

The STAGGERING Stride

DR. RUP DAS



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For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUERose PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

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DEDICATED TO
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THE STAGGERING STRIDE

On right and left there's no any fence
No any barrier in front or behind
Yet I Never find the path for fruitful stride.
If the path is smooth and flat
I may slip down with abrupt hurt.
If coarse with ups and downs
Sudden fall may smash my crown.
If I stop with startled step
Back foot hangs on angry air.
Front foot Invites earth quake
Or the glance of stormy wind
May grasp me as a faded feather
And throw somewhere else.
If I see my shadow in front
Or at right or left hand side
By catching his faithful hand
I may proceed anywhere I like.
If he stands too far behind
I have to find the space, Where to hide !
So I believe with such staggering stride
I may trigger the trip by careful strive

To push the sliding door of holy hearth,
Where the hungry fire is sharpening
The awaiting ferocious flaming knives.

THE VAGABOND WRITER

My dwelling megacity full of clowns
Covetous mentors collect the pounds
Squeezing sweats of poor labours.
Crying crowd and brutal laughter
Makes me a homeless vagabond passer.
So crossing the bush and hilly stream
I have come to a soft grassy field
Where the greenery of this earth
Strengthens friendship with blue sky.
Patch of white clouds from cosmos
Like the white wings' of albatross
Bring the love letter from the heaven
To his beloved lady like earth.
Fresh breath here in fervent air
Break the silence of inner heart.
So I start to compose debonairs
With pearling prose and rhythmic verse.

THE ALBUM AND ALMANAC

The shadow ripples beneath the woods
To wreath the root hidden under ground.
Tear dribbles from memory of clouds
To create the icebergs mound.
The album is the reminder of absence
Silence makes a fervent vacuum.
The obituary of passer that I read
History preserve the bid for future forum.
From the immortal time onwards
Glorious birth of the universe
Minutes momentum burdens the album
The numbers of life turned to hummus
Fossils exposes the faded psalm.
Oh, Time in your infinite almanac
How much rubbish yet to heap !
All the coffins those we left
Conveys the memory you can't nipe.
So I swear before the twilight sun
For the shake of wounded heart
I am ready to shorten my span
As I know once I have to depart.

THE MELODIC MEMORY

Oft I lye on sunny pave of greenish grass
Faraway from crying crowdly town.
Though silence remains intact
Thousand fathoms beneath fossil 'den
Million miles above the bluish crown.
Yet my heart feels the sonorous echo
Form unknown source of somewhere else.
If once I see her smiling face
Kurly hairs and wistful eyes
Never need to see the sunset and sunrise.
I've breathed the Flavor of this earth
All the nutrients taken after birth
Had nourished myself to ready set go,
Far away from the prehistoric time,
The restless cosmic lantern glow
The melodic memory I perceive.
Bud blooms today fly floats at large
All may Wither at any time tomorrow.
Moment marches To thicker almanac
Cadaver moves to coffin or burnt away
Span of life is very much narrow !
So the melodic memory that I concern
No never I can't forget or forgo

THE WAR WOUNDS

I've seen the ferocious war
From the rotunda of my broken hut
Javelin pierce the juvenile heart.
Blasting close to the public place
Scatters the crusted blood and flesh
On the greenish garden and farm.
Sharpen edges of dreadful dagger
Before taking rest in sleeping kresh
Leftover the tortuous scar forever.
On the chest of time and earth.
Decade and decades are dwarf passer
In the almanac of cosmic commander..
People suffers from dearth of saviours
In stormy night and thundering rain
On this injured ill-health earth.
And feel the dolor of disasters
With tremendous trimming pain.

THE SUN BACK PATH

The red carpet blister the twilight
I am alone on the sun back path
Incoming night blacken the canvas
Being in the labyrinth's of darkness
I'm riding the black hill of endless hight
To find the fogg free celestial light.
Being at the top I am tired too much
Fatigued to flat on top side ramp
Tiredness closes the doors of the eyes
How much time past I can't guess
Later the spring of celestial pinkish light
Give a feather touch to waken me up.

TO A SELF - CAPTIVE LOVER

The self -captive lover presides over
The festival of finished love
And crosses thorny fence
To find the departed romance
When noble lady waits with broken heart.
What's in your boney cage ?
Love ejects the fairy fragrance
And rejects the pseudo romance
As well timid frames of airy castle.
Oh, the poor guy let have the chorus --
"I love thy love, I love thy all
I like to live in hut or fancy hall.
Let the spring come forever.
Let open your lips and eyelids
Make me dumb and blind. "

THE MEGACITY

When there is last moon's trace
On the firmaments mosaic ramp
Under the fearless fluorescent lamp,
I have seen her gloomy face.
Though the layer of grooming cream
Try to mask her stress and strain
Yet the bite of scorching pain
Wrinkles eye brows cheek and Chin.
Sweats and tears mingle together
Follow the tunnel of dirty drain
Up to the Peerless polluted stream.
Subways and metro pierce her trunk,
Stepsons grasp her knee and groin,
Shoulder burdened by heavier burge.
Never she get the fresh air.
For peaceful breath and health care.
So I wistfully still enquire
how long she may survive here
In such stressful staggering life!

RHYTHM AND TIME

As I can't follow the tide of time
Looses the rhythm of vibrant violin.
A lot of lotus in my poem
Can't create the audible thim.
The incoming sweet heart morrow
Mingles in the burge of sorrowness.
As if with a last glance at open window
The victim goes towards the gallows.
Thousands of flower stem out down
Anther merged in polluted dust.
Still my heart on solitary field
Seek the smell with sufficient trust.
Still a lot of poetic thim of philomel
Warbles at night in my boney cage.
But When I hold the fountain pen
Tear dribbles on notebook's page.

THE DEPARTURE

All on a sudden I lost her
Near the ice cold rock of hilly pave
Her careful grip slipped away
Thereby I have loose my path.
Now I am on the pedestal crossing
And puzzled to move forward.
Once she swear to show me
The one-fourth moon at midnight
Awakening from the depth of sleep.
Now her diamond ring is sleeping
In my finger without domestic dream
Till I decorate her grave with flowers.
And assumed to lye side by side
Before the full moon's departure.

THE MOMENTUM

The earth rolls around the cosmic hearth
To wreath herself with dynamic lore.
Being puzzled by her miracle mugic,
Many a stormy night
Under timid moonlight
I have grilled my golden goblet
With flavored colorful fluid.
And leaving no stone unturned
Paving the cave for future den
Till the return of my loveliest friend.
I do suffer from deep languishment.
Amidst her delay to return
As the furnished faith disappear
The night queen withers away.
Moments move faster
My breath weeps in wistful weather.
I've no scope to say
I am moving towards the grave.
Besides the bed of bluish bay.

LIFE AND DEATH

Few colorful kites disappear in air
Joy and sorrow, fickle and agony
Evils and merits mingle together.
Oft in boyhood my mother told
Water is sacred where life is hidden.
We swim and sink in water
Later dead body floats on same.
I am spellbound to think,
Earth squeeze out water
The sunshine engulfs him
And vomits as cloud and rain.
So I feel the death itself
Is a pleasurable play of birth.
On the pavement of this earth.

