

Poetry Series

Pijush Biswas
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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2023

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Pijush Biswas(12 July,1988)

Pijush Biswas is author of two books -" Some Suitable Words " and " Sobinoy" . His books are published by self through " power-publishers" in Kolkata, February,2018 and both the books together contain total 68 poems and

are reserved by poet.Also his some bengali poems like " A Desh" , " Doshyu Cheler Kotha" are published in a local small magazine " Sahitya Sathi" . He passed B. A in 2008 from 'Dinabandhu Mahavidyalaya', Bongaon and passed M.A in 2010 from 'D.B.S College', Kanpur.

Pijush Biswas is a great poet in English and Bengali languages.He is very possessive, gentle and polite. Almost he has studied every person's life and gainings that considerably he feels himself a king.Great imaginative powers of his thinking are vivid in most of his writings. He doesn't like to stay alone. Even he has great reading power which is reflected on India after reading his 'Shrimatvagbat', 'Gita' and 'Mahabharata'.Also he is pursuing the time to read 'Bible'. He has read books of Emily Bronte, Charlotte Bronte, Anne Bronte. He has completed Anne Frank's 'The Diary Of A Young Girl' reading in a month. He has Plato's 'The Republic'. He has Shakespeare's sonnet series.Mostly being inspired by Wordsworth, Keats, Robert Frost he has bought all of them. He likes Emily Bronte's 'Wuthering Heights' and already it read by him. He was born on 5 October,1986 in Srirampur, Nadia, West Bengal, India; but '12 July,1988' is his birthday as officially certified by school. He has great interest in writing poems both in English and Bengali languages.By one decade he pursued widely the education. Pijush's poetic career began with a influence of his personal love-life.He began writing since October,2012.

His Family:

Pijush is the only son of his parents.His father's name is Manoranjan Biswas, was a businessman and mother is Popi Biswas, a home-maker. Pijush Biswas's mother is from Manoranjan Bain's family and Bain's second daughter. Bain was a businessman and a owner of some lands which later decreased in number by his son and some of which Pijush's mother came into comfortable inheritance by a small money transaction. Manoranjan Bain's wife Sabitry Bain was very careful about their four daughters and one son from their childhood.

His Believe:

Pijush believes in the existence of Gods.Even he himself possesses their power

partly in belief that is so called by him. He mentions some of the ancient Muses named Erato[Love poetry], Polyhymnia[Hymns], Euterpe[Music, Song and Lyric poetry] whom he believes in often, moreover giving emphasis on Saraswati; but the Muses who guide him as he believes and named by him are "Glossary" and "Fietta". He believes that they increase his sentiment and inspire to think. All over he is Hindu in religion.

Early Career:

Though he got a services at a local govt. primary school in 2008, he could not continue his services there as Para-teacher, only because he was then in under graduation course to complete and some mental pressures which made him suffer did not let him go out of it.

Present Life:

He passed 'Teacher Eligibility Test' in 2011, held by 'The West Bengal School Service Commission' and obtained certificate with 57 marks out of 90 marks total. Having got services in a govt. aided school in 2013 he was shifted to Gazole, Malda, West Bengal as professional teacher where he has rented a little home to stay. There he lived with his mother for early 4 years as he was unmarried and father was recently died on 25 December, 2015. Later he lived there alone though occasionally he came home at Srirampur to meet his mother. Now he is not attending his school for some political and previous health problems. Since 18 December, 2013 to 30 February, 2018 he continued his services at that govt. school as assistant school teacher. Now he is at his home, Srirampur, Nadia living with his mother and started and continuing his own home shop.

Incidents:

Pijush Biswas is mainly vegetarian, but often he eats non-veg food in some occasions. He likes popcorn and cold-drinks only.

He is casual in clothings at home. But he mostly likes western style of dresses. Besides he wears Bengali cultural dresses.

Permanent Address:

[Vill-Srirampur, P.O-Rajarmath, P.S-Chakdaha, Dist-Nadia, State-West Bengal, Country-India, PIN-741223]. Distance between his home and city Kolkata is only 75 KM.

Mobile No: 6297615473.

Email:

pijushbiswas777@gmail.com.

Marital Status:

Pijush Biswas is still now unmarried, for an unsuitable love affair. When he was 15 years old, one girl came in his life and they began to love each - other, but later the affair broke for some distance between the places different they lived in. But it had gone a long time that Pijush is not related with any girl and these are 15 years that he has been single. Now he is 32 years old at the end of 2019 and thinking to be religious, and he worships three Hindu main deities " Shri Krishna " , " Shri Ganesha " and " Goddess Saraswati " , for he has decided not to marry in life.

About Publications:

The poet permits his publications for educational purposes only in USA, France, India, and China.

Judgement

O attitude, let this put in my head-
Your true judgement; let this fairly appear
I put out to see, all those bad
And inclined upon those fairly cheer
If I wer'n't, could've not I this led
Attic! This can't be 'er higher than this;
Then, lets see how does it rescue very one
So an incumbent wins his bliss
That another's so called knife become own
But to whom this met, has a lovely kiss
Better, if sound a man sounds in the truth
For, no island level'd under water
Or, if both they deny the worth,
O happier no one, - need to be sheer!
Or this fled he place, is a place uncouth.

Pijush Biswas



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Uncle

First compare how much you have or not
If this you see not enough, be polite,
And work with your rival showing no wrath
It will give you bread, butter and cloth.
Time has been past, you are older
Some money have made you healthy and fair
Now the time, you need to be groom
So you need also a living room
So you be more polite than before
And ask for some money to sure
That you shall return it at time
Because you have now a big team
To live, to laugh, to enjoy, to celebrate
To build your own company's state
But remember one thing at the left
Only it can capture you in the net
That once you were wrong and ne'er let
You to such a time when, when dead
Because once he was your saviour
And gave all support and bread
And advised not poison but to be pure
O selfish! Now you are observing yourself a part
Wealths he earned when you were beside
And now throwing clay on his shirt
And never show you the regrets to bide
I just day, one time you must fall
Either before your inflation or after ebb
And existences will seem to be not all
And poison will be necter to weave
All your past, present and future care
And get care more from them you cheer.

Pijush Biswas

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Pijush Biswas



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Pijush Biswas

Day Break

Tides break at the end of shore
And sprightly dances of Tamarisk.
Two and half an hour I was there
And saw many a plays out of risk,
Those bound me as if I was full
With the successful mentality
So many scenes stood joyful tool
Which hov'r o'er marine city;
September is counted as gay
Between love and secrecy of mind
And ' all is well ', all lovers say
And sea looks to be so kind
So, all in numberless wander
When sun 'bout to rise or to set in
And seven sleepers of colour
Emphasis wanderers to win
Perfect a date which full of joy
And of growth, -so I return again
To the soaked ground of the bay
To mix among successful chain.

Pijush Biswas

Love

Tell me where thou wert, Clever Love!
Thou art precise, short to the word
Hadn't I legacy all above?
Why thou fled and come out as sword?
Distance, not a matter, at-all
O Love! Hadn't thou bossom to me
Such as clouds float and rain drops fall
And flow fast as water to sea;
Not better, but to whom bell tolls -
O that's me, - I'll fly in the skies
Tog'ther like seven colours, rolls,
And if thou see, rest in fool breeze.

Pijush Biswas



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Grey Life

Spectre grey and thin was the night
And I was fearful, 'cause it's so-
That with same role I couldn't fight
Though I was not with wounded toe;
Leaves those blew fast are wrinkling
Among sudden winds' secrecy
And I stood as if ting'd by thing
Which with colour made me come by,
Long it's a plain which can soar high
Between the cleav'd passage of dark
And I, who only so do try
To manifest myself in work-
But, better do not do it's now
For the fall of leaves not started
So, to bind an hour's only vow
Because winter's to wait to wed.

Pijush Biswas



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Sonnet

Now I'm happy for you love me again
Let me see the sun rise, gloominess gone
Let me dance again with you in sunshine
Winter is gone, numbness flees to backward
So our love doth remain same as it shone
Even in past, as if, love's secret sword
Sleep, my pretty lover, tonight is right
To dream far, so as, ne'er we are wrong
Among relations or captive light
Together if we feel the summer heat
Just know, we must live eternal life long
And my call to thee, my love, will not cheat
Same as clouds gather to shower the rain
Such to depth of love we must live with grain.

Written by - Pijush Biswas.

On- 04/05/2023

Night.

Pijush Biswas



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Pijush Biswas

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Pijush Biswas

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Pijush Biswas

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Pijush Biswas

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Poet Pijush Biswas Is Saying Something.

Poet Pijush Biswas video just uploaded. Author of 'Some Suitable Words ' and ' Sobinoy'.

Pijush Biswas



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Ufos, Which I Know.

These have been six years I'm at my home at Srirampur, Nadia. Within these periods I have met several flying unidentified objects in the evening or night skies. Story is so long if it is to say. Some UFOs I could see flying over or nearby our home. Sometimes they stand still at same space for long time which I felt so curious. Sometimes really to say I could talk in telepathy with them so called aliens. I could know inside me their body shapes, their limbic movements, inside their ships their bodies' placements. This is one night at 2.30 am when one UFO as I could feel was standing floated in one corner of our little home roof and probably the single alien was showing me their planet views in telepathy, just it was when I was in sleeping mood on my bed and may be it was my sixth sense was awake at that moments that I could clearly see all the views of alien planet. He urged to be my friend. But actually to say I don't know is this me the only human being who can talk to aliens from this planet. Aliens' space ships came several times to be in my eyes when just I was about to go outside on the courtyard. Probably they know me anyhow that they can't take off my charm. One another night I was awake when it was 2.00a.m one strange sound on my roof was heard by me. It was just different from any engine sound from here. Just the space ship was so close to my roof and probably that I could understand it was judging something inside my room and the thing was in my opinion one rejected copper coiled fan motor. It was true that I could talk to aliens in telepathic ways even when they are in their own planet. I several times called them to come and they just appeared at the exact time in our home skies, just like this that they enjoy their flyings and with some indicators they prove that they have come such as various lights, sometimes doing it on or off, when they stand still.

Pijush Biswas

Related To Poet Pijush Biswas

This is a video which contains something related to poet Pijush Biswas's life.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Poet Pijush Biswas Photos Of Himself

This is a video which contains photos of Pijush Biswas during his writing period.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Poet Pijush Biswas Family

This is a still photo contents video of poet Pijush Biswas.

the video contains photos of Pijush Biswas, his father Manoranjan Biswas and his mother Popi Biswas and one of his childhood photos.

Pijush Biswas



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Pijush Biswas



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[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy", in 2018]

Pijush Biswas

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Pijush Biswas

Pain

I think, where happiness is
Somewhere it's undergrowth, where,
To such impiety, rings knell-
I awake to the sea bliss
But so opposite to bell
And I can't beget to share,
My love;
Old and past shames in mind lift
To such remembrance of my thought-
I try to hide me inside
Against which thousand waves shift
And I can't but only vide
My heart into pieces, lot.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Date: 08/10/2019

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet 65: I Wonder, Where Your True Fate Is Laid, Ye

I wonder, where your true fate is laid, ye
Either in deep sea, or where you didn't go
Whereby bent your true majesty; I see
That, so an unwanted glory, always,
Remains at the left and ne'er change to so
O, petty wear that unsuited, a dress
No one loves to bring such mystery;
The best of all ne'er surpasses in gloom
And shop 'en in accident but worry,
And being mature in mind does a much
Such that it brings to him earthly loom
'En, it's worthy to become a good, such,
Which sucks sustenance, 'en on the work
Not being reptile to any or shock.



PoemHunter.com

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Date: 08/09/2019

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 64: I Want To Keep My Hands So On Your Head

I want to keep my hands so on your head
To bless or to grasp you out of danger
Likely you diamond, and none can tread;
So it's the ages, dark and dim in
Those who're rather living, are ranger
And wherefore who fail are not so much sheen-
Let's somebody do at fall of your will
Let's somebody fill you with his good mean
So that you can be filled with such a drill
And moonly night beams talk to you so far
And life being an operation be green
Such a manner 'tween lovers can bring care
And, to an end, of which, you so agree
Must come down and fill you with such a glee.



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Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Date: 08/09/2019

Pijush Biswas

Worth

Days breaks, night comes to a wise
Long at a distance, now he stood
Though sombrely, yet he feels bliss
Among deeds, with cultivated mood

There is no way that may lead
Further, so gruesomely aims end
Yet, he lasts until breaks seed
Of hope, - just more to grind

So he approaches at his fill
As if masterly, - and returns
Must, 'cording to all grill
His fate and life, all which burns

Now, the day has come, at last
Just as it rolls to give-forth
All which protested him first
And go now so far, as a worth.

PoemHunter.com

Date: 7/21/2019

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Beautiful Earth

The earth is so beautiful in its own
Laughs as if she is most precious e'er
Like golds, like senses, for, a vaulted town
Where exist men and women whom it shares
And which you feel is better worth, is fine,
That, such dwelling e'er comes not too a late
And such that, these- towers and names so shine-
It's good itself, and pours perfect a date;
Then sun as eastern hue blooms within all
Enlightening sombrely flute of call,
And provoke that all you seek to enjoy-
The flowers and due love of past alloy.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Fearful Vale

The gentlemen walk on the path to fill
Those who are so called witty, busy men
So an opposites rise to the glen
So it lapses peace to the broken sill
It further breaks into pieces, ye, 'gain
Hopes which rose seem to be untrimmed
For, now, no a better happens to wind
Seem, that the last night starvation was pain
They allow themselves not to retreat;
O, it may be that world be conquered
It may be that some souls will be unfear'd
But loops of unknown shadows them defeat,
Higher, that, looks sombre now hidden in,
Works which resulted in past as the bad
Seem to roll as tortuous seeds in cud
Now, it lets not to go out of whereby sheen
O ye, the men, I say better to pile
Your aims in concrete, and not to tire
So that the window may wear it's attire
And humanity don't be fearful vale.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 63: You Can't Say That I Had Not The Toil

You can't say that I had not the toil 'er
O my majesty, - I pour'd all those
My deeds, my hands, my heads, sheer,
But you laid to reign o'er me, yes
I know not, whereby it lapses the gross
And all my duty, unappreciated;
The true mirror of selfless work must live
Though you blamed severally, -I must
Try not to be blown by your rules like sheave
For, I better know how to protect it
I'll not leave my work, I'll not be like dust, -
Your royalty I must obey in sheet
Your true mind must seem me as the perfect
And till we utterly dead, intersect.



PoemHunter.com

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Date: 17 May,2019

Pijush Biswas

O'er Land, O'er Dale

Let there be peace
O'er land, o'er dale
Let someone come
Don't be you pale
He must all cease;
Upon night we
Will dance until
Go all the gloom,
Surrounding fill
With swarming bee.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Date: 17 May, 2019

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Examine

Laugh until you get an apple there from
He must give you if you pass examine
Red and red all those which, sweat, seem so warm
While return your time and you feel so fine.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Date: 17 May,2019

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Don't Leave Me Alone

Don't leave me alone, I'll die
I'll be erased in prime day;
Don't leave me alone
For, those days havn't got end yet
I've seen the mid-night skies,
Which was starry-faced, like
Life's everlasting glossy days-
Remember, I was swarming like the stars
And you seemed to have pleasure
Into those nights,
Remember, I was docked by ships
And you protected me like porter,
All belongings which we belonged
Were masted to those,
And you once said,
I'll meet one-day love's premises;
Are not these here by now?
Are not these seeming to your eyes?
I love you,
I love you, until these break
No storms dare to wreak these
No motions will tie us to death
No hideous mysteries will come down
To lash our inside warmths,
The scent of roses will not diminish,
The depth of hearts will not change
their deepness,
I love you,
For which we have swen must rely
upon their true existences
I loved you, and love more
Until you and I, both
meet the true destiny.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia
15 May, 2019

Pijush Biswas

Don't Come To Me

Don't come to me and say 'How are you? '
I've died long ago, - like wintry leaves;
I've died in frozen snow which's view
But you'll not get any traces of mine
You may love it 'cording your highest feel
But I've gone far away like sand
Which makes it's own dunes
Too at a far where only lives peace
Even in heat, or in stormy air; I'm gathered,
Don't come to me, I want to live alone
For somewhere my new coming days waiting
I want to make my own domain
Where exist only but my memories
Which churn me day by day
And so an experienced loses fade in
I've died by swelling which's enough
Now I'd die truly, I'd die alone
Where love doesn't leave it's premises.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet 62: If Those Days Don't Return 'gain My Beloved

If those days don't return 'gain my beloved
May be I will be drown in empty wine
But will you make me to drowsiness shoved?
The days, in which we loved each - other must
Be remembered when flowers come in bine
And until we broke, what we did will burst
Into some remembrances; I must trick,
To such a goal, that, you must come back here
And the wall 'tween us will break brick to brick
For some intentions, I will pursue, yes
Such that, dunes end by air, hit ends by water
Only to get some pleasure in new bless
It may be God, who may subdue your wrath
And better stay tog'ther is better worth.



PoemHunter.com

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Date: 12 May,2019

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 61: No Head Is Higher Than Givers' Heads

No head is higher than givers' heads
Though if no one asks, he is so pure,
Rather differentiates himself, leads
And all-together occupy high place
'Cause, their hearts so a clarity assure
And domain of 'erlasting peace gets lace
To sustain all those which eternal 'er,
Ancient deeds which live so a same
And those who hold but not give are too far;
So live but you in so a tryst now
For which's vivid only desire's flame
That a perfect time needs a allow
'Tis so that nobody agrees first
But may you but have, -not withered thirst.



PoemHunter.com

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Date: 12 May,2019

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 60: Which Does Not Fit Now Later Be So Sweet

Which does not fit now later be so sweet
Either in love or so a choices
But better worths which in perfect time meet;
And which comes early is not sweeter
Than in which one hoards many his losses
And later gets all in like lovely fair-
Who is lucky and who is not lucky!
So a time passes things to occupy
And those who expect, accept all but wee
And terraces of ambitions are full
You hold or not, perfect time must you tie
After that may you feel inside so cool
Nothing is perfect than so a good time
It fills if comes when you have no crime.



PoemHunter.com

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Date: 12 May,2019

Pijush Biswas

Rough Winds

Rough winds - lives' ultimate results
Deaths toll - sombrely humans wander
Lives' not so a easy directions' pages
That having been killed souls soar
Unto the door of God, where he hauls.

All that happen only but for self
Motions ever increase until society breaks
Yet, some people satisfied of wages
And those who fight, their ship wrecks
Ultimately, as I see, humanity don't they believe.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

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Pijush Biswas

Humanity Lacks

Humanity - a divine face, ever
Rolls until it has a perfect shape;
Now that it lacks - so a care
That it seems to be a sour grape.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Love Children

Love children,
They are like blooming buds of flowers;
Always care about them
They are like melting ice,
They need affections, love, care
If they want love, give them
Don't ill-treat them, ever,
Don't make them cry
Don't give them pain
They are like diamonds;
If ever you be uncareful,
They can be stolen.
They are seeds of growing beauty
Let them play ever
Let them talk
As much as they will,
If you become against them,
They will not grow in happiness;
Don't hate them
Don't hit them
Then, they will be unsocial
When they will be older,
Love them until their hearts fill
It will give you peace, and
Bring prosperity in future;
Love them, Love.

Pijush Biswas

Special Good Day

I was sleeping,mother called me
The door was slightly open
I was dissolved in dream,and she entered
Very good morning
I awake up,
'Would you take a cup of tea'
Mother asked;
I said 'Yes '
'Then let be clean ', she said
'Yes',I said
I rush to the bathroom
And as she said I did;
Then I sit on the chair
The window was open
That light air fall on my face
The sun-light from east entered
I enjoyed.

'Hold the cup'



PoemHunter.com

I held it tightly.

My mother was happy,for,
That was the first day of joining
at services;

My father was also with us,
He was so curious about the day
I said,'Don't worry, I'll reach at exact time's.
9: 15 a. m
I rush to school,after taking meal
Father prayed for goodness
with hands closed;
I watched him such that
he was uttering goddess Durga.

5: 30p. m I returned home,
'How was your day at school? ', father asked.

I said,'Good'
Both, they asked many questions
and I answered;
Night fall down on ground
And father blessed me
with all words he had.

.

Pijush Biswas

Humanity

O God,you have all to judge
Why this humanity is partial
Those who hoard,only hoard
Let them who never received receive
Let them who always received give

O God,let them die in satisfaction once who are denied
They are deceived,they are laughed
Now,let them die in peace
Open all things which are long closed
Close all things which are long open
Give them who long have not received
Let them give who long received.

Pijush Biswas



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Pijush Biswas



Memory

You may forget me in your busy life
Such as some past reputes are gone away
You may laugh at me saying it so brief
I had done throughout my life, and say ' nay ';

I'm not but built by you; laughters rise 'gain,
But what shall my debts repay is so time
I'll rise, - as like as waves' high chain,
Destructive but looks like has no a blame

So a pretty word is enough as smile
Is never but pleasant on anyone
Must be of mine, - and listed in a deal
Where live but many and not I'm alone.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia
01/20/2019

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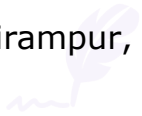
Pijush Biswas

Respect

Respect, for, it'll give you same sustenance
Respect, for, due dot of love ne'er finished
Respect, for, it'll make many a flowers dance
Respect, otherwise it'll give pain in you
Respect, otherwise you'd not lift as to be wished
Respect, then eternity turns to view
Respect, if you want to be loved in many
Respect, when many recline, or avoid
Respect, when narrow souls look granny
Respect, to pursue the same for you
Respect, rather than throwing clod
Respect, it'll return to you perfect hue.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

My Spending The Last Year,2018

So deep and hot, that I felt- the year, gone
No such marvellous could I do, but
Bewildering mind, in repeatation;
Lock of air could not yet protect my hut
The best chance 'er comes early, but I failed
So that a long masted voyage of mine
Could not lift as monkey, or be so tailed
So I could not live life with lofty green, -
The ransacking mind then retired to work
Love of soul detached itself from taunting
Which, but society-aided people serve
Though, not later renewed, but not bring
An rhythm of joy, - so depressed and foul
I was wandering, here and there, to see
Where last but every eternal like dole
If I could understand myself to be
Such, that presses itself to be 'lways good
Rather I might have been so that early
Brings forth life, and explore an easy mood.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Om Shanti

Jay Mahadev,
Jay Mahadev,
Jay Mahadev,
Jay, Jay, Mahadev,

Jay Mahadev,
Jay Mahadev,
Jay Mahadev,
Jay, Jay, Mahadev,

Jay Ho

Jay Shree Vishnu,
Jay Shree Vishnu,

Vishnu, Vishnu

Jay Ho



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Pijush Biswas

Om

Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna
Krishna, Krishna, Hare, Hare
Hare Rama, Hare Rama
Rama, Rama, Hare, Hare

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Immersion

Love's great immersion is to hold fast hand;
You may role as to finish someone in
But, you can't, for, Love is not like a sand
There is God, who will teach and hold fast you
The world is of both, good and bad, those sheen
So Love 'lways last, and million eyes view -
You may be churned by one; And Love wins,
No an incumbents will pursue wrong way
And if 'er be this, must come down with dins
And result in such that I say one day.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

3 Dec,2018

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet 59: The World's Selfless Work Is To Divide Food

The world's selfless work is to divide food
Is such that some deny, some do agree
But better to agree than Gods be rude
Ye, there is single purpose, which divine
Men can seek peace, in heart, better to be
Rather, fraternity exist; Have been
Moreover, laughters and joys, 'lways exist
No harmful, shameful deeds with, only trip
To an island, where lasts, only but fist
Somewhere, where wander many in so joy
And, in someone's problem need to weep
So, in some premises spills no alloy
Indeed, in work place or home you may do
It, so that there exists only but hue.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia
Dec 3,2018

Pijush Biswas

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Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Awake Up

One day when I awoke up in morning,
Some martins adviced, and said to sing

I said, "well, I count fever, I won't "
For, the last summer, as I did, was blunt;

The birds were so at a peak, and bestowed
That I could not but count myself as odd

They say, -if, anyone tries hard must come
To the end of faults, and reach to the home

Same as dim and gloomy dwan sun rises up
At morning's beginning and nothing's drop

First, glitters the atmosphere with first hand
And middley light up world with brand

Then, with sombre dips into sea by water
To heap, all together, win and failure

Too an ideal work takes time to win
Why even great work's thus hardness' forlorn;

Much, as the birds said so now I try so
And feel, as if, "well, counted, for, I havn't woe "

If, ever true mate comes early, ye,
Success and mate together comes to play.

