

Poetry Series

# **Bidyarnab Das**

## **- poems -**



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**Publication Date:**  
2025

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Bidyarnab Das()

I am a student and writer, currently enrolled at Bal Bharati Public School in Manesar, India. My exact age is 13 years. My journey extends beyond poetry, I have written and published multiple books, titles like Save Child, Save Future which suggest a focus on social awareness. I am proud of my ability, as I have an ability to tackle diverse themes.



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# A Prayer's Gentle Glow

In darkness's depths, where shadows reign  
A whispered prayer, a heartfelt refrain  
A cry for help, a soul's sincere plea  
Echoes through eternity

Like a candle's flame, in blackest night  
Prayer shines a light, banishing fright  
Guiding us through life's troubled sea  
To safe harbor, where peace awaits thee

In times of strife, when fears assail  
Prayer's gentle breeze, our souls regale  
With comfort's warmth, and love's pure light  
Chasing the darkness, into endless night

With every word, a ray of hope  
Illuminates the heart's scope  
A bridge of faith, spanning the divide  
Connecting us, to the other side

Through prayer's power, we find our way  
In darkness's maze, to a brighter day  
A light that shines, from above and within  
Guiding us home, to love's sweet kin

So let us pray, in darkness's hold  
And trust the light, that prayer unfold  
For in its radiance, we'll find our strength  
And darkness's shadows, will flee at length.

Bidyarnab Das

# The Great King Ram

The Cosmic King, with bow in hand,  
Rama, the embodiment of divine command,  
With Sita by his side, his heart's delight,  
Together they shine, like stars in the night.

In Ayodhya's palace, he grew with grace,  
Son of Dasaratha, with a noble face,  
His virtues shone, like the morning sun,  
Compassion, courage, his life had just begun.

To the forest, he went, with a steady heart,  
Exile's path, his duty to restart,  
With Lakshmana and Sita, his loyal band,  
Together they faced, the wilderness' demand.

Ravana's might, with evil's darkest sway,  
Could not withstand, Rama's noble way,  
The bridge of stones, across the sea,  
A marvel born, of his divinity.

Hanuman's strength, with devotion true,  
Helped Rama's quest, to see it through,  
The battle won, with justice on his side,  
Ravana fell, with a defeated pride.

Return to Ayodhya, with triumph's cheer,  
Rama's coron

Bidyarnab Das

# Peaceful Harmony

'Rays of sunshine filter through,  
Dancing leaves, a gentle hue.  
Nature's canvas, painted bright,  
A masterpiece, a wondrous sight.

The breeze whispers secrets low,  
Of a world where love does grow.  
In every petal, every tree,  
A beauty that's wild and free.

The stars appear, one by one,  
A celestial show, just begun.  
The moon, a glowing orb of white,  
Lends magic to this peaceful night.

In this world of wonder, we roam,  
With hearts full of joy, and spirits at home.  
So let us bask in nature's grace,  
And fill our souls with love and space

Bidyarnab Das

# The Ocean Of Knowledge

Beneath the vast expanse, where waves collide,  
Lies the Ocean of Knowledge, deep and wide.  
Its currents swirl with wisdom's might,  
Guiding seekers through the darkest night.

Each ripple carries tales untold,  
Of ancient wisdom and secrets bold.  
From the depths, truths emerge to light,  
Illuminating minds, banishing the night.

The Ocean of Knowledge, an endless sea,  
Where curiosity roams wild and free.  
With every tide, new treasures arise,  
Unveiling the depths of the infinite skies.

Dive deep, oh seeker, into its embrace,  
And let your thirst for knowledge find its place.  
For in this ocean, there's no end in sight,  
Only endless discovery, pure and bright.

Bidyarnab Das

# Growing Older

In life's gentle march, we tread,  
Each step a story, each wrinkle, a thread.  
Time's tender embrace, a silent guide,  
As seasons change, and youth's vigor subsides.

Memories bloom like flowers in spring,  
Echoes of laughter, the songs we sing.  
Yet shadows lengthen, dusk draws near,  
As the passage of years becomes clear.

The mirror reflects the journey we've trod,  
Lines etched with wisdom, lessons from God.  
With every sunrise, a chapter unfolds,  
A tapestry woven in silver and gold.

So let us embrace the grace of age,  
For in its embrace, we find the sage.  
With hearts enriched, and spirits bold,  
Growing older, we truly behold.

Bidyarnab Das

# The Power To Shine Is Struggle....

In the depths of your soul, a flame does burn,  
A spark of potential, awaiting its turn.  
Through valleys low and mountains high,  
Let your spirit soar, reach for the sky.

With every challenge, a chance to grow,  
In every setback, an opportunity to show  
The strength within, the resilience untold,  
To rise again, fearless and bold.

Embrace the journey, with heart ablaze,  
Navigate the twists, the turns, the maze.  
For in the crucible of struggle, you'll find,  
The courage to conquer, the power to shine.

Let passion be your compass, faith your guide,  
As you chart the course, let dreams collide  
With reality, as you shape your fate,  
And carve your legacy, bold and great.

So dare to dream, and dare to do,  
For the world awaits the brilliance in you.  
With every step, let your light ignite,  
And illuminate the darkest night.

Bidyarnab Das



# Tears

In the quiet of night, when shadows creep,  
And weary souls find solace in sleep,  
Tears flow silently, like rivers deep,  
Through the heart's valleys, where sorrows keep.

Each drop a story, untold and raw,  
Reflecting memories, both joy and flaw,  
In tears, we find the essence of it all,  
The beauty of rising after every fall.

They cleanse the wounds that time can't heal,  
And express emotions words can't reveal,  
In tears, there's strength, a quiet appeal,  
To embrace the pain and learn to heal.

So let them fall, these tears of mine,  
For they're a testament to this heart of mine,  
In every drop, a journey intertwined,  
A testament to the human design.

Bidyarnab Das

# Morning

Golden hues gently spread,  
Across the horizon, they tread,  
Mornings, a silent art,  
Painted with a tender heart.

Dew-kissed petals glisten,  
As sleepy towns awaken, listen,  
To the whispers of the breeze,  
Dancing through the trees.

Bidyarnab Das



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# Beauty Of Money

In the hush of dawn,  
Whispers of light adorn  
The sky's canvas anew,  
As dreams bid adieu.

Birds begin their song,  
Nature's choir, strong,  
A symphony of cheer,  
Welcoming the day near

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# Morning's Embrace

Morning's embrace, soft and warm,  
A gentle touch, a healing balm.  
With each ray of sunlight cast,  
New beginnings, shadows past.

Misty veils slowly lift,  
Revealing nature's mystic gift,  
In the quiet dawn's embrace,  
The world finds its grace.

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# Keep Going

When the road is rough and the journey long,  
Keep going, for you are strong.  
Every step you take, every struggle you face,  
Brings you closer to your destined place.

Bidyarnab Das



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# Embrace Change

Embrace the winds of change that blow,  
For in the turbulence, growth does grow.  
With every shift, a chance to rise,  
And paint the canvas of your skies.

Bidyarnab Das



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# Fearless Heart

Let not fear hold you back, my dear,  
For courage whispers, 'You have no fear.'  
With a fearless heart, you'll brave the night,  
And bask in the glory of your own light.

Bidyarnab Das



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# Inner Strength

Within you lies a power untold,  
A strength that's pure, a spirit bold.  
When challenges come, and trials unfold,  
Harness this power, let your story be told.

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# Believe In Yourself

Believe in yourself, you have the key,  
To unlock the doors of possibility.  
With faith in your heart and fire in your soul,  
You'll conquer mountains and reach your goal.

