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Writing Sample

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"A moth in Universe", "Not a dream really", "Dancing in doom", "Salt", "Jail", "Change", "My father", "Give me my son back", "An anti-State Orgasm", "Penis", "I was living a lie", "Hello", "Two Fires", "Is it Israel or Kashmir", "In my bu/astard English", "Sharing a room with Shakespeare", "Toilet", "Negotiating", and "Where is the good place?"

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Subodh SARKAR

A moth in Universe

After a walk for thousands of years
Today I suddenly understood
That man is an ant
Eaten by an ant.

After holocaust, nuclear explosion, and gene- mapping
I realized, trust me, I realized
Man is a caterpillar.

After love and love-making, malice and joy
I accepted the truth
That Man is but a moth in the universe
With a burden of another universe on its little head.

Not a dream really

*I have a dream after three nights in computer rooms
My love and I, at office time, sit naked under a palm tree.*

*We lie naked, we embrace, we press, and we intertwine
Newsmen rushed to us. We walked away to the deep woods*

*We are the last man and woman on earth
Who have no heirs to own the rivers and butterflies*

*We find an abandoned café deeper down the woods
Where there is no computer, no telephone, and no jungle casino.*

*I find other men and women without clothes coming in
Joining us for coffee. Is it a beginning or an end?*

Dancing in doom

*Where have you been?
Where water is sad
Where every song is a wail
The dearest being is a dog.*

Where no one takes you home

No one gives you phone number
No one reads you a poem
No one offers you tea

Where have you been?
Where a smile is a cry
Where a kiss a rue
And a killer is a local hero.

I never knew
Water could be so sad
There was a valley of lilies
Now a basin of atomic ash.

We all took a chance
To write poetry—
Alphabets dancing in doom
Still we need one more poem.

Salt

Salt and sorrow, two sisters
Without them no JOY is a joy.

Melancholy is my daughter
She cleans my veins from toxins.

While poets fated to be poets
To clean up the filth of human history.

Love is the last legal alien to joy
Before we all vanish to nowhere.

Jail

Jail is a good place for writers, home is not.
We made false attempts to unlock eternity.

But in jail you cannot have sex
You can masturbate as did Gandhi.

You can write a secret book and smuggle it out
To another country, as did Galileo.

*A great man is not great until he is in jail
But you can jail a poet and not his poem.*

*I met a happy murderer and a melancholy whore
They planned an autobiography of a river from jail.*

*They had no going home syndrome
They thought jail was good and home was not.*

*Every State has a policy about the sanctity of jail
Happy to have bad people within and worse people without.*

Change

We gutted down libraries to ashes
We burnt up bridges
We blew up police stations.

We destroyed towns and cities and metros
We blew up the churches and the statues of Lenin
We killed kings we killed queens
And assassinated presidents
We killed rebels and rebels' whore

We blew up super fast trains
We high jacked airplanes to forbidden cities
We organized genocide for a better tomorrow.

We changed tomorrows we changed governments
We exchanged wise men with madmen
We signed so many deals, so many ceasefires.

But tell me; is there any tomorrow to come?
Is there any peace in my city?
Only a few rich homes are complacent
Did any change bring about any change in the world?
The poor is poorer and the rich richer.

My father

My father was a refugee my mother was a refugee
But I was born free in India.
My father ran away from his home with my mother
My sisters, my brothers.
My father ran away

From the village he loved
My father ran away from the river
He lived by
My father ran away from the school
Where he taught.
In India he had no passport
He was a legal alien
He had a ration card
But his visa was his language
He migrated from Bengal to Bengal.

He died of cancer at 55 in Krishnagar, Dst. Nodia, W.Bengal, India.
But he believed he died long before
When he was running, running and running
His young wife running with me in her womb
I wonder I ran so much before I was born
Bengal to Bengal
India to India
And finally from India to Commonwealth.
It never gave him, my father a single coin
Is commonwealth a name of a hospital?
Or a military check post? I have no idea
Can you tell me, Sir?

Give me my son back

The Mother asking the police, the police asking Naldamayanty
Damayanti asking the Home ministry
The Home speaking to Sovereignty
The sovereignty asking the jungle
The jungle speaking to Totem
The totem asking the God
GIVE ME MY SON BACK.

But now God doesn't speak any longer
It is A.K 47 that speaks.
Allah doesn't do anything now
All is done and set by hidden landmines.
Soon after we built police stations on earth
Shepherds came to be sheltered in 14 floor-apartments
Rivers began to die one by one
If the jail doors are not thrown open within 36 hrs
We will blow up widow's only son's head
You know God doesn't speak any more
It is A.K.47 that speaks.

But who do you think you are?

They are brothers of yours as much
As they are my blood
Still I want to say
Hunger is not my mother tongue
Murder is not my mother tongue
Koran is not my mother tongue either.

