Poetry Series

kafil uddin raihan.

- poems -

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kafil uddin raihan. (29/09/1987)

I am now a student of a private medical college. I start my writting since my childhood, when I was in class 2. I like songs, all kinds of songs. I also write song, dramas, stories. actually literature is in my blood.These are all about me for now.

Works:

Nothing as I dislike to expose my works.cause if anyone insulte my work, i fear.As a father I can't let this to my children.

####################Cream flower...

I know I can't touch you,

I know I can't smell you,

I can only just feel you,

You lie some where into mine,

There is no you in my present,

There was no you in my past too.

There will no you in my future.

So who you are with me always?

Why I cry all the night?

Why I try to have you?

At last I found the answer,

Yes you are the one,

The one from no where but dream,

Oh my sweet cream flower...

kafil uddin raihan.

A Doctor and.....(All medical persons please read it)

I can see his past, at least once,
His first day at medical college,
His teacher asked him as usual, ,
'Why do you want to be a doctor? '
He answered without any delay,
'I want to serve the people, so I do'
I can see as I also stood there.
Every medical student, everyone,
Is asked the same question,
We all answer like him, It's simple.
But now like everyone, like him,
I know the answer we make is wrong.

He is now an old renowned doctor,
I've come to him for some donation,
Donation for those poor people,
Who can't afford a warm cloth,
Who are dying foe a piece of that.
When I've asked him for that,
He answered me as simply as that day,
'I am not here for this bloody job...,
You know I don't allow those in my chamber,
I need money, no time to think of them,
It is the headache of the politician,
The leaders of this country....not mine.
You are a medical student, think of study,
Forget about those, You are not for them,
You should think of you dresses,
Which tie suits with your coat or else,
Please let them be what is in their fate, '

I am surprised and astonished,
I think and think his words,
I ask myself why i am a medical student,
Why it has been our aim in life,
And at last I have taken a decision,
I would like to request every medical student,
Don't be a doctor, Just be a man,
If you would be a man, you would be a doctor too,
But If you only be a doctor, you mightn't be a man.
Please, don't answer the question only to answer,
Answer it as a constant goal of life.....

kafil uddin raihan.

A little album...

These albums,
Dumb pictures,
Nothing but past,
Only few moments,
But most precious,
Than our lives.
Than our present,
But a little album,
So many words,
So many emotions,
Behind itself,
Among us.....

kafil uddin raihan.

A lottery....A man....Endless ending.

He could never imagine of this,
Four million taka all on a sudden,
He bought the ticket unintentionally,
He never believed on luck,
But this time he has been astonished.
How could he express his joy!

Not more than few hours ago,
He was thinking of boring life,
Wasted soles were smiling at him,
The struggle for a job,
He was tired and restless,
But at suddenly he has been millionaire,
What a game of life!

An hour ago he has lost everything,
The ticket is lost in the bus,
While he was coming home,
Someone picked his pocket,
He is now a dumb scarecrow,
A fake fear for the sorrows,
A false dream of joy and happiness,
What an irony of fate!

His wife noted the serial number,
It is the only proof for him,
But no proof for others of the society.
He looked at the serial number,
Both on the newspaper and the note,
Warm sighs are filling tears in eyes,
Beats are pinching in his hearts,
The old dusty shoes are now happy,
They are going to be with him for more,
This small dark house is now smiling,
He is staying in here for days more,
Sorrows are playing a strange game,
An endless ending of his black life....

kafil uddin raihan.

A prostitute....

She is a mother,
She has loves,
She has dreams,
She is creative,
She is beautiful,
But above all to us,
She is a prostitute.

You hate her,
You scold her,
You leave her,
In the dark world,
You say her worse life,
To your all now,
She is a prostitute.

Can you answer me,
Why such identity of her?
Why she is so hated?
Who made her so?
The god or you?
Isn't it your nasty lust?
Isn't it your ugly greed?
Isn't it You man,
Who left her helpless?
Isn't it you man,
Who thrown her in darkness?
Isn't it you man,
Who pulled her to hell?
Isn't it you man,
For whom she is a prostitute?

Hey god, I confess,
On behalf of these cowards,
I confess my sin to make her so.
Judge yourself man,
Who suits in that burning hell?
Isn't that me, you, us, the lusty man?
Or that lady, who was born innocent?
But now to all of these society,
She is a prostitute.....

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A suicide....

Her body was burnt,
Bruises, lacerations,
Here and there,
She was dead,
The fresh fleshes,
The burnt bones,
The clotted bloods,
The clothe prints,
These prove her pain,
What a painful dead it was?
How could she do this to herself?
Why did she do this to herself?
Only for those punk teaser?
Or for this prejudiced old society?
Or her dishonoring position to us?
May be none knows, may be knows,
But she is now only a dead body,
No other justice, no other hopes,
Nothing can awake her from this sleep.
All her hates, all her curses, all cries,
Are now burnt with kerosene,
She herself burnt them,
With her rapped, disgraced body,
Another red rose has died away,
Plucked out from the garden of life,
For our lusty, nasty, manly game,
I hate you man, I hate myself,
As I am also one of yours.....

kafil uddin raihan.

Alas Palestine!

Till now,
They haven't seen this naked world,
They haven't known the human greed,
They haven't learnt the mystery of life and death,
They haven't understood the religion and racism,
They haven't taught a letter from the alphabet,
They are still innocent children.

Till now,
They haven't seen the colors of life,
They haven't known the truth and lie,
They haven't learnt earth and ocean,
They haven't understood why walls on border.
They haven't taught to speak of freedom.
They are still innocent children.

But see, they are dying,
your deadly weapon don't miss them,
Don't forget to take their lives,

Have you seen,
What a thirst to see the around in their dead eyes!
How much wonders in their speechless mouth!
How many dreams cry out in those beat less hearts!
How many spring waiting to touch those bloodless hands!
How many miles to walk away with those torn legs!

You will never see,
Their fathers, mothers, kith and keen everyday,
Crying and cursing, that never reached to you.
Alas Palestine! How many dead child you will bear!
Alas Israel! How much young blood you will need!
Alas people! How many dead generations to wake you up!
Alas...

kafil uddin raihan.

An accident and paradise lost...

She was everything to me,
She managed this house,
She colored my life,
Every thing belongs to me now,
Belonged to her once.

We had happy family,
She and me, two lovebirds,
Flied in the sky of love,
Once we found her existence,
Inside our endless love,
We were three persons,
One soul, one family,
Days were passing out singing,
Winging away in the horizon,
We built a paradise among us.

Two years ago,
A storm has taken away everything,
My life lost his all fancy drives,
A traffic accident has changed us,
Changed our life as it was never there.
My queen and my little princess,
Passed away from me,
Lost behind the portrait in the wall,
Neither I nor any one can change this fate.
My paradise is now a past,
Only Me with these artificial legs,
And blind eyes remaining in the present,
Awaking the nights to feel that love,
Only a crazy road accident,
Turned out my dreams in the day light,
I am now nothing but an empty boat,
Without a sail sailing to uncertainty,
Leaving behind my loves in the shore....

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An equation: Unsolved!

I wonder at these greedy men,
Why they wish to live more?
Why they want to be immortal?
What makes them so thirsty,
For a long run of life in this world?
What fascinates them to live?

Everywhere I see the poor souls,
Unsatisfied minds crying,
Fear grasps them all moments,
They are running from themselves,
A tired busy living system bores them.
Though they pray to live,
To stay in this dead land more.

I think and think and wonder, Why?
I think, it's a kind of chemistry,
In our hearts between hope and reality,
But it can't be an answer,
So what is the actual philosophy?
Whats the key of such a wish?
It is really a tough equation,
That has not been solved till now..

kafil uddin raihan.

An old banyan tree

He was my only elder friend.
Everyday on my way to school.
I saw him and wondered.
He had the evidences of time.
A lot of knowledges and experiences.
He saw the basic instincts of us.
He, himself was a encyclopedia.
He, himself was a history of time.

But there is no sign of him.
This loss makes no sense to us.
But it clears the fact.
It discovers us, ourself.
To us no value of past.
To us history is nothing.
To us, our present is all.
But he had a lot to say us.
To say us about society, civilization.
About lifestyles, cultures.
Above all about our forefathers.
But we are out of emotions for him.
We emphasize our present than past.
And we prove our greeds.
We prove a great saying into a lie.
The old is old.
The present is gold.
Now on that way, while i walk.
I sigh and wonder.
There was an old banyan tree in here.
Good bye old friend.

kafil uddin raihan.

Another love

when i touch you,
when i kiss you,
when i walk beside you,
when i look into your eyes,
I feel, i love you.

when i see a mother begging from door to door,
when i see a cute girl selling flower in the street,
when i see a young boy dying for a few money,
when i see an old father pulling a heavy rickshaw,
I believe, i love them.

Sometimes, i ask myself whom do i love more.
I look inside myself, and wonder at the answer!
I have feelings for you my baby,
when i stay with you, i feel i have got everything.
But when i think of those helpless,
I discover myself into a hell.

Anyone may say it a kind of sympathy.
But i know the fact that, it is more than sympathy,
Some kind of love, that makes me feel guilty,
guilty for doing nothing for them.

In every life, there is only one love,
the love for his girl, they say so.
But i feel with my every single breath the fact.
we all have another love, that we never try to feel,
never try to understand, but we have.
Not sympathy, it is god gifted, natural,
another love for man....

kafil uddin raihan.

Answers about me....

May be I am so young,
May be I speak unusual,
But do you ever think,
How much old am I?
This is twenty three year,
I am now at such a stage,
Where I can touch this life,
I can take this life as my own,
Either I can enjoy this moments,
Or I can feel this bitter life,
If I enjoy this life as all young,
May be I can't reach to the destination,
The destination I've dreamt,
All my childhood and teenage,
I have seen the struggle around me,
Rise and fall of a man in the society,
I have seen the hates of man to life,
A lot of things, good or bad,
I want to draw them in the poems,
I am trying to depict the life in my words,
May be these are boring or abnormal,
But these are the facts of reality,
How can I forget them,
May be you can say, I have times in future,
But I don't trust my future,
It is the most betrayal friend of a man,
There is no assurance of life,
I am the mortal man who desires to be immortal,
In the hearts of man I want to live forever.
For these I am such a young,
Speaking in the voice of a tired old.
only for these.....

kafil uddin raihan.

Autistic or Human being.

You say them, 'autistic'.
You neglect them,
Never treat them one of yours,
You think them the curse of God.
I say them, 'artistic'.
I respect them,
Try to treat them as mine,
I think them the angle of god.

Why you let them down?
They are your child,
They are human being,
Like other children,
They are also innocent,
So why you discriminate them?
Why you send them to autistic schools?
Why always keep away from family matters?

Sometimes It hurts me,
When I found man like me,
With flesh and blood,
With beats and breaths,
Being neglected,
Being thrown,
For a sin, they never involved,
They never known.

Why we can't take care to them?
Why we can't manage them in their ways?
May be they would become someone,
A new Einstein or newton.
A new Picasso or Vince.
A new Shakespeare or Reymark.
Let them walk with us,
For the Discovery of a new history,
Where every man is man,
A human being without an adjective.
That humiliate oneself.
Choose one word,
Autistic or Human being.

kafil uddin raihan.

Balance.....Imbalance!

Every sphere of our life,
We try to keep balance,
When there is an imbalance,
There is a disaster,
Economics, politics, sports,
Culture, society, family,
Every where the balance theory.
But this balance...imbalance theory,
Driving us to our extinct,
We never feel, never understand,
But we are changing daily,
Turning into monster from man,
Becoming unknown to ourselves.
Yap, When we balance,
Our morality with reality,
Then we loose our individuality,
Then we walk ahead to the dark,
We forget our own,
And become a new man,
greedy, lusty, nasty man.
Please don't balance it,
Leave this imbalance,
And be a real man of honor....

kafil uddin raihan.

Barriers and barricades!

Is it possible?
We all have forgotten our all identity,
The only identity stands is the human,
There is no land, no border,
No religious distance, no races,
What if we all were only man?

Is it possible?
We need no passport or visa,
We are traveling all around the world,
No immigration, no customs,
No cultural variation or discrimination,
What if we all were only man?

May be one day it will,
We would be able to stand as one,
We would dissolves all barriers,
But the barricades in the walk of life,
That create complexities among us,
How can we cross that barricade?
How can we change these hearts,
Those have known the variations,
Have been self centered inside us,
How can we overcome these barricades?
What if we all were only man?

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Belief-01

Death for a life,
Life for a death,
In between two,
We only to breath.

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Belief-02

Love is a promise,
Love is a sacrifice,
Love is a compromise,
Love is a understanding,
Love is a responsibility,
Love is a hope,
Love is a truth,
Beyond all doubt.

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Belief-03

When there is nothing,
No hope or no dream,
There is still one thing,
That is one's soul.
Never be frustrated,
Never be disheartened,
Don't live for anyone else,
But live for your own.

