessel got the waft to sail.

Together they trotted the fencing wire,
Off went the tarnished muddy plain,
Steering the way through snow and fire,
Delight knew no bounds and was insane.

Long did they trek secured to each other,
Till one day the path forked in two,
Promised trail was dreary but bright another,
An impasse!! She knew not what to do.

He took the much sworn perilous lane,
She strode the one with dazzling light,
Both of them in hideous pain,
They scampered their ways with full might.

Till, one day both of them tire,
Till, when they desire to flee,
The urge to meet was dire,
But alas! It was not to be.