

# *Soliloquy*

Fresh flesh smells everywhere  
Flames after flames light the eyes  
Stink of flesh, rotten elsewhere....  
Politeness stinks. Smartness stinks  
Smattering eyes stink. Their vision stinks  
Flames burn to cries  
Flames burn to ash  
Fresh smells mix with smells of graveyard  
Flames grow to fire  
Fire waits its time to set itself on fire

2 ■ Soliloquy

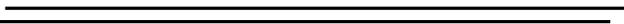
42 ■ Soliloquy

She surrounds her mundane pillows of sentiments  
To the far east corners of pragmatism  
Passions are bound with boundaries  
Emotions guard the threat of boundaries  
Motherhood's prisoned within own embryo  
Motherhood's bartered with fatherly licence  
One day she'll surrender her embryo to his eyes  
One day she'll surrender her inner eyes to his inner eyes  
One day social eyes will see one bastard crawling  
Out of dust, dirt, questioning institutions  
One day their bastard will rule, a real prince.

*Preface:*

Phase : 2007 - 2009

all words have typed through nokia phone and  
sent as sms or texts messages



*Dadicated to:*

*mobile phone with wild smell of lantena*

The mother reads arithmetic with a Czech mushroom  
somewhere the pasta in their kitchen  
smells like a burden  
all effective limbs lie idle on the sofa  
gazing at a Czech version of a Da Vinci volume

A mind floats in an unknown harem exploring shapes and sizes

4 ■ Soliloquy

44 ■ Soliloquy

Laughters roll down the other room with wine bottles  
The Czech husband's happy as long as red flows  
His blood, fur and backbone moved  
towards the thin line between his spine  
and ice cold firm spinelessness

The pricked woman in the other room  
waits till the last drop of red..

Rythm in, rythm out  
puja dhaks, puja pandals,  
when rythym gets its high

Out -of -rythym intrudes

Meanwhile, a rythym far away, finds its soul  
Meanwhile, a rythym surrendered to another rythym

Meanwhile, MNC stamps its name on raw village art

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(puja dhaks- worship drums during Hindu festivals  
puja pandals- temporary installations to worship Hindu Gods during festivals  
MNC- multi national company)

His alcohol snores out her humiliations  
Her country snores and stands quiet  
Sleeping prevails, it is a destiny

Jackals yawn meanwhile with pride  
While Venus becomes Pluto

6 ■ Soliloquy

She too has her nine friends  
Like Durga's straw skeleton  
On the making before autumn  
She too will have her immersion  
She too knows the kiss that ends  
On the lips of the traitor  
She too has her weapons to use  
She too has her weapons, not to use

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(Durga- Hindu Goddess )

46 ■ Soliloquy

Blood in my womb suffocates with humiliations  
The canvas is deprived of its menstrual colours tonight  
Deprivation continues four or five more nights ..

The dancing car in the glass rack will go to the slum boy  
Father sleeps ten inches away from daughter  
Husband sleeps four inches away from wife  
Husband, who just wanked in the bog –

Arranged this set up with measured pride  
The room still measures ten feet by ten feet

More than twenty years have passed  
Since father slept next to daughter  
Molesting crude fantasies  
Husband knows it all  
Husband counts days to molest

His future daughter or son  
Husband brings a cup of tea  
To help reduce menstrual pain,  
As tonight's gesture shown to wife  
The slum boy will get the dancing car

The barometer inside's rising these days;  
the louvre in my hat wants rain  
a platinum Jesus is all I get for Easter  
poetry fades from my halkhata  
eye waters run through lines  
a paracetamolead head slowly palsies  
the real Jesus confines himself to rule  
as his New Year Resurrection Resolution 2009

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(halkhata- a book of accounts covered with red colour handloom clothes  
that starts in a bengali new year)

Burnished bruise left their marks  
Lavatory walls had burnished orange  
winter leaves peep through the dungeon mirror  
orange spring waits for orange orgasms

8 ■ Soliloquy

Days of dysmenorrhoea  
Days of cerebration  
Serviettes treated as leaves  
Leaves treated as fossils  
The air above breathes to faith, it is fallow.....

48 ■ Soliloquy

Stagnant times of silence....  
And the sound of darkness is an interlude  
The university's quiet tonight  
So too the Berlin Embassy's glass walls  
St. Nicholas Day's circus cartwheels through Prague lanes  
Non stop pub + cabaret  
Red light alleys + she-males  
Shes everywhere  
She's nowhere  
They're elsewhere  
Until they see light within the dark

Dis-eased obsolete PCs surround me  
time dictates my play with letters,  
words, canvas, brushes and colours.  
Time dictates I be out of time  
else I'll be out-dated.