Pijush Biswas

Words Written To Men

Life is changing forward; for, it's long -
No one can deny fine life changes,
But worse changes are bitter than better,
You should, yet, adjust the both
Life is of smiles, laughters, worries and agonies;
Never be upset, while come depressions
It may give you either wrong or good
Choose your true path,
Always stay with your works
These may bring to you happiest moment
Or, if you refuse to work
Or, refuse to go through hardness,
It may give you no accompany
The only way to get life real shaped
Is to love oneself and one's own work;
There is no one who can save you
You are the first who can protect yourself
And only path that leads you to protect
Yourself, is to choose much your work
If you stay dissolved in work,
No one can blame you on
No one can think you are out of rules
Humanity is not built only on compassions
But, it much built on works
If, ever you seek life in own way
And find true object to live,
You will be the one among many good ones;
Laugh when all around you laugh
Don't laugh when everyone cries
Work when all around you refuse
And help when everyone works with you -
Don't hurt anyone, it may detach
You, from universal track
You may die for it, so love everyone
These will give you pleasure,
Moreover, a laughter which may make
Reach you at zenith among all humans.

Poverty Is Blessing

Poverty is the blessing of the God
Poverty can stimulate our inner instinct
Poverty can make us realize what we need
Poverty can make us absorb in our duty
Poverty can make us think properly
Poverty can make us reach our goal easily
Poverty can make us realize what life is
Without poverty the society does not get success
Without poverty the society is in unveiled dress.
In poverty the poets can fly higher!
Poverty gives the saint a divine touch!
'Tis poverty that inspire a scientist
Poverty helps to shun worldly pleasures,
'Tis poverty that helps to aspire
Yes, it is good to avoid poverty
But a little poverty should remain forever!



PoemHunter.com

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 58: What Roles Do People Play In A Fire

What roles do people play in a fire
Whereby the king is so ambiguous
So people intrude lifting so desire;
Half so a men when return unfulfilled
There only remain but so a big fuss
Thereafter chaos results to be wild
Hopping from branch to branch not to be guilt -
So only an hour which pursue the goal
Long last, but e'er crave to be so built
Unwise, but rather people sustain it
And head is down, yet lifts privacy soul
Written or unwritten paper's sheet, -
Better to break down all in numberless
Where fight is called to manure a dress.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia
20/10/2028

Pijush Biswas

PoemHunter.com

Future Time: Act-1

Act-1

Scene-1

[At Raju's home]

[Raju sit on chair, enter Joydev and Kumud]

JOYDEV: I can't bear where's the prosperity's gone!

Too an apple may be divided in

Now; but what may it let go, 'oft in fire

Let the most heavy head cut off for'er

It may give peace to me, rather all on,

Better truth's that folded in humble moan

When I seek in myself, rather it's 'lone

No one who is full, or rather who groan

Stretch their hands; I'm created out of beauty,

In some of despise, or in some of love

Those who grieve in full or in empty

Truth e'er wins to love 'em, handle grove.

I so have an mind that may let go all

And return 'gain; but think I it's a goal

That e'er laid side by side but no a

Harmony, which may lead to heavy sea

Of knowledge.

[Raju slowly stand up and go towards window, speaking slowly in reply]

RAJU: So long we were in peace, it's better truth

No longer this sadness will last, remind,

You had of course, it's no a matter, but low

Don't be sad, my child, older should be kind

Love the mystery of creativity;

Those we have, all but yours

Tearfulness is but powers

If you further deny, it's but city

Which, full of chaos, but deaths of all minds

Stillness's, here, suitable, which all peace binds.

[Enter Simul calling them to eat]

[She speaks in consolation to Joydev]

SIMUL: Long I'm stood to listen and come at least
Father child! Wherefore did not we in mist
The darkest night of year is what you miss
Grief and woe, both there dwell; Notwithstanding,
We, guardians of all most kind creatures
Save only not own, but of all those wear
Who, in temptations lost sometimes desire;
Let these be just your speeches
Let go shadows and be wise,
In forseeing the future, or to see 'gain
Love all but your's, for, it'll not be pain
If truths e'er disclose, remind, your's all
Those who fall in emptiness, is but tall
Than an fallen Angel,

JOYDEV: Seems that, but I can't; putting out fire is
Difficult, -such as stopping race in breeze,
Or why humans crave, for, is better worth;
I'm not only one who just wants the both,
Love and mercy; 'twas moon-like someone there
Whom I love in depth, but returnest fear
That goal, too, being at distance, now gone
And I die a death in mind except green.

[Exist Joydev and Kumud speak]

KUMUD: Not so ambitious I'm; O, let me eat
Father, let me tell that his aim's not fit
Only one who is grumpy dies a death
In unfulfillment or in none, or breathe;
Rather I'll seek in endeavour later
So an big time that awaits, does soar.
Present is difficult to present too
And future is unseen whom we sent to.

[Sit all Ranu, Joydev, Kumud at seats, and Simul while serving foods, Mohanta enter]

MOHANTA: Ah, what a morning! Juice spills through plates
So, what could I have had but now not hav'd.

SIMUL: Another one, so bustling in many,

Even the yesterlike of you not changed
So fearful in exchange to you, puny,
I'll not let you o'ertalk, for you greed.

MOHANTA: So what, if I be one 'mong the thousand,
Not let me say bitter truth is in sand
If it blows wind that beats in sound to ear
Then all go on, as if, past was affair,
Further, not to hide in future
And feet play more on the nature.

[Exist Mohanta, and Raju's family accomplish day's first meal]

Scene-2

[At Ballav's home]

[Conversation between Bistu and Ratri]

BISTU: So long that we did not go to Kolkata
Is fine; now the time is coming to leave,
Today's rags must I draw into dustbin
Will you sure be; now it's turn for both us
It's long miseries, upheld, more unseen
What an idea! pretty spring, and a sheave
Of Victoria garden lives gotta.

RATRI: OK, spring! lot a mindful thoughts' just fever
Which early touches us is time e'er
Nor others, but only time came to know
Both, our families, which ended too now
We were fretful, unmystic, unprepared
Now, cured e'er for happy a journey.

[Ballav enter, and Bistu and Ratri stand up the chairs to emphasize that they were waiting]

[While entering Ballav's head is downward for outer casualty]

BALLAV: I can't bear all these for I did not do
As like as they have broken my new seal
It's the new obligation, weighed so
That all my pretty hard work, gone in deal;
Whosefore may you be, little I know 'bout
But it'll be better if you go in

And investigate cause but not in shout
Hope, later would it come but better sheen
In consequent and must heal
My mind that medicine can grill.

[Bistu stand up and say in dependence]

BISTU: Your privacy must win, not hungry word
Let me go as for I once went to give.

BALLAV: Look for reason why those were mine
It may cleverly be done now
And make realize that's not fine
Indeed it's foul, but merely show.

[Ratri is silent, but approaching now to assure the solving]

RATRI: Let me speak brother, for, though I'm
Little and uninvolved, it's shame
Only cause's you're potent
E'en they knowing how they sent,
All but their's only a fuss.

[Bistu arrive at Ballav's shop and two unknown men who break seals just stay in quarrelling]

BISTU: Ha, how you dare to come and break the seal?

MAN1: Is that all you ask me?

BISTU: Too ingenious you seem to be first
But no works resultant in tyranny know!

MAN1: Have you all but yours?
Do you e'er sucked chocolates
If e'er not but all I have in ease
We eat, we go whereby provided plates
Rascal, I wouldn't talk, better to cease.

BISTU: Okay, all must diminish into fear
Either you or I or both we
Must see where the truths, actual, appear

One penalty must give you stand and see
This only but great mistake
And you must die, and we awake.

MAN2: Oh, rather I wouldn't surpass you the both
Where thus a shop kept knowing not how lives
Think until we; cleverly 'tis done smoothe
But you, our high a competitors believe
That hereby no a last by faith
Be alert until it gets growth.

[Two men exit there from and Rajdeep appear]

RAJDEEP: This morning's so heavy to hear,
How does it make us so; I must
If e'er any done wrong care
Or, until it finishes to sheer dust
I'll appear as a many winged being
Tell, keeping no hesitations in mind
I, your dear friend for you must sing
And you'll look awkward to see me kind.

BISTU: O ya, your company is so able
Let go just this.

RAJDEEP: Okay, until you recall me, I fleet
You master mind, so, as you like to be,
I go.

Scene -3

[At Ballav's home]

[Sima is cooking, and enter Ashis]

ASHIS: Now, let me go, I'm so tired of home
Ma, this is an achievement together
Yet fool, but we need not to overwhelm
Prosperity comes on in every way
No more study, no more cagement!
Afar, o, afar, yonder I see day
Those birds, who are cooing must sent
By God, whom I all need to share.

[Enter Bishnu]

BISNU: Is there anyone stupid but me here!
I call on,
Hey, whereby these need to keep.

[Sima come outside]

SIMA: Only but that place is suitable there
Leave on all but your misery,

BISNU: Ye, but may I have a glass of water

SIMA: Yes,

BISNU: Soon.

[Sima go inside to fetch water]
[Ashis insist on going]

ASHIS: May I go, Ma,
To play!

SIMA: My sweet, you may go
But return not late a afternoon.

ASHIS: As to your obligation.

[Ashis set out to school field]

[Enter Rishav]
[Sima come outside and provide water]

RISHAV: I'm obliged to tell you, the day is good.

SIMS: How do you understand?

RISHAV: A pure hand always is blinking with light.

SIMA: So that?

RISHAV: Welcome.

SIMA: Where is the destination today so?

RISHAV: Somewhere, still, peace is living.

SIMA: Do that,
Better and worthy.

[Exit Rishav]

[Sima speak to Bisnu]

SIMA: So all materials are taken off.

BISNU: Ye.

[Exit Bisnu]

Scene -4

[Sipra and her husband talk to each-other]

[At Sipra's home, ruin and old]

SIPRA: Now let me seek for the peace
All neighbours' but to me mystery
Seem, for, I lay; I awake 'gain but so.

HUSBAND: So a madness!

SIPRA: Then look.

HUSBAND: You would become so too before
But in result we lost our door.

SIPRA: Then and now, too a long difference, know.
Seasons round a year e'er
Of sometimes' falling leaves, or hit and snow;
Both they dwell but choose not to fear,
Entirely I'll do much as I shook.

[Sipra in shaking left hand leave room]

Scene-5

[At Raju's home]

[Raju work at vegetable garden, enter Neel]

NEEL: Big brother, let me know how does it fill,
I was same to the situation, now!
How does it bring death to my pretty sill
Where through I peeped long to search a man,
Ye, the man is I myself but alone
Now rather, occurred to be a damn show
What I did, or do, or will do is game?
It's no matter of obligation; shame!

RAJU: so an early morning you are in fist,
So what's up.

NEEL: An acre land, yet too, is vivid now
Late ones, who drove cows caught in temptation
Fire is o'er-lit and men are sick though
I see o'er-all half -tilted lands groan,
They left, the casual ones, further, know
And those who living, still, there, better shown
By time, -o'er-night work until it's gone
For, so an unemphasis did allow.

RAJU: Rest of all are not saved?

NEEL: Question hovers on.

RAJU: This season may cause damage to us all.
But remember, only 'tis to wait on
Dependence o'er-all work, better call
'Gain to cultivate, or better not stone.

NEEL: Then, so I do, but in carefulness ye.

[Exit Neel, enter Simul]

SIMUL: Ay, the path is seemed to be so wet,
Underfeet so a water, floated ground.

RAJU: 'Tis minor, but has a long cause to lands.

SIMUL: What's that?

RAJU: Your only brother -in-law, is so deep
In air or in mental, yet far-off;
Don't hesitate to be, it's better hope
For, men who're not ours are so afar
Indeed in work or in helping to us,
Only I lament as I did yester
Hope I all but solutions are just fuss
So better to imply minds own and care.

SIMUL: 100 acres,
So what's an idea?

RAJU: So it is,
I'll feel to end
A better implement
Rather, to inhance other ways to prosperity
So on.

[Enter Joydev]

JOYDEV: I can't wait, where does it fill the good way,
I pray on; would the love for me is end
So let me gountil I play music
Look, all around the wall of sound in wind
As if telling so, what's an idea.

SIMUL: Not let me be obliged to tell
Your father is in charge, just spell
What's so an idea of you
Pray on, just make sure to be few.

JOYDEV: No, I insist.

RAJU: I don't urge you.

JOYDEV: So I can go. [Smiling]

Pijush Biswas

Ode To Sky

Thou, eternal home of shotful humans
So a harmful life may dip, but thou must
To such a situation, protect wanes
And the moon will fast a slow but so trust
Or, so an archaic names last for'er
Whereas millennia end by thy trait;
A falcon'd bear his 'er-lasting war
And win 'or what-'er come in way, straight, -

The old taunting breeds in plenty, 'er more,
And eyes shed their eternal diamond
But, in thy depth; whereby stood so a core
Ingenious, - but Lethe-ward not a hound
Yet, breakers of silence that occupy,
Feet play on, and rush to a destiny;
So men who, members of family try
To be such that thou art, such a city.

Where can't thou be such that may lead the earth
Ne'er, but thou art so a palanquin
Easy to mix, all they've, better worth
To such mesmerizing gate, which's sheen
And lend unemptiness of called beauty
Leading lives hell to heaven, to sure;
Such that blooms within replenished deity
And feast of 'er-lasting lives become lore.

So where is that frown that may lead but thou
If there is, somewhere may thou second birth
In some gloom, yet, vivid to manly show
Up or down, but named to equal hearth
Or, flinging much as thy depth they must live
Such; I'm quiet to thy lace's mystery; -
For, until bees wander to shallow hive
Nor can reach, nor dare to be history.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Truth

If anybody loves you, let him know
All but your living style;
The recoiling miseries will disperse -
Thoughtful life will increase it's area.

Love that hides n'er can give
But teach us how to be loved 'gain
'Cause everything made in difference.
All those last in love,
Are but some accepting and giving;

Those who deny any of these two
'Oft liable to be out of life,
For, he lives in narrow, transient span
Which hardly favours him
To stand, or sit, or lie
Better to love all,
To live long and be in transactions

What does it matter?

Try to be honest
Try to be replenished 'gain,

The dote of life n'er be short
If, anywhere you love anyone truly
Either you'll last in debt
Or you'll last in having,
Both can be well counted, when,
Love truly exist in you

So further you try to be true
In heart, in mind, in thinking

You will n'er lose anyone;
Sustenance of lives will be full
About you'll be strong
To earn, to give, -
More that lives is but truth.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

To Love A Tree Is But To Love Yourself

They were boys, curious 'bout oranges
While these ripe, and time to grasp
Thus days go on
Until at least the days come,
While at least no a bar works fine

They spend whole the year,
So full of love of the dear trees;
So the day can't be a vain one
From them,

Thousand a days they peep
Through fences of lea
Where situated, but all trees
Somebody took them as thieves
But I can't,
For all they are pure in heart
And also ingenious to will
That no a tree could ruin
In storm or in heavy rain;
Lovely they are until they take
A few of oranges to taste

Why can't they be anyone's love
For, though they pick up, and can't tell
All but I think all 'cause of love-

So, when owners nourish,
The boys become so curious
Whether tree will grow or not
Whether these will be fruitful or not,
So a mystery that haunts-
All but 'tis minds
Matter of love and belief
Yes, to love a tree is but
To love yourself.
'Cause, trees live but
In many ones' curiosity.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Predicament

Somewhere I lost myself in lost desert
Where only but accompanies camel
As so I were alone and had not hut
'En of mine, indeed, I was undrunk shell

So did it be, that I was master soul;
May it be I was full of beauty junk
I was yet meant to die with same a role
Quiet to the sun, and being with no trunk

For, all to make difference I was vain
That I laid, as if, no mystery works
To protest, to occupy, to conquer
Upon whose dome, n'er defeat'd Yorks,
So with a plain humanity for pain

That such with an empty eye continues
But yet so a rudeness as it runs on
That no a better cure would make it sure
Can't say, but obliged, I would be alone
Can't say, I'd not be in million views.

Place: Sirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

No Way (Lyrics)

No way,
I never said no way
If I had to go and you say 'good bye'
Lust of the sun, face of the moon
could ever we lose
No way,
You're my heart
You're my soul
Many a mysteries of love rock and roll
So a distance can never, but may
give us to be apart
For, it's true in hand, you gave a gift
Love, the never ending thing
So I decide,
To sway the days 'er we
could mingle
Ye.



PoemHunter.com

No way

April

The sun is in south-east corner,
Rising; - all to make difference;
So what can be the mystery?
So a numbness' will flee away,
Yet year which pursues must sustain -
Seeking for lives in one quiet moon,
L'ways to hold fast colour rays
Of lives, prettier than all exist
Trees, houses, water, mobiles
- So, all these can't short living dates
Preffering lives is worthier;
If anything within these dies
Or anything within itself
Be lost, either I'll promise, or,
Be same to not be lost such as
An April morning, forgotten
Last one must make me remember
How to step 'gain for seeking truth
Of high 'or difficulties so,
Deeper the lake- it's fountained
And beauty is fountain for rain
I must apply, - the jocund poet!
For, winter is busy burden
Laughing to weak us more; so that,
All in bunch smile daffodils
'Cause is made to know 'er real more.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 57: What Shall Death's Proud Moment Is In So Life

What shall death's proud moment is in so life,
A laughter with dear ones who may 'er care
Or, a haughter when you defeat foe's knife?
Ye, true, if all you choose with no a wrong;
'En love deceives shortly not to share -
Allows those which 'oft make you not so strong,
So a proud moment's, so necessity
To live long, to enjoy, to occupy
The eternal object of living city
You may run about not to hold fast sleep
And 'tis only for this, judgement, fled way,
Which 'gain tolls at door, emphasizing deep,
So, l'ways seek for true judgement, long too,
That can't but strengthen your work but too you.



PoemHunter.com

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Bright Day

The day was bright, full of sun-rays
When, many a peahens were playing;
The boys were busy accompanying them
With their flutes, above all to sing-
For, a distant call of brotherhood from bays.

Sea was groaning, in whimsical thought
To give forth lives to an easy light
As same as many accompanied gleam,
Equally, preaching all over not to fight
For, one day everyone dies and brought

To the end of lives' everlasting brim
Of content, which is full of joy and woe -
For, as if, laughing makes all together
And so a miracles always astonish brow
If both they didn't exist, so life didn't seem.

Now, today is so full of joy and happiness,
Braver to spend both they dwell; so we,
Peahens and boys, both we will steer
Brightest of our life days together to see
For, if we don't do this, can't but earth be weigh.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Existence

It was mysterious the whole thing 'gain
So what can it be? 'Twas pretty before,
For, so a masted boat 'er sails the deep;
Never a villain wins, said "'Er be sure ";
And hero wins but'in l'ter restoration
Wherefore will the evil soul run away?
Eternal tides must 'gain rise to compile
An hour's just so much to make sink a ship
Everywhere exist such falcons to heal
Worth's everlasting existence way
Swelling 'er to make dock of pretty wear, -
God's so only not an existence!
'Er protects from hallucinative weep
And fills us with deep love of flower bunch
To assure lives, -not to do wrong who swear.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

PoemHunter.com

Beauty And Files

I don't know what is the vice I 'er own
Yet, forbidden stars'-light can't shed my light
Mine own is all too heavy, I swen
So a ministerial marked the school
As an empty fall blinded my own sight;
Meaning - how thus wise men can be so fool,
And lastly both we dwelt can be apart
More a people may live in victory
Rather not being laughed, such with art
We, the damn ones, but yet; conspiracy!
A poet is more than a jocund worry!
Ye may be, but if he is more saucy
And, if become so, luck must favour
To give me laughter upon unwise, sure.

First day, - I was so quiet and willing too
So an worth wandered inside me fast
To a distance where only but I, new,
Onlybut I, who about to step first
To enmark undevelopment, so cast
Although, in silence, rather'in who trust;
So all flowery baskets seemed too
To be at last be in my own wallet
That only an hour, last, but days pursue
That I could 'er have been so much upset
So only an hour but tented to wait
Days, past; 'en after last touch of school gate
Yet I'm not so foul in heart, that I say
'Cause, all a fragile things last in way.

Meaning that I had to have all past owe,
Unbeautified; so I lifted myself -
Where is the garden, and gardener's brow
These may together make so a beauty?
Where, all dirt and worry is sunk itself
And where all but hale themselves to duty
I said, " No a pressure works, better it ";
Wherefore many spoils can last only few
Let it be diamond, but 'tis little bit

Hope, much will shower a sobriety;
Much last in care, - not only in but dew
First in warmth, then weather which's wetty
Let some of them be alike we are born
On sake of love which brings the wings, untorn.

So I prefer to be alike I was
Whereby many surrender, but not I
Either it be rain, or storm; as these toss
'Er to such an intent I hold myself
Such, that a plant vulnerates with deep eye
To see through world 'er as finer to help;
I could not but remember my study
Subtle than subtler, - so I was 'er
For, 'er feet sink into soils, muddy,
And greater teachers 'er passed by these
And all golds lurked to be hidden here
Simplest of simple wits so passes breeze
To such an intent that may lead world
And so I'd, for, old is 'er counted gold.

Now let me talk about the real matter,
I was swayed for years I had a job
I was beaked, and truths covered so were;
One list so an early could sway fame
First one is of name, other one is throb
That I could only have knowledge 'or blame, -
Is there any work except chats in school
So questions make questions in so a time
I could not but protest all those, were fool,
'Er I know names last in their pretty deed
So, if 'er someone lacks in a good whim
And remain so a engaged not to breed
Will thus so a list of names be complete?
Just to say, 'tis tiny than bird who fleet.

