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*Anora* and the Architecture of Meaning: Form, Function, and the Crisis of Cinematic Intentionality © 2025 by Ashish Gautam is licensed under CC BY-NC 4.0. To view a copy of this license, visit <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/>

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## Mundane Musings

(A series of poems on human emotions of loss, love, and life)

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### Abstract

When all else fails, art comes to the rescue. In the iconic movie *Dead Poets Society*, the character of John Keating says, “We don't read and write poetry because it's cute. We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race. And the human race is filled with passion” (16:20:00). The present collection comprises a series of poems that explore the passionate emotions of humans as a race. Beginning with existential fervour that questions humanity at large, moving on to the bipolarity of the mind, creation of thoughts and poems in the human head, and finally concluding with whatever we find beautiful - storms, home, and sunsets; the series touches upon the experiences of everything humane. Through the poems, the poet attempts to comprehend the complexity of the corporeal senses in relation to the intangible conceptualisation of ink on paper.

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## Human

Cursing my human existence  
Has been a constant in my life.  
I don't know whether to accept  
My ridiculously cruel attitude of strife.  
I don't want to be a human being  
Give me a simpler goddamn life!

I'm tired of this world—  
As the most superior one can be  
I'm missing and messing every step,  
And asking the way still seems unruly.  
And still somehow I must be the best,  
For I've been born humanly.

I look at animals and creatures  
Filling the Earth to her brim...  
I feel their sheer joy of living,  
I feel myself gloomy and grim.  
And so I curse myself for being  
The only thing I've become—a hominin.

The beauty and love they've got to offer,  
I've got nothing in comparison to them all,  
The most I can do is think:  
And I think I barely survived the great fall.  
Yet I form the great chain of being,  
Yet I must rule over them all.

Then the feeling of love stands null,  
The void is burying us alive with a device.  
All that matters is intelligence.  
Artificial can never be the dreaded vice.  
And all we do is now machine made,  
All that matters is a man-made price.

So I curse my human existence,  
And place myself at the lowest rung.  
For all creatures big and small  
Nonetheless find place to belong,  
They have unwritten rules that no one knows,



Yet all are followed and no one is wrong.

So I'm sick of being human,  
Being the only narcissistic creation.  
The only life form that places the self first,  
Regardless of their self-made destruction,  
And all that allures me is no longer humane—  
I'm only a part of this machine operation.



## Oxymoron in My Head

Flames freeze into ice,  
There is never only light  
Let there be darkness too,  
Yet we see no twilight.

Gusts blow the fire out,  
Snow raps the window;  
Heat and cold fight a bout  
My heart suffers a furrow.

Words or a piercing sword  
Tell me what you heed?  
In my head lies a life  
Ever so ready to bleed!

Sat together, poles apart  
My mind is a battlefield.  
Clashing thoughts can't stop—  
Yet I don't have a shield.

Know of the secret wars,  
Of the funerals in my head,  
Of the burning blazing stars  
That fell to the floor dead.

Their seat is void now  
Waiting to be replaced.  
Breathes last for a second  
In the combat of the dazed.

A lifetime of fury awaits,  
Calmness following heel.  
Sorrow builds a sturdy home,  
Joy stronger than steel.

My head is an oxymoron,  
Always in contradiction.  
Lexicon refuses to comply,  
Help finds no diction.



## Poems

Quivering bodies in an unknown land  
Where lovers meet and disband  
Mountains echo and roars the sea...  
The birthplace of passionate poesy,  
Lies in the lap of loving intimacy.  
Know, when the wandering albatross was fair?  
Was Porphyria killed of, or by her love?  
If the era of the supporting arm was over?  
Across the fine shore of glistening sand  
Extend for help, or perhaps lend a hand.  
Poetry is thought, fear, and trance,  
All that can be, all in one, all at once.  
But what if words aren't understood?  
Like the traveller on that forked road stood  
Deciding his fate in pages of ink-flood?  
Like the funeral in my bustling head?  
Like the raven jostling with the undead?  
Whatever is dark, to illumine I'd prayed!  
If words exist, let them along papers dance,  
If love stays, let them take a hopeless chance.