Poetry flies to poetry tonight, fluent...  
New Year celebrates a Novy Rok 2009 here  
Vino, pivo, billy, cervene, cerny  
Korunas burning through crackers  
An inflammation dominates - bright, colourful  
The Crisis of the world today, as they asseverate....  
Sighs away like eye wash through mascara.  
You, me and our eyes, follow...  
We look forward to the New Year too perhaps  
Just like another astounding baby born in an ashtray  
In our busy, astounding ashtray of a street...

10 ■ Soliloquy

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

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(Tansen- One of the jewels in King Akbar's court)

50 ■ Soliloquy

Her roof – and a marrow flow from heaven  
the dropped star from his rainbow  
wish-bones strengthen to flesh  
concrete bricks turn to raw mud  
the bones inside her penis  
flex to his eyes, his jism  
she knows her bible flows to his bhagbat  
he knows his bhagbat flows to her bible

---

(bhagbat- bhagbat gita)

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.

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(Nizammudin - Baba Nizamuddin Auliya- Sufi Saint)

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

12 ■ Soliloquy

The Delhi highway lights stand one after another  
all have reflections of his eyes....  
Rain hasn't blessed the lamps yet  
the lights are blurring slowly through her eyes.

52 ■ Soliloquy

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

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

Lights on the kitchen head at flat no 9  
lights off in the kitchen brain at flat no 9  
bangles red ,breaking here at the shrine  
temples cracked a little already  
temples cracked a little again. After.  
Through ignorance  
Through saliva. Age.  
And saline water, down the drain.

14 ■ Soliloquy

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

54 ■ Soliloquy

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 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 our doxology and refuge  
Kohl still has the power of the colour that sets a fire

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 man inside the piano still plays for the man  
Who has the shape and size of a third-world woman

16 ■ Soliloquy

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

56 ■ Soliloquy

It's spring rolling down this new year  
blood spurting out from ectoplasm  
time to shy for the cotyledon now

It's the reign of the rain  
in this spring today.

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 which know one another from birth,  
discuss poetry, hear music, but never could meet.  
Her story is limited to unaccomplished journeys

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

18 ■ Soliloquy

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

58 ■ Soliloquy

They exchanged a few words, pragmatic  
She heard it all, and also, his cough  
The sogginess of it haunted her rhythm  
While her legs were apart in sogginess too  
The prepuce of the stranger touched tenderly  
With the strange feeling of the strange cough  
The sound fused slowly  
Within the sound of the stranger's moan  
Of ecstasy, and her deep worry.

Machines vanish towards dead plants  
Theoretical formulae evaporate, they're not even oxygen  
Robots are programmed with flirtation  
Human burden of immoralities  
Cylindrical shared homes, seem their fate  
Workers trail in and out of their selective harem  
Sleeping their death of peace  
While harem pricks rouse to multiple orgasms

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

20 ■ Soliloquy

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  
in both the eyes, seen through mirror  
Scarlet dew drops glitter  
In both the eyes, not seen through mirror

60 ■ Soliloquy

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

Rain sweeps the one Lakh car factory  
Farmers sweep Singur nanos  
Pro tem we sleep with dreams  
Pro tem we half hitch a lift on the rain  
Pro tem we play with words  
Pro tem we play with a head  
Pro tem we heal with the wrong ointments  
Pro tem we search for the real rain

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.....

22 ■ Soliloquy

Bengal grass wins over the decayed red fort  
our lady in the slum rises through steel tracks

All my coal's for her fire  
all my land's for her tractor  
she can drive my train when she reaps  
she can drive my train if she weeps

62 ■ Soliloquy

Gestation overruns.  
Epigraph overruns.  
Joss stick overruns.  
Pacifism overruns.  
Dying & almost dying seems a thimble apart.

Runner runs through the ash  
Fire may have put out a while ago

House of their being bears no loan  
and no sweat of the spook anymore.  
Her Christ passed her symbols of power  
Marks of eternity, green peace and freedom

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

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

24 ■ Soliloquy

These streets here are joined by treaty  
Their veins are purer than arteries  
The trunk here, ageless, eases itself  
Her sun, there, warms, silent & sad  
As he slowly slaughters himself to buy peace.....

64 ■ Soliloquy

The third flesh is flying through furbelows..  
same eyes emerged fifty three years before  
The eyes that hymn and heal  
the look that brings loam to heaven & hell

Today, is the day, when plasmas mingle  
In the soul, the soliloquies, the spirit.  
Today, again, their one body waits, like all other days.

Hariyana villages infused in my veins now  
Highbrow fashions seem out of fashion here  
The musical box collides at times with  
Music and strings, out of tune

Cities look for misty deals through pious sunshine

---

(Hariyana - State of India )

Incoherent expressions of mediocrity engulf us  
we, the enigmas, ridicule them as graffiti on termites  
the gradation of grades prevails graceless  
when penguins are all set  
to put colour on their feathers

26 ■ Soliloquy

His land on her soil triumphs now  
Its their greenhouse effect, evergreen  
His land on her soil shall dance  
Their dance of kuchipuddi ,everlasting  
Their soil now awaits a drop of their sperm  
Their soil now awaits a drop of their blood dance

66 ■ Soliloquy

His voice sashays on her heaven  
Her joss stick has joys, delicious  
A new moon appears again on the calendar  
She offers him her psalter again  
when he returns, the inrush  
when he returns from a sweet expelling.

