

The Landscape Of Poenciana

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Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

Dedicated to the all poetry lovers.

Acknowledgement

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About the author

I had completed my graduation in English from Rangia College And now pursuing my master degree in English from Gauhati university.

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THE HOPE OF POETRY

Poetry is the link language of many hearts.
Binding its fraternity it goes through the crowd of feelings!

For many poets poetry is a white horse of hope;
Sitting on the back of that horse
They ride the journey of illusiveness!

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 psychy,
Over the spirit of alcoholic addiction
I get the victory of the victorious moment!
 Sitting in the shade of poenciana
 All things moved gently
 With a celebration of spring, joyous and embracing:
 The natural world towards reddish growth, birds to song
 And human beings to go 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 poencian'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 poenciana 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 monarch of the solitary street!

4

The redness the redness..

Everywhere the redness !

Blossoming many flowers of queen

The redness is going to exhilarate our soul's freedom!

Look , in no time to fulfill the empty mirth of rhythm

The red colour is spilling a perfect way

From flower to leaf and head to ahead.

5

Oh' poenciana, the spell-bound creation of nature,

Praising your praise worthy

The winged wind also runs

With the wholesome redden feelings

And for which I roam in the realm of fancy :

Yes I have a desire to be bloomed

As redden as the poenciana's beauty!!

PASSION AND FASHION

Though poetry is my passion
And this passion is my fashion,
It is not to be shown off :
It spreads from hemoglobin to DNA
DNA to man's foreseeing.

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 live 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 love offerings!

Now a days if your heart is hiring then inform me ,
My heart is fully joyous , overloaded with reciprocal respect of Love:
Love me for a little moment
Either false or true;
Definitely it would be replied with bonus!

SOUSE DREAM

May be someone has built a house
At the frontier of my heart!
Since somedays , slipping through my fingers
I have lost the sleepy night!
The roar sound of a child is being heard.
Amongs the pensiveness of my mind
There are certain sufferings
Of delivering a child!
Albeit it is unseen,it is true.
For having the heart of humanbeing
The stirring words are 'REVOLT'
And devoted themself into deeper meaning of 'POETRY'.
Belike ! The prolong pang is to be ended!
Or perhaps!the 'SOUSE' dream of flying
By the chariot of literary addiction has to be fulfilled!

OVERFLOWING OF UNSTOPPABILITY

Your hateness is my madness!
Like an overflowing poem
It makes me unstoppable.

ASSURANCE

Reliance brings me to the assurance of psychy:
For me 'Hardiness' is even a
Colourful garment of my unpleasant days;
Whose each seam is sewn
By the modish touch of Mother's gracious hand!

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 take your stride.

2

Feel proud to be a fighter
And see the negative capability of sensibility
That runs within blood of your vein's.

3

Don't hold over your current affairs
Poetry is always ready to welcome in your solitude.
Simply hold one's own or
Hug one's self for your own words:
'Humiliation' is usher which you have got from hatters
And 'introspection' is nature to overcome the negativity of sensibility.

POETRY COUNTRY AND A CHILD

1

First of all identify your egoness
And then that egoness should be substituted
For the little proud of your country!
Like an affectionate Mom
Your Motherland never takes any charge
For giving the land to be walked straight on the earth .

2

Like Poetry the spirit of Motherland
Stands by you in your misfortunate deeds
Which cannot be repaid as debt
Even when you desired.

To be grown up yourself on the behalf of your Nation,
Hold the fingers of your Motherland
And then like a Child steps forward one or two more paces
And finally learn to make the acquaintance
With the atmosphere of the Country.

3

The atmosphere of country is nothing
But it refers to the "unity amongs discord!"

Let's we sing all melodies of the land with its notes
And vibrating the inner orchestra of our hearts;
Lets all bond together to the
Cause of building a strong Nation.

DAMNATION

1

Still don't give a fuck!
I know you are the human being to be forever.
And I think you know-
No one never gonna be same
Without the dignity of Mother's love,
Which may be risen in us .

