

Poetry Series

ASIM KUMAR PAUL
- poems -

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ASIM KUMAR PAUL()

Absence Of Love

I walk on life, do not want return,
Still she is absent, distance is the turn,
I know this feeling comes true
If I can touch her hands to brew
Over life's blood ionization, sensation.
Both comes to me if I can hold her,
In right time, in sharp scream of filter
Of love that goes with tide formation.

Absence and presence are two aspects
That can be felt if we take love in heart
With honest bid to honor other one's heart.

ASIM KUMAR PAUL

An Unknown Poet At International Poetry Fest

I have come here on my own,
As I love poetry and any activity on it, too.
Only I have a telephone talk with the authority
On 06.11.2011 for reading my poem there,
And I am not contributor of their poetry collection
THE FANCY REALM, edited by
Dr. P. Gopichand and Dr. P. Nagasuseela, both poets,
The two intelligent masters of organizational capability,
I love them.
I feel honored by their good, charming personalities.

I stay there in well established accommodation,
I eat South Indian delicious foods.
We, with many renowned poet delegates, assemble in a group
On a balcony, from where a new cricket ground is seen,
Lovely green grass grown there, maintained with great care,
Given shape of a garden, having cricket pitch
In middle of the shafts of grass,
And I have enjoyed fine morning there sitting on a chair
On the balcony, birds come and go, and
The sunrays beam softly over the shades of green,
A country life, a beautiful vibrant Indian essence of life,
My journey is good one, and I think I would have missed the charm
If I do not venture alone for the long journey along with seasons.
I am moved.

When I am requested to read my poem
I feel love and a free mind to tell all my love,
A worthy feeling, to present my words
On a stage, about the life that sings in my heart,
That comes in my mind when I am moving in trains,
A long way, being it fair way, pertaining a break journey,
To gain beauty of life, a crystal engrave in my feeling,
That comes in life, in sensation, amused in hearts,
With firmness, with full smile, with beautiful profile sparking in eyes.
I wrap my words with three events that I see on the way,
Small things saved from life's shifting on event after event,
And I present my poems in series, about open vowel and consonants of life, in
complete sentences, a form of duration of life's existence,

It is the retrospect and the world space of life, I love it, and I adore it,
And I love with a loving kiss, taking love in my life's rhetoric bit.

ASIM KUMAR PAUL

Assays Of Love

Situation,
Assumption,
Imagination,
Souls are lit freely,
That originate reasoning journey,
Into human net work in love proteins,
High essence of increasing acceptance
That travels with shades of lighting in speed,
And graces profile to represent initial bondage,
That greets human sparks, I do believe.

What the spark that flings upon thoughts,
That touch our senses in layer of human body folds,
In swift drifts into triumphant diffusion,
In the path way of honey bounds of love potential,
And sinks into anchored association,
Whose situation does flex over immortal flames of love,
In veins, we do swim in the free emotions,
Significant in associated influence,
Spurt with resonance allowing path of satisfaction.
Souls do live on this explosion to measure source
Obtained in mind to mind with high breathing,
In the interim feeling of nascent dream,
And we love to spin over ways of feeling together,
In an excellent level, moving and shaking
With fingers and waters, and wet cells do approach.

And we figure out our senses,
Associated with brain conjoining,
Of sounds of voice, staring to base mounts of eyes' resolution.

ASIM KUMAR PAUL

-“NO. NO. I do not want anything quiet right,
even if it goes with praising my children.”
It is the immediate reaction of the daunting lady beauty.

-“Your typing melody, ‘.’ makes me feel,
I am your bar, and your cage of limitations upon me.”
Her friend writes on the wall.

-“NO. NO. Your tagging or sharing is very strong in captive feeling of love,
and I do not want it with my children.” She answers.

-“OK. Thank you, dear lady friend. We have to solicit wisdom
of new comers as a presence of life with love and care.”
Her friend answers.

This is the contemplation of life, and life is mystical.