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Belief-04

No one is perfect,
No one is innocent,
No one is the best,
No one is an angel,
So don't be foolish,
Trying to be complete,
But be a simple one,
Out of complexities.

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Belief-05

Luck is nothing,
Only a reflection,
Of your arts,
Your thoughts,
Your ideas,
Your personalities,
It is a setup,
A game plan,
To judge yourself,
Draw lines as yours,
Stitch the points,
Whatever happens,
Thats the spirit,
To build your luck,
In your hand,
With cherished blocks.

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Belief-06

We build the demons,
We build the devils,
We build the ghost,

We build the angels,
We build the truths,
We build the beauties.

We are the power,
We are the inspirations,
Deep inside us,
We the god ourselves.

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Belief-07

Difference between
Truth and lie,
Lie never win,
Truth never die.

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Belief-08

If you want to be in the heaven,
As a pious or a communist,
First believe in your creator,
Then before any prayer for him,
Do something for mankind,
It is sure if you serve his creation,
He will serve you as yours.
Mind after all religious thought,
The humanity is second for the soul....

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Beneath the lamp....

Certain things, we can see,
Certain things, we can never,
In between there are something else,
That we can see but we don't,
We need to find out those,
We can't avoid these,
Black chapters of our life,
We need to be special,
In our thoughts and deeds,
We need to be individual,
We should evaluate us,
For this we should fix those out,
Lets figure out the open secrets,
Those are hidden surround us,
Beneath the enlightened lamp.

kafil uddin raihan.

Between life and death....

If you are a pious,
You have only uncertainty,
You have only prayers.
If you are an atheistic,
You have only joys,
Enjoy every moment,
If you are a man of self respect,
If you are a wise and sincere,
You have only intentions,
Intentions to do exceptions,
Intention to set examples,
Temptation to be immortal,
With a glory of works and words,
In the beat of living hearts.
Find your answer,
Who are you?
What lies between life and death to you....

kafil uddin raihan.

Black hole!

The more we want,
The more we get,
The more we get,
The more we want,
Monstrous desires,
Giant ambitions,
Unsatisfactory hungers,
Boundless demands,
Our heart wants more,
Our soul dreams more,
We are no more man,
We have changed,
Inside ourself,
Only emptiness,
Our heart has been,
Hungry black hole...

kafil uddin raihan.

Blood and soul

Blood betrays,
Blood bleeds,
Soul is pure,
Breath holly greens,
Breed trust in heart,
Whom should one choose,
Blood or soul?

kafil uddin raihan.

Blood brother!

Hey, whom are you stabbing?
Whose blood are you sipping?

Hey, whom are you shooting?
Whose heart is bleeding?

Hey, Whom are you threatening?
Whose life you wish to take?

Think, think deeply dear,
Who is that man?
What does he belong to you?
Do you know him?

Hey, don't be blind at revenge,
Don't be mad at bloody thirst.
Don't shut down your judgement,
Don't make blunt your wise sense.

Look at the man, at his face,
He is your kith and kin,
He is your soul mate,
You all are of same origin,
Same fleshy, bloody bodies.
Same emotions and feelings.
Hey open your closed mind,
He is none but your blood brother.
Hey....

kafil uddin raihan.

Blue

Blue sky,
Blue love,
Blue tears,
Blue pains.
Blue songs,
Blue poems,
Blue eyes,
Blue rains.

kafil uddin raihan.

Butterfly: Fortune hunter

The little wings,
Bearing the colors,
Moving around the flower,
Charming her,
Kissing the petals,
Taking all the honeys,
Again forget her,
Leave her alone,
Take shelter of another,
Again making love,
The consequences are same,
May be he is the beauty,
But he is the fortune hunter,
The little butterfly...

kafil uddin raihan.

Candle in the storm!

We are trying,
Trying heart and soul,
To keep him alive,

In this dark night,
The wild wind roars,
Threat us to lag behind.

We are undaunted,
We are struggling,
We are appealing to others.

Is there anyone?
Anyone out of fears,
To join with us, anyone?

Come, young bloods,
Hand over here,
In this deadly fight,
With a determination to win,
Swearing to fight till last,
Shouting out loudly,
'We better die in this storm,
But never let the dankness to win,
Never let this wild wind,
To put out him for ever.
Who is there?
Who is that brave one?
Let's fight, let's die,
Let's enlighten this night,
Let's hold the candle in the storm! '

kafil uddin raihan.

Capitalist!

Let the poor to die,
In disease, starvation.
Shut down the basic needs,
For those broken backbones.
Never think of others,
Only look at you,
Only think of taking chances,
To climb higher and higher.

Rule those Illiterates,
Do anything suits you,
Drive them in front of you,
Remove the thrones on the way,
Build a mount of flesh and blood.

Now you are the king,
Now you are the pioneer,
Now you are the fate of fools,
Now you are the tricky capitalist!

kafil uddin raihan.

Change the devil instinct...please!

Poetry publishing on internet,
The papers are backdated,
Gaming with the desktops,
The fields are lost some where,
Reading on the laptops,
Books are old fashions now.
Day by day they are changing,
We are replacing our surroundings,
Technology defeated the nature,
Every thing is appreciating,
Only one thing remain unchanged.
But that should be the priority,
Please do something to save the world,
To save all living beings in here,
Please someone, somehow,
Change the devil instinct of us,
Please.....

kafil uddin raihan.

Change with age!

Day by day,
Word by word,
Line by line,
I am maturing,
My thoughts,
My works,
My tempers,
All are changing,
It is really hard,
To believe,
To imagine,
This new mine,
The young boy,
With his all temptations,
All his excitements,
Have grown old.
Now a new man,
Replace the boy,
A cool headed,
Old man standing,
On this present.
Yap, I am the old man...

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Characteristics of a man

Blind eyes.
Blunt sense.
Dumb mask.
Numb man.

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Child labor and some words...

While they were about to play,
Then they are struggling with life,
The soft hands are turning to farm,
They Think of the ways to earn,
In stead of reading rhymes, fairy tales.
The youthful minds are sacrificing joys,
Dreams and all cheers of living,
For having foods for hanger,
We have set out these children,
To seek their own fate with sweats,
The little faces are so dry,
Forget to laugh innocently,
As they have seen a lots,
But do they suppose to do these?
Who cares of these, Who?
We need money, we need power,
No matters how these come to us,
For these we are damn care,
To sell their childhood to reality,
What if we compare them,
With our lovely children,
Can we let our own children,
To do such hard labor to seek food?
To survive in this hardcore reality?
It is the time to ask ourself,
To make a decisions about child labor,
Please brothers and sisters,
Save our soul mates and stop this,
Or we will be cursed forever....

kafil uddin raihan.

Come again when it is night....

Come again when it is night,
When I am sleeping,
When the whole city is sleeping,
Come again, kiss me, wake me up,
Show me the dreams you dreamed,
Show the words hidden inside you,
The words no one knew before,
The words I never heard from any one,
Just whisper in my sleepy ears,
Just kiss my dreaming eyelids,
I will love you, love you as you wished,
As you desired my love before last breath,
No matters, whatever they say,
You are dead or else and else,
I know you are alive,
Alive in my shadows, in my feelings,
Just come again when it is night.....

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Confession: Last days in the cell.

In these last days of life,
I see my sins in front of me,
Joking and laughing at me.
In this closed cell of mine,
I curse myself for that night,
For being a killing machine.
I have lost my every thing,
My lovely wife, my daughter,
All are now far away from me,
But once they belonged to me,
They loved me as i do them,
They cared for me as I do,
All these has changed suddenly,

I still see the moment,
I was killing those four,
For the pleasure of my boss,
My boss, my godfather,
He has used me only,
He made be ambitious,
He made me a guinea pig.
Every day I just obeyed him,
I did all for me, for my family,
I thought him a god for me,
As I always afraid of poverty,
I never wanted my daughter
to grow up in any lacking,
But only a few days later,
She will in lacking of her papa,
How funny, surprising our fate is!

I see my wife's crying face,
My sweet girl have no love now,
There are hates only for me,
I know, She will never forgive me,
Never for killing those four,
Never for destroying her life,
Never for destroying my child's life.
What a mean cheater i am!
Cheated my wife, my daughter.
Even I have cheated myself too.
What have i gained after all these?
A death sentence? Waiting for death?
Thinking of past? Nothing more.

I know, God will never forgive me.
Would my wife forgive me?
Would my little daughter forgive me?
Will she think of me any day?

It has been a long time,
I have met my girl and wife.

They cried a lot in front of me,
Said that would not come again.
And even before my death,
My wife don't want to see me.
She don't want to have my touch
On our little daughter.

In these closed cell,
Life has become burden for me.
I am the man of hates to all.
Even to my wife, to my daughter.
What can one say me,
Am I a man? I don't think so.
I found myself more nasty than a beast.
What can I do? how can I testify
The rude cruel reality of mine?
Good by beautiful world,
Live a enlightened life
without this nasty insect.

kafil uddin raihan.

Corruption.....

When a person be corrupted,
Then he feels fears,
When a family be corrupted,
They feel ashamed,
When a society be corrupted,
They spread that,
When a community be corrupted,
They cause hazards,
When a nation be corrupted,
They fall into darkness.
Thus we loose ourselves,
Under the shade of corruption...

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Cry of a river: Let me live

They built a dam at past.
That was called farakka.
They never think of me, us.
We are drying day by day.
Water levels are going down.
During the summer.
Here none can know me.
Anyone can make mistake.
Thinking me a desert.
Day by day I am loosing myself.

Now they are going to make a dam.
Across the borak river at tipaimukh.
I will loose my last sign.
I will become a desert for whole years.
But there is no headache to them.

It seems to me that,
I was born to die in such way.
But I want to live.
I want to see this small land more.
I want to nourish this poor people for era.
Is there anyone to hear my cry.
Once I was a soulmate of yours too.
But now a freak line takes us away.

Please, don't kill me.
I belong to bangladesh.
I belong to subcontinent.
I belong to asia.
I belong to this world.
Let me live...
Let me love...
Let me nourish my children...
Let me be a river.
Flowing on and on for ever.

kafil uddin raihan.

Darkness everywhere...

Darkness everywhere,
But light in your heart,
Fading world to you,
But colors in your mind.
Never think of past,
Never think of presence,
Never worry of future,
Forget them all,
Because you are the one,
You will build these
so called present, past, future.
Thinking alone yourself?
foolish girl can't you see,
Every morning sunshine with you,
Every hot noon birds chirping for you,
Every evening the horizon
call you to play with him,
Every night these stars and moon
All praying for you.
We all are with you.
Never break down helplessly.
We will fight with you,
Win the life, defeat the fate.
May be darkness everywhere,
But light amongst us,
En light the world....

kafil uddin raihan.

Deadly game-01

With a cigarette in my lip,
I blow in the smokes,
I become ash in the ashtray,
I see the fall of my life,
Slowly, gradually, Steadily,
How life gets it's ending,
How a man looses in darkness,
Every day I feel it!
It's an experiment,
Where I am a Guinea pig,
And I am the scientist.
And I am really enjoying this,
This deadly game with myself.

kafil uddin raihan.

Deadly game-02

Once I was on the top,
Flying with the clouds,
Blowing in the winds,
I am to never look back,
To all I was a champion.

But I was never want that,
That words of praises,
That brilliant adjectives.
The thing that fascinates me,
Is different one than that.

I always wish to see the life,
The rise, the fall of a man,
Whats up to looser?
How does it feel to be down?
How does one survive in reality?
What is the meaning of life?
What is the definition of happiness?
What does drive one to the dark?
What is pain and tiresome?
What is frustration and deprive?

I want to figure out Differences,
between social statuses,
Between god and bad,
Between the human beings,
Between our instincts,

Now I am keep falling,
Struggling and observing,
Perceiving and learning,
Falling and experiencing.

Now I am trying on my ways,
But I can't as I have bindings,
Though I want to be free,
They hold me from behind,
They surround me in a circle,
They want me hold in here,

However my experiment is going on,
Where me myself a guinea pig,
Where me myself is a solution,
Though attractive but destructive,
I am really enjoying this part,
this deadly game with myself.

kafil uddin raihan.

Death is not the end...

The worst and ugliest fault of a man
 Is to come in this world, live the selfish life,
Survive by beating each other.
we think after death, we will get free,
out of these all years old crimes.
But the fact is that,
Death is not the end...

kafil uddin raihan.

Dedicated to Michael jackson

I 'Wanna Be Startin’ Something'
A picture in 'Black or White'
Another Monallissa or ' Dirty Diana'
But 'They Don’t Care About Us''
So I start The 'Earth Song'
Sung by that 'Man in the Mirror'
My Little heart, He just 'Beat It'
I was thrilled By this 'Thriller'
He was the 'Smooth Criminal'
The king of the king,
A legend A 'Billie Jean'

kafil uddin raihan.

Distance

Distance between present and past,
May be a breath or it's fraction.
May be a beat or it's fraction.
Controversial, not confirmed.
But I have never known,
The accurate answer to the question.
Is there any one to measure,
The distance between present and past?

kafil uddin raihan.