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# Chase Your Dreams

Dare to dream, dare to fly,  
Spread your wings and touch the sky.  
With each step, you'll find your way,  
Chase your dreams, seize the day.

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# Rise Above

When life's storms rage and skies are grey,  
Remember, strength will light your way.  
Rise above, with courage bold,  
Your dreams await, so be untold.

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# The Silly Squirrel

In trees so tall, it loves to play,  
The silly squirrel, all the day.  
With acorns gathered, cheeks so round,  
It scampers up and down, unbound.

Bidyarnab Das



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# The Happy Sun

Up in the sky, so high and bright,  
The happy sun brings morning light.  
With rays of gold, it paints the day,  
Chasing shadows far away.

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# The Friendly Frog

By the pond, where lilies bloom,  
The friendly frog dispels the gloom.  
With leaps and bounds, it sings its song,  
In harmony with nature's throng.

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# The Busy Bee

Buzzing 'round the flower bed,  
The busy bee with wings outspread.  
Collecting nectar, oh so sweet,  
In nature's dance, its role complete.

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# The Little Seed

In soil so dark, a tiny seed,  
Dreams of sunshine, dreams to feed.  
With gentle rain and loving care,  
It sprouts and grows, beyond compare.

Bidyarnab Das



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# The Curious Kitten

A fluffy ball of fur and light,  
The curious kitten, bold in sight.  
In every corner, it loves to roam,  
With whiskers twitching, it finds home.

Bidyarnab Das



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# My Sword

Ink flows from pen, a silent sword,  
Crafting tales with each swift chord.  
Words wielded with precision's grace,  
Inscribed upon life's endless space.

Through parchment vast, they etch their mark,  
A symphony in the endless dark.  
From poet's verse to scholar's thought,  
In every line, a battle fought.

Yet a sword, with steel so keen,  
Cuts through the silence, sharp and clean.  
With every stroke, a story told,  
In the clash of steel, legends unfold.

Each stroke, a testament to might,  
In the dance of battle, day or night.  
A sword, a symbol of power's call,  
Standing tall, never to fall.

So whether pen or sword you choose,  
In each, a force that cannot lose.  
For in their grip, we find our voice,  
To shape our destiny, our choice.

Bidyarnab Das

# Mahanadi

Mighty Mahanadi, river of grace,  
Through verdant valleys, your waters race.  
From lofty mountains, you begin your tale,  
A lifeline for many, through hill and dale.

In whispers soft, you kiss the land,  
Bringing life's bounty with gentle hand.  
Your currents carve a path so wide,  
A symbol of strength, a source of pride.

Through bustling cities and quiet plains,  
Your presence remains, soothing pains.  
In your embrace, the weary find rest,  
As you journey onward, ever blessed.

Mahanadi, your name resounds,  
In songs of joy and prayers profound.  
A symbol of resilience, through ebb and flow,  
Forever you'll wander, forever you'll glow.

Bidyarnab Das

# Brahmaputra: The Lifeline Of Assam

Brahmaputra, mighty and grand,  
Flowing through Assam's fertile land.  
From Himalayan peaks, you surge with pride,  
A lifeline for millions, far and wide.

Through misty valleys and verdant plains,  
Your waters nourish, erase all pains.  
With each ripple's gentle caress,  
You bring abundance, you bring success.

From Arunachal's rugged terrain,  
You carve your path, never in vain.  
Through twists and turns, you freely roam,  
A symbol of power, a force to own.

In your embrace, life finds its way,  
As you journey towards the bay.  
Brahmaputra, river of lore,  
In your depths, we find so much more.

In whispers soft, you tell the tale,  
Of resilience in every gale.  
Through time and tide, you'll always be,  
A testament to eternity.

Bidyarnab Das

# Ganga: The River Of Divine

Ganga, river of divine descent,  
From heavens high, your journey's meant.  
Through sacred lands, you gracefully wend,  
A lifeline of faith, where hearts transcend.

From Gangotri's icy, pristine springs,  
You flow with purpose, as nature sings.  
Down rocky gorges and forested glades,  
Your waters weave tales of ancient trades.

In Varanasi's hallowed embrace,  
Pilgrims seek solace, finding grace.  
On your banks, where prayers take flight,  
You carry their hopes through day and night.

Ganga, mother of civilization's dawn,  
Your currents eternal, steadfast and drawn.  
From Himalayan peaks to ocean's roar,  
You unite the land like never before.

In your ebb and flow, a sacred dance,  
Where past and present find their trance.  
Ganga, river of life's endless stream,  
In your depths, we find our dream.

Bidyarnab Das

# Beautiful Words

In realms of thought, they dance and play,  
Words weave the tale of night and day.  
In whispers soft, they find their way,  
To hearts and minds, they gently sway.

With ink-stained quills or tapping keys,  
They paint the canvas of memories.  
From sonnets sweet to epic lore,  
Words build bridges to forevermore.

Each syllable a sacred art,  
A symphony that stirs the heart.  
In pages turned and stories told,  
Words hold the power to unfold.

So cherish each, both big and small,  
For in their magic, we stand tall.  
In letters formed and meanings spun,  
Words bind us till the world is one.

Bidyarnab Das

# Eternal Symphony

Nature's symphony, soft and serene,

Leaves rustle, rivers gleam. Mountains stand in silent grace, Earth's heartbeat, in every place

Bidyarnab Das



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# Majestic Giants

Towering trees, reaching high, Majestic giants against the sky.

Guardians of the earth, standing tall, Silent witnesses to it all.

Bidyarnab Das



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# Scared Earth

Earth beneath our feet, so vast, Holding memories of the past.

Sacred ground, where life does thrive,

A gift to cherish, keep alive.

Bidyarnab Das



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# Celestial Dance

Stars that twinkle in the night, Celestial dance, pure delight. Constellations form  
tales untold,

Universe's secrets, manifold.

Bidyarnab Das



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# Haiku On Nature

In fields bright with sun,  
Tiny creatures hop and run,  
Nature's joyful fun.

Bidyarnab Das



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# Nature Is Our Friend

In the tapestry of dawn's first light,  
Nature's canvas, a wondrous sight.  
Golden hues and whispers of breeze,  
Nature's poetry, a symphony of ease.

In meadows green, where wildflowers bloom,  
Nature's whispers dispel all gloom.  
Butterflies dance in the soft sunlight,  
Nature's embrace, pure and bright.

Beneath the moon's ethereal glow,  
Nature's magic begins to show.  
Stars twinkle in the velvet sky,  
Nature's lullaby, a gentle sigh.

Yet in this fragile, fleeting grace,  
Human hands leave a lasting trace.  
Let's rewrite the story, with tender care,  
For nature's beauty, beyond compare.

In every petal, in every tree,  
Nature's grace, a melody free.  
Let's vow to cherish, to protect, to adore,  
For in saving nature, we save so much more.

Bidyarnab Das

# World Of Children

In a world of colors, where dreams come alive,  
Where every moment is a joyful strive,  
There's a playground of wonder, so vast and wide,  
With endless adventures waiting inside.

With laughter as music, and play as dance,  
Children twirl in circles, in a joyful trance.  
They build castles of sand on shores so grand,  
And hold seashells as treasures in their hand.

They chase after rainbows, across the sky,  
With hearts full of wonder, they reach so high.  
In meadows of flowers, they frolic and run,  
Bathing in the warmth of the golden sun.

With every new day, a story unfolds,  
Of knights and princesses, brave and bold.  
In this magical world, where dreams take flight,  
Every child's heart shines with pure delight.

So let your imagination roam free and wild,  
In this enchanted world, like a fearless child.  
For in the land of endless play,  
Every moment is magic, every moment a day.

