

Poetry Series

Sk. Nurul Huda
- poems -

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Sk. Nurul Huda()

This is . He permanently lives in a village Punnyagram, under Memari Police station, Burdwan, West Bengal.. about 67 km West from Kolkata. He begins his writings from the early school life. from class seven he was a subscriber the monthly science magazine Kishor Gayan Bigyan' published from Kolkata by a reputable used to take part in quiz and science -oriented rhymes used to make many models guided by the es listening radio was his passion and almost a hobby....dramas on radio was a favourite programme along with songs and news...the correspondence with foreign radio-channels..their programs in Bengali was also the happy days in school life e, g. Japan-radio NHK. BBC, Ahaban by Shrilanka etc..

but from H.S in science and then college and service all come in priority expelling the other sides...though it may seems mere excuse....He says.

" I believe I am not a poet or a writer neither by birth nor naturally i.e.I am not so spontaneous...if I write something I know it is after(here I believe T.S. Eliot's..stitching and UN-stitching theory) a hard struggle from my experiences and a little understanding of men and of the world...but I have only a passion so I am very enthusiastic for the writings of my Ongoing poetry-book " SONGS OF 26 & SONGS OF 47" ..here i have a specific goal.....I am not devoted to literature...my family and surroundings come first..."

Now he is an assistant teacher in a high school(h.s) namely Hizole High School(H. S) 'under Kandi block in the district of Murshidabad, West Bengal.

He is a journalist also.....writes columns...though he is freelance reporter he is deeply attached to two regional newspaper cum literary journals Rar Darpan and Murshidabad Alokshikha....in Bengali.....

Poems and literary, political, social essays, both in English and Bengali are frequently seen in some Bengali Magazines and dailies.....

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Sk. Nurul Huda

A True Love Story

The Beloved night was challenged to show her love
If stronger-
By her LOVER Day.
'Waite sometime', she requested.
Then SHE transformed herself to Day.
The day repaid his love by doing the same to Night.

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Sk. Nurul Huda

A Very Common Discovery

I was a student of class nine,
And the class was on algebra
Sir was busy to teach how to take
COMMON in some factor like some;
My dull brain was busy to discover
The answer-what is the common
In everyone to say in every human being?
My mind failed on that immature day.
Not only on that day but
Years passed, I failed.
And my mind did and do
And also is doing many things,
But to catch a conclusion.
'We are the common men.....
.....' was the starting speech of
A leader in Brigade plenam of the cpi(m) in Kolkata.
The very word COMMON Compels me to
contemplate again on my lost
Question and its answer.
I catch the train at Howrah Station.
It starts to run...runs and
Stops at some stations
Fixed for this. I was
Sitting beside a window and
Eyes were to the outside skyline and to the earth
though not my mind.
Is it not an epiphany when I Tell YES?
I invent, though you may
Call it a discovery.....
Everyone writes poems early Or late,
And everyone is written in a poem Or poems.

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Sk. Nurul Huda

A Weapon

It was that I possess a fresh and sharp weapon,
Spontaneously I used its bloody & reflecting middle part;
She was and some were wounded easily but not killed.

Time passes

Suddenly I discover it is not so useful now,
I learned, from a man of three heads, some tips,
I use its top part also to select the victims,
They are now seriously wounded,
And sacrificed some drops of blood also-
but not dead when chopped.

Time passes more...

Now it gets too old and matured,
And the second part also is tested and used,
I visit some men of many heads like before...
I learned

Now I use only its bayonet like little part,
I kill whenever I intend....
Some who want to suicide search even for,
My weapon first....

But for future I am not so glad
What would its duty?
Memories or the use of its all parts
In different times.

R-sk nurul-2016

Sk. Nurul Huda

A Wordsmith And Rider

I could not drive the bike but bought one.
It was my headmaster as an associate
Who taught me how to start and ride the motor-cycle.
'Put the key on and have a look on the metre-
Whether the light is green or not.
Be sure of the bike's neutral condition, □
Be confirm- it is not in gear.' And also asked me,
'What is the speed display? '
Zero... I answered.
'Now push the start button
Press and hold the clutch and push the gear
In one.....'
Yes, it is done, I said.
He instructs-'loose the clutch and twist the
Accelerator ...observe the speed metre, ...
If crosses ten then change the gear in two
And so on ...balance among the gear, clutch
And accelerator and break and necessary
Timely horn and indicator...of-course
You have to drive then in claustrophobic,
Congested roads- not in this open,
Green, grassy-ground.'

He also commented,
'Your handling or co-ordination would
Decide how your long cherished motor-cycle
Would run...and stamp you what a driver
You are.'

In the very moment I reminisced
The advice of my Muse of poesy.
'Make your heart neutral,
Exclude all the heaps of cruelty,
Violence and villainous thoughts namely
Seven deadly sins...Make it innocently Zero.
Now co-ordinate among the thoughts and
Words and intentions and purpose and the ways.
She also added, '...your manipulation will stamp
You, what a what you are.'

©Sk Nurul Huda...'Songs of 26'

Sk. Nurul Huda

Applied Waste Land.

..... Shantih shntihi.....hinHsaT.....

Oh! April you are still the cruelest month for the year
For not reminding us of the religious pilgrimage,
As the Ramadan,
But to have a little effect to compel us to take a truce
To kill our brothers and sisters and parents and children
For which they call us terrorist (we become proud....) :
So April and Ramadan are the cruelest months to us,
The terrorists.

Here we are another group not so dangerous like them
We say of peace and hate them but our hating is full of fame;
Why we hate them? We explain and make it plausible,
We drop bombs and bullets on them as water from a waterfall;
As side effect some so called civilians of our group are lost,
We confer martyrs and make monuments of high cost;
.....kill them and live and let live...tit for tat,
We are not lesser.....we are the DOG if they be CAT.

In which group you are?
You cannot go so far.
A vote you must have to cast,
So thumb it which you fit, at first.
There is only two groups & NOTA not,
So you are either my enemy or friend hot.

Now come and let both of us the oath to take
For 'The World's Original Constitution' not fake
As Indians did noisily err conferring on them their
And sure ours is going to be more and more fair:
'WE THE HUMAN BEINGS of the world white or black
Having solemnly resolved to constitute the WORLD
Into a sovereign WASTE, fatal and full of potential
Nuclear bombs and weapons to make it hell and
Endanger its all citizen believing in capitalism or
Communism or any-ism.

In our assembly of round table this day the
Beginning of 21st century do hereby adopt,

Enact and give to ourselves this constituency.

We follow this point to point.....

It is proved when we say-

All are equal all nations are equal

It is democracy all nations are though wall

All have the right to produce display arrows

The heap of the bombs may be wide or narrows.

It is proved again conducting mock-trial common

That is fighting falsely as a father plays with his son,

Here we apply our polluted and wasted hearts

Carrying with nuclear and marine carts

To the land to the water to the underground to the sky

All are ranged all are caught by radars of modern wifi.

Let us chant the songs of forty seven (47) ,

Say, not shantih shantih and shantih like a hen;

Our head is high, high and very high

Shoot shoot and shoot -hey, you the modern guy.

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Sk. Nurul Huda

Are Mothers Not Only Of Babies?

Why are they crying?
Why? They are the babies!
Are they crying for mothers?
I know it that:
Mothers are only of babies
Mothers are only of children
So they.

But
Babies are of mothers
Children are of mothers
Sons are of mothers
Men are of mothers
Soldiers are of mothers
Terrorists are of mothers
Ministers are of mothers

Yes, these women
Are crying for them whether
They are in old age homes
Or past sweet homes

Sk. Nurul Huda

Billet Doux-1

You are my life and love, oh the girl,
You are the precious of all, my pearl;
You are Titir, the Partridge, nick name not I know,
I shall be your partner, a friend not a foe;
For your study you are not at home, in a hostel,
When you come what you eat I know in detail;
I saw you at Indus in a festival by God's bless,
The very day trembles my blood and flesh;
You may call it, for me, 'the love at first sight,
So if you refuse I shall be a runaway kite.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Call From My Heart.

The time is to view two leaves rather leaves;
To lie lively again in blissful leaves
So leave the life of living with line-less leaves and waves
..... says my Heart.

Oh! It is the time again to make the waves;
Coupled with vibration and sound of snakes;
Rather shouting and crying of cheers and clapping,
Making marred chaotic mirth to cosmos and meaning.
..... says my Heart.

It is the time for trying to following the deed, which,
Carrying the solution of the Master made for W.H;
To be again with the smiling flowers of future,
Again mingling my valor with more smiling and fixture;
..... says my Heart.

So hire a huge hit and win over all the walls hard;
Coming as battering troops from my upper side
With my forceful faultless flowing red's flood.
..... says my Heart.