Dream

I dream to be a bird,
I dream to be blue sky,
I dream to be green field,
I dream to be flowing river,
I dream to be highest mountain,
I dream to be raindrops,
I dream to be red rose,
But i never dream to be a man,
Because he has nothing to be fascinated,
No emotion, no feelings, no heart,
He is like a stone, that hurts another.
He is like a storm, that destroy lives.
If god give me another chance,
I dream to be a poem rather than a depressed poet.

kafil uddin raihan.

Enjoy youth!

Break all the routines,
Do every thing unusual,
Things you can't do always,
Change your daily life,
Taste the new form of living,

Forget all those are forbade,
See what would happen,
Live a day in own rules,
Live a day as your wish,
Check the life out of way.

Lets have a day for us only,
Lets have a day for us to enjoy,
Lets have a day for youth,
For the evergreen cheers of life.

kafil uddin raihan.

Epitaph

Twilit colors the epitaph,
I see the gray beauty,
Standing before you,
I am trying to feel,
What were you for me?
You are so close to me,
But I can't see for once,
But I can't resist temptation,
To see you one more.
What's about our promise,
To live together forever,
To walk together a long way,
What's about those dreams,
A little home, a little kid,
A little joys of a smiley family.
All those words, thoughts,
Are now nothing but sighs.
Today the truth is this,
We are far away from each other,
Between us this gray stony epitaph,
None of us can break through,
None of us can deny the fact,
The difference between two world,
Nothing but an Epitaph...

kafil uddin raihan.

Erotic

Erotic man,
Erotic life,
Erotic mind,
Erotic sign,
Erotic earth,
Erotic nature,
Erotic theme,
Erotic pleasure.
And erotic poet's
This erotic poem...

kafil uddin raihan.

Eve teasing and a girl....

She hated her life,
She hated her society,
She hated her surroundings,
She hated these men,
How could they do that?
How could they be so cruel?
They ruined her life,
They broke her dreams,
Her simple wishes of life,
All her thoughts had changed,
All on a sudden she felt,
Her so called heaven,
This so called lovely earth,
Not for her to survive,
She can't forbear this,
So she is going tonight,
Going to sleep forever,
Hiding herself from these,
These ugly faces,
These eve teasers,
These fake judgments,
These society and social systems,
Good bye human being,
Good bye.....

kafil uddin raihan.

Feelings...Emotions

The mind in the cage.
Feeling so craze.
See the blue sky.
Wishes to fly.
The tears in the eye.
Forget the shy.
When see the rain.
Wish to cry again.
The feelings are so blue.
I find not a clue.
Why such excitement.
My heart's content.
The emotions are so red.
Sharper than the blade.
Why such things.
My mind thinks.
What is the secret.
Beating in my chest.
Where do they lie.
Invisibly in my eye.
I don't know the answer.
What the feelings and emotions are.
But I believe they remain.
Inside everyone's vein.

kafil uddin raihan.

Fly away....Far away.

He dreamed to fly,
To touch the white clouds,
To touch the silver moon,
To play with the night stars,
To melt the sun down.

He loved the sky,
Like the wings of the birds,
Like the blue in the high,
Like the drops of the rain,
Like the dance of the wind.

He made it out,
He flied in the sky,
His large metal wings,
Penetrated the clouds,
He was flying higher and higher,
He wanted to see the earth,
In the eyes of flying bird,
He flied in the blue.

His eyes were wet,
The clouds in his heart,
Were melting in joy,
He got crazy one,
To have his dream in real,
But is it the reason,
He lost his control?
Is it the cause,
He lost his life?
We don't know about that,
What happened in there,
But the fact we've known,
That he is no more in here,
He is now flying away,
Far away from us,
Where no one can touch him,
Can get him back to the ground.

kafil uddin raihan.

Fly bird fly...

I saw the bird in the cage,
Chirping and moving as mad,
Trying to get out of there,
But it is an impossible for her.
I stared at the bird again,
Something in her eyes,
Some words for me,
I felt she is telling me,
'Leave me in that sky,
I wish to fly with that blue,
I wish to play with those clouds,
Let me sit on that tree,
The green leaves are calling.
The flowers are crying for me.
Let me fly in that sky....'
I walked to her slowly,
Hiding from all of the people,
I opened the cage,
The birds flied away.
I was staring at her fly,
How beautiful scene was that,
The child of this nature
Got back to it's home.
Like us, like human being,
It is fond of freedom too.
It is struggling for existence
With our greeds too,
Still now I feel a joy inside me,
When I see a bird flying,
Some one from my deep,
Shout with a joy,
'Fly, free bird fly in your blue sky'

kafil uddin raihan.

For a better generation.

The boy pulling the rickshaw,
The boy polishing shoes,
The girl selling the wreath,
The girl doing the chores,
The boy hitting the hammer,
The boy cleaning table in restaurants,
The girl sweeping the road,
The girl breaking stones.
They are the reality, the fact,
They are the life, the fate,
They are my children, our children,
They are loosing in the walk of life,
Let's hold them in our cradle,
Let them enjoy the sweet life,
Let them be free in this world,
From all sour and bitter tastes,
Lets do it, check out our affections
For our children, our future mates.

kafil uddin raihan.

For you, I am still alive, a poet!

Never forget me,
I am still alive,
Still active as past.
Still my pen is running,
The words are playing,
Sometimes there is a jam,
Block all the way of thoughts,
But still I am alive.

Never forget me,
I am still alive,
May be some sort of boring,
Though my works are going,
Still I don't know the stoppage,
Where I will end up, give up all,
Sooner or latter time will come,
But still I am alive.

Never forget me,
I am still alive,
May be some sort of irritating,
Though I am remembering lines.
Still knocking on your doors,
Expecting some hopes,
May be it's disgusting,
But still I am alive.

I am a poet,
Poems are my hobby,
My life, My soul mate,
And you are the one,
For whom I am a poet,
For your inspiration,
Your suggestion I am here,
For you may be I am a pain,
Though I pray to you,
Never forget me,
I am still alive...

kafil uddin raihan.

Forgive me girls, I am a man!

When she was born,
I saw her first in the bed of a hospital,
She was crying,
Her pinkish lips were trembling,
Her blue eyes were shinning with tear,
It seemed to me that,
She was trying to say something like,
'Help me out of here,
This ugly hell, I don't want to be here'
She is my little sister.
My most affectionate,
My loveliest sweet sister.

Since her birth, it has been a long time,
Nineteen years of loves,
My sweet sister has been grown up,
All that We tried to keep her away,
Away from all the nasty things.
But after nineteen years,
I am in the hospital bed again.
Beside my little sister.
Her lips are trembling,
her eyes are shinning tear,
I feel she is Uttering the words,
'Help me out of here,
This ugly hell, I don't want to be here'
Today, my sister is fighting,
fighting to survive in this earth.
Her lovely face has been burnt out,
I cannot look at her.
Her painful shout shut down my feelings,
Turn out my love and affections.

This is not a story of my sister,
This is a story of thousands of sisters,
Thousands of lovely daughters.
They are being the victim of homicidal acid burn,
They are being the victim of homicidal fire burn.
Cause they have refused the proposal of love,
They Have denied to pay dowry more.
Cause our instinct drive us,
To play such a cruel game,
We are out of mind to take revenge.
Our manliness turn us beast.
We forget that we born in their womb,
We forget that we are human being.
King of all living being.

I have no words to describe myself,
But sometimes I feel ashamed,
That I am a man, like those beast,
I have also manliness,

I have also the instinct.
Forgive me sister,
Forgive me daughter,
Forgive me mother,
Forgive me girls,
I am a man with a beast inside me.

kafil uddin raihan.

Freedom

They are crying!
They are dying!
They are lying
On the minefield.
They are helpless!
They are fearless!
They are restless
Without your kind.

Freedom of hearing,
Freedom of learning,
Freedom of speaking,
All they want!
Freedom to live,
Freedom to love,
Freedom to dream,
Believe in heart.

kafil uddin raihan.

Freedom!

Freedom, an arm,
To arm the unarmed.
A desire, never been truth,
Always remained in books.

Freedom, a word,
To word the wordless,
An inspiration, never cared,
Always remained in feeling.

Freedom, a dream,
To dream the dreamers.
A taste, never felt,
Always played hide and seek.

Freedom, a fight,
To fight the fighters.
A cry, never exist,
Always lied in sighs.

There is no freedom.
There is no free land,
There is no free man.
There is only a cry,
There is only a reflection,
Only a word out of eternity.
Freedom....

kafil uddin raihan.

Friends...!

A lost kingdom of mine,
A lost heaven in this earth,
There is something standing,
Still driving me to the days.
Friends, I still recall you,
Friends....

All my joyful chapter of life,
All those emotional moves,
There is only thing I feel,
Still flowing in my blood.
Friends, I am still with yours,
Friends....

These busy nasty days,
All my tiresome leisures,
I still drown in memories,
Nothing more than this pain,
Friends, I still sigh for yours,
Friends....

To the horizon,
Where sun sets,
Where the birds return back,
I wish If I could return there,
With all my crazy young boys.

Friends, we are still alive,
May be far from each other,
But we are still under same sky,
Beneath the same blue,
On the same gray earth,
Friends, our souls still remain same,
We are still beside one another.
Friends....

kafil uddin raihan.

Friendship

Whatever, Whenever, Wherever...
May be near or far...
That's not a matter.
We will remain with each other.
As a friend...as a brother...
We will...forever.

Here, there is love,
That would never die.
Here, there is trust,
That would never lie.

Here, In this burning hell,
We make a new heaven.
Here, In this dead land,
We bloom out colored life.

Friends, till the last day of life,
Till the moment when death will kiss.
Keep in mind the glowing words,
Nothing greater than this,
Our little friendship

kafil uddin raihan.

Fugitive!

Running away,
Far to far away,
But can't hide out,
From my own.
I am a reflection,
I am an echo,
In front of conscience,
Me myself a fugitive.

kafil uddin raihan.

Fundamentalist

The same creator, the same power,
Some say him God, Some say vogoban,
We say him the almighty Allah.
In one point if view we all are fundamentalist.
That is the belief that he is one,
None to compare with him.
Though when you hear that we are Muslim.
You say us the fundamentalist,
Why?

Islam means peace, calm.
It never support the murder,
Never support the suicidal killing.
But some greedy people,
Use this for their selfishness.
Turn out the Islam as a weapon.
Brain wash the illiterates,
Some fools in the name of 'jihad'.
And use those against humanity.
They can't be muslim.
Who encourage to pierce his brother's heart.
Who kill the innocent child, father, mother.
So for those few person,
Islam would not be liable, Muslims would not be discriminated.
Hey Europe, Why You threat and treat us as fundamentalist?
Why?

What is happening in Iraqe, Afganistan, Palestine?
They are being killed every day!
There young bloods are thirst for revenge.
The revenge of their lost freedom!
The revenge of their lost soul mates!
The revenge of their lost rights!
Those patriots bate their lives!
You call them the bad seeds!
But who is responsible for that?
for such cruel bloodshed!
Hey Europe, figure out the answers!
Stop the discriminations against us, Muslims.
Stop threatening and treating us as fundamentalist.

Here in this world,
We all are compromising,
we all are sacrificing,
In spite of that we all are fundamentalist.
Please for the sake of almighty,
Don't divert it as religious discrimination.
Don't use it to lead a crusade.

kafil uddin raihan.

Global warming or warning!

Is that global warming or warning?
What are going to happen in here?
What are we doing to our lovely earth?
Why does the question arise now?

We are making development.
We are scientific human being.
We are promoting our status.
We are becoming powerful.
We have destructive weapons.
We are fighting terrorists all around.
We are enhancing living facilities.
We are planning larger cities,
We are planning a robotic future.

But who will fight this calamities?
What do we posses to enhance it?
Industrializing, deforestations,
Are these all we are doing?
How many of us work of this earth?
What will happen if it turns hazardous?

Damn care fool men!
Doing nothing but calling their last.
Calling their extinct from this earth.
Like those beast once we will be extinct,
Alas! here we think of those extinct beasts,
But who will think of us after our extinction?
Be careful!
It is global warming!
It is global warning too.

kafil uddin raihan.

Goodbye

In the coffin,
In white clothe,
With the crying faces,
With mourn minds.
Walking to the graveyard,
Where I will lie in deep sleep,
Forever, from this noisy world,
A sound sleep with dreams,
That will never end.
Goodbye, Goodbye...

kafil uddin raihan.

Graveyard

Black and white lives,
Flying in the winds,
Blowing in the times,
Touching the rainbow,
Painting the canvass,
But the desert dries,
This is a graveyard.....

kafil uddin raihan.

He...a father...an insentient.

He is a father,
Walking door to door,
Running here and there,
Begging the sympathy,
Ragging his own,
Only for his child,
Who is now in coma,
Fighting with death,
He...a father...an insentient.

He is a father,
Staring at the body,
His eyes are foggy and wet,
That body belongs to his son,
Who is now past only,
Only for a few dollars,
Or for a sympathy of kind hearts,
He...a father...an insentient.

