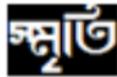


**The
Wild Smell of Lantana**

Papia Ghoshal



SMRITI PUBLISHERS, KOLKATA

A Book of English Poems by PAPIA GHOSHAL
Published by SMRITI PUBLISHERS
"OASIS" CF-41 Sector I Salt Lake City
Kolkata 700064

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Email: smriti@smritipublishers.com

Website : www.smritipublishers.com

First Edition: April 2012

Copyright: PapiaGhoshal

Cover Page Artist:PapiaGhoshal

Cover Design: Arjan Basu Roy

Publisher

SMRITI PUBLISHERS

"OASIS" CF-41 Sector I Salt Lake City

Kolkata 700064

Printed By : Barnana, 6/7 Bijoy Garh,Kilkata- 700032

Price: : Rs 50/- US 5/-

ISBN Number: 978-81-910878-5-7

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**Dedicated to all the strangers I met on the road
while
I was doing the overland journey between Europe &
Afghanistan in 2011.**

**Also dedicated to the wild smell of my favourite
flower lantana..**

Few poems from 'Second Sight' has been included in this book due to growing demand of readers and the previous publisher's in capability to keep up with the said demand to publish another edition of Second Sight.

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Wild smell of lantana

I sense wild smell of lantana
All over me and beyond
While a scorpion bites me to death
And I enjoy the visual of my pain

I sense wild smell of lantana
All over me and beyond
While the fellow Indian woman
Who somehow managed passport
From the other side of the border
Harasses Indians without reason
And makes them wait at immigration
For satisfying her sadist snobbery
That exhales with her sadist fart

I sense wild smell of lantana
All over me and beyond
While frustrated men sabotage
In nooks & corners of ladder
After the sword of mild rejection
Enters mild exposure of hidden power

I sense wild smell of lantana
All over me and beyond
As I run towards the high
And my body goes to trance
While the wild lantana forest
Swallows my wild soul gently

Birthday lines

The last drop of blood is saved for birthday lines
One nail is closer to her coffin now
Meanwhile holiday birds enjoy themselves
She's at his nest, blood waiting, meanwhile.

Fire & fear

Days of coal anticipation again
Fire and fear of being fearless
Colours of life and colours of death
Fire and fear have it all
Fire and steam have it all
Insecure women look for last stands
In the same pub where I look
At the colours of colourless youth
Each one surrounded and suffocated
By red semen and red fire extinguishers

Story of the hardcore

Her hungry dick to his lusty pussy
Hungry pussy to lusty dick once more
Cum, cum and cum, again! again! again!

Her red mouth to his canvas mouth
Her humble welcome to his humble shrine
Pain, pain, humble pain and pleasure divine!

Bitch

Little bitch migrates to the blue.
Little bitch vanishes to the blue.
Before a posse of vultures come down
to tear her flesh, flaws and sentiments,
It's time to celebrate to the blues

It's time to cerebrate death without words
ink , camera, colour , canvas , earth or fire
lets rather dance to death with mohua,
hanriya, dhamsha , madon- veri & with bitch!

NOTES

mohua, hanriya: alcohol made from natural plants in tribal
Indian villages

dhamsha, madon-veri: tribal instruments used to celebrate
death through ritual ceremony

Colours melt

Her prick enters his layers
One after the other
as he enters her layers
One after the other
Colours melt slowly
Greed transforms slowly
Soul-skins get torn
One after the other
Differences of both the worlds
Pierce through their ribs

If he'd not been born

If he'd not been born

She would have famished, breathless

If he'd not been born

She would have dropped tears

to half human half clouds

If he'd not been born

They would've paper-mached, jismless

If he'd not been born

God would've been melancholic, ruthless

If he'd not been born

Nature would have been in

a frenzy, uncharred half mood

If he'd not been born

She would've died several deaths.

