

Poetry Series

# Smrutiranjana Parida

## - poems -



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## Smrutiranjana Parida()

Hey there! This is Smrutiranjana Parida, son of Subash Parida and Sukanti Parida. I have always been curious about new things. And poetry for me is an escape.

This is the second

time I published my poetry, next to Bibhaba e-magazine. Thank you for reading.



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Smrutiranjana Parida

# Run

What is this run?  
That has no life, no fun  
For days and days to go  
And some days come to moan

What is this run?  
From so early began  
When the crowd howls aloud  
And booms the sound of gun

What is this run?  
Everybody feels alone  
Darkness pervades deeper and deeper  
That the light the already blown

Why and how to moan?  
And how to say forlorn?  
Why to live with crowd?  
And why to die alone?

Smrutiranjana Parida

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Smrutiranjan Parida

# Fear

It has been the way my sun sets, and a fresh morning blows the clarion of terror,

I, in spite of all my mustering courage,  
In spite the deadly weapon in my hand,  
I fear  
I fear to wake up, and to run,  
And again to sleep forever  
To fight, to loot, and to cut his neck I fear  
Don't come my near,  
The fatal man inside is dead,  
And my corpse creates disdain smell  
And the ghost creates fear  
The morning is not a morning,  
While night morns forever,  
Death, I want it now,  
I want to kill the fear that comes near  
Do my life; do it clear  
The fear

Smrutiranjana Parida



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# In A Departing Evening

While walking on a dusty road; with the passing scene of sun  
If i think of you  
If I think your child-like behaviour,  
How you gaze like a cat's look, and  
How you talk in the low of the lowest voice,  
I will quicken my steps,  
I will murmur some khokha bhai songs,  
In the mark that you are with me  
You are walking with me;  
To shed some drop of tear;  
For the death of the sun and to catch;  
The horrible face of Night  
You will come closer to me;  
As your courageous sun has passed yet  
More closer and closer  
And the evening may stay for a while  
Despite your disdain for the dust at the feet, And my speedy walk  
You will walk  
You will walk with me for a long while;  
Without an exchange of words  
I will start a chart, but you will ignore  
Your shyness will churn your  
Bottle to feel like an approaching tiger  
You will not walk though more;  
You will grasp my hand tight  
Your fear for night will defeat;  
The fear you had for me  
Again the chilly wind  
We will walk for a few hours  
You may want to lose me; and  
Despite my loath to leave you,  
Time will come to bring;  
The present consciousness,  
We will leave each other;  
Without meeting the end turn of the road  
We will leave each other  
Then both will vanish  
I will come to me and you to you  
We will leave the world to silence;

Alone with our departing mark

Smrutiranjana Parida

# Horror

Winter's morning,  
The blatant murder of earth's warmth;  
And the ceasing scene of moon,  
Brings back the oldest and,  
The darkest memory ever  
With the minimal view of emerging sun

As I could breath the incense of  
A little distant Marigold  
My eye turned, and choked my heart  
She was standing there.  
I didn't expect the presence  
As Lilly do not expect,  
A blazing moon on black moon days  
I thought she was not there;  
But she was there

Hey! Listen  
What are you doing here?  
My bold Bellow did shake sure;  
The sleepy birds in nests  
And some shaggy doggies;  
Started to bark my presence  
Either homeward thief or thinking  
Infiltrator sure

I persisted calling her loud and loud  
Though Romeo couldn't say " I love you"  
I groaned louder than that of ever  
She stopped and turned  
I couldn't see her face though  
I knew she was there

I rushed her hoping a sweet walk talk  
She laughed that much louder  
She rushed forward when saw me near  
And I ran back after seeing her near  
I didn't know the temple woman's madness  
Although I was partly mad.

Smrutiranjana Parida

# Wintry Memory

Chilly wind  
Churning my memories  
With the passing days  
And mixing a dizzy mood  
Has always been the way  
I live in winter, for you my love  
For the pain you imparted; and  
The love you showed  
For a moment or more  
Had made me numb  
As a rain drop turns into ice  
While falling from high above  
The desires of clouds and  
The melting plot of sky  
My sense, as though of no sense  
Got hurt with your thorny rose  
And the oozing blood with  
No pain at all wrote the  
Deepest and darkest pain  
As my senseless sense densed  
Alone the way of other  
My heart, my heart  
It cries neither, nor  
It smiles with the passing day  
Sitting on the bank of bay  
I look deep into those water of  
Dark history with immense pain  
The chilly wind and the chilly pain  
Oh my poor life  
Oh my heart  
It aches, it aches

Smrutiranjana Parida

## Hell 2.0

A nightmare of bloodshed fades  
With sparkling sunlight as riot's deads  
Tomorrow's morning or tomorrow's night  
Clears the pavement out of heads

Tomorrow's day will write a new  
Story of red sword or a bloody view  
Vultures on some fresh flesh body  
And that's after wars are queue

Bellows of the shooting pistols  
Feeble sound of wailing rows  
Groaning a cattle of human beings  
Man has taken the killing vows

Inferno spreads steady and quite  
Spreads sucking humans near  
Doubly redoubles life's burden  
Increases inevitably the end's fear

Smrutiranjana Parida

# Hell

In a chaotic bedlam, the world of men  
Peace is what all desire  
Desires are so long and long; that  
The wish is only to get out of fire.

Here day is dark and night's darker  
Life itself is darkest too  
Heart's venomous, while mind toxic  
Poisoned tongue is not so new

Race of untamed brutes, the journey  
The rest is at the hearted hue  
Winner or loser attains peace  
Unless the death shows preview.

Laughter, a colossal sinistral voice around  
Tinged with motives tinged with flatter  
Sometimes seems like end's laughter  
Somebody's reading the death's charter.

Moan, a hollowing sound of hell  
Pervades around around here  
Of boys or girls or cries of olds  
Approaches in rapid near and near

Smrutiranjana Parida

# Leave Me

If it was a dream I see  
Your laughing days and smiling lips  
I could forget the whole and whole  
Those sweetest talks and kiss

I could forget the girl you were  
No reason to cry for you  
No mummy-boy-cry can melt thy heart  
So love would have deduced to few

You rude girl! go away  
To the place where no love exists  
Meet the people who love your body  
Where love loses and lust persists

You blind-hearted lass, leave me  
Alone in solitude leave me you rude  
My heart is moaning and face buried  
As if in a meeting I am standing nude.

Smrutiranjana Parida

# The Fly

How better it would be  
if I was born a fly?  
Without tension and to see;  
The world from little high

If I was born a king  
And ten children having  
The life was cursed to death  
With meaning having nothing

Think a king in court  
Killing and harming a lot  
Having no love, nor trust  
For whom sleep is a thought

Think a fly in the sky  
After saying pain goodbye  
Singing and feeling bliss  
Beauty seeing in both eye

What would you be  
A little innocent fly  
Or a robust and brutal  
sleepless powerful man of high?

Smrutiranjana Parida

# Escapist

Confinement,  
Let me break your chain  
The shackles of overthinking  
And the iron rods of depression  
I have been breathless  
With that one revolving thought  
And mood forever

Just set me free  
This is brutality, I know  
Death is always near  
Though the only desire left  
To flutter my wings or to  
Break the prison of the day

Being the escapist  
Doesn't matter, weather  
Coward or brave you think  
I want to run  
Away and away, far away  
From the city of cheating  
Where love is a selling stale food  
And trust  
The bogus words of the seller

Let me built  
A city of mine  
Of no man coming and no man going  
In a withered leaf  
I would write my poems; and  
Recite with great joy  
For me  
For nobody can hear

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