2

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

3

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

4

We love our Mom , we love our Motherland,
We like our father's respect,
We like the historical figures like-
Kanaklata and Jaymati's struggling attitude.
And we like the glorious of Helen Keller's humanity-
Symbol of triumph over adversity.
So why are we fucking ourselves?

5

In a fit of superiority,
Why are we unable to raise the fact :
Mother can birth you and me
Even the whole universal soul.
There is no chance to avoid the spirit of Mother's breast,
From whom we are being matured.

6

In a bid to hurt your inner evil deed;

Rapist's view should be hanged
Otherwise we are going to Damnation.

WE CAN ALL GROW WITH POETRY ALL THE TIME

1

Surely poetry is a thing of hope,
Loaded with future and surrounded by the past!
And that is why certainly related to this fact -
I had nothing to lose but something to gain,
And likewise eventually-I was born to be a warrior
Against the world of narrow mindset .

2

Actually if you mind it
I havenot been achieved anything special yet now.
Right now only I have the power of observation to form
Rather than apprehension.

3

With poetry I am always looking to
Achieve more than I did today
Because poetry can never be obsoleted.

LET'S GO TO THE HEART

Last night I wandered in the dreamy land.

The vagabond of mine went along the solitary street.

And you might have realised that from where to where I would go then!

You said to me , "where are you going?"

I said to you , "Anywhere,where no one is there,quiet and tranquil,let's go to be seated there..

May be alongside the path of Kherai Thansali!"

You said , "You are too imaginative!"

I replied, "Imagination sometimes makes a life positive and colourful!"

You replied, "How archaic you are!"

I said to you, "why?"

You responded to me, "Last night I went to Dubai in dream."

I said , "Walking over the greenery civilisation of heart in such a way

How do you go far in the dreamy land?"

You replied, "You are too illegible!"

Then I told you, "The another name of illegibility is called Love!

Opening the heart of inner

Who knows how to speak to others through illegibility is definitely called the Gallant Lover!"

.....First of all, the heart gait ! And then look to the outer world!

THE LUIT OF DREAMY LAND

Dry one's tears
In the amidst of the heavy rainy season around the year,
Weathering the storm
And landing my legs on both sides
Of the Luit of my dreamy land
I am waiting ,I am still waiting for you dear...

..Do you give me the responseful earkissing tune of life?
To flow the riverside smoothly
Towards the far reaching bosom of the ocean.

WATER

I am as simple as water!

Not like your thinking.

I don't have any patience

To enter into world of complexity, like you;

Therefore I am water.

 If I fall in love with winter

 I turned to snow

 With motive I become the

 freeflowing river

 Or By the sea I synthesised myself

 As a fearless darling.

Therefore I am water

My face is always on the front side of mine.

Whoever want they engulf me

Without any hesitation;

With less pride my home is settled under everything,

Below the ground of soil.

THE WINGS OF SEAGULL

Whether Magadisu or Karbala
Somewhere my abstract night is glittered!
In search of man's inherent similiarity of blood
May be the mind is gone away, far away,
Disobeying the bounderies of country.
In where there is no ethics of homeland or borderland
And through the tone of amalgamation
Where the song of humanity is to be glorified forever...
Truly that is the spontaneity of human mind
Where the entire world is too small!
Although in the window of the poverty-stricken eyes
As on date the aeroplane is like the wings of seagull.

WOMAN

1

How many dreams does a prostitute have
How many unsleepy night does a poet have.
Who cries inside the core of heart?
None of them knows the proper answer of each other.
Therefore the poet goes to the side of prostitute
And openly shows the goldness of heart.....
Both of them cry for the whole night,
The poet comes back on the same way.

2

Today a woman was sitting desperately.
I asked- why are you too downcast?
Said-
My favourite poet has not been coming for two days on this way.
I asked- what is the relation do you have with him?
How long have you known him?
She said-
The relationship with sad
And a mistake of youth
Therefore today the woman is desperated in mood
And she becomes a poet
May be the poet of sadness.