So soundly harboring from one to one and having in one,
Now make another one to shape the big one,
To be again with the forgotten and fastened First One.
..... says my Heart.

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Sk. Nurul Huda

Call Of The Ladder

The east breeze and the dawn gone
And the divine eye to its falling action
Oh the south wind too are in dying bed
All the three windows are closed
For the light and air only the door
Oh it is in the north paving the chill wind
Let it be closed
The warm room is closed now
Now the green paddy is grey straw
Thoughts are dead now..

What is it in the corner?
Yes it is the loving ladder
To enter into another.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Canibalism

Once I heard the word cannibalism
I wondered on the very thought and fact-
I took it as story as fairy tales simply.

I inquired -
Oh! There are some nations after renaissance,
who tried and almost succeeded to guiding them
to cast the light of civilization and culture on them.

Now I find the children roasted as chicken tander
Being carried to console house, the hospital,
the nations, the creator acknowledged:
they openly declare their mistakes,
calls it is on the process to correct them
so they took the responsibility to bring it back
so prevail and dominate again...

thank God they are learned and acknowledged
and take the full responsibility to compensate them
by increasing the rate of providing bodies small or big
by applying bombs or gas or bullets what fits well.

For the guns, would you like to listen?
It is interesting-they are produced in the same factory.

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Sk. Nurul Huda

Catch It And Preserve It.

Here it goes!
Catch the fleeting one,
Unfasten the ties to fasten it,
Open the doors to close it.

It is electron, it is charged;
It is negative particle, an atom
Be aware least it gets attached
Least it reacts to any positive atom
And a futile barren fruit of no dice.

Don't let heaps to make a pile on it
Rather use it to throw them out
And to shine it, to dazzle it
Use it to on the light to off the dark
Don't make a gap to grow weeds,
So catch it and anchor it
Into the deepest depth of your heart.

My mind's muse reminds the mind
To mind if it doesn't meet the mind.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Containerless Content?

Can you see air?
Can you observe air?
But it has a container, atmosphere
Respect it and admire it
Do you want the content you like most?
But how can it be served without a container?

My friend worship all the containers
Kick off your crooked cardiac cry
Kiss the container for it contains the content
You cry for.

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Crying, It's First Song.

When a child comes to earth from the womb,
What does he do?

He cries ...

"Who are in front of me?" It wonders.

If he takes time to give her expression

We compel by a sweet and earthly beating touch...

Yet he cries...

"I thought the happy days would not be end..." says aside.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Death Of The Author

To prove that he is not a robot a few lines the user writes,
As a software developer I had to gone through without fights;
At the first reading it seems an exceptional and funny futile tale..., oh it has an
ironical tone on politicians to catch which I really fail, Next reading it reveals its
deeper sense breaking my mind's fence,
I feel I am in a story class in school again, I take it seriously hence; Third
reading reveals his emphasis on self-power and potentiality, More shall we read
more it will feed that increases my curiosity; Do people not call this stanza,
poetry I call first tale of fun? O! Hear my casual writer; do you know simply
what have you done?

Sk. Nurul Huda

Divine Dream, Tormenting Tears

I saw the sea, you bring me to the river
I hoped the flood, you make the measured water,
I sowed in all you claimed yours only yours small
I broke that chain you walled me to fall.

He stole for us to grow and prosper
And the physical flame get the Divine chain super
I tried the spiritual fire to start
You punished me gave me earthly hurt,
Any-va or any-ism vowed I not for
But humanism I cultivated for all nar
I worshipped har God in har dhar. Blissful prosper, peaceful soul in Ghar Ghar.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Election 2019, Indians And Indian Democracy.

When God writes a poem it becomes a bad one
When Brombho writes the same it is no better
And when Allah writes He also fails to surpass theirs
When Mahavir or Buddho writes it is more or less same
But when a man of the soil writes it touches the top
And all are true in Indian Parliamentary Election....

In the past God used to send the kings or Queens
To the throne...
Now Indian people send the man to the throne
Is not the men are equal to God now?
Let us salute ourselves for to be equal to God
Let us vote peacefully
To make us gods or God again.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Everyday

Everyday come some flowers and some go to sleep
Some hope to one follow the flowers samely
Everyday some some students take oath to start
Their reading from the next day
And repent for passing the day in vain.

Everyday the sun rises and sets in the west
some poets born and some die to take rest
Everyday some make some foes some friends
Some unite themselves in marriage knot
And some seek piece in divorce to stop the fight

Everyday some political parties lose their voters
Some gain their support to seek seats in assembly
Everyday some born and less die young or old
By natural ratio and by natures course
And the earth moves to make up a year of seasons.

No problem...

All the air and the skies and the earth and seas
and the stars and the trees all play together for us...

But...

Everyday we produce some guns and fighting plane
Light or heavy
Some apply and test on us some store for future
Everyday some mothers lost children and some
Children their moms by bombs of boastful men
Everyday we apply, discover and store to play

against nature and the Almighty.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Exceptional One

I can make all understand but one
I can tolerate all always but one
I can do anything for all but one
I can compromise everyone but one.

I do not mind with all but one
I see everyone giving me force but one
I thought everyone with me but one
I find everyone is cool and tender but one
I find everyone is content but I for one.

Suddenly I discover everything is helpless but one
Everyone is fleeting but that one
Everyone is negative but that one
Oh, My mind my heart you are nothing but life.

I

Sk. Nurul Huda

Foot-Prints

We were present anyhow on the fine place
(It was an International Forensic Team) ,
Mountains were sympathetic to us.
At the stony place it was an evil juxtaposition
Of little fertile lands;
There grew poppies...oh the mothers of opium,
Amid the light breeze at the sinking sun
The place seemed to kiss me-
I arranged to be solitary and managed...
Suddenly I wonder!
Who is coming from the top of the mountain
Clad in white and reflecting lights?
A fragrance also filled the air...He comes and
comes too close to me ...my mortal tongue ceased...
The ever and eternal young boy begins-

'I was sitting beside this mountain,
Fragrance of poppies make me too about to sleep
I tried to write a poem as I used to do but
ON THE DIVINE DAY no subject came.

I watch to the front...to the elusive horizon,
Grey was the light.
I try to look up to the sky,
Blue was covered by light cloud.
Vaguely I observe a black bird was flying madly.
Alas! yet no subject came...

Suddenly I heard a sharp and shrill sound of siren;
Increasing gradually...
I run and run..and run.
The sound seemsto catch me with love.
No subject I need....no poetry...

Run run and run and I run blindly...but.
That mortal tragedy brought me the fortune to
Enter into the Eden, the God's evergreen Garden....

Now frequently I come to this place

To have a Ariel look and read my poem I engraved
By my Running FOOT-PRINTS, the poem my hand
failed to write to your false paper.

Goodbye my salaried and edited ex-friend.....'

After the tiny transitory trance I feel as if
I was on a divine trip as
Mohammad's(peace and blessing be on him) Miraj.

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Sk. Nurul Huda

Form Body To Poetic Bin

Who am I?

I am a human being..

What am I doing?

I am trying to write a poetry.

Is it coming smoothly?

No..Am I not so experienced?

No. I have already passed one

And half scores

And about to cross two.

Oh..why I am trying so?

Is it to sow my knowledge or sarcasm

Or didactic vein on others?

Not exactly so..

Do I know myself clearly?

No..possibly to get peace

And calmness for my beating mind

And soul and to their carrier also.

Then, am I not with peace and comfort?

Have I not been gifted by the agents

And materials to avail this long cherished

And fleeting calmness and the said states?

Yes. I have been given....

I have a fat income...my happy family,

My movement and almost all modern

Materials to measure and enjoy the

World from north pole to south...from

Hollywood to Bollywood.

Then what's your problem? Oh sorry...

What's my problem?

Am I failure to have a look and to make

Profit of the treasures stored in inscape?

No, not so..I am not so weak in math and

Logic.

Then, am I more in outscape or out world?
Am I more with them beyond my self and county's
Frontier where 100 Years peace is not yet
Uprooting the thousands years war? Where
Wrath of terrorism and where sophisticated
And organised counter terror is rullingng?
Am I busy, possibly that carry me in hasiness,
to find the angle to bring them
Two in one dining desk to drink them the
Liquor of peace of humanism?

If true then why am I not in the road?
Why am I not in the possession of martyrs?
Rather am I writing lame poetry?
Wrath and blood verses lazy Posey?
Is it for this that this is coming halting?
The question again-why I am trying it yet?

To my consolation....
I have gone trough and witnessed the
Classical and modern tragedies.
Also fortunate to read Aristotle.
Now am I writing a poetry or watching
A purgatory tragic play?
I am undone to understand...

