

Poetry Series

Nooh Ainul Islam
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

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

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Now a student of KHULNA UNIVERSITY. Reads in Honours course in English Language and Literature. Bangalee by birth. Lives in Khulna, Bangladesh. Writes Bangla (Bengali) poems. Likes to translate poems from other languages. Was the editor of the littlemag BONGOSHUDHA published from Bagerhat, a tiny town of Bangladesh. Wants to be the second SRIGYAN ATISH DIPANKAR, the great buddhist and the founder of LAMA religion, and the ACHARYA of NALONDA MOHABIHAR, the first university of the world.

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ছ ি ।

As He Was (Totshomo)

I'm as he was
And I stop into Otish.
I'm that Totshomo
Go through the ways,
As through the rubbish.

I'd like to walk the Tibbet-new;
I'm too meditate in classical view.

Nooh Ainul Islam

Jerry Hughes, How Are You?

Jerry, how are you, my poet?
The days and Times gone
away from my life, I know, but you...
I've cried a lot, I came to know of it-
you forget, I know, but you don't know.
You think? Do you think?
Did you think ever of a boy to walk whole the Nights
months after months? - But I.

I've walked a long.
A long ways and paths are passed
though yours days are older, but I
made my days turning behind the ages
and my poetry tells of a daughter unborn to the earth.
But in my mind
a girl cries a lot, a lot she fathers my feelings of fatherhood.

Jerry, how are you?
Did you forget the boy you met?
Or did you hear of his daughter unborn to your world?

I'm the boy
touched the keys of the board of poetry
and found the name you belong to.
From the Green land of Bangla and
of religion-blinded empire of the fools and foolishness,
I wrote you, recall?

Jerry, my friend, how are you?
Or let me befriend, if not.
My daughter is dead and not, and born and not.
She is and not. But you my poet,
how you are?

Nooh Ainul Islam

Kanai To Me

All the cloudy blue
Will be the company
For you.
If the depressed bay and rivers
Mouth the words,
The poems from them
Will take you.

And see, thou friend,
Your shado is full of love and Lina.

Nooh Ainul Islam

Letter To Orin

Thank you, mam!
Thank you, Orin,
my lost and last beloved!

You made me wise,
made me lies,
you sold me to Wine,
you, the Green Pine!

Had I no 'ddiction
but your kiss's.
Wine kisses me
now
Wine isn't fiction.

Your told the lie,
you runs the tears.
'presenting the female
race and of fears.

Nooh Ainul Islam

Listen To The First Sound

Touch the human feelings..
listen to the first heart..
the tone is from your root
the tone is for your existence
the tone is onkar...
so
shono tumi...

Nooh Ainul Islam

Pine To Wine

Orin, no Orin
beside mine.
Orin, the Pine
gone; comes Wine.

Denver sings,
I hear.
Denver, what tells,
Dear?

No girl
comes to
kiss 'n' to warm.
Wine kisses
and 'ches
so arm...

Nooh Ainul Islam

The Real Worship

No actual difference
Between Workshop and Worship had.
The single 'K' is nothing important
Except being
A meaningless letter
An' a single sing.

Nooh Ainul Islam

To Reeti, A Mate In The World Of Alienation

My Mate,
In this world of Alienation
We the beings, without having
the religions they adore,
so helpless we are, I know!
I know- Illusions these days are.
But you, my Mate, are to draw yourself
to the tade of their wastage.

Be a racist, my dear,
my dear Mate!
Flock together with your troups.
The atheists must be united!
Detect your Race and act for.
Humayun Azads should exist
for the Universe, my Mate, be united!

You may think- I'm gone
out of your days and thoughts.
You may fight against my words telling of yours
in aside. But, I'm for you, my Mate!
Come, whenever you wish! I'm your Home,
my Mate, you come!
Let the tears to dropp in my hearts
and the happiness for you- I wish!

My Mate,
in or by Water, in or by the Land,
in or on the Air and without the World,
wherever it yours
mishap, mind me; I'm at your service.

Nooh Ainul Islam