Relationship

My bond to this land
Is blessed with eternal spring
Between shifting strands.
Who cage two birds of unfamiliar species?
A star to guide me
The lost track somewhere in the mind.
Facts and dreams are juxtaposed
To see things through an open glass
Of sweet lines pouring like rain drops
While taking my pet for a community feast
The busy Sun
Warms our wings
Over the limitless Pacific
A roti for the hungry
A stick for an old man
In an alien shore
Ushering green plague
For the survival
Words written with embossed paper.

My relationship is lotus for Lakshmi
Peacock for Kartika;
Braille for the blind;
Raindrops for the thirsty earth
One looking after the other,
A soft touch somewhere.

– Jaydeep Sarangi*

A Door

I sleep for a while
And get up
Walk through a door
Of papers and letters
With a poem in my hand
For my readers.

A Door is always a door
A fine line
Between loving hearts
Who speak
In rhythmic words and idioms
Rain of images
Like a flock of birds
Migrating from one place to another.
Someone suggested, moving out is a good bit of illusion.

A poet is a translator
He translates for his reading world
Through a door,
Whispers in time
To another door somewhere.
Even a castle at Eger
Is a door
On the hills of the Bükk Mountains.
Traveling on a *Schengen Visa*
Is a door.
I pass The Slovak Republic,
The river Hornád greets me with a smile.
I land up in a holiday resort at Poprad.

Who can deny me to cross these doors?

– Jaydeep Sarangi*

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* *Widely reviewed and anthologised as a poet and critic, Jaydeep Sarangi is the author of four collections of poems in English and one in Bangla. He teaches English at Jogesh Chandra Chaudhuri College (Calcutta University), West Bengal.*