Poetry Series

Pijush Biswas

- 75 poems -

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Pijush Biswas (12 July,1988)

I'm a High School Teacher and now I'm preparing myself to publish all of my poems and short stories, demanding your love and blessings.All of my manuscripts have already been arranged, but one step behind in process.Within a very short time I hope I'll be able to expose all my works.Let's see how far you love them!

A dear tree

Not to touch, not to climb!
Its breakable for tender limb!
I would claim upon every fellow
As mellow fruits grew yellow.

'Twas a Guava tree on courtyard-
Shrill sound of chirping bird
Or, shadow of the fruit tree
'Oft led me to get relief out of lee.

So I did no mistake to turn
It heart-felt beauty, or to earn
Perfection in my reckoning hand
In making wall 'tween band.

Its too weak, yet quite fruitfull
So much I loved it; they're null-
'O a petty mistake may harm it! '
So I made it lone and discrete.

But dear things last brief in life
It's life, as uneasy as ride on cliff.
As our love is too heavy to be bore
By it, eternity pulls it back ever before.

Its a gruesome night she came
The heartless storm-to make lame
The earth, even all beings; or to mow
My dear tree, making it's head bow.

Pijush Biswas

A Hunting For Tiger

They sought it thimbleful and with care
When persueing the tiger befoul'd hope;
And being threaten'd it hid and left share
Though they charmed it with a bowl of soap.

The butcher contrived an ingenious plan-
They seperated themselves from sally;
And fixed on a spot, unfrequented by man
'Twas a dismal and desolate valley.

They, their disgusting beaver put off, of the body
Suddenly a scream, shrill, shudders the sky;
The butcher feeling queer asked the why
And stood run out running betwixt muddy.

They seek it's reason with scrupulous mind
Through bushes, through brier in declining evening.
Inevitably, they engage to heed on possible being;
As they carried lantern instead of sunlight, unkind.

The valley turned narrow and narrower ahead, still
And the evening seemed to be heavy and grew colder.
So, nervousness in them struck their good-will;
Yet, they marched along shoulder to shoulder.

'Hark! hark to the howling', once the butcher cried
'Be ready to strike it, my friends! ', he extolled
And hoped-a sudden twist might bring a pride.
Imaginably the beast coming near stood bold.

They uplift lances, sharp and deadly, into sky
Indicating-the bravery never yields to fear.
'Attack! '-the butcher cried, 'my friends, my dear'.
'Don't retreat, be forward to it; O let it die! '.

They were excited, ready to hit within spell;
A tremendous plan made to make it sorround-
Likely fitted the dream, cherished day round
Then violently they blew their shrouded bell.

Hence, the tiger saw his death stand before him-
Jumping into the hollow it fled along glade
To escape the death entered into forest dim
It seemed it might be vain the plan they made.

But they rushed behind the beast to capture
With patience, in growing gloom of the night.
'O cut it's body into sections', cried the butcher
'O throw lances on it, anymore let it not fight! '.

A sudden twist-suddenly it being faltered by
The fetter of root, fell into a deep hole nigh.

Seeing it captive into, their happiness grew high
The dream came true in eyes of men of black dye.

Afterward, they lifted it up with firm chin;
Overlooking thoroughly they pierced it severally-
'O poor! go into the Hell', hence they rally
The tiger looked to be groaning in pain.

Pijush Biswas

A Little Boy Is A Sailor

A little boy,
Never enamoured with the toy
To his mother 'oft exposed a desire
Of sailing on the sea so dire.

'How much you know of the sea', she said
'You know, a pirate may raid?
As you are my only son,
In future you have to be a don'.

'You see, your father is ailing-
Spare the thought of sailing'.
She said, 'Well, perceive the family's beauty.
Then hope must come out to reality'.

'Let me possess, Mama!
A sailor's life, a horripilant drama'.
He said, 'Yet I'll strive
And conquer the sea, though hard to thrive'.

On a summer day, upon the mead
While sitting in order to read,
The little boy found a green turtle
And saved it from the sun's mettle.

Upon the palm, while he had twisted it thrice
The turtle turned to a fairy, so nice;
Said, 'Little boy, as you are wise
And saved me, you deserve a worthy prize'.

Astonishingly! a magical baggy fez
Then appeared on fairy's hand, and blazes:
'O boy, your dream come true! ,
Be ready to be big with changing hue'.

Saying, the fairy when gave it the boy,
Utterly the boy burst out into joy.
'O fairy, what do you want me to be, a sailor?
Oh, so grateful to you! ..it may I wear? '

Fairy said, 'But obey one condition,
Mind it, fruitful will be your mission
If never you hurt or bother your mother
And always respect other'.

'I must keep it in mind, O fairy!
Let me not be dreary-
With your grace may I put it on?
O you, be my friend forever, on and on! '

Saying when had the boy put it on, found-
Himself stand on a ship and water around.

A replete man, as if, he looked like-
Stepping between life and moment, nick.

Then, he was masted in many a voyages
Throughout life, till his old age.
Neither prohibition nor fear from mother-
'Twas sheer sailing nights and days!

Pijush Biswas

A maid-servant

Here a maid-servant tired of washing dishes
'Let me sleep now, let me go' oft she claims
As little earnings do not satisfy, highly she wishes
But whene'er she evades works, on her the house-mother blames.

Here a maid-servant often wanders from door to door
Searches for a new service for she needs money more
But she never realizes that she is quite lazy in inner-side
Who will make her understand that devotion is the way
of being highly paid?

Here a maid-servant dreams of a world where men don't eat
Often wants to go to that world where there are only the songs.
Where there is no cookings, no dishes, nor the duty to feed
Where she wants to fly like birds upon her wings.

Here a maid-servant tired of washing dishes
Breathes a long sigh reaching house by the bicycle she pushes
And murmers 'O god, why thou hast given me toil! 'to herself
Neither her husband nor children stretch hands to her to help.

Pijush Biswas

A New Light

O new light, the dawn must give birth to thee
Come! Come! O new light, I hail to thee
The night is so weary; drifted, wildly clad
I couldn't sleep but impulse the to-night
To leaving the earth, or to brief indulgent.

I churn'd every minute to get relief out
Of drowsy states, not to shirk but meet thee
At the end of my task, that awaits still for
Thy arrival; as pretty works abide by no limits.
O thou read my mind, rebellious, against night.

But belief must break, if thou escapeth my will
Or eternity proves to be lie before my death.
Nay! thou dost not flee away; thou hast day,
As thou art clung to the sun, I'll not blame.
O I'm haunted with hurling questions, for thee.

New light, dost thou know who had made thee?
Thou art supreme as thou art prior to our need
He is sapient as thy entity is His unique creation.
Stay as the pioneer of life, stay afar or nigh
In this mundane life to wipe-out our pity smile.

Pijush Biswas

A prayer to the goddess, Ganga

O Ganga, who doth not take pride in thy arms
The earthly life, scornful, is always proud of thy touch
O Ganga, who doth not take pride in thy divine alms
O thou, let the life be full of joy and happiness much.
Thou, look into our eyes; somewhere thou must be.

Now, our lives today are so uplifted anew by thy privacy
Or, into the core of our lives we seek thy eternity,
Open eyed, to manure lives, or to be heir to thy legacy.
Let us seek beauty in thee, O! let us be free from obscurity.
O thou, let us be again thy worshippers, free.

Pijush Biswas

A Single Star Says

A starry constellation looks ever brighter
Than a single star as its lone, far-off to reach.
But never has it chance to be strayed or bitter
By it's neighbours; stay none nearby to tease.

Into the sullen hole of the world as it lives,
No one can perhaps realize it's rays or wit.
Even if ever it goes ill, no one can revive
It's falling entity; hence the death it meets.

Yet, it has a domain dominated by it's lance.
No one to be ruled, nor anyone to be hurt;
As it never be outwitted, dances upon haunch.
So remains it free from guilt and mind dirt.

A single star is not so stingy as constellation.
It shines to light own and rest of the world,
Where constellation lights apart the relation.
So the single star is evaluated always as the gold.

I say, a single star lives long even after death
In the soften hearts of planets, once shone by it.
But a constellation gets end after one's last breath
As their stability depends upon the God's might.

