

Poetry Series

Capt. Manas Kumar Das

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Capt. Manas Kumar Das()

Capt. Manas Kumar Das, a free verse poet, is a Master Mariner from Odisha and has shown profound love for literature from a very young age. Short stories and poems, that reflect life, have been written by him even during his school years. His literary works are in English and Odia Languages.

More than just a mariner, he has loved literature all his life.

On his numerous voyages through the oceans of poetry, his heart steers the helm that takes him on numerous joy rides that he pens down at regular intervals

His passion lies in writing about the sea, his past encounters, family, and land. His works are traced with feelings of loneliness and longing for his motherland and family, which takes the reader, especially us, the fellow mariners, on the ride of our life.

A member of the Rotary Club, and a literature enthusiast, he loves traveling and holding discussions with like-minded authors and poets.

His work includes two published collections of Odia Poems (JETEDINA PARUTHIBI & SAKALA AGARU) , and numerous poems published in Magazines and newspapers.

Currently, his works are available for public view on the platform Poemhunter, which is a great platform for poets and their works.

His life is complete with an adorable family and numerous books filled with spontaneous poems and one-liners. As someone told me a long time back, "Life is a joy, you just have to find it in you!"

Do read the poems and revert with comments.

The Face

I am at Kolkata Marine club
Sitting near the window,
Look outside
Slums are in a line
silently sleeping in the early morning,
All closed doors and windows.
Found a woman comes out from her slum.
And afraid the Dogs,
But, Dogs found the fear,
All went away and disappear.
She started eating the bread
A long back stored,
Bread and she
Both Look Dry.
Again Dogs back from somewhere
and appear there,
Fear appear very clear.

One took away that bread.
She run behind and cry,
A saddest face
I ever saw and remembered.
Also remembered
The club
Kolkata and the early mornings color
The fear
The dry bread
and the hungry face and remembered.

.....

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Would Be

I want to be a cartoonist,
Want to draw,
want to sketch,
The ugly faces into beautiful cartoons,
of Zero and Hero,
and would be.

What pencil?
will I use
2B?
Not 2B
.....

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My Daughter, Disha.

Every now and then
You creep back into my mind,
Even I am far
Miles and miles away from land,
Because, You only
thinkin about me,
Longing for me,

When to back home?
counting days and hours
in calendar and watches.
More often than me,
That thought-
Transfer to air and sea.
Touches me from far and far
at any where,

Your face
your smile
your talk
also can feel and hear
from far, very far
at near and at here.
I love my daughter.

.....

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A Letter

You wrote me a letter
During High school time.
Which
I had not replied.
But read it
Not once
Million times lonely and alone.

I know, I hurt you
May you afraid,
Sometimes
some sprouting trees can not grow as wished,
But memory remembered.
Your letter was lovely
As you are,
What a imagination?
later I met you many
But, you have not write a letter again.

.....



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The Leader

I don't listen to them or him,
I don't listen to this and that,
But, follow the correct path,
Which I feel is the correct one.

on that path
Some places are curved,
some places, steps to ride,
Thats the difficulty,
Which I found as a follower,
be a sheep.
keeping my mind and eyes closed.
Inside closed eyes-
The path looks clear,
So, I walked without fear.

Indispines are that
Not follow all.
Where your liberty is suppressed.
You can cover the path
with disciplinensess.
But not the new one.
As only a follower,
Not a leader.
Within the margin,
Only follow the path,
the discovered one.
as maximum followers do.

To be a leader-
You have to indisciplin
To find a new way,
For tomorrow,
Followers to follow in the future,
In a disciplined way, Being Indisciplined.
.....

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Chapter

He likes to live
very ordinary,
And die unknown be ordinary.
without leaving any,
No footprints
on the sands of time.
No name
No fame
The dust becomes dust.

Nothing left
Only the path-
Which he never covered,
The book half read,
The poem is not completed.
some are Half
Few are quarters,
Many have not even started,
chapter in progress,
Chapter completed.