He is not alone,
Lots like him around us,
Waiting for our hands,
Seeking for our helps,
He can not but cry,
He is so incapable,
Only see his child to loose,
Far away from him,
He...a father...an insentient.

You, me, anyone of us,
Would be one like him,
Please raise our hands,
Save a life of a child,
Not for the sake of god,
Not for him or his child,
Just for us, our child,
Not let them to die for dollars,
Not let to sigh and cry,
Any man of poverty like him,
He...a father...an insentient.

kafil uddin raihan.

Hero or villain...

We only need to do,
Do our jobs properly.
None of us can say,
Who would be hero?
Or who would be villain?
This is a wonder of history,
Or a mystery of nature.
He who wins the struggle,
He will be the hero,
On the other hand,
The defeated are the villain.
Some time I wonder,
What if Hitler won the war?
Would he be such hatred villain?
Or a beloved hero as usual?
It is the complicity of us,
We never evaluate the works,
We only emphasize the fruit,
Poor guys, working harder,
Dreaming to be the hero.
But if they would feel that,
The human run on the belief,
Survival of the fittest.....

kafil uddin raihan.

Hey human being!

Civilization...
Industrialization...
Developed technology...
Undaunted science...
Easier life...
All this are the positive signs.

But a lot of cries lie behind.
Deforestation...
Lost of firtility of land...
Disproportionate environment...
Destructive face of nature...
deadly weapons to murder...
Life has lost all values.

What if we look behind?
May be a complex life,
But there was happiness,
Satisfaction of soul.
But smily faces allwhere.

Now the time to ask the question,
Not to others but to us.
What do we want?
A green world or this gray life?
Satisfaction of soul,
or this fake joys of life?
Hey man, ask yourself,
What would you like to posses,
For your child, nextgeneration?
A world with beauty,
Filled with fresh breathes,
Or a world with fear,
Filled with a false smiles?

Hey human being don't be cursed!
Be an angle of green earth.
Set your mind,
Set your duties.
It is the time to meet our cherishes.
To drive our instinct in creativity...

kafil uddin raihan.

HIV: A curse for them....

She is an innocent beauty,
She believed her man blindly,
She does every thing for him,
Till now she believes him,
In this white bed, in this hospital,
She lives now with her baby,
She is a lonely island now.
Apart from the whole civilization.

The man was an immigrant,
Worked in an European land,
He had several illegal relations,

[I found this lady with her little boy in a govt: hospital In my country, she is the only patient in that ward.I heard about her life from herself.And i wrote this poem on the basis of her statments and feelings.]
This is how he got the germ,
He poured it to his lovely wife,
The germ entered to their baby too.
Though the placental circulation.
When the fact first came into light,
They were rejected from this world.
There was no love for them.
The relatives, friends, well wishers,
Everyone left them forever.
They started their silent walk,
One day, the germ killed the man,
Now there are only the lady and her child.

She doesn't know what will happen?
Any time death will take her away,
What will happen to this little boy?
The society will never accept him,
Will this hospital be his home?
Will this white bed be his everything.
But what did he do to these world?
For which sin, he is suffering?
Only few white coats come to see them,
Few of them like the little boy?
But they can't love him as a part of them,
As a part of normal, usual man,
Whom should they curse?
The society or the fate?
The god or this HIV?
May be the lady feels the darkness ahead,
She only cries starring at the boys,
And tries to find out the sin of them,
Tries to figure out the way to fix out this,
Not for her, but for this little boy.
Can any one spread hands for them?
Can any one sing the lullaby for this boy,

With a heart full of love, Can anyone?

kafil uddin raihan.

Hold me love....

Hold me dear,
I am afraid of these,
These bloody faces,
These dead fleshes,
These rotten bodies,
I am afraid of these,
Hold me tight.

Hold me darling,
I am afraid of these,
These acid burnt smiles,
These horrified eyes,
These stony hard hearts,
I am afraid of these,
Hold me hardly.

Hold me sweet heart,
I am afraid of these,
These 'boom boom' bursts,
These madness of war,
These terrifying nights,
I am afraid of these,
Hold me closely.

Honey hold me in your arms,
Take me a fearless world,
Hold me in your eyes,
Show me the colors among this gray.
Hold me love,
Never leave me alone,
I don't want to live without you,
I don't think I can make this up,
I don't figure out the ways,
So hold me, take me to your safety,
Where no fear would touch me.
I am afraid of these ups and downs,
Hold me love.....

kafil uddin raihan.

Home my sweet home

In this rainy night,
Far away from them,
I think of the moments.
There where I passed my childhood.
Where I still feel the nights.
My parents warm sighs,
For having no daughter of them.
A lot of dreams about us.
Those cool dreams make me
feel and believe that I am on iceland.
There where we three brothers.
Played, sang, cried, laughed, quarreled,
A lot of memories come to my mind.
In this cloudy muddy night,
I feel lonely, helpless.
The lost heaven of mine,
plays hide and seek with me.
Leave me in the sand of beach.

In this busy mechanic city,
In this idle wet moment.
I feel a temptation to go back there.
The impossible ambition of mine.
To walk on that way of cheerful time.
But I cannot help me out.
I found the words truth.
The fact for this rainy time,
'Home my sweet home'

I am coming, sooner or later.
To cry out in the youthful voice,
'Home my sweet home'

kafil uddin raihan.

How?

She was some one to compare with her,
She was some one to compete with her,
She was some one never to forget,
She was some one never to regret,
She was the sign of true beauty,
She was the gift of God for me,

How could I forget her?
How could I forgive her?
How could she leave me alone?
How could I believe she is gone?
How could I say her goodbye?
Far away to the sky!
How?

kafil uddin raihan.

I just wait

Waiting for a long time,
If you come to my life,
Enlighten the dark heart,
So I just wait and wait and wait....

kafil uddin raihan.

I love the way you hate me...

I love the way you hate me,
I love the words you curse me,
I love the moments you forget me,
I love the way you feel me.

I love the way you've gone away,
I love the way you've been past,
I love the way you've torn me apart,
I love the way you love me,
Behind all your hates.....
I love that.....

kafil uddin raihan.

I love you!

I love you,
It means I care about you,
It means I wish your best,
Hey little honey,
Don't cry!
When you cry,
I feel some one stubbing my heart,
Hey my little girl,
I love you,
It means I would do anything for you.
It means I would leave anything for you.
Hey my sweet dear,
Don't sigh!
When you sigh,
I feel I could not breath in this warm air.

Hey babe, I love you.
It does not mean I want you,
It means I want you smiling,
It means I want you happy,
It may be with me,
Or with some one else,
Who cares,
The only thing to me,
I want you a free life,
I want you as some one,
Who has nothing else to get more...
Hey my dear,
I love you...!

kafil uddin raihan.

Immortality!

We all accuse our luck,
For every thing we do.
And the fact is that,
We are dependent on fate.
Never try to do anything,
How powerful our fate is!

When a child is born in this world,
He brings something god gifted.
Every one of us possess that.
It is a specialty of a man.
We all are special by born,
There is variety among those.
But it is our, only for us.

However in the proceeding life,
We loose that specialty among us.
As we can't figure out that.
But among us, some can figure it out,
They prove that to world by deeds.
And thus they remain immortal.
But the remains struggle,
Be defeated in life.
Lead a usual life.
And after a certain lifetime,
They die with all their signs.
And the others accuse the fate.

There is nothing secret to be immortal.
No magical power, no mythology,
It is only the specialty of a man,
That we need to figure out,
Need to feel among us,
And just to raise to the world,
With our works, thoughts.
This is the only theory of immortality!
Only way to be alive in the hearts!
only equation to hold our existence,
Forever in this mortal earth!

kafil uddin raihan.

Innocence

All the man are innocent,
But the deeds are not,
All the soul are innocent,
But the thoughts are not.

kafil uddin raihan.

Joys of life.....

Smiling farmer see his green harvest,
Fluting cowboy under the old tree,
Excited boy flying kite in the blue,
Marigold in the chignon of village bride,
Dangling braided hair of school girl,
These are boundless joy.

The retired recalling his business,
Face of street child having a chocolate,
Child dreaming with the lullaby,
Smell of the rose while saying love,
Returning home after a tiresome day,
These are boundless joy.

First date with the dream-girl,
First feel anyone so closer than own,
First saying someone 'I love you',
First see beloved waiting for me,
For the first holding own child into arms,
These are boundless joy.

Who says there is no hope?
Who says there is no dream?
We all hope, we all dream,
A life full of joys, boundless joys,
Whether the sorrows for today,
And these joys forever.....

kafil uddin raihan.

Justice...

We can never create a single life,
So we shouldn't have right to take it,
But what is going on all around a society,
Some psychotic man have been serial killer,
Some are killing people for so called revenge,
Some are killing as a victim of a situation,
Intentionally and unintentionally we are killing,
Now any one can say that for this we have laws,
But what is our law doing in the sake of justice?
Hanging a person, or electrocuting him on a chair,
In the name of painless death injecting poisons,
But are not these the way of killing a person?
Are not these the excuses to hide our failures?
This is us, Who give birth these sick murderers,
This is us, who let a man to be a killer,
Whatever that is, so called legal or illegal,
Are not these both killing processes sin?
Are not these bot about taking a life?
Can we say this justice a justice,
Which allows to take a life empowering a badge?
Think man...Humanity is crying in the door of justice...

kafil uddin raihan.

kitten Vs human child.

Yesterday, while walking,
Saw a foreigner lady
outpouring her affections
To a street kitten.
She was taken it,
In her arms it got warm,
It was barking gently,
She became more excited,
At last I left the place.

It was a simple view,
But it makes me laugh a lot.
Because in my country,
These kitten are available,
And this type of human child,
Are more available than them,
They are so cute than that kitten,
But none have time to care,
To care about them, their lifestyles,
I was so surprised at a equation,
Which results me a massage,
The massage that is unbelievable,
But that is the fact that,
A kitten is more valuable than
A human child.....
How funny!

kafil uddin raihan.

Last wish....

Walking along the whole way,
Inside all wondered eyes,
I see some crocodiles tear,
I find some fake praises,
But I couldn't feel the truth about me,
I could not make the example,
I could not make the exception,
All I've done are the same as other,
I have just walked in a different style,
The crowd around me clapped,
They cheered with joy for nothing,
I have only been cheated by those,
At this eleventh hour of life,
I see there is nothing remain without hope,
Now the thing I can only achieve from life,
Is a death in a peace.....

kafil uddin raihan.

Let me die in your arms!

All I need to show you my love,
I have done all of those,
But I never know the reason,
What makes you so blind,
I don't know for why,
You make no sense to me.

All I need to prove you the fact,
I have done all for that,
But I never figure out the thing,
That takes you so far away,
I don't know how can I
Make you feel my love.

Now in these years old days,
I am so helpless,
In this twilight, I am walking alone,
To reach to the horizon.
Would you let me to lay down,
Let me die in your arms....

kafil uddin raihan.

Letter from the battlefield-01

Dear little angel,
Do you know me?
I am your poor father,
While you are wondering
At the first sight in this world,
Then I am hiding myself
In the dusty noisy banker,
I know you are wondering why,
But dear it is only for you,
For you lovely mama,
For our better future,
I want you grow up in a new home,
Where no fear, no tear in your eyes,
Only smile will enlighten you.
For this reason I am fighting here,
With my last breath, my last dropp of blood,
I will try for a true earth, dear for you.
Wait for me sweet heart,
I am coming soon, to see your smile,
To hold you in my hard arms.
And then I swear, we will move away,
Far away from all of these,
There will be none to irritate us,
Only you, me and your mama,
And the beauties of life around us.
I promise you dear little angel,
Just a few days later we will be together,
And never leave one another forever.
I love you my little angel.

kafil uddin raihan.

Letter from the battlefield-02

Dear love, how are you?
How is our little angel?
How does she look like?
Does she get the deep blue eyes,
Or black cloudy eyes like me?
Does she smile like you?
I can't wait to see her,
But I am helpless,
I have to wait for a months more,
Here situation is so nasty,
We have to hide out in the bankers,
All around us, there is a hell,
Clotted blood, rotten fleshes,
Breath smells burnt gun powders,
Noisy machine guns are roaring,
Bombers are bombing here and there,
Wounds are screaming out,
No silence in here, No rests,
We are fighting nonstop every moment,
Every moment we are fighting to survive,
It has become a brutal game,
No emotions, no humanity,
We are a soldier, we have to shoot,
We have kill our enemies,
Either die or on fight to live,
We have no other choice.
I don't know what is going to happen?
I don't know whether I will see you or not?
Whether I will see my little angel?
Baby, If anything happens to me,
Look after my little angel,
Say her, I love her more than anything,
In this battlefield, I am trying to survive,
I am trying to escape the accidents,
Only with one hope inside me,
I am still alive only for one reason,
I want to see my little angel,
I miss her with my every beat of heart,
Every tick tick second of clock,
I miss my sweet little angel,
Honey, I believe I shall see you,
I hate this place, this battlefield.
I am suffocating in this bunkers.
Tell my daughter to forgive her papa,
Love you honey.

kafil uddin raihan.

