

To Jibanananda

I am reminded of you  
When I see the tram line of Kolkata  
A nature - lover poet you are  
Complex wires over Kolkata  
How do they administer you ?  
Some grass, some trees, some stars  
Beckoned you  
You were engrossed with all that  
Were you, distracted by complex wires,  
Lost for ever?

Blockade

The tram will not go, the bus will not go  
You can't go by auto, you can't go by hand-pulled rickshaw  
I came to Calcutta from Assam and kept walking  
Because the blockade is going on here.  
The fire started burning in Ultodanga  
The settlements were destroyed by fire  
Children are killed, people are homeless  
Fire trucks are not allowed to enter  
Because the blockade is going on here.  
Let people die, who cares  
Let the houses burn to ashes  
It doesn't matter to anyone  
Because if the blockade is lifted  
It will be difficult to find the language of protest !