

Poetry Series

Rafiqul Anowar
- poems -

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Rafiqul Anowar(15/10/1978)

Rafiqul Anowar Russell.

Born in 15 October,1978 in Chittagong, Bangladesh.

32 years old and used to work on alternative films and run a small Film and Media Study Center named ' AJANTRIK' (means 'Not mechanical') . Studied in English Literature and completed M.A. in University of Chittagong. Major interests in Film, and that introduced the most influential audio-visual artworks of the world. Writes short fictions, Film Scripts for Films & Animations and Poetry. Has some Film criticisms for children magazine and works in Independent Film and studies Media by own interest.

Most favorite and influential poet is Jibonananda Das (of Bengali Literature) and T S Elliot, S T Coleridge. In film, inspired by Andrei Tarkovsky and Akira Kurosawa.

A Wish

'Feel free to think;
free to do anything,
to say any words.
'Cause m not a part of burden.
Not a load to carry in life.
Don't be disturbed by me.
Switch off the image of mine
when it is distorted;
Down the volume my words
when it makes noises to u.
Feel the freedom to dream,
feel the sunshine without the heat.'

Rafiqul Anowar

A Word

If it happened one day, a 'Word' told to me and
That broken the silence of thousand years.
The life would get at least
Something better than nothing.

If it happened, a rainy morning' washed me away
And whispered 'It is the end of life, my friend'
The life would get at least
Something better than nothing.

Rafiqul Anowar

And That Is...

What was the fault or what is now?
Why you are anxious or angry?
Ignorance or avoid, why these are for me?
How I hurt you or bother?
Where I missed you and where I lost?
Why the silence in the mid ocean?
For what, I am born thirsty in my own river?
Too many asking I have for the sky,
And too many answered I may deserve.

I was warned like ICARUS:
'Fly not too high,
so that your wings will be burned by the Sun,
And Fly not too low,
so that you will be fallen down to earth.'

Rafiqul Anowar

Between You & Me (Part – 1)

'I saw she was sleeping,
her eyes were closed.
A sleeping princess in a castle
near the mountain down.
No body was there -
Only she with her body,
was lying in the bed.
Lying - The Beauty that I found
after thousand years on the earth.
Closed eyes - The Skinny white hands
Were on her chest,
No life was there -
In that stoned figure
There was no heart at all.
Perhaps there was -
But not for me as I thought.
So I couldn't wake her,
Though I believe
She will be alive one day,
May be you can wake her
by your touch.....'
Thus Kumar ended his story of love.
And we all listened.

(Extracts from the poetry 'Poroshpor' by Jibanananda Das')

Rafiqul Anowar

Between You & Me (Part – 2)

The night was starry –
I walked alone
In a foggy moonshine,
Where the river quite flowed,
Heard the whispers of the waves.
I stopped at night
Of a Winter or the Spring.
Coldness of the winter
Wiped away from the nature,
That time – the south breeze
Flew to my window
And my night was sleepless at all.
In the land of that Spring;
Of life – of youth – I was awoken,
But she was in a dead deep sleep.
As frozen foam she appeared
beside the river;
Lying like Ivory gravestone.
She laid – her chest was covered
by her skinny white hand.
And the rest -
God save us
From her glimpse of the beauty!
Perceived by one, not by many;
which faded wholly
At the moment of Dawn.
I'm still searching for her,
That Princess of my story,
As I believe; for long years,
She is lying somewhere
In a deep eternal sleep.

