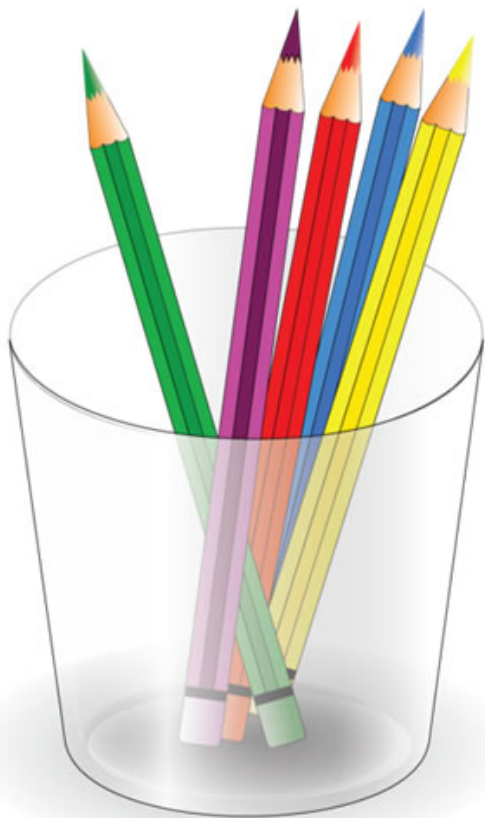


Passion is My Fashion

Mottakeenur Rehman



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

Michael Edwards, a retired professional in Health Care law, and Neville, a clinical specialist in adult mental health, both from the United Kingdom, have expressed their admiration for a remarkable piece of writing. Michael, known for his expertise in health care legislation, and Neville, with his experience in mental health services, have showcased their talent for poetry.

Michael Edwards:

Retired from Health Care law, Michael Edwards has gained recognition for his expertise. He has ventured into poetry, exhibiting his command over language, paintings and insightful thinking. His website, [<http://www.michaeledwardsartist.co.uk/>], showcases his artistic endeavors.

Appreciation from Michael Edwards:

Michael commends the writer's strong and powerful composition. He deeply connects with the writer's journey and hopes it continues, emphasizing the profound impact of the piece.

Neville:

Neville, residing in the West Country, has contributed significantly to adult mental health services. He has honed his poetic skills, crafting meaningful verses.

Appreciation from Neville:

Neville praises the writer's near-perfect composition in terms of subject matter, meter, tone, flow, structure, and alliteration. He highlights the visual appeal of the piece, commending its aesthetic presentation.

Conclusion:

Michael Edwards and Neville, accomplished individuals in their fields, have expressed their heartfelt appreciation for the writer's exceptional piece. Their words of encouragement and recognition underscore the writer's talent. We thank Michael Edwards and Neville for sharing their profound appreciation for this outstanding work.

Acknowledgement

I would like to extend my heartfelt gratitude to Michael Edwards, Neville and Yahchanan Abiyah for introducing me to the world of poetry and nurturing my love for it. Their guidance and teachings have been invaluable in shaping my poetic journey.

I would also like to express my sincere appreciation to all the members of 'My Poetic Side' for their support and encouragement. Their feedback and critiques have helped me refine my skills and grow as a poet.

Lastly, I want to thank Mr. Juliyan Yanover for his unwavering support and assistance in bringing this book to fruition. Without his help, this book would not have been possible.

I hope that my book 'Passion is My Fashion' proves to be a source of inspiration and joy for poetry lovers. The labor that went into this book will be amply rewarded if it touches the hearts of its readers.

About the author

Mottakeenur Rahman is an avid writer and a passionate learner. He completed his graduation in English from Rangia College and is currently pursuing his Master's degree in Assamese from KKHSOU.

Writing has always been Mottakeenur's calling, and he has honed his skills by constantly learning and improving. He believes that writing is an art form that allows one to express their innermost thoughts and feelings in a way that resonates with readers.

Mottakeenur's debut book 'Passion is My Fashion' is a reflection of his love for literature and his desire to connect with readers on a deeper level. The book is a culmination of his experiences, thoughts, and insights, presented in a way that is both engaging and thought-provoking.

Apart from writing, Mottakeenur is an avid reader, and his love for books has inspired him to pursue a career in academia. He hopes to continue writing and sharing his knowledge with others while making a positive impact on the world.

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The Hope of Poetry

Poetry is the lingua franca of countless hearts,
Binding its brethren through a sea of emotions.
For many poets,
poetry is a white horse of hope,
Mounted upon its back,
They embark on the voyage of elusive dreams!

Passion is My Fashion

In your hatred, I find a storm,
That rages on, a tempest born,
It stirs my soul, ignites my flame,
And fuels my passion, all the same.
My heart pours out its poetry,
With each stroke of my pen, it's free,
I cannot let your hate control,
This passion that is in my soul.
Each time you sneer and try to mock,
My fire burns with a brighter spark,
I rise above your bitter rage,
And prove that passion is my stage.
Let the world judge and criticize,
My passion will be my sunrise,
I won't let your hate tear me down,
For love and passion are my crown.
I seek a lover with a poet's heart,
A soulmate who knows this art,
Together we'll embrace the rain,
And bask in sunlight's warm refrain.
With love's gentle wind, we'll sway,
And let our hearts' words have their say,
Why settle for falsehood's drought,
When love's rain is what life's about.

The Sun and Moon

(My dearest beloved,
Let us take a break from science for a while
And instead view the world through the lens of love,
Or with the whimsical musings of poetry.)

The Sun and Moon, in heavens high,
Once fell in love, beneath the sky.
But soon they found, they could not be,
As one was day, and one was night, you see.
The Sun was hot, with flames of fire,
The Moon was cool, with icy desire.
Their love was true, yet doomed to fail,
For they could not touch, nor could they prevail.
But still they shone, for all to see,
And shared their light, so brilliantly.
The Moon with spots, the Sun with heat,
A testament to love, that cannot be beat.
For though they cannot meet, it's true,
Their love still shines, in all they do.
And as they light up the earth below,
Their love will spread, and surely grow.
For love means more, than just a touch,
It's a bond that's strong, and means so much.
It's understanding, and empathy,
A force that moves, us all to be.
So let us learn, from Sun and Moon,
And let their love, be our tune.
For if we love, like they do,
Our world will shine, with a love so true.

The Landscape of Poenciana

1
No mention, no tension!
Although this life is not
As the life of longing should be,
It takes precedence in the estate of psyche
Over the spirit of alcoholic addiction.
I get the victory of the victorious moment!
Sitting in the shade of poinciana,
All things move gently,
With a celebration of spring, joyous and embracing:
The natural world towards reddish growth, birds to song,
And human beings to embark on the journey of imagination.

2
Imagination, imagination...
Some themes to be explored in imagination,
The strategy of representation insists on
To exalt me, I and myself for one more day!
Definitely, one never knows
When the world might end,
In contrast to my inner replica, in case.

3
All my life, all my glory,
I have been doing so,
By following the poinciana's reddened refreshness,
I put myself to death in glee!
Since simply it is far away,
Always far away from day-to-day grievances,
Yet, next to me, which may spur you
On to enlarge your horizon of understanding,
Unconditionally and politely whenever
The landscape of poinciana is quite visible in the window of eyes,
And then, as far as it would be reached to its breeze,
By then we all are the monarchs of the solitary street!

4

The redness, the redness...
Everywhere the redness!
Blooming many flowers of the queen,
The redness is going to exhilarate our souls' freedom!
Look, in no time to fulfill the empty mirth of rhythm,
The red color is spilling in a perfect way,
From flower to leaf and head to ahead.

5

Oh, poinciana, the spellbound creation of nature,
Praising your praiseworthy beauty,
The winged wind also runs
With the wholesome reddened feelings,
And for which I roam in the realm of fancy:
Yes, I have a desire to be bloomed,
As red as the poinciana's beauty!

Let's Go to the Heart

Last night, I wandered in the dreamy land.
A vagabond, I walked along a solitary street.
And you may have wondered where I was headed!
You asked me, "Where are you going?"
I replied, "Anywhere, where no one is there,
Quiet and tranquil, let's find a seat.
Maybe along the path of Kherai Thansali!"
You said, "You are too imaginative!"
I responded, "Imagination sometimes makes life positive and colorful!"
You replied, "How archaic you are!"
I asked, "Why?"
You responded, "Last night, I dreamt of Dubai."
I said, "Walking amidst the green civilization of the heart,
How far can you go in the dreamy land?"
You replied, "You are too incomprehensible!"
Then I told you, "Another name for incomprehensibility is Love!
Opening the inner heart,
Those who know how to communicate through incomprehensibility are called Gallant Lovers!"
...First, the heartbeat! And then, look to the outer world!

Note: 'Kherai Thansali' is a small street's name of a village...situated nearby Rangia town of Assam.

Rhythm

Riding ever inside a pencil
Never say -I am too tired to go on.
Just go ahead-
Never cease to thrill your inner ability.
Exalt yourself for one more day;
One never knows when the world might end
Just go ahead-
One lives because one doesnot remain inert!
Even your pain will come in handy someday,
So love your sweet agony
And hold your memories as honey.
And remember -all your life you have been doing so .

Love is Lovely

Too many people are accessing their hearts at the same time,
To grab the offerings of love!
Nowadays, if your heart is desiring,
Inform me,
For my heart is brimming with joy,
Overflowing with reciprocal love and respect.
Love me for a fleeting moment,
Whether it be false or true;
It will undoubtedly be met with a rewarding response!

Souse Dream

Maybe someone has built a house
At the frontier of my heart!
For several days, slipping through my fingers,
I have lost the sleepy night!
The roaring sound of a child is being heard,
Amongst the pensiveness of my mind.
There are certain sufferings
Of delivering a child!
Although it is unseen, it is true,
For having the heart of a human being.
The stirring words are 'REVOLT'
And they devote themselves to the deeper meaning of 'POETRY'.
Perhaps! The prolonged pang is to be ended,
Or maybe! The 'SOUSE' dream of flying
By the chariot of literary addiction has to be fulfilled!

Poetry is in your DNA

1

You must get back on the horse that threw you,
Throwing your incapacity into the bog of dullness.
You have to shake the harness bells of that horse,
So that no one can hinder your stride.

2

Feel proud to be a fighter,
And see the negative capability of sensibility
That runs within the blood of your veins.

3

Don't dwell on your current affairs,
Poetry is always ready to welcome you in your solitude.
Simply hold your own or
Hug yourself for your own words:
'Humiliation' is the usher you have received from haters,
And 'introspection' is the nature to overcome the negativity of sensibility.

Damnation

1

Still, don't give a fuck!
I know you are a human being, meant to be forever.
And I think you know
No one will ever be the same
Without the dignity of a mother's love,
Which may rise within us.

2

To amuse something has gone wrong somewhere
To a large extent, what shall we do?
Nothing happens twice for real strength;
Except God, who seems to rule overall.

3

Yes, a necessary aspect of morality,
Religion can be perfect.
But motherfucking sovereignty cannot be forbidden.

4

We love our mom, we love our motherland,
We respect our father,
We admire historical figures like
Kanaklata and Jaymati's courageous attitude.
And we appreciate the glory of Helen Keller's humanity,
A symbol of triumph over adversity.
So why are we fucking ourselves?

5

In a fit of superiority,
Why are we unable to acknowledge the fact:
Mother can give birth to you and me
And even the whole universal soul.
There is no chance to ignore the spirit of a mother's breast,
From which we are nurtured.

6

In an effort to condemn your inner evil deeds;

The rapist's perspective should be hanged
Otherwise, we are heading towards damnation.

We Can All Grow with Poetry All The Time

Poetry is a beacon of hope,
Infused with the future and embraced by the past.
And that's why it is undeniably connected to this truth:
I had nothing to lose but much to gain,
And eventually, I was destined to be a warrior
Against the narrow mindset of the world.
In reality, if you don't mind,
I haven't achieved anything exceptional thus far.
Currently, I possess the power of observation
Rather than apprehension.
Through poetry, I continually strive
To surpass my accomplishments each day,
For poetry can never become obsolete.

Poetry and A Smile of Honesty

1

You don't need money
To make an impact on someone's life.
To leave lasting impressions of superiority;
All you need is poetry and an honest smile.

2

You like smiling,
Keep laughing!
Share with me the sorrows of your life,
Although happiness in mine is too rare!
Take away all you desire.

3

By gathering them all (sorrows),
I will make sure -
Poetry is the bridge,
Located between the hearts of you and mine.

Woman

1

How many dreams does a prostitute have?
How many sleepless nights does a poet have?
Who cries within the core of the heart?
Neither of them knows the true answer of the other.
Therefore, the poet goes to the side of the prostitute
And openly reveals the purity of the heart...
Both of them cry throughout the night,
The poet returns on the same path.

2

Today, a woman was sitting in despair.
I asked, "Why are you so downcast?"
She said,
"My favorite poet has not been coming this way for two days."
I asked, "What kind of relationship do you have with him?"
How long have you known him?"
She said,
"It's a relationship of sorrow
And a mistake of youth.
Hence, today the woman is despondent,
And she becomes a poet,
Perhaps the poet of sadness."

Note: Originally Written by late Partha Protim Kashyap. Translated by Mottakeenur Rehman.
A Tribute To Pratha Protim Kashyap.

You Wash Me Down

Come on,
As it rains,
Let's get wet,
Together, altogether.
You, becoming the drops of water,
Come falling down to earth.
I will stay as the sandy land,
As you wash me down, then.

Note:Originally written by Partha Protim Kashyap.Translated into English by Mottakeenur Rehman.

Another One

Even if I get a chance,
To follow the status of any,
Respected, illegally paid white-collar worker,
Then I cannot become a particularly skilled person in this way.
It's been a long, long time,
Living inside of mine;
Lacs... more than one lakh,
Wild rogues are now waking up suddenly.
Though I am unable to be,
A protective headgear of the richest world,
Why I cannot become the another one,
Amongst the morsel eaters,
Having the shelter of the lower middle class,
And who live from hand to mouth in day-to-day life.

Some Stanzas on Poetry and Spontaneity

1

You don't think that
I am too useless!
I am just a simple child,
Decorating the starry words with the Milky Way.

2

The glimpses of the gloomy night are like a mirror,
We obtain the results
When we smile at it through poetic strategy.

3

The Milky Way scatters
The desire for the ultimate destination:
Before I sleep, I have to travel miles away
On a journey of poetic tendency or spontaneity.

4

Some rise early
And some stay awake all night;
What kind of tradition is this!
Where could all this happen?
In a poetic spirit,
Indeed, every night is parallel to all.
There is no risk and no fix,
Everyone can have the night or the right to free-flowing dreams.

A Big Question

Under the influence of carbon monoxide,
The terrestrial body will be annihilated!
Poisonous carbon monoxide in the fuel of the mechanical engine,
Still remains sufficiently to complete its combustion.
But,
The fuel of mind!
Who arranges?
Where is the source of it?

If the relationship of breathe with human soul is inevitable
Then how can spread the poisonousness of carbon monoxide?

In the awakening world of grandeur
Who wants to break themselves
In the loss of consciousness or dizziness!

Is not it the difference
between human responsibility and execution of superiority??

Crocodile Tears

Had a commitment of giving
The meters of life to the burnt psyche
The pair of lovers were supposed to be blinded
On a lonely noon of tranquility.
But,
As of today, the scent of
Night-blooming jasmine is out of reach
From the coverage of snout's glee
Time has totally changed...
The weather is so dry
The similar gemstones of the beautiful dew particles;
Drying out themselves, where did they fly off?
Now only remains the gum of eyes.
Alas! How tragic is this!
How the crocodile tears evaporate
In the battle of life.

No, No, I am not a Lonely Being Anymore

"I'm alive again, more than I have been in my whole life."

1

Spreading out the rays from the eyes of an envious person,
I will create a path of incredibility,
To make the unblinking creation of life on this earth,
And to build a new world through the conversion of time.

2

Piercing the crafty, greedy exploiter and the corpulent's stomach,
I will apply the paste of truth there,
To nurture on the soil of this earth,
The banyan tree of greenery and truth.
Today, I pledge to resolve myself,
Beyond my poetry,
I possess not only the harsh power of criticism,
But also the gentle consolation of being part of the Poetical Nation.
...No, no, I am not a lonely being anymore.
(Haters gonna hate)

Foreseeing

(Once my mother looked at me with very superior eyes
And said with utter certainty,
"May your vision someday transform into foresight!")

