

Three Verses on Our History

Verse 1 - Early Hominids

The third ape-shadow emerged, baby-curious,
From the primitive Mormon-mist.
A lucent moon watched
As ape-gene glowed, mutating with every touch.
Left alone at daybreak
Soul-light dazzled the primate mind
And the first divine thought of the universe
Contaminated all pure beasts
In one massive cloudburst
Saying
"I love".

Verse 2 - Hello

When nature took over
The elegant game of man and woman
The elevator-air collapsed into one suffocating lump
And custom stood no chance.

Verse 3 - Parting

Will you forget me, love me, or hate me?
No, yes and yes - I had said.
Perhaps a little tentatively,
Because love is,
By the very nature of the beast,
So.

Son of God

I thought someday my time would come,
I'd throw whole galaxies at the imbecile
That has never seen pain.
But in the hollow of darkness, I sit, spent,
As the magician claps,
"Let there be light, again".
Go die on that cross, he says.

Thorns on my head,
On my face a piercing sun-beam,
Smell of death mingles with wafting hate,
Friends with passion in their eyes drive nails through my body
I try to scream
My tongue is pulled
Until the swirling blood in my soul is seen.
Broken bones play rat-ta-tat if I move
Better to go cold, very cold, but...
Resurrection snatches me from sleep's gate.

I have drawn sunflowers with my blood
Voices, grotesque dream-innards, speak to me
Gunpowder sucks yellow sickening paint from my veins
Someday people will love this madness, Theo, you'll see.

Sunflowers wake me up
On my favorite teetering-twig, I look around with tiny, round eyes
My wings flutter in the short, happy breeze of noon
Sundown comes, riding memories of distant strife.
I smell smoke in the air
I hear people screaming for blood
I see a cross
I cry.

I am a butterfly,
Son of God.

Shellfish

Being a shellfish was easy for such a selfish thing
Having found a natural hiding place
After gliding across the emptiness of a dark, dreamy
Space.

Dolphins, being the designated intergalactic thinkers,
Fancied it,
And, perhaps, in the optimism of finding a bride,
Imagined it to be
Female.

Though strictly speaking

The shells hid something they had not seen, ever,
In the whole expanse of the waters -
Just a blob of darkness,
Invisible.

Curiosity won in the end,
One day a lustful male dolphin,
Going against the custom of the tribe,
Nudged the gorgeous shells open
And found, apparently,
Nothing.

It is said in the sea folklore
That was the day
When the first sad dolphin
Was born.

Love - interpreted

When she looked deep into my eyes
And held my gaze with twin emeralds
Glistening
And said "I truly love you"
This strangest thought came to my mind.

Mercenaries will never be freedom fighters
Because they will give lives for the thrill
Or the money
Sometimes even for a simple bet
But not for honor
Which is a useless word in
The paid fighter's arsenal.

Kids display the same level
Of detached affinity
To toys.

Partha Mukhopadhyay does software for a living but also plays Tabla and writes poetry in Bengali and English. His collection of Bengali poems *America Theke, Aapnake (To you from America)* (Vols I, II) is going to be published soon and his collection of English poems *Terminations, Germinations* will be published in 2012. He was born in 1963 in Ramrajatala. He did his schooling at Ballygunge Govt. High School & St. Xavier's College, and engineering at Jadavpur University, Calcutta. He has worked around the globe for more than two decades. Currently he is settled in Houston, USA.