POETRY AND A SMILE OF HONESTY

1

You don't need money
To make an impact on someone's life.
To make some real impressions in superiority;
All you need is poetry and a smile of honesty.

2

You like smiling
Keep laughing!
Give me the sorrowness of your life,
Although the happiness of mine is too rare!
Take away the all as you desire.

3

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

YOU WASH ME DOWN

Come on

It rains

Let's wet

Both of us altogether

You, becoming the drops of water

Come fall down to earth

I will stay as the land of sand

You wash me down then.

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 wake up suddenly:
Though I am unable to be
A protective headgear of the richest world
Why I cannot become the another one
Amongs the morsel eaters
Having the shelter of lower middle class
And who lives from hand to mouth in day to day life.

SOME STANZAS ON POETRY AND SPONTANEITY

1

You donnot think that
I am too useless!
I am a simple child,
Decorate the starry words with the milky way.

2

The glimpses of the gloomy night are like a mirror,
We get the results
Whe we smile at it through the poetical stratagey.

3

The milky way scatters
The desire of the ultimate destination:
Before I sleep I have to go a miles away
On a journey to a poetical tendency or spontaneity.

4

Some get up early
And some fall in asleep for the whole night;
What sort of traditional is it!
In where all these might be hppened!
In a poetical spirit
Indeed every night is parallel to all.
There is no risk and no fix
Everyone can have the night or right of freeflowing dreams .

A GIRL WHO LOVES POETRY MORE THAN HER LIFE

Need a girl friend
Who loves poetry more than her life,
To fall the rains of peace .

The corporal body touches the poignant sunlight
And in the elegant announcement
Blows the wind of love.

In fact,so to say in simple language:
If the cold rain is desirable for us,
Why are we chasing the drought of fraud mentality!

A BIG QUESTION

Under the influence of carbon monoxide
will once be annihilated the terrestrial body!
Poisonous carbon monoxide in the fuel of the mechanical engine
is still sufficiently left 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 down himself or herself
in the loss of consciousness or dizziness!

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

FORESEEING

(Once my mother looked at me with a very superior eyes
And said utterly,
"May your vision convert into foreseeing someday!")

1

Today the complete appearance of the full moon
will be lit up in every corner of darkness.
In the heart of sickness
there will have glimmered the power of assurance
by twinkling twinkling the little stars.
Removing the envelop of poison
Spontaneously the covering of mind will be published
With the sharpen desire ,once more
there will be resurrected the proudness of the golden ancestral words.

2

Today the bright fullmoon
May flash its brightness everywhere.
It's an opportunity! On the honeycomb
there rams honey dew of honey bee.
Let's give a little hone to my tongue
In the solicitation of new word
saliva of wordy tongue scatters its path to a long way!

3

Clipping the fraud netting of stupidity
In the sign of life raise the sound of depth meanings !
May it tremble the vast body of globalisation
And build up a touching centre in the area of untouchability.
My mother said-
My words will touch the height of blue sky someday,
And my simple vision will be transformed into foreseeing of wellbeing!!

CROCODILE TEARS

Had a commitment of giving
the metres of life to the burnt psyche
The pair of lovers were supposed to be blinded
on a lonely noon of tranquility.
But,
As on date the smell of
night blooming jasmine is out of reach
from the coverage of snout's glee
Time is totally changed..
The weather is so drought
The similiar gemstone 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 evaporates the crocodile tears
in the battle of life.

POET IDENTITY

(The pen is mine/The characters are also in my favour/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 oneself with the bond of personality

I like to tribute the words of mothertongue in every moment.

Though the background of individuality of mine is not very firm,

I build up a small hut in the oscillation of mind.

Under the guidance of unsteady mind

For me, day by day ,everyday

Poetry is becoming the oscillator of the ambitious words.