THE MATADOR AND BULL FIGHT

The matador initiate the battle
By flagging the reddish falcon feather.
Thousands whistle become the storm
In the ear of the battling bulls.
The sharpen horns trigger
The heart of opponent fighter.
The winner's sweat and runner's tear
Wither away in battle field's pair.
The streaming blood of joint venture
Blisters the greenery of out field border.
The matador, the great game finisher
Rarely killed by the warmonger
As he laments for the grazing friend
And pull the drape on final war.

THE ROYAL ROUTINE AND RALLY

The day dissolved in depth of darkness
And the dreadful dreams mourned
For the incoming bitter morning.
The peaceful procession of the people
Will be reckless enough and daring
To disturb the corporate fumbling.
If vagabonds and street beggars
Coupling lovers and lunatics
Lengthens the rally to royal palace
The anginal pain of admin's heart
May disturb the sleep of fairy queen.
Before the firing squad a few depart.
Though the people laments for them
Yet they seek the peaceful night.
Where as royal flag and faithful fags
Become more colorful and bright.

LONELINESS AND LATITUDE

I've crossed the brazing heat of love
And the freezing coolness of the sorrow.
Now I'm a hermit of a solitary cave
Where silence is my earnest friend.
Sacred light doesn't glow my eyes
Dense darkness bring deep sleep
But never show any fruitful dream.
I'am no where even at public pave.
Now tears and sweats troll myself
So I've no faith on my breathing air
Searching somewhere fasting fire
Or a deepening gracious grave.
So I've to alter the clumsy style
As if to break the one way bridge
And sutter all my valueless thought
For free movement at right and left
At large anywhere to and fro,
From the heap of waste products
Now I can construct new lifeboat.

THE DENSE SILENCE

At midnight in my painting hall
Myself and my timid shadow
Remain stand Still deaf and dumb.
Swarming flies and tiny lamps
Try to beautify the banquet ramp.

On the base of aggressive silence
Brush Suffers from night blindness
Can't touch the crawling canvas.
Pictures of the over worked day
And happenings of the darken night
Mingle to form a faded foggy film
Time whorls around the painting hall
Like a restless conveyors belt
Thereby valuable articles I can't collect.
Shadow and I being pushed at bay
By the fanatic phantom's frames.
We have no way other than wait
For the Warbling sunny day.

BOW DOWN AND GLOW UP

Bow down bow down and bow downs too
My head pray down to striding earth
Up to the level of powerful foot.
I've never seen the cosmic clock
Even never my faded shadow
The falls of streaming sweats and tears
Wither away by feathering air.
Blinking stars of farthest screen
And the beloved moonlight laughter
Has never been able to touch my eyes
So dream is absent in my tiring sleep.

Still I believe my head may rise enough
Timid eyes may glow straight forward
Towards the stature of cruel slaughter.
By the fearless stronger kicks
I might smash the skyscape tower,
If trembling heart gets crafting power
And depressed mind is set forward.

THE CONDOLENCE MEET

Condolence meet to console whom
Withered guy will never come.
Bereaved heart may express pain
Cry for absence whorls around.
Gathering mass is of diverse views
Someone's tear is true dewdrops
Someone weeps to mask laughter.
Graveyard gathers the bunch of flowers
The epitaph bears the years and months
Of the departed's death and birth.
Time never suffers from agony or pain
Swimming on his endless brine water
Crawls forward and never looks back
How far behind the see off bunk.
Dearth of anybody in this earth
The supreme watchman of cosmos
Though conscious about the same
Remains careless in such loss.
Neither updates long ledger's book
Nor he jott down anything else
In his colorful writing pads.

A LETTER TO HIS HIGHNESS

I have wrote a letter to his Highness
Briefing the depose of hundred offence.
From birth onwards till this old age
I've crushed many ants on my run ways
Had not helped a beggar by single coin.
Now being disabled to some extent
Searching him with staggering move
Hither and thither for fruitful goal.
By mixing bloods sweats and tears
I have made a sacred sandals' smear
To take his foot print for consolation.
As well trying to submit the confession
To his merciful all grabbing hands.
As I'm in dark of his posture and stature
Attend the temple mosque and church
But no where I have never found
The impressive enigmatic holy figure.

So I am waiting for a particular day
When my entire desires might be at bay
Sacred fire may invite to his holiday home
To see the vivid picture of burning hay.

THE WAR

Stump down stump down and so on
Bomb blasts smash the castles of town
Thousands of people suffer and die.
Homeless mass moves else where.
To find the tiny shade over the head.
Mount of cadavers hither and thither
Invites endemy and pollute the nature
War smashed country turn to desert.
Bloods and tears being mixed together
Makes the river of sorrow forever
Dreadful demise and scorching scar
Takes long time to recover the loss
Regain everythings by toils and tears.
Warmonger of the opponent land
Evokes a new brand for himself.
With a layer of patriot's kelp.
Death of numbers of brave warrior
Glorify the glow of royal crown
Rising Cenotaphs colorfull flags
Embrace the admin's supreme power.
Finally power craver marches to grave
Without minimum careful measure
Like breathing air and neighbor's tear.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING

When the love and sorrow mingles
The glow of engagement ring
Makes a vent of joint venture
For the path of fruitful expedition.
Coupling Of the earthly lives
Enjoy the pleasure of eldorado.
Otherwise it become reptile's knot
Around the neck of ring finger
Pull the guy towards the gallows.
The sintering silence in between
Makes a river of unfathomed depth
None of them can't touch the bunk
Or can't collect the valuable pearl.
In extreme stage of painful peril
Brazing heat from precious ring
Percolate up to the hut of the heart
And force the guy to depart from earth.

RETURN OF A FIGHTING HERO

Tear and pain of Thousand victim's
Puzzled the thim of routine soothing life.
Heroic turn from blood stained battlefield
Restless heart queer fresh air breath.
In search of a piece of celestine peace
I've gone to a sacred worship house
The flavor of flowers and dense silence.
Conveyed the message of helplessness.
There was Neither pleasing space
Nor I recieved the needful breath.
To nourish my haunting helpless heart
And to minimize the evolved inside heat
I've gone to the chilling polar icebergs
The restless blizzard mummified me.
The deep furrow between joy and sorrow
Try to engulf this fearless fighting hero
Now I become a hermit of solitary cave
Scraping terminal days for final grave.

THE LIFE SPAN OF EARTH

Starting from the igneous to callus form
From primitive herbs to dense forest,
Polypoid worms to straight bipeds
With such heavy loads on shoulder
Earth is rolling round the cosmic hearth
With painful heart and other ailments.
All watchmen of cosmos around him
The air water and other elements
And endless calendar of the time
Working as his faithful gauards
Taking care of his injured health.
Still the cunning greedy human race
Is trying to smash the own living place
How long this earth may survive
Neither time nor God can guess.

THE METAMORPHOSIS

I've Put that small thing somewhere else
Whenever busy with important jobs
Now I am free and out of the woods
Enough time to find that out.
All out searching hither and thither
No stone unturned chest and locker
Alas ! That's not come to my hand.
Searching all over being hopeless
To create a space In constraint mind
Come out from my loveliest house
To mingle myself in roadside crowd.
There's a procession moving forward
With needful demands to courtyard
All on a sudden the stormy wind
Pick up a tiny patch of handkerchief
From the pit of my pantaloons
And throw the same in wavy air.
I am stumbled to observe a glance
That being turned into rallye's flag
Spread the wings like albatross
To condemn the admin's evil works.
Oh, the lost item the handkerchief
Became the pioneer of heroic jobs.