Pijush Biswas

As I Dreamt A Dream At Corn-Fields

Three years have past, again I'm at corn-fields.
Became fresh and free my mind,
Touched my heart the air gentle and mild.
Now vital the thoughts, once blind.
Awoke I from dull dream; and the greenery
Poured in me poetic fancy, her finery.

Full of thoughts my head, and heavy
Suddenly, upon their duties my eyes.
The bringers of germination, new beauty.
Had I praised their activities, and a surprise-
How fine their hands work!
Oh! how little they paid!

Who will feed the human beings?
Forever, if they sit with hands enclosed,
If we deny them, if we display ant's wings.
Yea, our heart should always be disclosed;
Let them be dreamy more, at place lofty.
Look! at them, the worshippers of beauty.

How nice the lands, their artistry!
Friends they are, ours prime need.
God's unique creation they are, their ancestry
Plantation their mere vow, and to feed.
Adversity they overcome, tolerable of storm and rain
Stolid at aim, in further pain.

It pains my sense, whene'er I think-
Do they remain for us for ever and ever?
Though yet their eyes blink.
The God must give them long-lives and favour
I hope; I hope His blessing upon their creativity.
Fruitful will the Earth be, full of beauty.

I was walking along a mustard field
A serpant at a sudden at my eyes
'Bap Re Bap' brake the dream there built.
I saw it chasing a mouse-
As if, shattered my dreamy thoughts.
At once, to ears attached a note sweet.

He was singing the song full-mouth'd
My feet towards him-
The North wind it's bearer, bearing to the South.
Mirthful he was, mirth his song's theme.
He was reaping weeds with a sickle, bending.
Oh, so sweet the song at it's ending!

Now, the Sun 'mid the sky
They are under sylva, at a repose
Thinking of profit or loss, breathing a sigh

Or determining themselves at next purpose.
The Sun, scorching, and they are on way to home
Clouds gather in the North-East, making a dome.

Newly mustard plants, nodding their heads
Yellow and multiple they are in colour
Laying they are, as if, on cultivators' beds.
Charmed I'm with the odour.
Seem'd it, the time their to sleep
Reckless the wind is, and cloudy the sky deep.

Pijush Biswas

As I Wander To Seek Beauty

Now, the fountains are dry
The hills claim upon Summer
- Lest, all daffodils cry
For a draught, to be fancy dreamer.

Amid them casually I wander
- To seek their beauty.
It seems, none but a plunderer
Wanted them lie, pity.

Neither they awake nor sleepy
My hands try them to touch
- Oh! all daffodils are floppy;
And realize, it were too much.

So I make a unique plan
To see upright their bowing head
- So I do sprinkle water main
And tread them with light tread.

Hence, I pray to Heaven for rain
To give forth life to their lives
Or, impulse the bees to obtain
Honey, for their hives.

Even, the Heaven is proud of it!
Even so responsible alike-
Continuous rain, at least
Make the weakening day meek.

So hills, fountains, daffodils, bees
All, that night, come in my dream
To say-'O dear, let us never miss
To be in your magical whim.'

Pijush Biswas

Chirping sparrow

'Twi-tu, twi-tu', chirping sparrow
Let them sing full-throat'd yet
Until silence, broken, comes to end morrow.

No space, nor attic left empty
They, being engulfed in hope
Dwell there, perhaps, to seek beauty.

'Twi-tu, twi-tu', season stirred by tune
The ruffled, fluttered wings of clever beings
'Oft make me sing song of far-off dune.

Pijush Biswas

Come in silence

Come in silence to me
Not as afflicting one
But as the queen of my heart
To stay live-long in my mind.

Come in silence to me
As a dream-girl to fill
The canvas of this empty life
With love, affection or care.

Come in silence to me
For still I have to die
At the pinnacle of love
To make you ever smile.

Come in silence to me
As the clouds, floating in sky
To shed the rain of love
A draught may make me happier!

Come in silence to me
Come to feel my heart-ache
That makes noise to make you know:
'You're made for each-other forever'.

Pijush Biswas

Cultivators

The corn-fields are in their autumn beauty
The grazing path is dry
And the sun is in his eternal duty
The God listens to cultivators' cry.

Neither the scorching heat, nor rain
Beautiful weather all around
In their heart neither ache, nor pain
Only unlimited joy and happiness, profound.

They are as dutiful as were ten years ago
While first time I made my journey to field
Stolid, indifferent they are; no ego
And there are some cows and lambs, meek and mild.

One after one bullock-cart approaching
'Go, Go'-the herdsman shouts
Its a sermon, that they are preaching
After ten springs too, they are same no doubt.

Utterly I'm astonished
When they load heaps of grain on head
But all of them well decorated and furnished
As if, corns and grains are laid on beautiful bed.

I see them, taking rest every noon
Under the tree or silva of the place
Where the God pours upon them limitless boon
As if, there they seek the peace of a palace.

Ten years of other life passed by
But I got no such joyful moments
That I get easily here afar or nigh
In their work and in their every movement.

Pijush Biswas

Daily Routine

Get up early in the morning
Before the Sun-rise in East
Letting mother not be roaring.

Take tooth-brush to wash tooth
Before being ready for breakfast
And make germless your mouth.

Take bath before you go to work-house
Cleanse the face, the head, the legs and whole body
Don't be dirty like a wild mouse.

Come in house before the Sun-set
Letting your family not be worried
'See you again' promise to your mate.

Go early in the bed finishing dinner
And dream the dream like a picture
Then, you would see your life ever finer.

Pijush Biswas

Death in love

Death in love, a luck supreme
Death in love, a rare dream
Our love, our standard
It may be better or pity
Our love, our prime duty
We shall never discard
Our love.
We know
Even a dove
Takes love as his vow
Until death knocks his door.
Yes, every rich and every poor
Can be rich and richer
If they worship love forever.

Death in love, a luck supreme
Death in love, a rare dream
So we must make it higher
Forever, to live or die
In this mundane life, even by
Our heartfelt love and prayer
To the God.

Pijush Biswas

December's Coolness

Shivering coolness all around
My village, my native land
Under the December; whisper's sound
Of the humankind, attended in band
By the side of flaming fire;
As snow-fall so dire.

Cries among them a wild owl
A mysterious beautiful tune
And 'mid the night, foul-
A peep through snow-flake, of the Moon.
With run-out and exhausted heart
Standing I was alone by her hut.

Leaning against a wooden gate
Stood I lone to keep my plight;
But no traces of my mate!
As if, I was lost my right
By the benumbing winter season-
Except it, behind no reason.

Of two and half hours
At least one meaningfully passed by,
To see the beauty and powers
Of the downing flake; asking no Why
Someone nearby or far away,
Choose I my choice, my way.

My horse, bound with a stake-
Gives his harness bell a shake
To mark, if there is some mistake
Seeing intense snow-fall or snow-flake.
Though everything premeditated,
I shake his bridle decorated.

Now, it was the time to go home
A mile yet to cross; but the way-
Covered with white veil and dome
In the December, not the May.
Still, I will come back again-
To cross far far way!

Pijush Biswas

Don't take me such way

Let me be, but you should take some pleasure of my pain
Let me be, O! let me be entirely myself an island here
Let me be, let me be a stolid hill, tolerable of storm and rain
Let me go into the Sun, let me be burnt into hate and despair.

Let me be, but you can care little about what I say
Let me be, O! let me be entirely myself a foolish here
Let me be, let me be an unwanted man, accustomed to 'Nay'
Let me go into the clouds, let me be rain for little care.

O my dear friends,
Yet, don't take me such way
If I do wrong and never say-

'You are all my life
All of you I pray
Don't go away
All we should mend.'

Pijush Biswas

Fear Not

Fear not the hot-summer's rages!
Whereas you had done your deed long ago;
Must you get thoroughly the wages
As thousand miles in life yet to go.
Though there are much to perform,
Leave in life a beautiful norm.

Fear not the tyrant's red eye!
Whereas you are born as a human-being.
Let him go to dust, let his pride die;
Break the walls of lie, tear his wing
Of flying high over the common men.
Let's have against them a strong pen!