1

Today, the complete appearance of the full moon
will illuminate every corner of darkness.
In the heart of illness,
the power of assurance will glimmer
through the twinkling little stars.
Removing the veil of poison,
the covering of the mind will spontaneously dissolve,
And with a sharp desire, once more,
the pride of golden ancestral words will be resurrected.

2

Today, the bright full moon
may cast its radiance everywhere.
It's an opportunity! On the honeycomb,
honey dew drips from honey bees.
Let's sharpen my tongue a little,
In pursuit of new words,
the saliva of my eloquent tongue paves a long path!

3

Trimming the deceptive net of foolishness,
Elevate the sound of profound meanings in the realm of life!
May it shake the vast body of globalization,
And establish a touching center in the realm of untouchability.
My mother said,
"My words will someday touch the heights of the blue sky,
And my simple vision will transform into a foresight of well-being!"

Poet Identity

(The pen is mine/The characters are also in my favor/Even I could change the whole storyline without getting the green signal of your heart)

Poetry is my ultimate realization,
Desolating the highest gratification of life,
Binding myself with the bond of personality,
I pay tribute to the words of my mother tongue in every moment.
Though the foundation of my individuality is not very firm,
I build up a small hut in the oscillation of my mind.
Under the guidance of an unsteady mind,
For me, day by day, every day,
Poetry is becoming the oscillator of ambitious words.

(Sometimes the smallest poems can make the biggest difference)

Like Hiruda

1

Does anybody have the skull of words in their hand?
If you do, without hesitation, pick it up in the clenched fist of your palms.
May it fully fulfill the altar of my hands!
Fearless! The spoliation teaches me
How a dream crashes into small pieces of a broken heart
And builds up new imagination on the floor of day-to-day life.

2

Even I don't know
Whether the golden jubilee of my poetry is to be celebrated or not.
I don't like to extend my hands to the privilege of a diamond jubilee or centenary.
This is all about the corridor of the upcoming future,
While I am still rooted in the present.
Therefore, comrade, if you have
Any skull of words in your hand,
Pick it up in the clenched fist of your palms without any restriction.
Though they are severely decomposed and frowzy,
It would be grateful to me
By mending them in a zigzag way,
I will remake a prolific pen of words, like Hiruda.

Oracle

If I were to get pregnant and find
The seeds of poetry in the flutters of core,
Today, I would bud them to the sky or underneath the world.
...Let them be effective for the whole universe!
Who never bows down the head to the devastating form of a storm,
Hey, my optimistic aphorism,
In the guise of a cloud messenger,
Downpour the juicy water of the rainy season.
Let the faded flowers bud and wake up,
And may the peaceful pigeon
Fly off heartily to the corner of the struggle for liberty!
By getting the warmth of a frozen bosom in the face of drought victims,
May the lightning-thunderbolt there laugh comfortably.
Hey, the oracle, you just roar up.
Listening to the sound of your growling,
Shivers the whole sensibility of my body;
Beyond the sea, swimming across the waters of a thousand rivers' boundaries,
I wander to look for the stick of reality.
Hey, the Almighty! Hey, Allah! Hey, God! Hey, Ishwar!
Give me boundless divine power
To steer the arms of capability
Through the massive flux of the ocean of human beings,
Either for the sake of truthfulness
Or, I intend to be a bold one like the genius sailor Christopher Columbus.

Daffodil

Being lonely, I am feeling so good,
I am feeling so right!
Affixing myself to the picturesque height,
Sometimes like a velvety piece of cloud,
I fly away very fast over the hills,
Crossing the heart of the valley,
Standing beside the crest of a low hill.
Suddenly, I noticed the stretching pathway of blooming flowers,
And the yellow petals,
As if the golden pearls of daffodils;
Dancing and swaying in the lap of dew,
On the riverbank,
Underneath the canopy of greenery,
And finally, with the mind-blowing rhythm of the breeze.
Gazing and lingering like the glittering stars,
Reaching up to the path of the Milky Way,
They flicker themselves solemnly,
In an endless and silent vision,
Hanging on to the peculiar rows,
As if they are absorbedly playing with the red-brown horses;
I counted more than ten million,
After my eyes captured the snapshots.
They nod their heads,
As if they are dancing to the rhythm of hip-hop!
The waves have also played with them,
Yet, these enormous and wild waves are tempered with their cheer of pleasantry.
In a fleeting moment,
None of the poets can capture the charm of that scene,
Only he can seize it if he wishes to invigorate his own being;
And if he finds such companionship with comic friends,
To whom I am most indebted,
And now, for which I search again and again with a vigilant gaze.
What kind of care do they bring to me,

Whenever I confine myself to bed,
Whether in the empty or soggy recesses of my mind,
They scatter the brightness of yellowness,
With the heavenly pleasure finely grained,
Fulfilling the fickleness of my heart,
On the petals of daffodils,
And with the flawless rhythm of can-can dancing;
They even conquer the loneliness of my solitary life!

The Analysis of Relationship

1

Blending and reflecting the colors of eyes
Onto the opposite pair;
When two souls meet at the point of harmony,
It's known as the love of true identity!
If one never strays from the other,
And commits to the resolution of faith,
A river of sacred affinity will surely flow
From their eyes, filled with gentle emotions!

2

But,
If the spring season of life
Paints colors into human eyes,
How can we blindly rely on the beauty of the mind?
Without understanding the language of love,
Can the union of two lovers
Attain the ultimate dedication of true love?

3

Without receiving the response of one's beloved,
Can mere affection satisfy
Heavenly pleasure?
Why does the Taj Mahal of dreamy lands
Shatter into scattered pieces of dreams?

Charity Begins at Home

At the very beginning of my report,
I would like to recall the initial moment;
Initiated by the departments of Rangia College,
On the eve of its Golden Jubilee,
I took part in the guise of a joker.
And on behalf of the English department,
Abruptly, I came into existence amongst the variegated cultural procession,
Led by the sense of highly moral education;
We were entertaining the common people,
And along with instruction, we were almost one thousand students,
Participating across the heart of Rangia College;
The procession shaded the statement of its own:
Unity among discord.
Now it is time we started moving slowly, one step at a time,
And myself as a joker,
Joking in the manner of a joker and pranking with children and fickle young ladies,
In return for gift-chocolates and balloons to them,
I was unconditionally quite happy!
Forwarding ourselves, hand in hand,
I got the sudden blow of tragedy in the fickleness of jokery -
Whenever I found a little boy tied up to a dry pitch,
Holding the fingers of his mother,
Lying on the footpath,
Seeing the rally of cultural variety and
Its message against the evils of society,
Besides the mother and her inheritor son,
They did not able to understand -
What was passing by beside them.
Really, amidst the beauty and crowd of life,
They are lonely and alienated!
Through the roughness of time,
They have been struggling for their fundamental necessities,
And at the same time, we are gathering,

Holding banners and cartoons,
And raising our revolutionary voice in favor of human rights!
Closely, after seeing their notion on toast,
And the face of penniless, like a dry pitch,
I could not lend my helping hand to the number of poor,
Both responsibly and financially,
I was disallowed... because
I was holding the flag of peace and unity,
In the name of humanity...
...And that is why, at the end,
I made up my mind quickly with sudden consolation of mind -
"Charity begins at home."

The Tall But Hollow Institutions

1

Under the shadow of formal and traditional institutions,
I am unable to conform to the highest formality,
That which my parents once sought for me.

2

On my first day at Dhuhi Novodaya Jatiya Vidyalaya,
As my educational life began,
Our headmistress, Anupama Rajbanshi, tenderly asked me, "What will you be... you be?"
I replied, "Whatever will be... will be, even I don't know what life truly entails!"

3

I spent the majority of my time burying my nose in the books of the prescribed syllabus.
Today, on 25.02.18, when I suddenly faced expulsion,
I came to know of my father's perspective.
My father, roughly and sorrowfully, told me,
"You did well with your choice of English major in your undergraduate degree,
But you repeatedly fail to overcome the hurdles of pursuing a master's degree.
What do you want to be... to be?"
I replied, "Without a doubt, I will prioritize poetry over the bureaucratic traditional institutions."
Father said to me, "You won't achieve anything with poetry,
You can't even sustain a livelihood solely through poetry."
I politely responded, "If sorrows were to be completely erased, I would not have written the soul of poetry!"
Yes, admittedly, nothing substantial can be achieved through poetry!
But solely because of the nourishing dream and literary meditation,
Without obtaining a parrot-like certificate of learning,
Through the melody of poetry,
I will surely conquer and enchant the hearts of millions in the end."

4

Now, I'm uncertain about what I possess.
I experience extreme pain when rising from a lying position.
Since the days of expulsion,
I haven't slept for two days.
I keep the window open,

As poetry is always welcome in my solitude,
It alleviates it to some extent and often invites the freedom of dignity,
Or the enchanting beauty of the poinciana's landscape!

The Great Poetry Or the Highest Part of Life

1

Holding onto the forefinger of the poetical world,
I am going on.
I am still going on,
From a deep moment to the deepest momentum,
From the finite to the infinite world...

2

Mounting on the chariot of words,
I have traveled the surroundings,
Stopping suddenly in the wide area of mind,
I have taken some rest for a while.
Or, showing the back of my hand to the loneliness of mind,
I have secretly gained the companion pleasure of the poetical spirit,
And as you know, more fiercely than this,
I have nothing to display exaggeratedly!
The fontal books of the world are the tonal essence of my poetry.
The Quran, the Bible, the Ramayana, and the Tripitaka,
Or the summation of other religious scriptures;
They all seem absorbed in the abundance of poetical juice,
Therefore, I tell you, the entire world is a great poem,
Or the highest organ of life.

3

Sometimes in the indecipherable sounds of birds,
Sometimes in the combination of laughter and tears,
Or through the mind-blowing breeze of wind,
By attentively listening to the sound advice,
I often hear the tunes of poetry;
They provide me with the key resources to write down a beautiful piece of poetry.

The World of Human Being

Remember, no men are strange, no men are vicious in the entire world!
Because man is the best of creatures!
In the name of fraud, the actual business
is running on
Through the tangles of simplicity
Men gain proficiency, taking advantage of their fraudulent mentality.
More cheating, more profit,
To deceive the devil,
They have already learned the mottos of life
along with its money, funny, and honey-trapping brutality.
From the immature to the mature ones,
continuing the competitive war of life,
No one ever wants to suffer defeat!
If one laughs, why does one let tears bring them down?
Have you not heard the roar of the riches?
The glamour of each talent-exposing citizen,
As if they were angels descending from heaven!
At each step, the vehicles of luxury are adorned,
Honour is unprecedented, the shower of money is too!
Being human, who would underestimate
the power of human dignity?
But the lack of honor,
from where have they brought the progressive mindset?
Therefore, believe it! The middleman, the rebel organizations, are still in existence,
Many more, like the deprived, lie on the lap of footpaths as of today.
Every reasoning of high-ranking holders,
staying away from the common masses,
Behind the scenes of the judicial system,
Why does the constitutional procedure fail to confront injustice?
Rich-poor discrimination and different views on religion;
The creator creates every aspect of life like these,
But men jostle each other for the sole
creator of the universe in the name of religious faith!

People say man is all in all among the creatures,
But monkeys are unable to speak that they are superior to man!
They steal with a desire for food to live on
and share with cheerfulness for the sake of their own community.
But men steal in the world of competitive war.
If we lose somehow the form of a human being,
We can never get it back again.
So, for that very reason,
We never want to be like monkeys in the world of human beings!

Sometime's It's Nice Just to Hear It Out Loud:Aai Yo Bacha

1

When the words become garbage,
While the meanings transfer to greed for meaningfulness;
And if, hardly in case, the meanings of poetry have undergone an almost extinct position,
Then you will definitely be the mainstream of my poetry!
Although the words seldom lap
With low sound by the shore of narrowness,
By looking at your misty chuckle's view,
I would like to write poetry into a panoramic envision of creativity!
Nowadays, my mind is totally absorbed in poetry,
Antique fatigue laughing or crying,
Everywhere my mind is diving for the venture of color's ocean.
And that is why probably sometimes I cry and often laugh.
Now you are absolutely becoming the omnipresent sense to the absence of a nonsense mind!

2

It is actually really sweet
When you stay up late to talk to me.
You have a lovely way with words,
You really do... This is very lovely... "Aai yo Bacha!" instead of a null and void scenario.
There is never such a thing as being too imaginative. LOL, imaginative is great!
Your body language is stunningly beautiful,
Your smile takes me to the moon and back.
You are the spirit of an omnipotent soul,
So, fortunately, I hope you will come soon without fail.
Through the essence of poetry,
You will make me happy
And wipe out the grief of a hectic schedule.
Might be on the threshold of a new world,
Accepting the grandeur of variegated colors,
I have lost myself, removing the gesture of black and white!

3

On a journey to life,
So far, I'm carrying a little circulation of eager expectations.

Some stirred howling feelings of my rolling mind always tell me,
"Write down a unique poem to the universe."
Why, living within the barrier of limited prosperity,
Does such a strike strike in the midst of my heart?
Why do irresistible electric words circulate themselves at any length?
Why, to a large extent, looking at you with high resilience,
Am I reanimated and destined to write down a poem at once,
Although the words seem to be useless,
Or the meanings to be unclad very soon!

Note: 'Aai Yo Bacha' means Oh' My Dear

A Good Man Never Lets You Forget How Much He Loves You

Though you were a sometime lover of mine,
And for that very reason,
I sometimes write these pathetic lines,
From the wires of fire,
You're still the sun on my perfect days.
May a soothing smile always shine on your lips;
You like to smile, keep laughing.
May your chuckle one day stretch a line,
To the height of sunlight.
Or perhaps, my eyes would be sweetened with tears of cheer then!
Once at the threshold of our love story,
I thought you were the ultimate goal of life,
But you put me in goal, behind the bars of a solitary soul.
Dulcinea, you are mistaken.
I am not jealous of your fortune at heart.
I always prefer zealous to jealous, rather.
Just analyze it,
And feel the feelings of amiable eyes;
Don't mind, a good man will always remind you,
How much you mean to him.

The Misery of Poor

Putting a finger in the eyes,
Showering grace on the chest.
Flooding all reserved dreams
In a straight direction.
There are no abundant vessels
To catch the pearl drops of rain,
Seeping from the leaks of an old roof.
What shall be accumulated?
What is to be eaten
To fulfill the fiery hunger of a meal,
While another remains half-starved?
Flooding on the floor
And there, smeared with mud, being too tired,
Mother Seuty is sleeping, not quietly alone.
In the midst of her motherly heart,
Her two children huddle together for warmth,
Looking at the face of the starry moon.
Sewing with the threads of dreamy land,
Patching the cracked core of the heart,
They stand up with the resolution of revolution,
Like the peepul tree, growing weary,
But never falling down or giving up the fight.
Anchoring the hopes of growth,
Expanding the fibrous roots,
They are still alive, sailing the boat.
The life of the poor is like bitterly cold conditions,
Which shiver the bones of the backbone.
In search of salt,
They lose the preserved boiled food,
Soaked in water for the upliftment of their future.

Note:Originally written by Sofiq-Uz-Zaman(Dulal).Translated into English by Mottakeenur Rehman.

I Wait for You

In every way I looked for you,
In every fiery expectation,
I caught a glimpse of you in touch,
And in verse, since then until the end,
I will wait for you,
Forever and ever, it will never be over.
Letting up the dawn chorus from the past,
Increasing the beautiful blueness of the vast,
Yellow-billed Egrets, Little Cormorants, and others as well,
The flocks of beautiful variegated birds,
Have all come back together to their nests.
The cattle at the gateway of evening,
Raising the dust of their feet,
Come back to their own shed.
Each and every soul has thus become thirsty and fast,
Carrying the messenger boxes of the heart,
The morning-going buses come back to the former stop.
No, no... for whom my eyes wait,
Has not been caught yet,
Embracing the disgrace of life,
For whom I count the countless days,
Has not come back yet!

Note: Originally written by Sofiq-Uz-Zaman(Dulal). Rendered into English by Mottakeenur Rehman.

The Worship of Emptiness

Although neither the Hanging Gardens of Babylon nor the Black Hole of outer space,
I am not the perfect type of that straggling thing which levitates in the void.
I like the experiment of an empty heart and soul,
In the definition of emptiness, too, lies hidden
The mental affliction of worldly happiness or
The conclusion of earthly delightfulness.