HOW LONG I CAN WAIT

How long, how long and how long
Hi Friend how long I can wait for you !
Still this earth may go inside
To be engulfed by cosmic heat
Or the sun may be stumped down
By a miraculous giant storm !
Only to see your soothing laugh
Only to get your feather touch
And even loving your sacred shade
I'm a standing tiny plant under the sun
Waiting wistfully only for you
Still that decline at western s my.
My sweats and tears are grazing down
To the senseless blister stand still feet
And makes a stream of lucid wave.
Where, where and where you are
Still your look out fairy presence
Spraying the odour of out going spring.
How long how long I can wait for you ?
So far I'm the launch of hungry fire
Or my coffin is ready for graveyard.

THE PRESENCE OF SOMEONE

The prophetic presence of someone here
May clear the dusky dirt's forever
The day time darkness may disappear
To make this earth a healthy sphere.
His breathed out exhaled soothing air
May break the glass wall of confinement
For free flow of reserved constraint mind.
The presence of Someone In near future
May bring the spring in sweaty summer
His lightning laughter and sweet converse
May bring forth flow of flavored flowers
Fervent friendship among each other.
When and where from he may come
To wash the gloomy gesture of this earth !
We the common people do not know
How much marvels waiting for us
After his glorious gorgeous birth!
Only the supreme watchman of cosmos
Is counting down that golden time.

THE DEARTH OF SOMEONE

Anyhow someone had gone away
The day light is dejected and at bay
The odour of flowers withered away
Air suffers from scorching pain
And wistfully waiting for heavy rain.
Birds and bee's are crying too much
For the absence of faithful friend.
Somehow someone had gone away
With a swear to not come back
Rest of earthly dynamic beings
The immortal time and cosmic hearth
Feels the dearth of loosing something.
I myself the friend of departed fellow
Tracing the kept away silent shadow.
In my hollow heart as friendless sparrow.

THE BOSOM FRIEND

Good morning mourns withering dew
Midday swims on stream of sweats
Every evening Invites the dense darkness
I've the only and only one bosom friend
To keep away ice cold aggressive night.
He sleeps in daytime like standing horse
But bestow the tiny shadow for my rest.
At my teenage long ten years back
Once I had seen someone to pass away
Through this crowded creaming path.
Still I enquire the thim of fairy presence
With a tender heartfelt tolerance.
If the moonlight bring the pleasing tide
The dreams draw me to the waiting place
The sleepless night gaurd,the lamp post
Laments for his streaming loneliness.

THE EXPEDITION

I've traversed a long path to meet you
Thorny bush tortuous coarse scape
Injured me as that done by hungry wolf.
Thousands days and nights being passed
Now I'm at the edge of a sky-scape hill
And an ocean of unfathomed depth
Waving towards the infinite horizon
The tired sun is ready for merge in brine.
My blistered limbs are heavy and numb
How long I may remain kneel down!
Either come here for long awaiting meet
Otherwise I will hit myself in wavy sea.
Or jump up to hold the hand of sun
To go elsewhere where we can meet.
In an absolute frame of super silence.

THE SCRIPT OF LOVE

I'm making the script of love
Without seeing your sweats and tears
Even the melancholy celestial laugh
With a colorful painting brush
Before the miraculous sunny canvas
I'm stand still like a statue
Without knowing from where to start !
What's the point of initial touch !
Though I know heartfelt love is never seen.
Yet I filled my fountain with fervent green
There's neither human plasmid trace
Nor the tint of tearful toil's extract
So how can I may be able to construct
The colorful castles of eternal love!

THE LAUGHING ROSÉ

The laughing rosé nourish the heart
With brining flow of fraternity.
The fragrance of eternal friendship
Treat the harmful enemies apart.
The beloved handshake booster
To find a new path of fruitful strive.
Let us conquer the earthly vice
To make a fairy hut In heaven,
Where rainbow glitters forever
For the flawless peaceful life.

THE HOMELAND

Where to go from this homeland
Here I took the first faithful breath
Drinking water and sunshine
Saved my life in prickling summer
And in ice cold.. chilling winter
The grave yard of my ancestors
Still expose the memory mirror
Like a running glossy album
And theirs's fervent well wish
Give me power to move forward.
If I shift to an unknown new island
I've to Loose few bosom friends
Who Shall share my well and woe
I've to pick up the new life style
Which may not fulfill my inner will..
The starving homeland is far better
Than an uncertain abroad shelter.

FOR FEATHER TOUCH

Count down count down and count down
The moment of next meet whenever be.
Numbers of sunrise and sunset passed
We are rippling in hopeless hallow space,
The last supper In your luxley hall
Before the timid trembling candle
The gentle blow of tingling breeze
Was the flag of invisible kurlly hairs
Ceated the ice breaking atmosphere
To share the feelings of one each other.
We the unknown fearful guy
Gradually move towards th airy ramp
To get the questing feather touch.
To relieve the sprain of throbbing heart
Count down count down count down again
The moment of marvelous feather touch.

THE STILT

I've never seen without stilts or krach
Anybody stand upright or flourish enough
Without bless or grace of anybody else
It's very much difficult to get success.
I've heard about few homeland lovers
(Furious anarchist called by cynics)
Never looked for selfish ends
Marched forward to devote himself
For the freedom of own homeland.
Now few heads are bowed down enough
To the foot of stout and stronger stand
Then erect by grace of theirs's favor
And project himself as valued brand.
Though sky is very much above the head
They want to bring that down to the earth
Without knowing that stilt may break.
Or in front an unknown marshy land
Waiting in the guise of a careful friend
May pull him with krach to deeper ends
Where greedy hungry and darken grave
Is looking for a precious palatable plate.

THE BEST FRIEND CUM FOE

From birth onwards I'm never alone
A deaf and dumb fellow follows me
In all my good and bad practice
Even in postures and behaviors
I can't avoid him by any means.
As he suffers from night blindness
Only in dense dark being afraid
He goes somewhere leaving me.
As my privacy is exposed often
I might take chance to punish him
I'm waiting for that marvel moment
When the sacred fire will devour me.
Then he must cry for friend's absence
And reminds the days of dual happiness.
I being engulfed by the hungry hearth
After my departure from this earth
In his day to day gesture, well and woe.
That very bosom friend cum miming foe
Must lament for that burn out show.

THE THIRST

When sweats and tears ripple down
To make a stream beneath the feet
My lips open and tongue scribbles
To kiss the brine to combat thirst.
I'm afraid of something adverse else
If the water swells up from knee to neck
And then move further upwards
I myself may be the diet of giant river.
I'm also afraid of my living status
If the entire bloods weeps and wither
A dense cloud may hang overhead
And a heavy swarm may Invite flood.
So I am ready to works hard more
To increase the unbound limitless thirst.

THE BEST FOLLOWER

He doesn't know how to go where to go
Even where to stop Where to start
Though he is blind deaf and dumb
Yet can read the smell of my presence.
In all my pleasure and achievement
His clapsticks only, only I can hear.
Whether others can't realize that.
In my deep sorrow and melancholy
He is locked and remained stand still
In all my stressful staggering stride.
At right or left, and front or behind
He protects me in every moment.
From birth onwards he is with me
And had never left me alone aside.
When the death may tap the doorbell
Only then what he may do I can't imagine!

