

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/2

Sonnet Mondal **Blue-Collar Twister**

Sweat tries to swim upwards through the hairs
of a labourer building the statue of the herald
but fails and falls in the soil sucked up by heat,
Vanishes as a struggling animal in quicksand;
Dreams drain and entity turns into fossils as slippers
walk over it.

His weapons are a chisel and spade;
He lifts them to protest but vacuum wailing in the curves
of his muscles make it fall again on the mummified ground;
just to dig, dig the ground for
the Herald's statue must stand firm
or his existence will be buried under its
falling weight...

Toils will evaporate with the smile of the moon
The dawn will hear sounds again-
sounds of iron striking against rocks.
The air waits to weave those sounds
and strike a twister with them-
Tall enough for the world to see
bold enough to step over mountains
Clear enough to show the waving hands
begging a day out of slavery.

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Seduced in the Sunderbans

Blue above, blue beneath; waters and skies kiss at yonder point
A thick line stretches with flags of greenery, bold enough
To sustain salty tides, as muddy lands, bronze in sunrays
Swathe itself with the poignant carpet of the *Ganges*.
Boatman swings as if wind itself in the unheard stretches,
Vista lucid enough but not to overcome eyes in the clay;
Death lies behind the muck and life too; they choose to struggle.
Nights alert in sounds; river breezes rumour in our ears-
"Look the 'Royal' sees you from behind, from beside, in front..."
Fake cries of people tilts the launch as feet gather on a side
Just to beat hope against the blinding trees and bushes.
We hover in coop while roars roam around us in the chill...
Captivating mist dangle themselves over salty fluids;
Blur off reality in the splendour that seduces us with drunken eyes.
Word-masters may faint penning it from tip to tail for
Where is the tip and where is the tail? Scintillating silence
Winded by the recurrent chirpings and seldom fox cries.
And the wish to see the king, bothering every moment
Makes the guards utter, "*If seen within the cage it's royal,*
For those who dare to sense it and hear it's gasp, it's lethal."
Verses bows, prose too, ideas too vast for them; logs of wood
Keeps us- alive till they rot, afloat in them till they float,
Nature's dearest the '*Royals*' here, her lap just for them.
Eyes become weary, swollen without sleep, still open with hope...
While the king dozes, watches us every jiffy through royal eyes,
Must be smiling seeing the hunters enslaved within inebriated waters.
A serene approval haunts the heart as we depart, kicks the pendulum
Faster to say, "*Come here and float but beware of seduction.*"

Notes:-

Sunderbans- One of the densest mangrove forests of India in the Delta region of the river Ganges. Named after the Sundari trees that abound the forest.

Royal- The Royal Bengal Tiger residing in the Sunderbans.

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Walls, Stairs, roof and nature

Happiness screams from the straggling stairs
Through unheard footsteps, perhaps of my father.
Scribbling on black old doors locks my childhood
And will bolt them in their chest forever.
Curriculum of silence enjoys freedom chaining
The mighty pillars as if paralyzed old men of the house
Sitting without knowing to demand care.
Tears are priceless here for broken plasters
Never demand money and dead relatives
Never wait for watery eyes.
My mud dolls, they too linger for another child
And I am just like a visitor now;
I don't realize responsibilities for mute.
The horse stable hosts wandering cows now
And the walls a myriad of lizards.
Sporadic appearances will never cure it;
Rains and summer neglects it,
Leave it in the fate of its shadows.
Nature has appointed the trees to blow in vacuum,
Empty the souls trapped in it and then swallow
It in its roots..
I will be just a visitor,
For if I climb again to the roof to hear
Those '*bauls*' singing raucously in the distant fields
Then,
I will jump to death from the roof in the lap of nature.
I will exist and rub off from mother earth with a paradox.

Baul: A musical and religious Indian sect singing with a typical high pitched voice.