

Poetry Series

Paramananda Mahanta

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2025

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

Paramananda Mahanta(01-08-1970)

A teacher from India



PoemHunter.com

Sleep

Sleep: closest ally of life and death

My dearest I call you so often,
When I am dissecting myself,
In the reconciliatory nights,
And all ifs and buts are shaken,
To find a place in my dream.

You proved me wrong,
As I am waiting you long,
For you never divert your path before,
I wonder where do you corner your eyes upon,
And beating me in all my terms.

Today you are annoyed I think,
Putting your back upon me,
I am debilitating in your absence,
Stressed out my ailing body,
Badly affected files of my subconscious zone.

It is not good I think it's already late night,
And you put me in a turmoil,
You are my old ally with cadence so rich,
Since my body shaped its forms,
Always obeys now makes me dull.

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Missing Moon

Missing moon

My night mourns in your absence
And unloading the treasure of sleep,
Why would you deepens in my skin
when you are not there to peep.

How do you talk to my heart
So much tales in your absence,
My mattress now rewarding me
Songs of life with divine grace.

I know you are behind the curtain
To observe me ploughing my thoughts,
Next day when I will find you peep
From there I will drag you to my chest.

You are doing well in your act
So regular and evenly paced
I am just calmly waiting you
Return to my sky fully laid.

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Nettle House

Nettle house

The digs of everynight,
In the spread sheet of life.
You choose the door to enter,
When no one in the sight.

The latch opens below the door,
The ghosts of life come and go.
No bondage no ties relation cries,
But hues of beauties never shies.

Soul baths in the ovens like salted nuts,
True smiles hide with incoming ghosts.
The more liife blends the more it dives,
Deep and deep but pitchy it finds.

Now they tell me such a scary things,
How life and fate lost their wings.
Most of peace is missed in a few retreat,
Tried and failed a whole life treat.

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A Divisible Life

A divisible life

They referred me to earth
To breathe and swell my ribs,
And reaps energy from air
Subsides breezes into gentle roar
Of life to float and tame my dreams.

The beach called to fill my hand with sand
To count hard and rub the hardship,
The crystalline relations as a member
Of the society with different identity
With other and dissimilar breeds.

With the water I flow and sway in the wind
But the remains in me always to clean,
To dust and beat and end myself though
It tear away my driving rein
Knowingly shaking and raking me all through.

They watch me as a tame species
But a wildcard runs in me,
To run about the chest of divinity
In my stride and divide remains
Of my memories to mingle all hosts of lives.

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Good Night; An Unsettled End

Goodnight, : An unsettled end

When I tear up my dream
Between two beautiful sleeps,
With the screen of a Goodnight
My heart tries me down so deep.

It nudges me hard
With a thump in the chest,
Like a singing bird
To fly high to the crest.

A heap of utter loneliness
Crushes the most graceful word,
With its long compressed lips
To jump over the Goodnight grid.

The barbarous word
With its silencing dose,
Beat me hard
When I am inching close.

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New Year: A Midnight Passing

New Year a mid night passing

My heart wonders
Why you tossed into the bed so early
When the day is still to over,
The whole year counts her passage
Loaded with all if and buts
Many caring hands yet to left
Waiting with their last offering
With the comforting Thanksgivings
And some other ready for the play
For the next time next week and next year

Pain in the heart still bloating
Make shifting into the unseen world
Complex and

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Winter Grind

Winter grind

Why didn't you stand here still,
When nature moistens and frills.
Silver melts there for colour all blends,
Just a few to take the richly trend.
Is it costly for you the servant of life?
See those who struggle now passed the rife.

A real bone test for all slothful class
Take the reading in seasonal lab,
Life a filter engine in nature scale
If you cheat you falter and fail.
Go ahead men as a joyful band
Your work flows in nature to soft your gland.
If you are dragged in smoke and lime
Its course will bend to stop your chime.

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This World And That World

This world and that world

You seek me here raw or frozen,
But I am blended and molten.
You wish to receive me with the gentle breeze,
I follow the terrain amid blistering sand swish.
I am not the same dear as what you mean,
I am busy burning up my house and dreams.
My soul is rotten my heart is shaken within,
You can leave me now for the hostile wind.
Thanks so much for your gesture so cool,
But your potato soup stops me drool.
Treachery is not your name I know,
But I am a frozen dale of frozen flow.
They call you are evolved now for better,
But I feel nothing as my notoriety grow..
My love for my world and you have yours,
We change with the nature in our own sphere.
See all my friends are on share and care,
I understand your friends for feast and fair.
I still love you dear when loneliness seize,
Now make a canopy under timeless bridge.

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Wings Of Separation

Wings of separation

The whole show held and bled
The sky blue turned gloomy and red
Lesser life flexed a shallow plunge,
Hands of love withdrew for a little scorn.
They all civilians rode the sky
For ever unknown to happen.
Men are not glorified these days
For the war and self delusion.
Looks inferior monkeys,
The nature is now rewarding in strict to terms.
My friends, how are the men these days?
The force of nature now blows them away,
Little fellows run with their instinctive blades.
Cut own wings in flattering sway,
Of course zeroth the beginning
And zeroth the end,
The results of human cultivation.
Act upon only truth
As it is the only tale of generation.

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Happy New Year: my Fleeting Queen

Happy new year: my fleeting Queen

Time time time!
Why don't you sleep with me?
But I know you are mine.
You are in your timeless run
I just watch you take your turn
In the half night
And I see you are all alone.

Time time time!
You awake me
Beside the breath of my wife
And call me to kiss you,
Left me kissing
And dream till the morning
Make me sleepy and forgotten
Dragging behind you.

Time time time!
Why don't you sleep with me?
Nearly a month ago
You remind me of your return
I smell you from the distance
For your rewarding glance at me,
With my friends and lovers
They all now awoke
Hug and kiss me,
But you left flying
My fleeting Queen.

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Not Just A Life

Not just a life

O life! wherever you went before,
And wherever you wants to go now,
Is your mercy as life virtue works on,
In the rewards of pleasure seeking terms.

O life! whatever you did in the past,
Or whatever you are doing now,
May be overlooked or you may brush aside,
Is explaining your thoughts downcasted.

O life! You are the whole show not the part,
Displaying all in months and years,
It is unerringly shades its colour,
In each of your vying operations.