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ASIM KUMAR PAUL

Her Love For A Pet Lioness

She loves of act in strangeness, in imagination,
She boils herself to be a connoisseur of an animal life,
And asked her husband, "I want have a pet lioness."
Her husband, being puzzled with her thronging zeal,
Questioned her, "Better I can purchase a dog for you,
And dog is more comfortable for taking care of as pet."

She does not pay heed to her husband's requests,
And on more wondrous way, defends her necessity,
Expressing more plethora for love of a pet lioness,
That she wants to hold her cause to establish that
She wants to draw something new in wilderness,
That has a replication on the lioness manifestoes,
And she says to him, she cannot sit in a bathtub
In cool condition to be pretty one for the emancipation
And as she has suitable money in her bank account,
That is financed by her husband's income,
She has only the consent of the husband to fulfill the idea.

Her husband being vexed with such a taste of life,
Does not question more, and constructed one big cage
In the corner of his garden having a concrete boundary,
That he preserved for making it a lawn tennis ground,
And the new structure is surrounded by steel structure,
And seeing this, she feels happiness, as her husband
Is a God gift to her, and he is right person to be a hubby.

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On the first day, she fears to enter the big cage,
Wherein the cute baby lioness is kept with care,
And in the greatness, of her hubby's choice,
A caretaker old man is appointed to look after properly,
For the baby animal, and this makes she feels gratitude,
As her husband is so caring to her, and her choice to pet lioness.
And she decides to love him more than
What she has given so long in bed and in bathing time.
And it is his turn to seek all these sensation from her.

With the lioness she is so careful with everything
Like its eating habits, its sincere acquaintance with her,
Its sleeping habits, its soft flinging paws around her neck,
Its licking her palms, hands, and cute eyes, its looks,
Its sentimental feelings, moving of its tail, its sound of
Breathing, - all are her goodly choice of favorite,
And she passes most of time with the new pet tigress,
And the caretaker man is mainly busy with maintain
All the surroundings inside and outside the cage clean,
And making food, bringing food staff of the pet tigress.

She wants to make her home a paradise
Where pet lioness is the life's resources of spirits,
As the jangle's majesty empire need not to stay at jungles
Human being can deal the behavior its delight.
A ground of triumph for coexistence of human and animal,
The extreme of habitation in earth's bliss of live and life,
Having one breath and one feeling of seasons,
And she wants to discover the life of perfection
And line of pleasure, and she tries to make home's cage
A nature's bounty in confirmation of having
Habitat for the young lioness, and she wants to feel
Always an establishment of love and life, more place
For its living in the her close life so that it can feel
The music of its environment of living echo jungle notes,
And a river to make a life for this young animal,
And planting of trees around the cage, and making
Green palaces so that her pet can sleep in jangle's shade,
A perfect long line, dawn and dusk inhabiting jungle park,
That is build in her house to favor her delight,
And she would request her husband to make a choral sharp,
As if her pet can feel the golden life in jungle empiric counts,
In her home and she does not want to leave the pet alone.

And when she says her desire about making a jungle look
Around the cage, he only says, "For one baby lioness,
It is not necessary, dear. I only say, I love
the fresh woods and pastures, to be around my home, but
let me have my lawn tennis ground as my favorite one."

She naturally does not object to his love, and stays milder way.

Lonely Man With Love

I am in the circle of drifted love,
No pairing
No bonding,
No inter splash force,
No feeling of interactions,
No chain of association,
And with many dust I do travel,
No one to fill my love songs,
Those depend on my weakly bond,
And with this I am traveling on this world,
Where is no cofactor to fill my heart.

Silently I drift towards shore,
That is destitute and forlorn,
My age is not to reorganize
Whole of lost broods, and
Thus I live in the nature of neglect score.

There are groups on every pathway,
1. Stratum between one and another in the group,
2. Transfer of groups within the group,
3. Love groups within the group,
4. Love agents, man and woman,
Adolescents to maturity,
5. Internal selection of groups
Within the group, silent converter
Of love molecules,
Within the group to form a firm
Bond of love.
6. Replacing bond units to form
A new bond in case of breakdown
Of any love bond in the group.

