

Poetry Series

**Ravisankar Maitree**  
**- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**  
2022

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

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I am poet and writer in Bangla.  
Now I live in France.



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# Sweet Play With God 1 To 5

1.

God is only manifested in human being. He takes the seat of human chariot. Man pulls the rope of the chariot. One must have an Ideal Guide to go ahead on the way to his supreme goal being led by Him. This journey starts at the very early hours of life and stops at the end. Meanwhile a very sweet play one enjoys with Him! And this is Life, this is worship.

2.

God exists everywhere; but Satan lives in some certain places; mostly like a snake. We need not be aware of God, but Satan-; even in some cases, not to be able to recognize him is dangerous too.

3.

I cherished many good thoughts in me to make them implemented in action. But, my doing-urge as usual was waiting for a better moment to start. When the day ended; it started to get dark everywhere, I found nothing to be done at last. I got, good thinking comes to no work until they are applied in action. Success lies in proper action, not mere good thinking too.

4.

Soul is correlative. But physic is ever mortal. To know myself is the existence and to know about this very existence is to know about God.

5.

Serenity is only in inner zone of mind, not merely in body. First of all, purify your conscience not yourself.

Ravisankar Maitree

# Hermit

1

A very polite hand came up to me. I looked at his face very sensitively and said, 'This hand of yours is very wise and gorgeous, it is certainly not meant for seeking help. May your hands be graceful by spreading love; you may turn to the trees and take care of them.'

A mysterious face came up to me in a very helpless way. Her eyes were shattered and also wanted to speak thousands of prayer words. I speak to her with all my heart, 'The face that claims such misty is just not meant for uttering such prayers, you may turn to the cold hearted humans and show them the way of love.'

A bright you man came up to me and told me his lifetime stories seeking to serve me for survival of his. I told him to read out the nobles that nature has written along with soil and admire all the valuable lessons of being self-made.

A man with a few cages filled with beautiful birds came up to me and asked me to set all those colorful creatures to fly. I looked in to his outspoken eyes and with an unspoken language they were telling me that 'I have become the creator.'

Ravisankar Maitree



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# Own Umbrella

Abstracted in the face of sewage at street-tea shop Today  
Tea Tumbler hand look at thee, dreamed.  
You never sating TSC against the wall.  
Do not put the paper on top of the grass and laid thee;  
Street Patty badly-sad face.  
You do a little ground, not adolescent.  
What happened today said? From the sky  
Eli back to our beloved informal dirty sheets?

Shahbagh Islands cloudy looking like  
into the Himalayas in the chest;  
sweet street-girl e of your hand washed rose-bucket  
Thee so common, most common Ever Dreamed  
Happiness is your happiness is what I saw today sorrow-face  
Tomorrow at noon, when the hot sun overhead thee alone  
I shall Ferris wooden umbrella,  
You know now remembered not tell.  
You know right now, sunny rain stop  
than the whole army of secret wooden umbrella  
Actually the most trusted of own umbrella.

7 03 14.10: 30 pm

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# Two Doors Are Closed

Two doors are closed  
Ravisankar Maitree

Solitary Island does not know my love  
Never tell Solitary Island of my love  
My love is tightly wrapped I Sundarban, has signature  
Jamuna will never know my love  
After the time death I will not express my love to Jamuna  
Padma must meet Jamuna  
At the time Padma and Jamuna's walking  
No one will cover their fire with their clothes.

Sundarban: Mangrove forest in Bangladesh and India  
Jamuna: The River of Bangladesh  
Padma: The River of Bangladesh

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# Birds Of World

Birds of world  
Ravisankar Maitree

Exercising power and influence each states takes  
Possession over others,  
dividing the world into  
Narrow fragmented cells.  
Birds have so many  
Wings that can fill the sky,  
but they fly all over the  
World without any interruption.  
Fishes have many  
Vast water bodies with different kinds of water  
And currents. People are only governed,  
subordinated  
And exploited state by state.  
Deer do not hear  
the roaring of the confined tigers.  
The state sleeps unfeeling  
under mass agitation ad showers protests.

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# Two Episode Of Love

Two Episode of love  
Ravisankar Maitree

## First Episode

Love! What things know from you?  
Do not touch any hand without love  
I know from you  
Love can not be divided  
Money is vulgar  
Love is great  
You say it everybody.

