

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Kanchan Chatterjee: Five Poems

Kanchan Chatterjee · Wednesday, September 5th, 2018

Patna

she stood there
under the lightpost

her scarf was flowing hard
in the cold evening wind

and she'd been looking
at me
for quite sometime...

deep down
I knew
what she wanted

and it wasn't
me...

*

Diya, you know

it was drizzling
when you called me . . .

stopped at a medical store and stood
under the shade the old
shopkeeper didn't notice me
(he was bored)

and you were
relentless
with your questions . . .

a longdistance truck went past
flashing yellow, red lights, like a town, huge

we talked for five minutes
or so

while the rain kept on falling
on my bike . . .

*

Desolation ku

half teaspoon of chai powder
a few green
tea leaves, one small
bay leaf(crushed)

tulsi powder (1/3 teaspoon)
3/4 cup water, 1/4th milk

boil them
for 5 mins
in slow heat

&

listen
to those birds. . .

*

It's cold here, and

watching
the midnight moon
i wonder . . .
which place is she searching
on Google Earth

*

that thing called love

the calendulas . . .
how they flutter in those
window boxes
it's not that I don't miss you
but your home is so far away

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