Life you answered me I am an unchanged species.
Quote in my forehead, the marks of reticence,
The bank of my engaged conversation,
When my shyness burning to ashes.

O life! You are a priceless seeking,
I am passionately paying the price,
For the price of my being may valued,
As I find all trials for life as kind.

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Signature Drive

When the whole night turns into a dream
Your peep reflects on the moon with a gleam.
You request me to wink as night binds my eyes
When my heart touches your shadow you tell me good bye.

Is it your shadow there I pull to my chest?
Is it your smile that lifts me up to crest?
The insane eyes there kick off for a spell,
Make me sure of a castle on pleasure trail.

It is a boss world you know as now,
People cry for bread on begging turn,
Who dole this out are fools of den,
Stay as masters for they hold the chain.

I have a fool search bullying its own
Don't get along my dear as I run and run
Life a devil in our fools eyes
Rewards you gold when you die.

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Means Are Apart

Means are apart

O my dearest sleep there well,
I am just by your side,
When time calls me for your sake,
And you search your eyes around.

O dearest I find your life flourishing there,
Like waxing moon in my absence,
With no package missing,
God settled all well.

O my dearest sleep well there,
My fortune is drifted away long,
And you have a pleasure pot everywhere,
To live make life full.

O my dearest sleep well there,
Feel free to meet your veins,
Where your life chase you to lean,
I keep tuning my rhymes.

O dearest sleep there well,
With your eyes deeply settled around,
I know you are rowing your own boat,
And I start lowering my anchor.

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Let Me Be Silent

Let me be silent

Let me be silent without any jibe,
My heart touches rest after a long ride.
Falsity is not honey but makes me haunted,
Just fly away long as peace my shade.

An iceberg is swelled up to show its chest,
My heart wings my silence to its nest.
Virtue is thy name where peace resides,
A cream of life often missed my mind.

Let me be silent for untouchables dins
Darting in the blanks rewards me nothing
Work of silence labels own values,
Principles of life often missed by fools.

Countless thoughts never guide my drive,
They rules me to wink and come like bride.
My silence alone docks me home,
It shows me ways to recycle my isolation.

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The Prompty Girl

The prompty girl:

She is standing there alone,
With her softly angled witty eyes bewildered
And looks upon happening of something.
She may find precious for his clan,
She is attended them long though unlikely they stand,
With their passivity and self seeking custom,
And fortified laziness like beggars in throng.
Many tell she is utterly joyful to work for millions,
But very silent like a tree in blossom.
She is the only educated village girl,
A pride for all as they look up to her erudite spell.
She returned home after her long study,
Got a load of ornaments and a groom ready.
She hated herself to find their state,
For their begging bowls and shameless heads.
For them values of votes counted in notes,
Who take alms are only beggars
It may from the government or any other,
She hates them and spit in their face,
Who hide their position to lick state's grace
She tells them to sweat and work for their children,
The state then can stand on its feet again.

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Paradise In Alms

Paradise in the alms

He has beard like a god,
Shows his palm above all heads.
An unreachable mysterious man
Dining with adversity of the race,
Thinks men and women born for him.

Men and women with all trying hands
At the abyss like swarms of flies,
Let them work for searching of support
He thinks they are easily be cheated
As they are not find peace and rest from generations.

As a holy man he walks on the planet
A brute with his gang hides all lust
For power and greed inside his sleeves.
He is not ordinary please mark him thrice
How and where you all lost in him.

Please check out yourselves as ghosts
Nothing more in your speeches admiring him.
Tyranny of a generation when men turn evils
When dogs searching their food on the streets,
Men licking their bowl of alms at homes.
So delicious, tasty and sweet.

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Impatient Brook

Impatient brook

Why thy move on in such a creekly space,
With noise of a hound in haste restless.
Salvage and grind the teeth of the earth,
With your engineless ride you cart.

Innocent is your walk O my dear I look,
Why don't stand for weeds and wild bush around.
So hurry with raze though destination fixed,
Only a length to cover nature make its speed.

Mine in turbulent weather for the path and way,
But not thy intelligence as I missed my bay.
Love and nature groove your path,
O daughter of earth am I in wrath?

Such rewarding your journey an adding end,
My suffering you see has nothing to lend.
Months and years now in concluding hours,
The potrait is still unshaped in design and colours.

My dear you run wherever you please,
Falls is your shelter whatever be the speed.
My ways are reversed a shameful waste,
Your bank is my home please fill my chest.

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Christmas Wife

Christmas wife

She comes so soft with a gift,
I truly inherit and suck such in delight
And makes the whole world softer,
Like sweetened yeast bread baker.
In each her spell time calls for such love,
I always follow her ways and so all others,
My life turns on to rekindle love and care,
They all turn on like me and I turn on my life.

Her lips are unspoken the way she follows,
Is it the virtue of time I slave as a slave.
A list of things humans supposed to forget
But in her calm chest I find all are shelved,
For a boxing movement I paint my face
Again human and no less.

She waits for my love to leap
With a spell on me I reawakened,
And all follow you see
To make things smooth and easy,
For the budding leaves green.
Reawakening mine and all yours
Listen she is still speaking.

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Love: A Flooded River

Love: A flooded river

Love is a flooded river
Who dips there can't stand,
If you are overflowed
It covers you with the sand.

But its fishy opening goes the shore
For the people low or high,
Your cravings keep you bleeding
Even though you are shy.

If you enter only a waist deep
It tickles your fancy and craze,
If you land one step deeper
You will find its rage.

Someone hauls at the shore
Will feel the breeze not so bland,
If you still breathing away
It buries your memory in the sand.

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My Wishes Broached

My wishes broached

O my dearest give me a shelter
Not made of bricks and lime,
Give me a dwell where hearts salvage and dine.
Give me free space round and clear,
Through your lane with den and deer.
Give me hide to lime the fun,
When time chase I like to head and run.
Trees with flowers and cuckoo with chants,
Rivers gliding waves makes hearts to rant.
Make my songs audible to wherever you lie,
My heart, a butterfly don't make it shy.
As the golden birds fed with golden dish,
Rich is the world and the whole is your bliss.
Always be here as we need your thirst,
Just mellow your traps to try my chest.
Dear God.dear God don't make me boil,
My tryst is with love but my fingers nailed.