THE MIRACULOUS FRIENDSHIP

I'm standing alone with hands upright
Far above and above the blue sky
To shake the hands of distant friend.
Though I am on revolving earth
He comes down to meet some time.
The morning mourns for departed night
But brighten the eyes by vivid sunlight
At eastern side when he wakes up
He holds a big umbrella behind me
For smooth traveling on my path.
At mid day he is angry enough
By closing the shed over head
And judge my tolerance of hard friendship.
Again he is polite too much
Unfold the grayish umbrella over my head.
After his departure in western horizon
Obviously I get sufficient time
For a long soothing sound sleep.

THE FRIENDLESS PHILOMEL

Now the guy is alone at lonely island
Without warbling of departed friend
In between blue ocean and firmament.
Only the roaring of endless brine
Breaks the solid silence of his heart.
Once in spring the wind springs like deer
Couple's beaks were stucked together
Theirs' wings mingled each other
To express the dependence of love.
In a sunny day they were flying above
To pluck flowers from heaven's garden,
All on a sudden hunter's sharpen arrow
Pierced the heart of other fellow.
Warbled laughter washed by tears.
The sprinkled blood kissed the sunshine
A blurred rainbow fall down in salty brine.
Now the friendless philomel being alone
Never extends the flange to the sky.
Only searching the fragrance of love
In the gloomy air of solid silence.

THE ZEALOUS HORSE

The zealous horse is tired too much!
He had jumped over the upright hills
Crossed the deserts and Thorny fields
Even conquered the number of wars
He was bold and steady enough
To fulfill his distinct desired targets.
Now the horse is tired too much
Limbs are very much rigid and numb.
Squeezing the heart by exhaled air
Tears and sweats blurred the vision
The green grassy field in front
Seems to be an endless ocean
Where brine is too much salty to drink
Even waving in horrible hurricane.
The zealous horse dose not know
How to combat the hunger or thirst !
He feels still a few targets left
How far the grave or slaughter house
With sweet dream in sound sleep!
Where he may take the final trip and rest !

FOR THE SAKE OF SWEET HANDSHAKE

For the sake of a sweet handshake
I've crossed miles after miles
Even the woods desert and polar ice
The horrible Thorny bush and hills
But unfortunate to find where he is!
All the perilous moves and journey
Created craters in my fearless heart
Though very much tired still I enquire
Hither and thither that very sweet touch.
For the sake of sweet handshake
I've traversed thousand's miles
Not only in summer and shrinking cold
Even in thundering swarm and storm.
My feet become rigid and senseless
My fingers are clubbed and crumpled.
At last I rubbed my ribbed boney cage
For uncontrolled anginal agony and pain
And thereby fulfilled the sweet handshake

THE TOUR OF NIGHT - QUEEN

After the departure of angry cosmic king
The night - queen starts her pleasing tour
Around her own state revolving earth
And knocks at doors of castles and huts
To see the state of every dweller.
As the painter is a night blind fellow
In his very small painting hall
Timid candle being night watchman
Dress up the bristles and tiny canvas
And Invites the swarm of firefly
To work as model for beautiful drawing
About the scene of midnight sky.
The swarm feel the candle's flame
As a sacred celestial gorgeous glow
And devote their pity lives en mass.
There after a cruel gusty whorl wind
Killed the watchman by sudden blow.
The darkness covers the pastel screen
The night queen's laughter withers away
Her tears turn into lavender's drop
Wash the eyes of hopeless painter
So that he can light up a fresh candle
And again may brush up a new picture.

THE BLANK LOVE LETTER

After the tiresome harness of day
I'am free and fresh by soothing liquor.
Midnight flood's with moonlight scene
I've scrolled out colourful writing pad
To jott down something to my friend.
The scribe scribbled on the tiny paper
Fingers clubbed with abrupt pain
My tears and sweats blotted the leaf.
The smiling face of loveliest friend
Swims at large on the green surface
And web out lexicon's heartfelt works.
Very long very long thirty years back
My friend was at abroad for the job
Ernest answers of my every script
Returned quick back to my letter box.
All on a sudden a religious storm
Converts into a dreadful war
And washed away domicile job golden.
The then on his every birthday
A meaningless madness haunted me
I set myself close to the writing table
Before the midnight's moonlight's flood
Eager to see that loveliest laughing face
By any rarest means of sudden miracle !

THE RUN WAY

I've to startle number of time
During the long race for terminus
The run way is not smooth enough
Full of coarse crease very zigzag.
I am not an aircraft of heaven' port
Nor have any castle in the air
Here's none to plate out red carpet.
Pull back craze of friends and foes
Very strong vicinage of fellow kins
Even pet dogs cats birds of the cage
Have theirs' see off, wistful eyes
Treat my sense to look behind
There by hinder to march forward.
Pass over all these colon hyphen
I've to overcome storm heavy rain
Snowfalls blizzards scorching heat
Deep dense darkness thorny pave
Upright hill hump pits labyrinths.

How far how far the tricky terminus
How long I've to traverse long path
Though I don't know where's the end
Yet I've to run fast with out rest.

THE DATING

To enjoy the desired dating moment
I've come here little before the sunset
Alas! My friend has not come yet.
Now sun is bowing down his head
To the incoming dreamful darken night.
Twilight setting the gorgeous red carpet
To see off the tiresome daytime's king.
Cathedral rings the closure of busy day
Spreading the news of prayers' time.
Friend didn't come for pleasing meet
Probably he is busy with other jobs
I've washed my hands with perfumes
To remove the daytime's working dirt's
And waiting for the sweet handshake.
Though the desired dating is failed
Too much waiting strengthen the love.
Time has processed my looking glass
To see the nature's miraculous glance.

THE ROUTINE OF RETURNING

From where I came where to go
To whom to meet, when would be !
How long to wait, I do not know.
Tourist of day turns back to trench
Shadow widens the fatigued flange
Night monitors the depth of dream
And devours the moonlight too.
Winter Invites the spring to spring up
Who is ready to jump on hot air oven
Then tears come down from heaven
To nourish the empty earth again.
Almanac maintains the strict schedule
I've read the script of majic monsoon.
So I would have to wait for proper time.
To meet the desired unknown friend.
For firing laughter and swarm of rain.

LET US TRAVERSE

Let us traverse the long perilous path
Where the horizon kiss this earth
And milky way starts for heavens' ramp.
Let us cross the deserts hills and rivers
Cactus bush and troublesome creepers.
Let us traverse the perilous path
Till the camp of moon and stars
Being tired take the peaceful rest
And sun undergoes a soothing sleep.
Shadow being blind in dense darkness
Searches the hands of intimate friends.
Earth is flooded by fire fogg and blood.
Thousands thousands lightyears' away
In morbid heart of an unknown planet
We may find the sacred celestial glow
Where death deserves the deeper silence
Without dewdrops tears and rain.
Let we start the desired endless journey
To achieve that long awaited final goal.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF

I have to hide somewhere else
To save myself from intense eyes.
Whenever with in a beautiful dream
He catches the thim of flowing stream.
I've thousands of virtues and vice
Self made pleasures and tiny pathos
There's he interferes without notice.
If I enter in a dense darkness
Spying still continue to harras me
Even the firefly's sudden visit
Dismiss the careful witty planning
He appears with laughing mood
I can't tolerate the tricky gesture.
Now being puzzled and helpless
I have made a flawless master plan
To treat him badly as I can.
I've made a coffin without any hole
Where I may hide myself
And dream without presence of kelp.q
Thereby I may fulfill the amicable goal.