Letter to father from an orphan

Today, this is the day for you,
But you are not for this day.
you have gone away,
far away from me.

You never hurt anyone,
Never liked to see anyone crying.
But you were strict to your morality.
Never compromise with life,
Never with this reality.
Never...

I am not like you,
I got nothing like you.
But I try to be one you wished.
I try to follow the way you walked,
But it is really difficult.
Lots of obstacles on the way.
I wonder how did you make it?
You were a real hero.

Now a days I analyze the men,
My child, my friend, everyone.
But I don't find that undaunted,
Struggling character like you.

Father, I love you.
Whatever other says,
I feel you affections, love.
For me, for mankind.

I know you are staring at me,
From the blue sky as a little star,
May be your eyes are wet,
May be you are smiling,

But believe these words.
This day is only for you.
Only for your blessings,
Only for your love.
Only for us, father...

kafil uddin raihan.

Life in third world countries

Every night before going to bed,
I pray to him, he, the almighty,
“Oh god! Do not send any more life,
Any newborn to these ugly lands”
I know you wonder of such a prayer!
But believe me, it is the fact, the reality.
Life in these third world countries
have been a curse, a burden!
You cannot feel, but I can, because,
every single morning I see them.
Poverty, corruptions, immorality
have grasped every sphere of society.
Starvation, diseases, storms, prejudices
accompanied with death in here.
Every single man in a third world country,
Does not know what is waiting for him next.
They do not know what this life is for.
They think of and of about the secret.
I know these are unbelievable!
However, there is nothing to do,
No one to help them,
These have been going on and on since past,
and these will run on in the same track.
We will sigh and see!
We will shout and cry!
But believe me, now-a-days,
In this third world countries,
life is just a life,
life is just to live,
life is just lifeless,
a bit of death…

kafil uddin raihan.

Life: A poetic definition!

Life is a White paper,
Our deeds are various color,
We are the blind artists.
We need to perceive the color,
When we fail at that,
There is nothing in the paper,
But some colored lines.
Life is then meaningless.
However when we can,
Then the paper is filled with color,
It becomes an artistic masterpiece.
Life is then a priceless paintings,
That always fascinate others,
Inspire others to follow,
The only things for us,
That is an easy complication,
To feel this life from deep,
As we are blind artists....

kafil uddin raihan.

Life: A puppet show

I see the life,
What a beauty,
how much wonder,
Hidden inside it!
Just take a breath,
You will feel it,
Just feel a beat,
You will wonder.
Then why complexities?
Why struggles to survive?
All we need to ensure a breath,
Ensure every beats of heart,
But see, we are running,
Everyday, every second,
We are running for noting,
Money is really nothing,
Though it has been everything,
It turns us blind and crazy,
Turns us something rather than man.
We are now out of mind,
We are out of our soul.
We are not alive,
Don't you feel it?
We are really dead,
Just have become Puppets,
Yap, life is now a puppet show,
Where we are just playing,
Acting our best, taking chances,
And heading towards the extinction.

kafil uddin raihan.

Loneliness!

Never break down,
Never be defeated,
Never be anyone for someone,
Rising as the lonely moon,
Perceiving the darkness of the reality.
Standing as the solitude island,
Staring at the depth of life.
But never sigh as hopeless,
Never cry as helpless,
Only trying to get away,
May be from myself,
May be from all of you,
Trying to figure out the stupidity,
That always teach me to be dumb,
And to feel that how lonely I am!
How lonely the man in this crowd!
But never can shout out,
surrounded by thousand faces,
Can't speak the truth,
'Why am I so alone among these? '

kafil uddin raihan.

Look at the future!

After a long time,
A long time from this day,
When there is no sign of mine,
I am out of life and death,
What will happen then?
Will there be any one
 reading my poems?
Will there be any blue eyes
 thinking of me?
Will there be any tear
in there for my absence?
Will there be any warm sigh
For her lost loves?
May be these are madness,
Disoriented thoughts of mine.
But what if I try to look at the future?
My uncertain ways of life?

kafil uddin raihan.

Lost in jet crush

They were crushed in the sky,
There were their funeral,
In the floating clouds.
Their ashes are flying,
Like that jet plane,
But the difference is that,
They have no more fear,
To be crushed, or burnt.
They are now the blue sky.

Were they afraid of death?
Were they crying out to live?
Were they being shocked?
Were the Saying us goodbye?

These questions have no answers.
May be we will never get the answers.
Because the sky can't speak to us!
Only can love us under his giant shade!

kafil uddin raihan.

Love and let to love

We can't see our future,
Will we remain together,
Or the fate drive us far,
Take us away from each other,
But the time we get at present,
Lets make it unforgotten,
Whatever happens to us,
Let our love to be immortal,
In our little hearts.
In this cruel earth.
Just love and let to love.

kafil uddin raihan.

Love, The kiss of god...

Love, a simple word,
But a lot of feelings.
A lot of emotions.
A lot of happiness.
A lot of words.
A lot of cries.
A lot of hates.
A lot of faces.
A lot of lives.
Behind this simple word.
Why they run behind it?
Why are they mad of it?
No answer, no comment.
How much powerful these four letters are!
They can take us to the heaven,
again, they can take us to hell!
Where does it lie?
A stupid question.
where it doesnot!
To me, there are eight wonders.
Whatever others, but number one is love.
The love, the simple word!
The kiss of god...

kafil uddin raihan.

Love: unknown feelings!

Love, I don't know about it,
May be I will never know.
Standing on 22 spring of life,
I remain in the darkness,
I ask myself about the secret,
I try to find out it inside myself,
But there is nothing but sighs,
There is nothing but wonders.
Me myself is a wonder till now,
I can't figure out what do I want?
How do I want It to me?

Life is real Mystery to me,
But love is the most mysterious,
May be I am one of them,
Who are born to just live,
To feel, to sigh, To cry.
But life possess nothing for us.

At the midnight,
When I see the little stars,
Or the raindrops falling,
I feel the touch of the pain,
I feel how much alone I am!
May be it is the best for me,
To be in the love of loneliness...

kafil uddin raihan.

Man in the mirror...

I was only fifteen,
She came suddenly,
Though I knew her for a long before,
But I could not think like her,
She was the first and may be last,
Yap last as I closed my heart,
She said me the words of love,
But I was then blind to my study,
Running to my career thoughts,
I refused her with all confidences.
It was a rude procedure for us,
After one year I got rid of her,
My guardians and so her,
Both was so cruel to break that.
I know that was the best of both,
So they did those so hardly.

What have happened to me now,
I am very upset now for those,
I feel so guilty to be too rude to her,
I only wish if i get her for once,
For a moment of this busy life,
I will say her sorry for all of those,
All the way I look for her face,
A lot of known faces come to me,
See them all on a sudden,
But she is no where,
I cannot forgive myself,
I am waiting and waiting for her,
To say her sorry for once.

Now a days I feel those words,
She said me last time with cry,
'Why man, Why you refuse me?
Why you don't wanna to be mine?
What makes you so feeling less?
What is the behind you?
O.k I am leaving you, as you don't like,
But man, you know what,
You never know yourself,
Never know your wants,
You are a man in the mirror,
Whom one can see, feel only,
But never get close to oneself.'

Yap, I really don't know mine,
My wishes, wants or desires,
I am really nothing, no one but,
A man in the mirror.....

kafil uddin raihan.

Me, myself

I am the bird who has forgot the song of love,
I am the monster who wiped out all his fate.
I am the curse who burns out himself.
I am the looser who makes his life a bate.
I am the beast who killed his thoughts.
I am the one whom I hate most.
I am the deaf who let his soul to cry.
To myself I am the ugliest ghost.

kafil uddin raihan.

Me: Nothing but a psychic!

In a muddy road,
The flying dusts,
The green grass,
The dry leafs,
Call me again and again.

Life draws me there,
Where there is no life now,
There is nothing but dead times,
Walking, whispering, smiling,
Nothing there has been left,
Except the memories,
A few heart touching moments.

They are calling me.
Every night they are coming,
Coming into my mind,
Make me nervous, upset.
A guilty feeling eating up me,
A nostalgia drive me out of mind.

Now a days, I feel that strongly,
A change happening into me.
I am loosing control over myself.
Over my mind and feelings.
Sometimes I think deeply.
A lots of man in this world.
But why am I? Why?

I can't think of more.
It is really a complex situation,
Getting more and more complicated.
May be I am not a simple man.
May be I was not and,
I will never be normal.

Yap that is right,
That is the fact.
I am going to be abnormal,
Unusual, Untenable.
yes I am now nothing
But a psychic one.

kafil uddin raihan.

Medal of honor!

Once in 1971, during war,
They were the betrayer,
They were murderer,
They opposed our rising,
They are thrown,
In the dustbin of history.

But what happened now,
They are the king,
We elect them,
We let them rule us.
Let my land on their hand,
Which is colored by our blood,
Still there I saw the black spot,
The cruelty, the curse,
But we think it is safe,
To let them rule the land,
My motherland.
Shame on us,
Curse on us,
From those poor souls,
The lost martyrs,
What can we say this?
Greatness or foolish?
I wonder is that the reward,
For our forefathers sacrifice?
Is it the way to respect them?
Salute you brave nation,
Salute you Bangladesh,
My poor mother,
For such a great medal of honor,
To my lost soul mates!
To their great sacrifice!

kafil uddin raihan.

Miles, I have passed away...

Miles, I have passed away,
seem to be too short,
seem to be lost all on a sudden.
I still see the faces, the eyes,
I still feel the loves, the hates.
These all are my past.

Try to touch him
with my every breath,
try to stop him for once,
But I miss him, I fail to stop him
walking away from me.
He is my complicated present.

Thinking a lot, I look in front of me.
A smoky, foggy way ahead,
he is calling me, he is unknown,
I can't see his last,
can't see my final destination.
This is my uncertain way to future.

I start walking again.
I know, I will stop another day
feeling tired of this walking,
And will look back,
Again I will sigh, and say,
' Miles, I have passed away,
seem to be too short,
seem to be lost all on a sudden...'.

kafil uddin raihan.

Mirror: The reflection of a fact

At the midnight, I woke up from sleep;
I saw at me in the mirror;
I swear that was the most fearful,
Most horrible seen of my life.
I can't believe that, it was me!
The ugliest face of this world,
Laughing at a loud!
I asked who that was,
He answered that he was the real me!
He was the face behind my mask.

I felt a cold wave in my blood.
I was sweating in the a.c room.
I found the vast beside me,
I threw that to the mirror.
The mirror was broken into pieces,
But every piece was laughing at me!
And saying “how will you change your face?
How will you break the mirror inside your heart?
You are foolish! Cheater! Evil!
How will you stop the man inside you? '

I don't know what to say!
We all are the fool!
We all are the fake!
May be the fact is that,
Which have been in the mirror!

kafil uddin raihan.

Moving time

Time goes on and on.
None can stop him.
Nothing can slow him.
Time is going on.

We grow aged and old.
None can hold youth.
Nothing can stop these.
We are growing old.

We cry every single day.
None can get back those days.
Nothing can break the fact.
We are crying every day.

Let me heal the pain.
Let me feel the gain.
Let me have my youth.
Stop the clock again.

kafil uddin raihan.

My Bangladesh

Thirsty Lives.
Dry fields,
Sweating man,
Heavenly shadow.

Foggy nights,
Dew drops on grass.
Hide and seek game of sun.
Date juice and lovely cakes.

Black clouds thunders.
Lightening horrifying me.
Songs of rain sounds well.
Crowding of idle memories.

White and blue.
Gentle breeze blowing.
The Vinci heart wonders.
Fun every where.

Harvesting time.
The farmers are smiling.
Happiness is knocking in mind.
Smoky life of joy.

Green is in every where.
Colors bloom out.
Reviving of nature.
Unbounded wonders and joys.

You know, This is my Bangladesh.
Spirit of a evergreen land.
Six seasons turning one after another,
With beauties beyond imagination.
As glowing as Moon-lit-night,
In the heaven...

kafil uddin raihan.

My imaginative life

A moon lit night,
A little boat is waving,
A torn sail is dancing,
A dim hurricane is lighting,
Only a boatman on the boat,
Singing an old vaatially song,
Dreaming of his wife
Waiting for him in a hut,
This is about my imaginative life,
I don't know how It feels,
But my heart cries for it,
A simple life in naked eyes,
A complex struggle of life,
A complete satisfaction of soul,
With all joys and sorrows of life,
One can figure out a new taste,
A new man in a new world,
The world within this world,
Different from rest of it.

kafil uddin raihan.

My love: Empty present

First time we have been friend,
First time you touched my hand,
First time we walked together,
First time we got so closer,
First time you made the propose,
First time I made a refuse,
First time I made you cry,
First time I told the lie,
First time you looked so pale,
First time I made a fake tale.