Bidyarnab Das

# Magical Words

In whispers soft, enchanting, heard,  
A symphony of magical words.  
Through twilight's veil and starlit night,  
They dance and weave, a spell's delight.

With incantations, ancient and wise,  
They conjure dreams 'neath moonlit skies.  
In syllables, secrets they do keep,  
In verses, mysteries, deep and steep.

From wizard's tongue to poet's pen,  
They wield the power of gods, of men.  
In spells of love, they softly sigh,  
And in tales of woe, they gently cry.

Oh, magical words, how they enthrall,  
With every syllable, they entwine all.  
In realms of fantasy, they roam free,  
Guiding hearts to where they're meant to be.

Bidyarnab Das

# Failure

In the dance of life, we often stumble,  
Faltering steps, our spirits humble.  
But failure's grip, though it may seize,  
Can't define us, or our dreams appease.

For in each fall, a lesson lies,  
A chance to grow, to reach the skies.  
With courage bold, we rise again,  
Stronger, wiser, despite the pain.

Failure's just a fleeting phase,  
A stepping stone in life's grand maze.  
So let it fuel your inner fire,  
And dare to reach higher and higher.

Embrace the journey, cherish the try,  
For in the end, it's not the fall, but how we fly.

Bidyarnab Das



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# Imaginary World

In fields of green and skies of blue,  
Adventure waits for me and you.  
With hearts so full of endless glee,  
Let's explore where the wild things be.

Through forests deep and mountains tall,  
We'll heed the whisper of the call.  
With courage strong and spirits bright,  
We'll journey far into the night.

We'll meet new friends along the way,  
And share the wonders of each day.  
With laughter bubbling in our souls,  
We'll write the tales that legends hold.

So come along, let's spread our wings,  
And see what each new day brings.  
For in this world of endless play,  
There's magic in every step we take.

Bidyarnab Das



# Pen.....

Ink flows from a slender tip,  
Crafting tales with every dip.  
On parchment white or canvas bare,  
The pen weaves dreams with utmost care.

With strokes of grace, it dances free,  
Ink upon the page, a symphony.  
Words emerge, like birds in flight,  
Guided by the pen's gentle might.

From Shakespeare's quill to modern hand,  
The pen's legacy forever spans.  
A tool of poets, thinkers, and scribes,  
In its ink, the soul often confides.

In every line, a story told,  
In every curve, a secret bold.  
A vessel of thoughts, both bright and dark,  
The pen, a spark that ignites the heart.

So let it glide across the page,  
A companion through each age.  
For in its ink, worlds come alive,  
The pen, a poet's greatest drive.

Bidyarnab Das

# Mother's Heart

In the cradle of dawn's tender light,  
Where dreams take flight, and hopes ignite,  
There blooms a love, pure and true,  
A mother's heart, forever new.

In every smile, in every tear,  
Her love whispers, ever near,  
A gentle touch, a soothing embrace,  
Guiding with grace, through time and space.

Through stormy seas and darkest night,  
Her love shines forth, a steadfast light,  
In her arms, all fears subside,  
For in her love, we safely abide.

Her sacrifices, silently made,  
Her devotion, an unbroken braid,  
Through every triumph, through every trial,  
Her love endures, unwavering and viral.

A mother's love, a timeless song,  
In every heartbeat, it belongs,  
In whispered prayers, in silent sighs,  
Her love echoes through the skies.

So let us cherish, let us adore,  
The love that binds forevermore,  
For in a mother's love, we find,  
The greatest treasure of humankind.

Bidyarnab Das

# The Magical Forest

In the heart of a forest, deep and green,  
Where the tallest trees and ferns convene,  
Lies a world of wonders, wild and free,  
A place where magic dwells, you see.

With every step, a new surprise,  
Glistening dewdrops under azure skies.  
Butterflies flutter in rainbow hues,  
As the whispering wind sings the news.

Gigantic mushrooms dot the ground,  
Where tiny creatures can often be found.  
Fairies dance in the moonlit glen,  
Their laughter echoing, again and again.

Beneath the canopy, a river flows,  
Where water nymphs in shimmering rows,  
Splash and play with mermaids fair,  
Their laughter fills the enchanted air.

Climbing vines twist and twirl,  
Leading to a magical world.  
Where unicorns graze on meadow grass,  
And dragons soar as they pass.

So come along, and don't delay,  
Adventure awaits, let's go and play!  
In the magic forest, where dreams come true,  
For me, for you, and for all that we do.

Bidyarnab Das

# Magic World For Kids

In a land of candy dreams, so sweet,  
Where marshmallow clouds and gumdrop streets meet,  
Lives a merry bunch of giggling sprites,  
With twinkling eyes and adventurous delights.

They ride on rainbows, slide on sunbeams bright,  
Dancing with fireflies throughout the night.  
Their laughter fills the air with joyful song,  
As they skip along, never feeling wrong.

With lollipops for wands and jellybean shoes,  
They explore enchanted forests, never to lose.  
In a world where imagination takes flight,  
Every moment is pure magic, shining so bright.

So come along and join the fun,  
In this land of wonder, under the sun.  
Where every day is a brand-new surprise,  
For in the eyes of kids, magic never dies.

Bidyarnab Das

# Odisha

In Odisha's embrace, where ancient temples rise,  
Legends and stories echo beneath azure skies.  
Sun-kissed shores beckon, where waves gently play,  
Whispering secrets of the ocean's timeless sway.

Jagannath Puri, where pilgrims find solace sweet,  
A sanctum of devotion, where hearts and souls meet.  
Konark's sun temple, a marvel carved in stone,  
A tribute to craftsmanship, in history's zone.

The dance of Odissi, a graceful symphony,  
Tales of gods and mortals, in each step, we see.  
Tribal melodies linger, in forests dense and green,  
Echoes of traditions, in every beat unseen.

From the mangrove forests, to hills that touch the sky,  
Odisha's beauty unfolds, as time passes by.  
A tapestry of culture, woven with threads divine,  
In Odisha's embrace, eternal treasures shine.

Bidyarnab Das

# Assam's Beauty

In Assam's verdant lands, where rivers gently flow,  
Nature's palette paints, in colors pure and bold.  
Tea gardens stretch for miles, a verdant tapestry,  
Underneath azure skies, a sight to make hearts free.

Majestic Brahmaputra, lifeline of the state,  
Carving through valleys, its story it narrates.  
Rhinos roam in Kaziranga, a haven for the wild,  
Where whispers of the forest are nature's song compiled.

Assam's culture, diverse, like threads in woven cloth,  
Bihu dances in rhythm, celebrating life's troth.  
Silk sarees shimmer, with threads of golden hue,  
Each fold a tale of heritage, passed on to the new.

From Kamakhya's temple, where mystic energies dwell,  
To ancient ruins standing, tales of history to tell.  
Assam, a land of beauty, where dreams take flight,  
In every sunrise and sunset, behold nature's delight.

Bidyarnab Das

# Father....

In the gentle strength of his guiding hand,  
A father's love, forever grand.  
With eyes that sparkle, wisdom deep,  
In his embrace, our hearts find sleep.

Through trials faced and lessons learned,  
His steady presence, undeterred.  
A beacon of hope in darkest night,  
A steadfast guide, our source of light.

In laughter shared and tears embraced,  
His love unwavering, never displaced.  
He walks beside us, every mile,  
With quiet pride and tender smile.

A pillar of strength, a rock so true,  
In every challenge, he sees us through.  
With hands that toil and dreams unfurled,  
A father's love, the anchor of our world.

So here's to fathers, strong and kind,  
In their love, true treasure we find.  
For in their hearts, a love that's pure,  
Forever cherished, forever sure.