(Extracts from the poetry 'Poroshpor' by Jibanananda Das')

Rafiqul Anowar

Emptiness

Is this a Forest, where I lost?
No bird is singing here,
No shadow of beasts
Even no howls of wolves in the darkness.
Alone, with the fear
But here's no ghost or evil to be feared.
Whom do I fear?
Here's the Giant tree of grey-
No leaves on branch, no sign of green
Blurred sun in the evening horizon
Cloudless sky -
Softness that forbidden over the rocky mountain.
Am I lost here?
Like a science fiction's alien planet?
But the moon is same here one,
Even the Sun or Sky, just turned into other tone.
I am out of sleep tonight,
When the night of dead will end?
Is time passing around me?
Or I am standing year and year, no move-no walk.
Am I feeling cold?
The Silence is the part of the nature
No light on the sunshine only the heat
Breeze is here but without motion, without whisper
Lightening without thunder,
Where I am,
The river that sucked all its water, no spider web
in the deep of the jungle -
Where none had come for long long time.
Smokes with no fire or smell nothing
No way to get out of it...
What I'm doing here?
Waiting for the rain over the far mountain,
on the shore of bleak ocean?
('Do I dream to disturb the universe? ')
Do I dream?
Of green from distant eye,
Or do I die
Alone, in this emptiness?

Rafiqul Anowar

Flame By A Fire Stick

That was an old story –
As that was a life long ago before this living:
I showed you the way to go
And came back in the darkness with silence,
You didn't look back - even said nothing and; -
My heart was full of emptiness.

Like a fire stick flamed in a moment - and burned-
On the dust of broken hulled ship at the port of my life; where
Stillness turned in to a violet sea. Golden hair of the cloud –
Faired the sky with the beauty of heliotrope.

It is my life now; so it is yours; Here it is the serenity
of human in this earth.
Days I loved you, like a lagoon I hold the place
Of a distant ocean in the darkness.

As I wanted – wanted so.... (With a deep breath)
Who felt no tear for a moment in Love!
Yet – I showed you the way to the stairs, and
I returned in the silence.
You won't look back - even didn't whisper -
And so, I asked nothing in that night.

Like a fire stick flamed in a moment - and burned -
On the dust of that broken ship:
I saw you to go toward the stairs,
And I came back with serenade in the darkness.

Rafiqul Anowar

Funny Joker's Remembrance

The joker lived in my town.
Made fun
And made people happy with his life.
Children played with his old beard;
Curious of its snowy whiteness.

Think if I were like him!
If people be happy with my fun like him,
But I fear.

At night
Joker slept in dusty corner of the street.
No blanket, no bed, no pillow under the misty cold sky.
Felt as he was alone as the sky.

Far from the sky
Stars were amazed by his dazzling eyes -
Full of dream, passion and fantasy.
As he was happy with his all,
As an angel who never whimpered on pains,
Only brought beauty and joy to human life.

Giant skyscrapers covered him one day
And he died today like any other day on earth.
No one knows, no one feels, no one even asks
Where or why he has gone forever remain us happy.
Earth covers his body,
And sky swallows his soul.
Stars remains only gloomy all the night at his funeral.

Why he wanted to be joyous with his fun
While his laughs reminded not of himself.
Where he was: a son, a husband, and a father
Nothing does exist there anymore now.

I loved him once,
And I promise I always love him with
My breath and my memory;
Though I fear,

And I feel- wanted never be like him.

Not all are ever succeed thus I know but
Why you failed in your life father -
Mourning, mourning, mourning and I cry.

Rafiqul Anowar

Good Bye And Remember Me

"What do you think,
they will remember me for a long time? "

"Not So long, but for sometime."

" And then? "

" And then they will forget you,
.....this is life"

When the angel finishes,
he starts to cry.

A green open field remains surround them.

The evening light is playing in the wind,

Birds return their nest, they all hear:

The colors of sadness

spread in the western sky.

With all of these, the sun goes down
at the time of saying good bye.