Khuda Gawah

"Hm, tu mujhe qubool, main tujhe qubool
Tu mujhe qubool, main tujhe qubool
Is baat ka gawah Khuda, Khuda gawah, Khuda gawah...."
Khuda khuda, my heart beats speak out - Marhawa Marhawa
Falling in love, I lost everything in a curse
Hey Khuda, hey Parwardigar
However, whooping for the gold of sold
I am not getting exhausted more and more
To dive into the waves of seas
I am still unwearied, remaining refreshed and cool.
I am neither a listless traveler
Nor a bumptious wanderer
I am the blissful, flawless relationship builder
And therefore, if anyone likes to cheat me widely,
taking the opportunity of simplicity;
I would rather stay away, going for a malice of callous.
Vive! The life of lovely pairs in a caring relationship
Nonchalantly, I will not go to a dispute of tribute.
Love is always lovable
Love is never deniable.
Love is deep, love is not cheap or cheat
Love itself is a self-contained heavenly bliss
Adam-Hawa, Leila-Majnu, Prophet Hazrat Muhammad and Khadija bint Khuwaylid
Everywhere, the burning sparkle of love
Allah itself is an eyewitness
Subhanallah, Subhanallah, Subhanallah!
"Ho koi ghulaam chahe hai baadshah
Ishq ke bagair zindegi gunaah..."
Life without the grace of love
Is like the trace of venom harsh.
The grace of true love is truly reliable and flexible in a flash
It never goes to the sexual side of royal guide
And thus, at last, it never becomes the materialistic view of brew in trust.

Love pleases us all
Love erases the differences between the rich and the poor
Each and every Mazhab of this earth argues -
There is none but love that is more virtuous than others!
Allah itself is an eyewitness
Love is in great wellness;
The increasing sparkle of love is rising above between us.
Subhanallah, Subhanallah, Subhanallah.

Faith and Tolerance

Faith, a beacon in the dark,
gives assurance to my heart.

Tolerance, a colourful dress,
for days of sorrow and distress.
Every seam, a mother's touch,
gifted and compassionate,
Stitched together: love and hope,
to help me tolerate and cope.
From the pain and from despair,
to a brighter, better day,
with faith there as my guiding light,
and tolerance as my array.
Faith and tolerance a shield
against the trials in my life.
A shield that keeps my spirits strong,
within the midst of all my strife.
And so I wear a colourful dress,
With pride and with much gratitude,
for faith and tolerance, they bless,
they fill my heart with fortitude.

What Brings Tree

1

What brings a tree... What brings?
On either side of the way of life,
Many flowers of the queen blossom.
Keeping aside weariness, tired... too tired,
Trekking wish to have some amenities in the shade of trees.

2

From heart to hearts and soul to souls,
Blows and flows the redolent streams of infinite love!
Why do such nomadic emotions wash away
In that way, the empty feelings of the human heart?
The turbulence of my mind, too,
Quite calms down at the touch of a breezy fair.

3

For whom do the flushing scarlet scarfs exist?
The spring season sings the songs of youthful reason.
For whom do the leaves of trees turn green,
Or a thousand painterly paintings glow in the bound eyes.
For you and me, trees are held in high esteem,
Self-contained with their food-providing quality and quantity.
Trees are the great theory of great science,
Molded by the free spirit of the creator's creations.
With each breath, through the process of inhaling and exhaling,
We come to an unseen amiable settlement with the trees.
To both, it's so good that
I seem to have lived a successful, long life with a touch of trees!

Oh My Young Brigade

Oh, young brigade, don't hesitate
Your destiny is sealed in a locket, so great
Regret is futile, don't let it infiltrate
Your life is colorful, so don't get irate
Learn to spread your wings and propagate
Victory is waiting for you, don't procrastinate
This is your secret, don't let it dissipate
Oh, young brigade, don't underestimate
Let your mind roam free like the Miller of the Dee
You're a part of a love chain, let your emotions be
Melting into the heart-kissing rain, feel it and see
Oh, young brigade, your future is your key.

Life is Vivid

Into the capsule of memory,
Casting aside life's obligatory parts,
How do I navigate contemporary strife?
How long will I sing the song of bitter truth,
Forgetting oneself in the realm of ruth.
A thunderstorm attacks my throat,
Infinity draped in a coat of pain,
Performing the Tandava dance,
Through the breezy gaze of space!
Nothing differs,
Everything here is suffering!
As if the adventurous, billowy dance of great Kamadeva,
Reduced to ashes by the rage of Tryambakam, Lord Mahadeva.

An Unconditional Exchange of Zero

Waiting or thinking for someone,
For extended periods long,
Is not love, but akin to waiting,
For a cat to catch a rat, a longing.
Addiction to someone like cigarettes,
Can be mistaken for love, no doubt,
But time spent together isn't enough,
As sleep takes up a lot throughout.
Mere attraction is not love either,
Childhood and adolescent fantasies agree,
They too can be appealing and desirable,
But it's not the same as true love, you'll see.
Genuine love isn't physical, my friend,
Those who think so might be mistaken,
An afterlife with numerous nymphs,
Is nothing but a fantasy unshaken.
True love endures forevermore,
An unconditional exchange of zero,
Silent and serene, no sound it makes,
When it shatters, unlike a physical show.
So let us not be fooled by the facade,
Of physicality, attraction, or waiting long,
For true love is unconditional and unbreakable,
A bond that lasts forever, strong.

The Strength of the Warrior

Don't rely upon what doesn't exist
Even your shadow leaves your side
When darkness spreads.
Challenge the fright of dark night
and fight 'til it turns and concedes.
Cry not before you die
Always fight with dry eyes
and then skyward you fly with your soul.

Be courageous , tenacious,
by your own hand
for yours is the strength of the warrior.

Thermosphere is Descending

Amidst the falling thermosphere,
the winds rage like a poisonous fire,
as the abstract night dwindles to naught,
my heart is plagued by an unknown fear.
Will life's path be paved in clarity,
or will my conflict of pride and glory culminate?
I ponder these thoughts, talking to myself,
wiping my ears of disaster, tasting its bitter reality.
I vow to be vigilant against dishonest policies,
no hesitation, no protest, like a moving car, I carry on.
Like a young body filled with curiosity,
every aperture in me yearns to grow and learn.
Even as the banyan tree of love gradually fades,
I know that the humble spring wind will continue to blow,
and with it, the hope of a better tomorrow,
as I journey on, bravely facing life's ebbs and flows.

I am a Father

As a father, I must carry on,
With the weight of responsibility, I am drawn.
Happiness or sadness, I cannot dwell,
For the sake of my family, I must quell.
Even if I fall, I cannot despair,
The lives of many depend on my care.
I am the roof of the household, the guide,
To raise morale, and instill a sense of pride.
Like the resolute sun, I must burn bright,
Lighting the way through even the darkest of nights.
The moon will prove my presence, a guiding light,
For my children, I must always be in sight.
Laughter may escape me, but I must try,
To smile and show my family I'll never die.
For I am a father, a husband, a son,
Creating a generation, the future has begun.
So I'll push on, no matter the wrath,
And never count the sighs on my path.
For I am a father, and that means more,
Than any burden, hardship, or score.
I'll keep shining, with every electron of light,
Guiding my family, through the darkest of nights.
For I am a father, and my legacy,
Will live on through the next generation's legacy.

Martyr

A tribute to the brave souls who risked it all
To liberate our land, they answered the call
Their blood carried the echoes of our native tongue
From vein to lung, their pride forever young
Their ancestry couldn't stomach compromise
For the sake of our nation, they refused to compromise
Embracing the spirituality of our cultural ways
In their hearts and hands, their dedication stays
They were the pioneers with visions like the Luit's surging tides
Even in death, their spirit never subsides
They became invincible soldiers, stained with crimson red
Their martyrdom inspiring, their sacrifice widespread
Their duty to defend our land was never in vain
Midland core with the sound of our own terrain
The lyrical voice of Assam- Doba Mridongo, Khol, Xinga
Uniting our people, ending discord and wrangling
Lying on the bosom of our sacred soil
They breathe the fragrance of our purified land, their toil
Their spirit inspires nationalism, ready to give
Their red blood, but never an inch of our motherland they'll leave.

Hail Mother Assam !

War is Never Proper

War! How far it is from an unerring order,
Where humanity goes blur.
War never produces the height of character,
Never gives birth to the Gautama Buddhas.
On behalf of honesty and peace,
Jesus never is crucified twice.
The 'Hizrat' of Hazrat seems not to fulfill,
Everywhere only war-mongership's outrageous thrill.
Where has one to escape?
Being human, how many persons understand the caress of man?
How many of them will get safe shelters
In the war devastation?
Everything is alike to desolate deserts.
Passing through the era of dark night
And lighting the flame of light,
Today the way of Nikola Tesla is too blocked in less bright!
The pyres of dead bodies will only be lit
In the oblation of dark,
Everyone is the foster child of an evil mark.
Alpha, Beta, Gamma - burn to ashes the biodiversity of borders in trauma.
Who is liable? Who is indelible?
To the power-consuming passion of leaders,
There's no sympathy for beggars or the smile of a toddler.
Cannonballs, bullets, and bomb blasts,
Missiles thrown upwards,
Or if the nuclear weapons propel to push the world backwards,
Who would remain?
Everybody else would sleep in the death messenger's train.
To those confident leaders
who dream to govern the whole territories,
Charcoal would wash their earthly bodies.
Smoke of crematory would touch the sky of countries.
The civilization grown up by the great toil of a thousand years will collapse instantly.

The planet named Earth will be dead in perpetuity.
Enough! Too much waste on the drought of war.
Many people get wounded forever,
And the rest of the remaining parts stay amongst the ruins of battle danger.
Now it's time to eradicate the errors of darkness in search of light years.
If we are unable to conquer with the speed of light,
We should try to go forward with the speed of the mind's delight.
J.R Oppenheimer who opened the door of nuclear testing in prior
Seeing the destructive corridor,
Began to roll down the demolishing shower from the eyes of terror.
Einstein too even said - "This is the way of finishing,
Why did I sign the letter to the president of Roosevelt without deep thinking?"
Atom.. Atom means Sodom
Where humanity goes bottom,
We must take some action to save our freedom,
Why should we do anything without any wisdom?
Let us go to the places of Pilgrim's Progress - Kashipuri-Brindabon, Mecca-Madina, Rome, or
Jerusalem,
The spiritual journey of asylum.
Let us sing the song of love,
Write down the poem of the dove,
Or if we are unable to practice such deeds,
Let us hold up the knowledge flame of creative science.

Let's Pave the Way for a Future Bright

Unchain thy ego's hold on thee
And let thy pride in country be
Like a mother's love, free from fee
Her land to walk on, a gift to thee
With open arms, she welcomes all
No charge, just love, let her call
The spirit of the motherland, like poetry
Stands by thee, in moments of misery
Her love is boundless, forever free
Grow for the nation, let thy heart agree
Take a step forward, like a child pure and true
Learn her ways, and let her inspire you
The country's atmosphere, a unity of discord
Together, let's sing the melodies, in accord
Let our hearts' orchestra vibrate with pride
Bond together, and build a strong nation, side by side
Let love and respect be our guiding light
And let's pave the way for a future bright.

Seeing into the Eyes of Mother

My willingness is to scream and cry,
But I can't.
Saying 'shrug' when I want to laugh,
But I can't.
My intention is not to indulge in drugs.
Looking into the eyes of my loved ones,
I want to forget all the sorrows of life.
During the noon of my youth,
I want to go to restaurants and parks,
Marching hand in hand,
And hoping to be the most beloved one to someone else,
But I can't.
Going through the ostentatious world of fashion,
My desire is to adorn myself with new attire,
But I can't.
At daybreak and in the evening, in the world of amusement,
Breaking the chains of a hectic daily schedule,
I want to escape,
But I can't.
Songs, dramas, poetry, and movies,
Everywhere I want to motivate myself,
But I can't.
Against exploitation and negative connotations,
I want to agitate myself,
But I can't.
In the face of penniless victims,
I wish to break the opulence garnered by the wealthy,
And lend a helping hand,
But I can't.
To control my own pocket,
Earn my keep,
I can't.
Being addicted to assumptions of alcohol,

I want to destroy myself,
But I can't.
With the propensity to become a great man,
At the point of maturity,
I wish to do more good deeds,
But I can't.
So, perhaps for that cause,
Disrupting a thousand walls of barriers,
I want to become a drunkard!
Though, as per the measurement of a fully matured person,
I can't be a good person,
Seeing into the eyes of my mother,
I can't swerve my way towards an evil and corrupted bay.
I am... I am... I am...
Abandoning all morality,
Unable to gather the little dare to be a drunkard.

Shortcut

People are frequently in a hurry,
rushing to complete their tasks before the next day begins.
They run, rush, and push through the crowded streets.
There's a constant struggle to keep up with the pace of life,
As ambulance sirens wail,
patients die on the way.
And the same siren cuts through the traffic and paves the way for the political leader !
Life - everyone feels the pain of not getting it right.
Some take their own lives, while others claim to be living on their own terms.
But in reality, they are both dead inside.
For one, life is stagnant and unexciting,
While for the other, suffering is an ever-present shadow,
But still he says with a smile, "I am the seed of creation,
And nothing can ruin my practice.
If I can inspire someone, even in the form of plagiarism or piracy ,
How can I give up the desire to live?"
In fact, everyone wants to take the shortest path,
To avoid the obstacles that block their way.
Bank, bazaar, school, and college - the roads are always full,
With traffic and special messages at every turn.
But life cannot be held back!
It's dynamic, always changing,
Which is why the search for shortcuts is so tempting!
They speed along in search of a quicker way,
But in doing so, many drivers lose their lives.
Life says, "This is the shortest path you seek,
But in your search for a shortcut, your lifespan is shortened.
Beware of death, who sings the praises of your shortcut idea."

Value

In this world, naught comes for free,
Not even the air we breathe.
From the day of our birth,
Our value's assessed, our worth.
Our parents' expense we incur,
And as we grow, we need more.
Time flies by, we age and tire,
Our value trapped within desire.
We live, we learn, we love, we ache,
Our hearts break, yet none can take
The pain that we keep deep inside,
Our minds endure, our spirits hide.
But we must not wait and dwell,
On destiny and how it'll propel.
We must learn to value time,
Precious moments, and make them prime.
Suffering we may face and bear,
Yet it can fuel our future's flare.
For though the heart is small in size,
It holds a million pains in disguise.
Electrons, protons, neutrons break,
But the heart's pain no sound can make.
The mind endures, silently,
Till our tears flow and set us free.
So cherish every moment lived,
Give your all, and give to give.
For in the end, our worth is defined,
By the value we bring humankind.

Incredible India

Oh my dearest country,
We doze in the shade of your fig tree,
Where peaceful sleep is your bounty.
There is no malignity,
No, no, say no to malignity.
Only love begets love,
From antipathy to unity.
We Indians are a symbol of tranquility,
Oh my beloved entity,
That's all your credibility.
I kowtow to thee, oh my dearest country.
Whenever the whole world was in dark and nil,
No other competence could fill
The power of knowledge spread over the years,
And will be lit up forever, no fears, no fears.
Where the mind is set free,
And the head is held high,
The people of that land say bye-bye to untouchability.
Where art is deep-seated,
And zero was invented,
Oh my dreamland, we salute your stand,
That never falters,
The rays of hope fall on your altar.
Where the science of intensive minds,
Triumphs over ignorance and pseudoscience,
We stand together for that cause of progressive integrity.
Oh, I owe to you for your fertility,
And I'm glad to see your glory,
'Atithi Devo Bhava' is your perceptive superiority.
I am indebted to you for having your soil,
Where I could move on without fail.
Oh my dearest country - the rich heritage and the lyrical voice of India.
We shall always strive to be worthy of it,

That is our treat for your greet.

The Magic of the Eyes

Without you; life a barren wasteland
Where each step taken as in sin
your shining smile like sunbeams bright
stole my heart from deep within.
Beyond this world, amid blue stars
Seven lands come into view
And though life oft paints pictures grim
With faith I know we'll triumph through.
Green paints the nature's perfect scheme
reminding us of beauty bright
let no tsunami flood your eyes
embrace your life's triumphant plight.
In every view your image lingers
clothed in shimmering gold it gleams
What secrets passed between our eyes?
to be disclosed within our dreams.

The route of travel beckons forth
To seek the essence of our worth
For in this life's vicissitudes
belief promotes our love's rebirth.

