

Poetry Series

**Dupur Mitra**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2015

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Dupur Mitra(21.11.1981)

Dupur Mitra, is a poet and fiction writer from Bangladesh, has completed PhD from Jahangirnagar University, Dhaka in traditional conservation Practices, biodiversity and forest management.

Editor of webmag (bilingual in Bangla and English) and (in Bangla) .

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# A Few Poems By Dupur Mitra

1.

Somebody have to come beside the banks of the river  
He has to take up seeds scratching the beds of the river  
In the evening breeze he has to sing a song in open voice  
He has to control the river and get the hero  
The river-damsels will come to bathe in the water  
Steamers will wade through from far away land  
One should bow down on the feet of the deity of unknown lands  
Whole night they will wail like sirens and then fall into sleep  
Newer babies of the villages on the banks of the river  
somebody will remember while learning to swim  
in the childhood days  
Will chase the submerged rainbows and  
Angry clouds from one end to another.

2.

After crossing the avenues  
The area has now developed a lot  
There's many house developed  
There are shops  
Educated people amassed  
Foreign goods are available  
Newer people are now very happy  
Lots of happiness assembled here through these avenues  
Only those who are older citizens of this area  
They do not go to these avenues  
They fear  
Those who go to these avenues get lost.

3.

One day you will know after the train leaves  
the station remain deserted  
The Shop-owners start chewing pan  
Hawkers rest a while, sitting idly  
The station master talk smiling  
the River that flow beside the station  
Cool breeze flow from there  
The birds gather on the nearby trees  
Sings  
Only we, whom we call ourselves people of the station  
Their heart remain unoccupied

They remained static, looked vacantly, dejected  
And they pointed at the leaving train and say to their children  
'Look, there comes another one.'

5.

When a helicopter fly past the town  
Many people look up an look at it  
As if they desired to fly up above the sky  
They desired to become free of all hustle  
One day a helicopter came flying in the sky of our remote village  
Then nobody ever desired to fly in the sky  
They longed for some food  
To be dropped down from the window of the helicopter.

6.

Today when mom cleans her son's body  
With soap and water  
Then I recollect my boyhood days  
I thought  
If only all the mothers  
In future years  
Could clean up the bodies of all the children  
Fresh, spotless and sparkling!

7.

Make me a scare-crow in your  
crop field  
I want to be beside your love and caress  
All through my life  
And want to protect crops of your fields  
So that no bizarre tricks and artifices can destroy your crops  
And you can sleep at ease  
Unhampered  
Cuddling the crops.?

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# Love

after many days where you have walk, that song have you liked very much, that food you have preferred more; i am also felt love of those. As after many days i have returned my time. Those times were also may be yours, but now i don't think so. After many days i just have felt those time actually are mine. just as thinking at the road is my home OK? or can be those times were never yours. Because you don't remember as me. May be you try to remember but i don't know.

For these reasons after many days, after entering into my time, what types of you i have found is actually my love. May be for these reasons where have you walk, that song have liked, that food you have preferred, i am feeling love of those also. or you are becoming my love. Is that why after many days any people, with who we working together or sharing our life are becoming love?

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# Waiting

I wait for many things. My lover, dream or revolution. I wait for that boy who once called me dad subconsciously, i wait for that river, where learned how to swim. I wait for that stolen friend, who once said i should be with you all ever.

Sometimes i wait by siting at the bench of a park, sometimes at the rail station or sometimes at the main road where peoples wait for their relatives or others. I wait, because i think, may be, i shall get of those.

I feel good when i wait. May be, i shall never get of those, therefore i wait. Waiting which is like a poison for someone, becoming honey in my life day by day as dream.

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