(Sometimes the smallest poems can make the biggest difference)

NO NO I AM NOT A LONELY BEING FAR ENOUGH

(I'm alive again/More than I have been in my whole life)

1

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

2

Pierces the crafty,greedy,exploiter and corpulent's stomach
I will lap the paste of truth there.
To bud on the soil of this earth
the banyan of greenery truth,
Today I pledged to resolute myself,
Beyond my poetry -
I have also the harsh power of criticism
Or the mild consolation of being a part of the Poetical Nation.
...No no I am not a lonely being far enough.
(Haters gonna hate)

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 bow down the head to the devastating form of storm
Hey-my optimistic aphorism
in the guise of cloud messenger
Downwards the juicy water of the rainy season
Let the faded flowers bud be waked up
And may heartily the peaceful pigeon
fly off to the corner of the straggle liberty!

By getting the warmth of frozen bosom of the rainy season
in the face of drought victims
may laugh comfortably the lightning-thunderbolt there.
Hey-the oracle -you just roar up
Listening to the sound of your growling,
Shivers the whole body of sensibility of mine;
Beyond the sea,swimming across the water of thousand rivers boundary
I wander to look for the stick of reality.

Hey-the All Mighty!hey~Allah!hey~God!hey~Ishwar
Give me the boundless divine power
Through the massive flux of the ocean of humanbeing,
Either to steer the arms of capability
Or for the sake of truthfulness
I intend to be a bold one like the genius sailor Christopher Columbus.

LIKE HIRUDA

1

Does any body have the skull of words in his hand?
If you have, without any hesitation pick it up into the fist of palms .
May fully fulfill the alter of my hands!
Fearless!the spoliation teaches me-
how does a dream crash into small pieces of broken heart
and build up the 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 spread my hands to the privilege of diamond jubilee or centenary.
This is all about the corridor of upcoming future,
Now I am still stayed at present
Therefore, comrade if you have
any skull of words in your hand
Pick it up into the fist of palms without any restriction.
Though they are severly decompose and frowzy
It would be grateful to me!
By mendering them in a zigzag way
I will remake a prolific pen of words,like Hiruda.

DAFFODIL

Being lonely I am feeling so good !
I am feeling so right!
Affixing myself to the picturesque of that height
Sometimes like a velvety piece of cloud
I fly away very fast high over the hills
Crossing the heart of the valley,
Standing aside the crest of a low hill
Suddenly I have noticed the stretching way of blooming flowers
And the yellow petals,
As if the gold pearl of daffodils;

Dancing and sweating in the lap of dew,
On the bank of rivers,
Underneath the stem of greenery world
And at last with the mindblowing rhythm of breeze....

Gazing and lingering like the glittering stars
Reaching up to the path of milky way
They flickering themselves solemnly.
In a never ending dumb vision,
They hanging on to the peculiar rows,
As if they are played absorbly in association with the red-brown horses;
More than ten million
I have counted that within a short time
After my eyes capturing the snapshots.
They flutter their heads
As if they are being danced by the rhythm of hip-hop dancing!
The waves have also played with them
Yet, these enormous-freed-notorious waves are wilted with their cheer of pleasantry.
May it probably such in a moment,
None of the poets can capture the charmingness of that scene
Only he can catch if he wish to exhilarate his own entity ;

And if he gets such type of company of comic frhends,
To whom I was most indebted
And now for which I look again again with a gaze of surroundings.
What sort of care they bring to me
Whenever I confine to bed
Either in the empty or soggy mind of mine,
They scatter the bright of yellowness!
With the fine-grained heavenly pleasure,
Fulfilling the heart of my fickleness
On the petals of daffodil
And with the rhythm of flawless can-can dancing;
They even conquer the loneliness of my solitary life!!

THE ANALYSIS OF RELATIONSHIP

1

Lingering and pasting the colour of eyes
on the eyes of opposite side;
If the affair in between two meet at the point of mutuality,
This is called the love of true identity!
If one never goes away from the another one
And takes the resolution of faith,
There will definitely flow a river of sacred affinity from the eyes of their gentle feeling!

2

But
If the spring season of life
pastes the colours into the eyes of humanbeing
How could we rely on the beauty of mind ,blindly?
Without knowing the language of love
Can the union of two lovers
get the ultimate dedication of true love!

