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God had covered His face in shame.

Federico, Federico, who will today play that tune in piano?

The sun too reads your poems. While walking by the factory
The morning said.
The workers too had heard your voice.

My artist friends will draw a picture with your words;
You had said — We'll have to defeat the eternal silence of death.

Federico, Federico, they have murdered you.

Civil guard, civil guard.
Even here is that ice-cold fear.
They will sever the tongue if you speak about water, soil and men.
Oh, my landscape painting, my fruit orchard, the magic
of my ballads with women and children.

Federico, Federico, ah, my heart hurts!

I Have Seen You All

I saw you all in the middle of the killing field,
Silent and sturdy like ancient sal trees.

When I remember, even today, my heart swells in pride.

That uncompromising war and your incomparable courage
Filled the entire sky
Like an indomitable, independent flag.

I looked at your faces.
As if you all had shouted and said,
'We will have to win over tyranny;
For humanity and democracy.'

When I remember, even today, my heart swells in pride.

Even today, I see from afar
In paddy fields and in the peak of the blue hill,
The charms of your faces. I hear
The song of your victory.

Like the bell of dawn, pure that sound
I hear even today,
As it spreads all over like a birdcall.

Farewell comrades,

We will see each other again
In a new world.

Verses of Three Magicians

Let me tell you about three magicians.
All three are blind.
The roads through which they walk are blind.
The night they carry with them is blind too.
They know the meaning of three-crore-year-old light.
They known many a healings and magic,
How darkness turns into light,
How one mistake can correct another.
Whatever you and your friends may want to know,
You will get each answer.
All three are companions to each other.
All three of them ostracise each other.
The clouds in which they drench are blind.
The wind that takes off the garment is blind too.
From the days of wandering to civilization,
They have the count of each day
And they count the possibilities of pain of life and death.
Wherever they go they create tales.
Whatever they say are myths.
All three do not have addresses.
All three are nomads from somewhere.
The river water they touch is red.
The leaves that float in the water are red too.
The kernels of their favourite fruits are red.
The beginning and the ending of the day is red too.
When silence takes hold of noise,
They kiss the stone images.
Coiling on their feet serpents pray;
The serpents' prayers bloat into blood.
All three are their own will.
They say hunger is the faith of the hungry;
In hunger even god fades away.
When they travel they pray for the dead;
The living is the dead's protest.
When there is a conflict of soil with soil,
Break minarets, temples, airports, assembly.
They know the mystery of bidden, forbidden,
Also about conspiracy and confusion.
All three secretly touch us
And check our blood pressure.
In their flute cry barren men and women.
In their sorrow stars shed tears.
In an animal's cry breaks the entire millennia.

In hundred years not a single man appears.
Words look for word's support.
Words turn into a long procession.
When they walk stones break.
The heat sharpens the thorns.
All the three magicians stand in third party.
In third party there is no chance to tell lies.
When man falls below humanity,
Only the skull can be seen.
No skull carries mind, intelligence.
Intelligence-less life is modern life.
They know the end of a dictatorial regime
Also know the results of punishment and pride.
When they talk about betrayal,
They talk about our uncertainties.
All three are three ages.
All three are names of void,
Neither in nor out
Neither above nor below.
Lost dreams look for dreams.
The knuckles sparkle in the pupil of the eye.
They know all the scripts,
All the events in all ages.
All those books are blind too.
Their creators and narrators are all blind.
With them there ticks a clock
Until the end of light, water, darkness.

A contemporary Assamese poet who works speak of the rhythm and the conflict inherent in life, SAMEER TANTI has contributed extensively to the Assamese literary world. His poems echo the voice of the common man, delving into the abstract through a vivid exploration of themes like nature, love and protest. He has published 14 collections of poems, two works of translation, three collections of essays and has edited two collections of short stories.

BIO-NOTE

Dibyajyoti Sarma is a poet, translator and publisher. He has four volumes of poetry and an academic book, besides numerous writing credits in edited volumes, journals and websites. He was born in Assam and now lives in Delhi.

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