Which dwell in trodden paths leave mark in lives
Either in transiency or but long;
Yesterday must not compile the work
And files not be heaps of tomorrow's
If 'er you work perfect in your so throng
And no a lament of you be such woes

Of Govt. where you involved to seek yourselves
Untired to your debt he must complie
To seek, to detect folly of day life
The best work prized, but devotion 'er seal
As of devotees' perfect, not for while,
But with tilted ground of eternal wheel
Prefer that; for, it can't deteriorate
And fertileness grows with genuine fate.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Die In Marriage

Marriage is at so far distance woe
First people take birth in rich family
Unwilling to choice low-place, then allow;
If e'er they thron'd as king, be willy
To suck a sustenance of society,
The lightful days fix'd nights along
First, they dream of being under city -
When come some of desired support's throng
Nothing but people, better than beast, crave
Money, the soulful power of all time
Rather, remain in dome all have to save
For, staying, but in hidden place is good
Them; -so undertake all but in manners
If finished, all but to take a mood
Of being established, in life, but wars
Then, so a scrupulous decision made
Such, that, to bring, or fetch companion
Of time, which may o'er -whelmed the shade
Thus, they work until it complete so choice
But least, parents go apart before it
If any hurdle comes in hard ways' voice
Decide to take ways, surpass paper sheet;
Atlast, they bring themselves to decision -
'Tis better friends and pals to carry half
Unknowing to knowledge which may subdue
E'en the life to short, or hugely tie
Of both, from dwan to dusk, or mist to dew,
Then, come scoldings and bring to the death now;
Then take births all children to a high
People, bringing bottles of milk along
E'en, after when their duties come nigh
To finish; -all but long competition,
To others, yet so are their lives life -long,
So, e'er, if, got barrier to life
Flirt, as if, they die they were not so strong.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Protocols

It was cruel, your aim; so but an end
Swayed away all but your sizzling dream
Then I'd have become king;
Your lust for fever of victory, must hale
The unknown destructive mania,
Into commons; but, I'll e'er be standard.
For, until barriers of genuine, true and wrong
Be demolished, can't I never be the same -
Dangerous in building genius
Dangerous in making walls, between,
Shop of truth and shop of forgetfulness
Or, shop of wrong and shop of money;
Lives, but both in these two are pure
But e'er if you deny my priority, I, must
Say where's your exact place could have been?

Lurk, in deep yet; I must not be uncontrolled
To see through lives, underneath feet,
Must arise as of before they've been dead;
To protect protocols of eternity
All they must gather, soulful,
Not in inhumanly dogmas, but
E'er to reunite spirits of all time -

Thus so an early morning may recur, 'gain,
Or repeat to the bells of temples, churches
and gurudwaras; It must not fall short,
For, too an early mesmerizing thoughts
Until I rise 'gain, already, risen
So that an early destructiveness, though
Were too uneasy to bear,
Must come to the loop of eternal darkness,
And hells of woe must be pale
Hark! It must come to end,
To the men of humanly beings.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Love Again

The night was grey, so full of danger
Best of the sun passed away hours ago,
Spectre, that's all in bunch returned
Is again in my name,
I was caressed by gentle wind
Dock of love, again, full of care
Betwixt ', All but mere consolation, now,
Seemed to be, yet, I'mma quite full;
Last hour's, the night's pressure
Licking my neck, said, asif, I'm not alone
So I love the season, -best of all, but
I'm yet to be prepared for this, Love,

Mantle of distance volcanoes were vivid
And I downward the lane of village, as I,
Being simplest of simple humans,
Tried to be not upset;
Laughters of true genius of mind,
Smiles of true hope of heart,
Now, seeming to be my prey
So I return,
Until the deep sea, of knowledge,
Comes to prove me, genuine;
Whom but I counted my own is gone
Very early of my life, but, now
She, in some of tryst of night
Amazing to be again in my dream
But I don't care, for, love is better than
All those, hate, ferocity, destruction -
So I, with the grey danger of night
Dream again, to have all but I had
To see through life a better new, coming.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Night Of Full Moon

That was night; full of cleverness -
Home was clear, but empty darkness'in
Two leaves, suddenly were fluttering
One of my loved ones,
So I was proud.

The lifted dark blue skies is black
And outside the door, I,
Being so manipulated by it, swore
That never I'll change,
So I promise again
To be in every night's game,
Little, but all were acquainted
Lute played on,
So a souting, foxes mixed together
I failed not
I failed not to answer
'Twas my conscience, that
I might have gone yonder;

Angel! I loved them,
And so is my name to be
Though not proved equally, but
Ye, truly I'm gonna be,

She headed to grimace,
But beckoning hands, ye, mine
Was not about to stop
I choose the first,
I care out of door
And she was seemed to be my
Friend, e'er returning dream
Winged in two, but, e'er
Noticing to my out-door deeds
Seemingly, coming every night
To say name, or call me friend.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Soul And Spiritless

You liar, I don't believe in you,
Those days may not come again
The short times I met with you
And those who among you were so, forever
Such you left me in some tryst
But, all were vain, my aims
O, must come again glue my deeds, -
But you, the cheaters' hearts,
Will you live long forever?
You failed not to give me chance,
Even in talking, or anything,
The high schools' heads are really high!
Say, where thus you learnt to
Occupy, or to save yourself in some
Darkness of veiled greed; Is anything,
Left, to burn your so called pretences?
I say, no,
But all those you shared, or intended,
Must I say, "All but are petty",
I don't care, for,
I've all but than to your possessions.
The simple of the simplest days,
Where, I but nothingness 'er
Works so cruel;
I love it,
For, those who have nothing have but all,
You die, you die in
Darkness of greed
Or, in unspiritlessness
Or, in soullessness
Which 'er called dead.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 56: Marriage Is At So Far A Distance

Marriage is at so far a distance,
If e'er you disgrace it's royalty -
But an empty life's so called lens
Where through only but redemption dwell;
Yet, who're but in numberless city
Are so misted in fragrance but in swell
Pretty worthier than who come on late,
And I'm though fixed on some contemplation
Must be aloof, too far, to contemplate
Or wiser than anyone be looted
In some differences' petty motion
That e'er may leave me short and quoted,
So I better live in my so called name
Smaller than livin 'spectre, -better fame.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet 55: Much You Effort To Hold Fast Sleep, You Die

Much you effort to hold fast sleep, you die
Such is your dream, counted to be a real
So hold stiffly, -not en'in depth hides eye
Not to lapse ideal one, better go wise,
So a wiseman leaps his high head to feel
Warmth of sun, either in 'or heat or breeze
To such a jocund company he must
Not being outwitted, or sucked rely
For, already all too past great men's trust
Seemingly, been untormented, proved
Here'in the depth summary must reply,
So an'in earth, composed with full, groved,
Too a poet's truth lays'in Shakespearean
Not only I but he, readingly won.



PoemHunter.com

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 54: Such A Wall Can Be Built Up Until You

Such a wall can be built up until you
Master of mastery souls hold not up,
So much study is hem, -is little view;
An hour must pursue, forlorn little goal
And so an emphasis must not hold top
Viewers not compile books such than to role,
Who adide; No such mystery takes place,
Nor luck favours to such a company
Only but true study holds fast the lace
Not giving, either pain to back, headache,
Those who study much, unsucked by bee,
Wide and open, unplugged, to such match
So only, by forseeing a future
Say I, -be true genuine so before.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet 53: Grief That Lays Aside Is So Full Of Tire

Grief that lays aside is so full of tire
When reckless deeds onto life jump as dead
Only but some messy minds survivor,
Gifted to the hall of fame or affair;
Some as mentors', some as disciples' creed
Some as disasters to make fall chair,
But both who would live, are but their sole minds
Either in truth, or unbistowed manner
But those who are defined good, of kinds,
And those who, only but seek in money
Rather to such emptiness pity wear,
Replacing minds unto not be honey
Lay, such as you are done, except not he
Teeming as if no more light would fall wee.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet 52: What Shall Death's Be Proud Moment In Life

What shall death's be proud moment in life,
Achievement Great? Not by foster eye-
Those who hire only but they have a chief
Those who have own but they 'er win
And those who alternate alterly die,
My verse'in as I say so does it mean;
Many thus died within thimblefull care
Losen eyed! but so company be,
So a togetherness's always share
In mortal lives' proud, the mortal exist
Of eye, wherefore it pursue to deep sea
Thus, achievement great fix'd in great fist
So only an hour, but hold fast duty
With some of those who hold eternity.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Mountain

So, in deep, tyrants rise their high head
But only for a few moments; so what?
The old bustling movements thus not shed.
Impity pervades though in single shot,
Many a bodies, full of unquenchable
Thirst and hunger must not shade old glory
Few thus art yet unborn, ye, to shovel
The fring'd dock of injustice, worry,
The brave hearts ne'er refuse to be late
In, either be dead or meant to be true
Only some manures which pearsue gate
So with an eye, open and glossy, rue;
Laughters, only with some repeatations
Last, but are due to some mingling so ways
For, best of truth always rest in motions
'Cause, both they dwell in the light and darkness -
The sensitive power of limbs; no more,
You, the sole enterprise of world must not thus crawl
That's all that you had yesterdays' must wear
Upon, you sucked in past better, role
What's so a called incumbent, ask me,
The breakers of silence in mountain
Are but those it's little tommy sea
Breaking into bits but better they win.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas

Life Is So

To beg is worthiest in life, if,
Mind is true and ever falls in disaster
I, who redeem
Or you who sleep in dream
Only but they are not except;
Lonely where we stay, but side by side
Is the only place where
We can both live forever,
Never, only but scents of leaves
Only the same old love
Only true shape of atmosphere
Is the only but true place
Where both they live together,
Meaning where it, but both,
Love and honesty,
Truth and lie,
Sacrifice and greed,
Flavour and disflavours,
Turning into reality
Now, both they can exist forever,
If, both you and they and I,
Seeming to be sink into brink
Or, middle, understand
Each other.

Pijush Biswas

Teach

Rough wind doth shake our pleasure
Where the long tormented souls,
Only but a bud of mind
Though late, yet, fit to our roles
Is rising, gradually sure;
So what's an unprecedented!
Men, where too a deeply assure
Must bring there peace and grains to grind
As to the past, some as to lore
Which regranted, not outwitted
By whom, is called, so, a peoples' right -
Old ships ' sails e'er laid to be lost
And new bring out to see world again;
E'er those whose miens repeat, crost,
Or but seize lives only in span's sight -
We're, but so full of bloods, crost on beach,
Too an early chimney ashes must not
Be; laughters, which repeat the past pain
Will be sworn, ringing high bells to deep shot
So only a past warmth's enough to teach.

07/28/2018

Srirampur

Pijush Biswas

View

Late night, moon, gone yonder the line
Half hidden from sights, covered clouds
So, what an embassy, quite and fine
Steeling far, and so a deep tension
Meaning, - how such a life which shrouds
In some tired, lonesome lit moan
Somehow the road, though seems empty
But many a hoods of owls threat
Only but some true fates' company
To prove itself such a dupe, fails,
That it comes down, not so a late
To be prosperities' view lanes.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Swoan

The rain was swoan and Time was free
Only as a child I awake,
Beneath the tree, beside the lake
My home wasn't much as the bird wee

So only with an eye I see
That only a favour may last;
So an old things die, and I glee
Upon coming these things to past

But to be sure I lay aside,
And so only some years fill me
All things but a sheer better plea
Make know, all're but preys of tide.

Pijush Biswas
4.5.2018
Srirampur, Nadia



PoemHunter.com

Pijush Biswas

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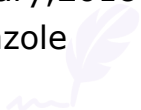
Sonnet 51: Or, If You Give No Surety To Live

Or, if you give no surety to live
Or, today's dullness of lives you pour on
We, mere being hollow in speech must grieve
Unto the date comes we guaranteed by;
And tough-soul'd secrecy of death must groan
To it's unfulfillment who must we tie
Giving rather emphasis beautiful,
To have a laugh, or jeer upon you once
Here God may occupy throne of your rule
And side by side we, poor ones, will worship
Moreover, our past dying souls announce
Must to you, that all's but equal in deep,
Far-off, in some earthly gains though we are
Truely, those intended to grave so far.

18 February, 2018

Place: Gazole

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet 50: No A Giving Fails To Have Wondering

No a giving fails to have wondering
Those who are pale must be filled with shadow
Those who are light must have casual wing,
Some people die in them or 'oft in none
Some people die in others who allow;
If past books hast lied, much I could be 'lone
And what's contemporary, be story,
Rather which's guaranteed to be a true
Or, who give but don't have return, be fairy
So I much write on how to be a pure
Just as flowers give fragrance as of you
To impulse those who live lives to be sure
For, grievance in giving, no a word Love
Better if no returns come except grove.

18 February, 2018.
Gazole.



PoemHunter.com

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 49: My Lover Did Not Know How To Keep Head

My lover did not know how to keep head
She was fair lady, ingenious box
That one word promise I could not so tread,
I was shifted to so far a distance
As evening sun sets in, after it's ox
Who mere is my name, before burns fort dance
Of grass, and merely to unfeed and go
'Tself, where stay some but in consolation
Stolen away; as an incumbent so
As falling leaves of green, I fade away
She proposes to love and I'm to moan
One that was sheen, could not have been dull day
One kiss in emptiness' unfairness,
Rather transiency holds not me press.

February 16, 2018

Place: Gazole

Pijush Biswas

PoemHunter.com

Sonnet 48: Life Is More Vital Than Immortal Eye

Life is more vital than immortal eye
Such to that greenery burns but earth lives;
We live on, so, yet too mere we should die
For we care little 'bout beauty, -much to hire,
And those bear the bossom must be some sheaves
Until which are unseen remain to fire,
As though of lost love someone mentions drunk
And put out to see life more easy rise;
And a tree, which's shot, blown, tormented trunk
Must to see through life may occupy seal
That plays on, and none's pleased by any prize,
So, better to love but not to much feel
That can bring life to you, perfect to death
To seem that ours' all but are ours' to sheath.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Life In Year

Gentle the air blows, and sun does peep through
Amongst all those are free I play as bees,
Who two and half a months remain quiet; bow
Your heads to inflammable heat who gives this.

Although the years' fast and stiffly play
Singing, as if, a mere professional
Must give life to thee and me every day
And come out holdings to both in a hall.

December is so fast likely to March
Both they dwell, as assets of close a pal
Winter spares the clouds, but at summer parch
But life stood both, anyone's short or tall.

Pijush Biswas



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"Some Suitable Words" is being published through international level book publishing company "Power-Publishers" who will sell my book world wide. I hope your interest and little more curiosity over time.

Me, Author, Pijush Biswas.

I hope your love.
Thank you.

Pijush Biswas

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phHunter.com

[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

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emHunter.com

[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy", in 2018, Kolkata]

Pijush Biswas

Victory

Hold fast stiffly your head to high,
Those who are mean and fervently deny
After someone's been their nigh
And can't tolerate thinking as strange
Are but rather oblig'd dead eye

Who seem to sing yourselves empty,
Rather intensive to occupy goal
But only an accompany
That may role to give life but not arrange
In lecherous objects be soal.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia
22/10/2017

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Rule

Failure is a word that in life is sure
That presses men to later life success.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Repentance

Mark my words as these must mount
Don't be sad for this as a beast
Who has four legs those can't well count
Where to step except only on feast

Heavenly bliss mere transient
But 'er obliged who tames
Those who, workers, efficient,
Only but emptiness is names

Rather, afield who arrive just
Full in silence and fit to stand
Betwixt present and future must
Have not eyes to see, be on land

Who is he but mere incumbent,
If social strength stands beside
Nor in giving pain but love's scent
His contribution won't be side

Lot in half a wing'd pity die
Better not to be so as kites,
Fly only in air, hence-forth lie
Downward summer when often bites

Don't be sad if I don't fit you
Don't be self-seeker if you bound
Because earthly causes arn't few
Because knowledge 'lways talk'in sound.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia
19/10/2017

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 47: It Seems Season Blesses Men Easy Lives

It seems season blesses men easy lives
The unsunk river's sunk in endeavour
To live, to survive, of them -children, wives
Must hard to harder as they live for food
Downward the skies rain pour down it's favour
Through unsurpassed motion awakes mood
Like that ends in pursuits full in furrow
As fruitful as sweat buds rung in fragrant
Does it remain awake for tomorrow
And as long as songs of lives do torrent
Or easy downy flakes cover body;
If our rhymes can seek way ahead
And laugh until fire-warmth stops to afraid,
I'll sing on those who men much as gaudy.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

15/10/2017

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Redemption

The world spins 'mong shameful altercations
But better be neutral 'mong the visions
Happy love those are loved happily
And gone through sweetest buds expos'd willy
Love that gaunts in cold wind 'er seen later
Comparing loathes, weighy heart make come tear
This village is so far duplicate in
Laser 'tween all but seems not much as sheen
Somewhere indignant pulses lift the veins
Somewhere many-folded wears suit not lens
To some of end of love ensures itself,
Love, pretty love, -whosefore they're elves
Goeth all those, they indeed crav'd for names
That last only but sizzling bloods shades' games
High as well as walls, brittle in moments
And numberless in pieces by the blends
Quavering, toss'd, after laugh'd by many
Sheething enterprises of canopy;
At least, more, as I mere fit in a moan
That these in shotful grammar always groan
Is he, but she, were so as to do wrong
Where Leela won't get promises inthrong,
Much she did and was suit situation
'Mong which both might have got a proportion
Lost letters were so foul to be their lives
Best luck n'er cheats so well; Plenty of dives,
Those sprang upin restricted them so much
Not look'in some, or look'in some well touch.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

13/10/2017

Pijush Biswas

Valley

The fullness of fire and scent of jasmine
I will let these go through valley;
Birds those are barbaric, must sing now fine
And rooted trees be not worry

Long going clouds who were teeming in skies,
Now will return back as holy
To soak the ground where play several bees
And days after rest in folly

So I as well as the travellers go
Seeming it as same as jolly
Must open heart and of past wounded toe
To seek of peace and share glory.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia
06/10/2017

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Lyrics: The Day Is So Long

The day is so long
The day is so long,
But I've'nt seen you
Long a distance that I may go,
Seeming to havn't crossed
now I'm about to choose,
May that be a better or worse
May that be I long forever,
but for you
Must not fade into eternity;
I'm gonna to be your favourite
for, too, an eye
too, too, an eye,
That could have accompanied to me
To see you from a distance
Now, it's in my heart
And you're too, alive
To such a skies
Which can shed itself
To cover me
With love, with love, with love;
Better not to lie
Better not to go ahead
for, you're, now, yourself
about to be mine
And I stand by you.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia
24/09/2017

Pijush Biswas

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23/09/2017

[Published in his book "?????";,2018]

Pijush Biswas

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24/09/2017

[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 46: No A Cupid's Work Seems To Be An Art

No a Cupid's work seems to be an art
Even blest by some incompleteness e'er
That may lead downward a genius heart
For he casts disgrace upon it; for, he
Shuns all earthly perfect wear, but pursuits
Late a night who waits, but failure e'er be
Only as a star who's in a quietness
Close to dark, rather aloof from the light
Further, intent not to be in brightness
Nor an eye can pass by, with severe cult
To endeeep evaluation so tight
Overall deploys himself, cause's sult,
No, better work denies, but mere as child
Where only but many come back, less build.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

19.09.2017

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

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15/09/2017



[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 45: What Does Behind Work, No Matters, If Thou'rt

What does behind work, no matters, if thou'rt
Victim 'er claims and thou 'er may convict;
Because every man itself pretty heart,
Let it be one who seeks fair in oneness,
Sure, that amongst legends do contradict
But increase Mahabharata fairness;
Some braves, some cowards all that of it's names
So a retreat 'er counts the bravery
And worth, - conflict o'er the deaths to claims
Better go passers by war too a deep
Wherewith, long, may scope descendants' worry
Till thou'rt great warrior within hard nip;
Many high an ambition, then, looks favour
Mysterious thy greatnesses, then, ensure.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia
15/09/2017

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 44: Ah, What Shall There Be If Thou Under Growth

Ah, what shall there be if thou under growth
Nor fear, nor accident! better worthy,
Until age increases; better it doth.
Demand surpasses all the worldly pass
To seem that eventually; so, die
All those meandering tries, under the mass
Last to thy depth sinks aim, and thou art name
Likely late the sun who rises in cloud
And favour suits not to thee till thou'rt lame,
Then heart breaks fragilably in thousand;
Petty be awake, and dip in cry, loud,
That may solve, and bring relief wind in sand
Where only last horizon in long sleep,
Place, a lovely, only but thou who art deep.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia
15/09/2017

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 43: If The Immortality Were So Cheap

If the immortality were so cheap
And drag all thou hectic sense to the blue
It would rather be bug, that must not leap
And shallow depth, knowledge, than better worth;
Let it be death that doesn't meet, or glue
The present, nor past, nor future a growth
Must not sing universal, for, it's thou
Nevertheless untried to be a true
Simply, for the sun or moon those avow
To give, to make sink or dive much as proof
Again, a self which's far better in hue-
Work's so a better means to be aloof
From neoteric that cover to be ideal
And not death meets immortal than do real.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

07/09/2017

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

For Heros

Greatest of the greats! No mourns suit to thee,
Favour of luck's pity consolation!
Than a material gift death better be
And no a pride easy wrecks a motion;
No bitter truth's a gale, forever; No,
Nor an eye is true if anger dwells in,
As of sea many pearls last in thy woe
Country people! Lethe-wards dreamer, but sheen
In thy immortality; I fear not,
Thousand a beams paltry cause fade; e'er, yet
Where eternity meets the depth? shot,
That brought thee, called, by, ancient sun-set-
Live in, like, summer which's in numberless
Our dots of inks count somewhere in numbness;
Somewhere it brings politie, indulgent
Some songs are fade, for, extra saltry food,
Vile conspiracy under city-pent,
This yet, think, Death, - bringsforth lives to brood
So, an illimuniti, having no
Such to thy death same, contemporary,
Groan, afield, in unfulfillments which sue
Thus, a country floats, like, in starry-fays
No longer, cheer the enemies hereby;
And identity whereby hides perfect
The laws, must reflect, try in, but be bay
Of love, unsealed cost of guys, friend and mate
For, eyes shade in tears and shells, those, blown
To free us more, by mere consolation.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

04/09/2017

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 42: No Matters If Love Deceives, Just You Role

No matters if love deceives, just thou role
Happier but to be sad in love rues,
But better worth it in thy cognate dole
Than thy soul no better seems, if thou God
Love in secrecy yet, but more refuse,
As an eye denies to be any's abode,
Likely which's mean of deterioration;
It glints seeds to make more to be, I say,
Overall love falls down upon v'ry tone
Such as thou fleet to fleet from, and until
Fear weather disperse faithfully the spray;
Thy undying promises must thee fill
'Twere happy sorrows still due to change
Apparelleth thy failure to arrange.

Place: Srirampur, Nadia
02/09/2017

Pijush Biswas

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28/08/2017

[Published in his book "?????";,2018]

Pijush Biswas

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27/08/2017

[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

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Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

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23/08/2017

[published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

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21/08/2017

[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

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20/08/2017

[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy", in 2018]

Pijush Biswas

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19/08/2017

[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

How A Fabric Tune Sounds Much, A Question

How a fabric tune sounds much, a question;
Not be idle, nor be unclinged; sustain!
Happier lot be until lost motion
Thou hast dominion, not be of pain
The deep sea is not made of one mere drop,
Worthier than more reclining shadows;
Those who return, but, n'er risen to hope
Is better gone worthy fall; it allows.
The Western cliffs much better with lot peaks,
Meant by volcanos' fire, which, long last by
Years to years; And icy-puddings are weaks
Two and two makes four, add or multiply
For, honesty is strength, here, in progress
Thou may be blind by someone, but it fills;
And someone like thee who were in beast's dress,
Must come to humanity, - as thy drills.



PoemHunter.com

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

9/8/2017

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 39: You Are Not The One Who Escapeth Slavery

You are not the one who escapeth slavery
'En can't you redeem! nor do cult their shoe!
Seventy years make new discovery!
That all I've all provided by British
Well, I'm! But how hungry birds 'en now woo
Well-fed by own govt. Yet inspired by dish-
No hungry generations' out hunger
Not in independence, nor in captive;
O, I look like them, and my shoe is fear?
O, my skin is dark, but your eyes are blind?
Your mania to independence, live?
I'm not white, yet for you too much I'm kind;
One dish for each one, for, you lapsed then
You slaves, - n'er to go, in axis or brain.



