

Poetry Series

**Pranabkumar  
chattopadhyay  
- poems -**

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# Pranabkumar chattopadhyay(27.12.1953)

Pranabkumar Chattopadhyay is one of the unique poets of the Bengali Literary arena. He was born at Kolkata in Bengali year is a whole –hearted poet in Bengal. He has been writing on many Commercial and non-commercial magazines for long year. He is the famous Bengali poet of Seventies. He always believes on pure poems. He is very unique, self – centered, nobel hearted poet among the highlighted poets of Seventies. He has a unique style in writing creation which can make him one of the great poets of thousand years. He has made the combination of modernity and post modernity with the base creativity. The literary crefies have identified him as the modern format of the poets, Sudhindranath Dutta and Bishnu Dey. He is not on belief on the instant emotional feelings or ornamental uses of words or political based entertainments in poetry creation.

The whole world, science, Society, Philosophy, History, spiritualism is the Theme based matters of poetry creations. His poems are spread beyond the place and time barrigations. His hearty appeal for every life and material is acting as catalyst for his writting creation. His long poems based on continuous researches with traditional or non-traditional style can be claimed as one of the best of the thousand years of literacy. He has received much honour from people of Bangladesh at the time of tour with "Souhardya 70".

His published poetry books are:

- Padma Koraker Buk Sisire Bhejeni.
- Achandik Mantramala.
- Shaktiman Suparman Naradrakader Deshe.
- Anathapada Samhita.
- .\* Shankhalaga Rode

Some of his written dramas:

- Raktakta Angola.
- Ashimyudisher Rajatwa.
- Tin Hazar Tinsho Teatrish.

He is a singer and actor awards for many times in stage performances with different Drama groups.

# I Can'T Say

To became upset, withal I can't say that 'monsoon is ill'  
Still I can't say monsoon became saddened while Moon is in an eclipse  
In spite of that the rain begins in tiny drops, fever came with shivering  
Smearing with crops you chilled soothing virgin at the full-blown courtyard  
I can't say: 'Oh! Paddy maidens, Let me give please some grains'

Brimming on the waves of 'Shravana'\*

Again it's sleeping on the make her awakened?

'Mind is upset' means -the pain, Means- to procreate eternity

May be virgin, though it's a sprout, extinct seeds of this earth

'Illness of monsoon' means -more enlightenment, let it suffer much.

- Shravana(July) = Bengali month, monsoon period

Pranabkumar chattopadhyay

# The Change

Smearing the dropping sunlight the smile standing  
On the courtyard in rows  
The language made by the sound of dried leaves, that  
Language is the collision of heavy boots.  
In the body of the terrified girl there is legality attached with  
All these being accumulated. All these are the capital  
Of the ensuing dawn!  
Just like the dawn emerges from into right  
Since the time of creation.  
But the smiles, laughters? Something else, or like the same?

2

Sunlight travels sitting on the wings of fear  
Sounds in forests groaning in a low voice  
Babla-Garan-Shaal-Mahua and the hidden  
Bushes move and some people whispers  
And appears helpless faces smeared with cloud.

Two lac roses for a little smell of boiled rice  
Most of the bloodshed from two full tubs  
And the pen's eyes become full of  
Tears when it tries to write down those letters...  
If their strong demands counted as insurgence  
Then, I, Sri Pranabkumar also an insurgent now.

Pranabkumar chattopadhyay

# The First Poem Of The Universe

'Aaaa...Eeee....yutsammmm.....nituiiiii....hetaiiii  
onk onk hoos siim, hoos siim onk.'

She was seen on the top of the 125 storied trees  
The giant Sun jumped upon her hairy body  
The chain of the sounds which were coming from the far- off the mountains  
and appears as relatively meaningless, but  
that was the first garland of words strung by her  
Perhaps that was the first language of deep pain;  
thus were expressed by her innovated language  
and perhaps, that is the first poem by the first poet of the Universe.

Stringing up birch leafs she covered her delicate and thin waist  
'Som' and like that other creepy plants and flowers  
were hiding her perky breasts  
All the other female, those who were in their birthday's dress  
became astonished, ignoring them she went on in dancing step  
in a down stream

The reddish chic shaking with bashfulness  
A chain of sounds were coming from far end  
She replied: 'Aaaa...Eeee....yutsammmm.....nituiiiii....hetaiiii'  
A blond wave flashing through the air

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