Oh Dear! Oh Connoisseur!

Shyamal Roy
Hakimpara, Siliguri.

Now a days I’m not writing poetry.

Through umbra penumbra of present thoughts,

Verses peeping after, death therapy,

Hunger, thirst, profit, wrestling, storm halts.

Inhumane filthy words, hoax, disdain civility being mugged.

Oh humanity your mindful vicarious presence can,

Heal bruised soul and sky ablazed

With vibrant luxury brought by thunder, cloud and rain,

Dream criers know, such gossamer of fog will be away,

Graced by golden leaves, golden minds, bloody tears,

Barren charade, phagocytes, sombre words of vocabulary,

Victory over horny, hornet, virulent virus.

I’m not writing a poetry oh dear! oh connoisseur!

Hood and horror can’t plunder incensed thought of a dreamer.