Now when everything is over,
When you are sleeping forever.
When I can't tell you the words.
You wanted to hear for once.
Why those days make me cry?
Why those words fill my eye?
Why those moments come to my mind?
Why my lost you make me blind?
Why my love is nothing but an empty present....?

kafil uddin raihan.

My mother!

When I become ill,
When I am in trouble,
When I am very anxious,
All these concern her,

She becomes upset,
She becomes nervous,
She prays her best,
All this me belongs to her.

She brought me to light,
Let me enjoy these beauties,
Taught me to live in here,
All I possess are her gift.

My mother, my world,
My love, my poem,
My thoughts, my dreams,
My heart, my life.

Above all, the thing I care,
The smiley face of my mother.

kafil uddin raihan.

My son: Gone to the dogs!

He was my son,
He was the reason,
I've stopped reading newspaper,
Since 15 years.

It was a morning,
While I was on gardening.
My elder son was then only five,
He came to me and asked,
The questions I never figure out.
'Papa, Why peoples become devil?
Why they kill, murder, Why?
What makes them so cruel?
How they could do those?
Tell me papa why and how? '
I was dumb and silent,
In fact these were my questions too.
And I did not know the answers!

Fifteen years later,
My boy is now twenty.
Once I heard the news,
That was most shocking,
I was so surprised!
That was totally unexpected!
My boy have been arrested,
For murdering his so called girlfriend!
I knew him,
He has already gone to dogs,
he was an addicted!
I failed to back my son.
To keep him on the right track.
After few weeks I have gone,
I have gone to the jail to see him.
I said him nothing, no words.
I was so ashamed of him,
I felt it was my failure,
For what he is here.

After a silent storm,
Once he said to me,
'I have got the answers, papa!
When I was a baby,
Angels rid on my shoulders,
But now the demon replace him,
I am no a new beast,
Out of everything,
Love, affections, respects,
All these now make no sense.
Papa I am a devil now!
And I am the result of these,
This society, this man,

This life, this surroundings,
They have driven away my angel,
And shelter me to the demon!
Papa, hate me, hate them,
Hate this ugly world! '

Still now I don't read newspapers,
They show my child another world,
That I never want him to be.
But he is now in there,
Lost his angel,
He is walking to the way to demon....

kafil uddin raihan.

My way to 50

A lots of walking,
Lots of words,
Lots of feelings,
Lots of thoughts,
Lots of emotions,
Lots of frustrations,
Lots of hopes,
Lots of dreams,
Lots of try,
Lots of moments,
Lots of tales,
Lots of senses,
Lots of facts,
Lots of lies,
Lots of good.
Lots of bad,
Lots of beauties,
Lots of beasts.
Accompanied with me,
In my way to 50.

kafil uddin raihan.

My wishes to the moon!

To a far sky.
With that lonely moon,
I wish to play,
Like the black clouds,
I wish to play hide and seek.
I wish to tell her,
The secrets of my hearts.
I wish to share my dreams.
But she is very busy.
She has no time to hear me,
No time to answer me.
She is just listening.

I know you may laugh,
May scold me as a fool,
But what can I do,
With my these wishes,
They arise in mine,
Every silent night,
They sing in my ear,
Can you hear that whisper?
I know you can't,
I know you are laughing.
But I swear, today or tomorrow,
One day I will be with her.
Tell her the wishes into mine.
And make her mine forever...

kafil uddin raihan.

Naked eye's cry.....

I see the future,
May be all of us,
But why don't they?
Me, you, we are nothing,
No philosophy among us,
No diplomatic game plan,
No bureaucratic complexity,
We have naked eyes,
Though we see, we feel,
The upcoming storm ahead,
The last days of this civilization,
The consequence of this society,
Why don't they?
Are their microscopic eyes blind?
Why don't they confess themselves,
And swear to start a new era,
A new civilization for all living being?
Why? Is it our mistake?
Is it our sin to make them leader?
To hand over our fate to them,
To leave our future under their leading?
Give me a reason that makes sense,
An excuse that heal my hidden wound....

kafil uddin raihan.

Nocturnal

After a sound sleep,
At the end of night,
When the dark starts leaving.
And the dawn shows his sign.
With the first red light of sun.
When the silence is going to be broken,
The street lamps are fading away.
The business of life awakened.
With a energetic call of time,
Then all the tiredness crowd in my eyes.
The eyelids becomes heavy to heavier.
I seem to be a drunk foolish.
Going to sleep in my bed.
After a journey to the night.
After a trip to the black town.

Now i have been the nocturnal,
With great thirst and great hunger!
Taking my cover under daylight,
Going to loose in the dreamland,
Having some nocturnal imaginations,
And some planning with myself,
As a nocturnal poet!

kafil uddin raihan.

Nothing but the notes...

Never seen,
Never felt,
Never...never,
Now I see it,
A naked truth,
A rude fact,
Life is nothing,
Only a product,
Exchanging it,
With everything,
But it costs much,
Only those notes,
The printed notes,
Taka, rupee, dollar,
Whatever called,
Those are needed,
Only those,
A lot of those,
For only a life,
What a joke,
Only one life,
But a lot needs,
A lot of notes,
Nothing else,
Nothing but the notes...

kafil uddin raihan.

Old...oldhome

These man have passed a long way.
They have seen a lot of this crazy life.
Now they are expired.
They are burden to us.
They are the ashes of reality.

So we, their children throw them.
Leave them to another world.
Where none but solitude accompany them.
They live in the oldhome.

There is a lot of simillarities between old and child.
They are both unpredictable, centimental.
They both like freedom, as themselves.
They both break rules, deny to be our doll.
They both refuse the disciplines of fate.
Though they are same, why we don't treat the old as child?
Why we think them garbage, spare them?
Why we make them alone in the walled oldhome?
Why can't we feel their sighs of loneliness?
Why can't we see their rainy eyes of pains?

Please don't throw them of.
Don't think them useless.
As a child don't punish them.
Don't send them to the jail named oldhome.

kafil uddin raihan.

One way road....

In this one way road,
We all keep running,
We all driving our fate,
No way to look back,
No way to run back,
If there's any fault,
If anyone slip out,
Lost for ever,
One chance for all,
Do or die,
Go man Go,
With all your hopes,
All your loves,
All your strengths,
Bate yourself in here,
Survive yourself,
Never wait anymore,
This is your life,
One way road...

kafil uddin raihan.

Origin of poems

Poems are as like as river,
Words are as like as wave,
Poets are as like as sky,
Minds are as like as clouds,
Emotions are as like as rain,
Feelings are as like as drops,
Sometimes it rains cats and dogs,
Sometimes it rains slow and steadily,
All these reactions produce poems,
Various types of poems,
Various tastes of poems.
This is origin of poems...

kafil uddin raihan.

Our identity!

Who am I?
A poet or a doctor?
A Muslim or a Bangladeshi?
A boy or a son?
Who am I?

I dream, I love,
I speak, I write,
I hate, I like,
I laugh, I cry,
I walk, I run,
I stand, I sit.

I find nothing special,
That can prove me superior,
I am just like others,
I got the bloody fleshy body,
I got the emotional crazy mind,
So what is my identity?
I am just a man.

We all are the man,
Above all identities,
We need to prove,
That we are man.
No religion or race,
No relations or nationality.
We all stand on a same platform,
That reminds us that we are man.

kafil uddin raihan.

Our love

Misunderstanding this life,
I walk in my dreams.
Figure out the unknown,
I hold my blind sorrows.
Wasted me by myself.
In a new world,
Your dreams lie.
Little stars call me there,
I have been upset,
I have been wondered,
The ever known smells.
Nervousness arises.
I draw you in my heart.
The rainbow is there,
A new vangogue or picasso,
remains out of all sight.
Only you can see.
Stare at me with joy!
My heart holds that masterpiece.
Never let the dust to scratch there.
Never let the rain to wet that.
Cause it's only mine.
Your last touch.
Your last sign.
Built in your hand.
This is not a little dream.
This is our love...

kafil uddin raihan.

Parasite man

To err is human,
And we have to pay for this.
One, two, three, ... Thus a lot mistakes,
A lot of wrong deeds.
Sometimes we feel that,
sometimes we can't make it out.
They remains beyond our sight.
Thus we makes our life a error.
We loose all our achievements.
We loose ourselves too.
And for this, We become alone,
Become tired of loneliness.
Some of us figure it out.
Some can't find out the clue.
And as a result we live as parasite,
Yap, We are human being,
We are the best creature of the god,
And we are to live the parasitic life on this earth.

kafil uddin raihan.

Phages of devilish.

Greed grasps us,
Jealousy burns us,
Pride grinds us,
Lie traps us,
Temptation drives us,
We spoil us,
Thus we become devil...

kafil uddin raihan.

Please stop this education

Education is the backbone of a nation,
But in the name of education,
They are grinding our backbones,
They are blending our souls,
They are leaking our creativities,
They making us human robots.

Education to be selfdependent,
To be capable of thinking.
Education to be free,
To utilize my freedom.
But they are binding us.
They are making us to take,
The bollus, they are giving us.
They are making us to feel,
That we are the numb,
We have no feelings,
We can't differentiate.

Please stop this education,
stop this new form of slavery.
Stop selling cirtificates,
Let us to know ourself,
Let us to find out Who we are.
Let us to think a newer theorem of life.
Don't make us a limited company,
Don't make us underdog.
We have powers to do something,
we can provoke newer thoughts,
We can prove ourselves.
Please, let us be man,
With self intelligence.

kafil uddin raihan.

Poem and her poet!

Poem is a dead body now,
Dragging and pulling by foxes,
Rotting in the dustbin of reality,
Now a days poem has been lifeless.

Poet has been a great cemetery,
Funeral pyre is burning in his heart,
Lot of words are burning there,
Unpenned poems are flying as ash.

The poem and his poet,
Has been a fairy tale today,
Has been a black and white photo in the frame.

kafil uddin raihan.

Politics and politician and us....

There should have polite,
There should have politeness,
There should have our right,
To choose our living style,
They should ensure us,
All of our basic needs,
But what are they doing?
They are ruling us as their wish,
They are ruining our society,
They are cheating us daily,
Taking out all of our rights.
They playing with us.

We are good and great people,
We never mind with their mean deeds,
We salute them, assist them,
We have been their puppet,

Every five years later,
When they come to us,
Beg pardons for the past as usual,
We forgive them, again we elect them,
We let them to break our backbone.
After so called election,
They get lost again as usual,
No sign of them around us.
We curse them, abuse them,
But we are the great people.
We forget everything.
We are charmed again by false promises,
Our icy heart melts with crocodile's tear,
This has been our politics,
With some corrupted politicians,
And great, innocent, unwise public.

kafil uddin raihan.

Prayer

May god help us,
May god bless us.
May god relief the pains,
May god heal our soul,
May god enlighten our heart,
May god redeem our sin,
May god love us,
As an angle of heaven.

kafil uddin raihan.

Prison break

Trying to break the prison,
The red bricks around me,
The hard rods that hold me,
Trying to be free to myself,
Free from sins,
Free from curses,
Free from poverty,
Free from depressions,
All these invisible chains,
Those stand on my way,
Hold me into shy and fear,
Trying hard to break this prison,
The prison imprisoned myself,
The prison imprisoned by myself,
Trying to break it with nothing,
But a real man, a real me.....

kafil uddin raihan.

Problems and solutions!

All of us know that it is wrong,
All are shouting that we need change,
We have to get out of this problems.
A lot of excitements and interests,
But all on a sudden they get stop,
All have forget of the matters,
All these words become wastage,

This is reality about us,
General public of the society,
We are expert at figuring out the problems.
But get afraid to figure out the solution.
What a surprising characteristic of us!

kafil uddin raihan.

Question of time and fate.

There is nothing in my tale,
I try and try and at last i fail.
There is nothing in my life.
Only some words out of line.
When i see, i feel cry.
I feel sorrows in every sigh.
When i think, what i could.
I find none but the solitude.
Twinkle twinkle little star.
Inside myself, lots of wonder.
Why and how, i don't know.
My life is now steady and slow.
Time and fate have thrown the question.
Am i to be an ordinary man?

kafil uddin raihan.

Red Rose.

She is a lovely red rose,
In a thorny bush,
There are thrones all around.
Every day I see her,
The beauty queen,
She moves with winds,
plays with bees,
In winter morning,
In summer twilight,
I see her and see her,
But I can never touch her,
She is my love,
My Aphrodite,
The red rose,
In a thorny bush...

kafil uddin raihan.

Refugee life: Response to the letter from battlefield!

