

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Masidur Rahaman()

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" The Last Conversation"

A red curtain was shivering
Coming in contact with a chilly wind.
A sleepless table lamp was counting time
To be extinguished
To leave us in the kingdom of solitary independence.

Burning cigarette gave birth to the sulks.
Clouds seemed to hold the harness of rain for a long time.
In no time it would come down in thousands.

Your sulks had kept me imprisoned so far.
You would vanish, your transient sulks would vanish.
But the conversation would last until my last breath.

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"A Harlot";

From her sleep rises she.
She is mute without a word.
Nightmares, she tries to recollect but is unable.
Clients gather around her.
'O harlot! prepare yourself and be ready'.

She puts off her clothes and stretches herself in bed.
At her people stare intently with an erotic desire in their minds
'O such a beauty! ', utter they.
They come to her and fill up the void between her two legs.
Shivers she in great agony and intolerable smell of perspiration almost suffocates her.

Dines early she and goes to bed.
Every limb of her body is weary.
Sleep embraces her soon.
She again becomes pale at the arrival of another nightmare.

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"Limitless Burning"

The incense is burning
At the hallowed altar of cupid
Spraying fragrance all around
Filling lover's heart to the brink.

A heart is burning
At the cruel altar of a goddess
Receiving immeasurable bruise
Suffering to the core.

Let the incense burn, let the heart burn.
Phoenix will arise from the ashes.

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"Promises Come To Nought";

Flickering light was making the hearts throbbing
Congested silence shrouded the souls
With an unknown language of their own waves were prattling
Surges of sulkings in her breastwere searching way to be purged
Hands came together; ecstasy streamed forth; two lips locked
You opened your soot black eyes; looked straight into mine; hold me tight
Pledged to be with me the rest of your life
But promises have come to nought and I am searching for godot.

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A Dream For A New Morning.

It was no man land.
The possibility to see through the intense darkness is nil.
Water, dark water is beckoning to take a nap.
Trees on the strand are sentinels.

The dilapidated castle we have built in the air is standing still.
Lighting of a cigarette brings bliss.
You sulk with your face turning other way.
I purchased the cancer stick pickpocketing in the bus.

I am hungry, you are hungry.
Let us cuddle each other until the first ray of Sun declares daybreak.
Let us dream of a bright morning.
Where we will hardly feel scarcity of food.

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A Gentle Breeze Whispers In My Ears.

A gentle breeze whispers in my ears
To sail in the endless ocean.
Only you and I
To an unknown journey
Not to a land, not to an end.

An excellent, small dinghy assists.
I, on one side
You, on the other.
Our souls could have felt each other's warmth
But does 'balance' matters.

We light a fire
Sit on a stone slab
With nothing above our heads
But limitless sky etched with countless stars.

We can spend our entire lives
Sitting on a stone slab
Looking at each other's eyes.
Can't we?

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A Rose After Losing Her Beauty.

Inspidity of a hueless rose is visible
A garb of vulnerability it wears.
Once the token of beauty
Is the sign of helplessness and vanity.

Rose has now become destitute
Being bereft of her youth
Reason of her owner's disgrace is she
The thorny stem too feels embarrassed.

The same hands crush her to leave her to die
Long ago ardently wanted to protect from onslaughts

Rose

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A Soldier Of Azad Hind Fauj Writes To His Wife.

O, my beloved!
Though I am in a far, far away land,
Every limb of my body desires to be one with you.
Leaning against this stone slab
I am sending you my darling this message of mine.

It has been long since we whisper in each other's ear.
The snatches of conversation create convulsion within me
To throw my thirsty breast into yours.

My lady, I pledge to bring you "FREEDOM".
The mite who is in your womb, therefore, tells him
The story of the prowess his father possesses.
Tell him his brave father who was destined to be consecrated
At the pulpit of Mother India.
Tell him not to be flabbergasted however, hard the situation is.
Teach him to stand against all the oppression.
Make him determined for the future
So that he can also be sacrificed at the altar of the Mother India.

For, lady, listen to me, there is nothing noble
Than to emancipate your nation from the fetter of slavery.

The intensity of darkness seems heart chilling
And auspicious at the same time.
The more the severity of darkness
The more the sheen of sun rays soothes your inner self.

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Empty Promise

They say promise is promised to be broken.
I am a proletarian.
I was promised big.
Words can hardly express.

I was drinking wine.
The goblet was etched with expensive jewels.
The vast ocean of rapture unfolded eternally.
I was posing for a photograph with a red rose in my hand.

A slight kick on my waist made my eyes open
To see that I was lying in the street.
I was day-dreaming.

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Greek Mythology Is Not Inside The Room.

Scratches on the window pane lock the sparse moon light.
Chinks on the wall are involved with hatching a secret conspiracy.
The dream is one and only one.
Greek mythology is not inside the room.

Alexander is not on that book shelf.
He is honing his swords; The entire world will be captured today.
Helen is not resting on the remnants of time.
She stands everyday by my side in my sleep.

Homer still has many things to write.
Iliad, Odyssey are the creations of his heydays.
He will write. Let him write.
Blindness is just a pretext.

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Helen Will Be Abducted Today.