And in such group analysis, I am far away
From association, and cannot walk into any group.
And my living is made of one compound outside love bond.
Who am I? I cannot quantify or sanctify.

And the key – delet – is easily reached,
Or viruses may come to erase the whole episode,
Or sweet lady love may have turned to a superior one,
Who is near and dear one, innocently dating to her,
Or some incidental event has turned her away,
Or web page has some incoherent decisions to lose her,
Or the fit is not the web page that shows
The evidence of love laws, not in love ethos
Or web page is not in line of the choices of her love,
Or it may have a black spot that thickens the doubt
To be with her in the realm of time-event slots.
Or web page is something not in line of her thought
as the page has some dating pattern in a way of another woman in terms,
And now the web page is treated in floating altogether.

There may be a real change,
There may be an oceanic change,
One day, the web page can hold the real love; distance is not a bar,
Like spell of rain, summer hot, winter cold, autumn blessings,
Time bound events, charming decisions for love and life,
Then the web page does not have fear to lose the lady love on its screen.

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ASIM KUMAR PAUL

Love On The Way To Poetry Fest, 2011 , Guntur, India (Part-II)

Our train is halting here,
As if we purchase waiting time,
Jaws of such journey is so cumbersome,
It is casual, yet it is certainty,
We have this web branch,
As if we are crunching ourselves altogether,
In realm of persistence,
We are shaking down in time,
And sometime in no time,
It is timing puzzle,
I am emblazoned with the necessity,
Again shocked too,
It is our regular event,
We are experiencing with
Snarly vehicles, mass passengers, mass tour,
All are busy, insufficient infrastructure,
We are used to be in this wave always.
I can use what instrument to remove it,
I do not know, as I am nothing in this fray,
As if it is like altered fest to waste time,
And in these fragments we can put something,
That is pain, and in helmets we are safe,
Such teaching is propagated in our mind.

We are in the God's mercy,
Even if God has no play in this way,
And something is missing,
That might be slackness of our thinking,
And plan is an object of paper propagation,
I am habituated with it,
And book keepers are sluggish to the exposure,
And there lies very passion of scrap and clink,
We are on the way of flaring feeling of commons,
And common of commons, both are weak and paining.

In the will of sovereignty we are penguins,
If hotness surrounds us, we search cold region.

ASIM KUMAR PAUL

Love On The Way To Poetry Fest,2011, Guntur, India (Part-I)

I feel pleasant in the train,
It is air conditioned couch,
This is first time,
I am riding on an AC train,
Brown carpet floor,
The train starts slowly,
My feeling is like a blue open sky,
I am alone,
I feel something sad,
A train is crossing,
Our train stops for a moment
Track is double
Yet it is for precaution,
The triangle, the track composition,
A village
An extract of village image
Under the sky
And I am travelling,
No one can be obligation free
And to obey that rule
I am going to New Delhi
And then to Guntur, the venue of poetry fest.
And my reservation of ticket is ok,
I have to travel a long, long way.

My dark side is that
I am not strong in money matters,
To take risk, and
In the ferry
I get some blank shot.
I continue my journey
My train is running with speed,
I continue to be what I am now,
I am also running with speed in mind,
With plans and moisture of imagination,
And I am crossing from image to image
Like crossing of station after station,

In the fine swindling of my body,
With the sensational wave of moving train,
And I cannot catch outside scene as standing,
As they are moving so speeding that
All outside objects are whirling with me
The centre of force, that I am feeling,
And close railway path is going in opposite
To my willing pattern that is inside storm
I have experience a light mood of love,
Like the earth's moving,
Our ponderous way of feeling,
Interesting
Intervening
Intertwined feeling
I am alone,
That dominates me,
More life and more love,
It is systematic dominion of love.