Rafiqul Anowar

Happy New Year To You

Let us forget despair
Forget the bitterness
And the sorrow
Never think to be witness of cry
Let's have some talk
on the sandy shore of blue ocean
Let's make love
Beneath the golden horizon of dusk
Let's see your eyes, twinkling
Like stars over the distant night sky
Your smile as painted on your lips
The gentle breeze that wipe away
Dark single hair from your pale face
From the poetry of ancient time
You sit beside me. And we talk
Let's forget all bitter pasts
And love the shiny morning of today

Rafiqul Anowar

In A Silence

A pulse of silence,
It is my world
and Agony
In a moment of numb
No memory and no past
Obsessions
of beauty but no nature
Amongst all dead forests
No heart to feel any Love.
Alas!
Wrong one for wrong place
all the time
May be it is life
Not all are lucky in this world
Not all are happy
On a highway at noon
Beside the desert land
Roaring sand storm
of grey horizon line
of Destination end
Feels no Fear,
Beauty of sunshine
Over the mountain, far away
Hear no Rhythm
Of water
In the deep river of life
Grief over the
Cityscape of
False and Fashion
Glamors and Choirs
of Business -Money
Juxtaposition of images
of signs and commercials
Miles and Miles
Time to Time
The reflection of living
die away.
It is they say Nostalgia,
But I have no memoirs

of golden moments
but the bitterness
and the pain
Like fireflies ride
all the life
Beneath the darkness of
grassy ground.
As my poet says,
'The life of grass hoppers or a bird,
Never meets the human love'

September 30,2010

Rafiqul Anowar

Lie

Truth's world,
Let's have some lies for living;
for breathing in each new morning
To have faith in life
Some wishful lies:
As a day begins with my sunshine.
I should have a dream
That a love waits at my door,
Whisper on her lips and shy.
As friend makes me assured
I'll not be forgotten in our time.
I need to imagine -
A starry night teaches me
How to catch the falling star.
Fancy the magical moments:
I am running after my kids
On a green grass land, behind
Their cheerful faces of wonder
Evening horizon with golden light.
I am waiting for a great lie,
Will cover my agonies,
My past and those sorrows
Fade away by the golden stick
Of fairy queen from a land of dream.
Can you help, my friend?
Is anybody will make those promise?
Somebody, angel or prophet,
Are you here to show me the path to lie?
I am dying here to get out of
This state of truth,
The bitter reality of loneliness.

Rafiqul Anowar

Magic Girl:

You know how the magic girl came to my world?
She was hidden for many years into the dark deep ocean,
As a nymph, was happy in her own land
Was full of her own sorrow and joy.
As silent meek bird, never dared to cross the ocean.
But she loved the blue horizon line;
She loved to swim all over the world.
Though never thought to go out of her reality.
Once I was the traveler, forced by a terrible storm -
lost in the mid sea; as a cursed sailor - about to die
with fear and hollowness.
I met her on a shiny morning
And she saw me - a strange man, violent pirates
of the distant sea, a human kind.
Though I was not good man, or gentle ever
But the girl of the magic land saved me and took me
As an innocent being. So one day she imagined to fly,
I told her the beauty of flying in the sky
- the dream of being wild in the mid ocean,
Under the cold blue water -with passion and warmness
she breathed like a living doll between my hands.
She told me all the tales of truth and reality,
I told her all the stories of lie and dream -
And I told her only to love me for a while.
On the dust of broken hulled ship, I gave her my tenderness
And then she left and disappeared.
May be I was not so true to her;
I, human kind never be a truthful being.
Has left me though she taught me how to love
She left me as she never wanted to be a girl of lie.
I remain on the dead-land with emptiness
Nothing remained with me but the truth of her love -
And the smell of being wild for one night,
It lasted like thousand nights.

June 02,2010

Rafiqul Anowar

Me And My Solitude 01

'Your life whirled in the miseries.
And our relation
became strange in time.
Now we meet in fog -
in the cold moonlit night
But feel only the presence,
see not each other.
If I cry much on that grief,
the tear will end forever,
May be for that sadness,
my eyes will be lost forever.
I don't know where the last sorrow
laid in this earth:
So, I've kept an eye for that,
hidden in my heart.'

Rafiqul Anowar

Me And My Solitude 02

Strange to have memories of you these days.
You were not there and you are not here also,
But when I remember, why do you exist everywhere?