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Peace, My Beloved

Peace, my beloved

O night! call her again
The dream is already spent,
And she is missing,
O night! call her back again
Surely she is not a bygone passing.

O day! invite her early in the calm morning,
Before the truant sun misses such galore,
An embrace of silence with the forecasted dream,
When her sleep melts in the dew drops gleam.

O pleasant breeze! shake her dreamy head,
Is not she in a senseless gear unable to hear,
The pouring rain of bullets in which the life bullys,
Draw her close before the time turns it gear.

O smiling morning! don't pass so fast,
She requests your doldrum lease,
She must be giggling with her friends for now,
And the nosy night still to left her backward crease.

O my beautiful mistress! the shade of shades,
The twenty second century child of gun point,
How do you born in the fire of all hearts like doomsday grim?
Your waken lover is already in the shapeless grind.

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A Pillow Orphan

A Pillow Orphan; A being of suffering.

I wonder her talking eyes,
Drains Nile, the tributary of her life.
In the desert of apathy,
Once the banks of her dreams.

Her tears unbroken for its unsailing depth,
She talks much to her own breaths.
For someone still inside her memory ply,
It defy her faith to redeem for joy.

She silently talks to the thousands passing hearts,
For a human shed as her loneliness cries.
For another cradle on the floor of love, ,
Where life and peace sleep together.

You are stalked with your myopic tear,
Can't see farther my blessed dear.
Your heart is gold will make you mend,
A home of God as He makes all tend.

Pain is persuasive when mind is cool,
Nudge you back door if you are fool.
Tears is pearl in the garden of love,
Humanity winks and true hearts mould.

Come with me o dear don't bite your core,
Your life will improve in self serving more.
Infidel parents are dead don't dine then more,
As pus stay in the wound may swell like shore.

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A Love Poem

Missing in the shadows of life.

When morning waits
Burying the follies of youth,
Snatching a rhyming breath
Of a simmering warmth,
Anchoring of a softly
angled view of the past.
An Inching fragrance of life
Tenders my thoughts,
Makes me unaware
Of a swallowing softness.
In a patient waiting
I fill my drained tank
With blinkless eyes,
In blossoming calmness
Gossiping thoughts,
And flickering senses
Whistling joy of a passing time
In the shadows of time,
When love dips
For a craving heart,
Searching ears
Haunted veins,
Waits for a missing you
For endless blessings,
Where love cheers
In the showers of life,
For a grain of wholeness
A patent, you in me.

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Moon

Moon: An enchanting self.

She talks to me
With her softly laying arms,
With mellowing tenderness
Gossiping my forgotten pages,
By her ever reaping charm.

She talks to me
From the heaven,
With her softly angled view
Through my heady window,
By whipping me like the shadow of dreams.

She talks to me
In the missing corners of my life,
In her searching eye,
Sending some concealed rhymes,
To my pleasure riding senses.

She talks to me
When she finds me bathing
With my beloved in her golden charm,
To see us drowned
in the silent glade of paradise.

She talks to me
When night's bending horizon,
Eclipses me to dip in divine wisdom
And life dines over years,
In her silvery woven home.

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Floating Woes

Floating woes

The morning woke
Red faced,
Blushed faced for you and me,
When tired night passed
with a chickening whistle,
Reminded its return,
To tear up my breast
With some broken threads.

My gums are swollen
For ill brushed teeth,
With course hunger bread,
And open eyed sleep,
A little glimpse of life,
still waits with a weary plea,
Seeks to go
To beat hardship,
Even the air is bleak.

I am still holding
my handful grains,
For my mother earth and me,
The soil is foreign
For its ownership,
My grains can't produce
As my wishes are stolen,
For the self divisible me,
To rant the remainder zero
With all aches of my labour.

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The Lock

The lock

Hey groom of a noble heart,
I never find you lazy nor too smart.
My bride of riches is safe with you,
Sleep in her crouch all day through.

I will not forget your loyal serve,
And how you protected my injured love.
When myself careless entered a goat,
Tore the breast of my beloved rose.

She is in my heart talks to me,
At home or away like a string.
I know you are patient with your job,
As virtue of honesty is your robe.

I feel padded and enveloped for you,
Against bouncy attack of cruelty ensue.
It is not a cricket or baseball game I know,
But you are always a helmet of my crown.

Though I am old decimated in my crew,
I saw your honesty only in a few.
I find them trying to lock their chambers,
But unlock their evils in gruesome order.

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What Can I Say

What can I say

What can I say
When your soul speaks,
And I engage in your ethereal beauty
My heart a champion now,
For the deeper it feels.

What can I say
When you are remotely seated
In my broken heart,
To pacify its polycentric logic
And you are undoing its threads.

What can I say
You mingle in my dream,
Clouded in my sleepy head
To move round the world
In its sensory spells.

What can I say
You are a blessing
To my floating emotion,
And put it in a cage
To submit its rage.

What can I say
With my butterfly heart,
Locked up sucking
On your glossy lips
For its breathing care.

What can I say
When an utter tiredness
Sleep in your eyes,
Pull your lids to dream
In a gossiping crouch.
What can I say?

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Thread Of Life

Thread of life

Stand by meo mydarling stand by me,
With the widening wall of sickness of vital veins.
I know you throw up your worn robes,
With faded colours that match beauty low.
Now life forces weak pay love's due,
For all freedom cherished a bending grew.
My life is sucked by the riches of ruin
Now the feeble breath waits to breathe in twin.
Sometimes in desert the wind is waiting,
For a single bushy flower for its love is dying.
My life will measure the depth of beauty,
It is never thin skinned for the heart so mighty.
With some senses missing my self is pure
A surrendered life only for you my dear.
Like a shake sheds leaves dried in trees
You are only one stay for the love never dies.

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Sometimes Tears

Sometimes tears

I hide some of my pleasure,
Spilled from my fleshy chambers.
I wonder its pleading songs,
How divinely it proves me wrong.
The breeze of beauty spews my lanes,
The wakes sometimes fare pimping gains.
I feel such dawns forhailing heaven,
Allows for mercy a crippling sane.
The tilt I feel a go for life,
Only life values the soulful stride.
I hate to bend on licking chart,
Life a spelling never errs the heart.
A lame falsehood will dim your glow,
Sometimes tears is life's flow.
It will move down you shouldn't wait,
Nourishing nature will silence its threat
For a truthful heart life is heaven
All wrathful hearts fall in Hell's den.