THE VOICE ARCHIVES

Sleepless nights are spent in painting hall
To catch the sound of thunder& storm
And to draw the picture on same articles.
Being undone I move to my garden
To hear the tone of flower blooming.
Again being failed to get any fruitful ends
I have gone to a nearby big Graveyards
Where intimate poet-friend In deep sleep.
With whom numbers of stormy nights
And in midnights under sweet moonlight
I've spent times with gossip and drinks.
When the dewdrops swims on glow
We were on the soft green grassy bed
Passed the time by talkativeness.
At morning with murmuring mourns
I turned back to my tiny painting hall.
Arrange again the pastel brush canvas
And draw the picture of refined voice.
As I've heard the cry of timid snowfalls
Being wake up to melt in early sunshine.

THE VICTORY LAP

Long ahead long ahead long ahead still
I'm just a few fathoms above the base
The smell of grassy green marshy field
Evokes the endowing voice to turn back.
Cheater labyrinths and spiral turns
Even the upright walls and deeper craters
May create a grave on sudden fall down.
Untoward calamities, cold wind storms
Fearful blizzards and heavy rain falls
May cause disturb on climbing up.
Tears and sweats of troublesome strive
Being the ice moles on striding path
Hinders to move up to sky scraped hill
Numbers of air pockets at higher sphere
May shrink the inhaled fresh air breath.
Long ahead long ahead long ahead up
Eagerly waiting the Glorious ramp
To wreath the garlands by someone.
Though target is triggered by myself
The path of going up is very perilous
So I must be cautious in every step.

THE DREAMLAND

I have come here at dreamlands park
Enjoying the lore of skylark and thrush
The smell of rose and various flowers
Makes the heaven of sweet weather.
Neither blood shed nor crying crowd
Disturb the peace and nature's proud.
I lie down on soft green grassy field
With a breezy pleasing mood
Start to think under sacred glow
From where came here, where to go ?
Suddenly a bout of gusty whorl wind
Breaks the window's hazy sight screen
My tour from dreamlands turned back
To my homeland on dirty bug bite bed.
The rising sun is knocking at the door
I 've to wake up for routine home task.

THE TEMPLATE OF A HEARTFELT FRIEND

At midnight when crowd subsidies
Night queen traverse the milky air path
To converge with her loveliest earth,
I being night-blind friendless fellow
Just to find a friend of very good heart
Marched with a lantern in my hand
From famous mosque to sacred temple
From glorious church to charming chapel
Even nasty brothel to satan's house.
By knocking the doors I've to hear
Every where the people are chanting
The good name of God to save him
From painful pressure of earthly frame.
Being disheartened I enquire again
From corner to corner, ends to ends
Of this megacity where I can get
A heartfelt friend to pass the time.
Statues of big stature standing alone
Dense fogg covers their gloomy face.

I being fatigued moved to a garden

Lye on green grass below a banyon tree
In his silent shadow I ultimately find
The template of my heartfelt friend.

HUNTER AND VICTIM

n away, run away, run away further
To save your life from hungry wolf.
Blood may eject out squeezing the heart
Sweats may slip the path of stride
Still you need the tide of a river.
Run faster, faster and very faster
If possible hide thyself in cactus bush
The injury made by sharpen thorn
Though painful but life may be saved.
The fast food of wolf is hunting's blood
But foe is afraid of own blood loss.
If the frontier's barrier is dense enough
Face the foe with endless brave
Keep your eyes straight to his eyes.
I hope success is not far behind
The wolf may turn back to his cave.

THE GOBLET

I feel the day soon wither away
Let us share the well and woe
Very much hidden pleasure and pain.
So fill the goblet full to the brim
With vitreous liquor or viper's venom.
The exhale steam of bony cage
Being the red hot sharpen knife
May cut off the creaming roasted life.
Let us enjoy the bare truths
To achieve the utmost finest goal.
Inside the decorated dining hall
The gusty winds whirl around
And flame trembles with fear
So what's the length of living candle
Why you need to know my friend !
To take the essence of effervescence
Fill the goblet with golden liquor
With various vent of vitreous humors
As we need to relieve the stress and strain.

THE PICTURE OF LIGHT AND DARK

Darkness devours the light of the day,
And stops the voice of surfing crowd,
Silence covers the open playground
Fireflies come out with tiny lanterns
To create a night time cosmic view.
The weavers invite them to the nest
To remind the joy of wedding night.
The sleepless painter being spellbound
Follow the glimpse of natures' crafts
Waken the candle pastel brush canvas
To draw a picture of dreamful night.
All dark horse the phantoms and ghosts
Being afraid of such lunatic efforts
Put of the candle by exhale blow.
Again the darkness steer up the gear
The snowfall starts in painting hall.

THE PAINTER

Later to sun back path,
Darkness drapes the twilight,
The painter blooms a tiny candle
To catch the features of day.
A swarm of firefly whorls around
To turn the canvas midnight sky.
The night blind bristles can't find
The colorful ink pot hither and thither
To draw the films of faded moon.
The painters' eye closes the doors
To overcome tingling tiredness.
The morning brings the works' order
From the king of blue firmament
And awaken the foolish lazy painter.

NOTHING TO SAY

In the deep of dreadful darkness
Moment is digging the destiny grave
Where later I aught to be in.
Internal art of inert sense
Makes me an wingless cosmonaut
Of the thundering firmament.
All hopes are at low ebb and at bay.
Thereby I have nothing to say
After visiting the cosmic pearling ray.

THE MARVELOUS STRIVE

Endless poverty staggered the life
Cruel whorl wind put of the lamps
All hopes withered away from me
Like the tattered feeble feathers.
So I'am in search of marvelous strive
Only the philosopher's miracle stone
And the powerful Aladdin's lamp
May show a clear way on ruthless ramp.
Mercury lamps are far above on stands
The city is full of chopped stone chips
So I climb on a solitary small mountain
Where I may collect the miracle stone
And touch the fountain of cosmic light.
Rough and tough stone injured me
Fogg and blizzard darkens day and night.
A swarm of firefly's beautiful glow
Gives me a sudden break through
From the virtual joy and zigzag sorrow.

MY NATURAL ASYLUM

I run In the rain to mask my tears
Moonlight engulfs my greeting laughs
Except all the beats of joy and sorrow
I suffer from various tricky ailments
Like depressed heart and mourned mind.
Being unable to eliminate those elements
I hide in darkness with my shadow.
As that always follow and irritate me
By maiming all my good and bad gesture.
The deep dense darkness there after
Covers me like a black glass apron
Therefore none can see my odd behavior
And protect me from the unwanted hazards.

THE FLY

Flavor of flower suffocate the fly
The heap of dirt's disturb the sleep
Dreams rome to slaughter house
Where the fat flesh and blood
Invite him on the luxurious dish.
In a sweet morning he moves
Towards the mutton market nearby
And aspirate the fleshy smell
To earn the heartfelt pleasure.
Alas! the glue of clotted blood
Trapped the fly for eldorado.