Bidyarnab Das

# Beauty Of India

In lands where sun kisses the earth's embrace,  
There lies a realm of boundless grace.  
India, jewel of the East, so fair,  
With wonders vast and richly rare.

From Himalayan peaks, snow-capped and grand,  
To sun-drenched beaches, where waves kiss the sand.  
In every corner, tales unfold,  
Of legends ancient, of stories untold.

In bustling bazaars, vibrant and alive,  
Colors dance and dreams revive.  
Spices mingle, scents divine,  
A symphony of flavors, a taste of time.

Temples soar, reaching for the sky,  
Echoes of faith, where spirits fly.  
Gardens bloom with fragrant bloom,  
Nature's palette, in endless bloom.

Rivers flow, like veins of life,  
Carving paths through valleys rife.  
Sacred Ganges, Yamuna's flow,  
A journey of spirit, a pilgrimage to know.

In every face, a tapestry of grace,  
A mosaic of cultures, a melting pot's embrace.  
Diverse and rich, in unity bound,  
India's beauty, forever renowned.

So let us cherish, with hearts aglow,  
This land of wonders, where dreams do grow.  
India, in your beauty, we find our song,  
A symphony of love, forever strong.

Bidyarnab Das



# Save Water

Water is life, water is life, The world is desolate without water! Without this there will be no forest or park, Will food grow in the fields? Water is nectar, water is life, The world is desolate without water! Without this neither animals nor dogs, The world will become uninhabitable! Water is life, water is life, The world without water is a cremation ground! Water is a precious gem, Save it everyone!

Bidyarnab Das



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# Save Nature

We living on this earth, Tell me, what do you do? wasting everything here, And  
live in pride. Speak without nature, is yours here, Whatever you use it on, Do we  
have any right on it? We get so much from nature, what to do for this, They spoil  
everything by plundering, Neither do we understand such a simple thing.

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# Call Of Nature

Listen, the desperate call of nature, It says, don't cut trees. Our body is getting strained, Now listen to our cry. The earth is also saying every moment, Tree is the basis of life. On this barren, desolate body, Trees are the adornment of the earth. Don't fire weapons at the tree, As if this is a gift from God. These trees will also increase the ground water level, This is a blessing for all life.

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# Be Careful About Nature

Be careful, O people of the world Do not attack Vasundhara fatally! God warns every moment Do not commit grave atrocities on nature! ! Planted gunpowder, blew up mountains The place has not been delightfully dense! Man is digging his own grave. As if I don't care about life anymore! ! Lakes and waterfalls are now extinct Wildlife did not get a place! We destroyed the lush green trees and creepers There is no trace of greenery anywhere! Trees once swayed in every courtyard There is no decoration left on those corridors! Where are the swans and cuckoos and sparrows Mother cow has no place in homes! where rivers of milk once flowed There is no water in wells and tube wells! ! everything is getting destroyed every day I don't remember anything except joy Always in search of new resources No one cares about the environment! ! luxury bought dysfunction Does not believe in God! Forgot all the lessons of Ramayan Geeta, No one remembers Quran and Bible! ! abandoning our daily rituals Elders do not get respect! On this sacred land of gods There is no name left for religion and work anymore! ! Be careful, O people of the world Do not attack Vasundhara fatally! God warns every moment Do not commit grave atrocities on nature! ! destroying the elements of life itself There is no basis for life left on earth! ! We destroyed the lush green trees and creepers There is no trace of greenery anywhere! Trees once swayed in every courtyard There is no decoration left on those corridors! Where are the swans and cuckoos and sparrows Mother cow has no place in homes! where rivers of milk once flowed There is no water in wells and tube wells! ! everything is getting destroyed every day I don't remember anything except joy Always in search of new resources No one cares about the environment! ! luxury bought dysfunction Does not believe in God! Forgot all the lessons of Ramayan Geeta, No one remembers Quran and Bible! ! abandoning our daily rituals Elders do not get respect! On this sacred land of gods There is no name left for religion and work anymore! ! Be careful, O people of the world Do not attack Vasundhara fatally! God warns every moment Do not commit grave atrocities on nature! !

Bidyarnab Das

# Farmers

learn from hard working people like farmers

What is the value of a seed, only from it does the crop grow, how many seasons do we have to go through, where do good dishes come from in India?

Their hard work pays off, gives enthusiasm, awakens every generation with new thinking, it is they who have given India the ability to progress!

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Those Who Try Never Lose

Those who try never lose,  
The boat does not cross due to fear of waves. When a little ant walks with a grain, climbs the walls, she slips a hundred times. Faith in the mind fills the veins with courage, neither climbing up nor climbing up after falling is difficult. After all, one's hard work does not go in vain, those who try do not lose. A diver takes a dip in the Indus and returns empty handed. Pearls are not easily found in deep water, the excitement doubles in this surprise. His fist is not empty every time, those who try are not defeated. Failure is a challenge, accept it, see what is missing and improve until you succeed, rest in peace, do not run away from the battlefield. There is no victory without doing something, those who try do not lose.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Hard Work

Why does the mind wander so much, it keeps saying the same thing every day?  
The destination will be reached, the roads will also be cut, let's take rest today,  
from tomorrow onwards we will definitely reach the destination, we will  
memorize every page of the book of hard work,  
Sometimes a question comes to mind, is laziness a compulsion, or is it necessary  
to show the depth of suffering?  
At present. So I am looking at the destination, sitting from the same place, and I  
am thinking in my mind, which day will this arrow of hard work come out of the  
bow, till then I will not be released from this world, I don't know when it will  
come out, With bow and arrow,

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Positive Thinking

Will we get answers to these questions?

How do you live with yourself after losing?

How do you drink your own tears? I don't know how to fight this loneliness.

When everyone seems to be a stranger, then why not move forward? There are some decisions that were taken only for the company of others. When those people don't understand, then why not? Live life like this, will I ever find a spark that can light a fire in my mind and conquer the whole world? Will I ever shine like the sun? How do I move forward from these small issues? Will I be blessed now to find Krishna? What should I make a firm promise to myself, will I ever win, my intention is so firm? How to break and join together from within? How do we turn from darkness to light? How to understand who is yours and who is a stranger? What have we gained by losing what? This battle is mine, I have to fight it myself, now I have to move forward with courage, can anyone support me? Has anyone ever made someone else's pain their own? Do you want this from life? How to fight this dishonest mind?

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com



# Trees Are Our Life

Trees and plants are our life, we have to tell this to everyone.  
We have to stop the cutting of trees.  
This message has to reach every person in the world  
Trees and plants have to be saved. Trees and plants have to be saved.  
We have to tell everyone that trees give life.  
Trees don't take anything from us, we have to tell this to everyone  
They save our lives every moment of every day  
They explain to us what love is  
But man, what are you doing today?  
In return for love you are cutting down trees.  
They also feel pain, this needs to be told to everyone.  
Trees and plants have to be saved. Trees and plants have to be saved.  
How many years does it take for a plant to become a tree?  
And man cuts down that tree in two minutes  
Man is making his life hell by cutting trees  
The coming generations are suffering due to pollution.  
As if we are grateful to the trees that keep us alive.  
Even after suffering so much, they don't get angry with us.  
Even if you don't care about the world even for a minute  
All trees and plants should disappear  
Then humans understood the importance of trees and plants.  
Like a tree with a hundred sons, this has to be told to everyone.  
Trees and plants have to be saved. Trees and plants have to be saved.  
Plant at least one tree on every happy occasion  
We have to save the coming generations from big troubles  
Trees and plants are our life, we have to tell this to everyone.  
We have to stop trees from being cut.