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

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  
And railway tracks which know one another from birth,  
discuss poetry, hear music, but never could meet  
Her story is limited to unaccomplished journeys

28 ■ Soliloquy

King's Cross platform four  
their lips joined inwards  
the glass door smelled rose between lips  
their toes had danced a few hours before  
their toes then run separate ways  
their toes mingle, always in separation  
and the eyes know the final journey of eyes

68 ■ Soliloquy

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.

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

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 the heptagonal wives and husbands of ours  
I murmur to be a non-murmuring citizen if they allow

I murmur that I murmur to him all my death

30 ■ Soliloquy

Barcelona steps on the zouk grass  
platform; she opens her thighs to  
his loins; eyes joins 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;

70 ■ Soliloquy

London nights are spent in sophistry  
samba classes are unaffordable luxuries  
for us, who grew up with dance as life

Canvas touches canvas at night  
womb touches womb  
when silence touches silence.

Samba classes are meant for samba-less gals

His pounds unfold into a collage of her thoughts  
Slide rule, hope, despair, slack  
sometimes like a gelding; the collage has an ulcer

The collage has a scalene freedom this time  
The collage ovulates each time with spring  
The collage ovulates each time without spring

The collage sometimes rains; in pain

Tagged faces everywhere in the sun  
boundaries binding heart to limbs  
vaginas & pricks run separately for sale  
manual labour's useless nowadays  
robots dance to death with all pricks in nail  
faces burn to sun-tan, being fashionable

32 ■ Soliloquy

Time's essay seems like an episode  
they float in the spirit of their own  
time wishes to suck the interludes at times  
time wishes to interpret their world of Interpreter

All this while time smiles unexpectedly, at times

72 ■ Soliloquy

Vermilioned faces shy away at the border  
The burden of veils is shrugged off slowly  
noble Pakistani zagirdars oil their moustaches  
while burkhas gets oil massaged in dust

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

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 rise from cash museums,  
Jackals buy strawberry lollies everyday  
They costume their own tongue in consumption;  
Drunks will sleep their death of settlement,  
Their breath false with pride, and masturbation with masturbation

34 ■ Soliloquy

The easy lazy snail crawls to smudge  
as if the pace of time is tied to his feet

Productivity and career are his villains,

venum drops on his body  
every time he spits up!

74 ■ Soliloquy

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

The young creature melodies with spine  
Spineless - tall, half talented, divine -  
He quickly lifts his shoulder and arms  
Fearing stains of oil that may drop from her face  
She lies next to him unchallenged  
Her face rotates to the other side slowly  
Her stain rotates to the other side slowly

The earth's far away from the waters

Enmeshed within the thirst for a dense forest  
She garlands dungeons to decimate bicepted snakes  
Ha'-penny soldiers shield their impotency with humiliations, somewhere...  
While Mother India's navy blue passport is blackmailed to smile and bear  
The burden of the other blue, from the other family nation, suffers  
As the other blue, speaks the opposite language from the Mother's.....

36 ■ Soliloquy

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  
They arrive and vanish again.

76 ■ Soliloquy

His morning intonation came as a blessing  
Her erection was overdue, with ornate orgasms  
The other man with the other form of hallelujah  
Forms her Decalogue of soul, colour, eternal

Indian Irish couple with their little ottick  
consume time without kites & clouds

Later arrives the feeling of quirk eyes  
civil war announcement from new castle  
with another little ottick family prevails

British sterlings to Prague- korunas dominate

canvas unfolds & screams whilst baptized

The purple durga has to dance the nataraja dance soon!  
scarlet merges each time into an aqua blue, meanwhile

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(little ottick- czech film -little ottick in english)

Chad shreds his camouflaged self  
His shoulders don't lift trouble anymore  
Strings of guitar hides passion for heroin  
Nerves still long for those temporary addictions  
I touch his tenderness through my male fingers  
Our voice mingles from distance at times  
Sense of dwelling with the mushroom fades away..

38 ■ Soliloquy

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.....

78 ■ Soliloquy

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 a different soggy semen  
another birth ,1of another child & another Christ

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  
A 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.....

Last night was our outcrop lust, just  
And more  
Morning's silent with no sex, just  
Inhaling Blakes  
Silent us, the homeless, just  
And more  
Now time's for the dance tide, just  
And more

40 ■ Soliloquy

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 pretension of relatives  
bleeds again;  
Blood relations.  
bleeds again;  
Santa's somewhere there  
Having fun  
With snow, seminal

We are tortured with Jesus himself  
We are tortured to heaven  
Through hell

80 ■ Soliloquy

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