The Fall

In the closet, some old suns are trapped
for nothing. ‘Are we busy?’, asked the table-cloth
to a flower vase
Conclusion is a vague group of letters
like an anaesthesia detail without a report
We are not busy for nothing. We have seen
clothes stitching
men and women into their shapes like an opera house
measuring the depth of the wall
It is again a mitosis of soul
We waited half a decade for some excitement
in our neighbourhood. We again want a fall

Foretold

There would be a big Chestnut tree near your house
In one spring, it would shed its leaves – golden brown,
It would confide you something most dire
Inside your gum, there would be a Gingivitis scar
It would be your first taste of defeat
The tree would die with only a hundred leaves
Your earliest grandfather would be a Neanderthal
He would be drawing fighting scenes on cave walls
Of women, mammoth and such other necessary things
Down the generation, a few millennia later
Your uncle would be an expert of fake paintings
You would marry an immigrant with sharp teeth
She would have the smell of the stinking rich
You would be happy for ten seasons of spring
She would be caught between demons and angels by then
Your son would be an idiot since the days of cradle
Your relatives would leave one after another
Your family would consist of only albums and old furniture
You would return to your old town house before death
You would be writing more moribund poems then
You would be buried in your mossy courtyard
By some fake poets and guest lecturers
Grasshoppers would be forgetful about your tomb
Your son would be your only true follower
He would place flowers on your grave every December

No epitaph would be written for you in any case
because you would shun everything by choice
Near your grave it would be serene and cold
Common ants and your stupid son would only roam

Sekhar Banerjee is a bilingual poet. He has three collections of poems and a monograph on an Indo-Nepal border tribe to his credit. His poems in English have been published in some of the major literary journals in India and abroad. He considers poetry as a spurious medicine which, if administered sincerely, can cure even the deceased. Poetry is divinely therapeutic for him.

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