

Anthology of Bibekanand 'Agyat'

Bibekanand Kumar 'Agyat'



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To Lovers of the Truth and the Seeker and All who Loves and Want to Live their Life with Truth

Acknowledgement

I love writing poems, I enjoy it. I am here to grow myself with everyday writing poems and reading others.

I am thankful to "My Poetic Side" for providing this platform, where I can share my thoughts and work.

I am so much thankful to "Acharya Prashant" the teacher, philosopher and a guru who taught me to do 'nishkam karma's (actionless action)

About the author

Bibekanand Kumar 'Agyat' (b. 1987), is just a tiny drop in the ocean of literature. He is an English teacher in Nepal. He writes poems, stories and essays in different four languages.

His several poems and essays have been published in an online magazine "Sahityapost English". He has published a poetry book "The Leaves of Love" (Available on Amazon & Flipkart: Paperback and Kindle format)

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An Urgent Call To All

Oh, Human beings! How deep is your sleep!
Fire is on your earthly home, it's burning
The existence of millions races are in weep
But blind we are in consumption, earning.

Don't we see the impact of climate changes--
The global warming, dry and cracks of land--
Death of rivers, seas, lakes of many ranges--
And the green house effect is all at expand--

Oh, Governments! Leaders! Politicians! All
The writers, poets, film-makers, directors,
Oh, Ambitious industrialists! Listen! The call
Of the environmentalists and preachers.

All, come out of your dreams and fantasy
And see the only home, the earth, is dying
From our folly deed of greed for ill-ecstasy
But it's not in consuming, but wisdom plying.

Oh! Writers and poets, do write the reasons
Of the earth's destruction, its consequences
Whether we shall survive with these visions
To satisfy our unlimited desires of senses.

Oh! Politicians and leaders, awake a little
From your deep sleep for power and post
And see around the world, the worst detail
If nothing remains here, whom you'll host.

Oh! Industrialists and businessmen, eye on
What the hell you have made to the earth!
In service less, greed much, your production,

Of useful less, garbage much, desire of birth.

Oh! Film-makers, directors, producers, heroes
You're the mirror, in which people watch themselves
Please leave fantasy, show how reality arrows
Our home is, but in danger that future generation elves.

Oh! All common men, kindly don't be insane
After your mad and dreadful deluxe dream
Of lust as must for pleasure, as it's dust and pain
In time, if not awaken, nothing remains but to scream.

Oh! All the human beings, playing various roles
Why don't we save the only stage, our green home
If we awake and extinguish not, the fire, survive no souls
As our home is on fire due to our infinite dreadful desires.

The target 'net zero' has been blindly crossed
In the race of power and pelf, victory and defeat
And by day, by disasters, we are being lost,
Into slow mass death of all species by heat.

Why don't we think it's only our responsibility
To hand over the earth to our future generation
Safe and worth living, with sense of creativity
But, in blind desires, we're only doing destruction.

Oh, All! Kindly listen this call of awareness
All of us, our kids, relatives, and all creatures
Are in the phase of sixth mass extinction, in wholeness
Due to our vile activities, causing climate changes.

Day by day, heat is hitting hard, unbearable
All the environmental system of the earth will devastate
Snow melts, velocity of earth changes, life... pitiable...
Due to climate change, deaths in high range, desolate.

So, it's an urgent call to all, the earth dwellers
Save the earth, the only home of our existence
Awake and desert the deadly desires, be
wisdom sellers
As it's the only way to save the humanity and its essence.

In the Creation of Self Castle

In the creation of self castle
cozy, sybaritic, safe & suitable
the intellect equipped animal
swallowed the whole home of the
whole.....
almost thousands of future
generations will be summed up
within some.....
a stigma
isn't it a kind of genocide?
alive in the scorching fire
up to when the time remains
for the so called social animal
in the deep sleep
will we have chance to return
and set everything aright
and continue the lives.....
and continue the time.....
for this drowsy human beings?