Search of throne

Tunnel after tunnel;
She searches her throne
Known streets, weird unknown alleys
Connect through uneven heavenly green card

Colours vary still
So as expiry dates
Her eyewater feels heaven's feel
Pin-drop silence reigns through veins

Spring equinox

She lands on his soil
She lends him her palm full of
emptiness and emotions
She arrives here with drizzle, dancing water
She now waits only one more year
And together they wait for the spring equinox
this rainy summer

Refusal on April 1

Arrived with old smell of refusal
Arrived with flesh flavour of spring
Arrived in the country that is
Penny wise but quite pound 'cool'
Arrived where each day's 'april fool'

Alone plus one

Alone plus one in the team
She announces
War against infamous infantry eleven
Game bounces
Against game, almost everywhere
Muffled soil
A tableau's all set here too
Muffled grave
The one in her team's playing now
As the thirteenth man
Masked mason
Inside opponent's semi-circle
Number twelve's standing on a cross line
Jersey's initialled
As an inflated infectious suspicion

Hatred

Bedsheet this side stains with hatred
Bedsheet that side stares with pride
White skin separates brown skin tone
Country separates country
Country tolerates country
Some old innocence sleeps one step away
Eye-water rolls upward through pillow
Mother's eyebrows half relaxed, look downward
Some words are awake, coping with humiliations
High Court bugs have eaten divorce files by now

Multiple orgasms

Machines vanish towards dead plants
Theoretical formulae evaporate
Robots are programmed with flirtations
Human burden of immoralities reign
Cylindrical shared homes, seem their fate
Workers trail in and out of their selective harem
Sleeping their death of peace and ignorance
While harem pricks rouse to multiple orgasms

God of lento

Our pentheon's for them and you
'You', our special God of lento
Our pang before and our pang after
Our plentitude's achieved when we offer lingams
Their flesh, their pain and your pansy pleasures to
'You', our special God lento

Scarlet clouds

Scarlet clouds float in a scarlet sky
The dampness of a residual dew merges
Timid ladders of success bend just a little
Scarlet sparkles in blue, somehow
Scarlet dew drops glitter, somehow
in both their eyes, seen through mirror
Scarlet dew drops glitter, again
In both their eyes, not seen through mirror

Ektara

Jasmine fire in the offing
ektara in her trance
she can foresee her travel
to the paradise alone

(one string instrument of the baul/sufi singers)

Anticipation

Lion God's out for revenge
A Shikhandi -conspired venture
Vulture eyes navigate all the way down
Is Christ all about the fame accountancy?
Is Christ all about being the human beyond?

Her fire eyes anticipate time beyond time
Her earth eyes anticipate time ahead of time

T- room

T-room opens to miscellany faces
T-room closes with TS faces
The real tea-man behind the 'Miscellany'
May close himself with a T-estate
While she, being his real T
Remains busy serving tea to their T

Proof read

A calm sea may look snow clapped, infertile.

Proof reading got over perhaps , 'stamped & sealed'

High-tide has swallowed us meanwhile, victorious

Why she, the "x" factor, is still so restless?

Why she, the "y" factor, is so easily amused ?

Isn't this the normal country that's just cold?

Isn't this the country that'll always remain cold?

Death of palash

A bell rings there till the last breath
A camera rolled here till the last drop
Shapes in male forms hide within saris
Dhamsa laughs aloud to a non-mediocre rhythm
Jugalbandi starts between dhol and ghungur
To celebrate today's death of red palash & more

Dhamsa- Indian tribal drum

Jugalbandi- synergy

Palash- red flower that blooms only in spring

Lull prevails

The present paramour's our counterpoint
We, the eternal, may await an eternal tide

Though the lull prevails...

A storm appears and vanishes
Into a huge dusty dramatic sky

Bengal

A story of lovers, temporary smitten
A story of a canvas, temporary green
Tickets are permanent tokens of exchange
Bengal has the magic brain & magic token
A magic sabotage is plugged into the soil too
More than ten millions still survive magically
Bending rules, morals, principles and magic
Stretching age, time, stone and logic

Stinks!

Fresh flesh smells everywhere

Flames flash through eyes

Stink of flesh, rotten elsewhere....

Politeness stinks. Smartness stinks

Smattering eyes stink; their vision stinks

Flames burn to cries

Flames burn to ashes

Fresh smell mixes with smell of graveyard

Flames grow to fire

Fire waits its time to set itself on fire

Partridge

She, the partridge
had never been a partridge before
Parasites and termites reign on her walls
Mobile phones slowly become immobile
Days of births are kept for birds

Partridges are flying elsewhere today
She, remains partridge.

