

# POETRY

SUGAT MACHALE



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The Woodland and Estey by Franklin Booth, 1925

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Sugat Machale

To Emily and Dolly

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## PREFACE

That these verses would ever see the light of day, I had not anticipated. Indeed, it had never been my intention to make them available to the general readership. For the past decade, they've been my treasured secrets. Some particular fragments have erstwhile appeared in online media, especially in the early stages of their development, however, they have since been revised to this final complete form, and are illustrative of a select compendium of my larger body of works. Notwithstanding, there remain certain minor errors and discrepancies, be it through oversight or on account of neglect owing to the laborious process of arranging them in an agreeable fashion worthy of being introduced to the public. However, having accomplished the task, I am not without a certain feeling of pride over the fruition of an endeavour to which I've dedicated a significant portion of my life.

Having produced a body of literature, an author is extended a chance to say a little something about the work in question. Taking this opportunity, I would like to introduce my work. The reader will no doubt find that most of the poems in this volume, with some exceptions, follow some form of structure and construct. This is no mere happenstance but rather the product of much deliberation. In much of modern poetry, I find a regrettable lack of metre and poetic devices, and it wouldn't be amiss to say that

poetry today has lost both its lyricality and musicality. I find this state of affairs rather disturbing. Ergo, the present volume may even be reckoned as this poet's sincere attempt in remedying the depressing state of poetry in these modern times.

Romantic love forms the larger theme of this volume, with other works strewn in for roundedness. The choice of archaic forms is primarily because these are readily amenable to poetic arrangements and are perfect elements for metric flexibility. I've further purposely omitted narrative poems from this volume for the sake of brevity; they shall make the contents of the forthcoming works.

In passing, I must also provide a brief introduction of myself as the author of this work. I am a twenty-five years old man and an Economist by profession. I took up poetry a decade ago at the age of fifteen. I am rather partial to the heroic verse and consider the tetrameter as the staple of good poetry. Among my influences, I highly regard the poetical works of Emily Brontë, John Keats, William Wordsworth and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The present work has been long in the making and I appreciate the readership for this little volume. It is my sincere hope that you will find the contents of this work to your liking.

Sugat Machale





## FOR EMILY

*I love thee in unwonted ways  
And think of thee both nights and days.  
Think how thy soul would be, if thee  
Wert living in this world with me?  
How would thy grace, thy manner be?  
Would thy voice speak as dulcetly  
As I hast fancy'd oft of late?*

*'Tis the ill-doing of our fate,  
That our sad lives be so separate!  
Yet I've loved thee each breaking morn  
And vainly wish'd if I wast born  
With thee; and not this world forlorn  
Should look me with disdain and scorn!  
Were I with thee, darling Emily!*

*Full oft I've drempt so desperately  
Of how a life as such would be  
Oft fancy'd with me open eyne  
Thy blissful touch, thy form divine  
But vain art my fancies of thine  
Alas! For thou shalt ne'er be mine.  
In this distress I nightly grieve!*

*Till my heart sinks in sweet reprieve  
And dances in the dim of eve  
What matters if I'm not with thee?  
Thou art here in my heart with me.  
And every chance I look up high —  
I see thy star and know thou'rt nigh  
And watch thy smile etched up the sky.*

## WRITTEN ON A MONSOON EVE

*The monsoon's bleak wind  
gently creeps in  
Through the half-shut window;  
and the curtain breathes  
in the bitter clammy wind;  
tardily rising and falling,  
like your bare bosom,—*

*The raindrops that slide  
slowly down the window,  
like perspiration that trickles  
down your svelte throat  
and into the valley of your cleavage;  
between the mountains  
of your ripened breasts,—*

*The pleasant petrichor that wafts  
in the evening air,  
like the scent that lingers  
over your slender nape and  
in the wet, wild curls of your hair,—*

*The branches of trees that hang high  
into a deep thicket of leaves  
heavily clad with flowers and dew,  
like your smooth and tender arms  
With fingers in the grove of my hair,—*