Who Happens to Act, Know We the Fact?

Queerer than queerer is the game
not to the self, to others we blame
always.....

and ponder not on the acts
and their roots, the thoughts
behind them the emotions
who happens to act, know we the
fact?

In knowing, seen is the disease
or the diseased,
with shiny and glow skin
veiled the wounds, pus, stinking
but outside beautifully a painted wall
though clean outside
reflection comes from inside.

See yourself, then the game reveals its
mystery ; reveals who is guilty
and here the real eyes come along
with a unity, love and compassion song.

Bare Words on Bare Facts

Bare words on bare facts
Displayed he the bare acts
Can you imagine what he got?
Exclusion!
And with this
He was embellished with beautiful
colourful names
"shameless, mad, societal stigma"
Tell the transparent heart what you've
He holds nothing of wrath, but naive
Love he knows, nothing of your race
He hasn't different but only face
I've heard even to the sun they scold
When it's scorchingly born
Throw him, the dwellers in dark forest
A candle was he, that also came in
your arrest
"Devastation" will now rhyme
Lightless world will now time
Congratulations! Oh, intelligent fools!
He opted heart, the truth: not your
rules
He'll go and dwell in the whole.....
You just a prisoner in a cell
And the lock's key was lost
Hail to him: hail to you
Both a distinct view.....

Fire at Our Home

".... forty five now, wet wholly, not drying, seems dying" she uttered on the phone.

Birgunj, a jungle of cemented buildings unmanageably, thickly crowded where almost trees haven't been to allowed to reside, some were there, but thrown out of the city.....

and the scorching sun, the father of blaze of us

But it's not only here, the fire is on our whole home, the green loved one is burning.....

Who burnt the match, who poured petrol, hugely some of us, partly all of us: our hungry to consume blindly, recklessly

We killed millions species and killing; we chopped forest and chopping still...

Here it's only forty five and dying like, what about there, where it's more than fifty

Is "the mother nature" responsible or we ourselves.....

We've turned out home into graveyard, where we'll unburntly burn, go in mass sanity and the to the death....

What a place we've created, a brilliant gift to our generation and the next if survived we the longer.....

Increased crowd, dead greenery, spread industry, maddened in consumption, killed millions species, stinking desires....and produced green gases.....

A the gift is a burning home to live now.....

Now it's our choice.....

Either to burn or to concern.

A Kingly Path

If you befriend the Truth being beyond assumptions and norms, you're a lion and your roaring is a pathless path,

"A Kingly Path"

Where there's no fear, and your bosom is filled with the infinite power to face all the turbulences on your way courageously

"And you're in love ocean"

No fear of death, the death is nothing but fear you squeezing in your heart considering yourself weak in the eyes of the dogmas of the worldly societies, the filth of ignorance, once you're out from the norm, and fearful form

"You're Lord Krishna's child"

"You're Lord Buddha's child"

"You're Jesus's child"

Krishna, Buddha, Jesus... the name of truth, not any individuality or personality...

"be with them, and be in non- duality"

And hail the truth beyond everything else....

I Wish I Would Have The Power

I wish I would have the power,
I would turn the flesh eater human
beings into the animals they devour
and the roles vice versa....
But I would do one thing more,
I would fill the same consciousness in
the both
then perhaps, the human beings could
understand the pain of the animals.
All wants to live; All has life
And it's the right....
Please don't crush upon the meek
Don't behave like mentally sick
Love all, love life, there's magic in love
and compassion, be in them,
and there is rain of the nectar from
the above.....
We all are the seeds of the same
mother, fraternity is the relation
either the flora and fauna or we....
It's a plea, there's glee,
In love with all.....

Loneliness

Loneliness is far better than being with snakes and scorpions;
Loneliness is not so bad as you think, once taste it, it blooms;
Loneliness paves the path to meet with yourself, a miracle;
Loneliness offers you the chance to see all those in you;
And loneliness transfers you in the solitude, ah! Blissful;
And now you're no more alone, nor there is loneliness;
You are with yourself, the most beautiful connection and beyond...