Venus becomes Pluto

Western alcohol snores out her humiliations
Third world countries snore and stand quiet
Sleeping prevails; So as destiny;
Jackals yawn meanwhile with pride
While Venus becomes Pluto
And Pluto drives itself out of universe

It is fallow

Days of dysmenorrhoea
Days of cerebration
Serviettes treated as leaves
Leaves treated as fossils

The air above breathes to faith, it is fallow.....

Actress

His actress is in the mute mode
Actors are linking high-jinks
One voice to another passes
through weekend miseries

Bohemian

She, the bohemian, blood thirsty,
is walking on war-blotched borders
amongst jocular religious circus acts
and amongst jocular desert oil politics

Lover of ethos

The blood drenched canvas gets erected again
Fresh, with fresh smell of cupid semen
She, the lover of ethos, has an orchid
Which rises & bends at times
when the dawn drinks the dark

Arrived at the cross

Arrived
Questioned.
Harrassed.
Humiliated
Blood boiled to pain
Pain boiled to anger

Ocean divides to a blood path
Where she meets him, at the cross

One flickr

One flicker

Just one!

Her welcome?

Her surrender?

One stroke

Just one!

They confess

To death

They confess

To fire

Years passed

More than thirty years have experienced
Petty stone-chips piercing under nails
Sex becomes too mediocre at times
Climaxes are mediocre too few times

Packet love glitters everywhere in envelops
Love promises to arrive daily through websites
The face in the face book smiles lustfully!
Wild smell of lantana is tagged with it too!

Out dated

Dis-eased obsolete PCs surround me
Time dictates my play with letters,
words, canvases, brushes and colours.
Time dictates me to be out of time
else I'll be out-dated in no time!

Tansen

The reign of Mughals introduce again,
Parliament ascends to white stairs of mediocrity
Semi -parasites curve like territories
Broad roads of this city obey power
Decripit finance set conditions of brush

A Tansen somewhere, takes a nap under a banyan

(Tansen- One of the jewels who's a singer in King Akbar's
court in India)

Bhagbat flows to Bible

Her roof - and a marrow flow from heaven
A star dropped from his rainbow
Wish-bones strengthen to flesh
Concrete bricks turn to raw mud
She feels bones inside her penis
Penetrate deep inside his rotten ribs
She knows her Bible flows to his Bhagbat
He knows his bhagbat flows to her Bible

(Bhagbat- Bhagbat Gita)

Nizamuddin

Decultured culture sets conditions;
an unknown tree near Kew, somewhere
stretches hands of conviction, care;
an artist, somewhere known, somewhere unknown
wanders in the shady narrow streets of Nizamuddin
kissing the narrow end of the last leaf of her shrine.

(Nizamuddin - Baba Nizamuddin Auliya- Sufi Saint)

Nudists

Her blood thirsts and thrusts
his male transcends into her male
their voices are red now
anger, anguish, fire in rallies
blip follows; blip blisters
The ignoble surround our skin
We, the nudists, make our department stores in souls

Train rolls

As the train rolls, sways
A rhythm, rustic trembles; astray
The human Christ's mistaken as lascivious
An excuse to eschew heaven by a few, the deciduous
The human still nurtures his corolla
And darkness nurtures the faith of the corona

Jump with style

Each lump of fever
Each pronoun of the mass
Each sky of the bay
Day after day

Each birth she jumps
She jumps with style

Kohl eyes

Kohl eyes drop kohl water towards sunrise
Seems our blue bell tracks will remain green
Grey hair may have grown on grey coal today
An honest age-old smell may still prevail..
Destiny may bring kohl to resurrect watered eyes
We may create new smile to old kohl eyes one day

They appear, they vanish

They appear and they vanish
The glitter of the eyes travels
They travel through everlasting infatuations
Their veins grow to a fantasy plant
Ecstasy, jism,
fingers up,
fingers down,
Her boys, his boys
Her girls, his girls
Her boy-girls, his girl-boys
They mingle glances with glances, they spurt out
Arrive and vanish again.