Rain drops urge to embark on a venture in an endless ocean.
Sounds of tin assure to help rout the magnificent army of Menelaus.
"Helen will be abducted today"
The air is filled with this vow.

Greece will be brought to its knees
If she is denied anyhow.
Robust walls that have been protecting the Greeks for long
Will beg for mercy before being demolished into pieces.

Love is blind.
And a blind lover can stain hands with red if needed.

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I Am A Poet Waiting To Be Forgotten.

The sound of rain invites to explore the unknown world scattered within me.
The dried leaves forecast an impending danger for themselves.
I don't want flowers, give me trees instead.

The poet is shedding blood.
Not on the battle field.
But on the filed of imagination.
Criss cross thoughts weave webs of haziness.

I am a poet of nothingness.
I write, I sing, I sometimes dance to the tune of rivers, to the tunes of birds set
to return back to their nests.

I will be seen nowhere like the sound of rain that goes immediately with the over
of rainy season and that dried leaf that is waiting to be at the centre of man's
"forgetfulness";.

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I Dwell In The World Of Utopia.

Intoxicating is the perspiration of yours
O! nature my love arrange for a goblet of hemlock
And make me drink this without any reason.

Your crimson, tender palm invites my surrender
Let me write my name on this in exchange for anything
Please take my breath away if you wish so.

A sea of rapture engulfs the whole world
The existence of time including mine seems not possible
Since I dwell in the world of Utopia.

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"I See Your Face In My Shadow"

A slow motioned world.
An unnatural sun has risen.
Bright light is all around.
Yet nothing is visible.

There is a crack on the window-pane.
The culmination of this minor crack will bring havoc.
There will be no privacy any more.
People will mock at this nudity.

Dark smoke is curling up.
The butts of cigarettes want to be spared.
The match sticks too are weary.
I see your face in my shadow.

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I Win

Burning!

Yes, it is burning

Between two weak fingers

Eyes gummed on a portrait.

Wall clock over there is exhausting seconds and minutes.

A frail silhouette invites to be one with it.

Darkness lures to bed.

Cruel smoke hatches plot of assassination.

A good Samaritan comes.

I win.

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My Body Can Be My Mind?

My body can be imprisoned.
But my mind?

You can't.

The oppression you have caused
Bruises you have drawn on my limbs with your state sponsored sticks
Blood that comes out of my wounded body
Once will be healed.

I will build my group as the Argentine revolutionary built.
Your castle that bears your empty pride will be tumbled down.

Let me take a sacred vow in the name of Che, I will spare not a single brick that
the proletariat were forced to carry on their shoulder.

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The Eyes Now Don't Shed Tears.

The eyes now don't shed tears.

Those tears have now been evaporated and transformed into an ache in heart.

Choking my throat making me speechless.

Your deep black eyes still beckon me to an unknown land where ecstasy is rife.

Your voice still makes my fingers with a half smoked cigarette shiver.

The cloud has covered the moon with a devil smile, earth enjoys an unnatural darkness.

Difficult it is to demarcate whether cloud makes the earth drink darkness;

Or the earth on his own will wants to dissolve into the darkness.

Your smile is still on the 22th page of my diary, but an insipid, artificial, flesh less smile,

That does not smile as it used to.

Almost torn letters smell mysterious leading me to build castle in the air.

The yellowish pages of the diary come forward to throttle me.

Suddenly I wake up from my sleep, it is 6.30 A.M.

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The Invisible Conversation.

A full moon night
A patch of greenery stands
Between the two worlds.
Lover's heart feels passion,
Wants to lose in a far, far away land.
The horn of train afar creates convulsion,
Intensifies the wound of love.
The band of crickets outside the dilapidated hut
Take pleasure in their nocturnal feast.
We communicate through the tick-tock of the wall clock
Trying to count each other's breath.

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The World Hardly Cares For Trivial Things.

The leaf I was talking about has fallen.
Soil hugs him to eternal rest.
The rain has stopped falling.
The urge to explore the unknown has gone dry.

I thought, world's movement will be disrupted.
I have been proved wrong.
Trivial things cause no change.
The fallen leaf and the departed rain will take the centre stage of men's
forgetfulness.

I will never plant trees.
Discharge of a single leaf stabs my heart to complete numbness.
I will not sit outside on the chair to explore the unknown.
The world hardly cares for trivial things.

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Why Is This Distance?

Does physical distance has the power to separate us?

Can it refrain us from memorizing the beautiful moments we made together?

Look at the moon.

Has she ever felt loneliness for being lonely in a vast sky?

Look at the Sun too.

He is too lonely.

The physical distance between the two is marked by the alteration of 12 hours.

While one is visible, the other is invisible and vice versa.

So let us celebrate the bonding we have marked by the greatness of two souls.

Let us immortalize this pious bonding with the sweetness of language.

Let us enjoy this distance.

Let us enjoy the bleeding of the soul caused by the pricks of limited time.

Yes, indeed we had limited time and the seconds culminated into 24 hours.

But we are tied together in a thread, no where to be seen, only to be felt.

Let it kill us physically.

Let our hearts deal with it.

Let our hearts deal with it.

Let our hearts deal with it.

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