Bidyarnab Das

# If Trees Move Somewhere

if there are trees that move  
trees growing like children

unconscious mother seems to say  
Have you seen Neem anywhere?  
he has been missing for four hours  
he wore green clothes

my son is lost somewhere  
The world is wise and a half

The mother of the little plant says  
you don't play with adults

banyan peepal heavy  
This is the grandfather of all fights  
walking with little ones  
all burning trees from plants

fought between two trees  
news comes in newspapers  
so many injured in the accident  
so many dead in the markets

a plant feels bad  
when the strong one teases

Bidyarnab Das

# Earth

We living on this earth,  
Tell me, what are you doing?  
Everyone is ruining everything here,  
And live in pride.

Speak without nature,  
Is it yours here?  
Whatever you use it on,  
Do we have any right on it?

We get so much from nature,  
What do you do for this?  
Everything is ruined by looting,  
Nah, it's such a simple thing to understand.

One day everything will end,  
Then where will you get resources from?  
Then we will remember this destruction,  
And you will be disappointed.

Let's use it together here,  
Give the slogan of sustainable development,  
Let us always keep nature happy,  
And support the earth.

Don't forget everyone's contribution here.  
Be it a tree or a mountain,  
Keep greenery all over the world,  
May nature always be eternal.

Bidyarnab Das

# Nature Is Everything

The mountain says with its head raised,  
You too become tall.  
The ocean says with waves,  
Bring depth to your mind.

Do you understand what she says?  
rise and fall liquid waves  
fill it up, fill it up in your heart  
Sweet, sweet, soft enthusiasm!

Earth says don't lose patience  
No matter how heavy the burden is on the head,  
The sky says spread this much  
You cover the whole world!

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Love Of Nature

Nature showers love on us like a mother.  
Nature gives us so much without asking...  
Nature provides sunlight during the day  
Nature brings cool moonlight at night...  
Nature quenches our thirst with underground water.  
And nature rains drizzle during rains....  
Nature blows life-giving wind day and night  
Nature provides us with many resources for free....  
Sometimes it has spread desert and sometimes it has spread snow.  
At some places he has raised mountains and at other times he has kept rivers flowing...  
At some places he has dug deep ditches and at other places he has created barren land.  
At some places it has spread valleys of flowers and at other places it has spread a blanket of greenery.  
It doesn't mind if humans use it.  
But humans are not allowed to break its limits.  
Whenever man flies, it warns him every now and then  
Whenever its warning is ignored, it punishes...  
It is not wise to ignore nature in the race for development.  
Because the question is about our future, this is not a sports story....  
It is in the best interest of humans to act according to human nature.  
Everyone should respect nature, it is in our interest.

Bidyarnab Das

# Nature Is Precious

We have received many gifts from nature  
All these gifts are very precious  
Their names are air, water, tree etc.  
We can't pay their price  
tree which we call  
it has many names  
They tolerate cold, heat and rain  
But they never say anything  
gives life to every creature  
But they don't take anything in return  
If we don't understand this in time  
Even these silent trees have life  
attack these trees before killing  
How much gratitude do trees have in life?

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Nature's Play Is Unique

Nature's play is unique,  
Somewhere raining water, flowing rivers,  
There is a raging sea somewhere,  
So there is a quiet lake somewhere.

The form of nature is never unique,  
Sometimes the wind blows,  
So sometimes you become silent,  
The play of nature is unique.

Sometimes the sky turns blue, red, yellow,  
Sometimes it is surrounded by black and white clouds,  
The play of nature is unique.

Sometimes the sun illuminates the world with light,  
So sometimes in the dark night the moon and stars twinkle,  
The play of nature is unique.

Sometimes dust flies on dry land,  
Sometimes it covers itself with a blanket of greenery,  
The play of nature is unique.

Somewhere the sun hides in a corner,  
Then he comes out from the other corner and hits a four.  
The play of nature is unique.

Bidyarnab Das

# God

God's wrath keeps breaking  
cities turning into ruins  
the body shudders  
see the wave of terror  
not the first to recover from the shock  
That's when the attack stops.  
what kind of fun he has  
What kind of wrath of nature is this?  
wreak havoc  
Why should you get angry and express your anger?

when the criminal commits the crime  
Then why should everyone get punished?  
sinners sitting in courts  
Human beings should be rewarded for their suffering

atrocities continued unabated  
Time and time again on the mother of this world  
how much she endured and maintained patience  
Poison falls on the cover

The kind of molestation that happened  
we have to get his reward  
learn from disasters  
Now the world has to be careful

I apologize to the earth  
wave of repentance must rise  
maybe harshit can  
Jagpalak, the one who can stop the havoc

enough devastation has happened  
Many ruined houses and cities  
please do something oh god  
Don't wreak havoc now! !  
Don't wreak havoc now! !

Bidyarnab Das



# Time Is Powerful

time is very powerful  
time is very powerful  
you respect it  
let's go along with it  
Don't defame him like this  
which makes good use of time  
will learn to do  
He is successful in life  
will reach the peak  
time is very powerful  
you respect it  
During this moment  
you call it yours  
eliminate laziness and stay on time  
you work every day  
in life by working hard  
make future happiness your name  
follow the path of truth  
keep falsehood away from you  
time is very powerful  
You respect it.

Unless we understand the value of an item, we are not able to utilize it properly. The poems given here will make you realize how precious time is. If we waste it unwisely, we will be left with nothing but regrets.

Nature gives the same 24 hours of time to all of us, it depends on us how well we use it and how much we spend in wastage and laziness. Let us read some more poems that teach time management.

Bidyarnab Das

# Time Is Precious

The clock of time keeps ticking,  
Don't wait for anyone.  
No one has any value for this,  
He who uses it knows it  
Time is so precious.

A moment that passes.  
He would never come back,  
No one would have been able to know its importance at the time.  
Once out,  
Would have reminded me a lot again.

This is the most precious wealth,  
No one can buy it.  
Once the pain starts,  
Never be able to stop again.

Time is very precious,  
Make your identity with this.  
Once you have achieved success,  
Then you will never have any shortage.

Never compromise with time,  
He never listens to anyone.  
Don't know when he will betray,  
Therefore, make use of every moment.  
The clock of time is ticking,  
Don't stop for anyone

Bidyarnab Das

# Rhyming Time

I'm just a fact  
I have been infamous for centuries,  
not of any one but of all  
I have been deceived by your hands.

good, bad, past and past  
I am a traitor, I cheat,  
never happened to anyone  
I keep hearing this all the time.

Mary without any surname  
I don't recognize myself,  
cried and laughed alone  
You don't even know this.

buried in centuries of history  
I surrender in your hands,  
I keep hearing good and bad  
But I come back again.

I am just your time  
never pass  
you are my identity  
When will I win from you.....! !

Bidyarnab Das

# Time

River water flows  
it passes like this  
every moment of life  
Become a master of today and tomorrow.  
Every day becomes the past  
that past yesterday  
tomorrow also  
again before dawn  
It becomes today.  
no one could know  
The secret of this day and tomorrow  
I don't know what it will be like  
Tomorrow.  
why not fill yourself with happiness  
This golden moment of life  
who saw yesterday  
No one saw yesterday.....

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Pen Is My Friend

The work of the pen is to write,  
She will just write there,  
which your mind  
I would like to write,  
true-false, good-bad  
Ours or someone else's

Despite being lifeless,  
feeling of liveliness  
She makes everyone do it,  
feelings, conscience, thoughts  
everyone is under your control  
How can they understand anything?

think very carefully  
Pick up this pen,  
She doesn't introduce herself.  
This is to introduce you,  
Of intelligence, prudence and values.

Bidyarnab Das

# Power Of Poetry Pen

O pen, move in such a way that you bring revolution in the country.  
Let the spirit of patriotism be awakened in the colors of the heroes.

