

Poetry Series

Khondoker Shajahan
- poems -

Publication Date:
2017

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

Khondoker Shajahan(6th April,1987)

Having an experience of studying in both my homeland and in India, I not only observe and judge my way of living in a different way but has found a different black and chaotic shape of life.

By this colours of life I want to search the meaning of life.

I am now studying Honor's in English Literature and about to complete my graduation.

Behind The Cell

I saw the skeleton wide open
Like you have known it till ages,
I liked the room petty much
Cause it had many windows;
Each to open the halfway to morning
And to close it at night.

Like polar stars shrinking down with its ground
And leaves withered away with winter-
Your shrunk lips barely opens up your secret
The soul has kept inside for fear.

It was quiet, dumb, and pitch-black
When you said, 'I love you.'
Like an etherized patient grabs the pillow
And half-way dead dreams rot in mind.
The morning sun was still beaming to reach,
But you closed all path of glory
And your soft pillow-horses were all set free.

Nights never remember the sun
Days take the revenge to it
And what left for twilight is romance
Let us seize the day and
Let life give a chance.

Khondoker Shajahan

Being Myself

Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
How well did I behave.

And now the fancy passes by,
And nothing will remain,
And miles around they'll say that I
Am quite myself again..

Khondoker Shajahan

Clouds And Harps

Far away from my heart-
That only beats for you-
And far from your eyes,
I and my love fly
Among the deep blue skies...

I peep through the cloud;
And watch you a while-
That makes me shed a spell of tear
Like rain, it endears you,
And reminds you about my love
That you could hardly bear...

Khondoker Shajahan

Defiance To Love

A long day I have passed
Winkling about here upon the shore of you
I mysterious chain of life
Still searches for the queue.

I knocked a thousand times to open the door
A dizzy sound that always bothers
Centerless points are getting shore
And a wine-red-hellish numbness smothers .

If I want to ashore myself upon your chest, would you lie?
If I bury my head and say 'I love you', would you defy?

Khondoker Shajahan

Drunk And Tides

I left my body unfed
I lost in the numbness of conscience
I got myself a total love-less
I left my one eye frenzied.
And another in the dullness
I theft my time from me
And pretended to be fearless
I was caught a reindeer in the burning sun
I left my another lion-part in the fun
A thousand eyes were looking in dreams at me
They never said a word for me
I all alone have seen them crying-
I always have shown them my Finn.

Time never had times for me to take back my times
Truth has never shown me the path while I am all the ways lies
Under the sunbeams of frenzy;
I told my departed shadow to be mine
Take me all the way where I can get those be fine
I have this with me and without me
As an Oedipus-child to be
A poetry that eats-up its father
And be pregnant with spreading feather.

Time has yet left my enough to be its prey
like a ferocious lion that take its prey, wounds it and doesn't eat it in a time;
Rather encroaches it steadily
My hands are like the radar of my soul
It is also numb now like the eyes of the vulture that numbs its prey's mind
And a cold air is just passed through your spinal-cord
I am cold like that.

I get my thoughts dead and find them at the dead of the night
When virginity is taken like a beast
And nudity reigns making its feast
I was lost in the nothingness of this
And like this nothingness has got my this
I was fed on my dead thoughts and I dreamt
Of such that has all my all and all

And I found a fire of hell mixed with the snow of heaven
I got, thus, my heaven fall
And the unfit hell for me and my clan
I found the tide heavy for my water
I found the path for me too far
I closed the window of the reality
And opened the door of deathly imagination for my undone duty
I found every alphabet to be my enemy
I still look back in anger and
Its my past that I envy.....

Khondoker Shajahan

Enmity

The soul unto itself
Is an imperial friend, -
Or the most agonizing spy
An enemy could send.

Secure against its own,
No treason it can fear;
Itself its sovereign, of itself
The soul should stand in awe.

Khondoker Shajahan

I, The Mask

I, the Bengali poet, Raj-
Captured in the arrogant garage,
Be surrounded with the windy quarter howl
Linnet searching face, mind, everywhere crawl
Rootless-earthbound-human minds tear apart,
Leaving the body down but uplifting the heart.

Khondoker Shajahan

Life Between The Two Births

Life walks in the dark path of
Birth and birth.
You had just known one
In this dreary Earth.

Leaving a sheer sign of
Heart and hearth,
You gave your love the affection-
With a great dearth.

Khondoker Shajahan

Love

Love is anterior to life
Posterior to death,
Initial of creation, and
The exponent of breath.

Khondoker Shajahan

Rejection

I have now my
 Crossed identity;
Of imposed inferiority.
Yes, I'm addressing you.
My Asia is now arising against me.
I even haven't got a clerk's chance.
Yes, I have given my all
 To the whites.
And now, I'm all dark.
I'm only talking to myself again.
I'd better have Ginsberg next to me.
As I've become restless
 By Time Magazine.

Now, I am more complex,
Than a Sphinx's puzzle-
I've given birth of a terrible beauty-
 the dark and the white.
I who am perplexed with the both.