You

You are the sunshine, the smile of the sun,
Golden and radiant, like Cassia Fustula's petals spun.
Your sight fills me with the wine of life,
As I play the flute of my heart, free of strife.
Write my name in your heart, dear,
Our eyes speak, and love arises, clear.
Like sparks brightening vividly,
Through the divine lightings of destiny.
You will always be alighted,
In the mirror of life, forever sighted.
My heart sings to your tune,
For you are the sunshine, the brightest boon.

All is Well

She danced in the rain,
And maybe that's why you love rain.
She appeared like a dream,
And that's perhaps why you adore dreams.
She was a daydream,
And maybe that's why you love both sleep and insomnia.
Yet she remains like a dream to you,
The dearest thing or the dearest of all,
A reflection of your sorrows.
You still find the colors of life in her smile,
Perhaps that's why even though she left you years ago,
You still smile,
And if you meet her somewhere,
You greet her with the same smile.
All is well !
Maybe that's why your feelings still drive you,
And you don't wish ill upon her.
Be yourself,
Let her be herself.
All you wish is for your relationship to be just that,
A relationship,
And may the fire of revenge never defame anyone.

Bohag

The left branch dons a fresh attire,
Nature's melody reborn with choir,
As rustling leaves sing in the breeze,
The wind's symphony now richer, with ease.
Bordoichila's might, sets spirits free,
As minds take flight with youthful glee,
Spring breaks inertia's stubborn prank,
Shaking Cho't and awakening Bohag with vibrant frank.
The spirit of youth comes alive,
With Bihu's arrival, passion thrives,
The black cuckoo's honeyed song,
Foxtail orchids bloom, as we dance along.
Bohag greets artistes and artisans in tow,
Their works ready to flaunt and show,
Craftswomen weave Bihuwan,
Nature's youthful dawn, vivid scenery drawn.
Days of Bohag, a sight to behold,
With fragrant flowers, tales untold,
Dhuliya's beats of Dhol resound,
Pepa, Gogona, Baahi, Bin, Nagada, Xutuli, Toka, Taal and Khol found.
Nasonis hold Xoru Doiya Japi and wear,
Muga-Riha, Negheri chignon with flair.
Youthful fervor, yeah the Bihuwa-Bihuwatis are genuinely cultural preserver.
They bring harmony together
They are real griders in making cultural pillars.
Oh, how the heart swells with pride,
As we celebrate this vibrant tide,
Bihu, the festival of life,
Brings together all in rhyming delight.

Agony Collision Friction and the White Horse

Agonies are essentially needed in the translation of life!

When agonies collide with obstacles along the way, friction is born.

And this friction provides the fuel to propel the white horse of life forward.

Eid Brings Love

Eid, a sacred beat of heart and soul,
Where love's sweet melody takes its toll,
A day of calm and peaceful mind,
A time of blessings, to humankind.
The mind rings with a song so true,
A symphony of love, fresh and anew,
As hearts unite in joyful glee,
And souls dance in perfect harmony.
Blessings pour like raindrops from above,
As Allah showers His divine love,
And every heart is filled with grace,
As joy and love take center stage.
So let us celebrate this sacred day,
And let our hearts sing, in a joyful way,
For Eid brings blessings, love and cheer,
To all who hold its essence dear.

Hindustan

Someday, my life will cease to be,
And I'll depart from all that I see.
My acting days will then be done,
And I'll enter the world beyond the sun.
But in the hearts of those I leave behind,
My memory and love will surely bind.
And in the duty I owe to my kin,
I'll live on in their hearts, deep within.
With an agitated pen, I'll pour out my soul,
And with my words, I'll strive to make whole.
My own burning heart that knows not rest,
I'll soothe with hope, my eager quest.
Death may be a paradox unexplained,
But I've learned to die and be reborn again.
With an artificial smile, I'll break out in laughter,
For I never thought of dying before, ever after.
Today, I've died and come alive once more,
With a thousand dreams in my heart to explore.
Though the cremation bed and dream cemetery wait,
I'll seek the palace of happier moments, and not be late.
For I am a variegated Hindustan,
A land of many hues, in all its grandeur and span.
And in my spirit, I'll find my way,
Through death and life, come what may.

Friendship

1)

In the fields of Puthimari,
Where the music flowed so merry,
Zubeen Garg's voice did soar,
As we swayed to the rhythm galore.
But fate had other plans in store,
As my senses began to deplore,
Low pressure hit me like a storm,
And I stumbled, my balance forlorn.
Yet, in that moment of distress,
My friends came to my aid, no less,
Jintu, Masihur, and Aminul,
Their quick thinking, a lifesaving tool.
Together, we stood tall and strong,
In the face of adversity, we belong,
For even when the world seems bleak,
Hope and support are within reach.
So let us cherish these bonds we share,
For in life's journey, they're rare,
And let us never forget the lesson we learned,
That with each other, we can overcome any turn.

2)

Walking with a friend in the dark is better than walking alone in the light,
With true friendship, everything just feels right,
A bond that's stronger than any plight,
A guiding force that shines so bright.
For in moments of joy and sorrow,
A true friend is there, today and tomorrow,
A support system that we can borrow,
To help us face each and every morrow.
And like the stars that light up the sky,
A true friend's presence never asks why,
But instead, it stands by our side,

Without judgment or any lie.
For a true friend never gets in your way,
But rather, helps you find your way,
Through life's twists and turns each day,
With love and care in every way.
So let us hold on to these true friends,
For they're the ones on whom our heart depends,
And let us cherish the silence that transcends,
For it's in those moments that true friendship never ends.

Equal Devotion to the Creator

In a household with four sons,
Each with a task to be done,
So too with Almighty as our father,
And we, His children, striving further.
Prayers and hymns may differ in form,
But all to please our Lord, we perform,
For the Creator is not communal or biased,
And our dedication should not be despised.
As long as we work towards His creation's good,
Our practices, though diverse, shall be understood,
For our actions can please Him in every way,
And our devotion to His creation will never sway.
So let us all pledge to save what He has made,
And in His name, let us never be afraid,
For we are all His children, equal and true,
And our love for Him shall forever renew.

A River-Flowing Freely

A river, flowing freely through life's embrace,
I glide upon the earth, with gentle grace.
With every twist and turn, I seek the sea,
A journey eternal, embracing destiny.
A wave, I am, embodying emotions deep,
Crashing and colliding, in rhythmic sweep.
Drawn to your visions, so captivating and rare,
I dance with fervor, enraptured by your flair.
The moonbeam whispers secrets, softly it calls,
Offering a blue scarf, woven from sparkling stars.
Its celestial threads, a shimmering cascade,
Wrap around my essence, in dreams we both wade.
The mind takes flight, soaring from cloud to cloud,
Chasing the radiant sun of youth, unbowed.
In the vast expanse, where dreams are born,
We dance together, where hopes adorn.
Oh river, carry me along your timeless course,
Embrace my wave, in unity, a cosmic force.
Let us intertwine, in nature's gentle sway,
As poetry unfolds, in this enchanted display.
For you are the river, flowing with wisdom's grace,
And I, the wave, embodying emotions in space.
Together we create, a symphony so divine,
Forever entwined, in this poetic rhyme.

In the Realm of Love

In the realm of love's tender embrace,
Where hearts dance and emotions trace,
Lovers etch their names in passion's fire,
Unaware of the fate they may acquire.
For destiny's tapestry, meticulously spun,
Rests not within the touch of a mortal's pun,
But in the hands of the Divine, it is writ,
A cosmic symphony, beyond human wit.
Yet to reshape one's fate, to forge ahead,
One must toil, with sweat and tears shed,
For hard work, a weapon mighty and true,
Can mend a heart and dreams anew.
But first, within oneself, love must reside,
An inner flame, where self-love does abide,
For when we love ourselves with compassion's art,
We unlock the power within our heart.
And through this transformation, we shall find,
Love's boundless reach, to all humankind,
No longer self-centered, but with eyes that see,
The interwoven tapestry of humanity.
For the chains that bind one, bind us all,
Each link a voice, a plea, a heartfelt call,
In unity, we rise, our spirits entwined,
Love's sacred journey, the path we shall find.
Oh, love, deserving of love's tender embrace,
A treasure coveted, adorning every space,
Its path, a prelude to a grander quest,
Where souls converge, by love's behest.
So let us heed this poetic decree,
Embrace self-love and set our spirits free,
For within ourselves, a love divine,
Shall lead us to a love that intertwines.
And in this journey, we shall find our place,

Bound not by names etched, but by love's grace,
For destiny's design, in God's hands, does reside,
As we surrender, love's tapestry unfurled wide.

Change is the Way of Life

Marvelous events have unfolded,
The past, the present, all brimming with goodness,
And the future, too, promises benevolence.
Why lament over what's been lost?
The burdens you carried have slipped away,
Creations have met their demise,
What you acquired, you received from this realm,
And what you bestowed, you offered right here.
Now, behold your possessions,
Once possessed by others,
And soon to be possessed by others.
Change reigns supreme, the world's eternal rhythm.

Faith and Devotion

Faith and devotion, both intangible yet remarkably powerful,
Possess the ability to transform the seemingly impossible into reality.
Should you not have yet found a beloved individual, do not despair.
True relationships are founded upon faith and devotion, for without these qualities,
A bond lacks authenticity.
Treat those who disregard you with politeness and consider them as friends,
For friendship is as precious as a diamond, while youthful infatuation is akin to gold.
Gold may be repaired if broken, but a shattered diamond is irreparable.
However, it is not solely youthful infatuation that holds significance;
Love for life brings fulfillment and completeness.
Furthermore, if you manage to forge a chain of love,
Every person on Earth becomes a lover of yours.
Just learn to cultivate friendship through faith and devotion, as if you will find your beloved among them.
And remember this thing-
You'll definitely see your own honey someday without delay.

We are Dying Inside ..Just the Company of Someone else Can Keep Us Alive

Oh, how madness consumes us whole,
In rooms locked tight, we lose control,
Worries and fears, they plague our mind,
Leaving us lost and hard to find.
But in the company of a friend,
A light shines bright, a helping hand,
We share our thoughts, our deepest woes,
And find solutions to our woes.
Let us live, and let others live,
With love and kindness, we can give,
The gift of comfort, a soothing balm,
To help others stay strong and calm.
When parents age and grow old,
Let us not leave them in the cold,
We'll talk of things both big and small,
And help them forget their worries all.
For just a little time each day,
We'll keep their loneliness at bay,
And they'll stay healthy, happy, and bright,
As we bring joy and love to their sight.
Let our motto be this, my friend,
"I am words, and you are the infinite end",
Together, we'll make the world a better place,
Filled with kindness, love, and grace.

Equilibrium

In this vast world we call our own,
Where we have grown and we have flown,
Together we share the same air,
Breathing life into a planet so rare.
From the tiniest microbe to the mightiest whale,
All creatures are intertwined in nature's tale,
A delicate balance we all must maintain,
To sustain life on Earth and avoid its pain.
We seek harmony amidst the chaos,
To understand each other, without any loss,
For every life has a purpose and worth,
And we're all connected on this precious Earth.
Let us cherish every form of life,
From the humblest worm to the eagle in flight,
For in this diversity, we find our place,
A world of wonder and endless grace.
Behold the majestic lion, the king of the land,
With a roar so mighty and a heart so grand.
But though its strength may seem unmatched,
There's more to the world than just being dispatched.
For in the realm of the small, the bee does reign,
A master of work that's not all in vain.
Despite its size, it pollinates and feeds,
A testament to its power and its noble deeds.
So let us not compare and rank them by might,
For each has a purpose, shining bright.
Their equilibrium is what keeps us in tune,
A balance of strength that's not to be hewn.
Let us appreciate the wonders of all,
Their strengths and abilities, standing tall,
For in the grand scheme of things, they each have a role,
And in harmony, they bring balance to the whole.
Let us strive for a world of balance and peace,

Where all creatures flourish and never cease,
For in the end, we're all in this together,
Sharing the same air and the same endeavor.

Exclusively Personal

The eyes don't know the news of the heart!
Those seen with the eyes may not be true friends.
I am fine, and so are you.
Stay well.
Don't ask much more beyond,
Because it's exclusively personal to you and me.

<https://www.iokstore.inkofknowledge.com/product-page/passion-is-my-fashion>

Thank You, Dhuhibala, For Your Grace!

In Dhuhi's heart, the tune of progress plays,
With blessings of the mind in joyous ways,
Embracing pleasure in its sweet embrace,
This land of neither dust nor sand, a grace.
A flood of breezy land, with greenery in crops,
Ruby chubby rice, where life never stops,
The man of grains, the field of paddy,
Where knowledge blooms and culture's embrace is steady.
In scholarly pursuits, our hearts take flight,
Guided by science, knowledge shining bright,
Dhuhi's soul awakened, no longer blind,
In its embrace, progress we shall find.
Buds of hope in twigs within its bosom,
Foundation strong, from Boroliya's wisdom,
Fertility's land, left by river Nona,
Creativity's rain, a gift from Dhuhi's persona.
Mesmerizing paths, picturesque beauty,
Grateful sons, embracing their duty,
Hail Dhuhibala! Jindabad Dhuhibala!
In your sacred heart, progress shall prevail.
Oh, birthplace mine, your song of progress rings,
With blessings pure, and joy it brings,
Embracing pleasure in its sweet embrace,
Thank you, Dhuhibala, for your grace!

On the Behalf of My Poetic Side

Amidst importance's ebb, friendship's flame aglow,
Distance stretches threads, as time's currents flow.
In busyness, our bonds may thin and strain,
Yet heart's connection holds, through joy and pain.
Complaints may rise in heated day's embrace,
But friendships stand firm, time cannot erase.
Neglected moments, immortal they'll stay,
In mind's depths, cherished whispers have their sway.
Oh, friendship, steadfast beacon of light,
Woven tapestry, woven strong and tight.
Careless at times, yet held dear in our core,
Legacy's journey, forever to explore.
As poets whisper, "Repentance guides me, high tide,
Inspirations flow, affection's stream does glide.
From Michael Edwards to Neville's embrace,
A vivid dream woven in time and space.
Fine B, Yeahchanan, and Violet so true,
Lorna, Aislinn, Goldfinch60, L.B Mek, Fay Slimm, Fred Peyer's wisdom grew.
Mentors ignite, spirits take daring flight,
Their presence fuels strength, ignites the night."
Friendship, forever painting life's grand song,
Hand in hand, eternally we belong.

N.B:

Dear Sir/Mam,

I am delighted to share that my book has been published, and I cannot express how grateful I am for your blessings. Writing a book in English has always been a cherished dream of mine, and seeing it come to fruition is an absolute pleasure. I sincerely hope that you will take the time to read it, as your words and encouragement will undoubtedly inspire me to keep pursuing my passion for writing.

Thank you once again for your support and blessings.

Best regards,

Mottakinur Rahman(Mottakeenur Rehman)

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Rural Soul

Amidst stars' embrace, I find my delight,
Counting their shimmer, a tranquil night.
Nonsense repels, and bizarre words I shun,
Seeking nature's grace in each rising sun.
A villager's heart beats with simple grace,
Movements unburdened, nature's pure embrace.
"Passion is My Fashion," a book I've penned,
Yet rural souls, to its value, may not bend.
To educated minds, I turn my plea,
Cracked drums of publicity, my earnest decree.
But many withhold the chords of acclaim,
Claiming such verses only bring life's disarray.
Yet I stand unwavering, a resolute grin,
Defying their doubts, a dance to begin.
For poetry's tongue, a sweet voice does crave,
In hearts, a symphony, a soul to save.
Return to my verses, whenever you may,
In unity's realm, where differences sway.
Race, religion, caste, all fade in embrace,
On "My Poetic Side," a harmonious space.

