

Poetry Series

Mr.R. Amin
- poems -

Publication Date:
2017

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

Mr.R. Amin()

Achievement

Achievement

Hospital has dead body
Physician has medicine
Honesty has no food.

Rich has thief
Justice has law
Constitution will not be died.

Minister has baby
Child-day is passed
Humanity has no house.

Culture has desire
Family has shame
Modesty has no limitation.

Leader has arms
Comrade has red flag
Intellectual has no spectacles.

Country has oppression
Woman-day has passed
Civilization has no pain.

Father has literate dog
Mother has illiterate ass
Nation has no shame.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Admirer

Admirer

I have no desire
Fond of your devotion
Not attracted by frustration.;
Your mouth would make the same.
Are you ever delighted with
Moonlit night,
As myself have to mix with universe of sky
For a century.
Please never take otherwise, Dear
Now I frightened of crowd.
Though sometimes am I a brave of the world
Be participated into the procession.
Last night I read Pythagoras's theory
Did not that similar to my heart.
Have you read The La-miserable
The eyes intend to fill with tear;
Mind also is burnt;
How would he take diamond -
Not am I a poet,
Have passed every morning
Not be created poetry.
Why is it same as our earth, my Dear
Revolt has been beaten
Every success of our moment.
Have you heard the melody of bird at evening
That came to our cottage today,
I could not tell her anything.
Now-a-days dried flower is sold
Why has the emperor got same?
My Dear, do you believe the 'Believe'?
Or have you felt during heard pain?
Or long breath.

-

Bangladesh

And

And

Grandfather has seen through telescope
the map of globe
our light year is going to be haggard
the festival of alphabet has been stopped
however the family of alphabet is rebel.
The delta of the map
is dispersed sometimes
A lot of vagabond in the country of killer
Lord house might be dead
Society desires the point of boiler
for the world of sin
the broken wall of capitalism
a world of human without exploitation
Revolt has motion
Dropping has limitation
Progress has heat
Please open the flag.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

And Next

And Next

The moonlit night will not loss herself
All light would be lighted up together
Once upon a time.

Feather of bird would not be motionless
Though all ether melody be formed a large wave.

Leave of earth will not seem at us
Though green or black color
Will not mixed with each other.

Everyday the sun rises
Sound be sweet
Leave are green
As stone is as solid though smooth
River is aimless
We would be the same.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

At A Mid-Day

At a Mid-Day

Did not keep my mind in my office
How is furniture irrelevant
This ashtray pin the last shelf of Elmira
They are prisoner observer and history
Any time the office will be destroyed
The face will be burnt.
At mid-day when keep my mind at office
the alphabet gives slogan silently
Are we also inheritance of Frost Shelly Tolstoy
Try to create poetry without inclination
, which had collected in boyhood.
Ever return to past
the picture of bargaining of rate
at village market during sunset
the last tremor of stringed
or waiting of mother at doorframe
Intend to see the period of present
Seeking a lot of money
Though I am an unemployed
Illegal building often blows my eye
Also have a small broken mirror
Have a small family
Where have seen the picture of pain world.
Look at the fresh sky of future
A dream a house of happiness
A baby will have grown up without food
At a "Baby day"
Will go to destination.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

At Last

At Last

The nine words of economics
If not be transparent
Thousand nations would speak loudly
A poet don't ever be surprised.

Small wave if will not join
With large wave
May gesture will come from Pacific
Without presage
A philosopher only will laugh.

Feelings of billion if will cry one day Heated stone of the world would be
Tremble together too
Comrade's step will not be stopped.

A second unit
If will keep the thousand of a century
The angel of pendulum will exceed the solar A proletarian will clap with joy.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Calling A Beloved

Calling a Beloved

Enjoy and shame plays at hide and seek
In the such eye of earth-haven
Golden light reflects at evening in
Such black bower
Such ruddy lips tremble slightly as wave
Who keeps tuber rose in her bun
Who does not sleep in moonlit night
Love voice of whom ever does not return
From stream of the Volga
Calling such beloved.
For such beloved
Two centuries will be passed at exile
In memory of whom
The ruins of Pompeii peep
Who will be more silent
By the silence of Diana's statue
Who will be motionless
Hearing misfortune of the Oedipus
Who keeps the picture of
Galib Tolstoy Dikence in her heart
Calling such beloved.
For this beloved
Am I a social soldier
On the lips of whom
A precession of hungry plays
In the eye of whom
Cloth less poster of civilization
Is seen
The lady's finger of whom be agitated
By the cause of dumb
In passion of whom
Red flag comes often
In perception of whom
Long March revolts
Heart of whom
Gets motion hearing the history of revolution
Calling such beloved.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Contribution

Contribution

In the melody of flutter
In a procession around with slogan
Quaking lips under oak
Love awakes up every day.

Love has been died everyday
Severe breathe in the midnight
At conspiracy of village council
On raped dead body.

