Bipul Banerjee

The Jungle Raj...

Asphalt roads,
Tall skyscrapers,
Cold board rooms,
Steel elevators,
All that was green
Has been shred to pieces,
Artificial lawns
Plastic flowers
Deodorants to mask
Stinks of fake perspirations

Dawn to ‘Dusk’
The city keeps running
They say it never sleeps !!
Emotions evaporated
Compassion in cold rooms
Where humanity dwells on placards and posters

Essentials bought online
Grace sought online
Matrimony,
Peace,
Harmony,
Hate,
Rape,
Fake,
Likes and
Dislikes trool on
Media social

It is a concrete jungle
Werewolves always on the prowl
Oozing wounds
A hint of blood
Is just enough for them
To hound more....
The Whirlwind...

Let me hold you in a tight embrace
Cover you with crimson sheets of
Velvet emotions
I see the whirlwind of
Emptiness still coming
Disguised as solitude
Yes solitude minus peace
Ultimately realized loneliness

You have buried your hurts for long
Each broken fragment now hurts
Drop by drop they make you
Bleed
The wounds cry to heal
You seek solitude as solace
Cutting off all strings
Stepping back to shells

In your retreat you shall need a shield
A shield that was once itself broken
Insulating you from further recourse
For if you shun this broken shield
Your solitude shall forever deteriorate
Layer by layer
To loneliness unbound

Allow me
Encompass your soul
Nurture your wounds
Till the misery surrenders
To our unending
Unconditional Love....