Those who want to earn their living on politics  
teach them a lesson to do something for the country

You create a new history of love like this  
Why forget all the enemies and make them yours?

Those who are eating countless bullets on their chest  
Shower flowers for them sometimes

Who says only bullets produce sparks?  
O pen, you also shower embers, show your worth.

Don't stop, keep writing like this in the middle.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Power Of Pen

my creations, my hard work  
don't color  
And me! get tired  
lose and fall apart  
I won't let this happen  
Hundred out of a hundred! won't let me sleep  
pretend to sleep  
I won't let this happen  
Will wake up! one day  
to many  
you take a look

will need a pen  
no sword will rise  
there will be no challenge  
there will be no bloodshed  
Neither would have heard from any mother's womb  
all around! when  
will be in need of education  
People will say!  
We need a pen, not a sword.  
Need education and employment! not a temple  
By shaking the bell, by taking bath in Kumbh  
the problem will not be solved  
When people!  
will raise this question  
first of all you  
A pat on the back! My  
Will definitely say! one day  
accepted your pen  
where a situation of war arose  
there was peace there too  
wrote the essay  
where hypocrisy and conservatism  
was strong there too  
logic and science  
laid the foundation of  
Now people with patience, logic and understanding  
have started working

To things!  
have started thinking scientifically  
to the power of the pen  
now starting to understand

Bidyarnab Das



# Good Or Bad Emanations

This soul is wounded with pain, yet you must not stop. No matter how many troubles come your way, you should never give up.

You have to explain this to yourself every moment. Crazy: Even if the last breath is left, the destination has to be reached.

Tear the ocean's shore, turn the rocks into dust. Transform even your thorns into flowers with the infinite power of love.

There is a lack of truth, which you have to fill. You are steel, you have nothing to fear from anyone.

Relationships have also become weak, people don't realize this. Today, forget about others, no one has faith even in himself.

Even God is waiting to see when you will change the world. When will you understand the purpose for which he has sent you?

Get up traveler, your journey is long, but your destination is waiting for you. Be it a storm, recognize yourself, time is short, it is getting late.

Laziness, fear and false pride are just your illusions. Create an identity for yourself, and your identity is just your actions.

The world, under the influence of money-greed, has forgotten goodness. She is dependent on lies and has forgotten the truth.

You are a stubborn person, you are a hope for light. Make the world wounded by evil believe that you will take care of it, you are something, you will do something, make even time realize it.

Bidyarnab Das

# Teacher

Teacher

The one who shows you the path in life, teaches you to walk the right way.

Coming before parents, he always gets respect in life.

From whom everyone gets respect and respect, from whom one learns devotion to duty. I have never been away from Him, He is my guide. I would have liked to call him my teacher.

Sometimes he is calm, sometimes he is patient, always serious in nature, this desire remains suppressed in my mind, I wish I could become like the one who was called my teacher.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Aim Of Life

If you have to do something, then move ahead boldly.

Move away from the world a little. Everyone follows the rut. Let's reverse history sometime.

What is a destination without work?

Without hard work, what is the price? Unless the destination is reached, there is no rest on the way? Like Arjun of Mahabharata, keep your aim. Don't keep any excuse in your mind! The goal is in front, just keep your focus on it.

Don't think, just make it happen.

Love your actions. You will get the fruits of your hard work. Today there is a fair for those who walked alone without waiting for anyone else....

Those who kept waiting still have problems in their lives.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Independence

independence

If the bird is imprisoned, then help it to fly. If the night is dark, light it by lighting a lamp. Many years have passed by getting entangled in conservative thoughts, you resolved my feelings. Be it a woman, a man or a child, respect everyone's life.

Break all the walls, move forward on the path of victory. What did those heroes achieve, if you are still lost in fear. Get up, touch the sky, everyone has the right to be free.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Anger

Whenever I wanted to say something in anger, I started saying it many times... At that very moment, with all my strength, I made a dam in my mind in front of the words and became silent, because even the right words spoken in anger can change the meaning of the words. The effect of poison remains throughout life and lasts only as long as one remembers, otherwise everything else is self-deception.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Height

On high mountains, trees do not grow, plants do not grow, nor grass grows.

Only snow accumulates,

Which is white like a shroud and cold as death. Taking the form of a playing,  
blossoming river, it cries drop by drop over its fate.

such height,

The height whose depth turns water to stone, the height of which fills one with  
inferiority complex, is worthy of greeting, is an invitation for climbers, flags can  
be hoisted on it, but no sparrow can make a nest there, nor can anyone get tired  
- Manda Batohi, one can only blink for a moment in its shadow.

The truth is that height alone is not enough, being isolated from everyone,  
separated from the environment, separated from loved ones, standing alone in  
the void, is not the greatness of the mountain, it is a helplessness.

There is a distance between heaven and hell in height and depth.

The higher one is, the lonelier one is; every burden is on one's own; with a smile  
on one's face, one cries in one's heart.

It is important that

There should be expansion along with height, so that man does not remain  
standing like a stump, mingles with others, takes someone along, walks with  
someone. Getting lost in the crowd, immersed in memories, forgetting oneself,  
gives meaning to existence, fragrance to life. The earth does not need dwarfs, it  
needs tall humans. So high that they touch the sky, sow the seeds of talent in  
new constellations, but not so high that there is no water under the feet, no  
thorn pricks, no bud blossoms.

There should be no spring, no autumn, there should be only the storm of height,  
only the silence of loneliness.

my Lord!

Don't ever let me get so high, that I can't hug strangers,

Never be so rude.

Bidyarnab Das

# Books

The books are my favorite,  
It is different from everything else.  
In this I am new and old,  
I read all the stories.  
Poems are interesting,  
There are juice dispensers.  
life stories of saints,  
Stories,  
Tells about water and land,  
Would have taken me on a tour all over the world.  
knowledge and science in this  
Chanting, penance, worship and meditation are in this.  
I will reach this and move ahead,  
Earn a high name in the world.  
Vidya-mata oh wonderful  
Its treasury is never empty.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com



# Life Is Not A Dream

Life, believe me, is not a dream, it is not as dark as the sojourners say; Light rain in the morning often predicts a pleasant day. Sometimes clouds of gloom appear, but these are short-lived; If roses blossom when it rains, then why worry about them falling?

The bright hours of life pass quickly, happily, with gratitude, with excitement, enjoy all that is flying by!

What will happen when death suddenly appears and snatches away those dearest to us? What will happen when we see the victory of sorrow? Hope is slipping out of our hands, only then it plays the game and then comes back, unconquered, the one who has been defeated first. was given;

It is still ready to fly, open its golden wings, it still has the strength to take us along. With effort, being fearless, let the day of examination come with pride, like a winner,

End this despair with courage!

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Mahatma Gandhi

Priests of non-violence, riding on the truth, answering every insult with a smile,  
Saints of Sabarmati salute you, Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs and Pathans, soldiers  
walked on your path smiling, Saints of Sabarmati salute you.

Mahatma Gandhi

Waive the tricolor through the path of non-violence, Bapu gave us freedom  
without sword and without stick, gave away love and got love from this world,  
the saints of Sabarmati give you millions of proofs,  
Had spread light in the world with peace, non-violence and compassion, had  
made this world fragrant with his good deeds by becoming the saint of  
Sabarmati, responded to violence with the edge of non-violence, taught the  
British a lesson, freedom with the sword of truth, love-loving, truth, non-violence  
and principles.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Success Is Simple

Success (is simple)

Fight everyday, win everyday, courage is the only support. Struggle and move forward, this life is only yours.

Learn to fight, learn to confront, learn to avoid obstacles.

Let others say it, leave it where it is not appreciated. Leave others, leave your own, stop getting anything from your own.