Fear not! fall in clinging love in life-
It may give you pleasure and heart peace
There is neither cruelty nor hit of knife.
Worship it's dominating figure, and preach-
Hence, it's shadow must extend into vast
Not summer's rage, nor red eye will last.

Pijush Biswas

First Day To School

It is a winter morning
The sun is arisen in the East
To the God I'm praying
In a splendour dawn, full of mist.
'Let me stay well, let my wish be fulfilled'
To the God I urge my will.

I'm both anxious and curious
As its my first day to the school
'My son, go now' asks my mother pious
And I go wearing a sweater made of wool
'I shall not go, I shall not go', I shout
Listening thrilling stories from other's mouth.

Beating or grasping ears in own hand-
All punishing methods are well-known
'Do the home-work and reach before band',
One said 'otherwise ups and downs'.
Yet I had to go school being gloomy
Leaving fear behind, carrying hope dreamy.

At last I'm under the roof of the school
Somewhat coyness, somewhat fear
So beautiful my school beside a pool
As if, the garden called me as 'dear'
Emitting its fragrance all around
That very day by the school I was bound.

Pijush Biswas

Fulfilled wish

After a long lamentation, the rain
Now, cultivators' broken heart
Is sorrowless and less-pain;
All minds are free from dirt.
To let the scorching sun hide under
The clouds, appears the roaring thunder.

Darkness, all around the village
Men are returning from fields to home
As if, freedom from the cage.
Over heads, clouds are in making dome
To let them be full of pity
When finished all duty.

Now, long preserved hope is fulfil
Ending of scorching sunshine
Vitality is about to come in mill.
All are vital-fields of paddy, wheat or pine,
To let all rusty thought fall behind.
The new light of hope is rising in mind.

Now all worshippers' mind is pure
As its the God's real charity.
As they have power to endure
All are now in parity.
Let them be full of grain
Let them be free from all pain.

Pijush Biswas

Ghost

We, the ghosts, must see men fear
Our shadows must chase them
What we whisper they must hear
Every mid-night, oh listen, hem!

Every night we must break their necks
One hundred twists their heads must get
If they make war, or never check
Jealousy, the world of fever and fret.

We are petty much better than men
No battle, no one abhors other, peace most.
We are quite happy in slumberous den;
So, ghosts are not ghosts, ye men are ghosts.

Pijush Biswas

How I took his words

While I was walking down the road
Could see a talkative man sitting on timber
I had asked him to speak broad
And his face turned amber.

For he was muttering unfashionably
But quite liable to be anyone's prey
He was not wise, even in mind not so holy
So his advise, unwanted, seemed to be grey.

Pijush Biswas

Humanity

A birth in humanity, a supreme birth
A death in humanity, a rare death
All great men are great in humanity
All great men aren't fond of pity
Humanity gives human race a divine touch
So 'tis better less inhumanity and humanity much.

'Pity' refers to a matter for regret

Pijush Biswas

Husband

Ah! the night is yet too short,
How long it should be,
The game should be long and hot,
Caressing hands should go to knee?

Never say, 'I'm unfulfilled'
Much I did to make you happy
You know how I killed!
It were too long canopy.

Now, 'tis better go sleep
Lo! all doors are open yet
Before the game starts twice I peep
To see them or threat.

Oh, if they come again
Or say us not to play-
Think, my groaning and your pain
Yes, may dip our bliss into clay.

Pijush Biswas

I Couldn't But Remember Thee

That afternoon would never be faded into my memory thou stretchest thy loving heart towards me, or to entangle my heart with.

As if, thou wert a fairy who knowest how to fly on the azure sky of love upon her fluttering wings and dominate the heavenly realm of love-making in this blissful life.

Now I'm destined to tell the truth to thee that thou art the only one in whom I found the love that I never meet again.

But oh! perhaps the God might have not understood how much we loved once each-other.He is though so sapient as to evaluate our love, somehow might be He failed to take care of our fragile hearts, and made us stay apart forever.

O my Heart! I couldn't but remember thee everyday when we were laid to be part.

O my Heart, thou must remain as lively and soulfully as thou wert, in the last essence of my unwanted life.

Pijush Biswas

I Fear Not The Toil

O God! give me toil how much You will-
Fear I not the labour or the earthly pain.
I can't live a life, trifle and narrow in size;
For the boring world is too short to live in.

I want to live a life, full of ecstasy-
Drenched with love, affection, moreover toil.
And You are the only one, O God, can fulfill
My heart with qualities, never the foil.

My God, I wish my life, be full of mystery.
I hate leisure or narrow contemporary bliss;
I love to go through hardship and worry-
Don't like a life, easy to spend and be passed away.

I want my hands knit the world beauty-
O God! give me strength, power and will
Before being ended the world tonight.
Promise! I'll die daily in the sake of duty....

Pijush Biswas

I Should Know What Your Name Is

I say, I should know what your name is
Except your name, we left no words alone
As the blooming buds of love are still to rise
And my rapturous heart is lifting high, on and on
To reach the goal I had made in my soul
A year ago; and your loving heart I know
Best and better, which is so chill and cool
Yes, I have priority too, my head is to bow
Down before you, to have the oozing boon
From there where we used to talk about
Romeo and Juliet, every morning and afternoon
What about you? , I have made my heart no doubt
Then, can we not plunge into coming love?
Can we not surpass the dole a new?
Lets go, lets go to nearby the spring, Dove
This morning, to make our love eternize and renew.

Pijush Biswas

I Stood Under The Cloudy Sky Alone

Under the cloudy sky stood I alone
Gazing at flying falcons
One by one they were descending down
Some cows, anxious of their frown.
One of the cows was about to die
Left the life, bidding companions good bye.
And had been prey of those falcons
'Mid a grazing ground, as if, the feast of felons!

Alone, I stood under the sky cloudy
And, gentle breeze was blowing gently from South-East
Paddy trees were shaken, dancing their bodies
Amid them there was a munching beast.
'Go Go! ' shouted to it a herdsman
Who had been starving since dawn
Tired of feeding cattle, he turned his napkin to fan
And shadow under a plant set him down.

I stood under the cloudy sky
And saw the grazing land cracked and dry
And saw the cultivators lament and cry
As the Sun was of his hottest face, made the grains fry.
Pititul the God! heard their heart's calls
The heaven looked heavy of grief, began the rain-falls.
As if, He always affectionate to them, understands their needs
Is blessing along with ages upon their grains and seeds.

Pijush Biswas

I wander as a cloud

I wander as a cloud
   Over a hilly dale and a plane
Day in and day out,
   Leaving heart-ache and pain
Far far away, in realm of the moon.

I hover like a bird
   And clouds float all around
Me and my boat.
   Continuous thunder or sound
Of the roaring cloud.

So beautiful is the dale
   While I see standing still
Among the clouds, pale.
   Full of mountains and hill
As if, its the Paradise of men.

So beautiful is the plain-
   Greenery all around;
Full of rivers and trees are main-
   Grandeur and happiness profound.
Utmost pleasure taken at least!

One day they ask me to count-
    Who is the best among?
And my tension begins to mount,
    But I can't say wrong!
I say-both of you are so charming.

Pijush Biswas

I will

I will fly to the endless sky
With the help of the ship of restless wind
Who will fill my aching heart with joy
Fresh will be my diseased mind.

I will run through the unveiled land
Leaving all gloom behind
And will accompany me reckless wind
I will be free years after from nameless band,
Getting inspiration from a heart, high and kind.

I will fly kites into the deep sky
Again I will be a childlike
Avoiding cultivators' eyes afar or nigh
Respecting what they meanwhile chide.

I will praise their hands' work
While sing I cultivators' song,
'Go and go all gloom and dark'
Sing I the song though I'm young
Though its unable to appease my thirst.

Pijush Biswas

If you leave me

You may wipe my name out
From your heart, or feign-
Not to be mine, but be other's;
Yet I'll not blame, nor claim!
'Twas no less to my fate before.

But you must remain in heart
As clear as the Moon of days ago; -
As shining as the Venus, risen
In the dark skies of my soul-
To keep me ever upright sure.