3

Without getting the response of loved one's;
Can only affection be able to fulfill
the heavenly pleasure!
Why does the Tajmahal of dreamy land
break into the pieces of scattered dream!!

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

At the very beginning of my report
I would like to recall the initial moment;
Initialised 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 English department,
Abruptly I came into the existence amongs the variegated cultural procession
Led by the sense of highly moral education;
We were entertaining the common people
And along with instruction, we almost one thousand students
Participating across the heart of Rangia College ;
The procession was shaded the statement of its own:
Unity among discord.

Now it is time we started moving slowly one by one step
And myself as a joker,
joking the manner of joker and pranked with children and fickle young ladies
in return for gift-chocolates and balloons to them
I was unconditionally quite happy!

Fowdrding ourselves in 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 Mother,
Lied 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 didnot able to understand-
What it was passing by beside them.
Really amidst the butty and crowd of life
They are lonely alienated!
Through the roughness of time

They have been struggling for their fundamental necessities
And at the same time we are gathering
Holding the banner and cartoons
And raising our revolutionary voice in favour 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 unities
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 GREAT POETRY OR THE HIGHEST PART OF LIFE

1

Holding on the fore finger of the poetical world
I am going on
I am still going on
From a deeper moment to the deepest momentum
From a finite to the infinitive world....

2

Mounting on the chariot of word,
I have travelled the surroundings
Stopping suddenly in the widen 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 gained secretly the companion pleasure of the poetical spirit
And as you know -fiercely more than this
I have nothing to display exaggeratedly!

The fontal books of the world are the tonal of my poetry .
The Q'ran,the Bible,the Ramayana and the Tripitak
Or the summation of other religious scriptures ;
They all are seemingly absorbed in the abundance of poetical juice,
Therefore I tell -the entire world is a great poem
Or the highest organ of life.

3

Sometimes in the indecipherable sound of birds
Sometimes in the combination of laugh and cry
Or through the wind of mindblowing breeze,
Standing the ears to the sound advice
I often hear the tunes of poetry ;
They utterly give me the key resources to write down a beautiful piece of poetry .

THE TALL BUT HOLLOW INSTITUTIONS

1

Under the shadow of the formal and traditional institutions
I am unable to lay down myself to the height of the highest formality,
That once my parents sought for me.

2

My first day in Dhuhi Novodaya Jatiya Vidyalaya,
As it is starting day of my educational life,
Our headmistress Anupama Rajbanshi said to me tenderly, "What will you be ...you be?"
I answered, "whatever will be ...will be,even I don't know what is called a life of live!"

3

I spent the majority of my time burying the nose into the books of prescribed syllabus.
Today 25.02.18 ,When I got the sudden struck of expell
And it is came to know my father's view
My father roughly and sorrowfully told me,
"you did well with your choice of English major in degree level
But you fail again and again to jump over the wall of master degree,
What will you wanted to be ..to be ?"
I replied,"Definitely I will give the first priority to poetry rather than the bureaucratic traditional institutions."
Father said to me, "you would not do anything with poetry ,
even you unable to carry on a single life of live through poetry."
I replied very politely, " if the sorrows were to be erased completely I would not have written the conscience of poetry!
Yeah, obviously nothing can be done with poetry !
But only because of souse dream or meditation of literature
Without getting the parrot learning certificate,
Through the tune of poetry
I will surely win and play the orchestra of million hearts at last at all.

4

Now I don't know exactly what I have
I feel extreme pain when getting up from a lying down position
From the days of expell
I haven't had sleep in two days

I have got window open
Because poetry is always welcome in my solitude,
it eases it a bit and often invites the freedom of dignity
Or the landscape of poenciana's beauty!!

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
are running on

Through the tangles of simplicity
Men get the proficiency taking the
advantages of its fraud mentality.

More cheat more profit,

To cheat the devil,

They have already learned the mottos of life
along with its money funny and honey trapping brutality .

From the immatured to the matured one's
constantly contuning the competitive war
of life

One never wanna to go for her or his
defeat!