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Mother O Mother

Mother O Mother

When I saw her only as a face,
In the cradle with blank gaze.
She let my eyes whisper at first,
With her lips that tell my heart.
To open up in each single blink,
And O ma' came out in a magic trick.
She opened me a man with leaf by leaf,
All with thankfulness and unfolded grief.

With that voice louder now everybody hear,
My dormant self fly for its love so dear,
O mother! you made me hopeful
in my speechless days,
Your eyes smiles with my illusive says.
When my mouth opens it never fails to feast.
Fill me to swoon and sleep with her accentuated breast.

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My Father Stays In The Heaven

My father stays in the heaven

Why you tossed with the moons and stars
In the unseen chamber of sky,
With an immense vastness
Suffers me only to try.

I know my vision is the horizon
And you are within the doors of emptiness,
In the blind beach of heaven
In the shadows of twinkling calmness.

When my mother was working abroad
As the second engine you carried our loads,
And moved ahead my crawling limbs
To set my bones in worldly things.

Now my little heart is shaken so low
Taste the tasteless for aching blow,
Without your catering hands and eyes
Peeping from the tricky windows of the sky.

Wait there till my early return
To show you my merchant son,
When he spites me as old and ill
And throws me for your starry mansion.

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Time Clock

Time clock

O clock stop ticking on the wall,
Beating me up to run with your kicking speed.
I know you are a watchman not my guardian,
Perhaps my grand father made you to watch his ungrateful son.
I know you have never cheated on me.
Please tell time not reminds me death and disease,
I know he sails without excuses to anyone and anything.
Tell me how can I dodge his dreary fist,
I try faster to surpass the but fail and wilt.
He is so steady and I always act on whims,
I have only the accounts to beat him in passing dreams.

He is heartless since my birth,
Never gave lease to my ailing mother
When she is too tired to litfire in the hearth.
Who do you wave your hands not me for sure,
You wave for yourtrue master whokeeps you in order.
Sometimes I find you standing with me.
Makes my waiting time closer and closer,
Until my beloved's lips dashed onto mine.
You go ahead of me makes me wait for another,
Now I understand younever harass me.
A true friend, makes me realize mylife,
But I am too old to be with your pace
but your friendship.
Time refuels me again and again and empties sometimes,
He helps me to run and rest and feel the divine.

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Tempest

Tempest

Who told you to return
In such a calm moment
When the deluge of the dream thickens,
And block minds in seething rage
When your rung is scholarly mandated
To show your beating senses.

Please don't come again
In ever collapsing me
A trend I look upon,
To redeem life chances
To bear me again
From fleecing lane.

Don't roar to silence my cry
By whipping the doors of senses
My timid heart is shaken
within tottering walls of chest
Frequent life death chances
With your timeless spelt.

Who hurt you for such a rage
In the calm sea of dead night
No one hear from ever whispering breeze,
Whose sudder you felt in heart
Makes you swinging from heaven to hell
To sake things that wind up our tale.

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Stretched Legs: A Fall For Ever

Stretched legs: A fall for ever

You are making your full effort o my stretched legs,
But can you help me a little in your swelled nose of praise.
You can't walk with this position as you hide to tell,
You are grounded to a paralyzed state as I felt.
Is my legs stretched for ever for this unwarranted haste,
They are my only governors govern me to fest.
A condition for me now I can't stand to endeavour,
My family will be drowned for your reckless
nature.
I decided to chop o overstretched both
I may be on wheels but get time to cope.

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A Sketch Of Civilization

A sketch of civilization

When I move from pole to pole,
To check men's hides, check their whole.
I find them hard and scary ones,
Are they bear or wolves of the land?

I close my eyes and open my heart,
To search for a friend and search for a match.
They blink at my body and tell the air,
Smell my hide and throw my chair.

I brought a scale from divine land,
Found their eyes big and hearts so bland.
Their mansion big but virtues so foul,
To uncage evils like nameless soul.

I flew a little high to sketch a graphic,
What I saw more of a divine trick.
Now up in heaven set the sketching keys,
Monkeys for men and men for monkeys.

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Eyes From The Heaven

Eyes from the heaven

Prevails over the sun and the moon
For expelling the inner darkness,
Opens up the cages of ignorance
Torches into the truth and self.

For him most dreams come true
With his beaten words creep into my being,
Like chiselling hands of the life's sculptor
To shape it in relentless blessings.

My riches are but his golden words
Sleep always with me like my bride,
Sense each of my breath and blink
To derive in me a fulfilling pride.

He makes my wary lane clear and safe
To move ahead and ahead each step,
Makes my dull life moves faster
A passive soul now runs without help.

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New Year: My Love Glues To Old Things

New Year: My love glues to old things

My old things, my friends
My sweaters, my blankets,
My diary and other belongings,
Are still warmer to my heart.

I love new year celebrating
For so many old things with me,
More cosy to my heart and soul
For all the changes in the time.

But not for men and women
With the changing of gratitude,
Change the subjects of a country
Kicking old values in its spine.

My old things and old friends
Are closer to my heart,
Solacing to my fighting senses
By keeping values and whipping my sins.

My new friends will be gold old
The days will settle down them cold,
Life is running miles of togetherness
And they will be tendering souls of silence.

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White Rose

White Rose: A symbol of moving further.

A soft invite finds anew blossom
From a detained calmness of the vine,
Now all set to breathe a chime.
She speaks to her heart its due
What her plaits hid for long to pursue,
Like meditating sages and ascetic recluse.

She is as fresh as you find,
But the fact that she speaks only to the wind,
Her calm chest buried all the pains to sing,
She coloured her white for the purity of spring.
She needs some ink to to hide her shade,
And needs an artist to open her cages.

She needs no puppy love to calm her chest,
She has none to show her taste,
Don't sprinkle sympathy but water her fair,
She is a dove of loneliness and glare.
Meet her gloom to fill her heart,
Her beauty summons a divinely thirst.

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Sparrow: A Love Alarm

Sparrow: A love alarm

Come come comelittle bird come close and speak,
Love is a dried in me but you spill though your beak.
I have million words fail to pass out my lips,
I found it in million more in your endless chirps.
I know you surpass all crazy lovers bids,
For them love is life but your life is love all speak.

