

3 Poems by Aju Mukhopadyay

Do I Walk or I Walk Me

Suddenly I stopped
inspired by a questioning thought;
am I walking or I'm walking me?
Am I a becoming or a being?
The whole system called I or he or she
is a cosmic reality
yet a thirst aided by insight
welled up from inside;
can this really walk or stalk
unless propelled and guided
by the inner reality?
Is walking an act of mine
or of the self indwelling?
Stunned by the divide of I and me
I was inclined to embrace the reality
when someone accosted me
asking for something otiose
which compelled me to come back
to the diurnal fact
bewildered!

Bumblebee Bamboozles

Flashing like a busy black diamond
Appearing from an unknown beyond
Settling almost at your nose tip
Whirling still with a whiff
Giving a momentary shock it flits easily
As you're nonplussed, in flurry
And settles on a flower, knotty bumblebee;
Whimsical and dangerous it seems.
At a great speed fluttering its wings
Humming restlessly here and there
Black strong and stout, whiz past you
Bamboozling like a tormentor,
A perfect gift from God; true.

Scientists bewilder how in the air does it run
With its heavy body weight, disproportionate
To its swiftly moving light wingspan;
It's a violation of aerodynamic laws, they bet.
But there are laws beyond assumption
More wonderment at every step beyond our horizon;
Nature has more in store
To shock the recalcitrant therefore.

The Past

History is jotting down of events and phenomena
a part of the past gone by but not the whole of it.

Past is vibrantly living in us
as every moment of our life goes into the past
but we live; an indivisible, undeniable entity.

All our thoughts and ideas in ether
all belongings
including cassettes, videos, C.D.s and memories
to be played and replayed,
are obtained from the repository of the past.

It is puzzling to say that something
or some entity has passed away
for nothing really passes away
but changes form and quality.

Past is like dust which has
a lugubrious tenacity of coming back
even when flown with water,
as if from eternity.

No dust that gathers in your surrounding
did adorn your grandmother's belongings
but strange that no dust can be identified
belonging to you or to your grandmother;
dust flows and gathers like time
coming in or passing out;
time is a dusty affair.

Past is like voiceless echo of the sound

present in our mind and sense
perceptible in its essence.

Present is a ghost of the past
for ever with us, guiding.

Mr. Harris and Srimati Nandarani
at the old age become conservatives
like their fathers or forefathers
which they were not at their early age.

Many Indians live their lives
exactly as their fathers
in business or in a grocer's shop
or simply as a talkative good-for-nothing;
a lady dies copying her mother
throughout her life.

Past is inseparable from the present
as present lives forever in the past.