

Poetry Series

Hamid Rayhan
- poems -

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Hamid Rayhan()

Fall

Fall

By Hamid Rayhan

There is a sunbaked silence. The bled plant in the open pace blows up its branches, sun combs in the suspended gondola, and stands like a poacher crayfish itself to the wall every long afternoon.

My hand slides over the socket, the ray rashes send its warm brass towards me in which I stand on a floury fin through the window.

grab the sky, the splendor of falling evening

Now, the earth I've soiled with the wing of a hawk, now sitting, long- licking, with blueing slashes and lockjaw's sinns: here again the abyss, the bun goes up to the bugged clock: here is love like the rhythm of a Hutz sunk beyond its glow in the crib

and wait about to explode!

Hamid Rayhan

Fly

Fly by Hamid Rayhan

For my friend Marylee Macdonald, fiction writer

While you submerge, the mild of Bengal flickered
and swim through the Monu river, flying around
in all quarters with the sound of your own sarcasm
ever far, or near almost at my chest

I love you fly, your moist hair long, black like outside
this heavy, cloudy evening and your overwhelming crawl
bang-up, nifty smashing bow, back, and shoulders
of your good swimmer
coating and more ...

now fly slowly, the twisted-wavered teardrop fall
in my existence; still, I hear you fly in my mind-body
as clouds floating in the sky

It's many years since I see you, the metasensual delight
or, art of non-satisfaction this time and every year since
thinking this truth:

even today, we love each other our moans rolling over
hear nowhere but everywhere, the sound of flyng; I sit
down with the summer desert throat at the dry grass
stones to the blaze blue

you past me now and then till morning into evening
the shy shadows, the deep air of the gentle tree limming
at dusk, disappointed, falling over me winter dewdrops
as old memories strike hard. Thank goodness, for
the small charge,

for the sluggish slow fall, when I hold you, as
the touch of feathers of a peacock; knowing once

you and I loved each other-so fly, fly, unfleshy delight
this dusk I see you nowhere but everywhere in my heart

You and I have never seen any other day
Or, don't wanna see ever; even don't know
what our names are
wherein we each come

we are individuals of the whole-that's it, isn't it?

Had we seen each other again today or other days!
but we together fly, fly, are eager to see each other
just like feelings unlit, untold
now this time, and everytime the year since

I will fly just as the hope of the homeless,
and as the waving of the Bay of Bengal
and as the tiredness of ploughing farmers'
and as the secret sparks of a second coming
and as the cry of a baby coming
from the OT room
from the roadsides, dirts, deserts and open sky
from the unknown
from sundown intimacy

this time sitting on the evenfall, you will find
see me fly, fly nowhere
but everywhere, everywhere
A Reader, above you an inch, giggles
off stay to you
now then go fly, fly

Hamid Rayhan

Shout

Shout By Hamid Rayhan
For Charlse Roy and Zafar Ahammad

Like in Mother-womb I grew up, I hid behind her
at the gloamlit light

Now, the summer-moon hoots at the man's sky
Mother hides herself behind the death-claw
my memory peeps from behind my filling station.

My memory sits on, sits on my thought-body
like snow falling and covering the hills
that a dawn still like a frozen slab slowly
melts warmth love drop by drop turning
into a stream; I blacken the onward sky.

The grow-up glitters of the moon's eyes
illuminate my silence
O dear, I grow up through it.

When I get its language I shall return
to your silence, armed-to give hidden meanings of yours;
Oh! Dear:
to your night
to your sins
to your diseases
to your insomnia
to your democracy
to your crows
to your armour
to your songs
to your apprehensions
to your suspicions
to your scriptures
to your happiness
to your wealth
to your curses
to your red-green flag

Nobody ever dies when they kill to pose truth,
only the blazing large views of a witness
to slaughter Mother and you.

To lose nothing do I have now, who fears
if see so off beat life is
my voice twists in anger, awaiting to explode

By Hamid Rayhan

Hamid Rayhan

Transformation by Hamid Rayhan

Transformation
Hamid Rayhan

Mother jumps over me
with hard phrases
after I've damaged a glass
Of low priced

She makes partitions
among five members of the family,
together with our father
breaking them to pieces

with mistrust, resentful emotions,
and opposition

No one says anything,
even father stays sell-off
remembering past days
melt to tears

Hamid Rayhan