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SANJIB KUMAR BAISHYA

Fate

I was shocked when you stopped beating me with your bloodstained whip.

Please don't change your methods,

I'm no longer immune to shocks and surprises.

I'm not worried to bleed,

To see the familiar wounds,

To live with a familiar ordeal,

But I am worried about an uncertain fate.

Time is running out,

The words of protest have deserted me,

And I have no wish to revive my spirit.

Kill me, destroy me, erase me,

With your time-tested methods

And let me die a predictable death.

Pro bono

They advised, pro bono,

He collapsed, with a dream,

To serve, pro bono,

To realise,

'Pro bono' is passe.

The Henchman

The day will come
When the henchman will go,
The kings will fight
And the kingdom will bow,
A henchman will come, a henchman will go.

Put on your Gown, Vakil Sahab

Then Nirbhaya, now Madhu,
Only the names change,
The games don't.
The ordeal continues
In more frustrating ways.
Put on your Gown, Vakil Sahab,
Exhibit your oratory in court.
Nirvaya, Madhu and many more won't come back.
Put on your Gown, Vakil Sahab,
Put on your Gown.

The Feast

It was not an ordinary feast
For ordinary people,
Hungry, waiting to be fed;
It was grand,
Reserved for the ones
Who promised to eradicate poverty.

BIO-NOTE

Sanjib Kumar Baishya is working as an Assistant Professor at the Department of English, Zakir Husain Delhi College (Evening). He completed his PhD from the Department of English, Jamia Millia Islamia, under the supervision of Professor M Asaduddin and Professor Simi Malhotra. He has published a few papers in refereed journals two of which are on Bhraamyamaan theatre. He specializes in poetry, theatre studies, translation studies and reception studies. His poems are regularly published in various journals.

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