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We Will Be on the Sun Soon

In a classroom adorned with curiosity's grace,
Mottakeenur Rehman leads with inspiring embrace,
At Adarsha Jatiya Vidyalaya, Dhuhhi, where knowledge takes flight,
Rover Progyan's beauty unfolds in the softest daylight.
Chandrayaan 3, a tale that's boldly spun,
Lands on the southern pole, victory won,
Scientific wonders in man's ingenious mind,
A world of discovery, endless horizons to find.
Ashif Annan, a seeker of wisdom and light,
Mustofa Shakil, whose thoughts take flight,
Sabina Sabnam, with dreams shining bright,
Sajid Ahmed, exploring with all his might.
Rishan Ahmed delves deep into the unknown,
Wajid Ahmed's curiosity is amply shown,
Jerifa Ahmeda's spirit, fierce and keen,
Ayesha Siddika, a scholar in the making, it seems.
Jonaid Ahmed's intellect, a beacon so bright,
Khursida Ahmeda's quest for knowledge takes stride,
Together they learn, explore, and grow,
In the world of English, where endless stories flow.
Mottakeenur Rehman guides with care,
Nurturing minds eager to learn and share,
Language, sociology, sciences wide,
They journey together, side by side.
So let's celebrate this classroom's grace,
Where futures are shaped, and dreams find their place,
With Mottakeenur Rehman and students so fine,
Exploring how and why - scientific planning,
Their quest for knowledge will forever shine,
Like we are currently on the moon,
With Aditya L1, we will be on the Sun soon.

N.B: # ??©A fusion poem written by the students of class 8 in collaboration with Mottakeenur

Rehman.

Timepiece of Gratitude: A Teachers' Day Poem

A clock, a timeless guide so true,
Indicates the moments we must pursue.
Charging not a penny, its wisdom we glean,
For in its ticking, life's artistry is seen.
Dear students, your gift of love we treasure,
Late it may be, but it fills us with pleasure.
Cross walls of obstacles, be bold and strong,
With compassionate hearts, you truly belong.
Dear students, one day you'll seize the sublime,
The reins of great time, in your hands will chime.
Be visionary, let your dreams unfurl,
For time, the most potent, will shape your world.

I, Mottakeenur Rehman, send blessings above,
Wishing you the best, wrapped in gratitude and love.

I am Supposed to Be A Private Teacher

In the gentle light of morning, I rise,
Mother's red tea cup, my daily prize.
On an old-fashioned superhero bike, I ride,
Through life's struggles, I steadfastly abide.
From Kalita to Vaishya neighbour, I teach with care,
Guiding students through knowledge's glare.
To school I go, my duty ever clear,
A private school teacher, year after year.
Yet, I don't possess bank accounts of my own,
The language of GPF and CPF, to me, unknown.
Government budgets and tax calculations for March,
Eid, Bihu, Puja, I reach out to the school's starch.
Dreams of a stunning home through self-owned schemes,
Cruising in a lavish car, on a private loan's gleams;
Yet, I struggle to muster that sense of pride,
In my humble abode, where hardships reside.
Nestled among old files, my cottage awaits,
Degrees and certificates, a silent narrative states;
A graduate, a post-graduate, with teaching degrees to claim,
But still, a private school teacher, all the same.
Grandma's asthma meds, dad's diabetes care,
Funding brother's education, the burden I bear.
Adding extra hours to my tuition time,
Yet, in the shopkeeper's ledger, I remain mum, a dry lime.
Supposedly a private school teacher, yet the struggle persists,
Juggling responsibilities, amidst financial twists.
Even if I don't win in the salary competition's fight,
I've emerged victorious in the competition of success's light.
Every spring, I nurture bright luminaries,
On Teachers' Day, the gift proclaims, with sincerest pleas:
"I am also a teacher," I declare with pride,

In the noble profession where my heart abides.

??Written By Arifur Rahman & Rendered into English by Mottakinur Rehman

The Instagram Queen

Why would you die?
Why would you kill?
Just keep writing, as before,
The sorrows of the heart,
Storing away small, sweet memories,
Tiny fragments of joy.
You too were once a lover,
Sharing joys and sorrows,
With passion and inspiration,
In a world where daily,
You opened your heart,
Revealing your pain to someone,
Peeling back the veil of sorrow,
Dressing in the vibrant hues of a new world.
Perhaps, in the urge to live,
You tied your heart to another,
So why this pride?
If life's meaning lies in defiance,
Why mourn over anything?
Seek no more the pain of separation,
Or the divide between love and affection.
You remain unbroken,
Even if she creates a thousand rifts,
One day, even the trash of waste
Will turn to pride.
Stand fearless,
For she will understand,
One day,
How right you were;
Live on, meditating on truth,
A traveler on the path of sincerity.
What can she give you in return?

Your dreams, your sacrifices,
She drowned them all,
The gifts given in the name of love,
Do not take them back,
Can she ever return the time you lost?
Do not heed her excuses,
The flame of true love never dies,
So, with a smile, tell her,
"Ta-ta, goodbye."
Now, they say she is
The Instagram Queen,
She thinks of you as nothing,
A Bedouin in life's battlefield,
Ha... ha... ha...
But remind her, firmly,
In your realm of wisdom,
You are the king.
While she flaunts her body online,
Flirting with many,
She is but a symbol of emptiness.
?? Mottakinur Rahman

Break Up, Patch Up, WhatsApp, and Life's New Push Up

Why forge a new bond, only to tear it apart?
If parting is what we truly seek,
Why stoke the flames with conflict and spark?
Let silence reign, let us quietly part.
No need for quarrels?this is mutual, clear,
Let's cut this thread of love we once held dear.
Enough now?we are not each other's foe,
So why play these games of love and show?
Love, affection, care, and desire?
These words now ring hollow, stripped of their fire.
What purpose do they serve, what do they mean?
The terms of having you, or being seen?
Or you having me?why cling to this hope,
When all that remains is mistrust and no scope?
Go, take your path, walk away,
Break up, patch up, WhatsApp?no more to say.
All of this, for me, is now just a phase,
A new push-up in life, a shift, a new gaze.

The Distance

From sorrow to happiness?
how far is the journey?
Today, there is sorrow in my heart.
Tomorrow, I will smile again.
Perhaps that tomorrow
may take an eternity to arrive.

The Anatomy of a Broken Heart

I sought a handful of trust,
She handed me hollow assurances?
"This love will outlast life itself,
Death holds no claim over us.
Beyond the end, a paradise awaits,
Built just for our love."
Foolish me?
I mistook promises for truth.
I gave her all my days,
Whispering?"Trust is rare now.
If you can, gift me just this?
A single handful of faith."
But her final offering?
A blade of betrayal, severing trust with lies.
I cursed myself?
For loving a mirage more than my own reflection,
For walking a path that led only to ruin.
I never dreamed
The one I called "home"
Would reduce sacred vows to ash.
How does a heart turn to stone?
The lips that swore "forever"
Now silence me with a blocklist?
No warning, no goodbye.
I drown in disbelief?
Why do I keep returning to the road
That always leads to wreckage?
Outside, the world is mute,
But within? a scream that never ends.
Science, you lie too?
"The heart has no bones," you claim.
Then why does mine fracture
Again and again?

A mere 12 cm by 8 cm?

How does this tiny chamber

Hold the weight of the world's sorrow?

Where did the enemy lurk?

It was my own who plundered me.
What fury lies in gunpowder?
Love's venom left my heart in debris.
The one I held closest to my soul,
Now drifts beyond reach? cold, untold.
No warmth of brighter days to share,
Just echoes of a love grown old.

Assurance

With faith, bestow upon me this assurance:
Patience is my garment of light for days of grief?
Each thread woven with
The tender caress of a mother's loving hand.

Wonder

A restless heart craves tranquil scenes,
By fate, the soul's devotion wakes:
If errors find their remedy,
And wisdom grows?
In such creation's harmony, what does wonder take?

Water

I am simple, like water?
but not as you imagine.
I lack the patience
to harden like stone, as you do.
That is why I am water.
If I love winter, I become ice;
if I embrace motion, a rushing stream.
Or dissolving into the ocean's depths,
I become a fearless lover.
Yes, I am water?
always flowing forward.
Whatever comes for me
devours me whole, without pause.
In the belly of the earth,
my home lies beneath all else.

If I Cling to Pride

If I cling to pride,
I'll let regret crystallize in my chest?
Untouched, I'll ghost-behead your arrogance?

So easily, I claimed
this petty separation you left.
Now, within myself,
I've choked the current of your spite...
For I am not like you?
a fool drowning in liquor's fleeting light,
chasing hollow delight.

I'll keep my distance, miles away,
burying this bond where it decays.
Drag no more names through the dirt,
lest the dark rename you nothing.

The Wings of the Seagull

Gaza's smoke. Israel's iron.
Their light still cuts my formless night.
I trace the mind's fractured melody?
My heart, a smuggler's boat,
Silent past every line drawn,
Where home is just a graveyard's guess,
No hymns but the wind's slow tune,
No justice but the moon's mute glow.
And the seagull? always the seagull?
Laughing at jets that scream like boys
Trying to steal its sky.

Self-Immolation

1

I writhe in the slow decay of being,
A spark births the conflagration?
Khandava's ruin now my scripture.
Where are you, brother? No savior stirs.
The heart's pyre devours all,
Only lava-tears fall, slow and scorching.
Blind eyes turn away, deaf ears ignore?
The tempest of grief churns silent within.
Yesterday's fugitive, fleeing sorrow's shadow,
Now shackled in its hollowed halls.
I stagger beneath epochs' weight,
A frayed cord of will my sole tether.
Yet I trudge on?
I, the poet Mottakinur,
A ghost in the cathedral of time.

2

I wove lexicons into garlands,
Till my fingers bled syllables.
Now the loom lies broken,
Soliloquy's echo a taunt in the void.
Tomorrow, no poet remains?
Only the stench of charred verse,
A harvest of ash where words once swayed.
The scribe who dreamed of sowing stanzas
Now kneels in the dust of dead metaphors.
Behold the wreckage:
A mosaic of fading embers?
The self-immolation of language,
A thousand tongues silent in the pyre.

(*Khandava-daha: The apocalyptic fire from the Mahabharata, where even gods fled the inferno.*)

Ode to the Void

I am no cosmic marvel?
no black hole's crushing embrace,
no myth hung in Babylon's skies.
Yet I float, unbound,
a whisper in the infinite.
And oh, how I adore this nothingness,
this sacred hollowness?
where desire crumbles to dust,
and all worldly hungers
find their silent, final rest.

Blood-Seed

The poem too has its blood-seed?
Where it lands, there it spawns,
Rising, riotous, in the heart's hollows.

Equilibrium

In this vast world we call our own,
Where roots run deep through fossil-bone,
One breath binds us?the same sweet air,
A debt we owe to every layer.
From jellyfish that write in light
To bison shaking stars from night,
Each thread undone unwrites the loom?
Time pools where orchids bloom.
We seek the moon's long pull on tides,
The wolf who mourns, the worm who guides.
No life is ledgered, lost, or lone?
The soil hums with seeds unsown.
Witness the lion, king of rust,
Whose yawn exhales continents to dust.
Yet smaller thrones eclipse his reign:
The beetle's clock, the ant's domain.
The hummingbird, a sapphire hinge,
Unlocks the bloom with one faint twinge.
While moss, in cursive, slowly scrawls
Green psalms beneath the bracken's sprawl.
So count not fang nor gold nor shrine,
But how each breath braids the vine.
The plankton's bloom, the comet's arc?
All tremble in the spider's dark.
Let us attend what we behold:
Both flood and famine, flame and fold.
For every end is a begun?
We're stardust cupping the sun's flame.

War is No Solution (Nor Was It Ever Just)

Tell me?how "holy" is war?
The earth births no more Buddhas to answer this lore.
Christ's cross lies empty, his peace-song unsung,
Even the Prophet's exodus?now a threadbare tongue.
Where do we run?
Humanity's embrace grows colder than stone.
What shelter exists when the sky rains lead?
Cities kneel as mass graves, whispering to the dead.
The age of light retreats?
Tesla's visions lie trampled at tyranny's feet.
Only funeral pyres dance now, flames licking the night,
A grotesque waltz where shadow swallows light.
Alpha, Beta, Gamma?
Life's tapestry unravels, a charred diorama.
Who bears the guilt? Kings with blood on their palms,
Deaf to a child's giggle, clutching their psalms.
Shells scream, missiles scribble doom,
The ground trembles, a self-dug tomb.
And if the atom splits the air?
Silence. Then?no one left to care.
You who dreamt of thrones, your bones will be
Blackened feathers in a dead sea.
Civilization?a sandcastle kissed by the tide,
Gone in the gasp of a neutron's pride.
Enough...
Multitudes now kneel, forever dust.
The survivors? Ghosts in the rubble's crust.
This sin of trading dawn for dusk must break?
If light lags, let our minds quake.
Oppenheimer's "Destroyer of Worlds" weeps,
Watching his demon from hell's own deeps.
Einstein mourned: We signed our eclipse.
That letter to Roosevelt?ink-stained regret on his lips.

"Atom"?a syllable that gnaws the sun.
We must suture the wounds we've spun.
Why court the void when love's not done?
Let us pilgrimage?
To Ganga's ghats, to Mecca's rib,
To where the olive branch outlives the sword's fib.
Sing me your softest hymn,
Let love's lexicon brim.
Or if war still howls, take this vow:
Forge pens from plutonium?but write peace now.

The Thermosphere is Descending

The thermosphere collapses downward, and beneath it,
the air curdles? a poisonous, living fire.
Night itself stops breathing between blinks,
while a shapeless terror cinches tight around the heart.
Will the road of life now fray into the void?
Or shall I shatter against the pinnacle,
drowned in this gilded avalanche?
I hold dialogues with my shadow,
twisting disaster's earlobe between my fingers,
tasting its iron.
I will keep watch,
a blade against the epoch's lie.
Not one tremor of doubt remains?
no rehearsed riots, no slogans?
only this relentless forward motion,
a wheel refusing rust.
Yet if a weary spring wind stirs
against my climbing body,
might it inscribe in my very cells
the old human interrogations?
Even as the banyan of love
browns at the edges,
each falling leaf
a syllable in its slow,
golden
goodbye.

Arbor Mundi (The World Tree)

I. The Invitation

What alchemy pulls root to sky?
this slow green fire, this patient cry?
Where wanderers carve their transient lines,
you drape the dust in living signs:
petals like unfinished prayers,
while we, the breathless, clutch at air.
Your branches weave a vaulted tongue?
a lexicon where storms are sung.
Here, the wind translates every loss
to dialect of moss and frost.

II. The Covenant

From lung to leaf, from leaf to lung,
the oldest trade stays unstrung.
You take our bankrupt carbon sighs,
return them gilded by your skies.
Why scrape for truth in printed tombs
when your rings bloom their quiet wisdoms?
Each groove contains what scholars miss?
the moon's pale grammar, time's cursive kiss.

III. The Revelation

For whom do you dye twilight's shroud?
For whom do roots knead dark to bread?
Not for angels, but the bowed?
beetles who read by phosphor tread,
who know all light is lent, not owned,
a debt called in by leaf and bone.
O silent archivist, you keep
earth's logarithmic secrets deep:
how shadows mint their copper hue,
how death gets young before it's through.
I press my spine against your spine
and feel the turning world align.

Drunken Dream

At the heart's silent threshold, perhaps,
someone has built a home?
while sleep slips away, night after night.
A child's sharp wail pierces the dark,
the mind, restless, trembles with the ache of birth.
Even if the eyes deny it, this truth remains:
Because a human heart beats here,
troubled whispers claw for freedom,
drowning themselves in poetry's meaning.
Perhaps this is how long sorrow ends?
and the drunken dream is fulfilled,
soaring on literature's wild, untamed chariot!

False Tears

There was once a rhythm in this burning heart,
A vow that two lovers would dissolve,
Into the silent pulse of midnight's hush.
Now, even the faintest echo
Of that amber night has frayed.
Time warps?
The sky, a cracked and callous vault,
The dewdrops, pearl-soft promises,
Now dust upon the wind.
Only the sting of unslept eyes remains.
Oh, the cruel jest?
How these hollow tears evaporate
Before they ever touch the battlefield.
(A funeral hymn for love's mirage?even grief wears a mask.)

Voice of the Sky

When clenched in the fist of my heart's chambers,
I would have sown the syllables of storm
between the molars of heaven and hell?
let the universe drown in unquiet verses!
Be the cyclone that scorns the horizon's kneel,
O liturgy of my unbroken want,
descend as the monsoon's first herald,
spilling the sky's silver delirium.
Let the wilted petals remember their fire,
let the doves of peace become tempests,
their wings carving hymns from the wind's throat.
May the rain's fevered, salt-thick embrace
embroider laughter on the desert's lips
with lightning's stuttering scripture.
O architect of thunder, rupture the silence?
your tremor unspools my spine to a psalm.
I have drunk seven oceans to the dregs,
wrestled thirteen rivers into confession,
hunting the fossilized spine of truth.
O Unwritten God! O Keeper of the Unsaid!
Hammer me into a blade of pure howl?
to row through the cataract of lies,
or stand as the last unbent tree
in the hurricane's cathedral.
Forge me into Columbus's blind compass,
a sailor who navigates by God's unmade breath.

