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Srijani Dutta

Injured Dreams



Dreams and Fragmentation

Dreams -

That I store in my mind
Is fleeting as thin air
Dwindling like flame,
Still, the dream makes me
Dream all through the way of
Breathing and living.
Fractured in places

Bruised and tied with bands,
Pus and blood-
All paint the smell
Of nausea and dislike,
Still, the dream, being so big and not-so-big
Makes me dream the dream
More than the numbers of wounds
That I have received in the midway.
Dreams,
Floating like the clouds of autumn
Dreams,
Taking the structure of autumnal Goddess
Dreams,
Make me dream
In my sleep
In my breathing
That I hold as essential
In the body of my soul.
Dreams, you are not baffled
Dreams, you are the breath of my self
My current state of materiality
And you lose your watery essence.

The Graduates

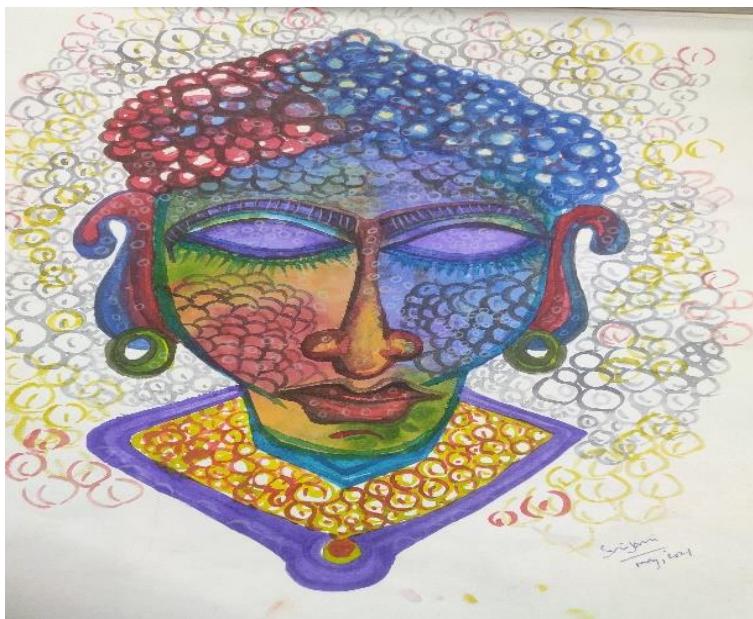


The Frowning moustache

Joyful, joyless souls,
Sitting on the benches
Give an ear to the words
Or dialogues written by an old philosopher
His moustache does not matter
As much as his tongue
From where some messy, some organized
Letters come out
And make the world a less obscure
Less foggy space,
Like the eye places itself on the lens

To speculate the spectacle;
These souls
Hop from one stair to another
Replenishing their Tabula rasa
With vowels and sound
To meet the end of a year
And embrace the new start
By wearing the ropes of grades
And get defined as graduates.

Believer



The Believer

Belief is like a drop of tear
That runs down your cheek
And leaves its mark
On your face,
Just the way you forgot to wipe off
Yesterday's dream;
Rains shower on it
And you start seeing
A new dawn.

Belief is like a leaf,

It grows, falls and crosses
The lands
Floating and sailing through air;
It takes the shape
Of a cage -
What I call a heart.

Life



Life

The whole misfortune pours over me
As if I am a glass
My only task is to hold
And let the life happen.

It takes many people to form a crowd
So does the life
Everyone's life
Mostly-
Takes the disguise of the novel
To say the little, unnecessary things.
Fortunate are the ones who say the things

Of their lives
In little words
Through poetry.
If we count the pages of the book
As each passing day of life
Hours will be summarised in the sorrowful paragraphs
The seconds will be painted
Through silence and silhouettes.
Alas! The trajectories of life-
Bending like river
Whistling like wind
Sometimes a brat, sometimes a kind one-
Alas!
Like a musician,
Life sings the melodies of spring.

Srijani Dutta

Srijani has completed her Post Graduation in English literature from Visva Bharati University. She loves reading books and expressing herself through colours, words, and images. She writes poetry and has published her poems/writings in the journals like Setu, Parcham, Contemporary Literary Review India, Story Mirror, EKL review journal, Plato's cave online journal, The Antonym etc. Her paintings have been published in Borderless journal, Creative chromosomes, Rappahannock review, Fourth river journal.

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