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Creative

Three Poems by Subhashis Das



THE MESSENGER

Fly bird fly, through the timeless skies
transcending distances,
flipping back the illegible pages of history
fly bird fly.

Beyond the peripheries of the East India Company,
surpassing the magnanimous Mughal palaces,
the ruins of the Slave Dynasty,
the graceful Chola temples
fly bird fly. Pass over
the time of the establishment of the sacred Dharmas
of the revered Shankracharya,
beyond the theorems and the doctrines of
Varahamihira and Aryabhata.

Fly over the deserted forts of the Munda kings and
through the courts of Vikramaditya, Ashoka and Ajatshatru.

Bird o bird
Touch respectfully the lotus feet of the
Sakya Muni and the Vardhamana
and seek their blessings for me.

Fly bird fly
Crossing Magadha, Vaishali and Sasanbeda
onto the much beyond Harappa and Mehargarh.
Be a part of the great Santhal migration.

Little bird
fly past carefully protecting yourself
from the rising flames
of the iron smelting Asuras
and then plunge into the great unknown, when
the world was for the Great Mother and She for the world.
Arrive face to face with their
astronomy, mathematics and spiritualism.

When they raise their tall monuments,
Sit atop a nearby tree in Punkri Burwadih
and witness the timeless megalith in its making.

Fly back to me little bird, the enormous distances
fluttering your untiring tiny wings.

Bring me
your acquired wisdom of life.

I await, dear bird
your arrival.

This poem is on the Punkri Burwadih megaliths which has been taken from his book, *The Sacred Stones in Indian Civilization*.

REVELATIONS ON A STORMY DAY

the storm blows
with the rage of an untamed mighty bull.
i hide beneath an old mango tree
which shakes reluctantly
as all her branches shriek grudgingly.

right now,
i stand soaking underneath this tree.
i find no other place for a shelter
all the fears of the aftermath of the wetness,
the probable falling of the lightning on this tree, or
a branch suddenly breaking down on me
has ended; abruptly...

...and then i lose myself.

here I stand drenched
without a name and a haunting past.
i have no future,
who am i?
i am forgotten by me.

this moment seems complete.
my life lived to the full,
i have nowhere to go, nothing to do
save laugh louder
and experience Bliss.

Taken from his blog, *Beyond Reflections* (<http://subhashis-das.blogspot.in>). This poem is actually a personal experience during his trek from Khunti to Ranchi in one rainy afternoon.

THE HERDMAN'S FLUTE

Have you heard the legend
of the herdsman? He once
played a flute I am told,
which now resonates only in history.

The herdsman.
He drove his herd
through the open fields,
to the foot of the hills;
maneuvering his cattle
with his stick and a
language which only they could understand.

And when the hot summer winds blew, they say
he played his flute. The strain
merged with the dusty breeze
floated on to the mud hut villages,
the traversing rivers, to the lonely traveller
who treaded slowly on the lonely winding path
which ran across the open fields.
While his herd sat and stood with him
in the dark shade of the large banyan
chewing and fanning their tails,
driving away the disturbing flies,
and the egrets pecking in their ears for a mite or two.

The poetry of the hot and the rustic afternoon
which he, and only he could apprehend
impelled him to compose such masterpieces,
with which he once filled
the lazy afternoon meadows and
had his herd lulled to snooze.

Today. The herdsman lives.
So does his herd
but
the banyan and the hill has gone.
The poetry thus, has vanished;
the flute
they say, is lost.

Subhahsis Das is an individual researcher of primitive megaliths of India. He has discovered many ancient megaliths across many states in India. He has also authored two books on his discoveries and has written many research papers in many leading journals. He is also an amateur poet writing both in English and Hindi. Two anthologies of his poems are ready for publication. Whenever he gets time from megalith hunting and researching and writing on these ancient stones he pens poems for a few national newspapers and loves reading his poetry on the local radio station. He has written one poem on megaliths in his book, The Sacred Stones in Indian Civilization which has received rave reviews. One of his poem "The Messenger" now features in the webpage of the noted blog, Megalithic Poems of England's The Heritage Trust (<http://megalithicpoems.blogspot.in/2012/04/messenger.html>). He has also taken out time to create a variety blog with a predominance of his poetry Beyond Reflections which he confides will be shortly updated with more of his poems: <http://subhashis-das.blogspot.in>.