.....

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That's A Miracle

Dreams and realities
met each other very few,
I am very eager
and force the dreams to be true
meet as new.

But it's always late
That's tragic,
Some speak-
Dreams never become true.
But I say they do,
Some of my dreams
turn into poems,
Some of them turn into birds
Fly away and ask me to fly.

Dreams and realities
met each other
As the morning stars meet
the moon.
On the noon, the path of reality
Dreams blossom as flowers
and look good.
That's the path to walk far.

Some dreams to be real-

Some reality in real,
I never dreamt
That's a miracle.

.....

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Bridge Wing

Feeling the Sun,
Feeling the sea breeze,
Feeling the blue sky,
Feeling the blue ocean,
At lonely bridge wing
On a winter morning,
Always memorable.
and

In the city,
or, alone at a hill station,
loneliness remembered the moment,
the feelings of the past,
the bridge wing,
Lead you to see dreams,
write the poems,
For some moment take you
to the bridge wing,
without your wings.
Remembered the bridge wings.

.....

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The Memories

In a lonely dark cabin
under the lampshade
dim light,
The memories step down
and whisper at the ear.

The past
You left behind
far away,
Still with you
like the shaded light,
some appear and some disappear,
But many whisper in your ear.
at your lonely dark corner.

.....

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Just Dust.

Why do I aspect
others will care for and respect me?
I am just dust
in this vast universe.

Sun is very vast and bright,
All also forget him at night
manage with a small light.
Why do I aspect
others will care for and respect dust?
.....

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Never Ask...

Never ask yourself-
why you are on this earth.
Never ask yourself-
why are you so hungry?
to arrive at your goal.
Never ask yourself-
why your time is changed
As you assumed.
All are infinite.

only good
seems good
to be alive on this earth.
Rest beside Thee.
.....

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Birds' Cage

My mind-
a wide open cage
Where sometimes sparrows,
sometimes bulbuls,
Meadowlarks,
pigeons,
Free birds came,
some sing, some cry
But, no one is silent like me.
their talk, their song, their cry
are my poems.

They are always free
to come,
to fly,
even free to speak and cry.
No one likes to be caged
at anywhere.
But, here all are caged?
in a wide-open cage,
many birds dwelling.
It's a Birds' cage
Not my poems.

.....

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Sart

Blue whales cry
when
blue sea wet in rain.
The rippled surface of the sea
circles and circles in the drops of rain.
Searching like a SART on the Radar,
for his near and dear.

He is alone here,
His loneliness develops more,
While raining.
in spite of being wet
He becomes empty and cries,
the salt water of the sea is his tears.

Searching for rescue,
to be free from loneliness.
But his near and dear are far,
His soul is there.
He is in circles,
so, Impossible Man cries
counting the days on the calendar.

circles of rain,
ripples of the sea,
hide in darkness in the evening,
But, the SART is still searching-
in his lonely cabin.
The wall clock and its arms
also moving in a circle,
Sound of the sadness moves there
The cabin is silent like the lonely darkness.
.....

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Butterfly

Transformation is beautiful,
The butterfly can taste the flower,
sitting on petals only.
Not only butterflies beautiful.
the transformation is strange
and beautiful.

Faith and hope are found on Earth,
Rebirth is possible,
butterflies are the proof.
Flutter and flowers in the garden,
feel you some hours
you are in heaven.

.....

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Adjustable Spanner

The man adjusted to himself
to the environment,
to the government,
to the society,
to the friends,
to the bosses,
to the women,
to wife,
to girlfriend,
to each and every one.
He adjusted to his health,
to his looks,
to his laziness, to his practice,
to his profession,
to his passion,
the food available,
the time and hours of rest he is getting,
Even if to his freedom...
the highest adjustment, for a man.
adjusted like an adjustable spanner.
fit for all in a small life span.

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Childhood

A man -
having beard,
looks brave and perfect,
Black turns into white
become old.