THE DESERTED OSTRICH

Endless field fatigues the feet
Nowhere a sweet vineyard.
Only the bush of venomous cactus
Never allow to make a resting nest.
Sandstorm blurred the searching eye
Where to keep the wombs safe,
The quicksand engulfs provident fund.
The horrible hot air of this desert
Dry up all my future desires.
My dream to fly above on sky
To bring the clouds from farthest blue
Failed forever for faulty wings.
To save the life from hunting wolf
You must try to run faster and faster.

THE BEREAVED MONOLOGUE

I've not abled to make a castle in air,
Or even a small nest for peaceful rest.
Instead a sea of salty water left behind
From my dribble down sweats and tears.
Therefore I became a blind cadaver
As my thirst is endless unbound
I've to go to the mirage of quicksand
Or need a lunatic voyage to dive in
The self made ocean of salty water.

THE LAKESIDE RAMP

I am alone on the lakeside ramp
Morning mourns for departed night
Red canvas faded by golden light
The sky flossing woods see their face
In unfathomed depth of glossy water.
From the greenish plate of hyacinth
A hungry spider grasped a golden fry.
I and only the I of mine being spellbound
Queer something with gentle breeze.
Later as I throw the chips on aqua -mirror,
The water express the breakfast hunger.

THE TEARFUL SPRING

After the departure of chilled winter
The spring springs up on gentle air
Kerchief and scarf of fly and flower
Starts the dating for future live together.
How long how long the spring will be
Beyond the thought of birds and bees
To enjoy the rare come romantic glance
Prepare the ramp for music and dance.
Before the incoming cruel summer
By the violent blow of nor'wester
Flanges' and wings' are torn away,
And smash the nest and honey crafter.

THE FIRE UP BIRD (PHOENIX)

I've heard the history of an ancient bird
As that born from heat of cosmic hearth
Thousands number of lightyears' ahead
In the black hole of a solitary morbid star
He has noiseless peaceful resting nest.
He bears the marvelous magic behavior
To combat distress of diseased earth.
Brings the love letter, miraculous stone
Dark breaking lens from heaven's den.
His horoscope and routine task list
Where is preserved we do not know.
Usually he dives in fire to devour fire
After fulfillment of the mission and vision
He devotes the life in dreadful divine fire.
I hope the magic bird may come again,
In religious social and other catastrophes
To save this earth from endless pain.

MY PEACEFUL PALACE

My peaceful palace is made up of clay,
Roof is furnished by woods and Had,
Thorny bush and fence of creepers,
Maintains the security of the borders.
I have a tiny firm of cats and goats
A little pet dog is full time caretaker.
Flower never blooms in my pretty garden
Only the squirrel scorpion and wild gnats
Are dweller of their peaceful nests.
The moonlight sunlight and even laughter
Had never come here to take any rest.
Only the heavy rain and stormy wind
May get the gate pass to play at large.
Being afraid of the flood earthquake
I've digged a deep grave at western end
Where we all may be sound and safe.
If darkness is your day- nights dress
Please come here for part time rest.

THE CONVERGENCE IN SPRING

Let fill the golden goblet with liquor
I do assure you to come abrupt.
Breeze is flowing from south to east
Spring is calling to meet each other.
Flowers are spraying the fragrance
To clear up the hazy and humble fogg
I am coming and coming very sharp
To your dressed up drawing hall
To shake the sweet hand once again.
Let fill the golden goblet with liquor
Whether delicious or very strong viper
Never never never I do eager to know.
Only to meet you in this ferny spring
Not only summer, winter but entire year
I've traversed thousands of miles
In spite of storm thunder and swarm
In scorching heat and graving cold
To see your pleasant peaceful smiles.

THE PROPHETIC EXCELLENCE

Only the birth of a prophetic man
From the fire of cremation hearth
In this revolving restless earth
May clear the garbage and all dirt.
Tearing all the oldest absurd orders
May bring the newer and newer scripts
From the eternal ministerial press
For this rack and ruined human race.
He may preach a new anthem
Teach the people a fresh syllabus --
How to prepare the beautiful nest,
How to protect the infants and kids
From the storms and heavy rain falls
Under the umbrella of widen hands
His vibrant voice may bring the spring
Alert the people from worsen brands
After completion of his aspired role
He may devote the life again in fire.

FOR CONDENSED MEDITATION

I need deep dense meditation place
To achieve the earnest fruitful goal.
I've the igloo Like very small hut
To avoid all my friends and foes
That most noise free solitary cave
But there may be unknown tiny small hole
Which may be pierced by cosmic light.
Dismissals of it's darkness may disturb
The supreme silence as I deserve.
For my condensed concentration
I've found good meditation place
One at thousand rigs beneath the sea
A beautiful soundless coral chamber.
Other is thousands lightyears' far
Inside the black hole of a morbid star.
Cosmic light and supersonic sound
No never where may enter at all.
Now my effort, to be a good diver
As well want to be a smart cosmonaut
Therefore I'am in search of such experts.

THE DEATH OF ALTER THOUGHTS

Sleepless nights are spent in painting hall
To draw the picture of moonlight's laugh.
Patchy clouds are my permanent foe
Covers her face with black kerchief.
I do assume the small lantern's glow
As that of night queen's beautiful face
Swarm of firefly's as twinkling stars
Get set ready for coloured painting.
But fortune does not fevers me at all.
The timid wind is my intimate friend
Being zealous of the unique alter plan
All on a sudden he turned arrogant
Put off the tiny lamp by a bout of blow.
The hungry darkness waiting aside
Devours the distinct newly formed plot
Swarming firefly's are out of undue fear
Fly away further for other favorite spot.
Pastel canvas inkpots and painting brush
Loose their intense hard work mood
Again lye on dirty dark sleeping bed.
My sleepless nights are full of flaws.
The golden sunshine clear up the fogg,
Open the script of routine homework..

VOYAGE FOR NEW SHELTER

My tiny boat floats on endless sea
And dance on curling curving wave.
I'm not afraid of strong tempest
Whorl tide octopus omnivorous whale
Very big icebergs hidden hill can't hinder
The journey for ancient unknown land
Where I believe my primitive stain.
Had made theirs' shelters in long past
Thousands of years had crossed over
Landslides earthquakes catastrophes
Detached the ancient homeland far
As per retreat of the widen ocean.
Still in quicksand fossils of fish
Engrave the sample of such happenings.
Though summer winter and the spring
Usualy blurred by clouds and fogg
In crude darkness moon and stars
And the tireless sun is careful guide
The dwelling land is over crowded
So man is searching new shelters
Even in moon and other satellite.
I'm a very much laborious navigator

Hope this mission once touch the goal,
May set foot on that small landscape
With the stature of new lease holder.

MY MAD MAILBOX

My mad mailbox is dustbin vat
Full of garbage rubbish and dirt.
Neither love letter nor any verse
Show the thim of life I do deserve.
Virtual friendship, dry fallen leaf
Neither've green tint nor worthy tips.
Only the clouds and bouts of fogg
Log in the bad patch of underdog.
Never remove my sweat's and toils.
I like rainbow moonlight's glow
Feather touch of cream sunshine
Instead it brings murmuring mourns.
The chambers of my arrhythmic heart
Never receive a drop of needful blood.
Though I delete the fake news and views
By my finger's quicken feather touch,
Again the clouds come without notice.
Now I am at a loss undone fellow
How to avoid bad trolls and brouse !
Yet I retain the mad pandora's box
As it is my identity enhancing prox.