If one laughs, why does one let down in
tears?

Have you not heard the roar of the riches?

The glamour of each talent exposing citizen,

As if they were the angels

getting down from the heaven!

At each step the vehicles of luxurious are
enclosed

Honour is unprecedented, the shower of
money is too!

Being a human, who want to underestimate

the power of human's dignity!

But the lack of honor

from where have they bring the progressive mindset?

Therefor, belike! the middleman, the rebel
organizations are still in existence

Many more thus like- the deprived are lied

on the lap of footpath as of today.
Every reasoning of high ranking holders,
Staying away from the common masses
Behind the scenes of judicial system,
Why does the constitutional proceedeur fail to raise the devil with injustice?
Rich-poor,discrimination and different
views on religion;
The creator creates the every aspect of
life like these
But men jostle each other for the sole
creator of universe in the name of
religious faith!
People say, man is all in all amongs the creatures
But monkeys are unable to speak that they are superior to man!
They(monkey)steal having 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 loss somehow the form of humanbeing
We can never get back it again
So for that existing cause
We never wanna to be like monkeys in the world of human being!!

SOMETIME\`S IT\`S NICE JUST TO HEAR IT OUT LOUD:AAI YO BACHA

1

When the words become garbage
While the meanings transferred to greed of meaningfulness;
And if hardly incase,the meanings of poetry have undergone almost an extinct position
Then once you will definitely be the mainstream of my poetry!
 Although the words seldom lapping
 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 creativities !
Now a days my mind is totally absorbed in poetry
Antique fatigue laughing or crying
Everywhere my mind is diving for the venture of colour'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 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 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 take me to the moon and
 back.
 You are the spirit of 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 hectic
shedule.
Might be on the threshold of new world
Accepting the grandeur of variegated
colours
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 an unique poem to the universe";
Why ~living within the barrier of limited prosperity
Such type of strike is striking in the amidst of heart ?
Why irresistible electric words circulating themselves at any length!
 Why to a large extent,looking at you
 with high resilience
 I am reanimated and destined to write
 down a poem at once,
 Although the words are seemed to be
 useless
 Or the meanings to be uncladed very
 soon!!

NOTE:HERE "AAI YO BACHA"~MEANS ~OH MY DEAREST ~ITS AN ASSAMESE STENTECE.

MARTYR

1

" ?? ?? ???!"

" Hail Mother Assam!"

A big tribute to them who risked dear lives to liberate our country ,
Whose blood carried the bustling and whizzing sound of Mothertongue
from vein to pulmonary's flow.

His or her ancestry couldnot stomach the approbrium sense of one's motherland
Into the privacy of their hands they had the glided spirituality of cultural activities.

In keeping with trust ,for the sake of their country

They had never sign on the treaty of compromise of being auctioned their own land.

2

Whose forerunning vision is like the surges of
the Luit's straight forwarding way

And the death to whom almost appears to be all and end all agreement,

Only He or she eventually become the certain invincible soldiers
stained with read blood of martyrdom!

3

Who have had the great obligations

And would freely die to save their land

Only in the midland of their core

The progressive sound of own land ,

The lyrical voice Assam -Doba Mridongo Khol Xinga have to be ensembled
for the peace of unity amongs discord!

4

By leaning on the pillow of raw soil ,

who take the scent of the purified land day by day;

Their dictum can lead to the sense of inspired Nationalism:

Ready to give red blood

But not an inch of Motherland!!

RAKTABIJA

Raktabija

Poetry has also the seeds of Raktabija
Where its falls it buds there
And luxuriantly grows in the tub of heart.

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

Though you were the sometime lover of mine

And for that very reason

I sometimes write some 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 oneday 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 love story

I thought you the ultimate goal of life

But you put me in goal, behind the bars of 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 the finger in the eyes
Showering the chest of grace
Floods the all reserved dreams
To the straight direction
There is no abundant vessels
to catch the pearl drops of rain,
Seeping from the leaks of old roof.
What shall be accumulated
What is to be eaten
To fulfil the fiery hungerness of a meal
Another remains half starved!