The psycho-colonialism has obsessed me,
My obsessed mind has teared my libraries
 Into a grave peril.
I don't even put a glance to my countrymen
Who are subjugated spiritually.
Rather I am busy with
 The angelic graveyards-
Where thousands of Americans are sleeping
 With their atom bombs.

Yes, America. I am addressing you,
Please, look at yourself through the graves.
I am sick of your insane demands.

How could I reconcile cosmopolitan awareness
How could I strip when I am having
 Half a life.
America,
I won't write my poem till

I am in my right mind.

Khondoker Shajahan

That Spotted Scarves

That one drunken Night
Where two dogs were all engaged
In the deathly inhumane fight.
How I wish I could bark and go
And set the dual into a trio.

But I let my tenderized legs stepped back
As a coward-sun hides past the clouds,
And I let my soul say all it's haves and lacks.
Cause I know how-
My fertile lands have turned into the droughts.

Then, one day, like the stormy-clouds' tail,
I jumped down the volcano from the hellish flames
And screamed as if I were in the volcano-consumed
That gave me more heat than of hell.

And like a thousand lies;
Of thousands truths of what
I wanted to take revenge,
Have encircled me as
The vultures' tormented eyes
Probe the rotten flesh of the dead.

Now, I am all eaten and no rotten
Now, the days are engraved
Into the darkness of black-hole.
All I hear is the lapping of the tune
That once the phoenix bird sang to me
As I loved ashes-the ashes of my soul.

Love in the time of darkness or
Darkness in the loveless time-
I hear the soft conch-shell tuning into
The heart of darkness.
And how my heart aches,
Only to sing to you
And once to rhyme.

Khondoker Shajahan

The Fountain

I saw the dog barking over a child
The child formed with some
unnecessary blood and flesh
Of his parents
What it could say but cried
A far cry from the Byzantium
Its father couldn't hear
nor its fountain
Like the falcon that
Cannot hear its falconer.
In the 119th floor
another fountain was
wetting its father
as if it wanted to be
Mother Marry.
But the sound of the child
is today dimmed
And only the chaos of the fountain
is only heard.

Khondoker Shajahan

The Reddish

It was never so easy to say-
The change you made;
If I am alive now, then I was dead.

Tonight, I can write the saddest lines.
Write, for example, 'The night is starry
and the stars are blue and shiver in distance.'

I shone, coffee-spoon-scaled, and unfolded-
To pour myself out like a fluid
Of the eternal colour of red.

Khondoker Shajahan

They Ask Me Why I Fade And Pine

They ask me why I fade and pine,
And seem oppressed with woe?
They say what care now can be mine,
To cloud my youthful brow?

Alas! - they know not that I die
Of pains that none can heal,
Save those dear smiles and that blue eye
Who soon as Lethe's murmuring rill,
Can lull my woes' eternal sleep,
And make me cease to sigh and weep!

That cruel- that relentless maid,
Of heart more hard than stone,
Cares not, why thus I pine and fade,
And why oft thus I moan!

When fondly turn my ravished eyes
Of her sweet cheeks to gaze,
And life embittering frowns arise
And cloud that heavenly face!

O! thus abandoned to despair
I've naught but grief for me;
My life a wilderness appear
Overgrown with misery!

Khondoker Shajahan

Tidal Numbness

How thy adventure has reached to my door
In this tempestuous night of the year!
Endless cry of the sky has snatched my sleep
And waiting for you,
I sat against the door without fear.
Never have I seen out in the dark
So, I fear how to find your spark-
By the bank of the river nearest the dark wood
In the darkest hour of time,
Oh! thy adventure showed me the way mine.
I wonder, my dear soulmate-
How thy adventure has loved my time.

Khondoker Shajahan

Trifled

Provoked, I lifted my eyelids
And hold a tight grip upon your face,
It seemed a whole-night-dream to me
As if I were engaged in the 'happiness-seeking' race.

I stopped breathing in an one-some act
I loitered upon my faults I, once, admired
And now I see it heading towards a light-year distance,
Leaving me with the darkness of my numberless defect.

Khondoker Shajahan

Turning Again

What will be our words
When we'll meet again?
What will you take
To ornament your dream?
Rather we keep silence
Among us; and-
Compare ourselves with
The sluggish creature; or bird-
Why don't you spread your wing
And show your real face?
That finds a soundless joy
Beneath its doggy mask.
Why should you sit and wait-
Things fall apart; as it was never
Stood; I hear that hollow sound
Of my own breaking; as
Raindrops fall and are sucked
Instantly; reminds me of the birds
That witness that rain.
Can you tell where they go
On that soundless rainy Night?

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Young Man And Girl In An Asylum

(1)

It must be some disease I have
To feel so lonely like this,
And not for company I see
The others like this, like this,
It only makes more isolate
To see another like this,
Oh nobody like this likes this,
Or likes another like this.

(2)

The greatest love?
The greatest love?
There is no love at all,
What love means is, To speak to me,
Not leave in the cold.

How very cold it is out here,
How bitterly the wind blows,
O Love, why did you dedicate me
To the snows?

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