

Poet Pages

He was a poet in a foreign land. A land where he lived but never quite belonged. A land whose language he comprehended but never quite understood. He was chained by the shackles of anonymity to this foreign land. He felt their culture, language, thoughts trying to stifle him, pinning him to the ground and choking the life out of his body. Poems no more flew out of his pen in this foreign land, his verses lost both their rhyme and rhythm. His poems were like a bird that has lost its wings. Unable to fly, they found it heartbreaking to even move.

So our sad poet sat by the table day in and day out, unable to lift his pen, unable to face the reality of his vanished verses, maimed by the fear that if he lifted the pen and held it against the white paper it wouldn't make a meaningful mark on it. So maimed like his verses, the sad poet sat at his table, unable to move. Unable to move he felt insects crawling all over him, unknown insects of an unknown land, he felt their tiny feet down his spine, their awful gnawing on his breast. Maimed and immobilised, yet our poet still possessed the power of heightened senses. The insects finally got bored of him, the same lifeless spine, the old hard chest, after a few days they abandoned him.

Through his open windows came a flock of birds, proud of their wings they proudly flew in front of his eyes, he sat unable to move. They danced around him but failed to move his pen. Unimpressed by their lively wings he was preoccupied with his lifeless ones. They pecked at his hair, bit his nose, caressed his face with their fluffy wings yet they failed to move him. Finally tired of dancing and flying around. Tired of pecking at his rough hair, they left him.

One day through his open door a cow wandered into his room, amused by the lifeless statue it started to gnaw at his clothes, chewing the soft frail fabric the cow mooed contentedly. When all his clothes were eaten up, the hungry cow strolled towards the desk. Finding the tasty unstained papers it began to chew contentedly. The papers meant to contain the beautiful poems became the food for a cow. The verse less pages might have been unbearably delicious to the happy cow; he munched through all of them. Having finished

the papers the cow found no more food worth eating in the room and hence left as he had come through the open door.

The insects had left him with their dirt, the cow left him with his faeces and the bird droppings covered his whole body. He had become a dump yard for animal wastes. From this dump yard there arose the roots of a plant, with days the roots grew bigger and deeper, breaking his failing body, slowly the mighty tree grew on him, grew in him. Eating him up and consuming him entirely. Within a few years the whole building had collapsed and only a mighty tree stood in its place. No one remembered the dead poet; he had no friends in the foreign land.

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Years passed by and the tree grew even bigger, there arose a point when it became a public nuisance. The authorities sought to cut it down. No one knew about the trapped poet in that foreign land. Looking to make some money the tree was sold to a paper making company. The tree was roughly cut down with a saw and its trunk was used to make paper. Its leaves? Well they were just burned. The paper produced had a soft, gentle texture. The paper was used to write poems in that foreign tongue. Today a poet, tomorrow just a piece of paper.

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