## Last Episode

Love! Love! All sentences  
You take all education  
Now still I am zero and full  
Standing a dejected lover  
Like a beggar.

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# The Story Of Living And Not To Live

The story of living and not to live  
Ravisankar Maitree

I want to remember a lot but could not;  
Likewise I forgot a lot but could not.  
I remembered some mistakes time and again  
I remember very often something forgetting.  
But I recollected some forgetfulness  
Some lost faces could not search out.

Did not know how and where about  
Those who were my close friends in all times  
Where they were today, did all their memories die?

How were you the Vaty canal?  
Ghostly Hijal tree is on the other side of the bil, you?  
We would hide and seek in the paddy field.  
The river Chandana, Gori and Modhumoti  
Were remained in the speechless memory.

Pea and bean would never be burnt  
In the fire with hay  
It would never be plucked shapla Dhap  
From Gazaria bil.  
Boat would never be rowed  
In the autumn moon lit night.  
Gour, Kirton would never be heard  
Awaking night.  
The distance from Norocona to Paturi  
Would not be walked on foot.  
Running after train would not be done  
Arkandi to Noliagram.  
Rows of salik sitting on telephone cable  
Would not be seen.

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# You Are Everywhere

You are everywhere  
Ravisankar Maitree

One day you came and sat here  
I want to forget that words  
The old banyan tree does not forget  
Memory reminds it when I come.  
One day you washed your legs in the pond's water  
Some baby fishes touched your fingers with their mouths.  
Now they become grow old  
They come to search my finger  
They search and count ten and ten make twenty,  
When I come I recollect  
One day you become a girl of the Meghna  
You rowed a small boat like Amina  
What a transparent water of the Meghna, the memory is still vivid  
We two were wandering a long way  
You passed away, but presents in everywhere.

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# Revolving

Revolving

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Same water comes by turns

Water is deceitful, water floats in water.

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# New Banyan Flute

New Banyan flute  
Ravisankar Maitree

With green eyes in the morning  
New lights come  
Return the passed childhood,  
New leaves are singing,  
Again in a new way  
Create a melancholic sound in the mind.  
An unknown new morning  
Removes all black shades of mind.  
Again I am a fascinating boy  
Again I am a new banyan flute.

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# Egoism

Egoism

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Either bullet or bullet penetrate or penetrate like Krishno

Where is the bullet boy, bird hunter?

Want to die like a bird

Want to fell in the grass

I neither want Chita nor want grave

Without name and fame want to hide in a deep grass,

Want to the feast of the bees

Don't touch my body – vulture, crow and fox

Want to die like a bird

At the time of the funeral wants to mix in the soil.

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# I Miss My Spring

The spring takes leave as soon as it peeps  
Says go, blooming flowers and giving sudden wind.  
The spring comes only to maintain its rule, we cannot  
Touch its deep. The spring did not sing the sky  
Of the Bangladesh after the poet Rabindranath  
These is no such noteworthy research is done in course  
Of the short existence of spring. It is not discussed in  
the seminar. Only a few poets wrote a few lines on some  
poems of lamentations. We shall not get back  
the spring as we the poet does. Only singing  
(poet) song and seeing the yellow cloth  
wearing women. We shall recollect it with  
joy once the spring was in the royal throne

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# Radha Krishno 2006

Ayan Gosh does not more find fault in illicit love  
If some Krishno loves Radha  
What's offence, Rather grace  
If something, added to this income.

The bottom of the Kodom-tree is much dank  
Ugly kiln is on the bank of Jamuna  
The bench of the park is possessed by the dopy  
Where would the lovers meet?

Krishno to the whole a decitful shepherded  
still does not forget of the herd leaving  
Would have tuned the flute sitting on Kodom-branch.

Krishno now a manager of farm of cattle nourishment  
At times coaxing the owner  
Sits in a Chinese in the twilight of the Moon at Seventh  
He finds no taste in milk  
Drink soup silently, under the table  
He rubs on Radha's leg by his own.

Would that Krishno go to Mothura, let him go, no matter to Radha  
Some new boy friend she would search out by Cellular phone.

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