

THE "SILVER GRILL"

Arjun Mandal (jovem poeta de Calcutá, na Índia. Atualmente mora em Bombaim, onde trabalha como engenheiro.)

I stood in front of you six years ago.
Today we are again face to face.
Now I am acquainted with the world behind you,
Acquainted with your love to my subconsciousness.

Many a candles are lit today in my darkness.
There was only "Careless Whisper" in your dark physique.
Many things are known to me today.
So, the "Whisper" swings the Light to the left.

Full-fledged smile of my friend filled the Calcutta-16.
And there was your magical Love.
I have to again go to your other side today.
A question arises in my mind:

"I can go but why should I go?"

SIMON, THE STATION

Arjun Mandal

I ring the bell at Simon.
Only One train a day.
The day is not green here, but the night is not grey.

You got down alone last night with just a overcoat.
Dews started sleeping over the rail.
It's too cold & blue; your face was pale.

My ink dried last night.
Alcohol started bleaching my blood, not the page.
You're retorting yourself whole night, sitting on the bench.

I didn't ask you a single word.
Your mind gently asking for a ticket to lay down.
No smoke & spirit, just to be free like a unicorn.

Yes, a smoke's coming out of your mouth.
It's too humid to capture my subconsciousness.
Your heart's burnt, just a little smoke from ash.

Have you ever walked over the ferny life?
I have and I'm walking to see the next sun.
Surely I will ring the bell at Simon.

TWO AUTUMNS AT SIMON

Arjun Mandal

Five years ago

Winter was late to come.

Yes, days were green then & night was moonlit.

I saw your cherry lips first time at Simon in a starry night.

You're in a world of oblivion, holding someone very tight.

I was the Fool, I did not ask for the Ticket.

You're as beautiful as first drop of melting snow,

Like the green Highland waiting to kiss Autumn Rainbow,

Like your ring finger allows a dew drop to flow,

.....and like

I remember your days at Simon with red maples.

Your eyes told me your transparency for someone,

But your eyes were like mirror, broken!

A wind started blowing from North.