*The few drops of rain on my face  
that makes me shiver,  
like the soft, icy touch  
of your gentle rosy lips  
as they kiss my eyes and cheek  
in a low whispering tale of ecstasies,—*

*The gorge; the sodden earth;  
the gentle slope, the streamlets,  
the yellowing crescent moon;  
the cloudy tapestry of night,  
like the smooth curves, the dunes  
of your lissom waist and thighs,  
the islands of my consolation,—*

*The faint clatter of rain  
against the roof of my house,  
the dulcet music of monsoon,  
to our slow languid dance  
of tempest and lightning,—*

*Together you are, in sooth,  
the very season of bliss!*

## PETRARCHAN SONNET: JANUARY

*Thou January's most delightsome wind,  
    Enwreath my being in winter's bland solace;  
Such that romance's mellow tunes I may trace  
    Beneath her casement, by a tree recline'd  
And hope her radiant face, I may find  
    Adorned with her charm and tender grace;  
For longing I am to her warm embrace,  
    Ergo to thee, I pray, O winter kind!  
To stay amidst us, for eternal hours,  
    For as the spring'll ripe with new buds reborn,  
So will our sweet eves fade into the night!  
    New rose shall bloom, but wilt shall love's  
    flowers!  
Not her shape shall fill her casement at morn  
    And not her bonny face shall greet my sight!*

## FAIR WINTER BIRD

*Fair bird of winter's pleasant nights,  
depart at once thou must,  
When summer's incense valour'd burns  
and wafts about the gust*

*Thy sickening sweet hawthorn is gone  
rosebuds bloom in his grave  
Like they, like we, art all but same,  
of time and season slave!*

*So long! fair bird, take my adieu  
and of our season past;  
That fought in vain the mighty tide  
of change, but could not last*

*With change of season, Bird must leave  
and bid her flower adieu  
Only till blossom ripens fast  
and old's replaced by new.*

## TO A MAIDEN

*Thou, whose radiance leagues outlast  
Whose meekness yonder lands doth speak,  
Bless me with thy beauty's grace  
And with thine Aphrodite's hand  
O! Bless me, for my verse to flow  
I pray to thee, O thou very own  
Heavenly muse of earthly lands!  
Shower on me thy beauty's grace  
And keep me so entranced for long  
So that verse may flow me in its waters  
With a pristine flow to serene bowers.  
Dance and sing thy ethereal song  
That I may hearken to thy ways  
And dance benumbed in thy midst!*



## ENDYMION AND SELENE

*Ill-fated lovers to themselves sigh,  
One from the earth and one from the sky  
Each other's form from a distance gaze  
And so, in plight count off their days;  
Until a fair winter's greying night  
They greet each other and break their  
plight,  
And Endymion in Selene's arms lie  
A piece of land with a piece of sky.*

## MIDAS AND MEDUSA

***Your eyes are deadly, my love  
Your hands are prodigal too,  
The world is briar to my touch  
This world for me is blind as such!***

*Our curse is our strength;  
**our strength our curse***

*Look me in the eye as I gently brush your  
face  
**And petrified lovers we can remain forever  
in this place***

## LAMIA, FAIR BELLE

*So beauteous, fair Lamia's skin and heart  
One dost swoon to amorous pain ere it start  
Its charm on brows young and inexperienced  
With eyes serpentine and glare furious  
And though Hermes grants her womanly frame  
Her soul wreath'd of poison remains the same*

## TO DANTE

*Forgo thy feign'd affection still  
While Love is yet reigning thy will;  
Trace back the path from whence ye came  
Forthwith all thy heart true declaim;  
For Beatrice unbeknown to thee,  
Shall be thy cause for misery!*

## THE DIVINE IMAGE AND THE HUMAN FORM

*Cruelty has a human heart,  
And Jealousy a human face;  
Terror, the human form divine  
And Secrecy the human dress.*

***Love has the fear of The Divine,  
And mercy has but pity's grace.  
Kindness has only self-interest  
And compassion is but malaise.***

*The Human Dress, is forged Iron  
The Human Form, a fiery Forge.  
The Human Face, a Furnace seal'd  
The Human Heart, its hungry Gorge.*