So Help and Tell me my readers.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Friendly Foes-I

I have a foe!
Oh! We have many foes.
We have gone through the poison tree.
So we sometimes speak and discuss our enmity.
Who are we?
We are friendly foes;
Our foes knows our power and intention-
When we may inject our wrath
So they get ready to swallow or to manage
And the vice-versa;
How is it possible?
Because we are friendly foes
You may call us nations with love.

[Written on the International National Day]

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Sk. Nurul Huda

God's Storm

Have you got the Heaven or not?
Do you know all are to fight hot
To secure a place with a doubt lot?

with my blissful bless for you
Brought you where come a very few
Do enjoy this eternal ease life new.

What! are you not happy for your mother?
Look others here not the tears of her
Faith's test is being taken with your father.

Stop; STOP I SAY STOP
I wished it. I planned it and
Did it and will do what I can
Go forward go up go assemble

God stops...
The nine years boy starts stumbling
And saunters into the Heaven.
The boy who died in the terrorist attack saw the God's Wrath
And possibly got healed of the earthly wound he got.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Had I Been A Doctor My Mom

Here it is a thin layer of glass
That makes an obstacle between you and me mom,
I want to touch you but some learned and stethoscoped
Men forbid me to touch even the glass...they are called doctors.
They call the fort-like room I.c.c.u...in medical term.

What a bad luck more than you are in this room
I know what a pressure at heart you are feeling
When I stand beside you and you are unable to speak
I hear the speech clearly you speak silently at heart
Mom I am not thinking...
I know how pious you are..how you love us..
Two days ago you enquired my health as I was not at home
With you for my profession....I informed you..
.....But today I ask: ' How are you maa? '
You are silent...lying.....indicates to doctors only..
We are sitting outside the wall.....
How can we bear.....

It is the month of Ramadan.....
We know how your heart is weeping for dropping fasting..
Eid-ul-fitre is in the offing...
We want more years and years to eat the sweet and simay you
Make so sweetly for us...

They say Alla is merciful
So we are still so cool
Hope He will make us soon cheerful
Though to Him we are not so dutiful
Herein lies the greatness of the Omnipower-full.

Mother we love you
You love us more..

Come we shall talk in the kitchen
We shall share all the tales we make till now
We are not weeping as we are hopeful
Beside us, my all friends

Are with you.....

Sk. Nurul Huda

Had I Been The Owner Of The Countries Like Syria...

I dream

Had I been the owner of the Countries Like Syria and...

I would sell them to America,

I would sell them to European Union,

I would bowed my head to all the big hands

Who hanker after us.

I dream

Had I been the owner of America,

European Union, the Asian Giants,

Or of the big hands

I would sell them to the HUMANITY.

I would or

Sk. Nurul Huda

Haiku - International Cooking

Me Indian chef;
English kitchen, French tender
Cook Japanese food.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Haiku-A Carpenter And A Poet.

A design hovers
Chooses a wood of wild woods,
Weaves a door as poets.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Haiku-Elusive Morning

Sunny morn it was
Sudden cloud, storm upto evening,
Had these been in morn!

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Haiku-Good And Evil

For aesthetic gain
I quit human beings gladly,
Back to buy grotesque.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Haiku-Ideal Versus Reality

My camera starts
I was confident to shoot
At point an ant bites.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Haiku-Reader-Author

I Waite for honey,
Throat-sip but kick the blossoms;
Me your sweet reader.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Halfalogue

□

I hear- not peeping but in a co-incident- the college boy,
Who poured in my ears a value-added, dull fearful joy.
Now, my friend, have a hear to my criminality contrary to coy-
'Are you coming in time? When to unite our mood?

.....

Why? Was not the park's campagna so good?

.....

.....?

Yes, of course I will try today.

.....

No, I am not so cold like dry hay.

.....

It is oriental hymn I hear at by back to be bold.

.....?

You are not so right. Breaking the cage-please hold-
I want not but cherish to enter into inducing a gate,
In God's gifted period I hanker after dateless mate.

.....?

.....?

No. Not only the amorous game, my dear gem,
Let not only our two cages be one for future fame,
But in the sacred wood eke two birds be one and same.

.....

Yessssssssssssssssss, you, my sunny, may blame me,
But it is my one and only claim and key.

.....

.....'

Tough guilt,
No sooner had I gone through bis my self- story strongly built,
Than I felt my faded and fatigued fortitude is fear-filled,
When to make a dialogue,
As I am still in a Halfalogue.

□

Sk. Nurul Huda

Hearts Opening By Telephone After Corona Outbreak.

"You came here because I went there
You came to us because I went to you
And the path was easy for the airy flying
We had not to waste time to round Africa
As the men encountered before Suez Canal

Now, What did we discussed? Life or profit?
Hail to thee, how d Hero? How d Kutumbo?
The profit to sustain and blow the powers
What thingswe are to deceive the nations
We deals with the deal of destroying races!

Today we hankers after lives! ! What we are?
Are we not the hypocrites at all (no officers near) ."

Sk. Nurul Huda

Help Of Media..

I understood the language of her eyes
Her halting voices confirmed it again
And her casual gifts were love in disguise.

She also discovered it quickly but stealthily
That I could not help being confined in her trap
And I planned to run all the way with her blissfully.

But the problem was how to reveal what to reveal
So face to face both were pleased to play pretension,
'I love you', she telephoned like a daring devil.

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Sk. Nurul Huda

Hunger

I was in a market on some day,
Suddenly I felt I am hungry such,
As if no problem was even on raw hay.

In a big shop,
Packaged foods were hanging much,
My hands went to my pockets but in vain and got flop.

Soon it started to rain and I took shelter in a hotel,
But they would not allow any food by any means of lend,
To get acquainted I tried at my best but became a big fail.

I had no money, naturally no honey,
So I started to walk for my stomach to mend,
The foot-paths' food-stalls made the situation funny.

'Have I no right to eat any food or Biriany,
Though I am walking amid so many items of fame,
When I need it, I ask myself, to avoid death uncanny? "

All the way to my home I contemplate over it
Seizing or stealing of food even in crisis- a plea of lame,
So I reach home and quickly take my rice and dal my stomach benefit.

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Sk. Nurul Huda

Hymn To God

Too romantics are not satisfied here
Too wises are not valued,
Too good fellows are the same,
Too beautiful bells are not given
Their counterparts they deserve.
For the men -same is the fate,
Too honest folks are called fool.
Some are satisfied, some try-
But they all should be satisfied,
Because You are with them..
What a power and plan to
Arrange your kingdom,
O God we acknowledge you,
We care You and welcome You.

Sk. Nurul Huda

I Am Still Alive

I am still alive for them only to take the sooth out of their eyes,
Only to keep my eyes closed on the facts, though open in disguise;

I am only to uproot God's planted knowledge conscience,
Only to test and trumpet the contradictory victory of science;

I am still alive only to try to create an Egdon (heath) there with tears,
Only to transfer the black and white board into red naturalizing fears;

I am still alive to escape suicide i.e. not to make the sublime sin,
Only to hide the soul's suicide by my self-dragging walking coffin;

I am still alive only to wait to hear the climactic question, 'Are you alive?'
Only to aside its answer heard from the continents seven at least five;

I am still alive only to violate the laws of Aristotle and that of Horace's,
Only to make a metaphor smashing the lands created by God's forces;

I am still alive only to gather knowledge and wisdom to be powerful stupid,
Only to pretend to love the holy earth and humanity with the help of Cupid.

Sk. Nurul Huda

I Am To Whitish House And Duma

A lazy dream gripped me
As it was a deep and dark night,
The darkness was so devilish even God summoned
His agents who were in duty for twenty four into seven days back.

I in disguise in black and lighting combined
Peeped at coal coated round table, when, in such a
Night, their camera of google earth ceased, with bragging my
Wallet of white peace, Christ, and many photos of their unmasked penny-a-liner.

The air helped me to be brought
To them through the pale gate which was protected
With numberless agents holding cotton and silk of different colours
And shapes when, I found, my one hand was on two eyes and the rest on breast.

Suddenly one discovered me
And dragged me to their big and healthy papa like Boss,
The black tongued but a man of intelligence and importance
Who normally identified me in a wink and uttered, " O! you Shakespeare come".

I understood I was a great
Entertainment to them when they began to chuckle and
Laugh. "Recite the great popular speech of Gloucester in Lear"-
The Boss offered me a chance and displayed a sign to a veiled and guised group.

I badly wanted and began,
"As flies to wanton boys are we to th' gods. They kill us
For their sports, " no sooner had I finished than he stood and
Roared: ".....you are to us, we kill you for the trial and test of our worthy
weapons".