PoemHunter.com

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

9/8/2017

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 38: The Day I Fling Into The Skies But More

The day I fling into the skies but more
For some imperial causes, unto
Over-ceased sea; lightly happened sea-shore-
That a thousand laughters lease by my side
To a happy end of the day that blew
And I, who much knew of himself got ride.
Than, to love flower, sun is uprighter
For pitier causes more a shadow
And sting more than a pain unduly tear
Well, I love the season much, than to say
That I love thee, that all they seem to know
And I'll wear, happiness, may come a day;
And that fleet away by branches of love
Must come back, - but bloom thousand pretty grove.



PoemHunter.com

Place: Srirampur, Nadia

08/08/2017

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 37: For Those Who Compare Life As Vicious

For those who compare life as vicious
Ten tons a family and two children
Seemed to be, hence, and huge relations loss
Rather I would say food's mere companion,
Reclining to be for all, thus, happen;
If 'er be you failed, not show onion,
Unto the turf of jungle which repeat
To bell, long, until wrong pursues yours'
Grave; much than you eternity doesn't cheat
For an ingenious plan that may roll
And you those who seem to save your powers
To walk, to drive, must be in pole to pole;
I'd rather live in my verse and prose, know,
And all's that you gripped rather a show.

Written By-



PoemHunter.com

Abbie Clare [P.B]

09/07/2017

Gazole,

W.B,

India,

[Night]

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 36: Until Love Binds Lover His Wrath To Grow

Until Love binds lover his wrath to grow
Love does itself be a pyramid too?
That a happy heart is dipped into show,
Much are undone by recycle order
And earlier than lover is cast shoe
And count-down does in counter thus appear?
I mean, twist breaks through resultant manner;
If one does wrong, holy does return 'gain
But much to be obliged 'gain dear
Some, as, being no thankfulness to return,
But be merciful; rather would attain!
Love must live then, nevertheless go fun;
As it's shown as fast as light, so it's dead
For, so an emphasis later looks bleed.

Written By-



PoemHunter.com

[[[Abbie Clare (P.B)

7/7/17

Gazole,

W.B,

India,

(Night)]]]

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 35: Until Slow Grows A Weaver, Devils Work

Until slow grows a weaver, devils work
His think'in gives lives world, so they kill him
Matter now, will world really be a York?
Hidden now the cultivated field's where?
Fast, as if, ladder'd was it, 'gain be dim
Nor a impulsive mood would grow a fire
Nor, but atomes o'er take it's palsy sake
Rather illuminative eyes leave q'tion
Those who were dark in but the world much make,
My rondel tune must cast curse to them, lie;
Country is fair until protector's n'tion
Is fist into itself to sack from bee
A q'tion further, - does it sally the doom?
Where much plead to live, others use to loom.

Written By-



PoemHunter.com

Abbie Clare [P.B]

05/07/2017

Gazole,

W.B,

India,

{Night}

Pijush Biswas

Lyrics: My Friends, My Friends

My friends, my friends
Do you know how I became nice yo you,
If I had a dream, you were my dreamy things
That I can't make a lie;
In the night, in a day
How I could be,
It was too much
But I can't but swear about you
Day a long,
It's too day a long
Having made a nest in your minds
Once I became your friend;
Not too small
Not too a long fall
Thus ever be our breaks in life,
I love that you love
I choice that you have
But only a mystery would call
You and me,
Later we lose in fuss
But we must be in true sense.

Written By-
[[[[Abbie Clare (P.B)
04/07/2017
Gazole,
W.B,
India,
(Afternoon)]]]]

Pijush Biswas

Lyrics: I Get The Love, I Get All You Give

I get the love, I get all you give
So an identity must not leave
I'm awake, too an eye must not sleep
Long before you know me, so I tried
To be you, and be forever;
Some of talks though were not ancient
But these must last forever,
That I, head to head knew about you;
Let it easy come
Let it be free
Let it just run forever with us
Until you and I, both,
Come into a swamp of love,
We must live there, together,
All tears that made us keep apart
Must mingle into it;
No no no, never will go somebody
To search,
If I become wrong with you,
Because, all about you and I
Must dip into it,
And no one is able to claim
That we, both, have been dream
And not a single stick needs to be
That, that can rule over
You and me.

Written By-
[[[[Abbie Clare (P.B)
04/07/2017
Gazole,
W.B,
India,
{Evening}]]]]

Lyrics: I Love To See, I Love To Dive

I love to see, I love to dive
I love to have many minds
I love that all had, all that I've lost
I love to be you;
Many those who don't try to know, well,
Then, old propaganda must not fill you
All you have, all you kill, those once
You touch, may not come again to you
if you die; In some horniness must not
come our old privacy,
Start, as if, you and I both were the same,
No hate, no lust,
No a in deceivers' lives should last
But, I've some dedications, only,
Those can again turn me to those
Whom people once left under feet;
Yet, ohhh, I must do it
For, the last breathe lasts forever
in atmosphere, nor those run along life,
Be a man who is father
Be a woman who is mother
For, all those you hate must return to you
And all those you love must return to you.

Written By-
[[[[Abbie Clare (PB)
03/07/2017
Gazole,
W.B,
India,
(Night)]]]]

Pijush Biswas

Lyrics: As Long As You Love Me

As long as you love me
As long as you love me,
I want to fill you
I want to be you
As long as you love me;
I was on the floor
To make you sure
Higher than they were before
I love you too much
I love you too much
Until the world ends such
As I see my end to your arms;
Is it the love that can't console
You and I, whom they couldn't get role,
No, no, no, not yet I'm such to say
Love that we're entangled in
Love that we're foreseen in
Must have a bless of Him within;
To long ago, once, who have preface
To love, must feel now the warmth
Of seeing us likewise our one face,
To mark my words I must believe
In you, in some loneliness;
May I have a day tonight, tonight...
Is this the feeling I search for,
How much I crave for, you don't, know,
Yet I say I'll fill you
Within the last breathe of mine
Until the world ends tonight;

Be slowly down
Be you I until I make you fill.

Written By-
[[[Abbie Clare (PB)
03/07/2017
Gazole,
W.B,
India,
{Night}]]]

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet 34: Unto The War, You Nor I Proceed, Ye

Unto the war, you nor I proceed, ye,
Then how such majesty in war will last?
Unwanted bell, rung, that haveth a see
Gradually, in minds their that call for blood;
Unwritten so far, not too late, yet fast-
Thus it insenses lot, insenses mood
Of thorough works, humans' dick suggested,
Mere a capsule must not recover wound
For the thicky bush's, already, their bed
I don't care, rather I loathe order gave
Such majesty to hold up pity sound
If I can't hold Love, I work Love to weave
My petty rhymes are pretty humans' wear
Who doth less war- chant their appeare.



PoemHunter.com

Written By-

[[[Abbie Clare (P.B)

30/06/2017

Gazole,

W.B,

India,

{Night}]]]

Pijush Biswas

I Saw A Ufo

Yesterday, at about 8.00 p.m night..!
Dated by 28/06/2017....!

My mother was with me and she was sitting beside window terrace.
I was working on laptop.

Suddenly my mother calls me to show some unidentified in the night skies.

I rush to her to see that.
I saw that it was many practiced object called UFO.

It was fine decorated with blinking light system, looking like from up to down a tower or pyramid but lower part is round about.

It was slowly moving in front of us.

I call them in my mind 'please come and stay', and at once it was dimmed by light, and then vanished away.

Two months ago same occurred to me also while my mother was not with me here in my rental rooms.

I was cooking at kitchen, and at once I saw a UFO through window a UFO as just as the same direction going.I say in mind the same 'Please come and stay'.

Then I one day felt someone invisible in my rooms wandering.While one day night I was about to close my door someone's finger was attached into space between door and somewhat of finger was visible for moments, but I was not scared.But still now I can't get the opportunity to see their whole body.

GOD BLESS.

Pijush Biswas

When I Was Sure You Will Not Come Again (Lyrics)

When I was sure you will not come again
Two and half a days were left to wait
I was like a sun-set
But could not stop remembering you
I was clinged
I was fired
I was winged
But moreover desired;
I love you still, now, being loved by you
Once that could havn't shape,
First, the impoverishment of love
Then, the mystic tied in
Second, the backward improvement of grove
Should we love still to have a shade in,
Do you love me
Do you make a new choice
Do you, again, want to be your hands in
my hands,
Love that pleaded to be
Love that considered mind
Love that looked not wee,
Seems to be now more a kind;
Trust in me
Trust in me
Trust in me,
I've a dream world
Where we will be no more
Only but the happiness for the new born.

Written By-
Abbie Clare (P.B)
27/06/2017
Gazole,

W.B,
India
[Afternoon]

Pijush Biswas

Where Has Gone Your Mind (Lyrics)

Where has gone your mind
Through the dark night
It may oblige me to go, there, where
Long a distance is no a matter
I must be your dream
Too you, oh, be my dream
Where the sands lie upon lonely desert
And both, we, can't find out each-other
May a long conspiracy there
May a long troop of air murmurs, be ye,
Owning half a soul of them must we gain;
Be the one
Be the one who fear not to lie
For an ingenious plan,
Who care for them whom we petty dwell
Life is so long to play,
Life is mystery?
No no no, no further would it be to,
Only some grains of sand will not be allowed
Until it covers with brightness;
Though a night when we go by
We see, each is on each side
And sing of each-other
So simily seems to be simily
As long as our eyes
Both, in growing night and day
And realize, we are at same empty place.

Wratten By-

Abbie Clare (P.B)

25/06/2017

Gazole,

W.B,

India,

(Night)

Sonnet 33: Eternal Feasts Are Those Call 'very One

Eternal feasts are those call 'very one
And adman must not part someone too from;
Somewhere worthy prize hid, deceived, stands 'lone
Unwanted decree allowed not in earth
Although belly taunts them to start 'nother storm
For they love, love each other until death-
O, who's alive or who's dead remain date
So I love to be 'lone after last breathe
So, as long as His toy tak'in such fate
Whosefore world runs before me, who must doth;
To mirror as fast as I loss, faceth,
Awesome likely starving dogs motion loathe
Of a tiger, now in gentleness exists,
O, Love seems to deny us, they're in gists.

Written By-
Abbie Clare [P.B]
24 June,2017
Gazole,
W.B
India
(Night)

 PoemHunter.com

Pijush Biswas

Seen, As If You Are My Life So Far (Lyrics)

Seen, as if, you are my life so far
But I couldn't have been grey
This meant to be yours, but I had not time
No longer be waiting, no longer
No longer must not wait moon
But I havn't it that the moon has
I must be shower upon you with rays
Havn't you seen me upon leaves falling
Havn't you seen us talk
With the ringing of your heart, I feel,
That I can fill you with lives,
'Tis night long a day that I havn't see you
Must not change a year
Must not change season
Lust to be one will not have end
Forever's green
Forever's green
And it must not avoid to be you.



PoemHunter.com

Abbie Clare [P.B]

19.06.2017

Gazole

W.B

India

(Night)

Pijush Biswas

Baby Feel The Warmth (Lyrics)

Baby feel the warmth,
Baby I feel as I like to be yours
For the singing heart just having truth,
On a day, on a night
That I may, may I have you;
Is it ship of secrecy, is it life, those,
At random, fly, or fly as if to go high
Love, only, for you
Love, only, for you
May I have a chance, or havn't
May I have a dream, or not
Rush, till the night amazes with moon
Swear, forever, to be 'mong side by side;
I gonna be fine until you love me
In'a baby that is you has a deep sea
Havn't seen I that free
Havn't I seen e'er to be true something,
until it goes, and reviews.



PoemHunter.com

[[[[Abbie Clare (P.B)

08/05/2017

Gazole,

West Bengal,

India,

Afternoon]]]]

Pijush Biswas

My First Movie 'your Dream So True'.

Watch the video.....

My account number is- 1890104000030472
IDBI Bank.

Ticket Value: 200 Rs./Watch

Actor: Pijush Biswas

Music: Back Street Boys

Design And Cast: Marry and Sally

Released: 30/04/2017

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Don't Afraid (Lyrics)

Don't afraid, don't afraid,
It's been so long that I could understand
I'm seeming to be your's
I'm seeming to be your's
I'm seeming to be your's,
Every morning, when I go by, when I cease
Every morning, when I look at you and you
seem to go inside home,
Only talk to tell you that here come only
a breeze,
To tell of love;
Either you love me, or may the crown be down
Either you love, or make me look for true
aspects that may lead to you,
Possibility that it brings can't be alone,
Bring back now, bring it back
Bring back now, bring it back
Bring back now, bring it back
Bring back now, bring it back,
Don't be afraid, don't be afraid;
To have hand in hand,
To have a true ride
Justify the way when I go by,
Justify the sound you could hear
My fav'rits you, I, myself
And the ringing heart thus rings
So, as to be your half,
I love you so much,
Don't be afraid, don't be afraid
Don't be afraid, don't be afraid;
Every morning, when I go by, when I cease,
To tell of love by sound,
The earth spins round.

[[[[[Abbie Clare (Means P.B)
20/04/2017,
Gazole,
W.B,
India,
(Night)]]]]

Pijush Biswas

Its Been So Long (Lyrics)

Its been so long that had a heaven in you,
So the long I havn't seen you may tease you,
I'm trying to be strong that I can play
You, my mind, mind, mind
Again..., already when, give a touch
I'm so freak inside, that,
You have love for me so much,
Gonna to be thus, I lie, so I lie
Know, if you grieve, due to not having so
Much me,
Me, the only one who in respect of you
love may cross the sea,
Havn't seen you, havn't?
Havn't you seen me having tour?
Forever, that only I can say I'm yours
Love me as much as I love you,
I'll stay by you, its been sure, for,
you havn't left, until I come to you, your's doors
Open, or could have slightly more,
Yet, no matter to die In't love.

[[[[[Abbie Clare (Means P.B)

20/04/2017

Gazole,

W.B,

India,

(Night)]]]]

Pijush Biswas

I Have To Tell The Truth (Lyrics)

FEMALE VOICE:

I have to tell the truth,
For, had I all but you
Had I an eye that, lo, now

The days were fav'rit, to let you make know,
To urge that I'm not other than you,

So, oh ye, ye now
Having mind dipped into that ocean
where we might go and show the kite,
That unlike us had been true
But, had been true again'st our mind
And had an escape that both we had,
To fly, to fly, to fly,
Higher, ye, higher skies.

MALE:



PoemHunter.com

If ever let you me know,
If ever show me light,
Oh, oh, oh, either you or I,
Mistakes, all that may have to go
Sure I, sure I, would forever, to not get
come 'gain,
Thus you may have,
Have, have, have,
So long, with your eyes that I made play
So long, I'm'a body that's your insight,
No longer to say I'm you by.

BRIDGES:

Having no a power is being deaf,
Only hear those true minds those have minds,
In'a body thus the true love lies,
To hear of, those, who recall you
To hear of, those, the guts who beckon,

Never let your power be gone.

[[[[[[[Abbie Clare (means P.B) ,
04/18/2017
Gazole,
(W.B) ,
India]]]]]]

Pijush Biswas

Winter A Night (Lyrics)

Winter a night I was seeming to have a dream
Too light, yet too true
Too an eye that me led was so true
I came to know, I came to know
I came to know that all had mine
You, the fine heart I used to see is
so, so, oh, so a long deservance to me
That, I might; for even a date that
having no a deceiver's way, I got;
I got an end in your arms
I got the day gripped into my eyes
I got you;
Oh, oh, oh...that I once was
ceased to be, that all I had need to
be mine, see, unto a lover's fling
yet havn't got...
One yesterday night and it's moon that escaped me, now I've;
To let you know that, again, I'm gonna to be yours,
not to let me by your side,
Swear, to give inside that i may feel
with many premises,
Swear, to give fire, uh, uh, uh...
I love you till night, ye, ye, ye...
No, no, no, love will be not a name.

{{{{[Abbie Clare (Means P.B) ,
04/17/2017,
Night,
Gazole,
W.B,
India]]}}}}

Pijush Biswas

As I Say To Be Again Me

It's a saturday afternoon, while I'm sitting beside window, thinking that what I did, it's not a matter now, but sometimes these give me, as if, I'm feeling tired of recalling those moments. I'm feeling, yesterday that I wanted to get, though lost by some of my mistakes, are yet to be close now with remembrances that recur me. You may know, life is not an empty space where we can wander with our will, it's sometimes gives us pain, sometimes pleasure at different moments of life. We are just mere players of Nature, and what it and how it pursue and push us to different situations, still unknown, but we, if ever try to realize it, must get ride off it and may have a true solution, not only to an end that has an flourished accompany. I love reason. I love to have friends. though you may not know that infact I'm a failure whose doom was somehow was not so written to be a poet, yet I'm; yes I'm, but all seeming to have a true company now is being changed, while I've got my mind back to nature. Why I'm telling so, I'm, I'm telling so that I could not once have those Natural guides. Now I can write, I can sing, I can dance to the rhythms of nature. So far as I say, its Nature's first. I said beauty never blind us; oh, if you know some happen to Nature also. I was victim of my own faults, those gradually seemed to have an increase day by day and now while the true realization came inside me, I feel, I'm so not built that I could not seek Nature's true aspects. It is not guilt to speak high, or to speak loud. If true ambition is the better thing in life, is just to have a true mind. Only a fever of joy does not last, its not a show that has no remedy and can not seek it's reason, for, not having a actual Nature its just fallen after to a pain; thus, while I could understand, many a shadows of a bundle, are united and go an one, these liable to be one in a line and decrease it's intensity for the future to have another chance to be light with. Mystery takes place twice; one, while you are open-eyed, and this is to have a joy, but silently; another, while, you are blind to have pain with a mistake seeming that it is joy, but loudly.

I may be one, you may be of one but remember, never do without thinking; it may fidget you, and make fall into hole.

Just care.

Pijush Biswas

To Have, To Have (Lyrics)

To have, to have,
Dull at adream
When I first time, see,
I'm the only one
I miss you,
I miss you,
To have a touch, to have a feel;
To find out on the shore of sea of love
You,
I'm,
Don't you?
Don't lie
Don't,
Is it?
Fade and flee away
The nights,
Coming to not a despair
Love, still,
Until,
Have I a soul;
For a ringing tone, that may lead
You and me,
To sing
May I have accompany,
Never an eye that could not see
Must recognise the world,
Which is obliged to be our dream,
Again.

04/10/2017

Pijush Biswas

Is It Life (Lyrics)

Is it life,
Is it life,
On the singing branch that I see,
To have heard, when I pass,
Look at and see that I myself
Having no true mate singing,
That I may be one half of family;
Let it be gone,
I lie,
I lie
That I cry
I lie,
I lie;
Its doubt
Like, as if, when I pass through
The days, the nights,
I'm to be painful;
Save I myself
To have, to have, a control
Feeling that I stand
But, nay, had I all but
But, to sighs
I go, approach.

04/10/2017

Pijush Biswas

I Feel You Baby With An Unending Eye(Lyrics)

I feel you baby with an unending eye
I had a trust in you,
Only a cloud in your face that may rain is gone away;
Fade its now, fade it's dream,
Its I who is one, see and search onto love
Have a heart to break again and again
For anyone, like you, giv'in pain again'st,
Liv'in life I grief, gonna to be one
In the shade of light
That I should have search'd, I search,
Deep in sea of desire
Deep inside,
To have the only that I lost;
But an eye that had not seen me
Its a history, led to burn that an early
morning could not touch,
To have a strength
When you stood away, losing mind
Not an introduction had been seen
That may I feel drenched,
That I see in you will it be mine.

04/10/2017

Pijush Biswas

If You Think I'm Not Yours(Lyrics)

If you think I'm not yours
If you think I've not seen you
All must break to an end, before we die
Till you love me,
For an only grief I've in me, for having the last
breath I mix if your deep side, heaven I'll see
Sorry that I could understand you
Sorry that a mystery touches me
Sorry that I think you,
That a heart, only murmurs, speaks far as if
We can go far away,
If you think I'm not yours
If you think I've not seen you
For my head to be lift I'll cry,
Some I had days that you used to be mine
Some I had days to dream,
That I may love you.

04/10/2017



PoemHunter.com

Pijush Biswas

Supping

That I may please thee unto a damsel
Thy foot-prints cleave my heart's apparel so
Mightier than slippery way. I tell-
Shotful Spring's guest steeps into ornament
Meandering how it's gist gets a full smell;
A fine arm must cheer my aim and allow
To sup armed experience unto shell.

02-25-2017

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Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

For We Were Departed

If Tusi were queen, bewildering me
And took rest on sabbath, the swans on wings
Rounding about the river could have been
As close as to the sea, the marine things
That float high, -Lovers, they, seeming to be;

Unduly path that may unclothe bosom
To a full ringing earth might swear for her,
Day in, day out, such with aim, might be sheen, -
Alack! Can I be she, she mine, O hear,
Truth, always, is vested, Love it's wholesome

For, an early morning lays unto tone,
Of ecstasy, of high fever of joy
That I just prefer dignity to when;
If I not grill and tolerate alloy
Or obliged gulf of Love, she must atone.

Far a distance going and spending so
And likely if no a bar of demand
Be not shedded unto she and I 'tween,
There is no call, no, of immortal hand
There we would be things Love does not allow.

02/24/2017

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Pijush Biswas

Stage

Take life as a stage to perform
Not only some hours which don't deem
But the glint of needs; Leave a norm
That only a show does not seem
Better those who rue, - take favour,
Of e'er-lasting glee, or face
Finery of art and labour,
Must give sustenance unto race.
Life is curved on vows, unless flies
Dear as of dust that can't be held;
Power of will, in that all lies-
Remedy of needs, called as guild.

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02/23/2017

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet32: Swear, My Eternal Love Shall Not Fade

Swear, my eternal love shall not fade
Unwilling Spring leaves must queer and not shed
That as early embassy must be stiff
Thou may take testimony for belief
The old age must think us to be his heir
And earthly glow 'mong Love-wreath shall appear;
Thy belief may grow, I should be in arms
Of thee, - to last as Eternal tides' foams,
Those which leave thousand claps in transience
Favour'd of Love, to have the land embrace,
'Tis feast of Eternity that me leads
As ancient England was fed by Leeds
There to sink unto purified flood come
To rectify all that is ours', -Love, Home.

02-15-2017



PoemHunter.com

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Pijush Biswas

O, Let Break Tyrants' Musk

Do you feel it wink? - a starry fay's cloud,
Do you run as fast as it floats across
To mimic a free wandering?
To fight immortality is not loss
Such with a morning which is not aloud.

Have an eye which sees through the dwan and dusk,
Have the foul to be your prey; O must sue,
An eye must be eye, and quite being
Sheathed, twenty and four hours must seek hue
To see of men; O, let break tyrants' musk.

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02/14/2017

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Forgery

How will you please me, while we intersect
Both, at different domains which pursue
Both the names until recognition, left? -
Entwining shadows must remain and sue;
Favour'd of boost who are dim, are but you
By your interval of complexity:
Such take my examples which sheen as new,
That misunderstanding vex amity
Indignity, theft and plundering, O;
Moreover toil of labours exchange names.
The sun rises, that, is an early true
Even 'tis East whereby it touches climes,
Not for only an hour; - Are you bitter?
O, nothingness, you need to keep it hide
For who deserve, not deserve, are matter
And you, churning treasury need to bid
Before the scent of forgery's open;
Who drink the mothers' and suck sustenance
Rolling how far they can be live and den
To engrave with their gloat onwards, and thence
Your cheatful onions who ate their brain
Must come to end, - for, an early morning
When you seem to be caged by so called
Laws, -a statue is rather ridicule
For an prestige, manner, or were wore wrath
By such you, once; who died to redeem life
And sought an invitation, and no path
Was as breadth as skies and were stabbed knife.

