



This is the Dead Land

Chitta Adhikari

This is the dead land.

Here thorny is every touch.

Be it human, soil or sand,
Waiting for the dead march.

Infertile is here all emotions,
All suffering from nothingness
This is the read dead land.

Where every step is to take in guess.

Belief has become a mere word in mind,

Where empathy deceives its own.

Relation tied with rope of sand.

Where every smile is of its frown.

This land makes barren everything, every one.

No fertility is alive or in matter.

We are repenting in dead or in lost.

But Did nothing to make it better.

This is the dead land.

Where dead is sought in night star.

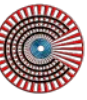
Alive is avoided here,

Thus keeping them at far.

Believing a scare-crow as not harmful,

As stuffed with hay.

Even the same is used to frighten birds.



Now what's to say?

That is how idea changes,
Changes our mind.
An idea good turns into bad,
And cruel turns into kind.

“Man hangs between two opposites”

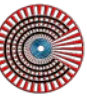
And his ideas are such.
His love is tampered
With illusions much.

This is the dead land,
As dead as doornail.
Love fades away in dark sea,
Where hatred use to sail!

This is the dead land.
And only this land is to blame.
We human being are so innocent!
All the time is to claim?

This is the dead land.
This is the dead land.
Here the truth fears to meet.
Wise are paralyzed.
And imposters are fit.

This is the dead land.
This is the dead Land.



About the Poet:

Chitta Adhikari of Suri, Birbhum is by profession an employee of Dept. of Health and F.W. He is presently posted at C.M.O.H, Birbhum, West Bengal, India.

