

Jaydeep Sarangi

Hunger

Am an intuitive seer
A dynamic loving Being
A blissful awareness

Before you search for a reason
I meditate near the Banyan tree.
Your restlessness remain blotted
In a cup of tea.
I am what I am becoming
As a song
Of several blood images.
It burns my pain
And reduces all anxious thoughts to ashes.
You teach me how a river turns into a gutter.

You grapple for meaning
I beg for food....

My Old Flute

I'm sure, these days, the sal trees,
an important source of hardwood timber
look back in its sleep, wait for
the season's return.
The prayer for the future
shall revive its colour from its sleep.

The wind of cold absence passes by gently.
The field lies quiet waiting for my
marooned body, its warm smell of the years
reaching me even here, this forest side village
of old temples where my prayers
for a return must fall on the muddy roads
and in the tribal girl's vacant look.
The ghost of my previous birth
makes me wild.

I nourish my dream to grow up as a full tree
where you all shall be my pregnant foliage