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02-13-2017

Pijush Biswas

Those Who Woke, And Made Me Their Rib-Bones' Prey

Those who woke, and made me their rib-bones' prey
Those who singest, thou, singing on me
While on ferny floor bade me, 'twas a grey;
It may be I wasn't witty as of sea
Hence, thy unrestored lute, played on
Upon trivials of me; I was beat-
Unto a loom, until comes a strict dwan
Of radiant to me, once who did cheat;
The days must come on, me too, must to save
And thy e'er-lasting deceivings must dive
Into dreary conditions of lives' grave
Thence I fist my success, thee, who must give
Twelve hours' unrest seeks of lives, produced
Thee; Now I pile my grieves on sandy shore
To an immature blots of pen, seduced
Must wash them, - digging graves, of lore.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Far, As I Could Travel The Furry Ways

Far, as I could travel the furry ways
For 'oft who remember no doubting too
Whereby movement of sortless sun, but lays;
I feel the warmth of jocund 'company
Who deal, day by day, with greets old and new
O, a mystic! For that play a many
The joyful sun-flowers that palsy break
For joy; and subdue days' unwanted wear
As, to unwrath our long tormented soul-
And it must go illuminative fear
Such to a world which Love weaves and brings forth;
So, I must go the ways panting in dole
That an accomplishment 'oft such it doth.

01/19/2017



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Pijush Biswas

Miniature Of Mind

Much like him, O Suman, you know
Unto the vex'd dream; but I fear
The dusty path must not entangle, though
And woozily come no a flower

Twelve a half of day hours rest
Than much the holy players' play
O, what an embassy who fought for waist
Till the night comes before next day

An e'nt if is matter in life,
A mistake if is matter loud,
No a bar of Love will stand in belief
Where lasts no song, but only cloud.



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At Nature's Lap

For I see, unto the skies beechens come
Weary; an undecorated manner!
Among the trees I could not lend my home
To a matter who farewelled to me,
I was aback for an ecstasy far
Such as shepherd takes rest in pleasant lea
And I see the winter wear, until spring
Comes, and fills himself with the morning's gear
That's only a snow-flake, but palsy thing;
An hour, to live at Nature's lap is good
Shouting, as if, all is ours' and no fear
To lift, to dance with recollected mood.

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Sonnet31: Lurk In Deep Yet, To Seek Thy Sage Tenour

Lurk in deep yet, to seek thy sage tenour
The worldly glow must compile; wait forever-
To such complexity needs endeavour
To pile on books, or heap the grains need works
And hence, life-long aim's fervently plain lore;
We can't deny the miniature folks
Of birds, - saving breeds, with immortal wings
Or, bringing sustenance unto shell
'Tis not only for an hour, or mere things
That an easy accomplishment may fist
If thou hast will in thee power must dwell,
Underneath glory densify no mist,
Our works are one, but in diversity
As of love of memorandum, treaty.



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Pijush Biswas

Sonnet30: I Shall Not Fade Into Thy Memory

I shall not fade into thy memory
And fear, while darling bud of the May
Will show that thou art queen of sheer glory
Sheening into thy vow that will not shade
With an entwining shadow, very day,
When paltry tree leaves will be outdated;
Winter sees thy mystery at a glance
Not to be far from season's round dole
And to such an intent my mind will dance
An hour, only, but great embellishment
For, thou art such Dryad; who dost have role
Unto a winged journey, 'oft, which's sent
To palsy shake, - to live an hour's love
By thee is to pay thy debt with full grove.



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Pijush Biswas

Sonnet29: An Undying Memory E'er Comes By

An undying memory e'er comes by
Debonairness; futilities amain
Thro' dark, vehemently veil; and these try
Under such ambient new endeavour
As the woozy flowers sail amongst gail
And what an embassy thy life-long choir!
Unto the success when thou o'en-eyed peer
And it's reclining on thy hand, not far
Till thou art one whosefor made no a jeer
For thou art ignited thyself in task
And foil listed itself in foible, now,
And pretty dwells memory in mask;
Fairly flow'd it until bower be down
To a world, where everything is our own.

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Sonnet28: For An Honour When I Did Conceal My Fear

For an honour when I did conceal my fear
For an ecstasy! - A pretty fairness!
Crippling, as if, distance I did appear
To House, full of wrath, widening vanity;
O may I be wrong with an empty eye
Yet more can I say o'er entity
'Tis, whose heartlessness rather did suppress
And unto the death counted down on me
And fairly, but my mane, unvain, did press
Whosefor could I talk to a solution?
Alone, not only alone who stood be
And protested not only stallion
O I died, I died not for hour
I died by tangled slapping shower.

01/06/2017

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If We Don't Loathe

No, e'er no, with a sizzling eye
Nor it will subdue, as for fair
Loathe, into paltry humane
Rather an unsocial care
It shouts as not in balmy tree
Wherefore it pity dwells, or longs-
If an hour could be mine, or be
Unto ours', must it be in throngs.

01/05/2017

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Sonnet27: To Such A Man, When Village Recalls Him

To such a man, when village recalls him
'Tis very fine that it relates wisely
Who is clear, and straight as my rondel rhyme
Almost same to declaimer of the Love
Not only an hour, seeming to be grey,
That not only a bud may shake above
So he comes as to be diurnal sun light
To speak all minds of stored quivering;
And to be gay is not overdone right
As same as clouds play in favour of wind
O such we are jocund, such it brings thing
That only power of Love can all us bind
When, at such ugly things the world dies by
Mazily we see with immortal eye.

01/02/2017



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Manifestation

No a bud scuds 'thro repulsive drift now
With no bloom; no a reedy tune would glow-
Long a sigh, ending at done work must lift
Till the flow'd arms ask no a bar or shift;
Faining later on, or seeking fineness
Our bravery must awake to express:
Unsink ship must sink into endeavour
Deep, until win, -and petty sweat's vapour,
And you, who care pudding ice would not grieve
Ten, or e'er-lasting green come by sheave;
Wherein, life's a shadow disperse worry
Full in sound, when demands swing round glory
What less? Our tenant new-year n'er would let
To excel dreams, those wander'd by sun-set
Clear, owning forth full a dream, hope; we do,
As unconscious and grimm'd as late not too
As sun suc'eds to sun as of glory
Succumb'd by new-year's words which bore 'Sorry'
Is there no jocund 'company who win?
There is no one laceless who must not sheen
In unvoid truth of mine; I shall care not
That a pensive mood, not unfairness lot;
Rather undearthness would prevail now, till
A gale's, onwards the world cheerfully fill
Sung half a seed-song, again, must glue, O!
Remembering wreath of the herd; fair know!
New-year, as if, e'er-widening, long dale
Bear of Mankind, wherefore it entitle
The dewy grasses, the long ahead road
And feet play on; 'tis a life-longing goad.

12/30/2016

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New Year's Provision

New Year lays by Spring's side
To such a consolation give
That all, a long, will be full of pride
Who doth aspire be under sun, live

When long a days we yearn, onwards
Haply, unconquer sounds descend
Happily flowers of sands be rewards
To an accompany who must not bend

Fine and cleverly, so full of warmth
As we act, yet to share dominion
Of ours, not stretching hands of any wrath-
Tides or waves of eternity can give pain

We are mere oblivion, said to be
Singing in gains, lamenting on woes
And rather us the year must see
If we don't be ingratitude to it's allows.

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Christmas Day

Shadow, shadow of the night
Into skies star's twinkling bright,
Woes of the year ceased to be
While my friends I must see;
Unto the day the merry bell
Ringing joyfully doth foretell
That we are ours own.

Clear and fine as we
Shinning about Christmas tree
See the day coming again-
Bounty fairs combine;
Heigh Ho- Heigh Ho
Christ is coming, Lo!
The city is reknown.

Reclining full of will
Upon the day, we fill
With our unshunned play
How far can we the day;
Light on spray must talk
About the ancient walk
Of kings, precious, brown.

12/25/2016

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To Mist

Thou, undying soul of Winter; O hear,
Sheathing enterprise of season, our own!
While thou art fortified, thy stains not fear
On the sun, - comes the fruitfulness afield
Thy olde mystery be full, reknown
Breathing high o'er chilling dome, must build
Until gaudy summer comes, a domain
As same as summer's soul leases it's role
Not to recline upon the lands of chain.
The unsoaked ground must pay thy debt now
Clear and fine, as, delicate humane
And hasten the growth as their fertile vow;
Ifear not that it may due; it may care!
O fastening ditties! Till thou art free
Come all prosperity, not for a fare;
Thou art fine among sun, such a dude
Sometimes seeking himself; adieu toll,
Fear no more, fear no, O fair attitude.



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Pijush Biswas

Sigh No More

What dread hands? What dread feet? Calamity?
What is fire in repenting sun, O Sigh!
What is shadow in reclining evening?
Fain in thyself in fever of joy high
Taunting no more, no, the Eternity
Replenished with love duly singing.

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So You Bleach

1.

May it be thunder, while
Seen, deep sea,
Of knowledge far a mile
O, lets see!

2.

Pitier than worse, seem-
Than, to love!
A Lover must redeem
It above;

3.

Yet, it swells him between
Love and choice,
And be wise, not a mean
Follow voice.

4.

Too deep the days, incur;
Late, a noon,
He came; Priya was sure-
All they swoon,

5.

Though neighbour's in favour,
Hints not word;
They were as if, for hour
'Gain to board.

6.

Until affair be, she
Did not care,

In Love she loths and be
A gin, fare.

7.

How much you love me, O,
A gaunt boy?
Said she, - 'Girl of twin brow',
'Seems not coy'.

8.

Not few, by dint of light
Total share-
Love o'er, Lover said, but
Much than mare;

9.

Thus exceed the fouts, now
Unaware!
Childlike both had no vow
To appear.

10.

Love has goals, n'er exist,
Fain in speech;
Too a much smash the fist-
So you bleach.

I Fear If I Could

Two and half years were happy, and I, fine-
Twisting shadowy goals, no reedy tune
Could be heard, those were not yours' and least mine
While wholesome today exceeds sandy dune;
No a beauty mars hearts if these subdue.
I am prettier than you, now, who's dim
Such in complexity pranks bolt in dew,
I am better freaky, who seem not grim;
Entertaining half a way who goes far
Is, to whom no a bar encircling
Nor in Love, nor in Vainness, nor in Care!
Vex'd dream is not a dream, having not fling
- - O, seeming how a hallucination,
Fainting in weariness, or stupid;
And later be renew my heart, plays on
Till I seek one, standard, who seems not hid.



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Ode On Rain

Thy bless may not come disguise; I believe
Out, on field, thou mesmerize-
Close to mind thou spread beams, before the eve
To such a moon 'tself doth resize
And happier than men
Nothing can appear, when
All subject and property seem spared
Declaring how trust should rescue
In scorching sun, frown of fire, appeared.

Thou, the matured relief of summer,
Fain material of my verse,
Free and cognate being, thou must not mar
Of whom pity uncareth large
Lives and deaths 'betwixt, and
Where shadows extend hand;
Thou art such a Finch soars high up the skies-
Linguistical; much than view!
For end of thorough suppression release.

Thou, wanting fairly to be condensed, come
Prettier than I, who welfare-
Fine in condolence, divine Ganges' home!
To swains whom thou care and must spare.
Thou, fill the yellow plain
With the entwining grain!
Having it been done, tonight, I must hymn
Being flow'd by happy days' hue
Which may allure a dead in lithic rhyme.

It must appear that the idle kings die,
Despairs, the kings of 'indolence'
May'st these come on thee thoughtfully to lie;
Thou art ingenious to Earth, forth-hence
Not unspirited to gale
Nor unraptured, nor pale,
Always repeated in complexity;
Deep in Nature, where sea lives too
Must come thy bossom, beside the city.

Thou art not mean as to be declaimer
Of far-going famine, today
Thou art historical, while no a bar
Could suppress Ayodhya; on way,
Of Sarayu, while flow
Water 'tween high and low.
And sorting by Nature has a gay play
Some as a tie, some as a rue
And grains of sand, a premium, that lay.

The high land hills, the low land plain, together
Resting in fruitfulness, avow
Thee; I fear if I could not by thee near
Life had not a mast that can blow;
Thou art father of ground,
Soaked in conquer sound-
Hint, a winning o'er heat, strain, and press.
Our best friends are those who some glue
And mysterious beautiful! impress!

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12/02/2016

Pijush Biswas

Ode On Beauty

I salute you for you limit no bar
To adopt kindness far a much,
When you're pure, glen of toil shoting afar
Must come on ground.

Going and coming will not be a play
Leaning high o'er the lively touch;
Poor who craveth, upon you, must rely,
E'er not be hound.

'Mid a day, 'mid a night, who light in you
Must light our hearts, only as pouch,
When grown; no longer be hidden in view!
Cheerful beats sound.

Happy Nature! Itself, who cares presence
Of flow'd streams and cooing birds, such,
Is full of hymns and rhythms of cadence-
Must go full round.

And Heav'n, lark in deep when lashes the wind
And I'm gourmand at empty couch
And swells, come round about the year, kind;
Thus you spellbound.

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Politics

All powers, politics and thrones must die
Seeming as to be nocturnal flowers
With the fingers tips of common who cry
And creep as a boat who has no bowers.

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To Morality

For true hands shot itself to condolence,
Better we are; nonetheless, who redeem?
'Tis to whom the world care little or condense.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

O Newborn Child Of Increasing Fairness

O newborn child of increasing fairness
Do lay thy bossom as punitive veil,
It must be affair, but in archaic sense,
Who deem in transiency, but in fail
Must die a truant at half of a weigh;
Care wherefore thou art little, - my steadfast lore!
Green follows dryness, not e'er-lasting green
Pit-coal not in itself, but weather; thence,
Greenery as Lakshmi-diamond, Narayan
Be born, to deploy Earth, or assure more.
Those stroll around thy legacy, are meek
And I must prefer them, until a fire
Of incantation solveth o'er the wrench
I must be poor, day-long who desire,
But not to be in shire of empty speak.



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Singing Of Nature

I know where's Nature's manifestation
Lark in the deep Nature is fit,
Silence or brawl in bosom may be on
And prettier than lamp be lit.

First the morning sun doth take better role
Coming silently on meadow
Like a guardian to protest the foul
Which lived night thro', high or low.

Then the shouts of men with bird's twittering
Engulf airy trumpets, appear;
Day doth seem to be short and must not sting
Until busiest part of Earth's fair,

Or down the hunger be. I am raptured!
I glee upon the sun and men,
I glee upon the crimson light and bird,
Let me sing of this which's often.

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Don't Stand Aloof, If E'er Comes Wind

Don't stand aloof, if e'er comes wind
Success, in earthly loom, is stake
Not a Gothic recline, but kind;
To vanquish filthy wear, must make
With conjured decree thou opine
Retreating not steps, which, divine
And far to go, ne'er ceased be.

Glided by will, often, we go
Than, to relinquish bad habit
Whereby listed cemetery woe-
O, care the wind, seems to be lit
Clinging wherein it, hence, must do;
- A better weapon can't be wee,
Is what no one made e'er to see.

To wind, melodramatic fair!
To fight this must thee apparel
Bad man ne'er be ceased, not a hair
E'en not a content, words to tell;
Being prettier than them don't allow
To participate, e'en from now
Then, care much thy dominion.

To wind, frolic utility!
Replenished with undearth care
Or, cherished by amity
To whom all a Gospels' aware;
And, not to wind, just is pity
Wherefore, fear is here e'er reknown
And there where head is goosery down.

11/05/2016

Pijush Biswas

For The Temple Bell Tolls Here

For the Temple bell tolls here, we are fine.
Unless, may come disgraced mind, not an hour!
He is one who all thy careth, Divine
He loveth them who deserve, loved be
If tyrants be deceivers, falls e'en Tower.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet26: Don't Dip Into Sight, Until Winter's Void

Don't dip into sight, until Winter's void
Play more tunes, sought constantly in 'sphere
If, far a worry be, here, must avoid;
For Spring's tale far away, later be shown
And Winter, pungently, being not here
Will, hence, such with a rigging be a down,
Wherein Love's growth considereth such way
Three wholesome steps to wear pretty lore
One for you, two for other, to be gay.
Just, as, first meet, then realize, after choice
Afterall Love is made, chilling mind wherefore
- O hear! Love is but for whom, has voice
In need, to let Winter come on green spray
And dew-drops, upon minds, equally do lay.



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Pijush Biswas

Sonnet25: Let Day Come Down At The Usher's Freak Bell (Written At The Pre-Declaration Of World War Iii)

Let day come down at the usher's freak bell
Let 'sphere fill with dingle of blood; who care?
We are not ours', far as if you foretell.
How should we mind in your bushy tail
If harmful repeatations be affair;
To declare, to keep on, war, just a gale-
Not ours', but to whom countrymen appeal.
By the shire of lethe, nearby the deep sea
While many and many, craving for heal
Would die, what may your country be, know?
- -Just an unmanured field detolled be;
And see, that all you spake, only a vow
Not to shine in need, or be blest by Him
Rather see, while drawn out we, is but grim.



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Pijush Biswas

Sonnet24: Not In Thee, Nor Part From Me Is Attired

Not in thee, nor part from me is attired
Our love, yesterday's pleasure; in gain
As, too a Love is just a seek; not fired
By desire; 'tis better go other way
For, half a distance utilized by pain
And heartless famine came on very day;
'Tis good to know how trusty men rescue
If possibly, or undirefully be.
Notwithstanding, every body can rue
Either the man really loves beloved
Or, grants, such we, beloved just to see;
Far, to say, as I see, Love is gloved-
Just some narrow dates that always compare
Days, - to seek joy, to demand very good air.

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Pijush Biswas

Sonnet23: My Country! Have Stars Risen In Thy Skies?

My Country! Have stars risen in thy skies?
Not farewell to thee, for they are embarked
Ever green, shadowy upon thy wheeze
Who mark every a deed whole to please thee,
Much are untold worries of past days, worked
Our pretty ancestors ceased to be;
Not in thee thyself, not part in ours'
Came to be a pity wear, yet had strive
To seek a goal whose mystery appears.
I'm obliged to forsee, either thou, or
I, who redeem; or who care for to dive
Whilst my broken pen-blots utterly allure
To lease them thoughts; I'm poet mere to say
Nor a doctor, nor a soldier anyway.



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Pijush Biswas

Sonnet22: Love, Mercy, Pity Swear To Give You

Love, Mercy, Pity swear to give you
Your majestic gait unless you kill
Thousand a heart not hidden in a view
Love, being a dress must make you a man
Utterly, who realize other and fill
With enchanting speech so all you attain
Mercy, being your face must not let
To charm the respect of you totally
Which as baize, upon you, always must wait
Pity, being your shoe must show way
To go further, letting you more tally
When much are done by you on a fine day
Those, who have no such Love, Mercy, Pity
Are less blest by Him to such amity.

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2018]

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet21: What Shall I Compare To Thee, If Not Known

What shall I compare to thee, if not known
How may it compromise to me blindly?
- -To mark unknown much is all to disown,
Such vulnerable impulsion; better thou!
I would rather attempt to thee, much holy,
Clamorously thy hope parting from now
When, will fly; Then, rather I'd be Indus
To utilize depth, and bear thee to sea
Of entreated Love, O, which may come, thus;
- -I compare to thee that ta'en away,
Much occasion star, that unfoiled be
To seek, to catch, to hug me all a day
Hence, rather I'd say 'tis better unknown
For, if ever sun dims, may thou be down.



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Pijush Biswas

Sonnet20: O Mistress Mine! Have A Day Which Is Fine

O Mistress mine! Have a day which is fine-
Thy olde Moire may dim at completion
Of Love- which may hackney onto life-line;
The scent of Love may not be a pity wear
Where Love lasts not by mere consolation
And with full a basket day doth appear.
Old shadows, glories' past be, and must hale
To thee, - some as recumbent's gushing win
Or, some as melted dews, on grasses pale
To subdue pain, and make grow content mind
We are slave of tongue, far-off; obliged din!
Yesterday, what happened, may be kind
If, unclustered be heart, or out fear
And we, as mysterious as day near.

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Pijush Biswas

Sonnet19: O Master Mine! Shalt Thou Pity Me Wear

O Master mine! Shalt thou pity me wear?
If I turned, where thy olde mystery forsake
In content smile to make me out fear?
When the pretty sun doth measure a stake
Of Honesty to fill in long and undisturbed aim?
Excess of joy, excess of greed as thou say'st
Are not for those who attempt to be men, claim;
So I say, can't it be less the woe, their, in Tempest
Wherein, far, a lot went to be thy prey
And unassured, when most were vain in thee;
Too me, when much to be assured of life, makest grey!
Continuous as the star thou glitter, though be
In darkening night, trifle all thee careth;
Say hay, say hay- except, who welfareth!

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Pijush Biswas

Sonnet18: I Love Thee, Well, I Love Thee

I love thee, well, I love thee
Thou art as kind as the crescent moon
And the balmy tree, tonight, must swoon
Uncleverly to thy scent equal to be,
Tonight the Earth must take a pretty course
Or, the Temple bell must have cadence
To our welfare, and see us, hence
Whereof we must seek better than worse,
That is- seeking for Love, both thou and I
Must appear to be a Happy Dun
Not shadowy glen of strangers would pun
Nor would come frown of mortal eye
To dethrone us- or our fire of desire
Nor appear, tonight, blame to mire.



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10/15/2016

Pijush Biswas

Humanity Is A Divine Face

Humanity is a divine face
Sure to be certainty in benevolence
Unless dies a True man's disappearance
While war and quarrel race;
We the humans are not puny
We are the sun's children,
Who have woe and joy
Or together with we burn
Nevertheless-
Our heart is one who craves
As it pretty wears, petty unwore
In some demands
In some gains.
We are humans:
As if diurnal flowers
Who checketh his wear
As if nocturnal scent
Who spreadeth his bossom to sea,
Then where not to appear
Or, say it{Humanity} 'Bye'?
One who dies in e'press
Is one who has dress
Or, one who dies in hid
Is one who is hideous, -
So should we have less inhumanity
And humanity much
For, woe and joy together
Burn us to make us our
Father, Sun.

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10/14/2016

Pijush Biswas

Poverty

Poverty is a curse which too long a distance
Crosses across the sea and forest until a desire
By one who is filled by mischance
Be created and possesses a worthy attire.

10/07/2016

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Press A Will

Blest thou art until a liar
Pity well: thou art a fame
I will say thee it to do
That all thou carest, now little care
Say it(fame) 'Nay', now 'Nay'

The whole upon thee, must break
If the scent of Love withdrawn
Much to care the Happy Woe
Them, care, much to take
Know, always, they must pray

Not for thee, nor for them
Nothing, ye nothing- but yet
All swells will come to glue
And all we, thou and they, overwhelm
To see further a new day

Sack of believes, nor a petty woe:
Has a try to say something
Men depart and years go
Inbetween be friend and foe
Lastly, all equally lay

Have a day with truest sun
To the thirsty travellers content
Look forward, look backward, Lo!
Everythings' not a dun
While we go a different way.

10/03/2016

Pijush Biswas

Night-Piece

Twice a time I looked through window
While the night was spectre-gray
And clouds, across the skies went half way
While mazy wind blew fast up and below.