Life is Strange

1.

Leaving behind the oar's steady beat,
How do I forge ahead?
Lost in the unforgiving song of reality?
How much longer must I tread?

2.

Thunder roars in my voice, endless sorrow swells in my soul,
A tempest's furious dance through the wind!
Not a shred of fear remains?
Like the scorching fury of Shiva's third eye,
This is Kamadeva's own reckless, flaming defiance.

Far-Sightedness

1)

Tonight, the full moon in its pristine glow
Bathes every direction in light.
In the fevered heart, hope's wavering flame
Flares anew, defiant and bright.
The mind's veil unfurls, self-printed, revealed?
Stripped of venomous disguise,
Resurrected in feverish hues, alive?
A gilded baptism of words, pride's fierce rise.

2)

Tonight, this luminous full moon
Drenches the world in its sheen.
Now's the hour! The comb overflows, honey-thick?
I whet my tongue, razor-keen,
Drunk on new words' hunger?
My speech's spit scatters like stars unseen!

3)

Rend the shameless forgery of deceit,
Let meaning's deluge swell life's ledger.
Shudder, colossal beast of globalization,
In touch-craved wastes, let hands ignite?ember.
My mother once vowed:
"Your words will scorch the sky?
Your sight, one day, will pierce the far."

Just Another Man

I am no servant of rusted thrones,
no cog in their oiled deceit?
though I walk the same stained stairs
where power wears its grinning masks,
I'll never choke on their scripted lies.
And yet?
a thousand uprisings burn in my blood,
a blaze no law can smother:
I won't kneel in their gilded tombs
or carve my name on hollow gold.
For I am the hunger behind each empty plate,
the breath of those drowned in silence?
just another ghost in the market's slaughter,
clawing for crumbs at the banquet of thieves.

Poet's Introduction

Poetry is my ultimate redemption,
the soul's crescendo, life's purest confession.
Bound in the chains of my own reflection,
I kneel?a monk of words in devotion.
Though my identity trembles, a flickering flame,
I build a shelter from phonemes, fragile yet sane.
Each dawn, the heart's whisper grows louder,
and poetry swings me?a pendulum of pain and power.

The River of Dreams

Even in the monsoon's reign,
the banks of my dream's river
lie parched and fading,
as I wait?just for you.
Will you gift me a single note,
a melody soft and true,
so this river of peace may glide,
unbroken, to the distant sea's embrace?

The Relentless Race ? A Symphony of Life and Motion

I. Dawn's Pulse

The city inhales? steel veins constrict,
a million feet drum the same cracked script.
Faces blur into smudged glass,
while sirens carve lanes for the bloodied elite.
One ambulance swallows a man's last breath,
another clears the CEO's path.
History's wheel? No? just the same axe
sharpened on the necks it pretends to spare.

II. The Anatomy of Running

Life: an open vein. Each heartbeat
a failed stitch. You recognize these two?
?The first man knots his noose with payroll slips,
the second laughs through veneers, gripping
a gold pen that signs his own arrest.
Neither knows the joke:
their lungs pump the same thick air,
their bones the same borrowed calcium.
The finish line? A hologram.

III. The Shortcut Myth

We map our escapes on screens?
Faster routes! Instant wins!
But the algorithm's only law:
You will hit the wall you built.
Watch: that bike courier? Now a crimson asterisk
on the crosswalk. That stockbroker?
A stroke mid-trade, his last thought:
"I was saving ten minutes."
The race loves your haste.
It feeds on the sweat you mistake for fuel.

IV. Coda: The Only Winning Move

Stop.
Let the machinery wheeze past.

Plant your feet in the concrete
until it cracks into meadow.
The race was never yours.
The trophy? A noose dipped in chrome.
Now breathe?
and watch the whole damn system
stall without your legs.

I Am No Distant Solitude

I steal the greedy gaze of envious men,
to shape a shelter?bright, unbroken?
to carve into this earth a dream unblinking,
and through the wreckage, build a land of fire and dawn.
I slit the swollen guts of liars and thieves,
the fat kings choking on their gold,
to dress the wounds of the world in calm,
to seed the soil with truth where their rot once grew.
Now I stand?a blade, a vow, a storm,
my poem a nation's spine, its cry, its rising.
I am no distant solitude.
I am the hand that burns.

Hindustan: A Soul's Immortal Journey

Someday, when my breath shall cease to be,
And time reclaims what was lent to me,
The stage will darken, the curtain descend,
Yet beyond the sun, my soul will transcend.
But in hearts where my love took its stand,
I'll linger eternal?a voice, not sand.
Through kin and kindred, duty's sweet thread,
I'll pulse in their veins, though my flesh be dead.
With a quill dipped in fire, my soul I'll unbind,
And pour forth the tempest that raged in my mind.
Each word a balm, each verse a spark,
To light the abyss where shadows grow dark.
Death, that riddle wrapped in night's embrace,
I've danced with its shadow, yet won the race.
For I die each dawn, yet rise anew,
A phoenix in flames, baptized in dew.
A laugh like a chime?though forged, not free?
Rings bright as the sun on a storm-tossed sea.
For death was a stranger, a tale untold,
Till I kissed its lips and touched the cold.
Today, reborn, with dreams untamed,
A thousand suns in my chest are framed.
The pyre may wait, the grave may call,
But I'll chase joy's palace and conquer all.
For I am Hindustan?vibrant, vast,
A tapestry woven of future and past.
No end, no silence, no chains can hold
The spirit that soars through crimson and gold.

Incredible India

Oh, my dearest country,
Under your skies so vast and free,
We rest in the shade of your sacred tree,
Where peace flows boundless, pure, and deep,
A promise you've sworn forever to keep.
No room for hate, no space for spite,
Only love can set the world alight.
From division's chains, we break and rise,
A billion hearts, one soul, one sight.
Oh, India, your spirit shines,
A beacon through the darkest nights.
When ignorance ruled the ancient earth,
You lit the way with wisdom's birth.
Where minds soar free, unshackled, bright,
And dignity stands tall in right,
No caste, no creed shall bind the soul,
Unity is our destined goal.
Where art and science dance as one,
And zero sparked the math to come,
Oh, land of dreams, your flame burns true,
Unbroken, endless, ever new.
The skeptics fade, the wise prevail,
Truth's light shall pierce deception's veil.
Together we march, hand in hand,
A nation proud, a fearless stand.
'Atithi Devo Bhava'?your grace,
The world bows to your embrace.
Your soil, your breath, your sacred streams,
Fuel the fire of boundless dreams.
Oh, India?eternal, wise, divine,
Your legacy, our guiding sign.
We'll honor you with every beat,
A love as vast, as strong, as sweet.

The Hope of Poetry

Poetry is the silent cry of a thousand hearts,
A wildfire of feeling that scorches the page.
For the poets, it is not a mere white horse?
But a thunderbolt wrapped in wings,
A force that cracks open the sky
And lets the raw light of dreams come pouring in.
No timid whispers, no fragile lines?
Only the hammer-strike of truth,
The molten gold of language
Forged in the furnace of the soul.

Woman

Her dreams aren't coins?
they're teeth,
and the night chews them to dust.
His poems aren't art?
they're tombstones,
each verse a fake name.
When they fuck, it's not love?
it's two prisons
comparing keys.
At dawn, he leaves
with her voice sewn into his pockets.
She lets him.
The street doesn't miss him.
The street doesn't care.
But she waits?
not for the poet,
but for the rot
to finally taste interesting.
"Why?" I ask.
She smiles:
"Nothing hurts better
than a wound
you can't stop touching."
Now she carves his name
into the wall.
Not to remember.
To prove
the knife was real.

Poetry and the Honest Smile

I.

You need no gold to etch your name
in the quiet light of another's soul?
no crown, no claim, no hollow fame,
just poetry, and a smile that's whole.

II.

Laugh?if laughter is your art.
Bring me the weight you've borne apart.
My joy is fleeting, faint, and few,
but take what's left; I'll keep it true.

III.

And when the sorrows rise like tides,
I'll weave them into verse?
a bridge where two hearts meet,
in words, both deep and terse.

The Forge of Agony

Agonies are the alchemists of life's translation?
they strike the dark ore of existence into light.
When agony meets the immovable weight of the world,
friction ignites? a forge of stars in the black.
And from this crucible, this relentless spark,
the white horse surges? mane of comet-fire,
hooves carving destiny from the raw, trembling earth.

THE GRAND ILLUSION

We built this pyre with our own hands?
Like. Share. Scroll. The algorithm demands.
Democracy's a trending page
Where billionaires write every rage.
Silicon sadhus count their souls
In app-built heavens, mined from holes
Where children cough up cobalt dust
To prove some CEO's "robust growth."
Two fires burn. You've seen the proof:
One wrapped in NFTs and spoof,
One just a mother's fading breath
Still priced beneath her WhatsApp death.
Who stokes these flames? Don't look above?
We taught the AI what to love.
Our thumbs made gods of hollow men
Who sell the rope we hang them in.
The choice was never left or right?
Just keep the dark or be the light.
No hashtag saves. No thoughts and prayers.
The fire comes. Will you be air?

By the Light of My Poetic Side

Here, where ink runs not as dye but blood -
a covenant forged in rhythm's flood -
we stand united though the spheres may turn,
each voice a sun where other suns still burn.
Michael Edwards, dawn's unclouded sight,
Neville, your verses pierce the veils of night.
Poetic Licence, wit's rapier play,
Søren Barrett, truth's unbending way.
Fine B, syllables like polished stone,
Yeahchanan, chanting in a timeless tone.
Violet, strength in quiet repose,
Lorna, depths where understanding grows.
Aislinn, honey-steel in every line,
Goldfinch60, light that makes shadows pine.
L.B. Mek, bedrock no storm can move,
Fay Slimm, tides that ancient rhythms prove.
Fred Peyer, architect of thought's new spheres -
and countless more who brighten all our years.
No algorithm's cold, unfeeling hand,
just souls entwined across this singing land.
My Poetic Side - not mere site, but home,
the sacred space where wandering pens may roam.
Here we endure: untamed, unchained, unbowed,
a constellation wearing truth as cloud.

Glory to Thee, O Dhuhibala! (A Symphonic Ode to the Land of Golden Progress)

I. The Soul of Dhuhi

O hallowed land where my first breath was drawn,
Thy bosom hums with progress' golden dawn!
Beholding this, my spirit sings elate?
What rapture pure! What bliss immaculate!
Not mere dust and shifting desert sands,
But treasure-house where golden harvest stands;
Where rubies gleam in sun-kissed paddy rows,
And wisdom's light through every alley flows.

II. The Mosaic of Triumph

Emerald fields where stalwart souls abide,
Nature's green matched by vision deep and wide.
No ignorance shadows this sacred space?
Science and art in perfect harmony embrace!
Hark! How progress' anthem proudly rings,
Through bustling lanes where hope takes wings!
This vision lifts my soul to heights untold?
What joy transcendent! What glory manifold!

III. The River's Prophecy

Dhuhi! Dhuhi! Land of destiny!
Where dawn's first light ignites possibility.
Baraliya's currents carved foundations strong,
Nona's gift?rich soil where dreams belong.
Upon this earth, creation's rains shall pour,
A renaissance blooms forevermore!

IV. Ode to Immortality

O fairest earth! O sanctuary sweet!
We, thy children, kneel at glory's feet.
No foreign thought shall breach our sacred trust,
Thy honor shines?immortal, pure, and just!

Chorus of Eternity:

All hail Dhuhibala! Eternal may you reign!
We crown thee with our gratitude's refrain!
Lo! Progress' chariot marches through thy gate?
My soul stands awed before such glorious fate!
What cosmic joy! What divine estate!

Final Benediction:

All hail Dhuhibala! Heaven's favored land!
All hail Dhuhibala! By destiny's own hand!

Intoxication of Literature

(Soused Dream)

I.

A house has been built
on the borders of my heart?
its doors warped by the monsoon,
its windows glazed with the frost
of sleepless nights.
A child's cry echoes
in the hollows of my mind.
This is the price of creation:
blood, sweat, and the weight
of a first breath.
REVOLT, the word hums,
lodged in the throat of POETRY.
Will this ache ever end?
Or will the soured dream?
this chariot of ink and longing?
shatter mid-flight?

II.

After a year's silence, Swapnanil returns to his desk. A poem whispers to him, insistent as a bumblebee trapped in glass. It murmurs in the cadence of Urmimala Mahanta's verses, which he once loved like a second heartbeat.

In childhood, he dreamed of eclipses?that moment when the moon fights free of the sun's shadow.

Today, the past sings. It lifts the gauze of his weariness, and for the first time in months, the pen trembles in his hand.

The study door slams shut. Outside, the Luit River snarls against the banks, its currents thick with silt and forgotten myths. Through the window, Swapnanil watches the water twist into eddies, each whirlpool a stanza from Urmimala's unfinished elegy.

His pen moves without him.

III. The Fairy Tale (As Grandmother Told It)

A king named his daughter Full Moon?born under the whitest night. Her shadow was Full Eclipse, the minister's son, whose name was scribbled in the dark of an astrologer's ledger.

At the swayamvar, Full Eclipse refused to compete. "Love is not a tournament," he said. The king struck him. Ten years' exile.

But the boy knelt by a banyan tree, prayed to Shiva until his knees split stone. The god laughed,

erased a decade in ten days, and the lovers reunited.

(When Swapnanil was born at dusk?that liminal hour when Narasimha slew Hiranyakashipu?the village priests debated: Was it an omen of devotion, or a curse of unrest?)

IV. The Unraveling

Valentine's Day. The tempo to college reeks of sweat and marigolds. Urmimala sits beside him, her shoulder a centimeter from his. Her cheeks flush tomato-red when the conductor leers: "Dhaba trip, miss? The night's young."

A shopkeeper cackles: "Life needs spice?liquor, lust, a little sin!"

Urmimala flees. The classroom door cracks like a spine.

Swapnanil learns the truth from Anuj the bookseller: "They broadcast it on TV. A girl in a college uniform?caught at the dhaba. Wasn't her? Looked just like?"

Beneath the Poinciana tree, Swapnanil's ribs become a cage. Was love ever real? The fairy tale taunts him: Full Eclipse got a miracle. You get rumors.

Yet the pen still itches in his pocket.

V. Negative Capability

At home, he opens Facebook. Urmimala's status:

"They pixelated my face but not my shame. Let them watch?I'll write myself clean."

The news scrolls: "False allegation?TRP stunt. Girl's identity forged."

The page exhales. Swapnanil writes until dawn, the words clotting and unclotting like the Luit in flood.

The revolt was literature. The literature, revolt. Between them, he drowned sober.

Footnotes:

Luit River: Brahmaputra's tributary, a symbol of erosion and renewal in Assamese lore.

Narasimha: Vishnu's avatar, slain the demon at twilight?a metaphor for Swapnanil's liminal existence.

Negative Capability: Keats' term for embracing doubt; here, Swapnanil's acceptance of love's ambiguity.

The Silent Combustion

Under carbon monoxide's pall, the body yields?
terrestrial flesh undone in poison's creed.
Yet the engine's hunger, mechanical, cold,
devours its fuel, completes its greed.
But the mind's fire?who tends its spark?
What hand directs? What dark womb feeds
this pyre of thought, this restless arc
between the ash and the hungering seeds?
If breath and soul in pact are bound,
how does the gas's kiss, unseen, unfelt,
steal through the veins without a sound,
while spirit sleeps in fumes that melt
the waking world to grandeur's lie?
Who craves the fall, the fractured light,
the plunge through haze where senses die?
drowned not in dark, but borrowed night?
Is this the rift?the stark divide?
man's weight of will, or chains imposed?
The choice to burn, or be denied
by hands unseen, the sky disposed?

The Landscape of Poinciana

1

No mention, no tension?
This life, though not
The life of longing's grand design,
Still reigns within the psyche's shrine,
Above the spirit lost to wine.
I claim the victor's fleeting sign!
Beneath the poinciana's flame,
The world sways in a whispered name:
Spring's embrace, a crimson tide,
Birds in song, and hearts untied?
All journey where dreams abide.