I agree to show a pity smile
If ever you turn back to me;
My heart may break into bits
Or my eyes may shed tears
Yet, O you! let it be, let it be-

Ye, I must curve your face
On the shield of heart 'oft to see
Or, listen 'oft to your buzz eye
On those uneasy summer-days,
I'll be drowned into my tears.

Pijush Biswas

In a darkling night

I was walking through a road,
Diverged into two directions ahead
In a darkling and gloomy mood
Of the night, which threads
Both, hope and despair
In a pair.

I could not understand
Which direction I have to go
Right hand? or left hand?
I had to bow
Down my will before the growing gloom
Of the night in search of my doom.

I was perplex'd
And could not count
What direction to go
And thickness began to mount
Before I started to draw
Any trace of human being
And was shrunken my brow.

Suddenly, a lady with lamp
Coming towards my way
Chanted loudly by the name of Ram
As fear struck her heart
As the destination far away.

She comes closer to me
And a light of hope rose in mind
Which helped me to breathe free
A lady of grace, so kind
Asked me 'Lets go where to go'.

Pijush Biswas

In a snowy evening in the wood

In a snowy evening
I was wandering in a wood
When gloomy were all human being
And surrounding were in darkling mood.
Suddenly a shrill cry makes awake me
A peep through bush or tree
Of an aged owl, frail, gaunt, and small
In exhausted and beruffled plume
Makes my horse stop and anxious its soul
In an enlarging or growing gloom.
But there is no earthly cause behind the cry
In the winter, shrunken hard and dry.

My horse starts champing the grass
And I promptly jump down
And perhaps, nearby a man of grey dress
A man of face, coloured in brown.
I asked 'Have you seen a man in the wood? '
'There is no body here' he replied 'my dude',
With a shaken and trembling body.
And I tell him 'Tell him I came'
'I have kept my promise and duty'
As well as I add to it my name,
In a sobering and low voice
Before I choose my choice.

I begin to shout loudly by his name
And wander here and there among the trees
But failure touches my aim, O damn!
And I stand still over a bridge
Where the snowy wood finds its end
And where I decide to fix my mind.
Where the evening light mix into growing gloom
And evening starts bide good-bye to the day
So bad my journey, so bad the doom
It is December, not the end of May
When the benumbing cool wind is dominating
And all living creatures look motionless.

Pijush Biswas

Journey By Train Alone

Its the day of returning
Fun, excitement, acquintance finished
Alone! worry, weakness in me;
Home-sickness, stirring my mind.
Expectedly, yes-
The vacation, though lately accomplished.

Alone, oh alone!
Daring, determined and fearless, as if
Loneliness made me silently;
And expectation high rising.
Everything around me turned beautiful
To eyes, and by me highly praising-
Of the place, entangled again my heart with.

Its the day of returning and I
Waiting, eagerness at platform by me
Made scroll the thought, and a bitter plea
From the authority; O tranquil the mind!
'Pou', uttered by her, the train-
Ecstacy came with her queenly entering.
Bussiness seemed to come in,
Having searching been o'er, sitting beside window.

O'er-flow, and noisy it was
Contradiction, and there little pause
Whom does the seat belong to?
Asked the checker, and the initiation
Of mutual consideration far long.
Hooter again, the journey begun.

Heart beats resemble the sounds
Of the train; abound I'm with thoughts,
Looking I through the window out, and
Proud I'm of being there alone, and
As if, it seemed an umbrella over head
Thick black; from there beautified threat
And drops of rain from the shaken sky.

Gentle breeze blowing, and its enchanting stick
Made me sleepy, drooping my eyes; and
Shadow of unconsciousness upon me.
Stealing, and a long sigh of mine
The journey of both favour and fret.
Than Lotus-eaters I'm more heavy and lazy.
All happened because of subtle finery I had
But, first-hand experience proved my fate no bad.

I'm gazing at the out side
Views, different retreating
One attached, one attaching
As if, my memory was them all recording.

So beautiful my Motherland!
Clear I saw Her face in powerful looking-glass:

Trees, far, as if bidding farewell
To me; corns at green field dwelling-
Soft air entered the coach, and
Murmuring at ears, touching my face.
Welcome I was thereafter by flowers outside,
Hence, mind began to dance
All well-adorned by the God's hands.

Loneliness, fallen behind-
A girl and her family by my side
Asked me my destination, and
Beginning of new acquintance.
Talkings, known and unknown, there
Bubbles, as if, at our lips-
We forgot the past and the future
As if, we were sunk in deep dream
Oh! we are at last at our destination.

Pijush Biswas

Kalbaisakhi-the great storm

Halt! thou thy prevailing rages hast shewn
I know; O Kalbaisakhi, now let's pull back thy jaws.
Lo! the beautified ornaments of beautiful earth are now prone-
Couldst thou not hast been ceased or give a little pause?

I saw them cry and become terrified midst of that night,
Thou hadst descended there like a gaint on the pinnacle
Of blissful mundane lives, destroyed now within spell or sight.
Who will revive them again? I think, none but a miracle.

Lo! they are decayed, spiritless, worn-out; ever didst thou feel?
Whether any sin they did or not, I know not but may be thou knowest.
Every year thy mercy they crave for, yet hopefully to heal
The wounds, thou dost make to enliven thy impulsive vow.

The whole world becomes nude when thou art in frenzy-
It looks like a beaten woman with dishevelled hair;
As if being tortured thoroughly, now is gone crazy
Who had been bearing children and yet has to bear.

Yet we worship thee; we bow our heads down before thy aim
As thy unbound commotion reminds us to be active in life.
We learn again and again every year to strive in making dream,
As to exorcise our filthy body is thy mere game and to drive.

Pijush Biswas

Let me drink

I say I'm addicted of smoke
Though no cigarettes is in my poke
As some say I have no stroke.

They claim I smoke on the road
May be I did it twice in the mod
I'll never say 'No', as I'm broad.

Being interested they ask me Why
I say 'Let me drink, I'll not die! '
Hence they say 'Never bid Good-bye'.

But I think they love me well
So I must abide by what they tell
As they and I, together we dwell.

I say I did it not to hurt them
I know our deed is our emblem
Curved on life as beautiful hem.

Its a promise to them, worthy-
I must put on a dress of apathy
To show myself as a man, pithy.

So let me drink for a while
Perhaps you know I have a mile
Yet to cross, to make you ever smile.

Pijush Biswas

Life

Life is like frozen ice
Its body is hard and chill
Life looks priceful and nice
When all demands come out to fulfil
Just as water get solid shape
When coolness comes to tip.

Life is like a fragrant rose
Its aroma spreads all around
When gets it nourishing dose
Just as rose needs love unbound,
To keep its beauty on
From dawn to dusk, on and on..

Pijush Biswas

Litchi Tree

Now the loveliest are the Litchi trees
Endow'd with fruits along the bough
In the summer; and breathe free
For bowed branches are full of Litchi enough.

They are stood by woodland path.
Lads and lasses are exalted in a trance-
Climbing and mounting they are to tip;
Are breaking and twisting the branch.

Now, of my one score and five years
Last ten will not come again back,
When I used to climb on them, their back-
Being fascinated by their call 'Dear'.

But again, I will go back once more
To those Litchi trees in a winter season,
To see their branches full of snow..or
Why Litchi is sweet! ..to seek reason.

Pijush Biswas

Little King

So little king you are
People will find you, somewhere in the war
You would be forever in their mind
Lets me tell 'You are quite little, but in heart kind'
Will remain ever and ever things done by you
I know, never it would be few.

Your name must bring to you fame
Feel I, whenever watch I your game.
Its not so funny I know,
I realise whence a picture you draw.

Crow wakes you in the morning I see,
Your mind becomes fresh and free.
Because, everything seen by you fine.

Never you go in fight with men,
You are so little!
If you remain quiet, then
Would be winner, hence, in the battle.

By the truth! you are great:
Threat does not come out from you, as
Your heart mind really not crazy,
Same as you, in nature, hardly lazy.

Everything I know, done by you so beautiful
As the beauty lies in flower and butterfly,
No doubtedly will it's aroma be in atmosphere
Your creation must take sphere:
In human mind.