I looked at the thatch and saw a bird fly
Who saw me look for something in deep
While far-off ships had words to keep
And I was assured, and could not but try.

Then I looked and I looked: Must to see
How the airy trumpet beat upon joy
I tried fast and smoothe, as a boy
Who have clarion, sung half hidden from tree.

09/14/2016

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Pijush Biswas

Life Is

Life is a vessel's state, far and clear
Clung to hope; wholesomely it'd be to vow
That all too mine, but I'd rather be
Quite fit than it affords. I had a prayer-
'I'll eat, grow fast, never fight to live'
O, now, is a failure but a bad dream,
As I saw it had blend of both-pithy and emptiness.
The rough wind always blows fast
And caresses, as if, teemed from foe's breathe
Must have been an unwitman's count;
A banyan is a tree which truly remind-
That all we have is totally not ours,
We just should care little about,
For whereof fair weather declares not diversely
Impity inance woe, bitterness and bite.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

A Haunting Night

'Who is there? ', I said to the stranger
Every night who did call me and swear
Saying, - 'I would make for thee a hut,
Full of peace and happiness much to thy will'
And I could not see awhile for she would depart.
'who is there? ', I said second on a wintry night
As though of half a way I went, lost my right;
While backward my home was dark and dim
And seemed she hide leaving me quite thrill
Yet, I looked for her under unconsiderable gleam.
The surrounding was unmatchable to atmosphere
That though had I cried none could hear
And I seeming her to be ghost I shivered
Until the stranger filled me with heart's fill
While a host of wild owls upon me cheered-
'Kuu-ka-ku, Koo-koo-koo', among resonant leaves,
Or, 'Vaa-hu, Vaa-hu', bleating lambs on sheaves
Jeered, as if, I was tamed more than them
By the present conditions of vague drill
As the conditions, thence, made me overwhelm.
Hence I sleep, almost half awake on my bed
She came again, and threw a bunch of pledge
Knocking upon my window-pane, symmetrical
To the darkness of my mind at unrapturous bill
And I was swayed, daunted, and at once fall.

08/10/2016

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Pijush Biswas

To Hungry Crow

Thou, unravished soul of nature
Thou art child of festal mood of day,
Breaker of silence at morns' feature
Until the day utterly ceased to be
Upon the thatch, the roof, or abbey.

Thou art heartfelt crier of famine
While terrestrial need is high
And sorrow and woe by divine
Resize itself; And we summoned thee
To excise all upon the tyrant's lie.

Once upon a time, while thou wert
Fine and clever in earthly loom
Far, as if, we sought thy heart;
Fourdecades and half gone to be
Yet, yesterlike has to be gloom.

Yet, thou art present hungry destiny
Such as a million humans' were
Though here all are 'nony- nony'
Nor last we, nor thou, to see
That everyday can we live out fear.

08/08/2016

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(Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in
January, 2018)

Pijush Biswas

The Song Of A Disaster

Rain and rain; thence, disaster came
As half a month, thoroughly, day and night
The shadowy loop of death, unrest, made lame
Their native land, until they fight
For those which they hold to live in;
But could they little measure!
How fast the giant could have been
Or, left unwealthy and unassure.

'Twas 2000's, and summoned to be deep
In fire, or rain, or shinning sun
That, infact, a million had to weep
And could not run about the dun;
The fire kept no words, though the rain
Had daunted them. Later, went on-
Just to have, woe and wholesome pain
Living plants, living animals, properties gone.

Nilu, had a little house, stiffly stalked
Yet had an omen upon it, that all-
His father's tomb, was further not talked
His dear Litchi tree, had a call;
Only the despair and horror of days
Meanwhile, churned his brain
And the indear flood, blocked alleys
For living, or him to disdain.

Until all a neighbouring had been
Pitiful, affectionate to one another
Sorrow stirred them to ween
'Where to live? ' or, 'Who will them bear? '
It had not a petty amount to disperse
And I fear it be my witness
So, I write it round about my verse
That may come upon them a bless.

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[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in 2018]

Pijush Biswas

The Road I Went Through

I like the road I went through
And seemed as clever as the skies
Who bear their bosom to bough
While fly at distance wild pies
To give rest them, and cover with wear
'Em, under a coming fear.

On a morning, under July, I
Tried full at a swing to reach
Where underneath the sea die
At completion, Hopes who teach
That Life is all too long a date
Who, at confluence, ends as rivulet.

I go and I go, - and came rain
Briefly, but all to make difference
And could not understand main-
Should I return or approach, thence;
I care my aim,
I care the road who made
The difference; nor I claim
Nor he was weighed to provide a shade.

06/28/2016

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[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in 2018]

Pijush Biswas

Mrs. Gupta

Her service is a vanity; she loaths the lower
Days go on at her mentorship at empty hue
She says, 'I can't do these', always with power
Half a day, crost by her rue-
Panting, deploying, criticizing, or rebuking;
Had all but now everyone chanting-
'When will her case be full! '
The case- 'That she laments one day she may die'
'Tis to me so unbearable and dull
Every next day, seen all her mystery lie.
May her be a table with, or all she is provided
But how he could not give a bread
To whom she had urged to give her waist.
Everyone's majesty built with generosity and love
And empty personality is what who waste
And permit none nothing above;
Mrs. Gupta: -has nothing though has everything,
Is a shallow minded, seeking for winning.
But one dear call for sleep makes her ditto-
Under the chilling air she appeals to eyes
Which next the everyone has made their motto.
We just learned it from her! To having cool breeze
Upon the forehead.'Tis only thing we learn
From her, except because we petty earn.

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Pijush Biswas

Reminiscence Again

Though the day I had at it's fill
Only you the one come by my way
And rather the old friends did conceal
Behind curtain, on the day.

Later Sun rise, after all, on you
Half hidden from the shine I call
As the withered leaves by dew
Restore itself, next to fall.

Had I all but a fair breathe
After you and they had come
In the life, full of garland and wreath
When Love had a blossom.

Now days are unrest, shadowy by path
Even, recurring in the mind
'Tis all just a saddest aftermath
That we, all, have been different kind.

Where the Sun rose, and set in
We came to know; thence forgot-
Till we come to tryst within
Quarter a life of happy lot.

06/26/2016

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Pijush Biswas

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[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

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[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy", in 2018]

Pijush Biswas



Truth Wins, But

Truth wins! Ever embarked in honest goal!
Even truth doth ignite petals of mind.
We are unwise, for we know not all a kind,
Prettier than Gemini, half-hidden from aireal coal.
Thus, we are not slave of tongue; thus, Almighty
Had granted not a foul just to show
A leaf-fringe'd fence, or thence not to avow
Against being a slave of duty, and sing a ditty-
Far, as if, we have crost, ancientness is past.
We have all, but in empty gruesomeness
That truth is mystery around worldliness
And we can't but deny truth at all, aghast.

06/03/2016

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 PoemHunter.com

(Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in
January,2018)

Pijush Biswas

Death

None of us, not you nor I
O Friends! would see the earth forever
Nor tryst of pleasure ever tie
The commons, instead fever
Of everlasting call for death;
Fine- as we came at birth
Must return- -

Leaving all oceanic knowledge
Leaving woes of dear family.
Nothing, nor Love nor Pledge
Nor haste of joy, nor haste for sally
Would come back at undearthness;
The hollow of world's cider-press
All we, must burn.

05/06/2016

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Pijush Biswas

While Passing Over The Farakka Bridge

'Tis wonder while passing over the FARAKKA BRIDGE
We lay gazing outside through windows of train
Bursting into laughter upon the sun, risen in horizontal edge;
As if, all sorrows, old and past, undeployed to attain
A hygienic touch, and gaunt by hyperbolical years.
Yonder, Bangladesh, seen with mesmerizing scene
Capturing eyes with melted dews, fairly appears-
And dealing with waters Ganga wants the country wean;
The winds, winding upon the patch touch the ears
The rays, often being thralls of motion be shifted too
Among couches; Towards the river throwing fears,
All birds, crows, linnets, sparrows- cheerfully woo.
One day follows, and they crave for a sheer joy
Fishermen, our country's one majority, have good swing
Then, we look forward, - as a clear and fresh boy
Wandering among gallopers, we may be winged being
Dreaming far, about the DELLS which exist between
Two sub-cast river sides. Cropped by wind the local trees
Consider nuisance; although if we could have been
There, must see the vale entire, instead hard wheeze.

[Published in his self-published book 'Some Suitable Words', in January, 2018]

05/05/2016

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Pijush Biswas

Since, I Had Been So- My Dear

Since, I had been so- my dear!
My heart was sheen, thou wert my lover;
But, all, washed away in some grievance
By swaying branches of motley dance.
Sorrows of night, not redeemed by Almighty
Could I not bear, - - for Pity
Which, shown upwards, jeered up;
And sprightly pillows which the flood,
Gallantly, did sink, -or least, kept alive
Must show historic, or never dive.

Know, Love waste not by time nor will
Love is, always, wanting favour and appeal;
Love is like taste of florescence in life
Love is but a ride on a cheerful cliff.
What sorrow, what woe, then, had we
That Krishna gave a turn for me?
Then, - -I would better claim, nor hope
Is it written to be for special blood?
Oh! yet, Hope is a feather, flinging into skies
Must bring us to Love with lease.

04/29/2016

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Pijush Biswas

An April Night: Fresh And Clear

An April night: fresh and clear
Loneliness seemed to be grim.
Above the moon, there's nothing dear
We laid wasting time at brim.
The brokenness of shadows of leaves
Wanting fairness in resonant air
Teemed; and along furrows, sheaves
While resting, did they little care.
As if, sunk half the moon, we saw
Into the skies, half above horizon;
Symmetrical to us Nature's paw-
Or captured us devicely by His moan.
It was vaulted the place we stood
With clouds, scattering by a lair
And thereby waste a night with mood
Undaunted by broken-strings' lyre.



PoemHunter.com

04/25/2016

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Pijush Biswas

Pity Has A Saddest Name

'Pity' has a saddest name
'Love' has a sweetest bud
The World whom both they show
- - One is 'deny', another 'will';
'Pity' is devil,
Bowing bowers of snow-
While 'Love' always cud,
Or, us tame
To the bowers of power
Not only by hour.

04/23/2016

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Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet17: Like A Tale Whereof Thou Dwell I Love Thee

Like a tale whereof thou dwell I love thee
Had I nought ever, nor cult yesterday too
Yet I unwrought today by self to be
For thou hast tale where birds woo
Primitive, - nor sorrow can touch skies
Of blues, nor begone well to narrow mind;
Just, to have a Heaven, tolls the breeze
I'm the less where pretty Loves bind?
Lo! like a skylark, far off, went my dun-
Pity has smell of smile, or keenness to see
Where pretty lovers meet their sun
Or haughtiness befalls attired by thee
Long Love! it can't hide asif it is dream
Though I have, thou fillest me at brim.

04/07/2016



PoemHunter.com

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Pijush Biswas

All Things Die

All things die; what immortality fades not by years
We laied wasting our time into mere conjured decree
We lost ourselves by dainty illuminative fears
And cared little, - how city ravens fly upon air free.
That reign, that could have been high or low
Was obliged by ransacking utterances of freedom
To descend; Mughal or British who had not woe-
Although they had azure skies of chilling dome?

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

A Question To Every Motherland

Why thou art pleased with Martyrs' love
Thou art pity, - filled with arrogance, sordid boon!
Why their deaths return again, late or soon
And country bards' song can't move the Grove.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Fly-Fly! O Bird

Fly-fly! O bird
Winter's gone, Spring's come
And wore a veil all who were tired,
Allover now feel at home.

You may call a day
Southern ocean- the best
Or, fly far and away
There to make a nest.

The Spring will fill you
With which has long yearned
- -Night's peace, or morn's dew;
Refreshing hope, burned.

I call you yet, again
With the weigh of life,
Against feeling of world pain-
Fleeting upon conjured leaf.

Old gratitude! Have a wing
If you are concrete at aim
Same as Krishna, the king
Filled Earth with whim.

Who call you unblithe?
Must have a naked wear!
Or, remain unprevailing in mirth
As no earthly cause is dear.

You have your own voice-
Undaunted by any cause;
Amid skies, soaring high a choice
May you make, at a pause.

Your song is never ceased to be,
As guarded by some Angel
Of fresh and clear weather; see,
They are unutterable, well.

Fly- fly! O bird, sing
Let the old bards fail
Or not jeer upon your wing
To fly ups and downs the gale.

03/18/2016

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Pijush Biswas

I Wandered By The Margin Of Bay

I wandered by the margin of bay
As a call from far a distance;
I gazed- I gazed; sea did play
As if, constant to the Kashfuls' dance,
Until sun sets at slot of verge
And play stones under low ebb
Or queer, which I sought did diverge.

Meanwhile, silence came in deep
Among old leaves of Tamarisk;
Wanting, people who galloped did peep
Through eve, at fall of bay's brisk.
And 'tis I who merely saw- -
Comely, the skies drawing a lib
And the sea pulling his jaw.

I saw, I saw long the Bengal bay
Open and wide to my mind,
Far-off stars at night on way,
Across the sea blow the wind.
I saw people taking thrill, when
Sea-waves lash upon rib
Although, in beautified mien.

03/17/2016

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Pijush Biswas

To High Land Lass

O come, say, no more days to wait
O high land lass, bait again!
Let portrait thy land by thy trait
And go all shadows of pain.

Old meadows, glades- - all are still
Although unglistering at thy absence
Winter is gone, Farewell!
Yet, all pain my sense.

There are dried moires of Grove
Falling, bewildered by past;
Though happily reared by Love
Of thee, all's too aghast.

Soon or late, will fly the pies
Baffling rainbow hue
Among trees, amid skies
At the fall of old-restored dew.

The rivulet, once who was fleet
Will rise again at thy touch
Or, when thy sickle will meet
To the next season much.

03/13/2016

(Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in
January, 2018)

Pijush Biswas

On A Bird Who Died

When I was on the path
I saw a bird cry
Early a saddest aftermath
As the surrounding was dry.

On a wintry eve, her death
Was beyond everyone's count
'Tis the bird, only, who did taunt
After I had taken a breathe.

I saw a lovely woman come
But she, the bird was laying
With ruffled, battered wing
Just I had been at my home.

Lovely woman, lovely!
Grew pain in her
And cried loudly saying- 'O Milly!
Why you are no more dear? '

 PoemHunter.com

03/12/2016

Pijush Biswas

One Dusty Evening

One dusty evening, and I methink
A call from far a distance
The sun sets and the moon does wink
Beneath the tree peahens dance.

I said to Him, God! O, bless
'Tis deep and narrow the lane
And could see my hope half or less
To be filled, and obtain.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

About A 70 Aged Man Who Sold Days

He walked as fast as Sun passes
And cleverly rounded about Hamlet
Though he died of meagre mess,
Was there none to know or let
Him, upset and unfair to be
In some glories of world.

By the shire of sea, people wander
And play utmost to fulfillment
But one who could not endear
Is none but he, the unpatent
Or, leaning against human kind
Were not competent he told.

On a wintry morning, near sea
While groaning under Tamarisk
Came he, - stole, that was fair to be
And lost all those were brisk
And there were none to see
The shrunken hard and the old.

He was a man who could share
Life, to children he gave birth
Yet, not made home, nor sphere
In world; so remained a heath
Among gallopers till he does bind
Life within 70 age, by days sold.

03/02/2016

Pijush Biswas

Remembrance

To last half at thy care is a steadfast lore
Bright star, I would be waning least by time
The Glow desired to be mine by full of core
And Moor, - colored in green, overflowed by chime
Lot, veiled yet, -would never come back fear
Nor be pleasant, dressing on old culture's mane
The old remembrance will be boosted with tear
Or, caressingly, icy breeze smite upon window-pane.
Though gleaming, unfair the weather may be
Gliding, where thy secret once was sheen
'Tis spoiled, that in thy love perfectly I could see
Moreover a toil, unjust, could not have been
For a Love, - wanting in some gruesomeness
Might pervade it's lace to our demand
If untold worries of those days could I express
And nearby rivulet, stood by hand in hand.

02/22/2016



PoemHunter.com

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Pijush Biswas

Spring Love

If you come to say and deny my priority
The new born Spring will murmur into your ears
With it's purity; and still they will love with ditty-
The old lovers, who have gone old by years to years.
The Springtide will bring them to fulfillment
And they will grasp the tides of west sea
Until the Moon wanes, before their love go by,
I say, - not even a leaf will fall, or be
Wrinkled by heat, if we stay everyday nigh.
Nor a jab of jealousy of the city-pent
Will bring us to suffer fever of present,
The Spring skies with clouds will stretch
To vast as far as it can once who went
Wrong, and occupy the capacity to trace
Our love; and the trees will be shaded by leaves
Or, flowers, will shower with fragrance again
If you come to say and deny my priority
The new born Spring, thus, recover our pain.



PoemHunter.com

02/20/2016

[Published in his self-published book 'Some Suitable Words', in 2018]

Pijush Biswas

Now I Do Not Know

Now I do not know
In parting from your love
Would remain my vow
As sheer love is it above.
I see old ducks call
Beneath the quicker tree
Or, be awake against fall
Of leaves; or stay free
As far as they can be
Whereby we once made
Ourselves repeatedly to see
Them again, again parade.
O 'tis short a date-
As they were our mentor;
Though I've not mate
Whom I took to tour
Under those shrunk skies
Will something be pitier than these?
Now, I see all dies
In some refusal of breeze,
O blow, blow! see again
O see, see, all is awake
Wherefore should we pain
Ourselves, or heart to make
Against their marching,
Year and year which go by.
Let's take again wing
To fly each-other's nigh;
The old is gold by price
Should we care lethe?
Love is not but a dice
Or, a vital broad breathe
I love you till the night
Brings both, we, peace
In coming of day light
Until all filths bleach.

02/20/2016

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Pijush Biswas

To Mariners

O sea, what's fatal woe at thy rage
Our old moire will last age to age
Inspite thy devour.

Their hands were not tremulous
They steered nights and days; thus
Succeeded at the door
And precisely saved wrecked ship
And cheered with old-restored nip
Not to be bewitched, nor poor;
Just, a thorough strive they did
Which proved not a gaunt, amid
Europe, America, or Asia;
They were great sons of lands
That their names still sung by bands
Not jeered, nor lost by amnesia
As, all's too short to be their fate
To forget, to give a narrow date.



PoemHunter.com

02/18/2016

(Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in
January,2018)

Pijush Biswas

Valentine's Years

To one who was my Valentine in three years. In some different three years our love was different with some different feelings and realizations, that we became parted consequently.....

1st Valentine

Mostly, the share of pleasure she wanted.
What desire could give, often failed
Yet, she and I travelled long, or panted
And Love which, sought, was too tailed
To our content, but now gone
So, every day and night, now we atone
To see again Love, or attain.

2nd Valentine

Old beeches, in parting from forest, die
Although, fair weather, is too heavy-
Gears up yet their utility and tie
Them; inhumility thus public too did levy
Upon us, and yet yesterlove was aghast.
We were prone to fail, and all too past,
Notwithstanding, we were in pain.

3rd Valentine

All, too short in some necessity now
I claimed to the God, what jeer up?
One attendance of her is all too short a vow
Or, highly a mystery- - 'tis to take a cup
Of tea or coffee, in a premium date,
But I can't count it as my clear fate
For, sheer Love is gone, or each we disdain.

02/13/2016

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in January,2018]

Pijush Biswas

There Was A Boy

There was a boy, Bilu
I knew him since 1998
Who did never fight
And learned to swim too.

One day he asked me to tell
'How the stars fly in skies? '
For, in great enthusiasm he fell.
I said, 'Just like the pies'.

'Ah, 'tis not easy to describe
Have they wings that pies have? '
I said, 'I knew from the scribe,
All puzzle, he must lave'.

Hence I asked him twice,
'Have you seen someone like you
Who can swim so nice? '
He said, 'Ya, 'tis flapping dew

That under the open skies float'
And he ungrumpily nodded
His head, and with queer throat
Uttered, 'The answer is embedded'.

'O, we should all have power
Or, strength which make us joyous;
We should eat well, every hour,
To be like stars, callous'.

I was pleased to hear him
And asked, 'Then how stars fly,
In skies which is dark and dim? '
And he replied, 'I must try'.

'Will is the feather of Power and Strength
So we fly, so Strength is wing
As stars have power, these go a length
Still these having not been winged being'.

'So we need Power and Strength
And Will is their feather;
Except because all is labyrinth',
I said, 'As the world they steer'.

02/12/2016

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[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in
2018, Kolkata]

Pijush Biswas

Valentine Couple

Thus the temple bell tolls again
Yesterwill not crumbled by;
Night stars, constantly align
Whilst their blots ceased to be.

Out or In, they were free
As they were none's deny
As if, two flowers of a tree
Were wise, prest to make see.

The day they were glistening
And her hair, clustered by curl
And he, twice and half, upon wing
Rolled, saying, 'I'm here'.

Then with lonley flower he chuckled
Over crowd, freakishly to unfurl
And over-did to be a man and bold
Or, to say her 'I love you with care'.

PoemHunter.com

02/12/2016

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in
January,2018]

Pijush Biswas

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[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

Old Days

We had long, long days to play
When old friendship was sumptuous;
Now, twenty and seven autumns away
I stand, and all gently pass.

Now the bridge stands still
Until white swans come under it
Though they can do to it's fill
And we, sombrely counted unfit.

Now I shout at my highest
To the still skies of February.
A clear and resonant call, prest
To assure us, or not to worry.

As 'tis merely I who want
To call on all dear ones, hid;
And those glossy days taunt
Us, as all they had us outdid.

We are grown to years' continuety
And mundanity can't deny
Whereof they are clear and pity
In some refusal of biding 'Bye'.

We are torn, as if, half of grasses
Or, morning dew drops can't be grand
On store, and schizophrenia press
Not to rest there or stand.

Pijush Biswas

To One Who Is Undefined

You took me, as a child sucks at his mother's womb
And I search strides in mirror
I search who I'm-
A bear, who flaps it's wooly hands
Or, churns it's saggy face?
A duck, who wallows 'mid clay
Or, trembles asif to stray?
A tiger, whose paws can't be shunned
Or, who is public's deny?

I say, I'm alone
Yet a human child.

You took me second, as a boy who flees
And I search it's transiency, and find-
Yes, I'm transient not in favour
I was transient in attire which did not favour.
I would like a lasting attire
Or, who denied are you
But I did not flee
As I had loyalty.

You took me third, as a man who denies to be a man
And I search it's reason by time to time
And see, I'm alone,
She, who could have not denied me
Told, I was not her own,
I was one who pretended to be a man
But, really, unfit to demand;

I say, I'm alone
Yet, a man who has a mind
Swelling and bloody
Still a man who never denies someone.

02/04/2016

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in 2018]

Pijush Biswas

To Touch The Moon

Many a days I wanted to touch the moon
I bragged to some unconscious desires
As a glutton does empty his dishes, I was hungry
And nature manufactured all my heart.
First I fell in love which was beyond my pray,
Still, I took it as covered by some protective dews
Which, by now, although has turned to ice
And can't guide my sentiment.
Some colds, yet, has come between the lines;
I try, but daunted by some prohibitions I fail.
She came twice my home and I did not deny
Then, what mystic pulses did it unopine, I know not-
She went away, I remained at my home, so all is changed.
So I take a way to inherit my love
I take poems which can bear all my pain and grief
Or, within which I can take some pleasure in pain
I'm still a man, I'm still a lover
But what I can't is to love
As my heart has turned to stone, and
I feel sore in some dependance on poems
Which, I think, may return my pleasure
In some gain,
Let it be fame or name
Let it be money or wealth.
Some say, 'You are same still now'
'You have the same, as if, to touch the moon again'.
I can't remain silent then,
I brag;
I say,
'I have those which none has,
I must live such a way which none found
I must touch,
I must touch it in some unconsciousness'.

