



MARGINS MARGES MARGINI

*Rivista Multilingue
di Studi Letterari, Linguistici e Culturali*

SIX POEMS BY JAYDEEP SARANGI

1

If We Three Meet

The characters on the canvas are on interface
they turn around to show their full face.
some wear a smug smile, others wry.
they never look us in the eye, deep.

This untrained eye search for
the stars during a rainy night
hands of care sitting near the widow,
all stories that hearts stitch.

We never counted time,
we discovered eyes of each other
whom we wished to see
slowly blinking in Time's mist.

Someone watching us would write a note
on our first meeting by a riverside
minding the map, mapping the minds.
All were true, and continue to run.



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2

My Room of Poems

How can I forget what has grown deep in me
my aged father's shape through a careful history
long before I got my space, a room of my own.
My days were running after an image
books, playmates and cricketers
I gathered them all in blood.

It was an incredible formation of an image
I carry where all good things are
I missed many a things, my friends gained
rooms changed, new books arrived, faces too.

My frail diabetic body thinks for
someone who cares for me
I wait for rains to come to touch the pores
my numbed senses run wild

I've nothing much to say
I never complaint against my room
I created my own, planted a tree there
I am not taking something away from myself.



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3

When I Lose My Poems

All started with poems
All ended with silence

Poems to silence is a book
We planned, we travelled

I could do nothing to her
She remained as a goddess

I couldn't touch her words, shades of thoughts
She remained the dream poem

It's time to leave for no tomorrow
Tonight is a long dark spell

My ancestors will line up, fares are open
to welcome me with my unfulfilled wishes.

These days when the phone is dead
I fall flat on the ground of no hope

I understand how I made crude calls
behaved like a bull of no reason

Each home has a lantern, not in my house
deep dark of no words, no poems

Promises smile, some leave behind
in a tunnel of no tomorrow

When you change your mind
I wait, I listen to your silence

Some unbearable darkness kill me
my rites are done , guest leave too early

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You will not write anything, no review
My last book of poems remain untouched.

I know how I was demanding
You got an opportunity to pull yourself out

Never mind, all will be well for you
My heart had no value, dead dark.



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4

Curios

All are talking about that plight we face
when the nations hope, gather grounds
Humanity has a different plight.

Nations have missions, leaders of colours
Some are deaf, some are dumb
all they want is a ballot in their mouth.

Hungry minds are greedy with wealth,
name and fame by the people
for their graves to be decorated well.

Dead bodies have their own swing
in the rivers of the nations, hearts are pale.
They are heavy with angst.

The unhappy sun waits for a worthy son.
He will come, he will, today
If he decides to come, after this poem.

Come alone , looking for you and me
We'd see him emerging from the blaze of fire
Judgement rod is in his right hand, fixed.

Going to the temple is polity
Cows are too shy to call them victims.
Going for vaccination is a chance.

You and I take the makeshift plans
when all answers fail
we arise out the ashes, dead selves.

Life is a search for curios
To include, ignite and innovate
Strange things to make one's native.

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It plays over the patient water
Will this face never changed?
Shall we be vaccinated from crimes?



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5

The Colours of Life

Neither the smoke nor the old city is like a ring
the horns of nature hummed on a mystic ring

From above, the silence is like a scheme
bitter in bottles of wine in a ring

Between these soft light of a ring
the shards of colours fall in a ring

Going away, with everything intact, is a ring
I know that to be kind of dying in a ring.
I watch the indifferent lake beyond a ring
flattened by the nails of things in a ring.

I stay there agile like a master in the ring,
the colourful life's infinity is there with a ring.



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6

Kanakdurga Temple at Chilkigarh

The uncertain fate lies heavy
upon desirous stones that never speak

I smell its rough loneliness
its ancient shadows, love that it holds.

In the retreating light there're
silent bodies I can never lose.

I'm followed by my longings and returns
to forest paths leading to the temple

I wait for a spell of rain in this afternoon
When trees will smell insistent, tender

These loving trees, desiring rivulet
I never let my daughter know

On my body of falling leaves
I look up and find the shrine

I hear a small voice speaking to me always
Someone calling me by my meaningless name

Uneasy peace of my last night's dream
I recollect in an act of love and surrender.