

Poetry Series

**mannan**  
**- poems -**

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# Almighty Miracle

Almighty Miracle

Save me from obstacle,  
All from the Devil,  
All from the Evil.

And let me become careful,  
Before being tearful,  
Let me do what is good  
Save me from harmful hood.

Empower me to serve You  
To serve Your creation  
With love, common hood  
Downtrodden discrimination.

Save one – the misguided  
Save one – the orthodox  
Save us all from the  
Cut-throat, cunning fox.

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# And Let Me Die

And let me die

Keep your hand in my hand  
Eye on my eye  
And thy rosy lip on my lip  
And let me die

Let us lie on grassy land  
Drink the blue sky  
Dance with the silver band  
And let me die.  
Let the stone flow with the flow  
Let the moon beam with glow  
With joy let me cry  
And let me die.

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# Call Not One Happy Until The Divine Call Come

Call not one happy  
Until the Divine Call come

Call not one happy until the Divine Call come  
By showing off grandeur pearl and pomp  
And reading dazzling grace and oily palm  
Until he is matured in his satisfying tomb.

Be submissive to God  
Who makes every pod  
To heavenly bloom  
And be God in every life  
To reach the Sublime.

Be sun-shine in the dark  
Park to the desolated heart  
Resort to resort less  
Scent to the dirt.

Thus share your joy with all  
Downtrodden soul  
Be near crazy gods  
That is your Goal.

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# Coaxing Fox

Once an old man  
Told a tale,  
Was a fox  
Without a tail  
For stealing hen  
Was sent to jail.  
Then he looked  
Very broken and rubbish  
Addressed his fellows  
As Ignorant and novice  
For having their  
Long tall tail  
Being envious and pale  
Asked them also  
To cut off their one  
To be smart and  
Have reputation  
Tail is ugly  
Needless dirty,  
All he said  
In that party.  
Out of the meeting  
One said, " ho ho!  
You have no tail  
Want us do so".

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# Double Entry System Of Life

If your debit is increased by a mistake  
Credit will be affected,  
For a greater credit increased  
A little debit is neglected.

Good work, goodwill, good thinking and inking  
Make your heart go singing,  
Bad work malice and bad intention  
Give your heart no pension.

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# For A Lovely Butterfly

For Lovely Butterfly

Md. Abdul Mannan

Be thinker rather than feeler  
Set your target to a fixed pillar  
Be player than passive observer  
Be well linked with information server  
Focus your mission to action planed  
Let there be no unused land  
Add some value everyday  
Whether it's sunny or rainy day  
Talk articulately work more  
Think before ink today or before  
Proportionately mix ingredients  
To make life a testy sauce  
Don't be Hefty and pessimist  
Let not be thy life hotly hotchpotch  
Let not your toil mock your fate  
Detain not yourself by self-made gate  
Turn "No" into "Yes"  
Pain into Gain  
Make your umbrella  
Before comes heavy rain  
Thus plough every potential  
And every technique do apply  
To mould your caterpillar  
Into lovely butterfly.

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# It Was 1996

Share market  
Many people's target  
To be a millionaire  
In a year

Selling the milky cow  
Selling the bucket  
Giving wife false vow  
Snatching her locket.

Rushing to the Broker house  
Sitting like domestic mouse  
To buy and sell share  
To be a millionaire

Then with the empty pocket  
Sunken eye salty socket  
Returned he home  
It was 1996  
Cent percent doom

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# Mother

From womb to tomb  
She nourishes her seedlings  
Waits for the seeds to be germinated  
With love and care  
Setting aside all her comfort  
What she gets- a calculated sum  
And gives away an infinite figure  
For the well-being of her springs  
And fellow feather  
She is a Mother.

From daughter to darling  
From wife to mother  
Time changes her phase  
Not her instinct color  
She is a mother

As fountain from the mountain  
Rushes from river to the sea  
The mother in her goes  
Accompanying she.

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# Still In Dark

There are numerous lightened park  
Still we are groping in the dark  
As we blind cant see the light  
Making us pale and plight  
Lets have that sufficient eye  
To say to dark ever good bye.

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# The Death Of The Press

When freedom of speech dies  
Also causes potentiality & creativity die out

When pen stumbles out of feudal fear  
Wheel of civilization & exploration of free thought come to stand still  
As the wingless eagle can never fly  
The death of press makes nation  
Dumb & deaf.

The expanding river of refined taste squeezes and shrinks to a dirty  
Deased & confined stream

Greens of hopes fade  
Under the automatic shade

A good nation has a good press

A nation of out spoken press  
Has a full-fledged sky to fly open  
Boundaryless sea to navigate  
Fertile field to cultivate.

A nation with dead press  
Harbors obsolete Images  
Of no name recognition  
Must repent & upset.

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# The Major & Minor

Root is expressed in the branches  
Branches are coiled to the root  
The "Supreme One" germinates infinite numbers  
Diffusing in the cosmos

We each & every one  
A single page of Eternal Book  
Spark of Living Flame

Every soul a single atom  
a single dropp of the whole sea  
a single breath of the whole air  
a single bird of the whole sky

Every single constitutes the whole of the sea, sky and air  
The minor is the creation of the supreme Major  
The whole is God the "Supreme Single"  
I, you & he, the minor single one  
We & He live within us  
The minor returns to the "Supreme One"

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# The World We Live In

The world we live in  
Is full of cry  
Justice mingling with rusty fossil  
And green leaves dry.

Where the rat catches the cat  
Cows outflank the horses  
Hunter hunts  
Hunted remains remorseless

A universe co-copulating  
With mundane matters  
Ignites hibernation  
The sick earth flatters

The sky cries in agony  
The air moans in nuclear bustle  
The hyenas down trod  
With autocratic muscle.

The concreted earth  
With cemented eye  
Gazing to dehumanized earth  
Says, " oh if I could die"

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# Thistled Being

I'm dislocated  
and derailed  
Unwanted, unexpected,  
unavailed And unhailed

Hopes are veiled  
In dubious dust  
My inner I am blown away  
By windy dust.

And now I trust  
Snakes under the green lea  
And crocodiles;  
Of the salty savage sea.

But I believe not thee  
The frail thee;  
I believe not my self  
My inner me.

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# Unhappy Is The Man

Unhappy is the man  
Having no mental ease  
Who suffers from self-conflict  
And kleptomaniac disease

No self-contentment  
Even seven continents are given  
How can this man be happy  
Being a soaring raven?

Who believes not himself  
Nor faithful to fellow feather  
Who is Mr. Jackal and Hide  
With false grieving weather

Millionaire in material  
Mendicant in heart  
No soap is invented yet  
To wash away his dirt

Remnant of a burned palace  
Nothing but ashes  
Remnant of a decaying soul  
Repents and remorse

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