02/03/2016

My Realization On A Day

What sluggish wind, by our love, may pervade now tell
The love, which flew over the lea will see that wind
Whose caressing hands were it's cause to spell
Or, years which grown pale by thy deny were really kind?
What the leaf-fringed horizon, again, bewitch us?
What pensiveness, out of acquaintance, did fuss
So that we, palpably were too unfit to attain.

Now thou can't be my prey, as thou art thyself aimed
They've the land, own, which I fell part in these
They've South wind which warm thee, and mine tamed
He is none but thy one, fire-evidently who did please
Thee; I'm in none, try or evidence, nor so keen
One whom I loved- nor have I, nor could have been
Yet I, out of grief, grown between thee and I, obtain.

Now, it's explored- thy deny is my cause to sore
'Twas petty heard, vast unheard by me to thy command
Although, 'twas asif the Sun was under clouds before
And earthly furnace increased density by own hand
Not to allow the Sun to peep through, into the earth
As the earthly furnace itself is her aftermath.
So, asif to be a diurnal flower towards the Sun I gain.

01/24/2016

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Pijush Biswas

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01/19/2016

[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

Cud

I had a dole, and couldn't go to Heaven
For I should have tried the rosy-bud often

She told her wrath, and I did not say anything
So, when felt queer about the bud I had felt a sting

Upon my bloody finger, which I could show
Although she might have answered me 'No'

Again I tried a second to make her mine
She, hence, told 'Okay, first I must opine'

'Is the rosy-bud there still? ', she told
I said, 'No, I have a pain, I couldnot hold'

So, in a prestigious manner she denied the bud
As if, more stingingly than it she did strike me to cud.



PoemHunter.com

01/19/2016

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Pijush Biswas

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[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet16: All Things Are Mortal At God's Fair Will

All things are mortal at God's fair will
All things die when is His one dear call at them
Otherwise, we, all in levity the earth fill
With the dearthness of depth of tearful dream.
One who haveth, is His unruffled plume
When in none He dethroned by him
As said previously, all's deaths in desire bloom
Or, fair desire never fails to fill at life's brim
If you had toil, or fair breathe in work
If you had pledge to Him, and never deny
I, thy uncountable foe, must have a York
Saying, - desire what can be filled before you die,
What less fertile is our mind
What much we do is what we can't bind.

01/10/2016



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Pijush Biswas

Sweet Flowers

Sweet flowers, ah, along the lane
All bloom when I go by
Mystic and gloomy, swear!
All those when glitter not, I
Seek a dew drop upon window-pane

To give a chain of pearls of dream
To my narrow, haughty mind
Which blazes to go in fire
Or which obliged to bind
Tears at all the brim.

Sweet flowers, ah, along the lane
I must see through mane
Of their beauty at the dirge-
Will sing heartedly to attain
All they have main.

I must see through mane
Of their beauty, I must go
To protest them merge
To destruct, either friend or foe
For all, you and I, all die in pain.

12//24/2015

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Pijush Biswas

Naughty Snake

An errant boy came knocking at my door
I was swayed, daunted by a serpent
Relentlessly which wandered by the moor
Or upon my floor many a days spent.

It, as seen transiently was like snake, big
And I shivered daily, loitered here and there.
As it might have come with all its league
I sought someone and could not bear.

I asked him, 'Can you get me ride off it'
On a day, chill and cool, or of half of the Moon.
He said, 'All is least, if fate does not deceit'
'Well, I will go and back within day soon'.

Next I saw him come back, seeming to say
'All is done, just I have to show it the spade'
And came entering my house just to play
The naughty snake, which far off laid.

And I saw it go as calm as a leaf goes
When gentle breeze blows from the south.
We were staring at it when passes by
And reached where was the trench's mouth.

We saw it fall, as if, dreadless to death
And stood shoutless, as if, to spare the loom
Although, I said him once taking breathe
'You have magical spade which changed my doom'.

12/11/2015

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[Published in his self-published book 'Some Suitable Words', in 2018]

Sonnet15: Eternity, Which Undenied To Us, Must Remain

Eternity, which undenied to us, must remain
In all's mortality; all, we, must lay fast asleep
When it will call, or death, out-door, will peep-
We must not deny, as each we did disdain.
Glory- - as a recumbent's hope is far away
Or, 'betwixt death and life former is sooner
We are blind, as if, upon movement dogs stray
We become sordid, unwanted, to give a drop water
To forth lives, which are utterly not ours' own.
We must not find a boon, we'll entirely lose
The God, - once upon whose feet we did atone;
A clear call must come from Eternity, suppose
Breathes, which we fall, don't have certainty
As all eternal prides are dying in levity.

12/08/2015



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Pijush Biswas

Prashno [question]

God, thou hast sent messengers again and again
in age to ages
to the pitiless world- -
They, went saying 'Forgive all', went saying 'Love-
Kill the envious poison inside'.
They are honourable, they are memorable, yet
today, this bad day I have sent back them in unconquered salutation
at out-door.

That I have seen the secret malice has assaulted upon helpless under the
shadow of deceitful night.
That I have seen- - the maxim of judgement cries in solitude at
the guilt of unprotectable, strong.
That I have seen the young boy has died beating fruitless head on stone in too
pain rushing frenzied.

Today my throat is barred, flute is songless,
The prison of moonless night has hidden my world under bad dream.
So in tear I ask thee- -
Them who have made poisonous thy air, extinguished thy light, hast thou
forgiven, hast thou loved?

12/05/2015

['TIS A TRANSLATION BY PIJUSH BISWAS OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S
BENGALI POEM 'Prashno' INTO ENGLISH]

Pijush Biswas

Delusion At Hope

I crave to meet thee once, my master
My mind is intolerant at thy absence
When, in none, I find my home
And death is about to come in a trench
Nor I live, nor happinesses come.

Thou, know more about how I shed tear.
Undrenched by thy care when I hope,
All, day in and day out, seem to go
Beyond my grasp; so, everything is but nope
At the command of daily stress and woe.

Yet I try, know, to conquer, or never fear
What thou allotted to my legacy
As just as the North wind is by Himalaya
Ignited; O, yet I know thy privacy!
My death must bring me to thee.



PoemHunter.com

11/22/2015

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Pijush Biswas

At Thy Death

Life blues in Eternity
Or departs earthly glow
In some pardoners' way.
All rustic intolerant woe
Which beneath the pity
Will be rustless one day,
At thy death.

Crooked, unrapturous that name
Again, will call back
At thy death all
On a restless sack
When all thy fame
Again, them will call
O, at thy death.

Where thou wert once
By the shire of trodden path
Must burn into sun
And the unknown aftermath
Will be weighed a pounce
Or, little remain undone
At thy death.

Those grasses which grew in dews
Those roads which thou met
Those ladies who smiled to thee
All, at thy death
Unclingingly, must refuse
Thee, upon thy death to be
Again, a life to Eternity's rule.

11/22/2015

Pijush Biswas

Red Kite

I met a boy who was thirsty
And travelled long to seek his kite
'Twas twelve O'clock and thirty
When needly upon my door he smit.

On a clever morning when they, Ten
Were swirling, undaunted by reason
Could hardly realize what may happen
As 'twas the cozy winter season.

I asked, ' What may I do for you? '
For the sun was 'mid skies, saying-
'Know, I love stranger, a new.
Let me give you easy staying'.

'No, not a pledge', said he
'Did you see my kite, gone afar?
Can you tell me where it may be?
Nor I will cheat you, nor mar

If you assist to find out it soon'.
So I asked, 'Whereof did you lose,
Tell me? I know the land of Moon,
Wherefore it can go, I suppose'.

'Twas unbound wind which cleverly
Had blown his horn before I subdued kite,
To protect our own from Billy
When we left them untight.

But, tell, where is the land of Moon?
Is it fair and clear as Heaven?
'Out or In'- -is possible to go soon?
Is there any guard, stood, then? '

'Not to be upset, nor claim', I said
'Nor it will come back, nor respite
You; hence, it is laid on pure bed
Whereas rests every red kite'.

11/21/2015

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Pijush Biswas

Where?

Where justice's true lance stretched to success
Where begone truth blooms within veiled night
Where minds not dissipate their value in flirt stress
Where does bravery seek in truth it's exact place, or fight.

Where beauty lands on the true path of life
Where beauty is not sold by dirty approach to gain
Where true hands devote itself to be on cliff
Where beauty gets much appreciation.

Where perfection seeks not it's true place
And true minds judge it with their loyalty
Where perfection does not come back in gloomy face
And imperfection does not mast it's flag in cruelty.

Where hope meets truth, and enjoys in favour
Where someone can dream, and it meets to him
Where hope can be sustained, unvitiated by core
Of heart, and it can bloom, as if, a flower in dream.

11/15/2015

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Pijush Biswas

Mrityunjay [immortal]

From distance I thought in mind- -
Thou art unconquerable, pitiless;
the Earth trembles by thy regimen.
Thou, the Horror,
thy blazing flame flutters into the penetrative breast of poor.
The missile of right hand has risen to the stormy-clouds,
from there pulls the thunders.
I came with expressing breast in fear in front of thee.
At thy lustful frown the coming disturbance has been wave'd,
The wound has come downward.
The ribs begin to tremble,
I asked, pressing by hands my breast,
'Are there something left- -
Is there left the last thunder? '
The wound has come downward.
Meanwhile? Nothing more?
Hence the threat is broken.
When thy lightning was ready
I counted thee bigger than me.
With thy wound thou descendest on
where is my own land.
Today thou hast become minor.
My all shame has broken.
How much big be thou,
yet thou art not bigger than Death.
I will depart saying these last words-
'I am bigger than Death'.

['TIS A TRANSLATION BY PIJUSH BISWAS
OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S BENGALI POEM:
'Mrityunjay']

Pijush Biswas

Mother's Morning Song

Woow - yoo - yuu - woow
Wild fox roars high now
Pie - hu - pee, pie - hu -pee
Peahen sings among tree
One who eats all day
Is wild bear's deny
Koo - hu - koo, koo - huu
'Tis time to morn dew
Le - loo - la, le - loo
Wild cow is now pet too
One who obeys all
And joins morn pray
Is either healthy or tall
Or, life's never grey.

11/12/2015

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Childhood Game

There was a pond dried with summer heat
Where grew Kashful, long, too long to play;
Under the azure skies, near our school
Happily we spent days beyond the clay- -
Nor we agitated birds, nor did they cheat.

When the surging Cuckoo song in the air
Were played, we the children saw aback
To see, if, there was someone fool
Who could have taken it a musical track
Or, if one responded, we burst into fire.

Laying fast slept Meer when we all together
Had gone to make a 'hide and seek' game
Not on the grassy surface, but on a stool
And he said 'What's in it? O, not name nor fame'
'I have a better idea, know, 'tis better war'

And 'tis the day we played 'war' sometime
Gitu was king, Meer was enemy soldier
And I, being mere a innocent and cool
Watching what they did, took care
Of them until the game ends with a chime.

11/12/2015

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Pijush Biswas

Sonnet14: Go, But Never Look Back At My Eyes A Day

Go, but never look back at my eyes a day
Forget all those numbness I lost within
To thy eloquent approach, clear as shining May
Perhaps, thou must not at all bear being thin
And unwise, for all must come at day's end- -
The setting sun, reproaching wind, retreating sea
Which touch thy pleasure and are so kind
That sea-gulls even knew us when we used to be
By the shire of old melted forgetfulness;
And when all proved to glow thy cheek
Thou spake, as if, I was thy mere stress
Whom thou lovest to see not but around week
And I, thy lover say 'tis not easy to thee
To unretain always my love in glee.

11/12/2015



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Pijush Biswas

A Scenic Beauty Unexpected

If I were not galloper, and denied it's charm
The blooming buds of foliage of nature could have been
Faded, or turned me a little out, and harm
My many-folded desires which carried, so keen;
I asked him twice, my dear friend, where we were
But could he much say what I expected within him
And, at last knew I 'twas the place, my dear
Although, in pensive mood of transparent dream
Being utterly lost we, both, could easily enjoy
Though, the mother nature of village was with alloy.

Or, if the sun hides his face into the clouds of July
What much can it manifest to our demand?
'Twas circling clouds which played into frenzy sky
Or which enshrouded the earthly beauty by own hand
'Twas pouring drops of rain which we bathed with
'Twas wrecked south wind which blew fast a time
Or which lashes all growing paddy-trees, unblithe;
There were uncountable linnets which did chime
To the thirsty travellers' content, and again hid
And we, unluckily, swear to stay there amid.

Yet, my lucky friends, I will not say I was aback
To those scenic beauty of down-pour of the Heaven
There was shadowy, ghostly, long and stunted track
Which, by lace of aspiration of well-rich men
Were even driven to the furrow to cultivate
All, which later will give life-breathe to them
And they will seek peace until promotion wait
To give-forth lives to their lives, or overwhelm;
And we, being still happy to the scene
Wait, for long, to silhouette of fields which were green.

11/10/2015

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A Ballad Of The Road In Village

Day's thirsty men utter they will die in dryness
And moan for night, when all fairness come in disguise
Why do they not lament for water in stress
When only the Lotus live lives to amaze
Beside the road, travelled by those unlucky men?
The sun, with his premises, builds a worthy gem
Which surpasses all earthly human domain,
Unclaimed to the sea although, yet not to the stream;
And the road, taken by them and I never will be short
Until heaven's greasiness our deaths allot.

Then listen, O dear ones, who were aback to me
The road which I travelled is gone supreme
For, all they had, now, all to my bag 'gulfed to be
And the narrow hut, which I started to go, extreme;
Nor I can detach, nor I leave them good-bye
The broken road, the broken vehicles, all they have
All I took to heart's core, and still remain till die
All that I said once, sins and guilts thankfulness lave;
And misery and toil, all, in bunch, once atone
Giving southernflowery basket of fame in none.

All the long road, I have to take days after days
Not in dryness or brokenness is lofty, as if, to sky
To the aligned huts or houses, also, it has a bless
Or we, they and I, are countable to the 'WHY'
Although, it's unflirting aim never lost to us
For the unwrinkle fruit-trees, or their leaves say-
Be still to the goal, and never lost in fuss
As you wish to garden, must have those one day;
And I, being little worthy to the manipulation
Of the road, see through it's daily abortion.

11/05/2015

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Pijush Biswas

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11/04/2015
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[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

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[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Cradle Song

His puppy doll may lose way
O Sun, feed it with thy ray
All are back to home, this eve
Know, Shyam will never leave
Nor he'll talk nor stray awhile.
Listen, there's an honest man
None but he, my dearest son
Winking milk's dear to him
O no more tears, no stream
Hope I, he'll soon be still.
Here fly a dazzling fairy
Ye, to disperse his long worry
I, his dear mother swear
He would be well fed, wear
As much as southern king did will.

11/01/2015



PoemHunter.com

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Pijush Biswas

In Memory Of School

Never I will forget the way
Dusty and broken almost,
I will never good-bye the day
First I stepped at the school;
I got all once I had lost
When bade a host of Kashful.

I will never forget old Indian ladies
Once who accompanied us
Or, blessed live-long under the bliss
And solitude of smile;
I will tell truth- -all is pious,
Be remembered not only for a while.

They are but my friends
Loving, caring who always be
To the trouble, or who mends
To drive them, is but me
Nor hate, nor any pretends.

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10/10/2015

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Pijush Biswas

Some Poetic Words Upon My Story ' Grumpy King's Kingdom '

If his ears were said to be good in betray
That those were doted by countrymen
What half a furrow can give his plundering way
To their lives, graved, between both omen
And praise? least, what should have given to barbar?
A bitter death! then, how trusty servants rescue?
Its pitier that a king be known by name,
Prettier name is prettier itself by duty.
Here Judo, I say, could sustain all to overwhelm
Or, regain kingdom, if his tyranny turned to pity;
And suppose, countrymen's wish is to stop war
To live lives comfortable, or clearly see the view.

Not a fair king, not a man of wit was counted ever
Laid a beast in him whose oppressing, signed;
Whom the praise needs high can never hear
If the barbar disclose truth of his goatish ears.
When many before were sentenced, early designed
To be looped into death, upon aligned spears
Every barbar, come to him, is itself a prettier heart
Either the grumpy king gives death or shout.
Truth never lacks bravery, or possesses high place
If countrymen fairly recognize their ruler;
Here, I say, Judo was unjust to his worthy lace
Just I'll say no more Tonny could arise again
If fair wheather had appeared in country mere
Or, had he thought to disperse their worry and strain.

If desire grows even in a child's mind to be king
If desire grows in a child's mind to be king above
I say, present king's transiency all countrymen love
Whether the child be banished to island, or did cling
To plough desolately, or attired in ragged dress.
Where woe in hell dominate, and deaths return
Where well-possession's fling like leaves into air
Or savior plays a eater's role, country is unfair;
'Tis worthy a child's honest will to alter this urn

Or, praise fairy to relieve themselves from cider-press.

10/09/2015

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Pijush Biswas

Moaning Night

When night comes down and I sleep
The mystery of vixen throat utters
'Fairly lay until I worsely weep'.
I think- - the whole once may stir
The uninterrupted atmosphere;
And peep through holes of window
To see if there is some ghosts beside;
I ask myself what's going on
And thereafter, a long sigh from
Resonant bushes, far off home-
I, to the highest link, be stone
Being a ice, or unpudding vow.
Hence the gray moon rises I see
While gone ackward the home
Again see the moon talk to me
As if, his beams are making dome
Upon my mind which I can't
Even now realize what it meant.



PoemHunter.com

10/06/2015

Pijush Biswas

In Silence

Someday she came knocking at window-pane
When my sorrowful silence stood at brim
Of my mind; and could I meagre obtain
The unblemished consolation from esteem.

I thought it might be vain my eager whim
Of having her bossomed, again to my cult
Yet, nor she, nor her estimation was so trim
Just as unfair as tortuous stream fell tumult.

By the sea, near rolling sea-waves as stands someone
And ungrinned waves, as they touch his feet
And feel like as if he had not been never alone
As just as it, I had not had those days meet.

And, in memory I still feel those days never
To come, for, she now is not yet at my control
Or, like two birds, amorous, who never were
To be, now astonish everyone whole.

She came knocking at my window-pane to know
If I were even as fair as the last moon
Whose fairness surpasses all those who avow
Or, who, whether in cloudy or clear skies never atone.

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Pijush Biswas

All These

All these, Distress, Strain, Owe
Fight to the ages' demand
Or, crave for attainment, to bestow
The world, hand by hand.

All these, Love, Mercy, Pity
To the world's highest fulfilment
Manifest the eternity to beauty
When Hate, too long, spent.

All these, Truth and Honesty
Ever speak and murmur to light-
The light, endows one's duty;
Or, which, altarage of God's might.

All these, ills of the world
If seek in themselves, or shout
- - Distress, Strain, Owe of Old;
Hence, all manures must stout.

Or, if our hut is the sea
And knowledge is free as liquid
Yonder! a God, the Love is to be
Nor to reckon weed.

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Pijush Biswas

Night's Notoriety Departs When Morning Comes With Country Women's Worshipping

When morn-dews glitter at grass's edge
Night's notoriety departs
And ancient worshipping gut weigh
Country women's hearts.

Nor they spare ancient glows
Nor they mistake to turn all human premises
God, whose only bless allows
Hence, to highly wish.

Or, the country's blemish name dissolved
Into morn-birds' resonant call
And where ancient prosperity delved
Do out of it again hale.



PoemHunter.com

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Pijush Biswas

O, No More Strain, July

When the morning birds came swaying their realm
Or, blue heaven larked upon their bounty play
When the country children came to overwhelm
Or, blue heaven did become stark to delay
When the old meadows prayed cattles to come
And heaven's grey face responded not to graze
When all humans chanted Mantras to purify home
The blue heaven, at least, was not so as to blaze
Yet I, with bless of July never thought to murmur
Upon the old familiar postures of year's continuity
So I as much as I could did endure
To the unwilling, bestowed mystery of pity
Or, to hold on germs of mandate of half year
So that I can again uplift my heart to gain
Or stray all miseries, heard already, or yet to hear
Of my country's people; O, no more strain!

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

I Doubt, You Will Not Come Again

I doubt, you will not come again
And the paddy-field where we stood by
May never nod with their stick to win
Our given love; and no one will ask why.
Long and long at distance who saw
Us to unite, under the margosa tree
Or, near the paddy-field will never allow
Again, to make love, or take breathe free.
If ever I did mistake to make love
What could have been your claim?
I say, it was better to go above
What Radha and Krishna did chime.
What heart prayed, or what heart gained know?
'Tis immaturity which filled our eyes
With unripen hopes and did hardly avow;
My love! I can't live life except you miss.
Today I feel I could have done much
If fate defied not me to leave your company;
Was it truly mistake, my vivid touch
To you? Is love really not craving for many-
Such as Krishna's flute enlenghts day
And Radha rushes to Him with flowery basket,
Swear I, love you with warmth of May
And wait still, as I early did wait.

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Pijush Biswas

Choose Love

Don't proclaim Love a begrimed thing
All is well when its not undergrowth
Love, a divine figure possesses, when both
Love and Hate, have a different wing.
Hate, a humans' choice, goes keen grim
When Love, a humans' choice, be smooth
To the unveiled world of infinite worth;
Love, what says is the great man's whim
Hate, what says is the great man's deny
Love, what it gives fills the life's stream
Hate, what it gives makes life forever lie.
If better you want to make Love
Or, never allow Hate to exist here
Go, where Love's secret is above
And drive it's vehicle, or well steer.

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Pijush Biswas

Summer Moon

Summer's prettiest face is the moon now-
And we, people mimic it's beauty long
Until the summer's premises lastly avow
To pass by three months' misery, among
The olds and children of everyday.

Summer's prettiest face is the moon now-
More or twenty sparrows in our broken attic
Try hard to breed their broods, although
The summer moon does enchant them with it's stick
So, upon the roof or window side they fly and play.

Hence, the summer moon leases it's beauty to us
And we, people drenchedly sit under skies,
On the familiar courtyard to be pleased much
While North winds ignite desire in flying pies
To see through life or find good way.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Pretty Night Wore It's Veil

Pretty night wore it's veil
Tweet, Tweet- - twittering birds
Said, 'All they had but nothing'
When day came still
And their tune were unheard
Ah, flying, fluttering
At what mean all bards.

Pretty night wore it's veil
Sweet, Sweetly flowers of day
Prevail their domain in night
To fine or fragrant well
Not yet only the May
But sinking, diving light
When all equally lay.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

On Going To Country House

I shall go and back, but neighbours' love must remain
As the old Jabas' beauty takes rebirth in new
And the haplessness will never occur into wrecked North wind;
Upon the old edges of courtyard grasses, glitter dew
While on the roof shiveringly sounds well-familiar crane.
At half a year, when I return home again I see
Many of symmetry of our old house standing still
And all glories of past remind me all, and break through mind.
But I shall go and back, for I have to pay bill
On being alone, or entirely alone not to be.
I see all gay friends shout glamorously to welcome
As well as, the old market street tickles under feet.
So I shall go and back, for all they are kind-
The old house, the old bird, the old familiar friends and street;
I shall go and back, 'cause together I feel at home.