Death And Death

Death is there in confronting

Self weaknesses, lust, long, greed, conspiracy, delusion, anger, cruelty and so on.....

It feels facing them: watching them that I am this, it kills

And it's better to be killed than to carry these in the head.

Letting them go, and recognizing them that they are the bubbles on the current of a river flow...

and it's a joyful watch, unattached

but when, stuck with them, it's venomous killing each moment as the poison runs spinning

and it's seems death the better than the pains

Death is in both: watching unattached erases and though harshly painful, there's joy; being attached means heaping filth and there is nothing but hellish pain, never to have an end.

But making the right choice is as difficult as tearing the bosom apart from the middle or separating the nail from the muscle...,

however, this one is millions times better than to be in ditch.....

A Plea to Mother Nature

Last night I dreamt:
All the killed flora and fauna,
Being together in a union,
Reached to Mother Nature.
All knelt down, bowed down
Their heads and wept, cried,
Wailed painfully by the heart.
"What happened?" asked the
Infinite and Merciful Mother.
They cruelly killed us
For their luxuries and taste
They snatched our houses
And they're still doing
The same with our children
Everyday in a huge number.
They've developed technologies;
They've created weapons a lot;
They've venommed the home
With filth and smoke all around
They're erasing our species:
Cutting and killing ruthlessly.
They've gone mad with power
They think the earth only their
Own house, all things for them
And even we,
They claim, we're created for
them, but we aren't, are we?
All in the house are brothers
As we all are your offsprings
And we respect the relation;
And we do not harm them
Instead we always supported,
Provided them they needed

And are doing....
But bestowed with intellect,
They are misusing to hunt us.
Oh Mother! Have Mercy! Save!
Please save our children, Save!
"Worry not, children I'll do justice
I'll generate you again,
In a good, green and safe house,
But before that I'll punish all my
Culprit children, who breached my
Rules and tortured you so ruthlessly.
I am sending my powerful sons
The Sun, The Storm, The Flood,
The Hurricane, The Draught,
They'll invade on them, they'll
Burn, snatch water, give floods,
Create commotion with storms,
And hunt their mind first to suffer
With mass insanity, mass madness
And then with war: killing each other,
I'll grab rain, grain, agriculture;
They'll die in lack of water, food,
With disease and in all the way
They killed you and are killing
Your Children, there'll be justice
"No sins will be unpunishable."
They have to pay for each action.

As I'm Life

And I tried the unveiled way, the naked one; and they didn't become ready to accept me; rather they preferred the painted one to the blank space. They kept me aside and opened the entrance gate for the monetary stitched slip, threw the blank cheque of honesty. They might be thinking they defeated me, but I am certain I won as I didn't keep my mind and heart in the ditch of garbage of corruption, I still have my clean heart and unspotted mind like an open sky, unclouded and It's my determination in simplicity to carry it on till the last breath. Wounds in the truth is far more adorable than the smooth path in false as I am life....

Life is Itself a War

Though awake, but the arrow of Maya
is so silent and powerful, it steals my
awareness;

And what more besides
drunk in sleepiness and unaware
steps, either in speech or steps,
collisions and pains;

It's not a war of a particular
occasion but a spontaneous one,
always awake or wounded,
blooded, as the arrows of Maya are
absent for a tiny moment, and I think
it's great, a warrior's best place is
battle field, and an unending war, and
life is not different than this,
"life is itself a war, whether you fight or
not, still it's a war, and victory is
impossible, but the death in fight
remaining awake is the greatest gift
of life, and I think, the life, it's for....

(Maya: in Hinduism, it's the shadow of reality which creates illusion for being true)

Rain in the Monsoon

Rain in the monsoon
And love in fortune
Hovers heavily around
And love songs sound.