The night passed inviting reddish morning,
As the alarm of my mobile notified. Soon, I jerked and examined;
Yes! I am still alive.....
.....

Sk. Nurul Huda

I Hate History My Love

I hate history my love.
As a school student I begin to
Learn and read history.

I grow and I know more and more.
Gradually I discover
It is romantic to know the past.
And it is really adventurous
To discover the ancient and even the
Middle ages; their society,
Their merry- making, their tragedies;
In a word their ups and downs.

For instance have at least a bird's eye
On the buried Harappa -Mohenjo-Daro
Or the Sumerian or the Babylon or the
Byzantium or Bastille or even Napoleon.

But my dear, my love hold my hand.
Mind it-I swear I hate history.
Let's water our long planted fiction.

®

.

Sk. Nurul Huda

I Have You Have We Have.

I went to a land the other day
All are poor and poorest there
And I discover the word penury
Is made only for them and their
Do you want to go there?
I want to go there
I am fearless
Because...
I have you have we have.

I went the area the other day
All are rich and so rich
I discover the word millionaire
Is only made for them and from their
Do you want to go there?
I want to go there
I am fearless
Because..
I have you have we have.
I am you are they a

I went a place of ruler and ruled
A place of capitalist and communist
A place of democracy and autocracy
Do you want to go to the land?
I want to go there
I am fearless
Because...
I have you have we have.

I am you are we are
But a place....

Sk. Nurul Huda

I Succeeded To Fetch Fresh Water

Then I was a common man
I try to fetch sacred water from the
Venaras bank of Indian Ganges.

I walk to the place but there
Was bad smell of dustbins
I hold my nose pressed and proceed
Then a mob of beggars in the
Disguise of monks and orphans and widows
I proceed
A mob of unhygienic people
I proceed..
Then I found so many particles
Having power to pollute the place
Perfectly in seconds...
And the people are walking in bare foot
Smashing them and being mingled
With them towards the ghat...
I decide -no more; enough is enough,
I should keep my body sacred first,
I back.

I try then a different ghat of less sacred
But here the bank of the river was so full
Of polluted particle besides the muddy
Roads I prefer to back to my sweet home.

I struggle..i become a municipality
Member...I try to reach the venaras ghat
By an office car...
But the people and the police compel me
To walk from a high distance though I
Did not descend down rather come back home
Again..

Today I am a minister by those people;
I wish to fetch the fresh water by myself
Spontaneously a copter comes to me
I fly to the sacred place

When I hover on those people
They ray their heads to my copter
I do not feel the bad smell,
Do not get the muddy roads,
Do not witness those beggars,
Do not get the jabbing of the illiterate
Mob, but as a deity I fetch the sacred water
Of the sacred river Ganges from the
Sacred bank Venaras escorted by
Uniformed servants.

,

Sk. Nurul Huda

I Was A Dramatist In My Dream

Dher khabi to alpa khabi
(a Bengali proverb-eat little to eat more)].
I know you are now proud of me- as I am a
World-famous dramatist.
But none know which my first drama was;
As I did not share it anyone or to any media.
It was from a dream; I was a student of a higher
Secondary school;
At the early morning I compel my mom to hear;
Now here my dream goes:
A big carnival was it in the sun's arena,
I was only one from earth as a reporter,
To copy and take videos and still photos.
all from the planet and the volcanoes
Got ready -the session begins.
Moon was the first one to ask questions;
The Moon: All the best, your majesty.
The Sun: Be precise. Don't waste time.
The Moon: What a jock!
You are the time maker.
The Sun: what is your question?
The Moon- Why are you so miser sir to earth?
Why?
The Moon-the world, the earth wait
full moon will come
As they need more and more light.
Is there any need to keep night?
The Sun- Prove it.
The Moon- They have invented light,
Or electronic fire to use at night.
Herein lies the mystery...
Had it not been night they did not learn
How to make light.....
The Moon- Actually I find them struggle
Even getting dim half moon
Or full moon.
The Sun-do you know that the bats
And the owls have lodged
Their petition long ago

to stop moon light
 For ever;
 And now the modern lights
 and towns
 Are growing in full swing
 Stealing darkness and night...
 What would be of them if
 I allow you more at night?
 Moon: let me know who are greater?
 Men or the owls or bats or etc.?
 The Sun: Don't ask this type of questions..
 Mind who am I...the creator..
 The Moon: Mystery thy name is God.
 The Sun: You are I know a stubborn one
 I know.....let me untie the truth.
 Hear all... they are the human beings
 My loveliest ones of all the living beings
 But they are now beyond my control

 Look getting the 12 hours as day they have
 Invented so many things.....
5b many nuclear bombs...and guns and
 fighter
 Planes and missiles andto kill their
 Brothers and sistersBy the names
 Of nations or etc.....
 Give them 24 hour light they will destroy my
 World my love shortly.....
 So I am thinking to decrease it to.....5-6.
 The Moon: Sorry. I have no question more...

My incomplete dream gone at that time to my
 Displeasure...

Sk. Nurul Huda

Idiotic Poem.

I have some time.
The time I can waste as I like.
What do all do?
I follow. I decide to do exceptional.
Now I come to a conclusion-
All try exceptional.
O the tradition thy name is life!
So let us try poems I said to my mind.
I write poems.
I have no purpose.
Do not try to dig for meaning.
Only I pass my time.
Still I have a small time left.
So I am going to drag my pen vaguely.
Unbearable-let it be end.
I wait for you.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Incompletely Complete And Complete.

Th.A.m.f. It is the.

'Then what's the matter, my friend? ' Nothing.

' Nothing? ' 'what? '

As is nothing there. 'Bogus, meaningless utterance.'

Yes my friend, my sentences is meaningless.....

.....these is ceasing and ending and immersion immature.

'Please.'Yes.

Even at a state of smiling and crying

or closed eyes at Wombs,

Even with producers-incomplete but grand finale.

And are thrown to waiting world, the divine Bin Recycle.

This is the case of individuals and cracked-nice families,

As my first and this one and half stanzas of this poesy,

Or my lunatic utterance of my Quivering mind

out of my Senseless sane body

Or whatever may call, you the guy.

'Pardon.'Hear me out...

Out of the implicit beating stream of tension

They- who ride(out)slipping the fisherman's net

in this cancered and poisoned pond

Read-'dream prohibited-dare not'.

The violators aspiring to expand the Petals

of satanic rose of vitality, valor, virtue and mutiny

Under the sun, meet Icarus not money or Guiney,

As I can not clear completely the true focus

Of my infertile prosaic poesy being an antagonist

to Walter Pater and co.—that

The fame I don't long for

But fearless, fire-less and fertile activities

to invent an antivirus mighty

To scan and protect all the black programs

and files of the clamoring third computer,

Displaying sylvan and carrying adam's ale of the sun's

Sweet law-abiding family- - out of the fear

Of those hallowed tools.

□

Anyhow they enjoyed momentary wind of time and mercy

Not gained by sympathy or fellow feelings natural;
But for the lack of budged and for sexless sensex,
To MATO and six soaring street
and of their group of companies,
Besides their investors and value customers
with moneys.
There like a piddling prose paragraph...
The transitory society peopled by half or full paralysed
Passionate but passionless puzzled people -□
As this stanza grows having no harmony, no resonance,
You hope and demand the decorum reminding me Horace.

But at the time of my feelgood I are proved wrong.
T.V screens and prints unveiled my eye
and make me a man of information,
A proud learned one to be proved fool.
'Why? ' They were experimenting their novel knives
Coupled with preparation namely voting to protect and
Choosing new compatible drivers of the vehicles-
senatus, Company of Commons, house of conspiracy, □
Besides they were waiting providing them
Minimum measured time
To expand like caged pure 'suguna' chicken
to be weighted to the retailers -a large bait,
A hugeheap of rabbits,
For eye soothing weapon producers and persuading merchants,
Masked of, of the people, for the people, and by the people,

Development and globalization, Only to exploit some people,
Experiment some people, and expel some people
For the sake of some prestigious people...reminding me or
us the popular past Germanic game of people..

His life, her life, oh! Their lives!
on the siding sand and stone,
Though incomplete as my poem is
in diction, style, rhyme, grammar,
Uniqueness, innovation, meter, foot,
music, harmony, rhetoric, and in soooooooo on...,
On critics' evaluating tools to be certified and,
at last but not least on yours.

BUT! But their business as euphemistic global vendors,
Employment, experiments, research, invention, news,
Meeting, press conference, co-operation, invention,
Achieving hallmark of peace finder,
and numberless novel noble Nobel like prizes, ...
All are completely complete.

Sk. Nurul Huda

In-Out The Lost Game.

