



POEMS by Jaydeep Sarangi

1

Wheels of Stones

Rites in stone, forgotten Kalinga Kings
curved spells of mystic light piercing eerie life carvings
through the ancient stones, where the moon retrieves.
a spectral embrace by each curve of the wheels. All lighted.

Silent stone horses' wheels, the chariot-shaped temple
emerge from the depths of sand
of the blue sea carrying the Sun God.

Konaraka stones stand as deep as time gyre in full
figuring courtships and intimacy,
erotic mudra forms link lives freeze in time.

Time's fairy makes her mark on these desirous stones,
in stories deep, where moments leer.
The early rays play in-between the hard stones
The Sun rides on time's big life wheels.

2

Ruins of the Relationship

Before all our roads lead to the ruins of Pompeii
I shall take you to Mount Olympus
Will visit all doors of poetry
You may sit beside me and write for the stars
I may see you writing and writing till the world is dark

Before you can say something
Your ears listen to oracle of hearts
You crave for divine poems
I will tell you the story of Orisis.
You look at reflections of a Goddess.

Today's ruins were prosperous habitations
Where mind travelled and travelled
Flew over Krios and Tyria
Your dreams, my imaginations
All are in so many books.

People will write our names together
They never mapped the ruins of hearts
Separated by small rivers emptying in the Ionian Sea.

3

The Rainbow Land

My good friends on the banks of the Richmond are saviours
Of intents, no selfish clasp, no hard hitting the world
Wilsons is their home, a shoulder
To cry on, to lie on; seasons are memory.

The unseen singing birds sang for years
Created new history of desires and cries
Into the colour green I dip my brush
I draw a circle with locks, waiting to meet them in hunger.

Painted shopfronts, a walkway arbour and great Widjabul
people
I cannot rest from meeting, connecting all with the blue sky
to my land of Dulung.
Rainbows come and go in Nimbin rocks. Small village girls
Keep their language alive that turns mud houses to new
idioms.

We stand face to face, books to books.
Two lands are parallel doors of history
Talking to each other in a language; not Hebrew, not Greek
Where Dulung meets with Tweed, then flowing together in
soul spaces.