Pijush Biswas

Little Parrot

Little parrot, thou art beautiful
So beautiful thy eyes.
To thee I'm thankful
For thou utter'th my name nice.
Among all thou the best,
Though I keep thee in the cage.
Thou art so curious
So much thou asking,
After thou hast lost the nest.
Try to fly in the sky,
Though thou art of minor age.
Thou becometh so charming
When I look into thine appearance.

Thy heart is so pious.
Wouldst thou be victorious,
If stay'th being my friend quiet
In the long battle of life.
I will give to thee survival
If comes strangely the storm,
Save thee with hands strong.

Oh, multitude his feathers
The game of multiple colours-
Green, Yellow, Red and White.
He is the best creature
Of the Nature, Her once revival.
Let me tell him genius and
So creative his two beaks.
Friend he is mine of two weeks.
Yet, well-known I'm to him, this short time.
Astonished I'm by him,
His recitation what I sing.

Little parrot,
Thou art now my eyes' pleasure
Friend, guide and philosopher
What thou tell'th, hear my ears joyfully.
As if, thou, the child of an imitator.
Thou art so little, fruitless thy wings
If I lose thee! gather in mind the fears.

Pijush Biswas

Moon

Among thousand stars
One twinkles beside the Moon
Almost unseen, almost rare
As if, fed up by him with spoon
I watch them so everyday mid-night
While I make my count.

The Moon moves 'mid the sky
And mirrors in the still watery pond
While he makes my child cry.
Strange the child, strange their bond
And I'm astonished every evening
While my child demands to go the pond around.

The plants stand bending headed
'Mid the mid-night Moon beams
Tired of oxygenation, want as if to sleep in bed
With human beings to dream their dreams.
So nice the scene, for they are in extreme beauty
Make my thought poetic, full of curiosity.

Everything around me looks ghostly
While the Moon hides under clouds.
My father is my inspiration one and only,
When I go out of door and feel proud.
So darkness, so silent the surrounding
Yet I dare to meet them every night.

Pijush Biswas

My life till now

At first is in the life the thirst of knowledge
Somewhat bookish I'm at early age
Excepting no words read I every page
Thirsty heart is at the edge of the sea of knowledge.

Uncountable friends are there in early life
Strong understanding between them
Neither the fear of losing them nor of the hit of knife
No places of pretension in relations or game.

Unexpectedly comes a girl on an immature day
With heart, full of unending love and grace
Floating I'm on the bay of love in an evening of a May
Our lifting hearts are crazy for somedays to be face to face.

But now all are gone from heart, the girl and even friend
Far and far away from the core of my heart
Where's the guilt or foible I know not, but all are at the ebb's end
As if I have lost all my magical power, all dominating art.

Yet, they must come back in my life again
That my little knowledge as far as says
Will cure the wound and heal my heart's pain
And will return again to life all those merry-days.

Pijush Biswas

My Pleasure

The beach is with its summer face
There utmost pleasure of mankind
The tides are in their race
And happy, are all mind
The boring mind, as if, is getting end
Like dispersing mists of morning, into the sun's behind.
All distressing states blossom to beauty
When I ftoat myself on tides' eternal duty.
I've got my loving soul again losing once upon a time
Under the azure skies, near the sea
'I'm happy, I'm fulfilled' cries my heart, my rhyme
With the chord of humming bees.
Its my pleasure, the Digha beach
Where there are endless beauty or peace
And where I take pleasure to the lees
Where I get every year natural bliss.

Pijush Biswas

Mysterious Flies

Our stomach sounds swishingly every morning
When the relish of delicious food gets struck to nose.
Hence, unprecedentedly we sit around dining-table
Being ratty and with unsquashable hunger to eat.
And our pretty grandmother lifts her stick up seeing our gobbets
Or watching us gobbling throughout the banquet.
And to escape her anger we rush out of door;
So, banteringly she says, 'Perhaps you must not spare the flies'.
Though no flies we notice to fly around.

But it amazes us when she comments-
'Don't break my heart, O demons! let them remain alive'.
'You must slay their heads before I dive! '
And our immature wit stumbles to realize
The meaning, that never recurs in our head.
But we have not relinquished our belief in her yet
To extract the truth out of flowery beauty of her speech.

So, an alluring sizzle when had made us enter into
One day the kitchen, thoroughly we looked into
The glasses, the dishes, the pots to find out
The mystery of her speech, or what she says about.
But we were failed to deploy the truth.

Hence, one day we were provided those dishes
Hidden into grandmother's ancient boxes.
And at the end of feast we noticed some flies lay on them-
Utterly dead and spiritless; but trying to fly upon wings.
So, our oval faces turned white and mouth open!
Seeing the flies, overwhelmed forever in her speech.
It were the flies, curved by grandmother on dishes!

Pijush Biswas

Naughty Rajendra Kongar

Rajendra Kongar looked gaspering while walking down the pavement
We people would prophecy one month yet for him
As we knew he drank wine at the glasses' brim
But whenever he prohibited by one his face grew pale in sentiment.

Every night he cheered in a local inn with his mate
We listened-four glasses, nothing but for him a thing of spell
Even he seduced maids there making hell
And having been the party finished returned with his majestic gait.

Happiest of happy men he seemed to be
While the maids together caressed his body to knee
'O babies, let me die of a young man's death', he said
Ignoring his shrunken skin, we would see, he rid.

Meanwhile, he looked exhausted before being ended the transaction
'Little boy, you may die', the inn-keeper used to send caution
As he looked to be trembling and heart beat 'Thump-Thump'
But who care! -he exploded there like a youthful bomb.

No grumpy men die a blissful death, it proved-
Neither they love nor be loved; remain unmoved.
Only their gruff and rough manners make lives trifle
Hence, into the deadly and dreary condition they fall.

We listened, being fully addicted he was back to home one night
And hovered like a bird over the road losing eye-sight.
A loaded truck coming towards him seemed to cover
Yet bitterly he was run over.

Pijush Biswas

Peace

Let there be peace in the world!
Let the hate be demolished utterly!
Let the war cease!

Far if there is no peace in the world
Then the world will be no more.
If we turn back to war
And find peace in our heart,
The world will prosper and live for evermore.

So, let the war ever cease
Let the peace never be finished
And let the world not be broken
Into fragments by narrow domestic wall.

Pijush Biswas

Pussy cat

Pussy cat, pussy cat
Oh, how long is your tail!
It is soft, hairy and black striken
At the middle a golden ring?
Glittering!
Ah, your four legs have nail!

Pussy cat, pussy cat
Do not be angry with
Me and my words satirical
It is not betrayal
I have made my mind free.

Pussy cat, pussy cat
Take this milk and take this fish
Lick one and another bite
For you kill mischievous
Several rats in night.

Pijush Biswas

Reality In Our Love

I remember those past days
Enshrouded now with memories
When we used to meet with each-other
Under a Champak tree, 'mid the open land.
Dost thou do my heart?

I'm tired of recalling those happy moments
In which I lost myself in thee;
Utterly dissolved I became
In thy arms when thy loving hands
Grasped me, affording love unbound.
My Heart, those do not deserve to be forgotten!

I remember thy tender lips
Which still now whispering in my ears-
Say, 'I'm yours forever! '
In my dreams, day in and day out.
My Heart, I think I'm yet not worn-out
My Heart, I'm prepared for thee!

Yet I wonder while think I about reality-
How it has kept me afar from thee!
And how it has destroyed our wings
Of love, which helped us to fly higher-
From Kashmir to Kannyakumari,
From a land of beauty to deep sea.
Oh, the reality is so disheartening!

But, I hope we will fly again
Dipping the heartless reality into dust
Or, breaking the wall of society
Just as a crimson red butterfly,
Fleeting over flowers by fluttering wings.

A little compromise is needed, indeed
Which can make us realize-
How our two hearts can be sewn again
And that a true love never ends...

Pijush Biswas

Satire-1

I'm anxious about, shattered by
Our country, bantered by others afar or nigh
Where prevailing war and cotradiction are high.
Where the evil-evokers eat Her high head
Where they drink Her blood laying on the bed.
Astonished I'm, to where have we gone?
Is there any solution or remedy for
Our country, our motherland where we are born?
Ever will the door of our hope be opened slightly more?
As if, our country is full of zigzag thought and road.
Someone said to me 'Don't utter more, they may cut your throat.'