O sweetest friend of mine and my soothingglimpse,
How do you work with love and love you sleep?
Come and teach how to give such baby bites,
Not to give pain to others by my ungrateful lips.
Somehow or other it is a botheration for life and men,
Bite all hard for its deceitful and selfish gain.
I know you limit your greed and conquer the world,
For relentless greed the men are low and sad.

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Life A Spelling Of Heart

Life: A spelling of heart

A spelling of heart begins at birth,
With the beauty of a mother openly match.
The coat of love is shining after,
Only for its warmth within breather.

A simmering sense chooses to pound,
Divinity in men and women around.
For moving eyes and senses so wild,
Helping hands and praising voices to mild.

A telling touch with flowing soothes,
Heart winks with square packages.
A mesh of wit to filter the anger,
A care of virtues to guard the thunder.

Tending love for depressed may throw,
Dare the evils in venturesome moves.
Carve a patient niche in the turmoil,
To stand out storm and impatient boil.

Seek the worth on beauty may due,
Divinity is the spell for its longing virtue.
The glory of love to embark the desires,
Life is a thirst and love is the shower.

Senses are windows and heart is door,
Craving for knowledge push you more.
Chasing beauty or chasing spirit,
Life on the asking for heart so grit.

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Dove Lines

Dove lines

Gossiping with the pages
Fishing bits of you and me,
Present in the walls of memories
In the golden smithy stream.
The ever fixed glue of your eyes
Calls of yourswaying curls,
That rolls on your cheeks
Sheds from some feasting memories.

O so soothing you ! I want to find
When your greasy apple face
Bit pleasure of the neckerchief
Missing in these courting pages.
Some concealed lines slipped
From the sneaky rambling,
In the breathing relief of moonlight
To refuel me from the summer licking.

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Afghan: A Voice From Heaven

Afghan: A voice from heaven

The pitches from a hinterland,
A faint hearted rug woman heralds.
To give the warmth to all nursing babies,
Binding in her luggage her calm stories.

In her air flows her craving heart,
Her bones of peace sing at Herat.
She torches love and rekindle humanity,
In her calm chest that bears her beauty.

Now see her poppy eating baby looks,
His innocent eyes shed like brook.
His shackled mother could not save his fun,
She wants a hug for a rug but gets a gun.

Unstable her stables to stable her state,
Peace in her veins is about to rake.
For those few has buried the land ,
She awaits the day all hug her sand.

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Gossiping Eyes

Gossiping eyes

Carted by senses deep and drawn,
Mingle my heart to breath horizon.
Gathering thirst in beauty's view,
Chanting love like glistening dew.
A simmering warmth radiates in vein,
Gossiping eyes cloud sensory lane.

Dealers of heart now in concealed state,
Bottomless sink with a drowning threat.
Lead me blue and lead me black,
Stream me through and stream me back.
Hide me out and hide me in,
Reap the beauty to spill my chin.

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Alternative God

Alternative God: An aura of falsehood

In a freaky dream my morning broke,
A very
tall man was standing with hands raised.
His magnanimity is capsuled everywhere,
Bigger than a rainbow for his casted aura.
Stands with eighty thousands hands of a saviour,
All a crook he can be for the list he delivers.

He threw up all standing laws and visions,
As men are vying for the dignity of the nation.
He told them he is the God of this world,
From the distance they believe for his silvery beard.
Now for him food and health is secured,
With charted alms list for all heads lowered.

I wondered how a man is that much big,
Like a puppet of thormocol or cardboard sheet.
People convinced me he is the alternative God,
Don't try to defile him with your spiteful mud.
As I found dicey for this upcoming God,
I looked up him with my probing swords.

He moved around with delivering alms,
From the storage of hard working clan.
To make their lips bloated for him,
And doom all wise men and their king.
A beggar state goes with a beggar means,
A hollowness rules in all our veins.

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Nightingale Inn

Nightingale Inn

It sings for them in their absence,
From the speaking branches,
Of the wise old tree,
Still holds the shreds of love,
For the dying out gossiping crowds,
Of civilities in villages and cities,
Left marks here for trade our time,
For their dying out streams,
It is filling up the woes of the gardener,
Sings its heart and soul,
For a mating stillness of nature,
Without a sentence and without a word,
It is heavenly as she trills,
She whistles our civilization,
Nature is ever filled with animals or man,
A space of love is always occupied,
With the brushing guise of beauty,
From generation to generation.

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Loving Eyes: What Lost In Distant Sea

Loving eyes: whatlost inthe distant sea

She eloped me from the shore
To wade long through her fluid chest,
In her open vast nakedness
Wonders my eyes to lock within its waves.

The length of love it expands to puzzle my heart
Unseen and unheard merger in such calmness,
She teases me with the smiling sun
Drifted me with drifted wind and flattened breast.

Allures me to merge into her huge heart of acceptance
To swing by her side silencing moving eyes and ears,
In the dumb vastness where no cries to hear
She smiles for miles at me in her gleaming waves.

Ripples her cheeks with the invitation from molten lips
She is there to monkey my smiles mirrors each single blink,
I know she swallows me in her calm breast
As she is bigger than my dream.

I love to see her smiling face again and again
Even if something within me refrain
I know she is my new home
To swing and swim through the love unknown.

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New Year, Spilling Cheer

New Year, Spilling cheer

New Year New Year
Knocking on my door,
Merry Christmas just making rounds
Keeping you at the shore.

New Year New Year
Knocking on my door,
Santa Claus has passed ahead
Sharing toys and lore.

New Year New Year
Knocking on the door,
Little John has found his ways
To play with you on the floor.

New Year New Year
Knocking on the door,
Mother Mary sings her praises
When opens you her door.

New Year New Year
Knocking on my door,
Singing dancing feasting praying
As Lord will bless us more.

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Reminder: An Ancestral Review

Reminder: An ancestral review

I never pretended my state
I was an ancient father,
My heart, hands, legs and head were free
To dream in my den further.

She had put me in Her nude chamber
To see and settle with truth,
To open and expand all my senses
To reapple grains to sooth.

She kept her pot of love for me
For open search of riches,
To life and beauty brimming
With her catching guises.

You all are my sons and daughters
Carry my shell not characters,
For all of your selfish desires
Nature closes her pleading chambers.

