

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

Kanchan Chatterjee
A hundred dreams

The 9.30 train went away,
Cutting through the night
Into further darkness,
Shaking the bridge, the quiet suburb, the
Sleepy trees-
A hundred dreams!

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Hazaribagh

The culvert is alright
Over the stream
The trees have dwindled though
The hillock is there and so
Is that abandoned house
Just at the bend...

Hell, this still is the place
Where you can just sit
On a rock
And listen to the
Wind
Or
Go fishing
With your son!

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Grandpa

The old man stood at the river-bank
Waiving...

The boat
Slowly
Went into the
Deep waters

Taking me
Towards the other side

And the mist
Took over him.

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Search

The old man looked at me
And smiled
'This is your last birth''
Sipping his cuppa
I was
On my way
To Rishikesh
On a rickety Yamaha.

He said many other things
All of them were spot on....

Nodded at him
Sipped a long drag
From my Smirnoff
And left and at the bend and
Looked back but
Couldn't find him there.

These days
I'm Still
Looking
For him.....

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Return journey

Down there the railway track

Is lost in the woods

I'm walking by it

Going home

Alone.

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Zen

Stopped the bike at the bend of the road and
Looked at the rising hill, the village at its feet
The river cutting through it
The haze hanging
Over the whole scene.

Pretty soon all these will blur into one.
When I start
Once again.

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That strange feeling...

Put the coffee flask
In my backpack and
Kick started the bike

Just before zooming off
Thought I saw you
Standing in the paddy field
Smiling at me.....

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The journey...

So we'll take the right bend
From here
And get onto the NH 33
His eyes sparkling ...

I nodded
Checking the brakes and clutches
Of my beat up Yamaha...

Oh yeah
He said
It's been a long time...

Yeah,
I smiled and
Patted
The
Bike...