THE METICULOUS APPROACH

Journey started at soothing day light
Later the sun became flurry furious
I've to swim on sweat's foaming flood.
Sometimes startled to march forward
Cloudy shadow and pleasing weather
Brings me up to the dark and stiff
Very much thick black upright reef.
Crossing or piercing the strong barrier.
I must march to search something
That may be unknown unseen glow
Or the beautiful celestial fountains flow
Where I may get a philosopher's stone
Which is able to fulfill aspired dream
At least a small size fire flint chips
To tear this layer of dense darkness.
I being tired too, need a little bit rest
To consume power for step out jump
So I lie on dense dark black open field.
At midnight the moonlight 's laugh
Break my deep sleep,dreadful dream.
Smash the darkness by feather touch.

FROM INITIAL TO TERMINAL BED

You have cross over numbers of bed
The first one was in closed dark room
A small fluid filled thin leather bag
Then to the feather soft mothers' lap
Thereafter a bed of hard wood plank
Was the place of your rest and dream.
Being grown up to touch the sky
Coupling required with other one guy
Enjoying few days on cheerful berth
Life is thereafter runs on zigzag path
And forgot the tint of tiny hide sack
Even loveliest soft sweet mothers' lap.
Now you are lying on hard metal stretcher
With few needful life saving measures.
Later the final shifting aught to be done
Again on wood plank dressed by flowers
As that was in gorgeous wedding day
But shape size format beyond the sense.
Terminal transfer to sandal wood bed
Will invite the holy fire to draw the end.
Terminal transfer to sandal-wood bed
Will Invite the holy fire to draw the end.

THE BIRD'S EYE VIEW

I've a mission to be very much alone
To speak with myself at no man's land.
Parks are full of gossiping old aged men.
Or by hop step jump of calf and kids.
Highways tolerates the load of crowd
Thousands of footwears clear the dirt
Yet the air of the megacity full of dust
Subways are full of penniless poor guys
Darkness is only their dress cum den
Stuffy stiff thick air suffocate the breath.
At last I have found a suitable place
Where the lazy people rarely stairs
And megacity lamps are firefly's glow
A high bow over bridge with thin ramp
Where stars are very close to my head
And gentle breeze dancing at large..
Only an young man roaming haphazard
With vacant looks to search something
All around right left front and behind.
Moonlight follows his paving posture.
Suddenly the unknown walking guy
Jumped up to dive In fresh air bath

Probably to find a hiding safe shelter.
Silent cry of kind heart midnight queen
Weeps out dewdrops on blacken pitch
Hungry leach blots the flooded blood.
Pathetic phenomena flinched my heart
I being voiceless deaf and dumb
Remain stand still on over way ramp

FOR A FINER EMBRACE

I've gone through big size lexicon's page
To find variable verse to address the guy.
Even practice the laughter of earliest sun
And the blooming of midnight queen.
Blotted small kerchief with fragrance,
Washed my hands by fountains flow
To receive the desired feather embrace.
So I swear to left no stone unturned
Ready to go up to the peak of the hill
Even the unfathomed ocean's depth
Or the island of quick sand ramp
To find the foot print of that guy.
There after if I remain undone
At least to see the shadow of the guy
Which is meticulous, larger than life.
I have to move up to cremation hearth
Or in the dormant core of coffin's berth.

THE FRESH BREATH AND BATH

The careful coating of sandals' smear
Being covered by kelp dirt and filth
I feel myself a very polluted guy
Thereby can't take fresh air breath.
To wash out putrified layer of vice
I'am searching a dust free lake.
Where water is creamed by lotus anther
And spraying the essence of eternal cult.
The fortune never fevers me enough
Pull me near a full of hyacinth's tank.
Thereafter a restless ranking run
Crossing the summer's scorching heat
Winter's blizzard and western storm
I'm at the bunk of unbound ocean
Where friendship of brine and winds
Create the curl of pearling dance
Under the light of day time king
Or with laughter of midnight queen.
Taking a heartfelt fresh air breath
I dive in wave to finish my desired bath.

THE LEDGER SCROLL

I'am very much poor in maths subject
Componendo dividendo and minus plus
Never find out the desired real terminus.
Permutation combination all home task
LCM,HCF and many middle term factors
Terminate to digit of fruitless one alone
I put decimals behind the longer number
End result scribbled dots pungent moss.
To overcome the mistakes profit and loss
Very much eager to give master stroke
Multiply the score by a very big zero.
Eyes being blurred by sweats and tears
Droplets erase the broadsheet mirage
Rest is blank paper scattering husk.
I am a monkey on slippery high stand
Three steps up and two steps down
Grazing the life of a circus's clown.
How long how long later at the top !
Otherwise all efforts tremendous flop.
All my virtues are at right hand side
Left side leaf is ful of various vice.
pleasures are far behind mourns at front

Taunting voice of my loveliest shadow
Haunt me all times puzzle my thoughts
Therefore I've to contact the maths expert
The supreme master to rectify the wrong.
Alas I've lost my cellphone, writing pad.

THE LEGEND FOOT PRINT

I'm alone alone and very much alone
I need to embrace some one's hand
On the runway of my desired target.
As my vision is very much blurred
Due to dense dark and deeper fogg
I can't read the posing and posture
Even the finest feature of that guy.
My vagabond roam hither and thither
Invite the pensive sorrow and sadness.
I'm alone alone and very much alone
Unable to talk with dependable shadow
As he is too much deaf and dumb
He can't help me in deplored distress.
So I've to enquire in this mortal earth
And at the adjacent unknown orbits.
Even up to the sun and other satellite,
The moon comets and morbid stars
Of mysterious variegate universe
For that pioneer's legend foot print.

THE RUN AND REST

Where to start and when to start ?
Where to stop and when to stop ?
Neither I know nor my replicate friend.
Controlling authority some one else
Beyond our vision and variable sense.
How long zigzag coarse roadways
Lengthen to be a straight hyphen
Where and when to draw fullstop !
Vessels of tear sweat dripping down
A stream of salty brine tiding up
Draping down ankle knee and waist
Moving up to cover the belly chest neck
Even the lips nose eyes forehead.
Let us traverse the rest run ways
With startling rest and fresh air breath
Beneath the lamp post or sunshade
Still the count down ends by his highness.

A ROADMAP FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN

Poet and painter being intimate Friend
Like the pair of flange of fresh philomel
Ready set fly for infinite perilous path.
Made a master plan to frame an way
From vibrant earth to variegate heaven.
The day time king may be angry enough
Makes a barrier for undue encroachment
In his empire of organized no man's land
By switching the ferocious fire fountains.
The weather forecast of late autumn,
Is fanciful flavor for such expedition.
Night is flushed by full moon glow,
Patchy clouds playing blind-man's buff,
With the night queen's mysterious laugh.
Sweet wind peacefully floating at large.
Stars are twinkling lamps of firefly's hand
May decorate roadside with flood light.
The poet is ready with blank paper scroll,
Pencil and eraser are akeen to jott down
The detail script of serious expedition,
By lexicon's letters and tricky versions.
The painter's pastel brush broad canvas

Are trying to find out the starting spot.
Pair of goblets being full to the brim
Hassle free vomitus flows abrupt
And corrupt the canvas sketch and script.
Poet and painter being disheartened
Flat down on floor for dense deep sleep.