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Touching Pleasure

Touching pleasure

Come with your pouring beauty
To wet my senses so deep,
Getting through them all at once
And compel them to sip.

My life is rolling round the years
Rubs my skins so thick,
Charge my heart with sensual pleasure
And madness at its peak.

My lungs are pushing always hard
To run for mere bread,
Calm my senses and calm my life
Your pacific lap a shed.

Fan my ears with kissing pitches
And drive me deep and wild,
Lock my senses and open my cages
To make me ease and mild.

Feed my eyes with beauty and glamour
Tender my ears so soft,
Poking you has ended my fuel
Close my future slot.

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Udderless State

UdderlessState

She is walking with herswollen breasts
Her own children didn't suck her a least,
As they are all bonded, thebreastfed millions
Others who milch her are only her stepsons.

She married and strippedher breasts in the towns
As her babies starvedthere to serve their fortunes,
They all drovenow when time locked her breasts
But it is still swollen and spilling to feed and breed.

She hasscaled thelove of her listless masters
To feed her millions of starvedsons and daughters,
She toleratedlong for theirjobs and shelter
But she is without peace and in burning altars.

She is made refuse of her own state
Her values worthless and her love isat stake,
All her sons working days and nights for her
Now kicked out of the shed and out to suffer.

Her tormented self nowsunken so low
She has decided to part awayfor theunruly blow,
She recollected all her pastmemories
Her children woke up long enough to realize her worries.

When there'sthe separation of symbiotic brothers
They now understand the worth of their mother,
Her breasts are filled for all those who seek
Her master and stepsons only bullying her in the trick.

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Evens And Odds On A Parting Way

Evens and odds on a parting way

A mother yelled at the void sky,
She told others not to remain spry.
Her child was gasping some airless tides,
But unable to cross such human divide.

She was passed almost all counting miles,
Her tiny legs collapsed before a while.
She had almost crossed the desert
Of cities and towns, of human hearts.

Her eyes faded and her life apart,
It's the state for a ruthless act.
She lost her life for her statelessness,
An induced misery of insane Forces.

She was sick for all passing sights,
Of engaging wombs run with babies in plight.
And gazing thirst of all pouched eyes,
Get blisters of cares to leg their shies.

Some angelic men show some mercy on the way,
But the grainless stomach leaked at bay.
When pumping stopped to rest her heart,
They buried her there she threw her mat.

From heaven, she sees these men,
Tears for all odds who help the evens.
It was not the train cut their heads,
They got a headless stamp for the stateless grade.

She advises men to stay in chains,
They will be killed for illicit brains.
The men are killers, the vector of these,
Put them in net the mosquitoes of evils.

She tells men to see her father,
They built their houses and bridged their rivers.

Don'todd them homeless, a stateless peer,
Whom the nation waits to set its gear.

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A Love Request

A love request

The water from the stream
Satisfies parching throats,
As it struggles out of the ground,
Your little smile
Soothes my soul,
But in your heart it is still sunken.

Life is a struggle
Complicated my living,
I am searching for you day and night,
My being is missing
My happiness soiled,
And my eyes are not with the same sight.

Don't look for the luxury,
For many life is hard,
We should stop our cry.
Happiness is almost here
Like the morning shining sun,
But you are hailing the shade.

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Gourachandra

Gourachandra:

Afulcrum in the potter wheel

He is the wheelman he is the soil man,
Makes pots of clay with his golden hands.
He is mud stated throughout his hide,
As it coats him to quote his pride.

His hair is white and his lips are black,
A molded figure of soil and soul so stark.
His eyes are red for the beating of the sand,
He sweats his tears to dry his gland.

He twins his eyes for his art and act,
For men like him, God is praised at heart.
His body is crusted like the earth of grit,
With two crafty hands of the mud smith.

He has a big family to render his tail,
They will expand his art as his arteries spell.
Divinity in him smiles in his face,
He has pride in his love and grace.

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Buzzing Bees

Buzzing bees

Buzzing bees o buzzing bees
Make your sweet and fruits for me,
Suck the flowers in such a way
Noneth a petal may fall for thee.

Buzzing bees o buzzing bees
Dancing flocks who sing for me,
Hordes of men follow your terms
To run the cities flood with glee.

Buzzing bees o buzzing bees
No more flowers for theyflee,
The garden is silent with shaky petals
Barren their life and barren the cities.

Buzzing bees o buzzing bees
No home for you and me
You are singing I am singing
As God set us a jingling team.

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Ladies For Fair

Women's Day tribute

Ladies for fair

Deep in the woods or deep in the sea,
Beauty at work with heavenly plea.
Tender the soul and tender the bones,
Mingle our senses in their zones.
Theirtelling touches flowing in ourveins,
Careour madness with their reins.
A little glimpse can mend our core,
Take us close to dancing floor.
They are soothing in many ways,
Take our time for heavenly plays.
Their soft tissues work wonders for ages,
Eyes on the bow even forsages.
They are the guardians for worldly motions,
Wheel our carts for a heavenly stations.
Happy always with what they give.
Paint your home as you please.
Some insane men and lustful eyes,
Shameless class and shameless views.
Most are sane only for them,
Get to the crest with their claim.
Treat her right and treat her wise,
It is always a heaven where sheflies.

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A Safety Warrant: Corona Alert

A safety warrant: Corona alert

O man of filth and evil,
You look scary and pale
Stop pressing the switch of death.
Listen carefully for your sake
Tell me truth don't be haste,
Where is your home?
How is your health?
Who is your nurse?
Who is your doctor?
You are sick
You are weak,
I have a news for you
You returned afterlong,
Moon is overhead now
To see you still breathing,
But your touching time is fleeting.

I am your fair wife
But touch you may be my death,
Rather I choose your confinement.
For two weeks or a month,
Hope you care
For safe family and home,
Safer community anda safe nation
We all must endure an isolation,

I can't give you a lease
Or a close space to sneeze,
No more alcohol for your drink
Keep sanitized often at basin sink,
Curtail your freedom tobail your clan
Stay at home and don't eat with chums,
Wear a mask never shake with hands
Life is precious than gold or band,
It is time to listen as a man
And count days to fulfill our mission,
If you are safe I will kiss you first

It is timeto save our hats.

