

Poetry Series

Tuwa Noor
- poems -

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Tuwa Noor()

I was born in a small but historical city of Bangladesh named Jessore. I was so fortunate that I was tied up with cultural organizations and got familiar with Bangla and World literature. We have a library here with excellent collections. I did masters in pharmacy and moved to United States for higher education. I did MS in Industrial pharmacy from Long Island University, New York. Currently, I am living in Florida permanently.

I love to write poetry, rymes and story.

Butcher

Have you ever checked your face in the mirror?

Whom you used to play soccer together

Excitement from the huge and vibrant kites in the sky!

A mother used to feed you with same fondness of affection,

How could you target the nozzle of the gun?

Who set an impermeable layer in your eyes?

There are roaring armed convoys patrolling on the streets with nose upward

Bombs are shower like torrential downpour from the sky

There is even no tiny space to hide

The lungs fill with smoke and dust of the debris

Mother's silent body is under the wreckage of the walls and roofs.

The hands of the babies emerge beneath her chest with a desperate desire to live.

The torn body flies like a burned piece of paper.

Come back and see— no one is the enemy!

The blood is warm, the exact same color like you.

Have you ever checked your face in the mirror?

A merciless butcher, without any sympathy takes the life away,

Are you one of them?

Are you really one of them?

Tuwa Noor

Remembering My Dad

The wind enters through the open windows of the south,

Shakes the mosquito curtain like a wave,

The fireflies twinkle in the blind dark night.

Eyes are wide open, would not fall asleep as easily.

Father returns home on the weekend from his work far away.

He tries to catch the last bus of the day.

It's been a long night.

The night becomes deep with the heavy layers of darkness.

The stars in the sky are like the enormous tiny flowers in the grass.

The jack hauls in the forest far away.

The dogs bark them those dwell in the backyard.

The scared bats fly away of the Polyalthia tree with rush in their wings.

Dad may be lost in nowhere like a little boy!

Both eyes are swollen of weeping and crying.

If I knew he would be lost in the sky where the stars twinkle like the fireflies, in their mysterious Milky Way,

I'll leave his address on a piece of paper in the pocket of his brilliant white shirt, washed and ironed out from the near by laundry shop.

Tuwa Noor

Story Of An Eaglet

Two shiny eaglets are in their nest, chirping in a wandering mood
For their mother, who goes near and far out of search for food.

There is a tall pine tree by the side of the shallow and shady marsh,
Eagles build their nest to raise their babies and never been harsh.

Mother eagle brings plenty of foods from far away in her strong bill
They can not survive without Mom, the hungry eaglets can feel.

Enemies peek around and come out in bright day and dark night
Their brave parents like a guard stand, watch and always fight.

Mother says, let's go kids! It's time to explore the endless sky
The happy eaglets come out of the nest next morning and try to fly.

One of the eaglets loves very much to fly and goes far and high
Another one comes back home, who is scared and feels very shy.

Mother says to the lazy one, 'try again as many times you fall!
A few of the birds you can see, so unfortunate that can not fly at all!'

'When the very cold winter comes and when there is no more song
We need to travel over the clouds as the journey will take all so long.'

The sky is open and wide and there is no sign to stop or slow down,
You can fly with strong wings over the trees and over the tidy town.

Mother becomes hopeless and worries much about his fate.
She tries to inspire him, 'you can try, and it's never be late'

Mother says, 'how will you earn some if you don't try!'
Eaglet promised to mom, 'I'll surely do best and I'll not cry!'

Next morning, his wings become frozen and heart beats like a clock.
He shouts and cries out in fear when mom is flying with her flock.

Once the world becomes dark on the afternoon of a near winter day,
A sudden stormy wind breaks the nest and flies away like the hay.

The lazy eaglet is falling down; he is to have crush and pain,
A sudden courage sprouts in him, 'try never ever goes in vain'.

He opens his wings and turns around before touching the ground
Discovers himself in the middle of sky, lots of clouds are around.

The little eaglet who is so scared, endeavors the sky like a toy
Mom! Look, how vast the sky is! He cries out with enormous joy.

Tuwa Noor

Tangle

Men build their own desolation so nicely with own hands in his own land.

From one the confinement to another,

Like a judgment written by his own hand.

There is no excuse to defy the destiny,

It's a life-term imprisonment in a crowded island.

Spider builds the web with fine silky fiber,

So wonderful chemistry they know!

Their four pair legs never get stuck, what's a marvelous technique they have learned!

With eight pairs of legs hanging under the branches,

The ugly looking caterpillar comes out of the cover as a beautiful butterfly like a monarch.

The silly white and black dotted cow takes off the rope, breaks boundaries.

Men get tied with seven fold by himself,

He cannot move his legs

He cannot get out off the tangle.

Tuwa Noor

The Teen Girl At Book Fair

She came to the book fair and her eyes filled with glittering of stars

She stood in front of my bookstore.

The screaming of the microphone on the stage came down

The men and women stopped taking selfies for a few moments as well.

All the noise came to an end.

She was not the daughter of a minister or a member of parliament!

She is not a daughter of wealthy man!

Not a daughter of a poet or artist!

She picked up an illustrated story book with so care.

She was turning the pages with a great surprise!

What a wonderful luster!

She wiped up the poorness of the book fair.

She was like the princess of a fairy tale!

Her touches turned the faded city into a different green.

Tuwa Noor

The Word

Look, how the ancient building withstands the winds and the climates!

Moss like weed makes a smear over the walls like a wide spread green carpet,

The plaster of the wall falls off,

The saplings of banyan and ficus spread their roots in the cornice of the building,

The cracked chips fall from the roof on the floor.

The red bricks erode by time and make a thick layer of powder

Still the building stands there, does not disintegrate like a defeated man.

Even one or two aerial roots of a banyan tree uprooted by storms,

The plant does not fall down on the ground.

How many stars disappear from the sky everyday silently?

The sky does not cry out with lightning and heavy uproar.

When you tell the story to make the baby sleep,

If one word is dropped somewhere in the story, then he wakes up with open wide eyes.

He wants to listen the whole story again and again from the beginning to the end,

With the full script, not a single letter less.

A tremendous impact happens in case of love!

It's totally and absolutely different.

The way you convey your love to your loved one,

The words pacify the mind and wash away all sorrow and sadness,

How you utter your loving word at morning time, or at noon or at bedtime.

If one of the words you pronounce less

Just a single word less!

The river overflows the dam vehemently and inundates the land

What a catastrophe happens around!

Human being has so much dependency on words!

It seems that the heart will collapse and the breath will stop suddenly in a moment!

Tuwa Noor

Win

Can you do something so easy when you want to do?
You loose when you want a tremendous win!

When you look back to the face shadowed with sorrow,
Will crunch your heart and will take away your happiness.

When you loose intentionally with somebody,
That lost will give you happiness, better than a win!

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