I wanted to survive
Between fog and blasphemy
I wanted to survive
Between pen and suicide
I wanted to survive
Between treachery and sacrifice.
I wanted to survive
Between Hareram and nuclear hoax.

He who has been abducted
His hands are chained to a tree
His one leg tethered to a huge penis of God
In front of his mouth
One hanging dish of rice
His stomach is the hungry basin of the Mediterranean
But he cannot eat
He feels he will vomit his first rice.

Not the kidnapped son
But three other boys, same age, are made to appear
Before the mother
Fair, dark and very dark
All the three faces are covered in black
The mother said, take away the covers
But one human voice spoke from the sky
Let the state lay down their arms, and then we can uncover them
The mother said why my son's face is kept secret
What has he done?
But the voice from the sky said
If the state doesn't stop war we cannot show you their faces.

Is this son yours? No
Is this boy yours? No
Is it yours? No
Then WHICH ONE IS YOURS?
If none of the three boys is your son
Then you had no son at all
The mother didn't become you.
Here is your son's hand, take it
Here is his shirt. The State cannot return more
Than this of a son.

Tens of thousands of mothers are sitting all over
In Cuba's jungles

In the caves of Tibet
In China's monasteries
In Russia's metro coaches
In America's restaurants
They are all over from Kalinga down to Bidarva
Mom, tell me please
How does he look?
Fair, dark, very dark?
Or tall and handsome?

Before it is light
Before the cocks call

Mom is saying
Give me my son back
At noon, Mom is waiting with a dish of rice
Between rice and a glass of water
Mom cries out
Give me my son back.
But neither before the sundown
Nor after
No son has ever returned.

An anti-State Orgasm

I love your hairs when you let them loose down on my face
I love them as they touch my chest
Wooing my thighs.

I love your underarm obscene eternity,
Cut green like a lawn on a valley
They are the first grass of earth.

I love your pubic hairs protecting your way
As I mouth them
Your hairs get moist and my mouth perfumed.

If I run away from you right now
You will catch me, hold me, and force me down on your valley
You will slowly strangle me to be your slave again.

Penis

P for penis, penis is power.

Penis is atom

Penis is head

Penis is war

Penis is vagina

the spring came with monsoon, the monsoon came with summer

The summer came with slow-moving trucks littered with dead bodies, the dead spoke in a vulture's voice, the gods said, hey, listen, nights will remain nights like Africans as Africans, adivasis as adivasis fighting for food and fucking democracy like Brahmins.

P for Penis and penis is power.

Penis is Mephistopheles

Penis is Mahatma Gandhi

Penis is nuclear puberty

Civilization came with syphilis, syphilis brought penicillin, penicillin gave us life but AIDS laughed toothily feminists created homosexuals and homosexuals created sex –machines.

Christianity began with a murder of an innocent guy and a release of two murderers.

The moon is controlled by penis

Democracy is controlled by penis

Feminism is controlled by penis

A mosque is controlled by penis

But a parliament is let loose by penis

I came to a river, the river went dry. I came to a bird in a deep jungle where every hungry man and woman had an AK 47, the bird sang me a song of holocaust, I came to a whore in a temple, the whore had a chastity belt after circumcision, I came to my mother, she told me you came so late, my son you are not my biological son any more, I am waiting for an U.F.O to lift me up from this dirty place.

P for pennies penis is power.

Penis is anti-god

Penis is 9/11

Penis is sovereignty

Penis is Fidel Castro.

Yea yea oh, the mosquito fucked an elephant, yea yea oh. Penis is the peninsula of desires. Never ever neglect your penis, clean it up every day with holy water, and worship it every day like millions of Indian women worshipping the penis of Lord Siva under every raining tree. The most beautiful thing in the world is my Father's penis which I have never seen.

I was living a lie

I was living a lie
I was living a home of errors
living a bedroom of cracks
and a toilet of lilies and laughter.

I was living a lie
in one pocket I touch Jesus
in another a condom
I mixed up my home and hotel.

It became a bomb when I spoke
I never knew the nuts of privacy
I never knew how to crack
every nut is a story, every nut a secret.

As soon as I spoke my secret out
I became a person I thought I would never become
I knew she was hurt, she was hurt
shocked .Angry. Sad

It was all me, yes it was all me
Why did I lie?
The rock of my destiny rolled down the hill
why did I betray my life into a late night talk?

Who said, I was living a lie?
Tiger Woods.
Do we have guts to say so?
Oh! God, still we believe, we do not lie.

Hello

the voice that gives me joy the voice that gives me anger the voice that gives me fear the voice
that gives me a voice to speak.
the voice that unsettles me the voice that pains me the voice that arouses me the voice that
warms me the voice that that that that at the dead of the night from the other end of infinity
said , hello.

that finally takes my voice away.