As long as I think of you, I can hold myself.
As long as I see your deepest blue eyes...
Feel I am alive and lucky enough to have love for you.
Though I sense a cry hidden inside you,

I prayed rain to fall so wildly
as no one can see it.
I asked the pacific wind to blow the bagpipe -
So that no one can hear anything but -
your whisper, When you will talk to me
in my imagination in the midst of moonshine.

Now you can come to me and sit for a moment -
To tell the last words, to say me good bye.
The story I had written sixteen years ago,
Even our last conversation...but
It was just a wait, waiting for the wound.
Like Tristan dying at the shore, waiting for -
For your love only.

Walking beside the sea -
Thinking what you have not to say in that morning.
What I have to decide and what I will do after that.
People loves to remember and will forget also-
The love stories of the world.
And they will stop thinking about us in time.
So as long as I am alive,
I'll keep watching magical moments in your eyes.

Rafiqul Anowar

Me And My Solitude 03

As we sit, and see
each other in a café,
Music is playing
by the forgotten Singer.
You wanted to talk,
but I request to be silent.
I wish,
I could see you for years!
May be that wouldn't be
not enough.
I wish:

'In your eyes,
the expression of wonder
and beauty.
The wind that makes the heart of lovers
comes from your look.

Here comes the night
of fortune for us,
And from who the world is so far;
she is close beside me.
Many words we shared
but still there are so question to ask;
What I told always in my dreams
every day, should I tell her or not?

As you bring also that fire,
the moon is only a shadow
of your glory.
Your glaze that frozen the heart,
turned in to the ice,
So I pray:
if I would cross the whole life
drawn in that moment! '

... and the song be heard. ¶

Melancholia

May be I was not wrong in the past.
Though the history hurt me manytimes,
But I never cursed anyone.
I believed it was my fate:
Not all men are lucky in this world.
Today when I see her, I cry on the sufferings
That she experienced for a long time.
Here I have nothing to say, but-
Nothing was wrong in the past.
May be all we are right in our time and space;
But all we suffer by our mistake and error.
As my guardian angel told me once:
"Error is error in your life, my friend,
But try to correct the error is making another error."
So I wish her all the best for the future.
'Cause I believe: Past is only memory,
Future is expectation
and Present?
Present is nothing but a gift!

Rafiqul Anowar

Morning After A Sleepless Night.

Here comes the night of fortune;
LOVE is the word
gone beyond our imagination.
Not we are so dreamy now,
like we were in our young old days.
No passion for madness,
No Feelings for helplessness,
No Cry for mankind.
Life is whirled in the same circle:
From dawn to dusk - from birth to death.
And no happiness can makes us happy or surprise
on a shinny morning.

Times has gone away- its true;
And we became old before the age.
Some of us desires to be free -
'Free as a bird' – as they said, (though I know
I am not that fortunate like Phoenix Bird.)
Once I was told by a wise ghost
of ancient memory:
'You will be annoyed
when someone madly care for you,
But the real pain comes,
when there is none who has care for you. '

Our time is cursed, as I know – But till this day
I really dream of that beauty – that face –
in each morning, I wake up with her memory;
I feel a 'Word' told to me –
And that makes all difference in my world.
You get it or not -
Who wants to live a life without love.

June 11,2009

Rafiqul Anowar

O My Blatant Heart!

O my blatant heart!

What is your quest, what is the demand?

Here I am starving in the desert - Sahara,

Don't know why?

As if I am born thirsty in my own river.

Light, there are glows all the places, why?

There is a shadow, also a mystery though.

What is the destiny, what the danger -

Have no idea.

Even don't know why is this waiting or for whom?

The life seems careless and maddening.

The sky remains silent, and earth has no sound.

Only the heartbeat sounds alone,

Why in this space?

Tell my barefaced heart!

What is your quest, what is the demand?

Rafiqul Anowar

Reborn

An unexpected sadness has born,
In a moment of silence, here strikes
Some sorrows from foamy water of the sea.
As if the ancient violin stopped to play in a distant city.