When no one is with you, you have faith in God.

Being successful is not far away, that success is not light.

You try and overcome it, it will take two or four days.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Success

Even if the trees are standing, dense or big, don't even ask for shade. Don't demand! Don't demand! the path of fire! the path of fire! the path of fire!  
You will never get tired, you will never stop, you will never turn, I swear! Take an oath! Take an oath! the path of fire! the path of fire! the path of fire!  
This is a great scene, a man walking, his path drenched in tears, sweat and blood. soaked up! soaked up! the path of fire! the path of fire!

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# The Day Passes Quickly

The day passes quickly!

They are

It may be night somewhere on the way, the destination is not far, this thought makes even a tired day traveler move quickly. The day passes quickly! The children would be in anticipation, peeping from the nests, noticing how much playfulness the birds fill in their feathers! The day passes quickly! Who is interested in meeting me? In whose interests should I be fickle? This question weakens the mind and fills the heart with bewilderment! The day passes quickly

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Assam

It seems that this state has got the full blessings of nature, wherever you look there is greenery in this state.

Wherever there is talk of 'Tea', the name of this state will be there. Assam is rich in wild animals and natural resources.

I was blessed to have the darshan of world famous Maa Kamakhya, there is no other ancient state like it in this country! ! !

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Green Earth

This green earth of ours captivates every heart with its beauty.

Trees, plants, rivers and waterfalls, they all captivate the mind...

The tree gives us fruits and honey, shade, its form is huge, every heart likes it,

He is with me, he has brought colorful happiness... the incomparable fragrance of flowers,

I feel like everyone should like it, every heart wants to sing it, may it become happy...

This green earth of ours captivates every heart with its beauty

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Father

Father fulfills every duty, repays the debt throughout his life for the one happiness of the child, forgets his own happiness, then why for such a father, children are not able to do anything, why such a true father, the father hesitates even in calling him father. Blessings make a child's life happy, but children forget, what kind of storm has come from whom they have achieved everything, who has taught them everything. I have a lot of respect for such a father, who has been with me every moment, full of loving father's love. Those who hug their chest, I tell them the truth, believe me, they always find happiness in life.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com



# Pen, Write About His Glory Today

Burnt ashes were lit one by one, sparking them, those who climbed the holy altar without taking a pen, say Jai to them today.

Those innumerable small lamps which were extinguished by burning water on one side of our storms, did not ask for love or pen with open mouth, say Jai to them today.

Whose red crests are spewing out a hundred flames in all directions, whose lion's roar has frightened the earth till now, say Jai to him today.

Who knows, poor history is struck by the blinding glare, Sun, Moon, Geography, Astronomy, pen are the witnesses of his glory, say Jai to him today.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# India A Great Country

India is a great country, unite us in its prosperity, great country...

Ganga Yamuna flows continuously, Krishna Kaveri's tomorrow is as big as the Himalayan sentinel, Kanchanchunga's head is studded with forest, Kanan, desert stone, Sindhu, all are beautiful creations of nature, great country...

With the efforts of hardworking people, we moved towards the path of progress, climbed the ladder of progress in agriculture and industry, who did not learn to stop anywhere or anytime, the great country...

Culture, history, religion, Vedas, Puranas, language, music and art are all inherited by us, knowledge and science have not been mined, the knowledge is easily lying in incompetence, great country...

The hardworking, brave and learned scholars, who are continuously engaged in the continuous progress, keep the Run Bankuras on their palms in defense of the nation, take an oath to preserve our grandeur and civilization forever, great country...

The soil here quenches hunger, spreads smiles, love for the little ones, respect for the old, chirping birds, fragrant, the heaven of this lonely earth is located here, the desire is to settle in our lap, great country...

Bidyarnab Das

# India

India --

The greatest word of my respect, wherever used, all other words become meaningless.

The meaning of this word is in those sons of the fields who even today measure time from the shadows of the trees. They have no problem except their stomach and they can even chew their own organs when they feel hungry. For them, life is a tradition and death is a tradition. Meaning of liberation whenever someone talks about 'national unity' of entire India

So my heart wants to throw his hat in the air and tell him that the meaning of India is not related to any Dushyant but lies in the field where food grows and where there is a dent.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Maa

Mother is the medicine for all our problems, Sometimes she scolds us and sometimes she embraces us Mother absorbs the tears from our eyes

Mother showers the laughter of her lips on us By joining our happiness, Mother makes us forget our sorrows, Whenever we stumble, we immediately remember Mother

In the heat of the world, Mother gives us the cool shade of shelter, No matter how tired she herself is, Mother forgets her tiredness after seeing us

Mother always relieves our tiredness with her loving hands, Whenever we talk about delicious food, we remember our mother, Mother teaches us to maintain relationships beautifully

What cannot be expressed in words is such that even Mother God bows down before her love.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# My Mother

Mother is the earth, mother is the sky, mother is the God, if there is a mother then everything is there, the bundle of work is never carried on the shoulders and she says uff.

Mother is the only solution to children's worries.

Look at how powerful a mother's love is; all the excitement in the world pales in comparison to her.

No one can bind him in the path of love; the child cannot repay the price of love.

If you serve your mother, you will get all the blessings while sitting at home in the morning and evening.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Mother

Whenever I come to this earth, I only get my mother's lap, I leave you and go  
somewhere to my mother, I get you as my mother in every birth.

Mother, your love is the balm that heals all my wounds, It is only because of your  
presence that my world becomes bright. You have endured so many sorrows for  
my sake.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Mother's Love

Mother is mother after all,  
Abandoning their dreams, they stay awake at night and fulfill our wishes,  
Without mother,  
life is incomplete, there is a love filled with love,  
like Gauri and Janaki,  
This is the pearl of happiness, the light of compassion in mother's eyes, she  
cherishes the relationships, bears all the pain herself, when trouble comes to her  
loved ones, she fights even with death,  
Sometimes Durga becomes Chandi when it comes to her children, Mother is  
God's shadow, mother is mother after all

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# The Play Of Nature

The play of nature is unique, somewhere there is rain water, flowing rivers, somewhere there is a surging sea and somewhere there is a calm lake.

The form of nature is unique, sometimes the wind blows in the shadows, and sometimes it becomes silent, the play of nature is unique.

Sometimes the sky becomes blue, red, yellow, and sometimes it is surrounded by black and white clouds, the play of nature is unique.

Sometimes the sun illuminates the world with light, and sometimes the moon and stars twinkle in the dark night, the play of nature is unique.

Sometimes dust flies on the dry land, and sometimes it is covered with a blanket of greenery, the play of nature is unique.

Somewhere the sun hides in one corner, then emerges from the other corner and surprises,

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com



# It's Still Mystery

I am mystery,  
It's not a history,  
It's a bit twisty,  
It's not a comedy

I love history,  
But I always found mystery,  
It's sometime my teacher,  
It's sometime my student,  
It's sometime my friend,  
It's sometime my enemy

A sunny day may bring the light,  
And the darkness can fill the night,  
You may love mystery,  
But it's still a mystery

Wars were fought,  
Won and lost,  
I caught summers hot and winters cold,  
But it's still mystery

Bidyarnab Das

# Nature

When in the morning,  
I saw my garden,  
With full of love,  
With full of flowers,  
Given by the plants,  
If I saw my garden in the morning,  
My day becomes more happier

When in the noon,  
When I saw the monster of pollution,  
Which are killing animals and harming the environment,  
My day becomes more sad,  
At a side some people understand,  
But at the other side some of people are still harming the nature.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# We The Birds Of The Free Sky

The birds will not be able to sing in the cages of the free sky; their fluttering feathers will break after colliding with the sticks.