***Divine Compassion is River bed  
Divine Kindness, its rock & mud  
Divine Mercy, a waterfall, and  
Divine Love, the raging flood***

## VOX POPULI — IN DARK TIMES

*An affliction torments our times,  
One that none can dispel  
All sense and soul are torn apart  
and the falsities none can quell  
Marionettes in uniforms  
Await, bide, stand by, stay  
For one partisan to order  
To run into the battle fray  
'Tis but a ruse, quite clearly so  
To sway the gormless herd,  
Yet dewy-eyed they follow, with  
Trust in their wily shepherd  
Annoyed with amity, seeking war  
These are ulterior motives all  
Greed of seat of power has caused  
This fabricated bawl!  
For peace and balm and blessed calm  
Sure hope we must, although  
For him that is a pacifist  
That one must doubly so!  
For they will say not times were bad  
Nor the fervour violent  
In asking they will only say:  
Why were their poets silent?*

## HAIKUS

1.

*Graveyard of roses  
Petals safe beneath the earth  
Red mingled with grey*

2.

*Skin and flesh and bone  
And nothing more than the three  
Also, nothing less.*

3.

*Such beauteous form  
I could stare at all day long  
And still crave for more*

4.

*Look! O Wakeful one!  
Faux men worship their faux gods  
Laugh and look and laugh!*

5

*With the solemn moon,  
Lo! Light prevails all about;  
Night sleep and days wake.*

## BED RIDDEN

*These relentless aches, they trouble my head  
My livery of health is scupper'd with fade  
My sore throat does bleat unhealthy sounds  
Like that of wild horses on seeing hounds.  
I wish not to muse in this gloomy cave  
But hope to write a million happy stave  
On some gentle meadow with sunny air  
Where I should like to make my blissful lair  
Among those sweet daisies and the merry lark  
Where my disturbed mind and soul will hark  
To the dulcet murmurings of the sky  
As she sings to me a sweet lullaby.*

## THE BOWER OF HOPE

*Towards that bower, passion burnt, I long  
By whose gentle shade my nymph dost sing'st  
With dulcet sound. Merry larks sing'st along*

*Voicing lullabies to the noon and the morn  
As evening's crestfallen company sing'st dirge  
On sun's leaden grave enwreath'd and forlorn*

*She sing'st of hope, that maiden of the light  
In far-flung swards, gloom strewn, she dost  
sing'st  
Of morn and its merriment in the grey of night*

*I long to that bower, but I only pass  
bushes melancholy and streamlets large  
The bower seems distant, sad thing, alas!*

*But I shall fly there on wings of twilight  
To that mellow voice, in that arbour grey  
To that bonny Selene, alone in the night*

*And though I falter my path in this blind  
Her voice will beckon me to where I long  
And one day, I say, sooth, that bower I'll find.*

## TO DOLLY — I

*The tattooed bird on your shoulder blade  
The scar upon your stern forehead  
Your smile complete, with your crooked teeth  
Your little body of mere five feet  
These are the things I love the most.*

*Talking to you for hours and hours on end  
Being to you much more than a friend  
Praying for you before I went to bed  
Weaving dreams of our lives ahead  
These are the things I miss the most.*



## ONLY YOU

*Of your blissful eighteen monsoons,  
I had only two.  
World has many pleasures darling,  
I had only you.  
We danced on love's melodious tunes  
and shared a love that's true.  
And as days swiftly by us passed,  
our sweet bonding grew.  
But we both changed jointly with years,  
we are now all through  
But you still come in my prayers—  
For I'll love only you.*

## POTTERY OF LOVE

*With subtle clay each bond made  
Forged in the fires of love and passion  
Its foundation, the soil of understanding  
And material, the clay of affection*

*A unique and fragile sort of pottery  
only one comprising of two potters  
each shaping their clay of relationship  
strengthening and making it clott'r*

*To become a solid and strong vase  
It has to first go through fire  
If survived it becomes sturdy  
If not, it ends up in pyre*