Last question to my grand father
Your feudal love could not stopped
Thousand birds at graveyard of Maleyessee
Or another Vietminh in the forest of Bolivia

It is not my failure, dear
Please look
Have not dried tears of Tajmahal

I have desire
Want to tell you as poet
My all contribution on your vestige.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Destination

Destination

Passenger is going to be started
unknown destination
Motion stopped at the conduit
On Monday slayer followed
Earth is going to be destroyed gradually
Frontier is mixed on Wednesday
Invisible picture has been fixed
There map of memory is seen
Stanza often comes
Breath intends to be slow
Ever is going to be speedy
Something's a symbol in lighthouse
Khudiram's strangling on Saturday
Or marriage of insect
Butterfly never comes from forest
A bird of silent be friend for peace
Nightingale comes from island on Sunday
Also comes Jon of Arch
Makes light of sun
Like death of Elizabeth.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

End Of The Way

End of the Way

Echo from far anchorage
As victory of sailor;
While have you been seen firstly
At the procession, Comrade.

Again a wave comes from Pacific
History of a storm in the sky
At the light year of class struggle.

Our baby would be grown-up
At the co-operative house
Another hostile would be born
Write a revolutionary poem
Uncle 'Hoe' will come
Like a scale of revolution
Again heard echo from the Everest
As a Mother of Gorky.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Evening

Evening

How is my sweet evening!
Hair is playing with breeze, wicked breeze.

Oh! Young lady
Awaiting for a devotee with a beaten rose
Hero of your dream
As converses with reticence of sky.

Oh! Young man
Forgotten pretty human
Reality of moving earth.

Intend to invite a boy
Green mouth with a Red hand.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Headless

Headless

Desire becomes silent
Pain has been awoken
In the angry
In the devotion
In the repentance.

Memory becomes cheerless
Grief has been delighted
At the morning
At the evening
At the universe.

Hate becomes speedy
Shame has been stopped
At the cause
At the nothing
At the negligence.

Peace becomes pain
War has been finished
At the time
At the hard time
At the long time.

Alphabets becomes colorless
Melody becomes motionless
Voice has not been spoken.

Hope has been lost
Happiness has been died
Pain does not become pleasure.

Sound becomes silent
Light becomes dark
Ar-dour has not been touched.

Shame has been beaten

Hate has been stopped
Anger does not become speedy.

Did not desire same war.

Inhuman is increased
Day to day
In the glow of the morning
Runner is seeking festival
Nothing for the world.
Runner knows slavery
Though does not know
How is revolt
How much poetry will be created
For the runner?

Have shame have hope
Be true opening false face
Go beyond the end.
Poetry grave at the festival
They are seeking humanity
At the desert
Devils enjoy
We are seeking revolt
In the eye glass

Have hate have anger
Blow capital by the capital
Destroy circle of waiting.
Has lost our revolt alphabet
Saw freedom on the street
At midnight
She looks sunlight into microscope.

Suffer and hate, I have answer
If you ask, what have myself
If I throw a question
What you have?
You may reply slave society
Your ugly face is covered
With questionnaire
You pass shame bridge gradually.

Feeling is intended myself
Brave is beaten
As I attacked you with temper
Must you be dead.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Heart

Heart

A verse will be created
As Tajmahal
The earth desires to end its motion
The moon finds shame.

And lonely awaiting for a dream
If I were peak of the Everest
Though passed a century
Oh Monalisa! you are everywhere
You are in green of all leave
Universe of sea
Even on crowed street
Or in silent of midnight
Venus! all victory for you
As awake me up of which
Would be heaven of love.

Coming from mountain
I've heard echo
I want you
I want you
I want you forever.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Map

Map

Today X will be hanged
Before noon
He told us same.

As a baby will take birth
He leased a land from landlord
At a evening
Mustard plot remembers him.

Noon has been passed
X has gone to the station
At cottage
Awaiting X's love, hungry & pregnant
Combating with sun each other
Fiber has been burnt
Reflecting tear and golden leave.

Y is smiling.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Men

Men

An animal told us yesterday
I should be a man
Shameless insect shouted with shame
'You also defeated us'.
Tropic of Cancer reproved alone
You are an ungrateful nation
Recognizing greatness
You are a symbol of unsuccessful
Eye feels sorrow in silent
Did not see myself ever
However have you seen yourself
Only by myself.

One day an animal used to be man
A man would be an animal.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Other Monalisa

Other Monalisa

I will be devotee
Seeing long hair at the spring morning
In touch of golden light
Or country path covered with dew
You are a poetry of century.

I will be Keats
In a spring visit our morose world
Or our baby on an inland of cinnamon.

As face as artistry of Tajmahal
Tired sailor catches
Rainbow Butterfly
Smell of marigold.

Have seen hungry world
In the eye of lass
As you as an inheritor of
'Mother Teresa'
Keep your hand for earth.

Once upon a time
At the mysterious cottage
Like other Monalisa
Will you say how are you.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Pain

Pain

No, I am not attacked Tajmahal
Or don't believe universe of Vinci
Once upon a time I touched the earth
And earth is false forever.

Intend to cry as Keats poem
Till getting wine
Oh God! Let me free
Wish to walk at utopia.

