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## Three Poems

*by Sonnet Mondal*

### Haunting Life

A call for the 'night' amidst the stormy evening  
evoke the thoughts of the day when I ravaged  
a family and picked up their son out of a typical  
kindness; it has haunted me for years till now.  
He has grown up and my blood too as brothers;  
Their feet and mind moves alike against odds;  
Just my blood clots with the pinch from the  
revolver that shot down the dears of who is  
my child now; perhaps his wisdom was too less  
then  
to perceive the care of near and dear ones.  
His eyes still shine as if complaining something  
to the walls, streets and stones all around  
who never speak of his real family.  
Some still creatures and dumb mouths  
sound clearer with their silence, with  
the way their pretence pop up as oils upon waters.  
Perhaps by the time I will be in the bed of my  
confession,  
he will learn forgiveness from some sage;  
he will smile to the futility of deaths and births  
and I will leave my bed with a flower never  
to take birth again for it might be another  
wait of sixty years, hoping for resurrection.

### The Black Caravan and the Rope

I am tied to the wheels of a black caravan  
Flowing like a dead eel fish  
Upon the sands of the market where verses  
Used to sell well.  
I sowed some seeds where vultures pray  
For showers of blood  
And hunt for the flesh of prose.  
Multitude of demons, never do they laugh  
But smile the hellish satire  
Upon my poverty and break my affluence  
Into couplets screaming with ecstasy  
For they form the sands which  
Thrusts me forward.  
The black caravan is my challenge  
And the rope my destiny.

### My Chained Faith

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The far-flung whistle of the colliery  
and of the Calcutta-mail  
calls me every day after dinner.

The train's shrill echo and  
rhythmic melody of wheels  
form a sublime image of  
the girl out of my dreams,  
waving and smiling;  
screaming and crying;  
standing and waiting  
just for me amidst gasses,  
trees and hedges that wave  
in solitude and hope.

The curvature of the lopsided land  
plays hide and seek along with  
the clouds and moon blurring realism.

My belief is incurable and so is  
the facade of pleasure that I show  
while I follow compellingly,  
the whistle of the colliery.

My faith lies in the train,  
in the wilderness and  
the vaporous figure of my love  
while my whims are chained  
with famine and society  
that may identify me as a mad  
once I leave my job and run  
into the hazy backwoods.

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**Sonnet Mondal**, an award winning poet and the founder of The Enchanting Verses Literary Review, has written eight collections of poetry. He was featured as one of the Famous Five of Bengali youths by *India Today* magazine in 2010. His works have appeared in several international literary publications including *The Stremez*, *The Sheephead Review*, *The Penguin Review*, *Two Thirds North*, *California State Poetry Quarterly*, *Nth Position* and *Friction Magazine* to name a few. Mondal is the pioneer of the 21 line Fusion Sonnet form of Poetry. His works have translated in Macedonian, Italian, Albanian, Urdu, Arabic, Hindi, Telugu, and Bengali. Most recently, he has been enlisted as a National Record Holder as "The First Indian to write a new type of Sonnet Poetry" at the Indian Book of Records.

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