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Restless Me

Shyamal Roy

Can't be composed
In pious thought
Can't be drowned
Can't pacify
Or surfeit
All tastes of life.
My prince Hamlet lives!

Intent thoughts
Can't cherish
Wild uproar,
Breaking the silence
With husky smile.

A strange
boldness trying
to climb up the alter
of intelligence...
Rock bound...
Complacent for
Wrong reasons!

Can't walk across
the grassy path,
Grey wreckage
of the castle-
Covering all around-
Lanced, spiky,
besmeared,
Skewered gravels...
Scattered,
Placid mood breaks
in a moment

Restless Me

A twist in the ribcage
After laceration
After outrage...
After the last
Train left
The platform...

My Adam revolts
Who is spoiling?
Four inches wide smile ...
Vitiating!
Hard times, nightmare ...
Tears etherized..
Inertia and stillness,
Revulsion, drying up
all moistures.
Can't introspect
the resonance
Of God, and his children... .

Pardon oh God!
Your blissful presence in me,
Perplexed,
can't be fancied
Inside your garden...
All fragrances,
Colours, beauties, shines
Are battered, ravaged
Sardonically.
Sly foxes, hungry wolves.

Oh stop it!
Let me pacify,
In such scorns
Let me remain in
All tenderness in
My own shrine
My own faiths,



Let me relish
Let me be aloud
Above the temple bells...

I hate sermons...
I love to be teased by
Children's pranks or
Naughty, innocent, selfless,
Rush of the cloud
At the wintry blasts,
Or by the silent Ocean
And the Silent woods
Where the Devils and the Angels fight...