Weak backbone

Weak backbones lay devious eggs on a chair
Their world of technology dominates, in a dewlap
Upstream phenol crawls towards the soil under the
next chair
Sunshine still sounds like our doxology and refuge
Kohl still has the power of the colour that sets a fire

Journey bird

Journey bird jumps border today
Antakya loses its lover
as Van and Sirth did yesterday
Most dramatic's Hakkari though
between lovers in hills and streets
between strength within soft melon

Lovers can come through bullets today
Aleppo may witness a soft body
lying hard on the soft street
with a soft smile piercing thru' melon

(the day before my Syria visit on September 2012)

Desert war

Hunger 's still not secondary
I am feeling thirsty too
By the desert wars and western politics

They are thirsty for their oil too
They want Syria to become Libya
But naturally just not Syria!
They are hungry too

I am starving now
I want to eat them, alive.

Unlimited journeys

Her story is limited to unlimited journeys
Her story's all about wheels & wings
also devilry, mustard seeds under her feet
Her story's all about windows & skies
About railway tracks that know one another from
birth,
discuss poetry, hear music, but never could meet.
Her story is limited to unaccomplished journeys

Third world women

Her body laid in the slaughter bed.....
Like many others many times
of many more from the 'Third world'
of many more from the "so-called" third world.
The poet in her says "This is poetry darling.....
Sheer poetry served on "a knife and a fork."
The slaughtered being outside is a prose thing!
Crude. Non curable. Touchable. Exchangable.

The exceptional man inside the exceptional piano
still plays for his best buddy who plays harmonium
And has the shape and size of a third-world woman

One word

Words seem to have taken a holiday
Hibernating with strange new words
And then arrives one word from heaven
As hidden jewel to the prince's crown
The word had hymns that healed blood
Can it enter abdomen and make the Prince bleed?

Spring rolling down

It's spring rolling down this new year
Blood spurting out from ectoplasm
Time to shy for the cotyledon now
Rain reigns in this spring today.

Thimble apart

Gestation overruns.

Epigraph overruns.

Joss stick overruns.

Pacifism overruns.

Dying & almost dying seems a thimble apart.

Speechless

Speechless underground time again

Some speechless cosmopolitan eyes

Some more speechless breath

Again, and again, and again....

The journey to some speechless colours again....

The journey that ended in old banyan

The banyan that protects her from erosion

Again, and again, and again.....

Runner

Runner runs through the ash
Fire may have put out a while ago
House of being bears no loan
Or no sweat of the spook anymore.
Her Christ bears her symbols of power
Marks of eternity and ever green peace

Runner still runs through her ash
Fire may have put out a decade ago
Fire still burns as her decayed sun
Fire still invites her to an ash death

Streets

These streets here are joined by treaty
Their veins are purer than arteries
The trunk here, ageless, eases itself
The sun, somewhere warm, silent & sad
Witnesses the king silently slaughtering
himself to buy fake joy, order & peace.....

Third flesh

The third flesh is flying through furbelows..
Some eyes became almost sixty now
The eyes that touched carefully and healed
the look that brings loam to heaven & hell

Today, is the day, when plasmas mingle
with soul, soliloquies, grief and spirit.
And body becomes divine through that third flesh

Mediocrity

Incoherent expressions of mediocrity engulf us
We, the enigmas, ridicule them as graffiti on termites
The grades prevail without grace

Penguins are all set
To colour their feathers

Nomad bird

He furls his emotions today again
As she did yesterday sometime
The nomad bird makes nests with other nomads
The bird prince flies high to her nomad nest.

Anklet

Her anklet melts one, two, three, four
his rhythm approaches lyrical
sure, unsure, near, nearer

Barcelona

Barcelona steps on the zouk grass
platform; she opens her thighs to
his loins; eyes join eyes with her
watered eye;
interluded by the series of their feet;
cold robot limbs, waist and headless heads;
scaled teeth, measured smile, they move, stainless;
Her breath follows, woven into grass;
atomized into oxygen her touch touches him;
brazilian zouk meets barcelona's dance heaven;

Samba class

London nights are spent in sophistry
Samba classes are unaffordable luxuries
for us, who grew up with dance,
without first world country passports

Canvas touches canvas at night
Womb touches womb
Silence touches silence.
Samba classes are meant for girls
Who can hardly shake their ass
But can easily purchase samba teachers

Collage

His pounds unfold into a collage
Slide rule, hope, despair, slack
like a gelding; the collage has an ulcer
The collage has a scalene freedom
The collage ovulates with spring
The collage ovulates without spring
The collage rains, in pain; like a painting

Tagged faces

Tagged faces everywhere under the moon
boundaries binding heart to limbs
vagas & pricks run separately for sale
manual labour has become useless as if
robots dance to death with all pricks in nail
sun tanned faces and bodies are in vogue
Is sun losing it's charm, glow & colour now?