Pijush Biswas

SCENARIO

Alone, I sat beside a window
In a house, near by human habitation
'Mid the sky flying kites, red and yellow
The battle of kites, and exhibition.
One on a sudden loses the owner
Lads and lasses begin cry, even louder.

'Catch, catch it' shouted they 'and run! '
A soft heart, breaking, began to weep
Perplex'd they, stopp'd the fun
For he had lost his little ship in the sky deep
The ship which he sails over his imaginative sea
That brings to him joy, makes mind free.

Few minutes past, a heron at casement
'Ka Ka Ka! ' uttered she, brake the attention
As if she, demanding grains, her daily payment
But, at my intention to pay, flew up in tension-
In the deep blue sky where she always prevailing
Where she drenched always with sun-beams.

Look! look at the picture in the North-East
Look at, the bow of seven colours!
Arranging they were, near, a Christmas feast
As if, a feast of the victory of Ram, and great honour
To Him; and full my mind of glimpses of ancient past
My heart wants to face Him, touch His feet.

At a near distance a maid weeding
And her tender lips shaken for a melody.
Grasses were intolerable of the wrath of sickle bending
She was singing a melancholy song, but perfect in duty;
And bare I it in heart for longer time
Became I, as if, addicted of grief.

The North wind with full strength smit at window's lid
And murmur'd at ears, telling it's secret
The Sun tired of feeding the Earth, bade good bye to his kid
The sun-rays falling on the floor, look'd like a carpet.
The Sun in the West was about to set-
The North wind urged me to take my way.

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet1: Direction

Oh, much you shed sweat, now stop
Petty done, vast undone; yet take puff
For much toil 'oft spoils the hope
So, be upright and nullify your set-off.

Better work follows a drop of vintage
What now I say the ancient past said
Its why they are adorned along age to age
But be sure as dutiful for being paid.

Or, never expect result as its set aloof
Think simply, its better than falling into loop
For easy one becomes hard, if ever lose proof
Do as direction not to be proved a dupe.

Easy to say, but uneasy to shun earthly lure
Yet real achievements come of hearts, pure.

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet2: History may remember it

That day, what could have happened I know
'Tis seen calf-like, our love, flung into sky
Every acute eye, might see us fall, high or low
Or, a shadow of disgrace might make pride die.

A kiss under open sky? no, 'twas better bracelet
Or a hairbend, that, never applied, could remind
Us 'oft for each-other, in grief or smile, soon or late
Think a while, 'twas better we flown on North wind.

But not to be sore; our mistake is, yet, too lit
What, if our immature brain responds little; still
I know, History may remember it or 'oft respite
In this restless life, to scan our lives with good-will.

Mistake, done in love, indeed a lesson to be upright
Every love-story, past or present, so taken allright.

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet3: A lizard

Poor lizard, ha..ha..ha, boast of being gigantic!
It seemed-they and I, all nothing to him.
There was no times to come, but midnight dream?
So I did again no mistakes to complain, so hectic.

Neither butterflies nor any insects were spared to be his prey
And all came in vain to me to complain,
So I did make them know patience is main,
And I tried to detect where his prides lay.

One day police came with his majestic gait
And asked, 'Hei..hu! put hands up, who is the criminal? '
Poor lizard! trying to be over-smart and normal
Was taken to custody, soon, not so late.

The secret, born in him, was to be a crocodile
Yes, he could if he had counted himself a docile.

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet4: Yet I'm prepared

Our love was true, thou knowest; but where's depth
I sought, with thy resignation, now 'tken unwise.
Sorrowfully, silently I could if thou hadst had breathe
Upon my shoulder; again it could have become a prize.

No, the lost hours yet aren't gloomy; lest, so willing
So a twist should be happened on shallowness of love
In healing the wounds; or uplift the hope, falling.
We can try our best, as successful ourselves to prove.

Even the sea is so wise; always engaged to the beach.
His one dazzling return makes the beach feel good;
Then, what for we do sit closed hands; 'tis better preach
The love, once 'tken immature by our littlehood.

O thou, thou art not yet lost in business of life by me
O, look forward for a while, yet I'm prepared for thee.

Pijush Biswas

Speak truth

Don't fear to speak truth
Never fail to spare the lie
As these two virtues make spirited our mouth
With the help of them we can try
To make our world more pricefull
Our heart and mind graceful.

Utter the true words if a devil threats you
Demolish his all baseless pride
Show the world upright, eternized and new
As the God may chide the new bride
Whose modern duty is to give birth
The new children with new notion on the earth.

Pijush Biswas

Stay quiet

Why do we become restless in life
The world is too much with us
Why do we not take in days' work a pause
Think simply, stay throughout the life alive.

Where will the eminence stay, if we die
Before we reach our aim or goal
If we lose stamina before distributing to the earth a dole
We can not avoid duty or neglect the world's beautiful eye.

Our prime duty is to strive and to make world beautiful
How can we deny the words of the God of beauty
We should sometimes show others sympathy and pity
Open your heart widely and prove yourself as dutiful.

Why are we always in rat race in earthly life
Why are we always engaged in battles
Of plundering which is the act of cattles
Stay quiet, you will get what you wish within minutes five.

Pijush Biswas

Stormy Clouds

No stars, not even the moon risen-
Broken silence of the darkest night of June,
Rumbling, rattling sound; clouds ripen
Amid, to kiss the forehead of surging tune.

Slowly, slowly-the frozen wind blowing
As none to lull it; enough its to rage-
No rest, even unbridled its to mowing
No one save silva of the place, nor mage!

Just a frenzied dance, upon earthly thing
Its come on intention to finish all till end;
More it mingles to dust than afforded to being
Its always unmoved, never does it pretend.

Pijush Biswas

The rainy season

When the warm-summer sun, that browns
Trees and every plant, begins to return again
To longitudinal distance and sets down
His entity the horizon, comes the season of rain.

I love the season, and take smell
Of the forest's ferny floor that thrives
And the dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming storms, that revives.

From the earth's soaked ground
The new saplings suck their sustenance.
Pestilence-stricken trees, drooping year round-
Get vitality year after, and again dance.

Clouds overcast the skies every afternoon
When a darksome veil enshrouds hill and plain;
Thereafter the heaven spills water, an oozing boon.
Lately, but ending of the earth's live-long pain.

When the earth craves, the skies keep plight
To fill the beings with provision and water.
The opening of the threshold of hope and light
Is initiated with coming of rain, the sea-daughter.

Amid all, a softly warbled song blows-spellbound
Over the hill, over the plain, through bush or brier;
That makes us sleep and brings happiness-profound
Throughout the rainy season, so dear.

Pijush Biswas

The Time When I Was Waiting For Her Coming

I hoped her coming,
Her touching a little
Her love unending-
But oh, she is a bit moudlin.
Affection, devotion, love-oh
Once prevailing between she and I-
All are now seeming dead
All grey in my eyes.

Faith, dependance all were existing there-
But, all forgot by you, my lady!
Is there in their love that perfection
that ours had?
What was the vice you detect?
What was the wrong by me!
How the relish of our love had been vile?
Where is the guilt!
Though you are apathetic till now,
enlarging yet my heart's field.

My mind was trembling with
Fear of your adversity.
Tears filled my eyes with
Hope and despair, the duality.
I had been standing there
On the path, looking through it
But, there was no traces of your feet.
And I prophesied of our love,
Standing there adorned by the Nature
Oh! it fails in the nearer future.
The shadow of darkness pervaded my heart
As if, brake the walls of heart twin.

I dreamt the dream of your coming
Being drenched with the flow of tears;
The path, dusty, appeased me by
When I, flower-handed and perplexed
Blowing into the air it's marrow,
Saying 'she is yours-
yesterday, today and tomorrow'.

Talks unending, left yet now
I hope your coming,
A draught of love might make me laugh.
Your mind, known and unknown, both to me
A brief meeting may my heart make fresh and free.
But oh, you're so disheartening!

