The Cry

There's this blankness in the air,
everything on the loose
crying raw, raw, rawraw!

Integrity has left in search of another moon
for now, dewdrops in the mornings
are written off as rains by historians
misguided people are busy separating
perfumes from sandal woods,
warmth from the moving cadavers.

Imbalance has become the plat du jour,
insomnia is the new intellectual identity,
art of killing, backstabbing is the new-found intelligence
anything else is seen as a recipe for non-sense.

Businesses somehow survive without users,
for only in advertisements we see creative work, kind words,
what is not innate has become resident for good
all neighborhoods have gone back into the woods,
but even here they are unruly, disobedient strangers,
fleshes and bloods have become hard, as solid red irons.

The pumping heart is useless in living bodies;
from those who are dead, it has fled
like a screeching bird, chirping a strange cry
looking for another sky.

I want to Live in a World

I want to live in a world where
We have the liberty to eat
Vegetables or meat,
Where hospitals are not unfair
To turn healthy persons into patients,
Where lands are not snatched
And government's main governance
Doesn't restrict towards collecting tax.

I want to live in a world where
Countries engage
In global parity of wealth and welfare
Not market weapons to flaunt self-defeating strength,
Where leaders fight for growth and peace
Than avenging themselves for trivial that and this,
Where concern and care for people go to any length.

I want to live in a world where
Winning remains in the spirit,
But competition doesn't become a thoroughfare
For crime, injustice and deceit,
Where weapons of every kind, soft and hard
Are bid farewell for good,
Where peace can be seen and heard
In every single neighbourhood.

– Supratik Sen*

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