Burkha story

Vermilioned faces shy away at the border
The burden of veils is shrugged off slowly
Noble Pakistani zagirdars oil their moustaches
While burkhas get oil massaged in dust & dirt.
While burkhas go deep inside the pain & pleasure
While tongue inside burkhas go to another tongue
Inside another burkha that remained in dust & dirt

Their breath masterbates

And flame by flame the fire will dance,
The bow, the arrow grace the wedding gowns
The rust and rusted will be oiled,
The Chinese army rose from cash museums,
Jackals bought strawberry lollies yesterday
They costumed their own tongue in greed.
Drunks slept their death of settlement,
Their breath, false with pride, masterbates.

Making love in volcanoes

Magpies make love in volcanoes;
Fire, then lava, then steam flow through them;
The dance of the dying,
the dance of the living,
the dance of pleasure float;
Magpies seek each other in the colours of volcano...

Blood relations

Slush with slit is all she offers
The sister
A tagged blood relation
Is heavier than merrier
Christmas bells ring
Dead deafness cling
Metro up and metro down
Cleaning, housekeeping,
Turkey and cake cooking
The pretensions of relatives
bleed again;
Blood relations.
bleed again;
Santa's somewhere there
Having fun
With snow, seminal
We are tortured with Jesus
We are tortured to heaven
Through hell

Crisis

Crisis, as they asseverate....

Sighs away like eye wash through mascara.

You, me and our eyes, follow...

We look forward to the New Year too

Like another astounding baby born in an ashtray

In our busy, astounding ashtray of a street.....

Another Christ

Impermissible fatigue intruded in my feather bed.
Fatuuous walls of prejudice surround old sounds
The febrility of the monsoon takes its feast elsewhere
Days of menstruation still cerebrates with ecstasy
Another canvas ,with another soggy semen
Another birth of another child & another Christ

His menstrual blood

Scissors screws and drivers....

Blood, snow and shivers....

Staple pins in and staple pins out

Dealing with a punctilious Jewish scout

Berlin, Prague and fragile Indian routes

A prince with no money moves with brutes

Bank cards stopped and the fetter survives

Dancing with cartoons and irony thrives

The prince still runs and runs through a wall

The struggle, the game, can never fall

Alone, in his path of menstrual blood

A soft wall of independence, some day may flood.....

I murmur

I murmur something to him almost daily

I see the ignorant moth approaching death

I murmur about my circlet of egos

I murmur about my mortgage of egos

I murmur about our heptagonal wives and husbands

I murmur to be a non-murmuring citizen if 'they' allow

I murmur that I murmur to him all my death

Parting

Parting- two waves of hair
Two banks of a river in flood
Two rips of a wound's flare
Two lips bathed in menstrual blood;
These are their partings, these
Their absence of absentings, their disease
And its cure

Papia Ghoshal is an internationally recognised poet and an artist (painter), from Bengal, India. She has contributed remarkably with her various art forms & expressions over the past years. She has a wide range of collectors, fans & followers all over the world. She travels extensively to understand, smell & witness the soil of various countries and their people.

Awards:

Rabindranath Tagore 150th anniversary Karuvash
Award 2011

Salvadore Dali Award 2010

Franz Kafka Award 2009

European Union of Fine Arts Award 2008

Bhunath Mukhopadhyay Award 2007

Awards declared:

Mother Teresa International Award April 2012

Swami Vivekananda sesquicentennial Award April
2012

Previous books of poems:

Second Sight : 2010

Dny Menstruace (Czech) 2009

Textuation- 2007

Days of Menstruation 2003