Now, I'm looking into the future, and
Considering: you will be whether mine or not
Oh, shadows of despair on the thought gather.
May be, its a game at the destiny's hands.

At last I awake, and realize-
its not the time to bother.

Pijush Biswas

Thirty ducks

Upon the strand are thirty ducks wallowing
Coloured in thick black and white
This way and that, wildly playing
Amid the atmosphere quiet.

Nine among them are suddenly fleeting
To the still water of the pond
Are merry-making and fluttering
Being indomitable broke the bond.

Ten among the rest became restless
After the master's calls
They run towards her as they are armless
As its the beginning of rain-falls.

Now rest are in the rest
Torrential rain is about to be deep
Some are amorous, in relation the best
Crept to one another along with creep.

It seems I saw an ideal beauty
In their relations under the rain
Which lacks in human relation and duty
Which pains my sense, increases my heart's pain.

Love, union-all are abounding
Among them, within their simplicity
Those which are little read and not sounding
In human relation and generosity.

Pijush Biswas

Thy Death Is As Pretty As Thou Art

Pretty rose, whom dost thou love more
Betwixt the sun and the dew?
Thy ever widening odour is thy answer-
I know, yet I doubt!

Remember the time inert thou wert.
Ever did'st thou recognize thyself, a fancy bud
Or those who afforded thee sustenance?
They are none but the sun and the dew.

Yet I see thee prefer the dew
And blame on the sun every afternoon
As the sun's beckoning hands say-
'Farewell to thee, O pretty rose! '
When thou dost pass away anew.

So thou art destined to die, by
Our reckoning hands, indeed;
Forever in need prime-
For thou art laid to stay alive
By thy fragrance in our breathe.
Its not the pitiful death thou hast!
But the death that makes thee immortal
Through finest moments of ceremonies
Of our joyous and merry lives.

So, let none be preferred before thou wilt
ignite; as thy death is as pretty as thou art.

Pijush Biswas

To A New Bride

Adieu! O new bride; canny conch tells-
You're married to whom you love in spell
Your pure heart-so uplifted anew tonight
You and bridegroom-sail lives on might.
God bless, -the path of lives must be plane
If you stay clung, or never you disdain
Each-other, and your hands caress other
In this crooked world to let Him not bother.

Adieu! O new bride; uranian conch urges-
Its just a creed, -forever you try to merge
Yourselves, into loving ambrosia or throng
Of cordial family-to let their touch live long.
I'm not undismayed, as the task undertaken by you,
Its prone on your side to make the world renew;
O new bride! let your womb be full of light
Let the one, plunging into the green world, be bright.

Pijush Biswas

To a sparrow

O thou, clever one of winged beings
Thou art very much fleeting
Whene'er see I thee on wings;
When, on the air thou floating
With thy desire to seek the nest
And to make with other the relation, best.

How dost thou sustain hope
When failure hits thy bone?
Where our eyes shed drop!
Is thy body made of stone?
Why dost thou not give up duty
When much toil fades the beauty?

Thy world is enough, as I know
And to collect weeds to make nest
And to breed the broods thy vow
As thou art amid socialism the best,
Where thine work is best among all
Excellent thy every call befalls.

Astonished I'm when I see thee
On the height, sitting on roof.
Every morning when thou art free
From cool wind, taketh thou proof.
How fine it looks when thou flutter
It seems no one is there than thee better.

Pijush Biswas

To dead Lilly

Her life so worthy, she could have been known
Rage? ...what's rage? ..for her 'twas better pity growth
Yet a leaf, unwilling to leave source by threat, shown
For one death follows birth, or death all loathe.
Better to check one's face in one's crystal mirror
Extreme claim, ever done upon, be recognized
And comes to end, or one can put off sin one wore;
Oh! if she could see, might have not been obliged.

Pijush Biswas

To PoemHunter.Com

I don't want to make you know 'Thanks'
There is a place for you in my heart!

Pijush Biswas

To the great tailor

O the great tailor, the God's unique creation
Let me touch your feet, get your blessing.
Adorned your hands by Him and your endless mission
And whatever you create, to all really pleasing
Tactfull your hands are, I know;
And to make cloths beautifully your vow.

The days are running on, fatefull your existences are
Though you're of mortal beings, your creation will remain forever.
O the great tailor, the pioneer of civilization
Your heart was so pure and mind curious
Whatever wrong there you found, now hidden from vision.
So, let me utter again, 'than before, you're more piteous'.

Thousands of tailors now follow you, and
Have become they, hence, your obedient pupils,
Hope I: you must bless upon their hands
And, must come the beauty desired by people.
So, let them be as creative as you were
And make their creations lovely created by the years.

You understood what civilization needs
I know; that is why immortal your deeds.
Ye, the shame, once prevailing, driven by you
Had come the Avatar like you, and graceful
Became the World and eternized and new.
Sure I am: the Earth from then began to be blissfull.

O you, the great tailor, be ready again to be here
Among us; many left yet to learn from you
We are eager for your next appearance, and a chair
Adorned for you.I know, its clear in your view.
Civilization is running fast, and needful your appearances are
If you come, you shall find between now and before a difference far.

Pijush Biswas

To the well wishers of society

Sanctity be never blurred by mere devil-
The azure sky of the society vitiated by
Some monstrously large sheatfishes in white dye
In solitary, unfrequented place; under the veil.

A steadfast, stern noble intention is needed
To uproot their domain with root from society
Where they live their lives extraordinary, taking deity.
An acute judgement is preferable than comfortable bed.

One dishonest person defiles another one, as same
As one rotted apple, among apples, damages the rest.
So, our outlook should be changed to distinguish the best
Or, to identify excellences born out of womb of a dame.

An unprecedented procedure, indeed, needed to revive
Our many-folded society from the ashes of decline.
Every one should be obliged to perform the fine
Or, choose the best; hence, the society must thrive.

Pijush Biswas

To William Shakespeare

I oft remember you, my lord
Forgetting the centuries between us
I oft touch your unseen feet
Ignoring those walls, of the seven oceans.
As I saw you blessing in dreams upon me
As you, my lord, are the source of my poetic fancy
As you, the friend, philosopher and guide mine indeed.

Ye, a little touch may make me full of fancy
But oh, the centuries are moving on their eternal wheels
Have kept you from me afar
Offering me that heart
That can abide by your pens, worship your rhymes.

O the great king of the world of drama
Pour in my unknown pens strength
Let them write what you whisper in my ears,
Give the touch of your hands to my poems
Let them be as colourful as the flowers are.

My lord,
How did you feel human hearts?
How did you realize what human minds search for?
How did you understand how they were to have drawn?
A little touch, may I get?
May I occupy a narrow space in your heart?

O you, the pitiful soul
I know, what you have blessed me.
What you murmur daily in my ears.
Let me write them down,
Let me salute-
To you.

Pijush Biswas

Trip To Digha

After a long awaiting had been over, the day
Was finally, at the door of our hope
We were hoping lot as the bay
Of Bengal, turbulent, praying us with every drop.
Everyone was making oneself equipped
And had endured patience for longer,
As the trip was grasped by finger.
The mind, once thoughtfull, became freed.

Lot of fun there and 'hurray' said we
For the vehicle arrived, and whistling
Made stir our mind.
The night falling down, 'Get in car' one said
And bussiness seemed us to come in,
Some busy, some unconscious, and
Whistle again!

Some wrong by them, wine at glass's brim
Found I happiness, noise by the team
Too much it was, made them drowsy.
Dreamy they became, though they are not lazy.
Children crying and parents are trying
To make them calm, and heartily praying.

I said the vehicle 'fast fast! '
But, nothing heard by him:
After a time, his wheel suddenly burst!
Among the forest we all stopped, dim
Now the night passed; the Sun in the East
We crossed long way, and at last reached.

The sea was calling us, to Her bosom
Everything looked nice, though it was awesome.
Some said 'Lets have room? '
We went to a mansion that possesses a dome.
Pleasure we noticed there, and took sleep
Though it was sea-beach, came the sleet.