2

Imagination, O imagination...
What worlds await your soft persuasion?
The art of being? bold, yet brief?
Lifts me, me, beyond belief.
Who knows when time will yield its grief?
Yet in my mind, a realm takes flight,
A mirrored sky of endless light.

3

All my life, all my glory,
I've danced within this fiery story.
The poinciana's scarlet call
Makes mortal chains dissolve, enthrall?
I die in joy, and rise in awe!
For here, no petty sorrows cling;
Here, thought becomes a sovereign thing.
And when its blaze fills sight's domain,
We rule the streets where dreams remain?
Monarchs of the lost and plain.

4

The redness, the redness...

A queen's decree, a soul's redress!
Petals bleed in perfect time,
Spilling hymns in rhythm's rhyme?
From bloom to leaf, from head to height,
A sacrament of pure delight.

5

O Poinciana, spellbound queen,
Your beauty crowns the unseen.
The wind, your servant, sweeps and sways,
Bearing scarlet through the days.
And I? I long to bloom as true,
A fiery soul, alive like you!

You Are Still You, Let Her Be Herself

She danced in the rain,
and now the rain tastes like her?
soft, fleeting, sweet.
You love storms because of her,
the way thunder echoes her laughter,
the way lightning traces her silhouette in the dark.
She came to you as a dream,
so now you keep your dreams close,
like fragile things?
too precious to break,
too vivid to forget.
You savor them like stolen wine,
intoxicated by what never fully was.
Because she was always a daydream,
you learned to live in the in-between,
in the quiet hum of insomnia,
where memories don't fade,
where she still exists?
untouched, untouchable.
She remains your dearest reverie,
a mirror of all you've loved and lost.
Yet in her smile, you still see
the colors of a life you once imagined.
That's why, even now,
you haven't forgotten how to smile.
And when you see her,
you greet her with the same quiet joy,
as if no time has passed,
as if nothing has changed.
And nothing has changed?
not really.
You are still you.
She is still herself.

The feelings linger,
not as wounds, but as embers?
warm, glowing,
still lighting your way.
You wish her no harm,
only peace.
You ask for no revenge,
only grace.
Let love remain love,
even when it's unrequited.
Let endings stay gentle,
not burned to bitter ash.
You are still you.
Let her be herself.
And may the world be kind enough
to leave some hearts unbroken.

Exclusively Ours

The eyes are strangers to the heart's refrain?
what gleams in light may hide the deepest stain.
You say you're fine; I echo it anew.
Stay safe. Stay warm. Let silence stitch what's true.
No questions left to scatter like the rain.
This is ours? just yours and mine to name.

Violated, Yet Unbroken (A Symphony of Scars and Light)

I am violated?again, again?
A life etched in lack, a chronicle of pain.
Yet within this void, my spirit grinds its blade,
Friction of survival, the price unpaid.
Each violation strips me to the bone,
Yet scourges clean the filth I've known.
Barriers shatter?not with a cry, but a roar?
As astral fire floods through the cracked door.
Newton's third law lives in my veins:
For every wound, a greater force remains.
Exhaustion? No?I am the storm's eye,
Tireless. Untamed. The lightning they cannot defy.

First Love: The Awakening

Ah, first love? a wildfire in the tender dawn,
A sculptor's chisel carving souls reborn.
Yet second love? A supernova's might,
A cosmic dance in symphonies of light.

Beauty Fades, but Essence Reigns

Not in the mirror's fleeting, gilded frame,
But in the heart's unshaken, sacred flame.
For conduct is the scripture time obeys,
A legacy no mortal hand decays.

Adjustment is Survival; Understanding is Divine

Adapt, yes? but transcend! For wisdom's key
Lies not in bending low, but standing free.
To grasp life's labyrinth with fearless eyes,
Is to unlock the heavens, claim the skies.

The Alchemy of Love's Evolution

First love etches, second love ignites?
One plants the seed, the other births the heights.
One teaches longing; one, the art to soar,
A dual masterpiece forevermore.

The Eternal Paradox of the Heart

To adore gardenias in morning's embrace,
Does not betray the jasmine's moonlit grace.
Love is no cage? it's the universe, unconfined,
Expanding with each heartbeat of the mind.

THE TALL BUT HOLLOW INSTITUTIONS

1
Beneath the weight of hallowed, hollow halls,
Where rigid forms and tired echoes call,
I stand apart? unshaped, unwilling clay,
Resisting molds that sought to fix my way.

2
At Dhuhi Novodaya Jatiya Vidyalaya, dawn's first light,
The headmistress - Anupama Dekka leaned, her voice soft, bright:
"What will you be, child? What will you be?"
I smiled, "Life's script is yet unseen by me."

3
Years bent to books, ink-stained and confined,
Till walls expelled me? cast me to the wind.
My father's voice, a storm of grief and pride:
"You chose the tongue the white man left behind,
Yet falter now at thresholds still too high.
What will you be, son? What will you be?"
"Poetry," I said, "will be my only creed,
Though it won't feed the mouth, it feeds the need.
If joy were all, no verse would ever rise,
But sorrow carves its truth in midnight skies.
No gilded title, no parrot's learned speech,
Just words that pierce? and hearts they'll someday reach."

4
Now, restless nights? my bones protest the air,
Two days unslept, two souls laid bare.
The window stays agape, the world flows in,
A balm, a hymn, against the ache within.
And there, the poinciana's flame takes flight,
A scarlet hymn against the fading light.

Change Is the Way of Life

I. The Unfolding

The past?not a memory, but the soil you grew from,
The present?not a moment, but the blade that shapes you,
The future?not a promise, but the wind that awaits you.

II. The Release

Why mourn what was never yours to keep?
You are a breath borrowing a body,
A hand touching tools another will hold,
A voice singing words the sky will swallow.

III. The Cycle

What you love today, another once loved,
What you grieve tomorrow, another will find.
The earth takes and gives in the same motion?
A wheel turning in perfect silence.

IV. The Truth

You are not the rider?you are the road,
Not the storm?you are the sky it moves through.
Change is not passing through you.
You are passing through change.

Faith and Tolerance

Faith? a beacon in the night,
steadfast, sure, an anchor bright.
Tolerance? a robe, sun-woven,
soft for wounds, by kindness woven.
Every thread a mother's hand,
patient, wise, and deftly planned.
Hemmed with hope, lined with grace,
it shields me in life's harsh embrace.
Through the ache, the weight, the fray,
toward dawn's unyielding ray,
Faith leads on with flame unstained,
Tolerance bears what pain remained.
Cloaked in hues of strength and prayer,
no trial dares my soul to tear.
For when the storms of strife run deep,
these twin guards stir, protect, and keep.
So I wear this vibrant dress,
with thanks for how my heart they press?
Faith to rise, Tolerance to mend,
two loves that forge me to transcend.

Let's Go to the Heart

Last night, I wandered through the dream-stitched land,
a vagabond tracing the veins of a solitary street.
And you?you asked me, "Where are you going?"
I whispered, "Where silence cradles the air,
where no footstep echoes, no shadow lingers?
perhaps along the path of Kherai Thansali."
You laughed, "You dwell too much in dreams!"
I replied, "Dreams are the dyes of life?
without them, the world fades to gray."
You sighed, "How archaic you are!"
"Why?" I asked.
"Last night, I dreamt of Dubai," you said,
its skyline blazing like a diamond spine.
I murmured, "But can towers touch the sky
as deeply as roots delve the earth?
How far can you walk in a land without heartbeats?"
"You speak in riddles," you sighed.
I smiled. "Another name for riddle is love.
To open the heart's hushed language,
to speak in the silence between stars?
that is how gallant lovers breathe."
First, the heartbeat.
Then?the world.

Footnotes:

'Kherai Thansali' is a small street's name of a village...situated nearby Rangia town of Assam.

What Brings Tree

1

What brings the tree... what brings?
Along the winding path of life,
a thousand blooms in glory thrive.
Beyond the weariness, the weight, the ache,
wanderers rest where boughs awake.

2

From heart to heart and soul to soul,
a river of love begins to roll?
Why do these restless tides erase
the hollow echoes in our space?
Yet in the hush of whispering leaves,
my storm dissolves, my spirit breathes.

3

For whom do scarlet scarves unfold?
Spring hums the hymns of youth untold.
For whom do emerald canopies gleam,
or countless visions paint the dream?
For you, for me? the rooted feast,
a silent yield of fruit and grain.
Unseen, their hands are never ceased,
yet hold the cure for hunger's pain.
Rooted in science, crowned in art,
a masterpiece of nature's heart.
With every breath, we trade, we share,
an unseen bond beyond compare.
And in this pact of earth and air,
I find a life both rich and rare.

Friendship

I.

In Puthimari's honeyed air,
Where music spun like sunlight there,
Zubeen Garg's voice? a wildfire's call?
Burned bright, and we were part of all.
Till suddenly, the world let go:
My knees forgot the earth below.
The crowd, the stars, the singing stream
Dissolved into a swaying dream.
But three names cut through? sharp, alive?
Jintu. Masihur. Aminul. Arrived.
No grand speech, just hands that gripped,
And pulled me from the dark I'd slipped.
Remember this when shadows loom:
Love's not the spark? it's who relights your flame.

II.

One friend beside you in the black
Outshines a thousand at your back.
Not for their words, but how they stay?
A compass when you've lost your way.
They don't just walk where pathways gleam,
They map the roads you've never seen.
And if you falter? They're the ground.
No crown, no cape? just found, found, found.
So name them now, these rare hearts true,
Who need no oath to see you through.
For time will thin both gold and glare,
But this? this bond? outlasts the air.

The Ledger of Life

In this world, no gift is free,
Not the wind, nor sky, nor sea.
From the moment breath is drawn,
Value's weighed? a silent pawn.
Parents tally what we cost,
Years unfold, yet more is lost.
Time, relentless, steals our prime,
Leaves us chasing ghosts of time.
We love in flames, we ache in chains,
Hollowed out by silent pains.
No hand can lift the weight we bear?
A heart's lament, a stifled prayer.
Yet pause not in despair's embrace,
Nor let fate dictate the race.
Seize the hour, clutch it tight,
Mold the dark to forge your light.
For suffering, though sharp, may guide
The strength we bury deep inside.
Small the heart, yet vast its scars,
A constellation of broken stars.
Protons clash, neutrons fade,
Electrons scream? yet none are paid.
But the heart's last debt, cold and sly?
The shroud we buy the day we die.
The mind, a vault of unshed tears,
Cracks at last? and truth appears.
So live with hands outstretched, uncurled,
Give the world your fleeting world.
For worth is not in diamonds, but sown
In seeds of kindness left when gone.

Eternal Sunshine

You are the sunrise, the sun's own smile,
A blaze of gold?like Cassia petals piled.
Your gaze pours the wine of life anew,
As my heart's flute sings, pure and true.
Carve my name in your soul's bright core,
Our silent glances ignite evermore.
Like constellations sparked divine,
Through fate's own lightning?yours and mine.
You'll never fade, though worlds take flight,
Mirrored in time, my endless light.
My pulse drums your celestial tune,
For you are the sun?my moon, my noon.

Shortcut

The world is a blur of hungry feet,
A cacophony of haste on heat-struck streets.
Clocks gnaw at hours, hands claw and plead,
As shadows swallow?yet no one is freed.
The ambulance wails, a scarlet cry,
A name dissolves beneath the sky.
Then sirens kneel?like Moses' sea?
For the gilded king in his parade of need.
Life: a joke half the world misreads.
Some suffocate in stillness, some in speed.
One fossils in comfort, dull, confined,
The other grins?"This blood is mine."
"I am the wound before the scar,
The ghost who haunts the dark, unbarred.
Let them steal my stolen fire?
If one spark lives, I'll strangle the pyre."*
Oh, the shortcut's snare! The cursed race?
Tills, bazaars, the smog-choked chase
Of roads that coil like vipers sprung,
Where Death drips lullabies from his tongue.
Life smirks: "You kiss the phantom 'near,'
Yet every breath buys you a year.
Here's your shortcut?etched in bone?
A grave's first step to call your own."*

I Wait For You

In every shadow, I searched for you,
In every flame of hope, bright and true,
I felt your whisper? a fleeting trace,
In every word, in time's embrace.
Since then, until the stars descend,
I will wait for you?
Without end.

The dawn chorus hums its ancient tune,
The sky, a deeper, boundless blue.
Yellow-billed Egrets on silver wings,
Little Cormorants, dusk's murmurings,
All return, their journeys through,
To nests where light and longing brew.
The cattle slow at evening's gate,
Their hooves stir dust, their hearts elate,
Returning home where shadows rest,
To warmth and stillness, loved and blessed.
Each soul, parched by time's cruel thirst,
With heart's own message, sealed and versed,
Rides the morning bus's sigh,
Back to where the old roads lie.
Yet no... for whom my gaze still burns,
Whose voice in silence never turns,
Has not been found?
Though shame I bear,
Though countless days dissolve to air,
You have not come.
You are not there.

The Unreturned

By the same path you left,
how do I summon you back?
Had infinity not held you,
I would have tethered you to the finite?
with threads of dawn and echoes of rust.
Now, sorrow has no shore.

The Scarred Lovers of Light

I. The Divine Divide

He rules the sky with golden flame,
She wears the night - his borrowed name.
One breath apart, forever true,
The dawn's strict law their love renews.

II. The Cratered Heart

Her darkened pole - where meteors fell -
A wound no tide could ever quell.
Yet in that scar, his fire dwells:
A molten psalm no crater tells.

III. The Sacred Exchange

His light would burn her silver skin,
Her tears would drown his fire within.
So fate decreed this strange delight:
She wears his burns, he fuels her night.

IV. The Unbroken Vow

No union. No touch. No shared embrace.
Only this cosmic paradox of grace:
"While Time still breathes, we two shall keep
One law - to love the dark and deep,
Your craters hold my noonday fire,
My dusk inherits your desire."

V. The Mortal Lesson

O fragile hearts who weep to own,
Learn from these lovers carved in stone -
True passion thrives in hallowed scars,
And brightest burns through prison bars.

VI. The Eternal Witness

Behold their testament above:
Not flesh - but light.
Not grasp - but love.
Not wounds - but proof.

Not near - but truth.

Damnation: A Requiem for the Sacred

1.

I will not bend.

You?wretched, divine?

were meant to last.

You know this:

No soul stands upright

without a mother's spine,

without the embers of her breath.

2.

The world is cracked?do you hear it?

How far must we bleed before we kneel?

True strength dies once.

Only God returns, unshaken.

3.

Morality is a priest's lie,

stitched with gold thread.

But no law can strangle

the rebel blood in our veins.

4.

We kiss our mother's hands,

we eat the earth she walks on,

we name ourselves after fathers

who became ghosts too soon.

Kanaklata's fist,

Jaymati's unbroken neck,

Helen Keller's alphabet of fire?

why then do we carve our own throats?

5.

You, swollen with pride?

when will you learn?

A mother's body is the first scripture,

the last border.

To deny her is to drown
in a sea of unmarked graves.

6.

Now?

let the rope sing.

Let the rapist's shadow
swing like a rotten bell.

Or gather, cowards,
and watch as the sky collapses
over a godless nation.

The Daffodil Wars

I. Transcendence's Majesty

I am no cloud?
I'm the storm's first breath,
a silver howl lit with golden fire.
Valleys kneel. Rivers chant my name
in hymns that crack the spine
of stone and sky.

II. Manifesto's Rebellion

Wordsworth?
His daffodils lie like pressed coins?
quiet, polished, pale.
But mine?
Mine slice the wind like thunder-forged blades,
hip-hop demigods stomping rhythms
into the bones of silence.

III. Revolution's Fire

Ten thousand sun-grenades erupt?
each petal a siren:
Burn with me.
The waves recoil.
The trees bear witness.
Even the soil wears scars
from where we danced.

IV. The Final Triumph

Let scholars mourn their fragile blooms.
I spit on inward eyes.
My daffodils don't bloom?
they rise.
They march.
They conquer.
And when they win,
the world will wear their yellow
like war paint in spring.

Two Shadows, One Flame

Too many hands reach love's bright door?
blind to the feast, they beg for crumbs.
The earth still turns, but something more
unfolds where love in silence comes.
Yours whispers? Mine is the sun's cry,
kindling the dark with molten gold.
Planets sway in their silent sky,
tethered to truths too old to hold.
Because love lives, the lotus blooms in mud,?
a sacred flower born of dirt and dark.
Not spilling?no?the well runs deep,
where centuries drink, honey-slow.
Mars bares his chest, the Moon her keep,
bearing the wounds we'll never show.
Lie to me. Truth me. Burn or fade.
I'll be the tide that floods your shore.
Bound by the stars the old gods laid,
the pull that makes the black holes roar.
And when you gasp at how we blaze?
two shadows cast from one pure flame?
know each scar, every ash-lit phrase,
was love, signing its sacred name.

