



Suryendu Chaudhury

Hollow Celebrations

Sometimes I exist,
Sometimes I don't,
Sometimes you persist,
Sometimes you won't.
Life never stops for once,
Palsy shakes the bygone,
Inseparable like Juno's Swans
Continues from dusk to dawn.

Opinions and ideas abound,
Social media clatter galore,
Thoughts turn unsound,
And crack across the floor.
Prufrock goes out with Belinda,
Ham and Clov take Ella to bed,
The tangy taste of Mirinda
Leaves the Intercourse half dead.

Lear calls upon Portia
And gives her the crown
While Mr Lawrence's inertia
Becomes the talk of the town.
Heart descends in Uncle Tom's cabin
Where Faustus lies half drunk
Poor Desdemona's hairpin
Lies beside the cheap steel trunk.

Sometimes I lie,
Sometimes you do,
Sometimes I try,
Sometimes, you screw.
Life gives up the choice
Hassled onto the comic grave,
Without any personal voice,

It denies the urge to save.

It reads like a nursery rhymes,
It feeds upon the fleshy crimes,
Soaked in fresh blood and somke
It gulps the love with coke.
Yes, the Queen Cleopatra
Rides in well through eyebrows,
Singing the lines of Frank Sinatra,
She struggles with lusty blows.

Oh, where is that Jew of Venice,
Harping onto Noah's Ark
Lost in the game of table tennis
He invokes the murky dark.
Before King Arthur's knights
Lies a bottle of hemlock juice
As they engage in fights
Over the bay of Santa Cruz.

Sometimes I sleep,
Sometimes I die,
Sometimes you weep,
Sometimes its dry.
Life presents the pain on plate

And extracts the soul off grace
Till the time turns too late
Quickening at a momentous pace.

Who looks back in anger?
Who runs the mill on the floss?
The grief presents a cliffhanger
And takes the joy for a toss.
Langston Hughes still thanks Mrs Jones
Who welcomes the cookie lady in,
The sky lights up with drones
To capture a decorated dustbin.

The famous Scandal of Bohemia
Burns out just like smoky days,
As Hercules suffers from phobia
And soaks up Apollo's rays.
Oh, dear, dearest Anabelle
Still unpacks the suitcase,
Another of Merlin's wasted spell
Calls Kafka to rephrase.

Sometimes I write,
Sometimes I read,
Sometimes there's nothing right,

And that is when, we all bleed!

Suryendu Chaudhury

Suryendu Chaudhury is an English teacher (MA, B.Ed) and poet based in Kolkata. Writing under the pen name Silly Poet, he specializes in verse that balances technical structure with intertextual depth. His work is informed by a deep engagement with classical literature and the rhythmic nuances of the English language. He loves working with gothic and sci-fi themes as well.

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