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A Love For A Drop Of Ink

A Love for a drop of ink

She denies me with her passive eyes,
But touches me in her each single ply.
She rubs me to peace on the thorns of ruins,
In the rosy beds of the soul-touching lines.
I know her establishes for a drop of ink,
Where my heart sticks for leisurely sinks.
Even for some stern words and denial lines,
She lays a garden of hearts as a divine shrine.

On finding her taunting and heartfelt pulling.
I missed my thoughts with beautiful spelling.
Reclaim the quarry of distress with her words,
Someone untouched in the flow must be utterly mad.
It sets the Charter of beauty and woes with wit,
All love lynched lines tie stories of joy or grief.

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Loneliness Revealed

Lonelinessrevealed

When the vehicle of silence parked at home,
Clueless time waits for long.
Hope and hopeless allies on the run,
Loneliness reveals its pervasive song.

Friends depart with a preserved relation,
As each one pressed the safety button.
A break and test for all but none,
Loneliness reveals its pervasive song.

The clock tick past the dull longing,
Smile back all like the boss of gloom.
Driving and disappearing with dating morn,
Loneliness reveals its pervasive song.

The night is silent now silence the day,
Their merger now gets a bay.
Like wife sleeps and husband mums,
Loneliness reveals its pervasive song.

Life on trial without distinction,
To the race of men in each single zone.
And each one is tested, just hope and run,
Loneliness reveals its pervasive song.

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Midnight's Blessings

Midnight's Blessings

When the restless time blows its horn,
My heart wakes up with its lonely song.
It beats the mind with sensory stick,
Rakes the senses to seed the freak.
And love wakes for its lonely version,
Bitchly tidings are still on their run.

I am ready to sleep in forecasting dream,
In the golden grip of silence stream.
When love hoisted to spell the beach,
In God's routine for the procreative list.
Overshadowed me in close-eyed view,
A nursing warmth radiates in the heart to glow.
For the grains of divinesupplied to man,
To settle his home and swims its charm.

The dark night revolves and reverses the pain,
It is time to bury worriesand to feed on gain.
When shaking leaves wishper to feel our streams,
Life is eased off its whole to live up our dreams.
His watching remains for thepeacefulzest,
Even birds sleep in the serenity round the nests.

Pleasure dip is such darkness I never knew,
Only pleasure flights make life brew.
The shadow of love where whole realm rests,
The meddlesome spirit only dim and repent.

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Love In A Garden

Love in a garden

She is waiting for me the whole night,
With the moon on her head in her amatory light.
With thousand nosegays ready for my each single glimpse,
To spell my morning with her love ridden limbs.
I stepped into her with my dream clouded head,
Her gleaming dew softens my feet and soothes me to daze.
I drew up my lids but they fell down again,
I meltdown on her chest just ahead of the lane.
She sings in my ears with cuckoo's pleasant tunes,
She left me drunken with her beauty in my gloom.
I am inundated in her beauty flooded in each blade of life,
What a spill of the magic divine do to end my strife?

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Zeroline

Zero line: LOC of a relationship

Standing on the shoreline
looking at the waves,
Unrest there day and night
for dawn and dusk are raved.
Looking at the distant land
and looking at the sea,
They are in green and blue
for their spilling out glee.
One is standing miles for ages
Other tenders his knees,
But the shore acts as a buffer line
Always rejects his plea.
Both are trying at the shore
the zeroline of their touch,
Though hands in hands all they stand
Their identities beat them most.
When their utter distress makes its stay
people comment and say,
"the distant land and far the sea"
To keep them at their bay.

Zero line; 2

A symphony of the symptomatic life
drums always to end its strife,
Sometimes ahead and sometimes behind
It is safe to choose the zeroline.
It is the margin to start a love
And the margin of sensual zest,
A step ahead is encroachment,
But a step behind is negligence.

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Summer: The Lynching Mistress

Lynching mistress:

She is my rude mistress,
Beats me hard from the morning in sight.
Burns me melt for a drooling ecstasy,
Her sweat leeching lust drains all my glee.
Her warm lips redden my cheeks,
My throat parches for her heartless licks.

She is my rude mistress but very wise,
At night she cajoles me with gentle breeze.
Doubles her love and seduces so sweet,
Relishes my heart with berries and fruits.
She lynches me hard to bring the rain,
To save the world with a procreative gain.

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Apartheid Intellect

Apartheid intellect

A jackal all known for his wit and tricks,
Rule a forest as king of the beasts.
He eats the shreds of thrown corpses,
And pleased his subjects with all such sops.

He summoned a meeting for all such good,
His generous serving made beasts bold.
His grade is high for the ploy he plays,
He attacks opponents with fiery phrase.

He shakes his hair to change the airs,
Known to trick that all could stare.
His majestic style is only of colour,
Creates a sense as the best beast lover.

Lions and tigers are unchecked to collect the food,
All are given though meagre for the sake of good.
For all this they have to vote for him,
How can they disrespect such a watchful king.

Once a week they get their shares,
Seek like beggars now seems so fair.
They lose strength now to live their own,
Too easy for tigers to chew their bones.

Now the forest is shy with all fulfilling wealth,
Her ripe fruits are now filth and waste.
She reminds all with the care of God the great,
None would prosper for apartheid intellect.

If all ants and bears leave their work,
And chase the truth to live in dark.
Good to all and food to all,
She breasts for ages to care their whole.

Tell them all to live like Kings,
Should not eye to collect ill servings.

She has been working on individual good,
And always happy with its working glades.

She lays food for they work for bread,
She designed her branches as good carriages.
Take all of that what you want as best,
Don't lead a life with these festering pests.

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Talking To The Moon

Talking to the moon

I stand alone with passing time,
For my silent heart to set its chime.
She smiles with a treadmill run,
Spread her beauty to float my song.
She made me filled for her outspoken mirth,
I sent a message to tame her flight.
She nudged me hard for a outing,
Veiled me mad in her silky screen.
I looked up her in utter madness,
Singled her beauty in my praise.
My word chase start to get her pinned,
Team my heart for a heavenly din.
She hid her face for shameless gaze,
Come up again to beat my sledge.

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My Bathing Self

My bathing self

My soul seeking self,
I search you day and night,
in your poetry of life.
You residethere,
smiling and whispering,
with your gossiping letters,
with matchless joyfulness,
with a defined humour,
hijack my shyness,
so often within your terms.
Your soulful uttering,
tiptoed care of your charm,
nourishes my heart and soul,
with love garnished pleasure.

