Song for the rill

Sitting by the side of the rill
Flowing through the valley green
Being part of a wonderful scene
How with songs of life me fills

And I think I must have been
Blessed by the Lord above
For who could have so been
Sensed the passion of Love

Sitting by the side of the rill
How draped me with sublimity
How I get decked by words
And the infallible mirth of His Beauty

On breaking of statues

Dynasties will pass
They always do
And breaking of nations
Will just continue,

From one regime to another
We will just go
And breaking of statues
Our TVs will show,

You will wear a black badge
I will say it has been right
You will stand there with slogans smudged
I will embrace the night,

Then we will walk past
Our broken country with hate
You will raise your sword
I will think of bullets,

Then one day on ruined broken earth
We will crawl like men bereft of all
You will think of Jean Paul Sartre
And I would think of how we did fall,

You will then try to mumble and sing
A song of love and brotherhood
I will also my self towards you bring
And over our acts with solemn face brood,

By then our country will turn into desert
Without our huts, homes and settlements,
We will just lie on sands, taken apart
By our own acts of pure nonsense.

Born in 1977 to an immigrant family, Moinak Dutta has been writing poems and stories from his school days. A postgraduate in English. He works as an English teacher. His debut work Pestilence was published in 2009.