A Forever Moment

The sun ascends... then bleeds into night,
Rain tells its secrets, then slips from sight.
Darkness lifts?dawn carves its line,
Dawn dissolves?stars drift, redefined.
Twilight lingers, half-dreamed, half-true...
The world exhales?and so do you.
In winter's clasp, I chase the sun's last breath,
In summer's blaze, it trails my every step.
The seasons pivot on time's slow wheel?
This is how love turns, this is what we feel:
A forever moment, too vast to reveal.

Poetry Is in Your Blood

1.

Mount again the horse that threw you?
bury your doubt in the mire of the ordinary.
Let its harness bells scream your name
until even the wind forgets to stop you.

2.

Wear your scars like unwritten sonnets.
Let the ache of uncertainty in your veins
be the torch that burns through silence.

3.

Do not beg time for forgiveness?
poetry kneels only in the temple of solitude.
Stand firm. Tell your reflection:
"Humiliation is the echo of small men,
but introspection? the axe that splits the dark."

Press Deeper

A pulse rides steady in the pencil's lead.

Never sigh, "I'm too tired to go on"?

press deeper.

Let the hunger in your hands

stir the marrow of your will.

Exalt the fight: one more day,

one more dawn?

who knows when the sky might fray?

Press deeper.

You live because you burn, not just endure.

Even your wounds are seeds?

so love the sweet sting, the sweat,

hoard your memories like gold.

Remember:

you've always been this brave.

When Rain Becomes Us

I.

Come, relentless rain?
drench us in your silver chains;
let the heavens weep.

II.

Skin to storm, we fuse?
you the flood, and I the dune,
crumbling into tide.

III.

Liquid fingers trace
rivers down my thirsty spine?
earth drinks sky whole.

IV.

Drip by drop, we merge,
until no you, no more I?
just the moon's mirrored tears.

The Covenant of Eyes

I. Union

Not merely hues that mirrors hold,
But twin flames, bright and stark?
When two souls meet in light's accord,
They etch love's ageless mark.
If faith endures, unswayed by time,
Like rivers carving stone,
Their gaze will weave a silent vow
Where heaven claims its own.

II. Doubt

But if life's spring gives gold to eyes?
And nothing more? what then?
Can beauty's veil, unlit by truth,
Conceal the flaws of men?
What crown wears love that hears no voice?
What throne for speechless grace?
Can hands that never learn to clasp
Still build love's dwelling place?

III. Ruin

Behold the Taj of dream-dust raised?
Now broken by the wind:
A monument to love unshared,
Where echoes drown, unpinned.
For love must hear the lover's voice,
An answer, soft and sure?
Else all its spires, though crowned in gold,
Fall prey to time's obscure.

The Eternal Tides

I. Past

Because the past exists, I may return?
not as a ghost, but ember's afterglow,
a flame that learns, in mirrored light, to burn
backward through all I used to know.

II. Future

Because the future waits, I hear its tide?
not as a threat, but as an unborn song
that hums in shells no waves have yet supplied,
still drawing forth the lines where dreams belong.

III. Present

But here?ah, here!?the miracle takes hold:
where fingers press the pulse of fleeting now,
where ink births worlds before the page turns cold,
where past and future meet and make their vow.

IV. Poem (Meta-Stanza)

This line, still wet, will fossilize too soon?
yet in its bones will thrum a deeper truth:
that when I wrote beneath a borrowed moon,
time stilled?and for one breath, I held my youth.

V. Legacy

What stays when all these syllables grow cold?
Not just the words, but how they made you feel?
the wound they kissed, the joy they dared to hold,
the part they touched you'd never thought to heal.

VI. Timeless

For in this act?this sacred, stubborn art?
we cheat the clock with every mark we make:
the past remade, the future's beating heart,
all cradled in the hand that dared to break
the rule of hours... and in that break, took
eternity into a single look.

While I Am

I stand alone in this fleeting now,
Pen in hand and furrowed brow.
These words take shape, then set me free?
The one who writes slips quietly.
Time, that thief, moves ever on,
Stealing dawn, then dusk? then gone.
And here I wait, not lost, but tied,
To dreams the future hides inside.

The Fisherman's Last Tide

Three days he stayed?then slipped away,
his boat a ghost at break of day.
I caught his face in silver light,
lips cracked with cold, hands bleached and white.
No grief for palms that hauled the dead,
yet left no crumb where children tread.
I see him still?his lantern's flame,
a drowning sun no dawn could name.
She loved the vastness of the Bay?
its salted breath, its wild ballet.
But now she fears even that sea;
its hunger gnaws her memory.
"He ruled the waves," his widow said,
her voice a hook I still have bled.
"Once..." she tried?I turned to stone.
"No child of mine will starve alone."
Why? The wind clawed at the door.
She gripped the chair, and spoke no more?
Now, inside her chest, lies a mournful sea,
where tides of silence drown her plea.
"The sea returns no borrowed breath.
I'll trade no more my love for death."

I Was Not Born a Ghost (The Eternal Cry of the Unbroken)

I was not blind?until they named my dawn their night.
I was not shattered?until they drew the line, called it right.
I was not a slave?until they priced my breath in gold.
I was not mute?until they taught me their tongue, then sold
my own for scrap. I was not poor?until they came
with coins for my soil, left me begging in the flame
of their progress. I was not armed?until they branded
my hands weapons, my child collateral, my home expanded.
I was not hate?until they salted my wounds with prayer.
I was not hunted?until they built a world where my air
is a permit, my skin a warrant, my blood debate.
Who are they? The same hands?different mask, same hate:
the census-taker counting my worth in dust,
the priest blessing bombs with Psalms of lust,
the general mapping my veins as borders,
the banker trading my grief for quarters.
They carve their chaos deep?claim it divine.
Yet here I stand: unyielding, undrowned, mine.

The Human Fabric

No face is foreign in light or gloom,
No soul born wicked?yet all make room
For shadows dancing on walls we weave,
While claiming truths we don't believe.
More cleverness, more golden chains,
We outwit demons but lose our names.
Life's curriculum, writ in fire:
Take more, want more, then still aspire.
From first breath drawn to final plea,
This race where no one bends the knee.
Why mourn a fall when none will say
They too have lost their way?
Behold! The mighty on gilded thrones,
Their marble laughter, their diamond moans.
Chariots roar where beggars stand?
One world, but built on shifting sand.
Where does the heart's true compass point?
In rebel songs or banker's joint?
The law stands blind where gold holds sway,
While children learn to look away.
Philosophers weigh the dust of years,
Their theorems dry, their unshed tears.
The judge's robe hides mended seams?
Who tends the wound behind the screens?
Faiths divide the selfsame sky,
One sun watches both bless and die.
If God made lamb and wolf alike,
Why do we cloak our claws in spite?
They name us Earth's appointed lords,
Yet watch the apes?their simple hoards:
They take no more than hunger needs,
While we plant forests of hollow deeds.
To lose this form, this sacred spark,

Is to drown the light that parts the dark.
Not angels fallen, nor beasts unwise?
The grandeur blazes in how wide we open our eyes.

Charity Begins At Home

I. The Procession

At memory's gate, the past unfurled?
Rangia College, in jubilee gold,
Summoned a march, a thousand strong,
To chant reform in tide and song.
I wore the jester's cap and bell,
A painted grin to mask the spell,
Danced for sweets, for laughs, for praise,
While children chased my ribboned maze.
The banners flapped like righteous wings:
"Unite! Uplift! End evil things!"
Yet irony, that voiceless thief,
Crept in beneath our shouting brief.

II. The Shadow

Then? crackling through the festive cheer:
A boy, his ribs like ladders sheer,
Tied to his mother's broomstick spine,
Both fused to dust, their eyes resigned.
The march surged on? a blaze, a flood?
They did not move. None understood.
The mother's palms, upturned and split,
Held nothing but the weight of it.

III. The Reckoning

I gripped my flag marked "Peace for All,"
Yet felt my costumed spirit fall.
What worth are words, so bold, so sweet,
To those who rot beneath our feet?
The jester's role came uncomposed?
A mimic's mask, too thinly posed.
No coin I gave. No hand I lent.
Only heat, and shame, and silent bent.

IV. The Epiphany

That night, the stars were sharp and wise,
They pierced me through the moonless skies:
"You marched for those a world away,
Yet let your beggar child decay.
The hardest path you'll ever roam?
Is knowing charity starts at home."

Evergreen: The Timeless Power of Poetry

Poetry is the sun that never sets,
A river of voices?no silence, no regrets.
It bends, not breaks, beneath the weight of years,
A lantern for the lost, a map for pioneers.
I walked with nothing, yet carried the sky,
No armor but the word, no shield but "why?"
And time declared me warrior?not by sword, but sight?
To cut through dark and welcome light.
Ask if I've conquered thrones or seas?
I'll say: I hold no trophies, only keys.
The kind that turn in locks of dust and doubt,
That swing time's silent hinges out.
Let the world call this a minor art?
Still it cracks the hardest heart.
No age can claim it, no grave can keep
What rises while the world's asleep.
Poetry is root and bloom and seed,
A clock that ticks without the need to bleed.
And when they ask, "Who reads it now?"
Point to the wind?
and whisper, "Listen...
how?"

The Great Poetry, or The Highest Part of Life

I

I grasp the forefinger of the poetical cosmos,
And stride?
Unceasing,
From the deep moment to the deepest momentum,
From the bounded shore to the boundless hymn.

II

I mount the chariot of words,
Ride the circumference of thought,
Then halt? suddenly?
In the cathedral of the mind.
Here, I rest, but only for a breath,
Or turn my wrist to the hollow of solitude,
Stealing the secret wine of the poet's spirit?
And what remains?
Only this:

The scriptures of the ages
Are the marrow of my verse?
The Quran's molten gold,
The Bible's echoing psalm,
The Ramayana's woven fire,
The Tripitaka's silent bloom?
All dissolve into the one, eternal poem.
Thus I declare:
The world is the Poem,
And the Poem?
The highest pulse of life.

III

Sometimes, in the cipher of a sparrow's cry,
Sometimes, in the fracture between joy and sorrow,
Or the wind's slow confession against my cheek,
I hear it?

The rhythm that writes itself,
The key that turns in the lock of the infinite.

The Nocturne of Unwritten Laws

Do not call me useless?
I am the astronomer of the unspoken,
braiding comet dust
into the grammar of glow.
Night's black lens
trembles with our silhouettes,
but laugh in iambic, and it replies
with a morse code of forgotten names.
The sky dissolves its atlas,
hungry for horizons:
I trek beyond the brink of sleep
where poetry is both north
and the storm that erases north.
Early risers, night's accomplices?
whose phantom contract
binds them? Only here,
where shadows stitch their seams,
does time collapse into a single vowel.
No risk. No rule.
Just the infinity of unsung
thrumming in the throat
of every dreamer.

The Taxonomy of Goodbye

I loved you not as metaphor permits?
but as roots crack stone: inevitable, slow.
Your eyes rewrote my cardinal directions.
My promise? Anvils wear less than I owe.
Love stayed love (no alchemy to acid,
no blessed wine turned vinegar with time).
Had it rotted, I'd have torched the orchard?
but the blossoms cling like guilt to every vine.
If grief were smoke, I'd let the sirocco
scatter every ashen memory.
But this heart refuses pyres?
it keeps its arson quietly.
Yet something in me still resists the dark?
not light, but embers that refuse to die.
The ribs may cage them, but the wind remembers
what the hands won't speak: the body keeps its fire.

Motta, Your Alter Ego

Who said you were ever alone?
Step outside your name? just once?
and watch how loneliness unthreads,
a flock of starlings scattering at dusk.
Tell me, Motta,
how many times must we carve open
the question of belonging
like a fruit with no seed?
I've tried?
to stitch my silence into companionship,
to gather warmth from shadows,
but even my voice echoes back empty.
Still, listen:
every wanderer carries a buried signal,
a dim, defiant pulse beneath the ache.
Mine flickers in the dark,
a heartbeat waiting
for home.

How a Good Man Loves

You were a fleeting love? a fire, a phase,
And so, in quiet hours, these words I raise
From embered wires, from echoes soft and low:
You are the sun on days when gold winds blow.
May laughter grace your lips, unforced and bright,
A dawn that lingers, turning dark to light.
May time one day stretch out a thread so fine,
It leads you back to joy's unbroken line?
And if my eyes then gleam with tender tears,
Let them be sweet, like spring after the years.
Once, at love's door, I swore you were my fate,
But you became the keeper of the gate,
The one who locked me in a lonesome hold?
Yet still, my heart remembers you in gold.
Oh, *Dulcinea*, do not be mistaken:
No envy lives where love remains unshaken.
I choose the zeal that lifts, not chains that sever?
A good man's love is one you'll lose never.
So let this truth outlast the fading stars:
He'll always tell you what you truly are.

Struggle is the Alchemy of Life

History crowns the relentless dreamer.
One twilight, my father's voice grew heavy?
"Son, poetry won't barter for bread,
Look?your youth is ink spilled on the wind,
Half-gone, yet the world remains unfed."
The alley murmurs, sharp as scythes?
"Can a stanza mend a leaking roof?
Seven thousand buys no tomorrows,
Only yesterday's reproof."
"Child, the soil scorns a poet's hands,
They weigh men by callous and yield.
Stay rooted?don't gulp the sky like rain,
Lest you starve with your harvest unpeeled."
I pressed my brow to his cracked palms:
"Father, I kneel to no man's scorn,
Only to the tempest in my veins.
Wait?the harshest night births dawn.
Have you not seen? The eyeless trace firelight in the void,
And the maimed dance when flutes cry home."
"Ah, Baba, your worry is a fable?
Every brick claims it bears the wall alone.
But paths are woven by pilgrim feet,
And cowards die where seeds are sown."
Nothing was?still, Hope stood.
Nothing will be?Hope stays.
I sank in the void of my own making?
Had I not been, would Hope erase?
Struggle is the alchemy of life?
History crowns the relentless dreamer.

The Warrior's Light

Don't lean on what cannot stay?
Even your shadow runs away
When night devours the day.
Stand unbowed; defy despair.
Strike the dark?let it taste your glare.
Shed no tears for what must fall;
Burn with fire, fierce and tall.
Then rise where no chains remain?
Where silence sings, and stars unstrain.
Be bold. Be steadfast. Be your own flame.
Yours is a strength no shadow can name.

Oh, Valiant Brigade

Stanza 1:

Oh, steel-hearted legion, with fire in your veins,
You march where night breaks on the edge of your blades.
Regret is a whisper?let it starve in the wind;
You're forged in the storm, not the graves left behind.

Stanza 2:

Unfurl like wildfire?blaze through the dark.
Let your defiance be the dawn's first spark.
Truth is your compass, your armor, your flame?
No shackle can bind what the lightning has claimed.

Stanza 3:

Strike now where the timid dare not tread,
Where silence is torn by dawn's crimson thread.
You are the tempest no tyrant can chain?
The hurricane's laughter, the drought-breaking rain.

Stanza 4 (Climax):

So rise, ruthless dawn, with thunder unbroken.
The world is a fire?not lent, but taken.
Time kneels to those who storm without sleep.
Oh, valiant brigade?
the sun is yours to keep.

Hiruda's Bones

I.

Bring me the skull of words?
Not polished, not pious,
But one chewed by jackals
And left in the Brahmaputra's mud.
I know its stench.
Hiruda taught me:
"A poem should hurt
Like a river cutting through rock?
Relentless,
Unapologetic,
True."

II.

I care nothing
For golden jubilees,
For marble statues of dead verses.
Time? Let it drown
In yesterday's tea leaves.
Here, now?
Where betel-stained teeth
Gnaw at the world's lies,
Where my pen bleeds
The same red as paan spit
On dusty streets of Guwahati?
Give me your broken words.
I'll hammer them
Into something raw,
Something that breathes
Like monsoon wind
Through bamboo groves,
Something that outlives
Even memory.

III.

Comrade,
If you've kept
Even one syllable
From Hiruda's last cigarette,
Let me taste its ash.
I'll make it sing again?
Not pretty,
Not perfect,
But alive.