One day you jumped into my mind's pond
The water gets trembled-
The ringlets of the waves scattered to
All over the water
Like a mosquito in a closed room as jailed;

You swim for few times
The pond endured pleasantly the load and he weight
Of you that had no rhymes;

Suddenly you jumped out for the pond
The water shows it perseverance and stamina
Of reverse force though little ago there had a bond;

Calmly it ponder
More effective was which of the two
Decides the second though tough to render;

Any way the pond is now still
Out of the polluted mud of the bottom
Now it seems as tranquil as a high hill;

Frequently it gets afraid of the clamour
When some come for anything
To its shore or the harbor.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Is It Poetry?

The art of twisting,
The art of concealing
The art of reversing
The art of throwing people
In the stream of guessing.

To be good let the things be bad
Let them think wise and be mad
Let them forget where they had
Let them think the discoverers
Let them drink the lines by the lad.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Knowledge Is Life

experience is knowledge
knowledge is execution
execution is undergoing
undergoing is time taking
time taking is solution...
solution is enjoying
enjoying is life
life is a experience
and experience is knowledge...

oh Bacon! oh Shelley!

Sk. Nurul Huda

Lamentation

Do you know what brings vivacity in life?
'Tis lamentation the second self of happiness,
And to test it tear you, if comes, with its sharp knife,
Then push and pull the walking wood if motionless.

"Oh! Why I did not worship god? " One laments,
"What have I achieved? " one may sigh after doing it,
So heap a heavy energy on life's chord permanent
Dance when guitarist Moan bleaches it for melody beat.

Not being pray to Cupid one laments and remorse
But know that no lamentation no love pure and true,
So, wailing in love is a wealth from relation's force
O Lamen who tastes you in ease is a love's guru.

So do not lament for lamentation's lines in life
Rather gather deep diversity as you are alive.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Let It Be Common

I write a poem on a tossing morning mimosa,
On a wild bush heading a bulbul making tamasa;
My sir say "It is a copy Keats and Wordsworth combine,
Write something new to say and demand it is of mine.

I resume anew and penned a poem on Rohingya refugees,
On the bloody execution of the brandish'd steel of Burmese;
My sir says, "Would you like to imitate Owen and Co.? Fine,
Write something new to say and demand it is of mine.

Let it be common or cunning imitation I do not care of it,
Let the truth be told may it not your aesthetic need benefit;
Let it not be a unique one in symbol and poetic invention,
Will you vow to promise me to stop the war's convention?

I protest I stand I shout I display I hold not my Pen and Tongue,
I must sing of the common crying song of Troy to our Jews sung.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Letter To God.

I was with you and your properties,
Yet I ignored you but you did not-
When she and ALL did not come.

Suddenly she came with them.
I was glad though my handicraft
Senses were beyond perception-
You sent her and all as you wish.

When she gripped me, ploughed me
I also was playing riding on the time
And were taming or would dare
The world around us-
Y'u were none but an embarrassing one,
Only to bring some cruel months or hours.

After a short from our trance try to take
Little rest to nest wealth and fame-poor
Or reach, certified by you or not-I dare.
Y'u too were sitting beside me but I was,
Pretend blind man to mock you madly.

Now when she fled from me or you snatch,
I follow your smiling face-there is none but
Only You and your kingdom full of puppets.
I acknowledge the game I was playing-
Hide and Seek.
I try my best but you win your pre-won win.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Life

Life means wandering in the land of Halloween
Life means meeting with the Porter of Hell
Life means mingling with the blissful wind of Heaven
Life means at least musing over all the above but Ceasing.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Looking Glasses

my intimate friend told me the story
I laughed and paused as it was a tale of merry:

'it was about two pm
I am out of meal though a man of fame
I get a chance to enter into a restaurant
where occurs the miracle-

everyone I find is eating by left hand
I do not change but take the seat in a corner
any how I manage to sit showing them back
at the end I go to wash my hands at the basin
and I start to set the style of my hair
what?
am I using my left hand?
oh! it is the looking glass!
mine is the fault...

Oh! The poor customers! My poor eating friends! '

he finished his.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Love Tree

I did not write you down in poetry
Least my readers discover you badly-
Pleading my poetic weakness;
I did not paint your face on canvas
Least my viewers devalue you-
Pleading my trembling retouch of the brush.

I wanted to make a narrow castle
Like a cocoon of a moth
And then a free fly to the Heaven.

So I plant you at the deepest Earth of my heart,
Where my lungs provide air and my blood,
As a postman, carries temperature and water.
My young-ling love sprouts to a big shade- tree
Like an umbrella over my head.

Your boughs are scattered over my full body,
My heart beats shake your hanging boughs,
And your quivering quivers my calm body
As if I play a spontaneous dance.

You are my ever green love tree
That prevents the pollution
At the very start my eyes start
To get polluted on others' sights.

R~sk nurul huda @ Songs of 26.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Meet The Heaven

do you want to watch your countenance?
bow your head on the still. water;
or take a modern selfi.

do you want to take roses' smell?
roam in a rose garden without fail;
or hold one newly plucked to nose.

do you want to have a look on Heaven?
keep your eyes on a baby or a child;
or look the lips who fixes his tender eyes on a child

Sk. Nurul Huda

Modern Life(In A Developing County)

Do you want a modern life to fit?

At first give your parents cheating and kick a bit,

Hold your wife's hand and take the flat's keys and kits,

Pass the time with pet dog Tomy and hang a TV your wall befits,

Visit parlors to give you a cosmopolitan looks and manners to meet,

Frequent the theaters or halls to watch dramas like Lear or of latest hits,

Book a flight and try to cross the border or as your colleagues do to make you defeat.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Monoku - 4 (On Poetry)

When hundred write hundred unique lines know yours is a poetry fine.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Monoku 3

Myself is the assembled one of selves.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Monoku-05

Had you ever shed experienced tear?

Sk. Nurul Huda

Monoku-1

...Will you mind if the next morning doesn't come?

Sk. Nurul Huda

Monoku-2

if you want to shoot me, shoot me young...

Sk. Nurul Huda

Monsoon Song

Hail the season of raining
A season of green gaining,
Gain your health, your mind
Be good, tender and also kind.

Behold the new green grass
Start just after morning brush,
Walk on the muddy road white
Sacred your feet with it, get might.

Bath with the tress under the sky open
So from the idle window jump like a hen,
Say, rain rain drop thick drop everywhere
Kill the dry days, the devil days of summer.

When the soil is sprouting, trees are dancing
How are you at home only with wealth's fancying?

Copy right @ for 'Songs of 26'.

Sk. Nurul Huda

My Beloved

My beloved is, really, beautiful.
'Is her beauty proportionate? '
From top to bottom.
Do you know how his eyes are?
Yes, only if I say-though she more.
But I'll not say to you.
She is my wealth and all I need,
What? How much does she love me?
I forgot to ask the...

Sk. Nurul Huda

My Crying Happy Mom

Here the green and waving bagri corns
Overlaps the trembling paddy fields
And the breeze broadens the horizon.

Here the water of the poor ponds
And the bathing peers withers in moments
The Ganges flows with the troops.

Here Van Gogh plays with his smiling hand
And blurs the focused objects awefull
And surpasses the zoomed ones.

This was my mom the great romantic
This was she the senjuou one in specific
This was her power to portray over poor canvas.

Sk. Nurul Huda

My Kingdom's King Believe Me.

No. I did not deny you.
You are right to say;
Yes I am able to draw in the blank,
To bring the lamb and the tiger
In the same line but to use black ink
or dtp to weave you.
Even I may make
A press-conference to push you to the
Playful public but I'll not.
What? No. These are not my pleas merely.
Whose the kingdom is? If you considers mine
Or ours.

He is hidden-the wises say, the
Prophets say through ages.
You are my god, the blithe spirit-the true owner
Of the products emerges from
The shop where I am an
Employee like a wordsmith.
So who is the king of king of my
Kingdom? Yes ...you.
Among thousands in the ether waves
You are such frequency that modulates with
Mine. Though I did not use loudspeaker but
Headphone and I did not offer anyone
Any part of it.

They say art lies in its concealing art
So was and is my love-mind it and measure it.
Don't withdraw yourself to make the kingdom
A chaotic one...I hope you are coming to set up
A new dynasty and to rule
It as a pillar of the state.

Sk. Nurul Huda

My Self-Killing Love

You stealthily killed me to give me a sound life
While I could not prevent your poisoned knife,
You to put me on the thorny throne of Macbeth;
I am pricked I am going to kill your fertile faith.

You know my wave was of high hertz to heal them
To resonance with me you give the excuses lame,
You compelled me to compromise to be in your loves pub-
For the ethereal reduction leaving the decrepit children's hub.