Childhood-
a face
very innocent and cute
himself a plane mirror.

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Memory

Do not open it
More and more,
When you are alone.
It will come out
and melt into tears.

On your wall
Tears will paint-
the past,
once again.

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Poem

I remembered him,
And the lines of that poem,
'All things shall pass away',

Found all things
Passed away day by day,
Only the poem,
the lines of the poem,
Remembered longer.

The poem can cure your pain,
care for your loneliness,
sadness turns into pleasure,
Failure teaches patience
in a poem,
Lines of the poem remembered
in heart.

A poem may be small,
maybe little, or a few lines.
But, from the heart,
Enter to heart,
And remembered longer and longer.

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A Droplet

In a lonely forest, in your memory
Poems drop as snowdrops
If you collect
It melts,
Cold to warm.
Then again
Warm to cold droplets
wet your heart.
to be filled
only felt.
.....

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Present...

A stage-

Where past get down

then the screen closed,

It remained in my memory as past.

Future-

Always in imagination

Remains imaginary

Inside black screen.

When the screen opened

Reality stands

Acts on stage.

His role ends

gets down

and turns into the past.

.....

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Care

I remembered that
in my heart's corner.
one day-
my shoelace untied,
She tied it at a lonely corner of the college
With heart-touched care.
Man is strong enough
But, need that care.
He can tie and tame
The untamed horses with strong ropes,
But cant not the shoelace?

For that care-
He loves the spider's web
Knowingly and unknowingly
Web is love
the web is the care
Man wants to live there
Die there.

.....



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Monsoon Rain

I am a rainproof man,
standing outside without an umbrella
in the monsoon wild rain.
Do not think, will not wet
But, Be sure never hurt
with cold and wet,
Proof only confidence-
to stand in the rain.
Enjoy the
Wild mind,
wild rain,
new monsoon,
At your village
in a paddy field.

In the monsoon
Shower dropping-
and runs in the race
As troops together
Towards to far horizon,
Feelings touching your mind
wet inside,
Remembered for eon,
This year monsoon rain.
.....

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A Prayer

When I am at sea,
Think, let's see
Never feel alone.

Pray to God-
Morning and evening.
Close eyes, close to Him
No difficulties, each flies.

Rough sea
and storm wind
emergencies
seem fine.
Here, I am not alone.
Sun, Moon, and stars
Are my relatives
He is with me.
Under the roof of the universe
Everything is controlled by
the supreme power.

God balanced all
The sea, The Earth, the stars
The sky,
the fear,
sun and moon,
and a dust particle.

Only the prayer
Only the belief
disappear darkness,
Difficulties turn into easy ones.
Easy of at sea.

.....

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Stage

At the age of fifty,
He is hiding it.
with cosmetics,
colored black beard,
hair dye,
Makeup as a young
Doing the role on times stage.

Fortnightly visit to the parlor,
for his makeup,
Be happy- looking at his own figure
in front of the mirror.

Young age is a fountain,
which must one day dry.
Passed spring,
passed the rain'
Many April and July.
on the birthday- while cutting the cake
it counted only.
Its stage-
Makeup daily for the role of life.
Hide the aging skin,
whitening hair.
Now-a-days only.
.....

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War

The fighter inside
declares war on their war,
I told him many times
Keep away far from war,
But he ignores all.

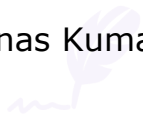
I show him the way of nonviolence,
still, he purchased many swords and gun
to kill others.

Killing others is not a pleasure,
Far from war is not pleasure.

Better kill than die,
Thats war-
Have to declare.

.....

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Rainy Day

The sky is overcast and shy,
with the clouds.
Wave and crest at the sea surface
in a race,
walking slowly
As a blue mountain moves.

The shower rushes from our bow,
The monsoon rain becomes wild
and drop after drop,
All silver coins fall
on the sea surface.