I hear the cries only, but no chaos – no sound of water fall.
I am waiting under a light post in an empty city at night.
Watching – This night the Himalayas (1) are shaken;
Fujiama (2) roars like the doomsday, written in the Holy Book,
Whistled by the 'Hisrafil' (3) and by the will of God,
The world has doomed in a time.

And then, yet I hope to think -
Seeing the dew on the grass' top, where
The rainbow smiles,
The bohemian wind that comes
With the smell of green field - pushes my chest with freshness,
And the Sun goes to sleep in the dusky sky
The cricket feels no rest at night.
In that silence -
I remember again the old violin player of our time.
Hear his music with rhythm of fire flies' journey in darkness -
Each moment, I feel the memories of her,
Like water drops on burning rock, in
Each breath, here has born again, 'Love.'

Rafiqul Anowar

Regret

Tonight no more poetry I'll write,
No words are playing in my brain,
And no texts are making
Any sense in my wish;
Even no emotion for pretty moment
I feel this night.
My heart is full of pain,
As I hurt someone, for many times
Thus I know, I gave her such soreness
Whom I loved much in my life,
Whom I never forget for
a single moment in my life.
I gave her fear and
I became the invisible eyes to her
What she can feel -
but couldn't see for long time;
Passed the night without sleep
but with horror.
I'd been looking her as an angle of old story
And my wandering was like waving the sword
Into the empty air,
Means nothing to the real world.
Now I'm ashamed of my love,
I hate the way I loved her,
what gave her agony
and the sleepless nights.
I was wrong and drunk
by my own thoughts
Never live through what other side
would feel the acts.
Now I curse my passion,
I blame my selfishness.
Can't ask the forgiveness
- but disgraced.
I know love is life, but a life
with scariness and horror
Is not a love at all.
My affections that made you cry,
Fantasies became nightmares to you

And I can't be proud as a lover.
Here my friends are pointing me
as the sinned Ancient Mariner
It's all about I loved you, and
failed to knock in a right way.
I was wrong in my story,
But the truths beneath my faults,
Nothing has any meaning at all.
My love,
What else I ask, except
The forgiveness for this act;
What else I do, except
Curse my fate in this moment.
So, my pray tonight:
If you wish, please forget,
If you will, please forgive.

Rafiqul Anowar

So Far So Good...

Things are changed really; I can hear it in the air
No river of fortune makes us happy, unless
we are cherished by the memory.
Depressions are only friend of loneliness
Sky remains silence and the Hope.....
Days are breaking upon the shore...but
I m on my little boat, Crossing the wild Ocean...alone...
Unknown of the distance; untold of the destination - but keep moving on.
In each moment I pray to God, dun no why,
Inside my mind: So far so good, So far so good...So far...

Rafiqul Anowar

The Day You Decided To Go –

I know why you are upset;
Alone on this grey sand shore
Sitting;
The waves of silent sea, numberless
And the evening, while
Red eye sun spreads upon the painted sky.
You are not thinking
of me, I know my love.
You are crying -
Even the mountain river
will not hear your sigh;
You will walk
Beside the forest, no tree or bird
will come to meet you, again
The color of green will
Miss your dance
Over the twinkling ground
after the heavy rain. And
the big melancholic cloud will go around
to shadow over you
They will tell nothing but feel -
Something you decided
Some how, you will leave all these
Songs of life
Where you born, you played
and learned first to love me.
I am no one
from a no where of fairy land
Unlike the prince,
I came to your door with an empty hand.
You walked with me,
And taught me how to love
You talked to me,
and told me what is love.
I walked and talked but
Couldn't win your heart
at the end.
Now, your heart is bleeding
feel no sunshine on your shoulder

No warmness in your lips,
But you will leave, forever
My heart and my love
I know you will not miss me
Never will feel anything,
but you will miss the whole spring breeze,
the autumn blue sky
under the Flamboyant Tree;
You will remember yourself
Only, the one
Desired to fly over the cuckoo's nest;
For a while or forever.