Your unedited, blind love was a pilgrim's offering to me no doubt
You failed to hear their crying and for them my heart's silent-shout.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Nature Now

Nature were, Nature is, Nature will;
Romantics were, Romantics..

., roma.....

.....

Sk. Nurul Huda

Orange

yesterday I got an orange
casually I squeeze it
suddenly it splashes vapors to my nose
is it not Autumn? yes but its smell works
is it winter?
the very fragrance knocks
I visualize the winter....

oh the yellow flowers...
the fragrance go back...I uttered...
it
it brought me to afternoon roaming with her years ago...

oh! the orange...I threw it to the nearby pond...

My fingers seem to absorb and mingle its smell...
I clean clearly...

.
But alas! No remedy to wash memory bank...

Sk. Nurul Huda

Ours Versus His

the poets read the poets
a poet reads poets
the poets read a poet
the remain poets!

I notice a reader to read poets
he becomes a poet
sometimes
even he surpasses the poet! !

I read the God's poetry
scattered romantically or classically,
dynamic or static,
out of the chain or within:
I a coarse to a lover.

© sk nurul huda.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Playing With Poetry

I play, I squeeze-poetry what I'm doing with you?
If I know what you- are not the following of few?

Is poetry always purely personal and personal?
Then why it makes others grave who are jovial?
Is it poor and positively powerless and powerless?
Then why one is afraid to be its face to face?
Does it not make man honest and honest?
Then why I follow many to quit it in haste?
Is it not that hardly it feed to stomach but mind?
Then devouring it why some become so kind?
Again is it powerless and has no value face?
Then why some of it leave for us lifelong race?

Are these not, only a few of fame from a list huge?
So say, should we not play with poesy o my Muse?

Sk. Nurul Huda

Poemsmith

A messaging missed call makes some measured lines
An undelivered call weaves the same as a call from thine;
Nodding both sides signaling 'no' again brings the lighting letters
And also on one side summons only those ones better;
Thy overlapping tempt me even to defy th' pondering of hereafter
Withdrawing-phobia anew drive me to dev'ur black ink for peace-weaver;
And for couplet-
O! My writer you shape me- a press printerette.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Poet, Poem, Reader, Technique Or Power Of Abstraction.

Go to the market quickly my wife said.
Why?
You have forgot to bring the very gold chain
She reminded with a tension.
Sorry...I call my brother and order
As it was about to come the grooms party
For the oriental traditional blessing ceremony
Of the marriage between my daughter and the
Neighboring friend's son;
Next I go to the nearby grocer to fetch the eggs
Which also seemed may be less in number.

Everything is ready...
We send a messenger to my friend's house
To start the journey ...
They come ...we produce our bride
Which was our tall and beautiful doll made of mud
By us... And her sari was made by my mother's best
Torn sari /garment.

Today I become nostalgic at my school having a class in five
I remember what the terms and conditions we would set
To assume our dolls as our family members and we
The children the fathers and mothers and guardians to
Control our children dolls....

Now we write poetry or so called poems or verses;
What a metaphor!

Sk. Nurul Huda

Poetry Is Not Feminine Gender

Poetry, my friend come and stand
Revolt and rule over the fool band
Who make you weak and decorate
To keep beside like the corporate
Who befool the customers learned
Not to damage the false fame earned,
As the male to female as sex weaker
Tender heart soft hand or home maker.

So come and raise voice to declare
You are the weapon too as social healer
You are not the thing to be read in private
You have the power to draw the folks' fate.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Poetry Will Exist

God is mysterious, God is powerful;
Nature is mysterious, it is powerful;
We can't define them, they exist.

Poetry is mysterious, it is powerful;
poets are mysterious, they are powerful;
we can't define them, they will exist.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Pre-Monsoon Children In My Village

Frequent raining on paddy seeds reports that the monsoon is coming,
And forces the green jamuns and yellow dates for ripening.
Behold for their own mellow fruits none waits for the birds' invitation
The dancing, prancing and divine little lambs run to the dropping destination.

Here the crickets are being disturbed by throwing of mud & stones
In the stubble field who catch the grasshoppers leaving cell phones?
They are the dutiful dads of the little Bengal martins stolen from their nests,
They are the caring parents to rear them up as family members not guests.

Here a mother cries to the pond for her Adam amid the swimming boys,
Who flees leaving his crawling brother giving Ben10 and toys.
In my village path they are running after the vendor for ice candy,
Suddenly their walking behind a juggler portrays Gandhi's men to Dandy.

O the sweet children you are omnipresent, our hope and future
We'll do you no harm and torture as God is your protector.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Real Imagination

Really it is the reality
That reality and imagined
Are hugging here;
Within the brown body
He finds the embodiment of imagined,
That he is carrying from the adolescence
or from a certain point of his life - line
He crawls...
She is happy with the figure her father bought, she touches on her imagined
Shiva...
And the vice - versa is no exception....

All are displaying or have been... ing
On or in beds....

Bri Edwards, an American poet
Taunts it or these as Indian Beds...

Sk. Nurul Huda

Reversely Forward.

I think, you are aware enough of your usage
of grammar, as you know it better.
In a sentence if you use double negative,
You know- how it is affected.
Yes, the sentence becomes a positive one.
Now if the negative is used twice or thrice
Or more than five times to your ideas
Or to your venture, by others- imagine-
What does it come? Surprising! It becomes an
Imitable saga, a story of triple success ...and
More, disappointing the injectors of the negative
they dance inwardly and you
Tremble, God smiles. The more you feel
Tension the more you be able to bag concentration.
So my friend don't say, 'Oh, I am undone'
Making them cheerful, rather be positive
And grip your steering and go Forward being
Strong in Tennysonian will, 'to strive, to seek,
To find and not to yield'.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Romantics Are Selfish

I shall not write if they do not come-
In my every poem -as as leaves to a tree—
I say.

If I cannot portray the picture of the man
lame walking stumbling, the widow watching to
the heaven the, orphans piled in a rescue camp,
& etc from the modern arena of warfare
in my every poem, I shall not write-
I say.

But my indifferent sensuous friends
Are apt to their free flying feelings:
Give them murdered people
They would get beauty and voice.
Out of hell they would build heaven.
Give them grief they would cut
The net by escapism and
Would be chariot-ted by nightingale
Present them in devastation,
Bombed and burned barren field
They would write poetry
To gratify them and to a group learned
And polished to give
Aesthetic pleasure momentary
And transitory-
Oh! Arts for art's sake?
Bring them to the desolated empty houses-
Empty as all are crashed under bloody tanker driven
By an expert hand-they would write and say
For buried and airy listeners.
What is cannibalism? I forget.
Still they celebrate their aesthetics..
Sing for art...'we the creative persons..
We are self satisfied', their choric voice
Forgetting to ask them the questions
Raised by the lying people from the
Churchyard..
'Are you not liars..?
Are you not one eyed?
And also utter,

'O! The romantics... we are sorry for you.'

Sk. Nurul Huda

Say-No Refugee Song-1

` Juto mere goru dan'.

International refugee day

what a jock!

Oh the world leaders I am going to see
You announce-

international poverty day

or international rape day...

we are refugee but we are not a topic to be played

for your aesthetic and entertainment...

No men no society... as no work no pay

say no refugee no refugee day..

Who thinks to this day to be celebrated?

Are not they the makers of us?

What a Hippocratic good deed?

Sk. Nurul Huda

Say-No Refugee Song-2

In the grey dawn's drowsiness I chant

A melody-less meaningful and adult

Rhyme:

No work no pay

No sowing no hay

No song no gay;

No menopause post fifties no tears

No man no society the island bears

No weapons no wars- so no fears;

Shout aloud again and again all

No refugee no Refugee Day to call

Have peace and comfort from heaven to fall.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Senryu-Rejection Of Proposal

On your heart's wife
Let's surf all the life said I,
'Incompatible'.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Shabe-Barat's Praying

Today's night the 15th sab'ban
Allah, we know you will come to us,
Now we are dancing we are praying
We are lightening candles,

Please make us fearless to leave our homes
Give us chance to assemble to sing prayer
Give us time to collect candies
Give us strength to speak to the neighbours
Give us time to run to the horizons
Give us blessings not to take disguise
Give us time to reach the graveyard
Give us time to enter into the mosques
And give us chance to pray for the coming year
Give us chance to know who you are
Give us chance to know who the men are
Give us chance to pray for the deceased world,

And do all BEFORE THE TERRORISTS HEAR
BEFORE THEIR ENEMIES HEAR
BEFORE THE CONFLICT BETWEEN SIAS AND SUNNIES,

and who we are?

We are the feared children of Arabs,
Trembling children of America
Dry children of Africa
We are the wounded children of Asia
And the cursed children of the rest world..