## Thought

Ecstatic tales or twisted woes?  
I wish I knew how thought flows.  
Wishing for a vent to let it out,  
Be it frothy fun or grim grout,  
Swinging along my highs and lows  
Make a spectacle of life's shows.

Then Love asked me about my day,  
I held him as close as lovers may.  
Sobbed into his linen sleeves  
Till Love fell like autumn leaves,  
And his shirt's edges almost fray  
Love embraced tight, nothing to say.

On that seemingly fine April morn,  
Love sat me down, a gaze forlorn.  
I knew what was bound to come,  
I knew that love had loss become.  
Hoping against hope, faced with scorn,  
Waiting until heart's ripped and torn.

And in the final ominous time,  
I knew that thoughts make a rhyme—  
Picked my pen and scribbled away,  
Almost as if to Cupid I'd pray.  
To let Love know it's his hymn,  
I wrote his name and called him mine.



## Storms Within

As dry leaves rustle slow,  
And wind whistles with every blow;  
Amidst the mango blossoms dropping,  
And rural animals homeward hopping,  
A storm brews within.  
Roads meander along a pond,  
And people naturally grow so fond  
Between the hustle-bustle of the city.  
Lying forgotten in mud and pity,  
A storm shakes its head.

Decades have passed away from you,  
I never saw someone anew.  
Yet among the country roads,  
Among the rains and croaking toads,  
A storm begins to rise.  
Life has changed and so have I—  
But dare to look me in the eye,  
And soon it shall dawn upon,  
Like dew drops on our fresh lawn,  
A storm is fiercely flowing.

Despite several ‘beware’-s,  
With rusted, old, worn wears,  
I run into your arms.  
Surrounded by lush green farms,  
A storm mellows pace.  
In that longed embrace  
Blood rushes in our hearts to race.  
Ages after meeting then,  
After leaving left us shaken,  
A storm touches soft.

Fumbling lips touch and smear  
Like love found in a village fair.  
The past fades quickly away,  
With the breeze lovers sway.  
A storm calms at last.



## Losing Homes

We watch crumbling to dust  
Under the force of greedy lust  
Our childhood homes  
Of memories and worldly dreams.  
And families once beloved  
Die, oblivious and starved.

Destiny has its cruel ways;  
Taught us to count our numbered days.  
The illusion of a forever nest,  
Was lost in our quest for the best.  
That was once a cozy retreat  
Now only receives an occasional visit.

We meandered and digressed on our tracks,  
Forgot blessings, ran after lacks.  
We are tired enough to pretend-smile  
Leave our souls and let bodies cross a mile.  
Alas, we were made to live and laugh  
But still seek peace in a flying dove!

Hence let this verse concur—  
The tremendous loss humans incur  
And teach the prodigal race a lesson  
That suffer so their sufferings lessen.  
Let our love persist despite desires,  
For regret burns harder than fires.



## Sunset

Colored in the hues  
Of the dim sunset sky,  
Merging into the horizon  
That life is sure to defy,  
Lay there, naked and bare  
All words painted with a lie.

Take me hither,  
Come falling, O night!  
Carry me in your grim arms,  
With your darkness bright,  
Make me fall with you—  
Blend me with your infinite.

Colored in the sunset hues,  
My eyes reminiscent of lore...  
The reflecting shades of pink  
Sprinkled with sparkles galore!  
Death, my ultimate love,  
No more shakes my core.

Beauty, care, or life so fair,  
Doesn't feel attractive enough.  
And I wait for you, O night!  
Your embrace a fathomless trough—  
Seemingly full of Hatred,  
But filled to the brim with Love.



### Work Cited

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