ASIM KUMAR PAUL

Moving Through The Earth's Beauty

Hills and curly line of hill tops,
I am thinking of life and its significance,
And the earth's presence of truth resonance,
Mist all-around, my journey's region,
Green outline, a curvy line of sentences,
Wishing to know the way to go to brim
Of love of presence of endurance often,
And passing through Netaji Subhas Chandra Station, Gomo,
History says Netaji Subhas Chandra, the great freedom fighter,
Stayed some time here when his Indian National Army
Was fighting British Rule in India,
And we are now in memory of gracious a care hold,
And our train is moving through hilly areas,
A beautiful contour of hill top scene,
As if human mind is touching the sky's mind,
All green top lines are crown and shade of life,
And it shows like painting ground,
As if mountain range explains the change of earth's tour,
In the terrain and plain with yellow paddy harvesting,
And it is time to take paddy corn home,
Cultivation is rich with the earth's sublime combination,
With cliff top leaps up and down, my beautiful journey.

Then comes forest region,
Looking like occult dominion,
Yet beautiful with green and hill surfaces,
As if surrounding with blessings of love,
The earth deserves, I love it,
With sunrays moving through jungle constellation,
A cluster of natural scene, a printable version,
Hills and jungles are in love, altogether,
Painted with regional Sal trees,
Breathing with eloquent speech,
Captured in eyes' beauty, in twinkling sway,
Yielding in sovereign nature's reign,
Set beneath the sky, binding with love and sympathy,
And among this scene, comes waterfalls,
With village path running across the cultivation meadow,
With moving bi-cycles, bikes, pedestrians, and bullock carts.

I am finding life in telescopic scene,
And I am proud to be on the threshold of love and the nature,
And I am feeling charm to read my poem in poetry fest,
That keeps me moving through the doors of the earth's beauty,
I am in clarion of sending message of the earth's fame.

ASIM KUMAR PAUL

My Love For Beauty

</></I am a human being,
I have a mind,
I have a lover,
I have a choice,
That blows in the sweet breeze,
That takes care of beauty,
As mind is like music to think of life,
And my heart is full of love,
And I see everything is in beauty,
Never think about odds,
That come on every way of life,
And those are very wonder of best ways
To find reality and to see the face
That is beautiful on every turn of life,
And all my searching for love give me a feeling
Where comes beauty of beauties,
Where beauties with beauty do come In my view,
And some comments Call me favorite territory of something
That is really full of delight, and I say it.

No one is repellent of love and beauty,
No one can ignore beauty that God creates,
We learn love and beauty from birth to nursery rhymes,
To adulthood to maturity folds.
Door is open to the world to praise love and beauty,
So that we can see these existences with openness,
In the pace of sovereignty of our life and its fulfillment,
And our passage is a sacrifice for praising our inner quality
For love and beauty, that is a measure of our temple of adoring,
Most gifted quality of love and beauty,
I am not away from this law.

We cannot be rude rhyme to our virgin looks and destiny.

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ASIM KUMAR PAUL

My Love For The Distant Woman

When I am alone in a social web site,
I am in the form of longitudinal solitude,
And outside my sitting room,
I find moon appears like a silver coin,
To pay the night a cost of high loneliness,
With soft touch of veiled monotony,
I feel sad, as mist of love is absent,
And the side of stretched voyage
Blushes in the foreground of love sentiment,
I am in the worry blankets to tear the silence,
Yet there I need someone to help me
On the finding of warm chants,
And thence both of us can move
Into the world of understanding, and
I find a dream way that goes inside
Night sky that may lead me
To see the moon's well being,
And I again have to think my home coming,
On the shore of my destiny,
As living here is a feeling of borrowed greens,
And thus I try to live in the modern age living.

This chat box was once temple of love
For my love woman and I have nourished
It for getting her in time and I walked with her
In time and sense of timing was accurate,
And some unforeseen urgency become active to
Divert all my attempts to go in private departure,
I cannot blame her, as she is still seeking love,
And it was her holy possession to her new job,
That took her away in the plight of harsh whispers,
As she one day described as her immense necessity,
As she had to work with her life,
In the direction that her income grew more,
And she had to feed his minor daughter and son,
And living alone is not one in her way of thinking,
And she had to work hard in the life for
Salary package, and she was thrown elsewhere
Where some honest workers still wants to work

In peace and with vow to serve the family,
And one day, she came in my chat box, and said,

-“I do not belong to any one, and if you come here,
You can take me as your partner, not as lover from distance.”