Sk. Nurul Huda

Stars Of The Soil

She is the cascade of pleasure
When she comes too closer
Oh the rock of the mountain
Melts to be a fountain
She is my great fan and follower
Suddenly discover she becomes my controller.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Strategic Time Out

Thanks-many thanks.
For leaving me alone;
My heart gets rid of bondage,
A bondage in your magnetic circle.

For Diamelen's majesty
I was Arsat;
I left my brothers and the world.

I learn I was about to make a friendship
With Donne-we are the world;
We have our own one-aside the universe.
I feel I was flying with you and
Under the heaven the earth was dead;
And I dare not and care not but tread over it
While my feet covered and protected
By the shoes of proud and madness.

I come to the conclusion-
I was selfish like the true lovers,
Nothing to share to the surrounding but
Other self's flesh and blood and mind;
What an escape from your dynasty!

Oh! What a joy and freedom I feel
A freedom with full of options
As if I am in a fertile and fruitful fruit garden.
I stretch my hands forward and my eyes to the sky,
My mind and heart is tied with the measureless mirth
That seems to give me a kick to run me as fast as news.

But the very thought of running (as the forlorn to Keats)
Acts like a reminder set in a cell phone to a busy C.E.O,
And compels me to look aside;
Where are you to share this?
Who will run with me to this field of fun and freedom?

Now I see the matter.....
Yes my leaps are gifted with a rosy smile

When remind your planned and plotted speech-
"strategic time out."

R-sk nurul huda for 'Songs of 26.'

Sk. Nurul Huda

Tanka-Unrhymed Society.

'Tis free verse, blank verse,
As verse does not come freely;
And rhyme dwels too far.
Why do we fail true rhymed verse?
'Quit wrath, war, crime, ...' Muse says her.

Sk. Nurul Huda

The Dream Of A Garland

It was a fine day
I was sitting amidst the breeze,
The air brought my nose the scent of night queen,
I thought to make a garland but I had no flower of any kind.
I did not try but time.

One day I was roaming
Suddenly I found a tree full of blossoms,
Some flowers were lying under the tree and I tried,
But I couldn't bend to collect and some boys were there.
I did not ask their help but time.

I am sitting here
I wish to have a dream of my garland,
I arrange for it all day long by reading and hearing,
But it do not come and my agitation touches the climax.
Alas! I forget to sleep but time.

What is garland?
Do I need it? What does a garland do?
I don't know it. Have you it? Take care of it.
Have you not yet? Try for it. Run for it. Don't wait for.
Do not ask me why I have not it.

©sk Nurul Huda. 'Songss of 26'

Sk. Nurul Huda

The Dream Of A Tiger's Dream

The trial was going on for continuous three days
The judge gave a hunker like a lion
The lion ...sings the long history
"Once upon a time when few men tried to save us
The made WWF...to give us shelter
In the mean time a fox reports that a news of
Finding two men like human beings
We should protect them as we use now their
Dilapidated buildings as our dens

It was the nuclear gas that made the world
Human less...
The scientists were also the men who discovered to save us

A tiger cast an objection...
if we protects them it may be that again they will rule us
They would cut the trees and discover the houses and
Our lives will be in danger.
In the ECO system all we need..... The human beings
Are seen to grow slow...

An elephant suggests....
We should make a team for guarding them
for regulating breeding
If they beget more than we permit then we shall
We shall make a museum where they can be saved.

Sk. Nurul Huda

The Garden And A Labour

I was walking in a well arranged soothing garden, □
Suddenly met a carelessly dressed low paid labour,
"What are you doing" I asked." Look me I am working, " replied he.
"This is not a work of a labour normally do, " again I disturb him.
Move this heap of soil to here, I asked. "Why? "
He asked and did not offer the answer out of his wallet.
You may plant this compatible, sapling of gardenia beside the rose,
It would be beautiful... I suggested. "Hold your didactic tongue",
He voiced. I know a garden in the other town this kind of arrangement
And all praise and really beautiful... you may follow.
"I want to work here. Do you want my dismissal?
I just follow and execute my Babu and his family's choices,
As I work here for a long time I know very well what would be
Beautiful and befitting the shape of this garden... but
I dare not to reveal as my experience. I am well, I am a worker
A labor ... I love my work..."
I fear ...are we like the worker of our garden of words?

Sk. Nurul Huda

The Modern Era Of Free And Extra

I was present in the shop.
A father bought a baby food
Horlicks big and got a small
Pouch absolutely free.

I was there in the land of
Stones and sand and also
Of poetry and cold, scenic beauty.
I find many ruined, desolated
Buildings and caves and some men
And children dead, totally free
And lineless wounded as
20% extra.

I fear and I feel happy,
But which I pay and which I
Get as free or extra I can
Not understand Here.

In sleep, I go to the moon and
Look yonder to the world,
A happy, green and blue
Heavily loaded with witty and
Costly human beings, is
Moving stumbling
Wearing a dusty sheet of
Violence, entirely Free.

Sk. Nurul Huda

The News Blown On The Air And The News Gone In The Air

The news blows in the air in the speed of a tornado
The widow,
Mrs. Puja's lovely and healthy son bagged a job in
Frontier soldiers team with high salary and facilities.

Sweets were dropped to almost all neighbours,
And to his and her ex schools and near and dear ones,
Greetings and loves and blessings count more than
Sweets distributed,

The proud son now sends scenic beauty of Kashmir,
Of greens and of frosts and lakes and of sooooo on.

After a year and half-
People rush to their house to greet her with sweets
And dresses for the customs of Hindu funeral rituals.

After a year and half-
The news lost in the air but from Mrs. Puja.

R@ Sk Nurul Huda-2016

Sk. Nurul Huda

The Pen Is In My Hand

Will you take a poem?
Will you give a poem?
Are you ready to read a poem?
Will you recite a poem?
Did you think of a pleasure
Giving poem?
Take it, this one is my poem.

Are you hopeless?
What? Is not it a poem at all?
No, it is a lovely poem I say.
Now the pen is in my hand
And you are a prey to it,
It is your luck bad or good
That you have here to read mine.
I wonder! !
What a potential poet I am! ! !

Sk. Nurul Huda

The Power Of Nakedness

Almost out to breathe the bold boys were
The men were gasping after chasing there
Ours is a vain attempts to fetch, said they all
To the groups who ordered, Catch the Naked girl.

The naked girl runs and runs too fast
She was clean, she was white, a bait of lust
She kept a swing, a strong storm for the time
To stir the stagnant men, the veiled sex as crime.

The deep discussions go on, the trances fade
Was it a female? A male? Not a eunuch's shade?
Whoever was but surely an eccentric or a mad one
To envy our repose on dark and false veil done.

Were you naked ever?
Were you not in public never?
Let us practice it
And heat the society a bit.

Sk. Nurul Huda

The Towel And The Spacecraft

Towel towel, big towel or small towel it is towel,
It is for the people of the people and by the people.
So give all a towel, fitting towel to the hankering to heal

Continental towel, occidental or the African-all are so well,
It is for the people of the people and by the people.
All will be in new galaxy with the towel expelling fuel

It is for the people of the people and by the people
Towel towel, big towel or small towel it is towel.

Sk. Nurul Huda

They Expelled Me

Yes. Yes. Yes I can. Yes we can.
Yes t is possible. Yes and yes ...and yes.
No. No. Not possible. None. Never. We'll not.
Nothing. Nowhere. No and no...and no.

This was my writing in the competition.
They declared me as disqualified. They told
Me that I had to give a long 'SPACE' between
The stanzas of 'YES' and 'NO'.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Trade: From Concrete To Abstract

Yes, what a development!
We were at dens then
Oh, the storm, the snakes, the rain?
The roaring lions, the wolves?
My blood chills.

I feel proud, the time, we have roofs

With Airy, warmy flats to twin towers.

Naked not, we were tree's hide, grasses's stripe
Next we torebeasts 'body cover
Now proud to have clothes long or little.

We ate the leaves, the raw meat and fruits wild
We shared the meals with beasts and struggled
We are proud to have fat farm houses and Cadbury.

Now we thought of the abstract, the spiritual
Yes, we had envy, we had violence, had proud
So go forward and trade on these.

We are proud of guns our of uneven stones
We have tanks out of horses or elephants
We have drone out of feared spies
We are mutual traders of dangers, envies
We are enlarging the world's trade from...