Tagore, Me and a prostitute

I met her at McDonald; she sat at my table to eat
I was reading a poem like a thief eats his dinner

She measured me and said can you read it out to me?
Awed and embarrassed I did.

She told me she has to take the flight to New York tonight
It is five hrs delayed can you read me another poem?
I read a Tagore poem from my memory as my own
a tear rolled down her flashy cheek and dropped into coffee

You smoke? She asked, come with me to the zone?
She told me she has three nights to stay in New York
Then two nights in Moscow, then one night in Berlin
Then she will be back home in her village for a weekend.
She said, after 9/11, she has clients everywhere.

I rued to come to Gate no 21 to take my flight to Kolkata
Why didn't I apologize it was Tagore's poem, not my own?

Two Fires

Here, every child is scared to play
here, every squirrel has a bullet-proof home
here, every old man wants to commit suicide
there is no difference between a soldier and a man
No difference between the killer and the killed
Both are poor, both are hungry both are tortured.

Poets of India, can you walk between two fires?

Is it Israel or Kashmir?

It is time for us to cry like a Sufi
But we have no tears.

Wells of agony have gone dry
And why is there a rain of frogs?

It is time for us to forgive
Who have done us wrong?

But we have no strength to wave it
We need sleep but we have no eyes.

Is it time for us to pray?
But there is no god, they all have fled.

There is a mobile phone in a dead man's fist
It has been ringing in a bird's voice, hello, hello

Either you attend the call
Or you shoot the mobile to pieces.

In my bu/astard English

I am not a bustard; my father was not a bustard
But my English is.

So, I shout four-letter word in Bustard English
Give me my quota to eat, drink and dance.

My friends who couldn't cope with English, got lost
My friends who spoke English beautifully, survived.

I am not a bustard; my father was not a bustard
But my English is.

In my bustard English I provoke you to
Seven deadly temptations.

Temptation no 1:
Democracy is prejudice
Temptation no2:
Marriage is a lie
Temptation no3:
Hindu Goddesses had silicon breasts.
Temptation no 4:
Christianity is a hoax.

I take a pause to list out three other temptations.

In my bustard English I proclaimed
If democracy is good,
Why there is no drinking water for the poor
Who voted you to power?

My temptation no 2 said
Marriage is a lie
Why all husbands pretend as great husbands
With a fantasy of fucking other women?

I take another pause to make a gesture of gross humanity
To tell the world that we are

The twilight children of one geography
And not of another.
To tell the world that we are
The babies of one language
And not of another.
We have now more bustards than before.

Shall I proceed with the list of three other temptations?

But I am not a bustard my father was not a bustard
But my English is.
I am not to blame
But it is you who created the Commonwealth
For the bustards like me.

Sharing a room with Shakespeare

You have ashes from inferno
Fie! My dear, go to the basin
And wash it away.

Some professors told me
You are the best from the Renaissance
Also, you're a gay.

I never shared a room with a man
Who can talk to Hamlet?
And can sleep with a spy?

Nothing is fair nothing is foul
After a bottle of whisky
When I go tipsy, and you go high.

Toilet

Toilet is the joy of the loneliest man
He is to fight his enemy, if he can.

Toilet is the joy of a thrown dictator
He can cry for the woman he never cried for.

Toilet is not just for shit, shower and loo
But it is a room of philosophy to hold on to.

Negotiating

Negotiating a woman

Is like speaking in a language you hardly know.

Negotiating a woman

Is like a metamorphosis of an order into a chaos.

Negotiating a woman

Is like crossing a foreign border with a burnt up visa.

Where is the good place?

When he got up from his nap, my three year old son said:

Papa, will you take me to a good place?

Surprised, I looked at the three year old

At three year old eyes, three year old lips

At trickling drops of sweat.

I said go, get the zoo.

The lion`s gotten hungry, the tiger`s chased the deer

He said no; take me to a good place.

He went to the next room, cried a bit

Came back with a tattered Karl Marx calendar and said

We will take this grandpa too, by train, by boat

Hey Papa, Papa, won`t we go to a good place?

When I took him to Victoria, he said No, this is no good

When I took him to the Ganga, he said, it`s only a river

When I gave him ice cream, he walked along whining.

Disgusted, I took him home around eight and saw

Tattered Karl Marx lying abandoned on the floor.

I told my son: listen this grandpa said

He would take us to a good place too

That Sunday there was no train, no boat.

Quiet for a moment, who knows what

He began whining again

I gave him a ball, gave him a robot, gave him a ship

Right when I was about to give him a spanking

He asked me the all time big question:

Hey Papa, Tomorrow, will you take me to a good place?