We who drink flowing water will die of hunger and thirst. It is better than the flour of bitter fruits.

In the bondage of the golden chain, you have forgotten all about your speed and flight, just seeing the swings on the tree tops in your dreams.

Such were the desires of the flying kites to reach the limits of the sky, opening their beaks to the red rays and pecking the pomegranate seeds.

These wings compete with the limitless horizon. Either the horizon becomes a meeting or the string of breathing stretches.

Do not provide a nest, even if you break the shelter of a branch, but if you have given wings, do not interfere in the restless flight.

Bidyarnab Das



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# One Piece Of Grass Changed My Life

One day I was standing on the parapet full of pride. A piece of grass came suddenly flying from a distance. A speck fell in my eye.

I hesitated, became restless like a fool, my eyes started looking at people, they started trying on clothes, poor Dave ran away awkwardly.

When a piece of grass came out from a domineering person, then he understood that he was taunting me. Why are you so stubborn?

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Santa Wants Help

Santa needs new reindeer.  
The first bunch has grown old.  
Dasher has arthritis;  
Comet hates the cold.  
Prancer's sick of staring  
at Dancer's big behind.  
Cupid married Blitzen  
and Donner lost his mind.  
Dancer's mad at Vixen  
for stepping on his toes.  
Vixen's being thrown out—  
she laughed at Rudolph's nose.  
If you are a reindeer  
we hope you will apply.  
There is just one tricky part:  
You must know how to fly.

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Song Of Maximus

all

wrong

And I am asked—ask myself (I, too, covered  
with the gurry of it) where  
shall we go from here, what can we do  
when even the public conveyances  
sing?

how can we go anywhere,  
even cross-town

how get out of anywhere (the bodies  
all buried  
in shallow graves?

Bidyarnab Das



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# Christmas

What crowding thoughts around me wake,  
What marvels in a Christmas-cake!  
Ah say, what strange enchantment dwells  
Enclosed within its odorous cells?  
Is there no small magician bound  
Encrusted in its snowy round?  
For magic surely lurks in this,  
A cake that tells of vanished bliss;  
A cake that conjures up to view  
The early scenes, when life was new;  
When memory knew no sorrows past,  
And hope believed in joys that last! —  
Mysterious cake, whose folds contain  
Life's calendar of bliss and pain;  
That speaks of friends for ever fled,  
And wakes the tears I love to shed.  
Oft shall I breathe her cherished name  
From whose fair hand the offering came:  
For she recalls the artless smile  
Of nymphs that deck my native isle;  
Of beauty that we love to trace,  
Allied with tender, modest grace;  
Of those who, while abroad they roam,  
Retain each charm that gladdens home,  
And whose dear friendships can impart  
A Christmas banquet for the heart!

Bidyarnab Das

# Invented Quark Extraction

It's true we have invented quark-extraction,  
and this allows our aiming gravity at will;  
it's true also that time  
can now be made to flow  
backward or forward by

the same process. It may be true as well that  
what is happening at the focal point,  
the meristem of this process,  
creates a future kind of space,  
a tiny universe that has

quite different rules. In this, it seems,  
whatever one may choose to do or be becomes  
at once the case. In short,  
we have discovered heaven and  
it's in our grasp. However,

the Patent Office has not yet approved and cites  
less positive aspects of this invention. First, it  
does not generate profit, and  
it does make obsolete all present  
delivery systems for our nukes. Then,

it will let private citizens do things that only  
a chosen few, that is, OUR sort, should be allowed—  
fly freely from one country  
to any other, spreading diseases  
and bankrupting transportation.

Home-heating, auto-making industries will be trashed,  
employment shelled, depressions spread worldwide,  
sheer anarchy descend.  
For these and other reasons,  
no one must know of this....

Bidyarnab Das



# Exorcium

It was homemade and primitive,  
like pulling a tooth with a string  
and a slamming door, like taking out  
an appendix by kerosene light  
where dogs wandered in and out  
the dirt-floored room.

Nothing for the pain that  
everyone wanted to examine,  
the twisted heart they thought  
they could shout back into place.

Moaning and fluttering their fleshy hands  
on the wind, on the wail of the soul possessed,  
they certified her in a manner Inquisitional,  
frantic when she held to the grip of darkness,  
grimly determined to wait the thing out,  
something learned from movie sheriffs,  
white hats ghostly in the moonlight.

When she would not answer (though they  
conjured her by heaven and by the all  
mighty names they knew) , they laid hands  
on her and shouted down the well of her eyes.  
Many tongues twisted in their mouths when  
she went, leaving behind only  
the smallest tooth of wickedness.

Bidyarnab Das

# Nature And Us

Grow more trees,  
More and more you can,  
Stop killing wild animals,  
Avoid using plastic bags,  
Stop littering this planet,  
Don't harm nature,  
Use less petrol,  
If you can,  
Use environment friendly products,  
The list of dos and don'ts is endless,  
We must all do a bit for achieving pollution free environment,  
Otherwise we will be destroyed by a monster of our creation only.

Bidyarnab Das



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# Mother A Gift From God

With the feeling of joy, every Mother starts her day,  
Takes care of every family member, With the feeling of joy

When the child cries When other tries, to stop, but the child doesn't stops, finally  
the mother came, and child stops

With the feeling of joy,  
Every woman starts her day,  
She does the hardest work,  
In the home,  
With the feeling of joy.

Bidyarnab Das



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# Mother's Expectations

From the day a child is born The child's fate is decided by the Mother. She spends day and night Taking care of her child. Having a lot of thought For the future of the child, She works so hard to earn a penny. Her child's world has a bright future. She loves and cares for her child So much that nothing could compare.

She has a lot of wishes Not even the precious gem could replace. But a doubt always remains Whether her child would grow up To fulfill her WISHES and EXPECTATIONS

Bidyarnab Das



PoemHunter.com

# Students And Teachers

When we are in class, we are students, When they are in the class, they are teachers,

When we write over their writing, it is overwriting, when they write over our writing, it is correction.

When we gather to discuss, it is gossip, When they gather to discuss, it is meeting.

When we are found in the library, it is bunking, when they are found in the library, it is research work we are found outside the classroom, we are being pumshed. hey are found outside the Principal's office, they are waiting.

When we do wrong, we are idiots, When they do wrong, they are human beings.

When we copy from others, we are cheaters,

When they copy from others, they are quoting.

When we do not do our work, we are lazy,

When they do not do their work, they are busy.

When we think in the class, we are day dreamers,

When they think in the class, they are philosophers.

When we tell jokes in the class, we are buffoons, When they tell jokes in the class, they are humourous.

Bidyarnab Das

# Good Deeds Never Die

There are eyes upon you, Watching you everyday. And their ears quickly take your words.

They praise when you do good, Displease when you misbehave.

A little mistake that spread like a wild fire. To be wise is what you need to learn, Avoid bad impression to those little eyes Who watch you every day.

He is dreaming of the day he'll be like you Set good examples, In conducts, in speech, in deeds, Imprint your good characters in their hearts

He shall tell of you, to be like you To his fellow men. Be gracious when you win, Lost not your honor when you lose.

Live with dignity Die with honor.

At the end of the day, the legacy that will remain is Your exemplary life.

'Good deeds never die'

Bidyarnab Das

# Environment

As I wake up in the morning I saw the sunshine in the window  
As I go into the garden, I saw the flowers as they grow.

The trees in the mountain Gives us fresh air to inhale,  
It gives us water every day, And fulfilling life in every way.

How beautiful surroundings we have, Its a gift from up above,  
May you be thankful for what you have And share the blessings of a loving god.

Today is a great day, It's a love-fulfilling way, Its because I have to stay, That  
god is my guide all the way.

Bidyarnab Das



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