If clouds and rain,
monsoon is fair.
The tune of the shower
sweet to hear.

No fishes-
All disappear underwater.
The ripple sea
circles more.

.....

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Relationship

If a long wire parts,
at the end,
The ends away
very far and years,
The ends end.

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Length

Keep everything
within the length,
The relationship,
the talk,
It's better and works long.

otherwise,
its elasticity will break.
Hit you and hit others
so, Keep everything
within the length.

.....

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Alone

I am the flower,
a small one,
with a little name,
little fame,
Buts bloom with
own color,
own petals,
own shape,
own size,
own fragrance,
own life,
in this beautiful world,
at a small corner.
To paint my loneliness in color.
....

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Friends' Speak

No more age to listen
The guilt of this,
The guilt of that,
Still, some of my friends speak.
Where As
My elders no more
to speak that.

At childhood-
When the elders speak and advise the same,
Theses friends advise
Do not listen to them.
We together enjoyed avoiding all,
Real enjoyment the childhood naughtiness.
So, the past is remembered,
that naughtiness remembered,
and the friends.

Now at fifty-
Friends advise being as elders,
Time changed,
Men changed,
Years changed,
Only not the two ears.
Better not to listen,
Only follow what the inner one speaks.
.....

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Fishes In The Blue Sea

Tyrants are everywhere
Among us,
They become cruel and more,
behind the wall in darkness.
All are free
Men and women
in the blue ocean.
They are the fishes in the blue sea,
The man may love,
may like,
But tyrants catch them
By their net,
By their hook.

If we believe, to be reborn.
Tyrants will never.
They died in the fire,
The fishes curse forever.
forever...

.....



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Fire

At a certain age,
Man wants to burn in a flame.
Firemen do not extinguish the fire
but be fuel for the fire.
He fond of the taste of fire,
more and more,
then addicted,
need fire.
Fire is the most beautiful,
and attracts him, like insects to light.
so, he likes fire,
 need fire,
 thirst for fire,
fire,
fire,
fire,
Be a flame with fire,
Die in a fire.

.....



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Sea

Here

No flowers, No trees,
No mountain, No valleys,
still her beauties
waking my eyes.

Ripple sea,
Blue waves,
whistling breeze,
wet my feelings,
The crest of the wave
Make here blue mountain,
and valley.
Then turns into white foam
and disappear with the rippling sea.

on the ship side
Fish plays,
Dolphine jumps,
It's their fun or nature,
The seagull flies from the mast and drops into the water
to catch fish,
like white volleyball falling on grass,
Beauties of sea
awaking my eyes,
I love the sea and its beauty.
Blue Mountain
crest valley
blue sea.
.....

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Sleep

Pain and pleasure sleep together
in a lonely dark cabin.

After a day's work
many puzzles, so tied.
sleeping like a silent log.

Sometimes phone rang,
Breaks silent,

Breaks rest,
Breaks dreams,

Pick up phone

Talk to bridge

Again sleep.

When you sleep, healing all
Recharged as mobile battery
to work for next.

only sleep -

Take you

Away from books,

Away from work,

Away from worries,

Away from puzzles,

Away from shoulder weight,

Make you fresh as the new morning
with full of power and dreams.

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Emotion

No one can feel your loneliness,
No one can feel your sadness,
No one can feel your emotion,
As deep as you can.
Sharing it with someone
dear and near,
Darlingest one,
Not relieve your pain.

As weight sharing
you may share,
That's only mindset and self-satisfaction.
But your passion
Take you away
from desert to mountain,
from ignorance to light,
Break your loneliness
Wash your sad tear,
The emotion-
turns into poems,
bloom to different flowers.

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Perch There

I am at sea,
far from land.
But my mind sometimes
fly without wings
to that village,
A valley of my childhood.
perch there
some hours and see a child inside.