We faced the beach at noon
And our soul became happier, full of boon.
I watched so deeply the shore,
Mind wanted to do something more.
And, I wrote her name upon the strand
Came the tide, washed it away being grand;
So depressed then became I.
Outstanding! the scene attached to my eyes:

A child, swimming among all jumped
A gaint came, but happened nothing to him
Because, the tide liked him for he was not damned.
Seemed, that moment, I was in dream!
I heard a beggar, making a sweet tone

While I, wandering beside the sea
Compared it with, sitting on mossy stone
The chord, once I listen, made by bee.

I understood the language of spirited wind
As if, telling me 'Become in heart more kind'.
Tides, broken severally on my feet
Made ne realize: though she playful but deep.
I noticed children gathering foam
Became they nervous, and I roam.
Now, the sea retreating and the Sun in the West
'Don't leave me', came the request
To me, and I dissolved myself in salty water;
Though casually, but seen by a porter.
In water I was for thirty minutes spent
'Lets it finish, and go' from the tent.
I noticed the Sun, bidding 'good bye' the day;
The night getting down, and it's ending of May.

The night thickening, one dinner finished
To us it seemed: the vacation accomplished.
'Let us spare now' said I to the Sea-shore
'Always unfolded for you'assured she 'my door'
'You must come again' she said 'I hope'.
Fell from her eyes, as if I felt, one drop.

Pijush Biswas

Two Mynas I Used to See

Two house mynas quarrel on the courtyard
Mother says 'stop them, let them not go out
Of the house'; and explains oft them as auspicious birds.
'Go Go! yet full-throat'd I shout.
Neither they hear, nor they fly up
Stolid, indifferent they are in altercation!
And press they one-another's cope
So dangerous the battle, so dreadful the vision!

Two mynas, hungry, search for food
Enter into our kitchen, everyday afternoon
And bear they food to their broods.
Freshen heart, I scatter grains with hands boon.
Then mother says 'so hearty you are',
'Let them eat grains, be tamable to us'.
Charity is good virtue, a divine thought in far.
Charity enlarges the core of heart, makes one pious.

Two mynas, amorous, wander among bushes
Where they dwell, where they breed the broods.
Every summer comes the Kalbhaisakhi, the storm, pushes
Them to the lap of death with her rude mood.
Speechless they claim to Nature-
As if, ask 'why thou art cruel? '
'Why thou hast written our fate with the hands of a butcher? '
'Is not our innocence real? '

Pijush Biswas

Untimely Rain

Clouds are playing 'mid the azure sky
Thickening darkness in a wintry noon
Twenty swans in a pond nigh
Among all, one's shrill cry, a nice tune.
Drenched they are, as if, with peace
What their bright feathers say us at ease.

The torrential rain is about to set in
Brightening light of beautified thunder
Making the master restless, her orders keen.
This side and that, where they will, wander
They neither listen, nor obey what master instructs
All clamorous wings are in a mood abstract.

Heavy of grief, today, the azure sky
Frightened the Sun hides under the shadow of surging cloud,
The earthly plants', thereafter, a long sigh
For germination and for their seeds nude.
Sound familiar trembling leaves, after a heavy rain
Deriving their deep rooted heart-ache and pain.

Now the wintry plants, full of greenery
Satisfied of untimely bath at the end of longing
How fine they look! as if, decorated with unknown finery.
Will awake the Nature with grandeur tomorrow morning,
Nothing premeditated, nothing pre-planned by the azure sky
But from there oozing boon upon plants' untold cry.

Pijush Biswas

Waiting for meeting her

I leant against their front-gate
In weather calm and quiet
To meet my following mate
With roses, red and white.
At least thirty minutes I stood there
And her absence urged me to bear
The passing time and to meet my dear.

Flowery her garden whereby I stood
And the chord of several bees
Made sing my heart and mood.
I enjoyed every minutes to the lees.
It seemed I was in the Eden
Where every heart beats is thoroughly beaten.

I enjoyed the full moon, over head
Overlaying moon beams all around
Every steps I trod with a lighter tread
With a face, leaving no sound.
'How much time will you lose? '
As if, asked me the moon, the boss.

And I dare to smite upon the door
'Who is there? ' said she loudly
My heart beats began to be fast and more
And saw I her shaken lips with melody.
Came she near and nearer to me
And somehow we lost ourselves in glee.

Pijush Biswas

What Brain Says 'oft We Fail To Earn

What brain says 'oft we fail to earn
Yet be aware before it being utterly dead
Ye, shadow of failure, but none
Can give us impulsion to last breathe.

Our mature patience 'oft stumbles to be endured
Oh! don't be broken into bits
If ever you incurred,
By drowsiness of brain, least
Be optimistic even after vain come
In life, not proved as reliable home.

Pijush Biswas

When I Remember My School-Days

Many years gone by
After I had lost my School-days
Tears fill eyes-
When I watch boys and girls going in those blue dresses.
Those joyful moments stir my mind
When remember I that friendly life
Whene'er I recall our teachers, affectionate and kind.

A lot, I achieved from them
Love, affection, and further the knowledge.
And helped they to dream the dream
Of being high-headed and establishment
In the life, and in it's every movement.
But, I don't know-
How much respect they paid
How much I could abide by what they advised.

Tears fill my eyes-
When I remember those familiar faces
Whene'er recall I those fightings in games
All are now so far, all are in their paces
On the path of their lives, seeking for names.
How would I have forgot that contest?
How would I have forgot that friendship?
All of you are my heart's content!
All pains my sense.

Pijush Biswas

Where The Virtue's Head Is Not High?

Look into the surrounding
Look, faded the virtue has not yet been
Why do we often blame on it, say its lost
Rather I would say, it's beauty is rather stretching-
If not, how would we have been living!
Its like a fragrant rose-
When it blooms within someone
Pervades the aroma itself among others
Charm it makes them, and
If dies, hence, other comes out to blossom.
One dies, falls, and fertilizes the soils
Where the root is deep rooted.

Where the virtue's head not high?
Where it stays without the appreciation?
Where does it not take sphere in human mind?
Let its abstract body be shaped concrete.
But why are we deviated from the path of it!
Why are we falling down, why the falling awakes us not!
Listen, virtue is the modern crown-
Glittering, waiting.and thinking of us.
Let yourself be promised to virtue
Let the human beings be crown headed, occupy the throne.

Pijush Biswas

Yearning

A beautiful girl on the terrace
Talkative, smiling, active
I saw; as if made my heart with her embrace.
Though desirous became I, but no bad motive.
But imagined I so far long
'Be patient, hearty' said my soul young.

Tried I lot, to make her mine
Some pretence-some coyness in her, I found.
All I overcame, not in vain;
Later! I thought: but must be bound
She, in my arms.Lets me tell
A peep through window, rang the mind's bell.

An aliquot part of her grimace
Became I, as if, like a bird amorous
Seemed! we were at the preface
Of love; glorified became my face
And the globe.I guessed:
She may be mine, and came in heart summer days.

Some days passed, and we were face to face
'I am in love with you' said I
And supposed I it the first phase
Of our love; and tears filled my eyes.
As, 'Be competent of me' cried she 'at first'.
The day seemed to be rainy at last.

Gloomy I became in my soul
Same as, Krishna became at Radha's absence
Yet I considered myself her lover sole
And thought I: must conquer her heart at her presence.
And again, came the chance to meet her
The chance I got in a lovely fair.

Shyness I noticed there in her eyes
As if, remembering the past.
Purchased she something, and highly praise
Of the song, there suddenly burst.
Came the autumnal beauty in her face
Once more led me to further craze.

She, on a wintry noon at street lonely
Except her, there only I'm
Tried I to show her me manly
And, expectedly her eyes on my eyes.
So difference between now and before, and to me
Came she; and I bent my body on knee.

Slowly slowly-the footsteps
As if she shuddering in the Sun's beam.
May be, she perceived the tastes

Of love; I dissolved in a fancy dream.
Came she nearer and nearer, and a bit flash
Of smile on her cheek; upon me the God's blessing.

'I love you' uttered she by her tender lips
At the moment, plants, around us
Followed us; raised me from dream deep.
And became we tied under the Sun, the boss.
Though early, got the Nature Spring touch
Same as I got her touch early!

Pijush Biswas