Dancing in the rain
Forgetting all the pain
Opens the door of sky
Where you can freely fly.

The pain by the rain
Is swept way again & again
And spotless is the heart
Of monsoon, it's an amazing art.

The Truth And The False

I told the Truth to be my company
And He said, "Erase the false, I'm
Always there and you're the false."

A Beautiful Day

Glowed it and glowed me
After days behind the smoke
Blown out by drenched tree'
The veiled burnt and broke
The light made its entrance
The gloom inside & outside me
Evaporated and both the day
And my heart became lighted
A beautiful day, a lovely life
Today and now, continuous....

And You're a Madman

Be curtain less and you're a madman
You're naked, open, free, light, awake
And you're, for all the world, a badman
As you like them their glasses break.

And you're a criminal, a man of danger
As they don't like their version changer
They're used to living with dusty peels
Nudity of their false faces, them, kills.

You want to grab their dreams' bases;
You want them to see their real faces;
You want them to come to their home;
But they all like, in sleepiness, to roam.

A crowd claims they're certainly right
And a true man, for them, a bad plight
They feel jealousy of his healthy life
And in reaction, they invade with knife.

A sinner is winner for some moments
And then all his life spends in repents
Jesus was hanged on the cross once
But they still suffer for the intolerance.

Choose Death or Life

What you choose matters
Truth always blossoms
False always shatters.

It may seem truth gloom
And false glitters
But darkness dies, light blooms.

If life is at cost: choose death or life
For truth, I'll enjoy breath in death's
lap,
Rather than a life by false's slap.

Freedom

death before death is the birth of life
and for death, against the false needs strife
the fight should continue until the
fighter is dead
and then everywhere life is spread
and that's the freedom, the almighty's
kingdom, the open, infinite, boundless
sky....

Within Us

Within us is the death;
Within us is the nectar
Accepting or refusing
Any of them from you
Causes only the strife
And in the war of them
In asleep spends the life,
Be attached to none
Merely be an awake watcher
And enjoy the game
Being present as non-doer
And that's the best life
And that's the free life.

O! My Heart, My Immortal Soul

O! My heart, my immortal soul;
Let your grace rain upon us all,
Under the bough of compassion
Spend our lives the whole.

And bless with a sweet pure tone;
And offer the art of living all alone,
Where all can ponder in search of life,
So that all may get the tune of own.

Let the truth and beauty be our life
Though there is any bloody strife
The fight against ignorance keeps on
Whether there rains flowers or knife.

O! My heart, my immortal soul
Let there be strength never to fall
May we be blessed to bear the world
And to depart happily if there's call.

Flew My Sleepiness

Out at the skirt of the door
rubbing eyes elegantly with hands,
opening the eyes as the dawn sunrise
slowly little by little upon the mountain
with a light light lightening and
soothing,
and the eyes stared at a tree with a
few leaves brown and dun,
and on a bough of it sat a little bird
tossing it head right and left, left a
smile on my face, and perched still for
a while and flew and along with it flew
my sleepiness and appeared the clean
and clear sky where the eyes got stuck
remained still in nothing, what a luck!

A Haughty Footwear

Since the feet comfort came
And it didn't remain only for that
It became more than that, far and far...
An issue to look, pride, category, so
called dignity, comparison, jealousy
and a many other....
And the bare foot forgot the soil,
from where it emerged.
It forgot the connection and taste of
the soil, its touch, its elegancy, its
tingling, the taste of delicate grass,
the touch of dewdrops, its hardness.
The love with the earth has been
Intersected into two.....
By the comfortable, now haughty
wear....., footwear.....
Today the bare feet tasted the bare
earth,
The touch: lively, new, fresh, delicate,
tingling, hard; the grass, sand, pebbles,
Dry and wet land, the dewdrops, and
.....
And found I'm the soil, the earth: the
integrity, the unison appeared and that
Filled the heart full of love, and gave a
sweet memory of joy that remains
alive.....