

Jaideep Saikia's Poems

Issue: Vol. IV, No. 1, May-July, 2025

Idiot of Dying Scorn

Idiot that I am
Or was, once upon a time
Seized morrow by Fyodor's muse
I think of Raskolnikov
His axe!
Or, was it Parashuram's?
I wonder why I took birth
Only to die a "Thousand Deaths"
Pore over Sylvia's "Lady Lazarus"
Launching a thousand ships!
To Bangladesh's Yunus' mutinous shores
Manipur is on the simmer
But for how long?
Pillage, rape & kill
Drone flies overhead like vultures
Myanmar is yet another Savannah
Hyenas are not scarce!
Nor are carcasses
Rashomons of interpretations are not
But if dying is an art,
I'll draw it over and over
My already charred body, and
Marquez's "forgetfulness"!
Life I shun
It's rays haunt me
It glues through tainted corrupt glass
Ghoul-ing me about what awaits
As do the hypocrisy that the vigil spews
Death is not new
Therefore, why?
Plagiarism that composes sculpture
Onto Ozymandius of yore?
Stones? They Spaketh
Ah! Death that was burgled from Plath!
Heroic prose, Pah!
Scorn of a sunset
I await death
Like an Idiom!
No, like an Idiot!!!
Wondering if it's real termination

Alas, I am but a Grecian Urn

"Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness"
Is it age that brought forth serenity spawn of fear?
Life has been lived vivaciously
Listening to raucous "Gogonas" of intent
But it is Bohag!
Fear is joy, Joy is Fear!
Contradictions of existence
Prospero could tame tempests
But why?

Miranda was the only allure
DKB conjured her replica for herself to watch
And admire...
Narcissus has always been lonesome
Sorcerers open skies of mirror
Ariel will his master's bidding do
Bordoisila Maakor Ghoroloi Jai,
Gos-Gosoni-Ghar-Duwar Niye Uruwai
(Ahoy, the Bordoisila is insanely airborne.
Her fury uncaringly rushes past doorways,
green and even my tempestuous mind,
onwards to her one-time womb)
My cerebral cortex is reptilian
The gator is a Parish-Flash lensman
Capturing rapes & Bangabandhu's Bhavan afire
Rectangular confines of us & them
Meiteis, Kukis, Nagas
Tomorrow's stillborn children of Dhubri
Born of similar limpid hills
But fear grace grimaces of tomorrow
Yesterday is not today...
Today will certainly not be tomorrow
Fear had no place in its serenading portico
Gleefully cantering towards eager equines
Yet, I am but a urn, yes, Grecian
But mute... Buried in a poet's dream

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*.