

**Poetry**

# **Days of Anarchy, Days of Hope**

**Sayan Chattopadhyay**

**(I)**

The days of anarchy, the days of hope  
Says nihilist, the wanna-be pope  
The river runs red now, Moses is gone  
Expecting light from the darkest dawn  
I wish the redeemer could somehow see  
How tricky the word, redemption now be  
They show us hope, the hope they fear  
Our unique privacy, they interfere  
They cry to god, we cry to them  
The same old sufferers of Bethlehem

I stand quiet in the eternity now,  
I feel alive somehow,  
For I've seen the dreams I wanted to,  
I've survived the nights, the tragedies,  
Roaring silently in the city-lights  
I wish the redeemer could somehow say  
How tricky life gets, in every way,  
Individuals and me, the society it is  
For everyday the sun chases the moon,

Everyday I feel loved, I fell the tragedies  
Will be over soon

The days of anarchy, the days of hope,  
Sees infinnist hanged in virtue's rope,  
A place so corrupt, so damned and vice  
People started calling it the paradise  
For souls were free from rules again  
Still raising blades in the war of pen  
The gods, the people who cannot see  
Yet visionaries of the entire city  
They lived so long, so grand this way  
Still waiting for their judgement day  
I call such kingdom, such rule to be  
An eternal chaos in ecstasy

The days of pleasure, the days of pain  
Says the so-called sufferer again  
The humanitarian treasure, rare to find  
Yet all surrender, to the cursed divine  
They cry to god, we cry to them  
The same old sufferers, of Bethlehem.

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(II)

## Erased

It seems I erased  
Every part of me  
And also, what I could be  
For it's truth that everything  
seems so similar now  
For it's truth that everything  
Seems eternal somehow  
The only mortal consciousness  
Silently screaming around  
Telling every inch and square  
I exist, Yet, I exist

It seems I died  
Long before this poetic day  
With intensions long gone  
Rebirth on the way  
It seems i died  
But it must have been  
The roots so dry  
The leaves, the buildings  
The lullaby  
But it must have been  
The night before the angel cried,  
The arabian lore.

I inhaled air for quite some time

Before, the gods were dead

And the industrial crime

And it must have been

The roots so dry

The leaves, the buildings

The lullaby

Saying I exist, yet, I exist

It seems, I'm awake somehow

Awakened by the silent roar

The whispers of the dead

The chime, that I still adore

I was never called

Never a serious subject

Obviously Never trolled

But I was present in the air somehow

Breathing the cultural disavow

Sudden a vile smell came

The smell people know as care

Who cares for people

In fame, in power

Who cares for people by thy name

What was I for I was none

My purpose was filled,

And my life, done.

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