

Jaideep Saikia's Poem

Conquest of Scorn

I yielded to none
For none was worth my strife
Sway, I did, I even guffawed
Orific...
Remembrance brings forth laughter
Sadness
Yes, anger!
But I swayed in my emptiness
Causeless voices of rapturous timpani
Barren vessel of a tumescent tomorrow!
I, I, I,
Scorned... Cast... Defiled...
Earthen urn
Ode? nay!
Fie ont'
Tis but a unweeded garden
Priyam's anger possess it merely
Was it anger? Wrath?
Or, petrification spawn of sadness
She said she couldn't bear
Were it true, I would surely s(w)ing
Drown in flights of Grey Goose
Aye!
I died a thousand deaths
Cruelly, in the "Point of Centre"
Sipping Napoleon 's Corsican Brew
Emanating glue of a triumphant Hussar

Jaideep Saikia is a Conflict Theorist and Bestselling Author. He has also advised the Governments of India and Assam on National Security and has been a member of the Indian delegation for Track-II Dialogue with Bangladesh, Bhutan, China, Myanmar and Japan. He was also the sole Asian Fellow of the prestigious military academy, West Point, USA. He has published six poetry anthologies and over fifty of his poems have been translated into Assamese in a compilation titled *Susupti*.