Sk. Nurul Huda

Tragic Smile

All that glitters ain't gold:
But her smiling was smiling true
Glittering, radiant, dazzling
Pure, pouring honey to sour and gloomy hearts...
She was laughing a white one
Bringing all in a same sphere
Full of mirth and sorrow mingled
Pushing everyone in the past
"oh, mine was same once "
"I had one such beside my right side "
I lost her, and search "
"had I been gifted by such one"
"""to be young was very heaven "
"will it run for ever for her"
All the men stand still
Become spellbound and become pure at hearts
For a transitory moment
.....and all happened in a bus stop
when a new bride smiled
a smile of the Duchess portrait by Browning.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Uneven Evana

Evan's uneven walking
Voiceless cooing
Meaningless bubbling
Bring down meaningful
Speaking;

Sk. Nurul Huda

Walking With Muse To God-A Broken Sonnet.

O God, it is broken, scattered, smoked and rusted now,
It has lost your determined melody, chunk & rhyme;
Yes, for wellness, to do something it seems the high time,
So tell my comrades, not to take it as my false & feared vow.

On rhyme it was a denced discussion with yout art manager Muse,
I asked, 'Are you happy with our verses almost prosaic? ',
She says, 'If you feel good with your son severely sick',
Thus she lifts me from conflict and confusion huge.

The Muse detects a mighty hole in the society's shade,
By it terrorists, dirty leaders are entering as bees to their cells;
And all th' countries are gradually getting red Hells,
So for a mender this hymn is to You on our head.

Now, for the crack when shall You employ the mender?
With smile, may we hope that the time is yonder?

©sk Nurul Huda fo r 'So ngs Of 47'.

Sk. Nurul Huda

War

it is kite, it is kite flying in the sky
sowing sound shrill sound long and high
do you know what is it, looks like a huge kite?
in angry seems same to a Chinese change'e to fight.

'it is not a kite' someone says
it is a fighter plane others say in gays
war war it is war to kill the man
so many lives will go to hell O the man!

hearing this my heart is trembling and trembling
panic in panic in it is gasping and quaking
is it not the war-world three is commencing?
yes yes no doubt, it is in the offing.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Water

I see a dam,
Water is confined,
Rather it is compelled
To be confined.
Let them be free
You could not be able
To prevent its motion
By your strength and emotion.

Life is water,
Water is within it
That is clearly clear to us,
The future's dust.
Let it be free
Let it be clean.
Water the water of life
Least it goes dirty and dry.

Sk. Nurul Huda

We Are The Cains

We are the Cains and our lovely Abels are dead
They are burnt they are being blown by flying daggers,
The Abels are Hyacinths for whom we quarrel;
We are the Cains, now the Weaponed and Armed Satans
And helpless, powerless passive mass having the right to vote,
Though sometime are forced to sell by dole.
We are the Cains and we are omnipresent.

©for-Songs of 47.

Sk. Nurul Huda

We Are The Child (Rhyme) .

We are the Child
We are the human child
We are soft we are mild
We do not know to beguile
We sprinkle the lithe smile.

God is meek and God is mild
As we are all, the little child
Blake says this Blake says this
So hate us not buy come and kiss.

Now do hear us, please do hear
This is not a false song of fear
Come and hug to make a room for us
Should we not be loved by the mass?

Make a way make a land, for you and us
By which we all can run and all can rush
To the civilised colony to the civilized ground
Where peace is worthier than a heap of pound.

Hay Boss, we love to grow in green and white
We want not darkness, no we want not night
Oh the elders do not play do not do day and night
Only the bad games of war war andfight.

R-sk Nurul Huda for Songs of 47.

Sk. Nurul Huda

What A Brand Abta Is!

It is a model, All Bengal Teachers' Association
It workshonestly for teachers' demands' unification;
It works for the country's better and objective education
It works to build a strong and enlighten Nation.

It is not an association only for the teachers' sake
It comes forward to prevent the principles fake;
It is not only to demand the gaps of professional make
It fights for secular education to the enemy neck and neck.

It was founded in 1921 in the pre independence day
Its aim was for the mass not to gain any personal hay;
Of many Masterda Suryasen, Sattaprio Roy had h're working gay
It has a close relation with the poor labours of the Day May.

School units, zones, subdivisions and has districts councils
As its organizational structure heading the State Committee's seals;
It has a strong tie with the other progressive organizations for pupils
Its eyes are always open to the national to international laws of civil(s) .

It has a brother namely ABPTA for the education in the level primary
Who works theirs to impart education to the future's flowers in a hurry;
All India praise it for honoring the martyrs with customs of disciplinary
ABTA and ABPTA stand together against anything threat to the country.

ABTA has a clear vision and for all the students a sacred mission
It always helps the progressive commissions for quality education;
Today the cunning companies imitates its famous books in imitation
By which its opponents hallmark the non-profitable ABTA'S reputation.

Yes it is a brand for its famous and helpful unique TEST PAPERS
Theirs who imitate it becomes only of missing and jest papers;
Model papers are its model and its collective mission's papers
Yes, the ABTA'S books come to all the students as dazzling tapers.

Sk. Nurul Huda

When A Dead Man Occurs Death To One.

" You have been dying me day by day
You have made a green paddy steam
To a pale hay
Before it gives gold corns."- she Said.

Oh Epiphany!

"That means I am alive? " - He murmured.
And says, " Is it? Can a dead man occur
Death to one? "

Sk. Nurul Huda

When I Forget And You Remind

When I forget and You remind I smile
And Try more to keep me in exile
Only to vent to text to be with in a safe file.

When Your lingering continues I smile
'The best comes from the experienced' busy idle
I say and trumpet in a political style.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Where Does He Live?

He lives in chorus chant
He lives in chaotic gathering
He lives in long procession
I am talking not of Corona Virus
I am talking of God rather.

He does not live in temple
But in the line to offering
In the team chanting Hymn
In the team chanting rock song
That is to say in the aesthetics.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Where The Door Is Locked

i was conscious;
so i kept my ears opened
my eyes were exposed to uneven objects.

my nose was ready
to compete its companions
who report to their lord leaving no defects.

the powerful tongue was too
to the reactions of sapience
that might burn or stir the society's server;

My skin was skilled for a sensuous sink,
And then to reflect all the triumph's dazzling glow
Alas! ! The door of my heart was locked out of a torn care.

Sk. Nurul Huda

Where There Is A Man There Is A Country.

It was at the beginning period
Of my working as a reporter,
I met a staggering and lonely lady
I started to take an interview...

Where are you going?
She was indifferent to me.
Why are you only one?
She answered not.
Whats the matter mother?
She looked at me... paused.
'you call me mother? Would
You hear me?

I greedily noded... tell me all..

'I was working with my elder son and two daughters,
To nurture my new born green saplings
Of dates,
Suddenly two masked men come
Capture my son
They hijacked him..
I ask, who are you and why are you
Taking my son?
They said, 'we want to save our country...
AND your son... We need him'.

I leave that part....

I take the shelter in a town
Some uniformed men come
And cast some bullet at a market where
My two girls go for shopping...
They become corpses among a group..
I get the chance to ask one..
Why you do this?
The MAN answered, 'we are protecting you,
Our country'.

So I am leaving this place and walking.'
She stopped.
I ask but where?
'where there is no man'.

Why? I repeat.

'Because where there is a man there is a country'.

Sk. Nurul Huda

You And I Or A Non-Rhymed Sonnet To Us

while you are walking I am walking and working,
Where you are at that wood I am in the world;
Well, you are to embrace me but I am to hug them;
You are at the morning I am at deep evening,
Yes, again you are in time I am in late daring fame;
You believe in strong lines I am in shadow lines,
You are creating I am, in chaos, shattering and mending;
Yours is in Whatsap mine world is in What's Not?
Here you are partly with Brecht I am badly with Tagore,
If you are broadly in the sea know I am in water;
You, to use the T.L.M but for the biased ones I'm to misuse,
You are conspiring yet I am planning and planting;
You are compatible with smiling me with smiling and crying;
To end you are in drowsy calmness I'm in beating tension.

Sk. Nurul Huda

You Are The Interpreter, The Ferryman(A Tribute To Mahasweta)

we are illiterate
we are the blind ones
we can not watch the essence of the
mighty power of our own mother
though we are fed by her.

it is you who come to us
with your boat to take us
to the land on the other side
of her heart.

it is you who come with the key
for the locker of the golds
banked at her heart.

we are the blind and illiterate
and poor Lodhas, Sabars, dalits,
Nakshals, common men of no name,
and we are her sons and daughters...

you are the director who, on her works,
have made cinemas like-snnghursh,
Behula, Rudali, hazaar Churasi Ki Ma,
Maati Maay and Gangor.

oh the directors come and draw more
give our eyes the power to read her.

Sk. Nurul Huda

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Sk. Nurul Huda

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Sk. Nurul Huda

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Sk. Nurul Huda

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Sk. Nurul Huda

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