Poet lost his poetry
Lost Monalisa
Great creation of happiness
Something's burst into tear
Can't feel the global of time
Be great silence
Not going to be dead.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Poetry

Poetry

We want food for poetry
Adoption for poetry
Freedom for poetry
And revolution for poetry.

Keats poetry is read with air-condition
There is no terror with Nazism's blue eye
Again eunuch has come
The fire of poetry gets shame.

Satikanto is not now at Kolkata
Mrinal-Zahid is now sleeping on the street
Body is destroyed by pneumonia
Poetry now is more dangerous.

Let us come to make free poetry
Make a leader of the world.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Poison

Poison

At last there is poisonous alphabet
In eye dictionary
Now am I young from boyhood
Afraid of thinking
Whether am I a large tree in the soil of soul? Body becomes motionless
As am I inhuman is formed by own statue.

At midnight the devil ran away
While invoked by pledge;
Soldiers are presented at battlefield
With sleepy eye;
A war is occurred
I am a defeated soldier without bloodshed.

Be destroyed at the dustbin of earth
Eye is dark
Heart has cancer.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Silent

Silent

I am not Chengis

Not Hitler

Not Teimur

History knows everything

You are malicious in your own drama

Who is in your mirror?

Word is silent

Echo is silent

Earth is silent.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Stair

Stair

Morality is chained in a chest
A singer remembers us the same
The poet is waiting for last epic
Comrade hates the capital
Though justice throws judgment.

The lord knows exploitation
Knows the life of slave
Does not know how is revolution.

Girl is now commodity
Youth is as consumer
Child forgets to start sleep
Invite to destroy at all.

Devil makes body as tired
Or little interval of life
Beggar can't get reply
Then language had been stopped.

The divine had desire
Law was waiting
Melody also becomes sound
Could not know period.

Mind return to past
Many sorrows be neighbour
The progress has been died
Promise is to be more whetted.

Awaked up
And heard mother's weeping
Be throbbing hearing flute
Feel as brave at the crying of sailor
Hence
Motion is stopped.

Hillary discover the "Everest"
Though we kill every morning
Silent mother
Silent singer
Silent sailor
I am in myself
Told a passenger with sorrow
Teacher did not know
Honesty is now dead.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Station As Universe

Station as Universe

Rail comes here everyday;
No passenger
Also with invisible chauffeur
Invited myself as universe.

How is animate cell as soundless!
Cell to be wounded though revolt
Attacked by lord of station
Station has no motion.

Earth sound has been slept
Light of new world comes;
Around the universe.

'You have no way
You have to come'.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

The Lovely Street

The Lovely Street

Own judge did not accept
Confession of stomach without food
Give declare to go exile
At the back date of calendar
I shall give ten babies to earth
Lovely street
If she will not free from hell.

Progress comes by calling of hen
Mouse democracy is in question now
World is under cohabitation of sin
Or running with medicine of capitalization.

Speaking with imprisoned
There is no any passenger on the street
Though our destination is happy island.

At the new century, we discovered
Another Socratise
Bitofen makes melody alone
However have hope, Lovely Street.

Sir Newton comes
Again Bastille house destroyed.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Unseen

Unseen

Many possessions had been distorted, my dear
During boyhood you and I
Could not read grammar
Or not recite poetry
It had been changed now
You used to hear folk in mid-night
Now rocky is being sung
Melody of poetry is assaulted by porn
Feudal system is now dead
However, have seen the feature of torture
World's Dog rapes the humanity.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Want To You

Want to you

Have seen in the new light-passing womb
Time is moving into mother love
Have heard radical word in daylight
Same age has been passed
Want to you at melody of lodge
Want to you at crowd of city
Want to you at the rainbow of sky
And cold morning of winter.

I want to you as repeated walking
I want to you as bobbling speaking
I want to you on swing
And with silent of sleep
I want to you at boyhood with alphabet
I want to you with making grin
I want to you ache from playground
And at a sunny day.

At the dream of Leonatho
Eye of Monalisa
Touch of Nightangle
In the lost Rubait of Khyem
And graveyard of Ibsen I want to you.

In cold touch of Mississippi
At the desert of the Africa
At the light house of Alexandria
Long echo from Siberia
Passing the delta of Bengal
At torch of salvation
Anger infirmity death
At the conscious door of procession
Calling both peace and war

Want to you
At the slogan or poster
Red-shirt of soldier

Arms of Henry
And the other Vietminh
I want to you
I want to you
I want to you.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

Way

Way

Sailor has a lighthouse at far
Fluster is seeking a fresh morning
Street and way are mixed each other.

This is as a new feudalism
Destroyed world
Humanity terminal is stage of Ozone
The alphabet has been wiped
From the book of grand father
Procession has been stopped.

Peacemaker had many dreams
Revolutionary had many revolts
King had a lot of fear.

Now have a way
Have a true
Need not waiting for a moment.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin

You And I

You and I

If will you be Monalisa
I shall be Leonardo
Will you be Nightingale
I shall be Keats
Will you be John of Arc
I shall be Guevara Che

Will you be face, not is commodity
I shall be crazy, not be buyer.

-

Bangladesh

Mr.R. Amin