Dear honey, how are you?
May be this is meaningless,
To ask a man about his condition,
Whether he is fighting to survive,
But I want to know how is my man doing?
In here in this refugee camp,
I am also struggling with our angel,
She is now three months old,
It has become very heard for her,
To sleep, to enjoy the life,
Every time it is crowded,
The tent, where we live,
There are twenty five more women with us,
You know, twenty five lady,
But it sizes like our little kitchen,
Honey, our angel is growing old,
When will you return to us?
When will this war end?
Here life is so funny,
Everyday red cross, red crescent,
others are coming with the so called relief,
But those are so poor amount for us,
Everyday there is a fight for those,
Sometimes this scramble turns into riot,
All are hungry poor people here,
Everyone can bate there life for these relief,
I am very lucky that I've got a friend here,
She is working here in the hospital,
She manages everything for me and our angel,
I am very grateful to her for these,
I think you like the hospital in here,
A large tent with several beds,
Some doctors and nurses working here,
It is the nasty, noisy hospital I've ever seen,
When our angel took birth in here,
I even couldn't hear her crying,
All over there were the patients,
Screaming, coughing and crying for deaths.
I wonder sometimes at all these,
How low life we are leading in here.
Honey, take care of yourself,
Be careful all the moments,
Whatever happens there,
I want you back in here with us,
We will do our best together,
For our this little angel,
Best of luck honey.

kafil uddin raihan.

Return me....

Once there were birds,
There were joyful kites,
But now only the flying crows,
And black clouds of storm,

Once poets loose their minds,
A lot of poems written 'bout her,
But now It is hard to find her,
Blue is stolen by smokes and fumes,

Ambitions rising higher and higher,
Grabbed her all softness and calmness,
Solid structures are threatening her,
Civilization has hijacked her beauty.

We are drawing the black spots,
She is now captured in old portrait,
How can I feel the aristocracy of beauty?
Who will return us the cool blue sky?

Leave her with all her prides,
Let the boys to see her vastness,
Let the bird to fly in her heart,
Return us the cradle of blue sky....

kafil uddin raihan.

Revenge!

The man in front of me,
Screaming out time to time,
In the white soft bed,
Surrounded by surgical tools,
I know him, I hate him most,
He is the one killed my son,
Not only my son but also
A lot of sons of fathers,
What a irony of fate!
Now he is my patient,
I am now the one,
Upon whom his life depends.
Someone whispering me,
Kill him, With all sorts of pain,
Let him feel the bit of death.
Kill him as he killed your only son.
Kill him, kill this insect of hell.
Inside me there is a storm,
What will I do?
If i kill this fugitive,
Nothings will happen to me,
No charge of murder.
I would take the revenge.
If I treat him, if he get cured,
He would kill another son of another.
What should I do.
In this mid night, in this o.t,
I am the god of him.
I still see my son's bloody face,
The beast shot him in his head.
I still smell my sons dead body.
I swore to take revenge,
To kill him in my hand.
After five years, I got him,
I got my chance of revenge.
Yap I will take revenge,
But not taking his life,
I want him to feel,
How a man feel to die,
What a desire in one's eye to live!
How much eager a man for living!
I will, and that will be my revenge....

kafil uddin raihan.

Routine

Waiting...
Getting...
Sighs...
Frustations...
Sleepless night...
Awakened dream...
New swear...
Buisiness...
Imaginations...
Reality...
Hopes...
Confusions...
Tensions...
Again waiting...

kafil uddin raihan.

Secret of life...

The sea gull standing alone,
In the sandy beach of the sea,
Staring at the large waves,
From the endless horizon,
Thinking of these lonely days,
Wondering at this greatness,
Feeling his life as a wave,
Flowing and flowing on,
Never knows where it's end,
All on a sudden discovers the last,
At this sea shore on the sand,
The sea gull thinks and thinks,
May be this is the secret of earth.

Beginning alone and ending alone,
And moving in the crowd,
Sometimes we realize the truth,
That there is none beside us,
We all are living thus a lonely life,
Like that sea gull and it's thought,
We figure out the secret suddenly,
Then we only cry and sigh and feel,
The loneliness of this life.....

kafil uddin raihan.

She is still standing there for her son.

Fire in her eyes,
Burning the sun,
Clouds Running,
Rains fear to fall.

She is standing still,
Her last sight at the yard,
Her hopes still alive,
He may return,
He is her son,
Who promised to return,
After the war is over,
It has been a long time,
Seventy one has passed,
The land has got it's freedom,
But her son have not come back yet.
Her only son, the naughtiest one.

Her breaths cry,
Her blurred vision still looks for someone,
Who will run towards her,
Say her 'everything is over,
Mama, I am back to you,
I will tell you the tales of those days,
I will never leave you again, mama.
Look here I am'.

May be her waiting will never end up,
May be death will take her to her son,
May be they will meet in another world.

She is still standing there for her son.
Still fire in her eyes,
Cursing her fate,
Burning the history...

kafil uddin raihan.

Sign of life

Heart beats.
May be trying to tell something.
May be trying to feel something.
That would never be told by anyone.
I hear that every single moment.
But these words are so deaf.
I can't make up those.
But i know this is the sign of hope.
Sign of prayers.
Sign of life.
May be these mean i am still alive.

kafil uddin raihan.

Simple...Complex...Compound: 01

Simple: Life,
Complex: Feelings,
Compound: Relationships.

kafil uddin raihan.

Simple...Complex...Compound: 02

Simple: Saying love,
Complex; To love,
compound: To be loved.

kafil uddin raihan.

Slavery!

May be it is hard to believe,
In this twenty first century.
But ask yourself friend,
Have you yet got the freedom?
Have you got out of the curse?
Have you been evaluate as man?
What do you think you are?
Not only you but also all of us,
Are nothing but the guinea pig.
Experimental elements of them,
They have become our god now-a-days.
They are none but some men like us.
Who make us their slaves,
What is that magical spell?
What is that Power which,
caste us dumb and numb.
How can we get ride of this,
New civilized form of Slavery?

kafil uddin raihan.

Someone

Sometimes I loss myself,
somewhere I don't know,
somethings happen to me,
some changes I can't feel.
But I know, When I sleep,
then my dreams show me,
What a fake I am!
what a looser I am!

sometimes I forget myself,
somewhere I look for,
something that I wish,
some changes around my world.
But I know, When I rest,
then my thoughts show me,
What a fake i am!
What a looser I am!

Some moments, some deeds,
some faults, some lies,
some imaginations, some realities,
some words, some pains,
some cries, some rains,
make me someone in this world,
someone in this times,
whom I don't know anymore,
someone from far away.

kafil uddin raihan.

Soul mate: People on the walk of life..

They are no one to me,
Just met them on the way,
A lot of men and women,
But when they leave me,
I don't know why it happens?
I feel a great looser I am!

They are no one to me,
Just met them on the walk of life,
But they become something else,
Very close one to my poor soul,
Seems I know them for a long,
A child cry out inside me,
While saying them good bye.
Sometimes I find it crazy one,
But I believe a fact in this life,
somehow, somewhere,
On the walk of this busy life,
We will meet again,
We can't be apart from each other,
We are no one to each other,
Again we are soul mate of each other....

kafil uddin raihan.

System.....system loss!

Baking our souls,
Evaporating the emotions,
Burning the sense,
This have become the system,
Production of human robot,
Who only see and hear,
Obey the orders obediently,
No thinking, no comment,
No judgment, no protest,
We have been lifeless lives,
We have been feeling less,
Our children are walking too
on the same way following us.

We are proud to have,
To have that system,
We have appreciated,
Numb, dumb, generations,
But never think of that,
The system loss followed
by our so called system....

kafil uddin raihan.

The beauty, The beast.

The man loves the children,
he loves his wife,
he respects his parents,
he loves his brother and sister,
he likes his friends,
he works hard daily
to please them.
What a beautiful character he has!
But the fact is that,
It is the one part of a coin.

The man can forget the child,
he can beat his wife,
he can leave his old parents,
he can kill his brother and sister,
he can insult his friends,
he can change easily
to a new man.
What a magical power he has!
And the fact is that,
It is the another part of a coin.

The money, the greed,
The devil prejudices,
the selfishness,
can turn a best into a worst!
It depends upon us,
our feelings, our judgements.

Inside everyone of us,
there is an evil and an angel,
there is a demon and a god,
there is a beauty and a beast.

kafil uddin raihan.

The begining, the end

We all are walking on a busy highway of time.
Our forfathers walked on the same way too.
One day, our children will also walk on this highway.
This is the begining of the eternal life.
And this will be the end of the eternity too.
This is the begining of the walk to the heaven and hell.
This is the end of our walk to the heaven and hell.
Our time is as like as a circle.
Where one life begins, there another ends.
And where one life ends, there another begins.
A really complex theory of God.
A complicated cycle of the nature.
The begining and the end....

kafil uddin raihan.

The blackboard.

This beautiful world,
We have changed it,
We have wiped out colors,
There is nothing now,
Only the fleshy smells,
Old bloody colors,
It has been drowning,
We are surrounded by sins,
We are grasped by ancient curse,
The beast amongst us, roars,
We have Barbi cue of humanity,
And tasty bread of dignity,
We are digesting us ourselves,
We are swallowing the living beings.
The day is not so far for this earth,
When there will be nothing left,
The earth will be a blackboard,
There will be none to hold a chalk,
To draw a colorful rainbow,
It is time to think of the future,
What do we want in upcoming days.
Or there will be only a blackboard...

kafil uddin raihan.

The call of invisible...

A call of invisible,
Can't be refused,
Can't resist ourself,
May be that is him,
The fate of us,
To whom our journey,
That foggy future,
To which our ending.

He has given us the track,
We need to choose the way,
Differentiate between right or wrong,
Thats it What we can do,
And we are doing that too.
But the truth, we can't deny,
We don't know him,
Our destination of life,
Our goal of living.
We can hear him,
The call of invisible....

kafil uddin raihan.

The cycle

Every man has some dreams,
Every dream has some colors,
Every color has some feelings,
Every feeling has some meanings,
Every meaning has some realities,
Every reality indicates to some lives,
Every life belongs to a man,
to his breath, to his beat.

kafil uddin raihan.

The history

The history.
A great mystery,
A legendary teacher.
We see the lines in the eye,
But they can't reach to the heart.
We read the tales in the book.
But they can't touch our soul.
To us they are lost past,
they are amusing myth.
We are foolish fellows.
Never learn by heart.
Never open ourselves.
Cover our mind with darkness.
Thus we mistake.
Thus we neglect.
The legendary teacher.
The great mystery.
The history.

kafil uddin raihan.

The life....never alive.

Faulty fertilization,
Mistimed zygote,
Newer embryo,
Unusual pulsation,
Immature beats,
Rough movements,
It's first appearance,
None wants it,
None ready to appreciate,
It is unexpected,
Undesired presence of it,
All deny to bring it to light,
Who is responsible?
Who cares of it?
It will disappear suddenly,
As it appeared there,
It is a hidden life,
No sign of it's living,
It is neither dead,
Nor a living being,
It is a great sin,
An abortion,
A mysterious vanishing magic,
It is the life....never alive on this earth.

kafil uddin raihan.

The puzzle

Can anyone see the man inside a man?
Can anyone notice the white canvass behind the color?
Can anyone hear the cry among the music?
Can any one feel the softnees deep to the wave?
Can anyone mean this life as a puzzle?

kafil uddin raihan.

The silence speaks...

Sometimes, when you are alone,
In the dark cloudy night,
Only the lightening shows you the life,
A numb silence surrounds you.
You may feel the words from the air,
You would never think of the happening,
But you know what, the silence speaks,
The silence tells us our future,
The time we can't imagine, the uncertainty,
The silence knows all of those,
There is no explanation of that,
You may call it a prejudice or blind belief,
However you define it, it is the fact,
Silence speaks us, warns us, shows us.
It is a kind of opaque mirror,
Behind its, all the future are hidden,
But we only can see the light through it,
We just need to belief inside ourselves,
Then only then we can hear, we can feel,
The silence speaks to us...

kafil uddin raihan.

The southern window.

The southern window,
Where I saw her first,
The black cloudy long hair,
I still smell standing there,
The deep blue eyes,
I still look for once,
The lovely small face,
I still wish to see again,
At that southern window.

kafil uddin raihan.

The spirit, We all should feel....

There is no religion,
That speaks for war,
That speaks for bloodshed,
That speaks for taking lives,
The war, unnecessary bloodshed,
These make no sense for us,
There is no betterment for us,
It would only take us to extinct,
Extinction of us by ourselves.
Since the birth of this earth,
We are fighting each other,
Sometimes for land,
Sometimes for love,
Sometimes for peace,
Sometimes for right,
All these are childish deeds of elders,
All these are ambitious excuses of leaders,
If we all are human being so why these?
Why such life taking actions among ourselves.
Can a brother rule his brother?
Can a father deprive his sons?
Can a mother discriminate her children?
Can a sister hate her brother?
So why we are fighting,
Love, affections or the satisfaction of soul?
There can not be any proud foolish man
Coloring your hand with your brother's blood.
Why we emphasize the fake excuses,
Language, nationality, culture, religion,
Border, country all these are masks only,
Behind these masks we all have skins,
Fresh warm blood, fatty fleshes,
What a funny game are we playing,
To save our mask we are destroying bodies,
We are piercing the skins hearts,
And bleeding out our angers.
What have we gotten by these?
Do our sufferings get reduced?
Can we smell the real freedom?
Never, It is an impossible fact.
We need to cover our wound,
Ensure our basic needs,
But It does not means that,
Killing my brother is the way.
The whole nature, earth, life
Are moving on only one belief.
We should hold it, hang it,
Deep inside every heart,
Live and love, Let to live and love.
That is the spirit, the rule, the power,
That is everything to prove us,
The human being, the king of all beings...

kafil uddin raihan.