Rafiqul Anowar

The Fable Once I Heard....

It's really something miraculous to me.
Some thing strange I am writing now.
Actually know nothing what to do.
I am just digging and taking out the body of the dead,
of something, of someone whom I buried sixteen years ago.
It's nostalgic, but I amazed:
The body I expected as skeleton remained fresh as today.
I can smell beauty and feel the breath of that love.
Then I realize to bring life to that body.
I don't know where to put the golden stick or the silver stick –
by the touch of which, The Sleeping princess will awake from the eternal sleep.
The Princes got sleep by the magical power of unknown
Witch of our ancient time. And a prince will come and wake her –
thus the fable I heard when I was child.
I am not the prince. But I see her now.
How can I wake the Princess from Sleeping Kingdom?
The poet reminds me:
'In a moment the world will get her once and then lost forever'...

Rafiqul Anowar

The Mood Is Young (Fezaa Bhee Hain Jawaan, Jawaan)

The mood is young,
And the breeze flowing gently,
The ambiance is telling the story -
which is already known.

The tenderness of spring
is calling from the far,
Its tone has lost in the color -
Longing for expected someone.
And the lips of the waves are full with
the stories of faith and understanding.

The thirst is quenched but still remains thirsty;
What sort of thirst is this, I don't know -
Till the day pleasantness of the heart,
Feels not too far or not so near even.
Like a hide & seek game of light and shadow,
Like a fun of this closeness and this distance.

As I want to hold a moment for pleasure
But another one instant passed away.
Of anxiety, of separation: each and every moment
Passed away, making a mark in my heart.

Rafiqul Anowar

The Thing Always Happens That You Really Believe In; And The Belief In A Thing Makes It Happen

This is the time I know, today-
In midst of the dark deep night,
I feel the emptiness, at last...for this life.
Ran alone for many times, and the human had lived a long life on this earth,
For nothing, for no meaning at all.
But we lived....Its true;
A fallen rebel visioned the truth once:
"Man lives for two days, first day for himself and -
The next day for his child."
This is the destiny, this is the eternity of human bondage.
I wanted to believe one of that
Happiness, One day of finding the true heart..the true love
Though nothing lasts forever
In this earth, man had lived long long life....
With fear and with sorrow;
And we die for hollowness on this earth.

Rafiqul Anowar

To The Troy

-And when my friends asked me,
'What will you do, if she'll come and whispered a Word
For that you were starving for thousand years? '
I replied 'I will burn the Troy for the Second time.'
Then Helen asked from the book of ancient memory,
'Why do you say so?
Why do you longing for miseries and blood of people
When you feel love for a woman? '
The Troy that bled the bodies of Trojans and the Greeks'
I knew the story, I replied.

Agamemnon wasn't for Helen but for Troy, he came;
Menelaus was not for but Revenge and Pride;
Achilles was not for but Power and Victory;
Odysseus was for loyalty and promise...
Hector was for his country and worship of God,
Only the Paris,
He took the courage for his love and affection for Helen.
Through the confusion and conspiracies by the Gods and
Goddesses, the war ran for ten years.
And then Troy had burnt,
There built no Troy after that - this I know
As an wise man said to me once,
'The world is cruel my friend,
No man had ever died for their Cruelty and wrath,
But on earth, Men died many times for their love for Mankind.'

I said all those to my friends, and they are gone:
"I am not the Prince nor a King or the General.
I am a wounded soldier"
Realized then:
For love, I can never burn the Troy,
In love, let's built thousand Troys in imagination.

March 03,2009

Rafiqul Anowar

You

"May be there will be no world for us,
No river will meet the ocean
No rain will be after long break of dry sunny days
No flowers will bloom for any happiness
No sheds of tree upon us
when we will remember each other
Only the wind will carry the flute
with your warmness
The twist of your eyes and the sweetness of lips
There will be no world, but you will remain
in my time...forever and ever."

Rafiqul Anowar