My divine sense chooses to pound
on your forehead and lips,
for their fast feasting serenity,
and love bathing eyes,
with their gaming intent,
cut the left and right wings,
of my plural eyes,
my bewildered senses,
of senselessness
for light footed dreams,
on your glossylap.
Look at me with your barrier free heart,
muscle my grit of silence.
to greet your embrace.

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Departed Soul

Issettled on the asking floor,
In the tired lap of the chamber.
To feast upon the departing perfume,
You left for my nose to rhyme.

The sheet scroll on the bed,
Closed pages caged for days.
Screened more of that missing sights,
Blithe to the desolate aching eyes

Now my love glues to spaces,
You shackled in the wildest of me.
Lending and leaning upon knee,
To free my desire briefing my unwanted flee.

Your routine sketches feed my heart,
In the nest of pleasure to quench my thirst.
You left my touch to reach my soul,
With leading grace for endless rule.

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Angel Of Poetics

Like happy ways She leaves me
With some sweet greetings
For waiting heart, ears and eyes,
To take the bite of tears and glee
In the courting sleepless nights.

Carry all forl forget to blink at Her face
My beating heart deniesto leave her grace
Her inviting cheeks and flattering lips,
Put eyes on my head to think so deep
Lays sneaky lines for searching eyes.

Thickens my tears toink myhead
In the spirit of searching heart's blade
With a glow of senses paves theroll,
To ensnare some gossips from hearts
In the glory of mankind and all.

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An Ultimate Martyr

He was the last of my flying squadron,
Who measured the breadth of the horizon.
The most sought after feathered fighter,
Knew to evade all predating hunters.

His striking colour sang my eyes,
The depth of beauty in the sky.
When he pitched from the heaven,
His velvet body made me insane.

He was a genius of all shooting stars,
Headed miles before the stop over.
A wizard of senses of marshalling art,
Didn't understand that deadly dart.

An arrow of cheater struck his chest,
When he let the breeze to kiss its breast.
Now no more hooting near my home,
Put me in the hell all missing seven.

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Dream Love

When my tired eyes
Whisper me to sleep,
I hold my breath and find my senses
Chasing my heart into the deep.

My deafened ears try to hear you
Calling from the shouting clouds.
My starving heart drives my dreams
To follow where you lead.

I bring you to reality
To feel our mouths pressing so firm,
Your beautiful words
Reach to places in my heart unseen.

I have never traced
Such rewarding pleasure,
Blossoming senses
With uncanny humour.

You are worthy of this love
Never known before,
I snuggle up close with expansive senses
As you love me to my core.

When your softness speaks
With its tender eyes,
My head struggles with my thoughts,
To an unknown and unscaled glee.

You speak with a tenderly gliding tongue.
Gazing deeply, you heat this,
Hunger intent to satisfy my cravings.
To reach the berth of bliss.

With the joy we roll along
Hiding the trail of stubborn eyes,
Together we reach the immensity
Of bounteous divine lease.

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Climate Change

Climate Change

O soothing Breeze

Touch me at the shore of pleasure,
Extend your love laden wings.
Girdle me with your gossiping clouds,
In the way you tendered my forefathers.

Come when I walk through the meadows
And on the kissing signs of the sun in the forest grid.
Filming through the vege panes,
Talking to the trees at the waving leaves
In the divine lane.

Don't burn me a cake
With my father's factory fumes,
Brothers' spiralling car dust and killing gases,
Chasing me in the darkest moon,
To a state of meanslessness.

Lease me a life in your state
To bloom petals in me unchecked,
To embrace things of beauty you sown.
Linking me the era of bygone,
In the blooming earth In the mellowing sun.

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Mother

Once my mother blessed me
With good fortune and good life,
But her dream unfelt
With the advent of my wife.

Now I can't remember
When my home was smooth,
As with love and affection
She made it stress proof.

Yesterday she told me
That she was ill,
Her legs are frozen
But heart is still.

She is fighting
With her age and disease,
I took her hospital
To set her at ease.

When her humble life began
At her creamy age,
Made her simple and silent
As in golden phrase.

When I yelled at her
To give me three dancing bread,
She granted a broad smile
At my belly roundly fed.

She is lonely now
In her emaciated health,
Air is not friendly
With her grasping breath.

Her body is poor
And love still rich,
When I lose my temper
She keeps me peace.

Freedom

My butterfly heart flutters through the window,
Suffers doors of denial life throws,
With the thirst for beauty,
To sing the joys of summer,
In the countless breathing humour.

It gets stuck for your half skirted smile,
With leaning acceptance,
And mouthful pleasure,
It sucks and swoons days and nights,
For months and years.

Your cheerful beauty now opens to deluge,
And my soothing vision merge,
In an uncharted depth of warmth,
My endless end is with you as I feel,
Is the next door of life has forged.

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Rose

You came like a beautiful dream
And sat in the middle of the garden,
My unconcerned heart began to chime
Finding a rose to kiss in its vine.

Your beauty spread in the garden
With the fragrance of a pink,
Charmed me to come to the front
Ease all my pains in a brisk.

I saw your rosy lips opened
To say the most graceful word,
It rippled the horizon
Like reflection in the sand.

The proud rose invited me to step in
To delight my spirit in such beauty's galore.
Listening to godly sermon in the morning
My dream bit leaned further.

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God

O moon! Of driving senses,
Merge me in your oceanic pleasure.
Tame my fleeting desire,
A bondage to sip your lips in care.
O Dear! open the veils of your heart,
Open it by pages to trace my writ.
To make my pale hair go dark,
In finding your smile shining to bask.

O Love! You are gleaming through the night,
To fade stars but allows my sight.
My restless heart set a cosy chime,
To read the ecstasy the divine rhyme.
O Dove! I honour your raging
in all short week's breath,
With your repairing Sunday smiles.
A juicy corner opens in your treasure chest,
To relish your grace and beauty of senses.

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You

when ice cladded winter
Chilled my bones,
You call me to challenge
To breathe your calmness,
And to measure my veins.

Time is still notshaken
Rubbed me frequently again and again,
Like thorns of golden rose
Stab my heart,
So stubborn to haunt.

A sullen reply I pass
O truest of you,
I a built of nothingness
A carve of silence,
Is not less true.

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