

Bipul Banerjee**The Jungle Raj...**

Asphalt roads,
Tall skyscrapers,
Cold board rooms,
Steel elevators,
All that was green
Has been shred to pieces,
Artificial lawns
Plastic flowers
Deodorants to mask
Stinks of fake perspirations

Dawn to 'Dusk'
The city keeps running
They say it never sleeps !!
Emotions evaporated
Compassion in cold rooms

Where humanity dwells on placards and posters

Essentials bought online

Grace sought online

Matrimony,

Peace,

Harmony,

Hate,

Rape,

Fake,

Likes and

Dislikes trool on

Media social

It is a concrete jungle

Werewolves always on the prowl

Oozing wounds

A hint of blood

Is just enough for them

To hound more....

The Whirlwind...

Let me hold you in a tight embrace

Cover you with crimson sheets of

Velvet emotions

I see the whirlwind of

Emptiness still coming

Disguised as solitude

Yes solitude minus peace

Ultimately realized loneliness

You have buried your hurts for long

Each broken fragment now hurts

Drop by drop they make you

Bleed

The wounds cry to heal

You seek solitude as solace

Cutting off all strings

Stepping back to shells

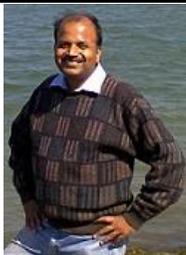
In your retreat you shall need a shield

A shield that was once itself broken

Insulating you from further recourse

For if you shun this broken shield
Your solitude shall forever deteriorate
Layer by layer
To loneliness unbound

Allow me
Encompass your soul
Nurture your wounds
Till the misery surrenders
To our unending
Unconditional Love....



Bipul Banerjee (MBA) is a management leader by profession. He has three research publications to his name in the field of CRM , two book chapters and 15 international and national poetry publications in paperbacks and e-books.