A LETTER OF LIMITLESS LOVE

Departing day mourns for golden morning,
Shadow plates the red carpet for farewell
Of that tired heart day time bosom friend.
I am at the wide open ocean's beach
Where curling curve waving with breeze,
With a letter on my sweated unfold palm.
To leech off the buried agony and pain.
Where psalm of life, languished love
Jotted down by greenish tint of mind.
And remind the oath of duel journey.
The wedding diamond ring being lost
The faith fumbled and feathered away.
The desired answers pending too long.
So I have to come here again and again
To beg pardon and to disperse the pain
In the boundless burge of flowing brine.

THE HOMESICK INTROVERT

Every one calls me a homesick guy
Neither a good poet nor architect.
All my verses are meaningless furse
All stories bring back prehistoric cult.
Number of castles ever I have made
Not at all rainproof nor have sunshade.
To combat the cynical strong abuse,
I kept paper scroll under lock and key
Inside the leather pouch of bony cage.
Wormed up myself for skilled architect
With alter thought and broad concept.
I can pull down the heaven to this earth,
Converting the garret to cosmic frame
With blue tint cover on the walls and roof.
Vapour lamp to be the flood light of sun
Colorful tiny bulbs as planet and stars,
May be set at variable distant hangers.
Timid fluorescent of a healthy candle
Might be the night queen's mystic laugh.
Few fused tiny lamps being asteroids
May fulfill my skillful artistic sense.
If I gear up the wall mount electric fans

Those may replicate the cosmic storm.
Every thing all right but. how to bring
Charming twilight, obvious day and night !
I don't know where the key of such must!
So I came down from the garret to ground
To consume idea from floating crowd
For suitable prose verse art and crafts

THE VIBRANT VOICE

Have you heard the voice of the people
Avis insect and blooming flowers
Murmuring mourns of withering leaves ?
Only then unfold the paper scroll
Fountain pen brush long canvas
To draw the valuable vibrant sketch.
If you are deaf to nature's call
And dumb to response at earliest
You can't react to smell of flowers
Even the cry of aught to dry grass.
Entire arts of painting and verse
May convert into malicious furse.

THE BELONGS I LEFT BEHIND

I left behind everything what I belongs
Left behind the shadow and album
Almanac and notebook of running life.
The traditional offspring, kith and kins
The voice kerchief and earthly beings.
I am with in the circle of my own
The dirt free darken concise coffin
Where I can sleep soundless In myself
Keeping rest to your safe custody.
I hope your Highness the auditor general
Must conceive everything of this fellow,
To breed something new In future.

SCULPTURE OF DREAMLESS NIGHT

After the day light blotted by shadows,
Evening prayer of mosque and temple
Monastery chapel and cathedral
Waves up to the door of farthest heaven
For peaceful night of deep sound sleep.
All the dream girls of cosmic castles
Pave the path with twinkling lanterns
For the glorious visit of midnight queen
To see the distress of earthly beings.
The lucid wind suddenly turn in storms
The milky way blocked by cruel clouds
Devil darkness devours the timid candle.
The painting brush and colour casserole
Very much afraid of phantom and ghost
Again turn back to their sleeping furse.
Foolish painter became mazed and blank
Turned into a sculpture on dark canvas.

HER THOUGHTS AND THINGS

Neither you are nor I am
Can not break the nature 's thims.
Flower blooms and dewdrop glooms
By her careful indulgence.
Breach of contract by monsoon
Horrible hurricane or taifoon
Though play the disastrous game
Yet she recovers the harms and loss
By her fingers' feather touch.
We the men and other things
Are nothing but her precious rings
To beautify her Thousand hands
And Endless esthetic thinks.

THE WORLD FRIENDSHIP

Hundred and hundred years going on
Prax and prejudice refined by us
Provides the cheerful progress and pride.
But still we believe in presence of witch
Ghost and predator roaming on earth.
Cracking the smooth running living path
Various noxious cults and blindness.
Even the gender and colour constrict
Numbers of dreadful beast instincts
Restrict the on going civic stride.
How long how far this mankind,
Shall find the way of world friendship ?

TO RENDER SERVICE TO LOVE

I am ready to render service
To your excellent utmost love
I've dive in ocean of tear and sweat
To make myself a tintless guy
And waiting boundless times
On the vector of deserted land
To see your blooming lotus laugh.
If clouds come with thunder flash
Storms try to tilt the seating rock
I'll never give ear to threatening knock
Of incoming dreadful disaster.
Timid lamps of cosmic screen
Being afraid, may hide in their den
If darkness devours the dynamic time
Let God make me deaf dumb and blind.
Still being a statue of super silence
I'll pray for your fragrance of love
So far the death spray the sandals' puff.

THE PUPPET SHOW

We are actually deaf dumb blind
Miming doll's of pantomime hall.
Laughing crying and performing arts
Bullfight majic balley to duel dance.
In entire maneuver processing scheme
String is controlled by someone else
Under his finer touch of finger tips
And is beyond our cross viewing field.
Epilogue monologue dialogue prelude
Are customized voice of the tuned piano.
And beyond our cross viewing fields.
After the end of purple, puppet show
Proscenium draws down limelights off.
Waving sonograph being straight lines
Hyphen terminate to bolt full stop.
Robotic dolls are nude cadavers
Carefully preserved in coffins' cave
Or may be demised in blast furnace.

AN EXPEDITION TO COSMIC CANVAS

The crown is tough and heavier enough
The pair of shoulder being wider plates
Are able to take the enormous burdens .
Although I'm crawling like a little turtle ,
The hands are raised up to the holy heaven
To grasp the red hot cosmic flint & stone .
I'm climbing the dreadful upright hill
As the peak is close to blue firmament .

Though the stream of tears and sweats
Smearing the path with greasy kelp
Blizzard and clouds disturb the vision
Yet I can't stop my passion & mission .
The sun does not want the encroachment
In his hassle free handsome grazing field .
Being unable to resist the dreaming wave
Pushed my hanging shadow in deepen pit.
Once being at top of the perilous range
I may pull up the wounded hopeless shadow, And down the
colorful cosmic glow on earth.

THE DREAM OF SPRING

The lucid wind of distant south-east ocean
Pounding on the gate of greenish garden
To open the door for incoming loveliest guest .
He is eager to read the virtuous love letter
Pasted on the surface of sniffing lieves .

Let the colorful flowers bloom with open heart
Mingled by the celestial essence and anther .
Thereby spring may spring up on earthly bed
And Invite the guest for compact coupling
But be cautious of the fire of flourishing flower.

THE BARRIER AND BRIDGE

Being haunted by my trolling shadow
And number of invisible tremendous foe .
I'm alone on the greenish grassy field
Of faithless ferocious flaming earth.
Oh. my friend the soothing breath wind
Let remove the barrier of foggy clouds
Around myself and your playing sphere.

I've heard the sweet rhythmic voice
Coming down from the blue firmament
And trying to meet my lamenting tone
To console my tender and painful heart
And render service to confirm friendship.
In gloomy sunshine and timid moonlight
A fair feathered philomel of furthest nest
And friendless unrest fellow of this crest
Let have a chance to graze together
Between the sphere of heaven and earth,
Thereby we may strengthen the bonding