

6 Poems By Aju Mukhodpadhyay

The Days Pass By

The days pass by
With the quivering Sun on the leaves
And the tinkling of the spoon in the cups
With many a domestic tale
Like the last farewell of the spring-
The days pass by with soft footfall.

Accepting the warm love heartily
From the one who came offering it silently,
With a huff of the lover who was
Refused many a time earlier
The days pass by like the far-going birds
Leaving me all alone.

Ever moving from moment to moment
From every point, time remains indivisible
Like the unending waves of the sea
With the quivering Sun on the leaves.
With many a domestic tale
The days pass by to come back again
With soft footfall.

The golden dust of the time remains

With the air, in the sky, with the breath,
Whether it's me or whoever else that **is**,
It comes back among the golden ripe paddies
And the undulating grass.

The Burning Lamp

The lamp was burning golden-brown
In my dark room steadily, alone
No one was there around.
Flowers bloomed of a mystic hue
Radiating my obscure chamber.
When you came to light the lamp
No one knew-
No tread, no flash, no sound.

The Paper Boat

The paper boat
I set adrift
In my childhood
On the flooded road
Of a metropolis
Has just arrived
This rainy evening

At my doorstep
Under full sail
Inviting me
To set out on it
For a nouvelle
Adventure.

Insect's Nest

When it came and built the frame
on the wall,
briskly I bruised it
by a finger.
Twice it came again
I ignored it then.

Now on the wall it has a shelter
at the back of my computer;
a frail one inch hollow tube
upside open downside closed
clipped to the wall.

It's a tiny wasp
may be with family it lives;
they come and go.

Ain't all the great constructions
like insect's nest

brittle and fragile
sure to go
today or tomorrow
measured by time?
Why bother about any mark made of lime?

Life And Death Hugs Each Other

Innumerable living things
Even of unknown species
Thrive on the body of the dead
That lies on the sea bed;
The carcass of the giant whale.
They enter into it and come out
Of their shelter paramount,
It is their food
Source of their life on earth;
Death is the cause of their birth.
From the dead rises the living
Living thing kisses the dead
One dead gives birth to

Innumerable living things ad arbitrium;
Life and Death hugs each other ad infinitum.

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Welcome, Welcome!

After the copious rains
during the small hours of the morning
copper colour Sun rising above the awning
water glistening on the leaves
and atop the grass head
ever fresh smell
rising from the soil
overwhelm me with all their wonder
beyond any human fervour;
beyond the human nests
roads and traffic order
beyond the trees and bushes
chirping birds
a gleam spreads over the seas and hills and meadows
beyond the horizon without shadows;
without a desire an aspiration soon
rises up to the sky
grateful for the unasked for boon
without a desideratum
welcome, welcome!

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