The spiritual

Every task of a man,
Every single move of him,
Every munite of his life,
There is a logic, a reason.
There is a thing, we run behind,
That is the peace of soul,
Thus we all are spiritual.

We all are trying to have it,
Lots of ways to get it,
Normal or abnormal,
tha's not a matter to us,
We need it, we have to have it,
When there is breach of thoughts,
Interuption on liberal imaginations,
Confusion conceals confidence,
Disorrientation leads to destruction,
Unusuality rises in our intentions,
We run out of mind, out of huminity,
But till then we are spiritual.

A saint or a murderer,
A politician or a philosopher,
Every one demonstrates own life,
Sacrifice all concentrations
To have the peace of soul.
Thus all of the human beings,
Man in simplicities or man of complexities,
Man in the mask or man of the face,
Everyone becomes blind and thirsty,
So we do everything for the peace of soul,
Thus we all are the spiritual.

kafil uddin raihan.

The thief!

They were beating him,
Slapping, kicking, slanging,
He was thief, stole something.
There was a crowd around him,
Many words blowing in the wind.
Every one was very angry.
I felt that very funny and laughed,
It is the nature of us,
Figure out the faults of others,
Then insult him as much as we can.
But never try to go to deep,
Never understand the reasons.
In fact, nothing happens without reason.
But who cares those,
None of us, not a single one.
It has been a rule, a nature of us.

That thief is a man like us,
He also knows the good, the bad,
But in spite of that he theft, Why?
May there were starving faces,
May be some diseased persons,
Who were waiting for him to do,
To do something for them, their sufferings.
May be his new born baby was crying,
For the first dropp of colostrum,
But his wife was incapable of that.
Did we listen to his reality?
Did any one of us stand beside him?
Try to reduce his burdens?
We all are living selfish lives,
No time to hear the tales of others,
A lot of people around us,
Trying and crying to survive,
Did we speak for them?
We didn't, we don't, we will never do.
So what's about our learnings,
Those facts, morals never reach to heart,
'Don't hate a guilty, hate the guilts, '
All those remain in the books,
And the reality is the scene,
A thief is being beaten by peoples,
To lessen their angers,
To cover their faults,
To color their shames....

kafil uddin raihan.

The true beauty!

The beautiful smile,
The beautiful figure,
The beautiful voice,
A smart guy,
A smiley person, .
A punk attitude.
The pinkish lip,
The reddish white skin,
The moon like face cut.
Black long hair.
Deep blue eyes,
Tough and rough treat,
Can any one of these
Be a standard unit,
To measure the beauty,
Of a man or woman?
Is there any thing to judge,
The true beauty of human?

I think we every one,
Every person in this world,
Blind, deaf, dumb,
Black, white, grayish,
Diseased, disabled,
Rich, poor, middle class,
Whatever he is,
As a human being,
He is the true beauty,
With what he has....

kafil uddin raihan.

The warrior

We, everyman is struggling.
struggling to our fate,
struggling to our society,
struggling to our reality,
struggling to ourselves.

The world, has become a war zone,
the life has, become a war,
and we have become the warrior....

kafil uddin raihan.

The womb...

I can't forbear these sounds,
Can't open my eyes,
Can breath this carbonated air,
Can't digest this fat poisons.
I can't make up these interactions,
I can't evaluate these complication,
I am really bored of these,
Give me a chance to heal myself,
Take me back out of all fears,
I wish to return back to there,
From where I came in this hell,
I want to go back to the womb....

kafil uddin raihan.

The wound: A true incident.....

He was a child,
Aged four or five,
But he saw rude,
Cruel life and man,
His family was a hell,
No love in there,
His papa and mama,
Never loved each other,
His papa was a drunk,
Used to beat his mama,
Every night he saw,
His father's cruelty,
His mother's scream,
The black lines,
On her back,
He saw those,
Sometimes he felt afraid,
He hid himself elsewhere,
Behind the curtain,
Or In the washroom,
On under the bed,
He closed his eyes,
But he heard the scream,
Everyday he prayed,
'Please god stop this,
Save poor mama,
I can't bear these,
Please god please'
He surprised at his papa,
What a cheer played
Into his dark fierce eyes!
What a dirty smile
In beating his mama!
How a man could be so!

Like other days,
It happened again,
That time he hid himself,
Behind the door,
He was looking everything,
Papa beat mama brutally,
He beat her a lot
as she became senseless,
Papa then seized mama's throat,
The poor lady made no protest,
He saw his papa throttled mama,
Then hang her with the ceiling fan,
And went out from room,
Shouted loudly and cried out,
There was a joy behind his tears,
He saw that,

After five years later,
The boy have described this
In front of all into court,
And he diminished the scopes,
To prove a murder as a suicide,
The judge announced the penalty,
His father was death sentenced,
This time the boy cried out at papa,
'Why, why you did that?
Why you take away my sweet mama?
Why you make me to hang you?
Why I will be an orphan, Why? '
There was a wave of silence,
Heavy warms sighs in the room,
And the dumb tears in every eyes,
Nobody could say a word,
At least for a while every one felt,
The pain of the wound the boy bear,
And may be will bear in his heart.
The wound that would never heal,
Never let him to be back in normal life.

kafil uddin raihan.

Titanic and If I would...

If I could be jack dawson,
If there was any rose for me,
If there was a titanic in my life,
If....I would die for you my love,
I would die smiling on that salty ice,
Drown in that cold water,
If there was a night for me,
To prove my love for her,
To sacrifice my life for my love.
If....

kafil uddin raihan.

Trustworthy: Your son or your pet dog?

Who is most trustworthy?
Your pet dog?
Or your own son?
Are you surprised?
What types of question is it?
But believe me,
You will surprise again,
Hearing the answer.
Check it out.

Your son,
You gave birth to him,
You've made him a young man.
You never let him in lacking.
You belongs all his life.

Your pet dog.
You give him foods.
You talk to him daily.
You play with him.
You love him most.

But think deeply,
All between you and your son,
Is little bit related to something.
Some kind of dependency,
Some kind of selfishness,
You love him, he loves you,
No doubt on that,
But when there comes a self interest,
All these may give rise to a question.
The fact is that,
You son would stab you,
Would live you forever,
Would forget you.
How ever look at your pet,
Nothing between yours.
There is only pure love.
A pure trust for each other.
He would never live you,
Whatever happens to you,
You would find your pet dog,
Closer to you than your son.

You deny it,
Then justify it,
On the basis of reality,
The society of this time,
Justify my question,
And get the answer...

kafil uddin raihan.

Wake up man..

Henna colored hands are now cold,
Lac dyed legs are still too red,
She is still in the dress of a bride,
Red jamdani Saree covers her body,
Marigolds on the bed are still alive,
The only thing missing is her life!

Last night while she was entering here,
In this bride chamber on this bed of flowers,
Lots of dreams were dancing on her pupil,
May be she was thinking of having children,
Having a happy family with her husband,
But she can't feel the irony of fate for her.

Her father promised to give the amount,
But the poor farmer couldn't manage whole,
He paid all the dowry except the money,
The motorcycle, color television, refrigerator,
All he promised to give dowry for daughter,
And this breach of promise takes her away.

She wished to be a eternal Bangali wife,
She wished to color her new little home,
There would be love, respect, affection, joy.
But at the first night of new life in new home,
She got the surprising present from her dreams,
That appeared as a storm and took out all.

In these dead lands, we get nothing for a life,
We can't secure a future mother's dreams,
We have been slave of greed and desires,
We have sold ourselves to printed paper notes,
They can bring life, they can take life too,
We are sacrificing our soul mates for them.
Thus a lot of sisters, daughters are dying,
Their dreams are screaming in the closed grave,
Wake up man, It is time to stop this dowry system,
It is time to stop worshiping the paper notes.
Wake up.....

kafil uddin raihan.

Wake up....

A newborn is innocent,
An infant is innocent,
A child is innocent.
But why not a man?
What is the point?
How does this happen?

It is a secret to all of us,
Some sort of open secret.
We all know the origin,
We all know the reason,
But we never raise voice.
We get afraid of life,
We get afraid of breaking a rule,
A system going on for eras,
Thus we are killing ourselves,
Killing our generations.
No way to deny the fact,
If we don't come out into light,
If we can't defeat the fake fears.
We will never be able to make it,
To make out the right things.
Hey souls, wake up once,
The night is over,
It is morning now,
Just get awake,
Get up from the sleep,
Those black clouds,
They will not hide sun.
The golden ray will come,
The only things we have to do,
Just feel it's warmth, see the dawn,
With our own eyes.....

kafil uddin raihan.

War and child....(01)

He was walking with his father,
There was a ice cream in his hand.
Every thing was as usual,
Crowd making noise around them,
Suddenly, there was a scream,
His father push him far,
He heard nothing but a loud 'boom'
It seemed to him as a thunder,
He saw fumes and smokes all around.
Every one was running here and there.
There was sounds of firing and cry,
He felt that he had been deaf.
he saw the ice cream melting in dust,
Beside that ice cream there was father,
Blood all over his wound muscles.
His body had torn and burnt,
The boy ran to his father,
Try to awake him from last sleep,
But that dead man made no response,
The boy started crying beside that,
None to help him in that hell,
None to drag that dead body,
None to say that his father was dead,
Did the boy know What is death?
Did he make up what he lost?
Is that little boy alive to tell us,
That brutal fairy tale of his life?
Is that boy know what is war now?

kafil uddin raihan.

War and child....(02)

She was only one year old,
Her mother was singing a lullaby.
At that night, there was silence,
Which was broken by sudden bullets,
There were rifled men in positions,
Firing towards two dresses,
Mother took her into her arms,
She stood up and tried to run to safe,
But suddenly a bullet or several,
Pierce her back into her heart,
She fell down with the girls,
The girl was so afraid as crying,
But her young sense couldn't perceive,
The things were happening around her.
The girl sat down on the floor,
Crawled into the red bloods,
Saw her poor mother's pale face,
She slapped her crying a lot,
But that poor lady was so silent,
Did not sing out the lullaby,
Did not kiss the little girl to shut her mouth,
Did not take her to her arms affectionately.
The little girl became angry to her mother,
She rebuked her, cursed her,
But her mother did not get up.
Other hand the girl felt hungry,
She moved to mother's chest,
Removed the clothes there,
Started sipping the dry breast,
But they were as dead as mother.
The little lips were sipping and sipping,
And once the girls slept down,
Is that girl alive now?
Has she known the events?
Can she define war now?
Has she forgiven her rude mother?
Has she forgiven her own fate?
Has she forgiven the cruel god?
Has she forgiven the brutal war?
Has she...?

kafil uddin raihan.

Welcome

He has just born,
A new life in this world,
With a shout he is introducing himself,
Asking for a favor of us,
But in this selfish world,
We have nothing to do,
Except welcome him,
As usual, we welcome him.
Welcome to the dead land,
Welcome to this hell.....

kafil uddin raihan.

When I will die...

When I will die;
A new life will come,
Again, walk in this old street,
Where, I will end my temptation.
When I will die;
A new poem will start,
Again, the words will be alive,
Where, I will loose my tunes.
When I will die;
A new curse will begin,
Again the burdens will be moved,
Where, I will be tired of these.
When I will die;
A new history will be written,
Again, there will be some wars,
Where, I will be defeated by life.
When I will die....

kafil uddin raihan.

Who am I?

Inhaling smoky lead,
Carbonated old lung,
Alcohol burnt liver,
Rotten kidneys cry,
Faded blood in vessels,
My heart is poisoned,
I am dying like a cigar,
Ashes in my breaths,
This me is not me,
This is someone else,
I was evergreen,
But this one is gray,
Who am I?
A civilized new generation,
Or a pile of decomposed flesh,
Contaminating myself,
Contaminating my world,
Contaminating my future,
Who am I?

kafil uddin raihan.

Without you, poetry...

I am a dust in the wind,
I am a dry leaf in the winter.
I am no one at all without you.
No one belongs to this world,
No one belongs to these men,
I can leave every thing,
Every breath of my life,
But I could never leave you,
Because you are none but me,
My mirror image, my shade.
You are my prayer, my life.
You are my poetry...

kafil uddin raihan.

Youth!

The little boy standing here,
Staring at his lovely boy,
The ball have reached there,
Between them only the barbed wire,
That divides these two innocents.
The boy staring at and at,
But he can not but crying,
He thinks himself,
Why these old people are so foolish?
Why they don't understand a fact,
The youth knows no boundary,
No land, no nation,
No religion, no race,
Why they want to bind it,
With this barbed wire in the borders?
Why...?

kafil uddin raihan.