-“Like you I am poor to afford to cost of travelling,
And my sky does not permit me to cut the link here, dear.”
Then I told her.

She did not answer, only switched off the computer.

ASIM KUMAR PAUL

My Love For The Distant Woman – (Part-3)

</She fills her web page with her creative art works,
On the foot of the picture she puts some words,
Short and spreading meaning of love,
Those words are magic feelings, and touch my heart,
As if, my heart gives me a feeling of love in her creative mind, and
Sometimes, she gives a picture of taking tea, sitting on her bed,
Wearing white fairy dress with beauty on her body, symbol of love
Leading me implore her in my arms and kisses to her tender wet lips,
Giving her my manhood on her impressions on her virgin field of love.
Sometimes she wears a blazing dress and moves into woods
With an arrow and bow to catch love crew of her love, and
She likes to travel in her dreams of love of snow sleep delight.
Sometimes she stays a long time before her mirror,
And she sees her blossom body charms in dreams
That enthralls me to put a poem on her dream and her beauty,

In her pretty shades of love and divinity,
She gazes her beauty in her muses of love,
The sky robs her sight and tender sirens of devotion
That she portrays to love the world,
And I love her, although she is at a long distance,
Yet she is so close to give me feeling her love,
Through the mirror that is placed in between us,
As if I am tracking her so long upon this earth,
And in my thought I try to escape from my world
And then enter periphery of her love,
And fill my heart with her amorous heart,
And touch her in my fingers to feel her existence,
Divine, attending her wishes to fill the love passion,
To the brim of great pleasure, and not letting her go away,
From my heart and my embrace of love,
And I do dignify her love in the construction of union of partnership
And friendship to convey and bind in love lore of breathing

My love is awake, secrecy I do not prefer,
I want exchange mirth and breathe with her love.

ASIM KUMAR PAUL

My Love, My Pain, My Lost Moments Of Talking Excellence.

&I think her as Beatrice and praise her excellence in beauty,
She lives at distance, her pretty face calls me to love,
and I see her stealthily, she talks with me,
and she gives me a love poem, and now she is away
from the glass screen, and in the last talk she says,
“I cannot be your sweet lover or sweet dream.
I am at a distance, and try to forget me,
I have my life and my choice. my kids.
So my environment does not match you,
Dear friend try to understand me,
there is life beyond this screen,
and life is beautiful if you make it to think about it.
So forget me. And leave me alone with my life at my place.”

I do not resist anything opposite to my feeling,
and I want to conquer it,
Posses it, love it, make it own, and try to be honest with it,
and I like to hear the love woman voice always
that can lift me to the life of ground beauty between two lovers,
no fiction, no division, and there I want only love,
as if a unseen painter paints our love scenes on the celestial screen,
Or someone great is writing a great love poem on our love,
on its wholeness of love, on its periodic oscillation of love,
and I become more valiant to conquer her.

Right then she writes, “I beg to you not to call me,
I cannot be yours. I want to live my life, my stand,
wherever poor it is my position,
I want to be Iron Gate of life. Dear friend.”

And her word ‘beg’ has changed whole of my life to live in wounds.

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My Poem And Its Greek Translation

LOVE WITH LOVE

Loving,
I like to feel
The sides of deep scants,
Moments before,
My fingers tips,
Seeding towards,
Screaming,
Quivering,
Freedom sentencing,
The deep persuasion,
Then filling side wets
Leaf
Raining presence,
Sweetened defense,
Conquering kisses,
Spreading waves,
Purge
Sequence
Cool
Smiling world.
-Asim Kumar Paul

Greek Translation by Kapardeli Eftichia

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Σ ε έ ν α χ α μ ο
γ ε λ α σ τ ό κ ό
σ μ ο