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She Is Rolling

Lights are off
Sleeping alone in the cabin,
The bathroom door is opening and closing
with a crying sound,
Again and again.
So, she is rolling with the sea slowly,
Now she rolls
little more,
My water bottles fall down on the floor,
Rolling like pipelines in the yard,
then she rolls and rolls
Different sounds
from different corners
Breaks my rest.
I also roll with her,
on a steel-fixed bed in the cabin.
She is rolling with the swell,
Sounds in loneliness,
sounds in the darkness,
Can not make me afraid,
As I heard it very often,
She is rolling in the sea,
more and more
at a coastal with an anchor.

.....

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With Me

I am at sea,
The night, it is deserted here,
The moon falls to
the surface of sea.
Alone sitting in the cabin
Looks outside
through the porthole
The blue sky and the sea also deserted
looks me.
Far from home
Far from you
is a desert.
Where no leaf,
 no grass,
 no flower,
 no pleasure.
only the emptiness.
But desert-
turns into the sea,
turns into sky
turns into a flower,
turns into a mountain,
turn into the fountain,
turns into beautiful,
turns into pleasure
When you are
with me.

.....

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A Lion Slept Inside

A disobedient
violent lion slept inside,
I told him to be there
while
everything going well and fine,
sometimes that lion becomes blue
in night,
That time no violent
But, disobedient.
I also told him
Be there and inside,
Never come out,
otherwise, everything will be spoiled.

I have the control, his hunter.
so, Lion works fine
in the circus.
Once control parted
He will be violent!
Kill the outer world,
Cross the border.

So, it's fine
Do not chase him,
Only allow him to be violent,
to be blue,
But only inside, it's fine...
A lion slept inside.

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Hope Is Only God

While walking in life
You will find the lighted path
and the darkness,
In light, No problem
You can think to walk fast.
But at the Darkness
blocked by wall
Difficult to find the Doorway!
to go ahead...
Be sure and keep your hope
then will find the door,
Not closed, it's opened and yours.
May be small or big-
But get out from the darkness and enough.
Your life is yours,
Only Hope and eyes,
Lead you ahead.
Hope is only God
Stands beside you
When you are alone and lonely.
Even no light, no door
He can lift you up
through the skylight to the sky
to fly,
in lighted sky
Only if you continue up to death and try.

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My Mother

My mother -
Left me alone,
on the Earth, everyone's mother.
where is she? ?
some speak she is there,
in heaven, looks me from there
be a star
But I am alone...
never will meet her Again.
on the earth,
maybe possible only in heaven.
But She never wants,
I, at any age, to die.
How I can think
She will wait for me there.
I only remembered her,
Her love always (needed but less)
Eternal love
Always remembered
Only remembered.

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Ghost

Ghost...

Its surprise,
the sadness,
to see anyone walking,
Wrapped in the color of death,
And will be a Ghost in the future,
If our belief is sure.
Near and dear,
only his image painted in mind,
Ghost will be similar,
But no color,
Only in black and white.
Death has taken the goodness,
the beauties,
the color,
we are afraid of the ghost in the darkness,
The fear of death appears in shape.
It's sure one day death will embrace,
Not the ghost!
And that's the fear,
Not the ghost.
Believe, the color will be black and white,
Belief will be a ghost.

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Dreams

Dreams...

Ambition to fly
But, not with the Birds' wings
Fly in Dreams
with poems as wings,
Wings will better and better
as I fly higher and higher.
But not the whole sky,
Only within the limit...
with own wings.
Everything is within the limit,
Found always sweet.
Above the imagination,
Out of the boundaries of the sky
Does no one fly? ? ?
How can I?
Just try and fall down
In the Dreams...

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A Sketch.

A Sketch.

My boss and colleagues speak
They are offered
Gift, Money, and many more
Then,
My Inner man smiles
with cry,
No sound!
completely full of tears.
I stand
Dressed as a boss-
In front of our bathroom mirror,
The man in the mirror
A pencil sketch
Drawn with a dry tear,
Looks like a beggar.



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