Floods on the floor
And there smeared with mud,by being too much tired
Mother Seuty is sleeping-not quiet alone
In the amidst of her motherly heart
The two children of her own
huddle together for warmth
Looking at the face of starry moon
Sewing with the threads of dreamy land
Patching the cracked core of heart
Stands up with the resolution of revolution like the peepul tree ,
By getting bore and bore-worn out
But never fall down or turn over the side of fight.

Anchoring the hopes of growth
Expanding the fibrous roots
Still alive sailing the boat.
The life of poor is alike to the condition of bitterly cold
which shievers the bones of backbone.
In search of salt
They lose the preserving boiled food,

Soaked in water for the upliftment of their future.

I Wait For You

In every way I looked for you
In every fiery expectation
I caught you in touch
And in verse since then untill the end
I will wait for you
Forever and ever, it will never over.

Letting up the dawn chorus to the past
Increasing the beautiful blueness of vast
Yellow-billed Egret, Little Cormorant and the others as well
The flocks of the beautiful variegated birds
Have all come back together to their nest.
The cattle at the gateway of evening
Hovering the dust of their feet
Come back to their own shed.
Each and every soul thus become thirst and fast
Taking the messenger boxes of heart
The morning going buses come back to the former stop.

No no.. for whom my eyes wait
Has not caught yet
Embracing the disgrace of life
For whom I count the countless days
Has not come back yet!

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 curse
Hey Khuda hey Parwardigar
However whooping for the gold of sold
I am not getting exhausted more and more
To dive into the weaves of seas
I am still unwearied,remaining refresh and cool.

I am neither a listless traveller
Nor a bumptious wanderer
I am the blissful flawless relationship builder
And therefore if anyone likely likes to cheat me widely,
taking the opportunity of simplicity ;
I would rather stay away going for a malice of callous .
Vive!the live of lovely pairs in a relationship care
Nonchalantly,I will not go to a dispute of tribute.
Love is always loveable
Love is not ever deniable.

Love is deep ,Love is not cheap or cheat
Love,itself a self contained heavenly please
Adam-Hawa,Leeila-Majnu ,prophet Hazarat Muhammad and Khadija bint Khuwaylid
Everywhere the burning sparkle of love
Allah itself is an eyewitness
Subhanallah Subhanallah Subhanallah!

"Ho koi ghulaam chaahе hai baadshah
Ishq ke bagair zindegi gunaah..."

Life without the grace of love
Like the trace of venom harsh.
The grace of true love is truly reliable and flexible in 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 rich and poor
Each and every Mazahab of this earth argues -
There is none but love is more virtuous than others!

Allah, itself is an eyewitness,
Love is in great wellness;
The increasing sparkle of love is rising above in between us.

Subhanallah Subhanallah Subhanallah.

TOPSYTURVY SHUNT

I am struck dumb
You are quite mummied
People are being clowned haunt
What is being stunted blunt!
Everything is overall topsyturvy shunt!

In the name of country runs the exercises of state in search of the great
Independency is not but sovereignty in their trust.
The revolutionariesd liberty seeking people raise their voice up
In the world of republic,democracy is faltered in curse.

At the premises of the mixed economical world
There is disproportionate apportion of national income in large.
Now everywhere the slogans of the Mukesh Ambanis is quite high in farce.

What is it ?
Whether it is economical development or economic growth!

A few days back
While I was going through an universal cremation ground
I got the answer of that frowned .
Public burial ground
Two dead bodies were carried together to be cremated in fire
One of them is burned with the odour of wooden Sandal's grander
And the another is fired with the fibrous of the bamboo's lumber!!

THE WORSHIP OF EMPTINESS

Eventhough either the Hanging Gardens of Babylon or the Black Hole of the outer space
I am not the perfect types of that stragging things which levitate on the void,
I like the experiment of emptiness heart and soul
In the definition of emptiness too stays hidden-
The mental affliction of worldly happiness or
The conclusion of earthly delightedness.