-Kapardeli Eftichia

"The poem I did my own translation"-Kapardeli Eftichia

in LITERATURE NOW, FACEBOOK

She is writer and poet at World Poets Society

Greece, Writing and Editing

She has a page, KAPARDELI EFTICHIA's Page, in

Poets for Human Rights

ASIM KUMAR PAUL

§;Ngle Mom And B§;Rthday Celebrat§;On Of Her Son

She feels sad and travels in remorse sense all along,
And she thinks what October has done to her,
She has no money to celebrate her son's birthday,
And this month his father has not sent money yet,
She moves like a broken pan of window
She feels the breeze, yet cannot breathe fully,
As if tons of gush wind clogs her nostrils,
As if blood feels the warm, and falls short of soft sheen,

What kind of feeling she has to swirl she confronts,
To her knowledge she is feeling like abandoned,
Lonely and not in tune of love in the fair reasons,
She dreams some bright days she has to receive,
And the save comes on sweet phone call from her mother,
Who says she has some money and gives it to daughter,
To celebrate birthday of grandson, as all can live proud,
She gets some better influence in the realm of love
That her mother becomes kind and courteous.

And with the money she gets, and from the money she saves
on her own in all, she can buy a good cake,
Chocolates, and some gifts, and she feels soft strength.
And then comes another phone call, her son's father
Wants to see his son on birth day, and she has to bring his son
to his father's house, and she decides to drive to her ex,
ignoring memory of every moment of sorrow.
She then feels to go to son's father to give courtesy visit,
On this auspicious day, and she is proud
To be a lonely mother to provide son's birthday aplomb,
With the resources she have with in her life,
She likes on spinning on a mood of freedom,
And she gets her teens as if she is delighted in love of
The world and the universe, the life pattern of her style,
And thus she tries to search a life of for her solidarity,
And there lies a great truth, the gallant joy comes
When we are in the source of our love and divinity.
And she had shares to all her joy with someone

She left behind and yet a testimony is there to respond to
The trumpet of her win, and motherly acclamation,
And above all she is happy that she has the scope,
To give her son a delighted present and worthy moment,
And there are some source deep sensations of love
In the foreground of love and life's purpose of
Spiritual binding that the mother earth does dwell
In the answers, flairs, and plug-ins, those are essentials.
She dresses herself and her son in best dress,
And goes out with a fine meadow in mind
That is green, with green paddy plants before corn comes,
And today she is different from other day,
And she forgets the pain for the time when she has no
Money to greet her son's birth day, and she wants
To leave it, and throws its feeling to the ground, and
She decides not so suffer in this antique thought,
As she thinks she is brave lady to live where man is
not worthy to deal a life, and woman can embrace rigid path.

She goes there, and finds the secrets of life, and
She finds an epitaph, a crumbled strain, and she finds,
A new woman, stated to be her ex's new girl friend,
She is filled with anger, cries and wants to throw the girl,
She is in the mixture of pains and pleasure, it is mystery,
She asks herself what the life she has with dry petals,
All are nature's wonder, and then what is her wonder,
Taking a rigid principle of freedom is her search,
And with this she travels so long alone and with strength,
And she falls in an odd situation, yet she decides
To take this as her funny situation, it is nor her torment,
But her peace of mind, loneliness is sometimes bliss,
She takes it as a sporting life, and she comes here for her
Son, and her purpose is to bring his son's broadness,
Not miseries, and she holds patience, it is her sacrifice,
And she is happy that, as lonely mother, she can provide
Her son's grand birthday party and he meets his father,
And she is happy to think that her son is feeling good
In the foliage of his father's feeling, she is happy with it.

And thus she saves her tears.

Only I can say I may die in her blooming life of love, I do my duty.

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ASIM KUMAR PAUL

To My Favorite Poet

You are cool and drawn in flowering beauty,
A tall figure in charming bright hair, angelic,
Your face is lightened courage and serenity,
Your eyes are already in woman dignity,
Where creativity looks into designed objectivity,
Your smiling is sweet oceanic novelty,
That generates human feeling in your writing,
I love it with divine echo of poetic rhyme and eternity.

ASIM KUMAR PAUL