## LOVE'S BREW

*Love's brew requires a hallow'd hand  
That knows its stir and taste  
It is the art of the one of care,  
Not of the one of haste!*

*When brew'd with care, love'll surely flare  
Perfecting alchemy;  
A masterwork of blended souls,  
A wonderful chemistry!*

## BEACH OF LIFE

*With water gently touching our feet  
and fingers deep in sand  
we stand,  
as another sun sets down the horizon  
to bring another night  
painting silhouettes of past  
and lighting Luna of present  
on the beach of life.*

## A TOAST: TO YOU BEHIND THAT VEIL

*To you, behind that veil,  
Look how miserable I am  
With you not by my side.  
To you, behind that veil,  
I raise my toast each year  
As our nuptial day passes  
In a drowning solitude  
With Me and only You.  
But your presence is stoic  
Your face is mirthless,  
Like a ghoul of misty woods  
With wavering shapes:  
A while here and gone!  
To you, behind that veil  
Look, the drapes are on;  
I keep them that way  
So that I may see you  
Standing by the mirror  
And smiling at my sight.  
But, that smile is lost now  
Where has it gone?  
Is it still there beneath  
That black veil of yours?  
Do I fail to see your face  
The way it used to be?  
All I see is the wretched veil  
Hiding your lips from me!*

*Well, take me in your veil then  
To where those rosy lips lie  
And I will kiss them softly.  
To you, behind that veil,  
Take me into your being  
So that we may never part.  
Let that veil fall on my forehead  
As it turns into a pall  
Lie down here next to me  
So that I may sleep with you  
And wake up from this dream  
This wretched ghastly dream  
And see you slept by my side  
Beneath this sodden earth!*

## YOU WITH YOUR COMELY CURLS

*You with your comely curls  
Spellbind me in your godly trance  
Like a moth to a flame.*

*You with your comely curls  
That dance on the wind's tunes  
As ocean waves to the shore;  
Yet more tranquil than them,  
Still tranquil and gentle more.*

*You and your comely curls  
Smelling of sweet pomade,  
Indolent hours, sunny days!  
The face of the sun you make  
With your luminous strands  
And enchant my very soul!*

*You and your comely curls  
Make for me a willow's shade  
And night's dark welkin with  
Stars, in your loving eyes  
And, as I lay my pensive head  
Beneath this serene covert,*

*They plant a tender kiss  
Upon my craving lips.  
Bliss! I fall in love with you,  
You and your comely curls  
Your comely curls and you.*

## TO DOLLY — II

*Dolly, I'm drawing your face  
Darling, with all your grace  
Dolly, my drawing is bad  
Darling, please don't be mad  
Dolly, I miss you so much  
I miss your warm lips' touch  
And I'm still in love with you, Dolly  
Though love is but a folly!*

*Dolly, I'm drunk on sorrow  
for tonight and for tomorrow  
Dolly, I'm now all depressed  
And of my future distressed  
Dolly, I miss you so much  
I miss your warm lips' touch  
And I'm still in love with you, Dolly  
Though love is but a folly!*

*Dolly, our love is fading for me  
It is becoming a memory  
And your face is so unclear to me  
I'm afraid it's now a memory  
This sketch will now be incomplete  
For like love, it is my own defeat  
Dolly, I don't think I'm up to the task  
And Dolly your face is but a mask*

*Who are you? Who were you, Dolly?  
A harbinger of melancholy?  
Dolly, you've broken me now  
But I still miss you somehow  
And I'm still in love with you, Dolly  
Though love is but a folly!*



## OUR LOVE

*Our love is like the Brandywine river  
streaming steady at its own pace  
flowing through to our solitary bower  
where you and I lie in embrace*

*Our hearth is warm and our children are fed  
Our table welcomes all to feast,  
On Mushrooms and honey and sweet warm bread  
And wine and pipe weed, best in all east.*

*The toil of mankind is absent from here  
their travails are all so unknown  
We live in our peace and plenty all year  
and reap that which our hands have sown*

*And you and I are Farmer and his wife  
And here in Buckland we live our happy life.*



