

Anthology of Sk. Kamarul Islam



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

This work is dedicated to my Granny who incited my story-telling abilities.

Acknowledgement

I acknowledge to my friend poet Sk. Maidul Ali

About the author

Sk. Kamarul Islam, a postgraduate in telecommunications technology, is currently working as a locomotive pilot for Indian Railways. Prior to joining the railway service, working as a telecommunication engineer in various organizations, he got acquainted with the culture of different types of people in different parts of India. Kamarul has a wide range of educational backgrounds in Primary Education, Literature, Management, Psychology, Public Relations, Islamic Education, Life Training, Counseling and Career Guidance, Social Work and many more. And the experience of volunteering as a student counselor helps him to understand the problems and psychology of children and adolescents, different ethnic groups in the society. Due to his involvement in active social work, the grief and pain of marginalized people often moved him which made a direct impression on his writing. From a very young age, he started writing poems, short stories and essays with the help of his father Sk. Md. Akhtar Hossain. He also wrote several poems in English. In 2012, he wrote his first book in English, Unique Model. This was followed by Dealing with Mistakes and Illegal Sexual Desires: How to overcome. Kamarul has also been active through social media since the beginning. Although he wrote short stories, essays and delightful essays, he also wrote some poems. Like other writings, his poems have won the admiration of the readers. His first published book of poetry is 'Jora Bandil', a joint book of poetry with the poet Sk. Maidul Ali.

summary

Fright Train Pilots in Indian Lock-down

Prior to opening a new world

Fright Train Pilots in Indian Lock-down

No one there !
Desolate rail yards are seen everywhere!
Ever busy coaching locos or EMUs
Standing dead still
Under the black canopies of the yards.
The lifeless lives were
Lying motionless in the graveyards.
We did it. We have to do it!
Like angels, we, the Fright Loco Pilots
Float on the rails.
We run forever;
We circuit the lifeline
Of the land of our forefathers.

No one there!
No village vendors walking
Along the side of the track
In the wee-hours of the morning.
No office goers
At the peak hours of a busy day.
No pupil anywhere
Hanging long bags on their shoulders
Along their school way.
No sight of any babies jumping
On their mothers on either of the sides
When the big sun inclines.
No scene of blossoming lovers
Smiling at each other.
No Gangman, no Trackman,
No signal exchange from offsidess.

No one there!

But the Loco Pilots run through graveyards!

Nothing can stop the running staff.

Isolation everywhere!

Only we bind the country one point to another.

The world is on hold.

The country is on hold.

The time & the Loco Pilots pass by.

Prior to opening a new world

It was just suffocating.
There must be fresh air outside,
I thought and opened the window.
Delirious heat gushed into the room suddenly,
I was totally startled
Before I got burned.
For a little cool breeze;
A simple desire,
Being ignorant of the actual world,
Like a fool
I took myself into a perilous disaster.
Yet, it was the opening of a window only.
If I had unlocked the wide door
If that bad wind
Driven me from the refuge
And expelled me out of my tiny shelter
And the entrance behind
Got closed right then and there...
I shivered
At the thought of
A scene of lively burning.
Even now, today,
There are various current
Flowing outside my world,
But me now closed and alert from within.