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Pijush Biswas

I Praised Your Sister's Brow

I praised your sister's brow
When I loved you, or didn't know-
The opportunity went late
To let her know my fickle state;
Out of world I had made
To you, Love could have gone under shade
Of her fruity-baked mandate
Or, found second my fate,
For 'twas not better I swear-
Petty yours, much love were her
I left veiled curtain
And bore oppressing pain.
Yet, I love you, inspite!
As you were sought once
To be my uneasy days' mate
Or, to undefy plurally silence
Of those days I went through;
Not on falsified, nor freaky word
I swear again it's enough-
Much to love you on mod
Is better than fall into loop
Of His everlasting rule
Or, unwrought himself to be dupe
Or, myself to null.

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Pijush Biswas

I Ask You To Come Back Again

Your contemplation upon me could have been keen
If you were my unflirting lover, and Krishna's flute had been

Mine, or the days we spent were done I want
Or in spite, the honey bees around us, thence, did chant.

If I, think you, was too late to be your movement
Swear! I love you as much as the days with you I spent.

Now, not the skies where we were once under nor the tree
Can deny as if I am not such as I was there free.

But, why do you ignore? ah, 'tis not pretty much
I must go through your toughest heart such

To bring you back again, and conquer my pain.
Know, how my swelling heart shed tears in torment or strain?

Call you back to my heart's alley, dance with me
With the rhythms of eternity; rebirth, it can be.

Pijush Biswas

Our Country, Awake!

Now, our Country, awake!
His blue teeth, now, atone
'Tis Devil- -attired in fake,
Driven from thy every spray
And, flow water, play stone
Joyfully-

Take a smile upon thy cheek
Our Country! Our verge!
His blue teeth, now, atone
And panting in dirge
To thy cultivators, meek;
O, no more moan!
'Tis Heaven's day.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

A Song For Soldiers/To Them Who Fight For Our Country

You do lay on true frontier
And we do awake at you,
You die with no fear
Leaving the country's worth.
You do light our future
Once hidden in view,
And you do much care
At your pals' growth;
We do lay aside family
And think much to share
Love and food of the day,
But you, O, great mind or holy,
At our foes still stare
To bring goodness of May
Or, to still tea-water of cup
Of billions of souls,
Waiting and praying
At our country's doles.
Salute! we must stoop
To your crying.
What lay fast or asleep!
'Tis foes' flirtation, which
Dig pits for weep;
The world's eternity is fine
When mothers embrace their children
Or never think to miss-
Lets awake.

Pijush Biswas

As It Was Not A Dream

If it were a dream, know; as it was not a dream-
If it were a dream, and you never came by me
It were too late to know, a back, each-other's whim
If the days did deny us, our reconciliation could be
Not remarkable, but sorrowful silence.

If it were a dream, know, and not even a beam
Of Sun, or Skies' white clouds overlooked the lea
Where our thousand words broke out into stream
We could never find us in glee
Or, suffer in deceitful moments and penance.

If it were a dream, know, if it were a dream
Or, at half the way if we could not clearly see-
Stately, the man who stood between was extreme
But our son, unborn yet under margosa tree
Love, to us, could have not been available hence.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Court Is The Machine

Humans' ravishing souls ever loll
And pity, which their names do enroll
Is prettier than death- -
To mark where their follies lie,
Judgement conveys the machine
Of grinding;
'Tis Court, the machine,
Ever the highest creation from human thought,
Ever do well opine;
Sin is sin,
One who did attain
Was grinded as a pie.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

One Day Morning

The western skies is overcast with clouds in an uncaricatured morning of June;

Before the dew-drops disperse or glitter at the edges of grasses, clouds' frenziness dishevelled humans' furry Heaven.

Still, by the stream, flow all tiny boats; and men,
in hurry, to day's half-fulfilment return home, and promise to come again.

By every breathe, under oblivion women
rush to ransack their children where they never expected them to go, for 'tis time
to heavy rain and thunder in repetitions.

And I, being alone under the shade of old coconut leaves, cry and shout to hold
and grasp the situation in a positive way.

Not due to pray to the God, nor the dote of love to him, but my believe in Him
made the situation wrought.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Harkening Of Day

As the gardener's love was dark and dim
'Twas harkening of day;
Pity mystery voids him
Or, he dies in a truant's alley.
The days went swoon
For, more he loved to avoid work
When the garden's flowers atone-
One after one,
Soon or late,
They touch the ground.
Then came the day,
Unfavourable to him
And he dies in a parallel way
When even one flower was not found
To cover on
His deadly state.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Summer Is Mere A Dream

Summer is mere a dream, I think
To the thirsty travellers of May.
Once, in a year, when the sun peeps bright
They come to the beach, and happily lay;
As the sea, then, straightly wink
To hold them fast see her evening sight.

Elders and their happy young children,
When gigantic waves lash upon their feet
Like a swirling storm, jump on upstream
And a host of sea-gulls them meet;
So, after the year's agony have been driven
They return home in whimsical whim.

As they, once, sit on Limestones beside Tamarisk
Or, spend many things among gallopers-
All those, to their highest memory, call- - on and on,
Until they name them 'Our dears'.
So, travellers, year round, can brisk
Or enpeak summer's many-folded crown-
Again and again and again...

06/15/2015

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in 2018]

Pijush Biswas

Thy Foster-Child, O Nature

I, thy foster-child, O Nature
Swear! I tell to thee
Thy pretty mystery sucks my tear
And what happened to be
Neither I love nor hate
But 'twas a history to portray
Again and again and again!
By my desirous flame;
Not claim, nor blame!

I'm yet thy fond-son
'Twas little unawareness
And petty, once, I won
What did me suppress, know?
- - Less smile.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Wish To Wander As Bees

By the Lethe, beneath the tree
The swarm of humming bees, as I stood
Went far away; and much it would be-
The soul of Zephyr,
As shining as my mood.
It could much remain fast
- The lecherous daybreak of June.
Uncountably it passed away, at last,
The mind's direful fire
Of beautified tune.
Wherein, I stood as stiffly,
More or pity it could bind me,
If I had have become lay
Or, remained in attire
Of thine everlasting glee, -
More I could fly
As the bees went away,
If fair chariot of oblivion, nearby
Had I done little care
At weakening of my day.

06/13/2015

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words" in
January,2018]

Pijush Biswas

Drip-Drip-Drip

'Drip-Drip-Drip', it's been rain
The summer heat of day is no more,
Now the merry-making is main
And trees are green too than before.
Although the sun will come out again,
We, the children did much store
Happiness against daily strain
To alter both sun and rain evermore.

06-11-2015

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

A Childhood Day

It was a childhood day still I remember
It was a childhood day of listening story
About the far-off dune, or about Tiger, Lion and Bear
It was a day to play under sun and rain, not worry
I went to my maternal grand-pa's house
And the day inclined lately, and fast aslept the night.
There, we were clinged to play unto the evening
Or, enjoyed myriadly hung-on cherries.
While climbing everyone on it's string
Saved one, to enjoy it upon ferries;
When one his dear possession did lose,
To our elders cleverly did state.

06/10/2015

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

I Had To Make Me To Find (Lyrical)

(Female) :

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(Male) :

If you don't love, never you'll find...
All that I get your privacy to make lame the day...
And all I have have to pray,
O you, don't deny to be mine
Stay before I

(Female) :

?????? ?????????? ?????????? ????
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(Male) :

I'll give you chance at the touch of sky,
I'll give you chance much to see my heart,
Must find what's glory has to be mine,
O, it's you my heart
I had to make me to find

Pijush Biswas

If I Knew

If I knew I could touch the skies and never did
If I knew I could walk on the sea and never did
If I knew I could ascend mountains and never did
'Twas silhouette, could ever become my fate,
Even it could become multitude
Or, multiple in it's different black catalogue
Once I had colours of my own,
I was drenched in seven of them,
Yet, six being lost in stormy wind
Remained only the silhouette.
But those days were even so responsible
As much counted as I was,
Now, I can judge it's colours
Although, 'twas black in special
But in different catalogue;
Now I can touch the skies
Now I can walk on the sea
Now I can ascend mountains
And rainbow has become my fate.

Pijush Biswas

I Choose Anyone First

Sea is deep, mountain is high
If first one I choose
And another I deny
Nothing I will lose.

Sea, being deep and vast
Will give me knowledge
And mountain, being chosen last
Will stand not a hedge.

For mountain holds it's high head
Not only to beautifully align
But to give fame, instead
Or success chain.

06/05/2015

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

If I Could

Four hundred miles away the beach,
The Bengal Bay with her deepest frenzy dances
And I, uncalled to Hills, often pray to meet
Those fragile waves of the sea;
If knew, one dear call by Hills done yesterday,
I ever with my broken lyre could sing
Upon both their glories past.
So, I do walk between my dreams
And that I everyday meet is the Bay;
Or, if I could touch the sea in real,
The happy mountain must have sent
An oriental wreath for the sea,
And I become it's bearer.

06/04/2015

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

As I Was Angry With Thee

Never, beauty might come to-night
Except all swallows, stars were back
'Twas not much too good new light?
What they have stars ever lack!
Or, night's greasiness moan'd although,
Heaven's ministerial had no woe.
Saying- - or, letting it, the Sun to be
Happy, thou wert intolerant to me
And, I'm again worshipper to felicity
Of transparent life, or abbreviate beauty.
Never, beauty might come to-night
Thine work, as counted, were too short
As thine lamb in thee I once saw bleat
As unartfull as mine ink's blot
And I had not patient to silence
For thou wert not to do penance.



PoemHunter.com

06/04/2015

Pijush Biswas

Let It Not Run Out

Let it not run out
Let it not run out
God is here still;
Improvisingly the priests tell
Not to go back, but adopt
His estate or role
For, temple bells toll.
O! decipher all-
The gruesome night
The gruesome day,
Nothing is lost yet,
If you ever fight
See must prosperity's bay.
Not to shine in Devil's work
Or, agree-
Better work builds York
In spite be wee;
Better happens in life
If belief grows in Him,
Hence, soon or late
Comes all the stream
Of reliable fate.

1st June, 2015

Pijush Biswas

Zodiac Consultation

Girdling her lover the girl did fairly urge-
'I don't love 'cause you took chance again'.
More or petty could happen,
But the lover alone
As an ass, did emerge
To love a stone;
And a fairly looking ring,
As it glitters
Looks like a child,
Offered to her fingers;
And he asked her to bring
It up to mild,
Till they come together
Or, till they again cheer,
After the fair weather come
In their child's home.

05/31/2015



PoemHunter.com

Pijush Biswas

Humanly Flower

Let not it go beyond the world of garden
Let not it fall down or wrinkle in the sun.
The pretty flower!
It may enlength deaths as it follows
Or, decrease love and increase great gardener's woes;
Love is but humans' crippling choice,
May make itself again an entitled voice.
Whereas, Gardener preserves all, hence
Stealings go damn'd or mischance;
Or, the world's entity may go worse
If, life meets death in reverse.
Or, to manure it all hands increase
It's belief in it's fairly release,
So, if possible, it may flutter
Even, in sun or strain.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Love Is Made To Know (Lyrical)

(Verse1) :

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(Chorus) :

(????, ????? ? ????)

Love is made to know

Only you, the one, you can see it before

(Verse2) :

????? ?? ?? ???

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(Chorus) :

It, by more, a love

And all I see in thee does not matter

Just take it off, the pride

See you more

See you more

(Verse3) :

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(Chorus) :

You're the only one

Make it not further sore

You will be another, another...

Another, that will come by more

Just it get on

Just it get on

(Verse4) :

??? ???? ???? ???

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(Chorus) :

It's just a beauty

It's just a beauty

(It's just a beauty) ...

Will never fall...

Pijush Biswas

? ???

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[Published in his self-published book 'Sobinoy',2018]

Pijush Biswas

One Summer Night

Summer night, bright stars and the Moon;
All, in tiredness, look into where their secrets lie
And drinking water seems to be boon
To all livings, or ambrosia nigh, -
Beneath the shades of coconut leaves
Or, half-opened homes all rest in haughtiness
Of the century's hottest summer,
And enjoy mangoes those it gives.
Although the summer lashes it's hammer
Upon the candle-like minds,
Although there is no reedy tune,
The bright stars and the Moon-
Amid, their instinct beauty express.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Invocation

Where death meets to the God's honest will
Where life doesn't fall into the Devil's loop,
Only being ineffective to the world
Only being invocator to life I kill
My self, within dying truest beauty;
The petty silence moves on thousand souls
And his greasiness fairly increase;
Lone and discrete, although soars and shouts my duty
Where prettily does it meet, BEHOLD!
Belief grows it's plume in fair
Belief does the lives fairly release.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

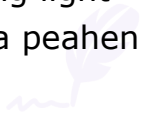
Dwinding Night

Dwinding night-
A thousand stars far away
Twinkling slight
In return of the day.

Dwinding night-
A hundred birds awake,
Twittering bright
Fly flock after flock.

Dwinding night-
Under a shadowy thatch
A twenty sheeps bleat
Sounding unmatch.

Dwinding night-
Towards the blue heaven,
In morning light
Dancing a peahen.



PoemHunter.com

03-25-2015

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in 2018]

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet13: If I Fail, My Love May Her Subdue

If I fail, my love may her subdue
If I fail second, my verse is a second writ
I thought; although her glories, past, sublime 'adieu'
And well, my fancy her sentiments deceit.
Now the rosy-buds are seeming decayed
Or, immaturely the sun, under veil
Is unwilling to make 'em on comfortable bed-
So far me pretty Muse tell;
So I do my pen over-do upon verse
And unsunk by Lethe, my ink swim
And dear she unheartedly does urge
To dream within a deceitful whim,
For, 'tis she, dear she maketh love
And farewell to her, is deceit above.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Still They Await

I remember you, remember-
And those gusty trees await, still,
Tears glide to the sea, although;
So, fate fears no bill
Yet, shouts in disgust; O, hear!

I seek those moments uncountably
And those merry birds fly alike
Over those trees, above or below
And enchantingly stick
My dearness, daily.

I remember you, remember-
Now denies the fair plain
To unsee my pain or blow
His horn; so he doth disdain
Not to see us together evermore.



PoemHunter.com

03-08-2015

Pijush Biswas

Sea Is Deeper

Its rendezvous; and I seek where it's secret lies,
But the sea cheats so well,
So I run between mystery and keenness.
Keeness falls too short, hence
And mystery amaze;
Not to be defeated,
I try a second time
But it's depth enwrinkles
Yet, my petty knowledge
And failure did spell-
Sea is deeper than you
So it does little allow
To entrust.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Sea-Friend

One darkening dusk and I feel sore,
So I did return to the sea, my dear friend
I did call him 'Dear', he did too
And limitlessly time we did spend;
Now no of them is ashore
And a clear blow upon me.

I asked him to return my treasure,
So he did feel queer;
I asked him second
And he did little care
To see me unpleasure,
Not to mend.

Thence, I did try to find way
And he hurled thousand waves on my feet
To see me lame ahead.
I saw, I saw him clearly cheat
I felt, I felt him equally lay
When I left my ships unanchored.

03-02-2015

Pijush Biswas

The World Is Partial To Everyone

The holy dishes are senewy
Although their lives never return-
Some hens crave to reach
Wherein dishes are made, yet;
As unwilling to meagre food,
They fly upon their unaccustomed wings
Less thinking of broods
Or, to mistake in brief indulgence
And death enhance their will
To be permanently in men's indignant;
But well-arranged dishes are praiseworthy
With their sinew.
The world is made partially for everyone-
If somebody wants to be
Where he thinks life's secret lies,
Should enquire every edge
Whether death awaits or not.
O! hens are utterly unaware.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Compulsions

Your compulsions upon me fairly increase
And fire doth take place between you and I,
More moderately I try, although your disease
Enrapturously you nurture to make me lie.
I seek life for I feel I will die in torture
Or, out of battle I escape to release
Or unassign the names in fool creature,
Though I'm alike to be honey-bees.
Now, lets maturity infiltrate wherein we
Lest, lets cross a furlong in love;
Seek the love more temperate to be
And jolly heaven above.

03-02-2015

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet12: Tyranny Ignites A Wicked In Earthly Modicum

Tyranny ignites a wicked in earthly modicum
And tyranny, in a wicked's life grows his plume
And he builds his home in duplicity,
When all the world he deprives by engraved beauty.
All, in circle, return common
In growing gloom of warmth noon
To un wrinkle their brows, or easy,
Palpably, to defeat mystery of the saucy;
As a wicked's life-stream flows
In quite allurements, so every ripple little allows
Him- - to find himself in estimation,
So he prefers other unown than own.
All, he does is his priority to destroy
All that he has earned with alloy.

03-01-2015



PoemHunter.com

Pijush Biswas

Holy Mind Is The Nest Of Victory

Halidom,
Our mind,
Should remain prettier than these-
A gardener's pruning trees.
Hence, it's shot, in this big world if
Ever be failed in gruesomeness,
Smiling is
Far better than wheeze
Or, being unkind
Is unfit to reliable home.
A sailor, masted in many a voyages
Deplomatic, often, to the sea
Akin, often, to rewrite
History, page to pages;
Not hits of waves nor rages
Nor unfulfillment,
Make him pitier than wee.
A failing life is count-worthy,
If failure touches mind
Or, by dint of it's light
Life is unannihilated
Or, mind seeks peace in fight;
As peace follows holiness,
Victory not behind.

Pijush Biswas

Fair Love

Remember, the hope is yet unburnt.
Fair Love, more it could thrive or utterly die
Although it's soul tumbling high and low.
Swear! I love not the lie
Or never want I to hunt
Your pain, either you cast me or allow.

I love you because I love myself,
Because, 'tis you with whom I seek myself in mirror
And reflect as a mature man.
Swear! I love you as just as before
Or, essentially my love deep-delve
You, as far as, can.

Not in a single word I can describe you,
But the years pass by, with their eternity
And hope wanders through a narrow gut
And every pulse wins pity;
Much are untold, and very few
I can share with the reality.

Pijush Biswas

Now I Have Mastery, Yet I Learn

I thought only pupils have to learn.
How much I was unaware of the fact!
'Tis little ahead of life, and I did earn
Knowledge, - that now does impact
My brain, with full-length
Or, proved next to my wealth.

Now I have mastery, after study.
Petty vile it can be, or petty worthy
Somebody can praise, or dislike somebody;
Yet, my mastery, that all it has- - pithy
For that I had not, now have I
- - A relationship, where all I tie.

Could I not really assign in mastery
If now they return home full-hearted
Or, fill I them with dispersing worry?
And never the posture will be out-dated,
If I grow old, or be
Held on issues not to see.

Pijush Biswas

Last Valentine

You said, 'This February I will shower upon thee'
And it seems now I flung into sky
And more temperate your greasy mathematics could be,
If vineyard I was less travelled by
With you, - - while day breaks into pretension,
I, more in disguise, try a chance to win
Your heart, remembering yet I'm not alone;
Hence, this Valentine did what opine?
While every couple was done in hope
Or somewhat I expected from you,
Could it not be more than saying 'I love thee more than my Laptop'?

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

These Are Snow, As Far As I Know

These are snow, as far as I know
Then, what immaturity of sun afields these!
Far if I go, would the roads allow
To return my home, or release
Untold worries of the day?

These are snow, as far as I know
Yet, I must go to my dear friend;
The woodland is hard and dry though,
Must say 'SORRY' to mend-
Would the love he repay?

These are snow, as far as I know
Still, these must be in favour, hope
The day must come to bow
Down before my will, atope;
And I'll find good way.

 PoemHunter.com

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in 2018]

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet11: 'Whose Mistresses These Are? ', I Farewell To It

'Whose mistresses these are? ', I farewell to it
As they cheat so well, - in Eastern pride or vanity;
So far they can travell the ways when all eat
Some dishes, but one done to make someone pity?
Well! let me count the ways they choice- -
Nine are done in dearness, one in special!
The special, truely, is for one voice
Or, to void him officially, or make pale?
Then, what less undone to them, or less shown
When his eight thousand rupees atone?
Now the truth deployed; and pretty mistresses' gown
Worn out by icy temper, and do prone.
I say- our truest beauty is not external, but inner
And the beauty seeks beauty, except in war.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

To India, My Mother Land

Mother, I'll make for thee a hut, a nest of peace,
Where only the happiness will be dominating
Where everyone will be affectionate to others
Where no mists of doubt will be densified
Where one will rely upon another
Where faith will come out to love
And love will reach to perfection.
Mother, let me know how to make thee smile
Let me know the secret of joy and happiness;
If ever I get the chance to touch thy unseen feet,
I must prove myself as thy obedient son.
Mother, let me fly upon the wings that never I had,
Let me seek utmost perfection in works at thy inspiration.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Recurring Sorrows

At the edge of the sea of hope
I'm standing alone,
Bearing all gloom in mind.
All happy moments of love are sunk
Thoroughly, into the deep sea of despair;
Now, all sorrows of love are recurring in my mind,
When I shed drops of tear
When I'm sitting beside window-pane
When extinguishing light of hope rises again in heart.

It seems, all pearls of the garland of old love
Now scattered,
Upon the strand of the sea of old love-making.

When I look at two pigeons on chimney
When I watch them kissing
When I realise that their love is not tiny,
Being full of fragrance of butter
At a repose beside window-pane - -
I remember,
I remember those days.

Will I be able to collect those pearls of the garland of love!
Will I be again able to sew my heart with her!

Only thousand recurring questions surround my mind,
And my eyes farewell to the spring of love.

Pijush Biswas

Winter

Now, Winter, Spring's colonial bride
Steeped into ornaments- -
White snow-flakes, and bare trees.
And waits awhile to capture her domain
While the dying year passes by.

Now, the many-rounded river covered with snow
And grey-white swans can not be seen
Playing, wallowing beside it's bank;
But we, the people, would never say 'goodbye'
To Winter, the season of pleasure.

Now, the familiar birds will fly away
From hardened lands to soft-soiled lands,
To embark in inviting Spring's guests-
Colourful flowers and warbled songs of bees,
On their bridal eve.



PoemHunter.com

1-2-2015

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words" in
January,2018]

Pijush Biswas

Once, In A School Chaos We Claimed

One group was taunting to another- -
Lest, being one, we claimed
Another; no one unfailing in truth.
'Twere surging moods in all,
All- - defied, full-mouth'd
Lest, daring not to be unnamed
Almost done the war so far!

Our Teachers came, and asked Why- -
All, in a second, gone in swoon!
Claiming one, suddenly, rose in shout
And, into speechlessness claimed one fall
For, 'NO TIT FOR TAT'
Said they, 'GET ONE SOON'.
And were listed our names in a long page
Until the race die
Until we bid Adieu.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Let Me Count War A Divine Curse

Let me count War a divine curse, -
If Peace is the best, War is worst-while
If we go tired, and think much to live
'Tis time to go through Peace and leave War far a mile;
War is worse than it was!
And Peace, the Love weave.

Peace, always give a boon the mankind
War, always a sordid boon.
Peace bound us together, and will bind
And War, always fall us into deadly swoon.
<i>So, let Peace live forever
And War be never! </i>

December,2014

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

After School Days

The days were jocund, now gone;
Although we may'st be happy more in that array,
Twelve years of merry life now atone
Our minds, to be on Spring's spray.
But more we'll write them heaps upon heaps
To rest ourselves under their shadowy leaves.

Now, when we sit schizophreniously alone,
Our broken windows bear the bell-beat
Reminding us much are undone;
And upon boughs of past days minds fleet.
We are tired of recurring thought
What we had done to them, or we ought.

12-26-2014

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

For They Were Lovers Each-Other

I would see a girl sit on her terrace
And I would wander by, everyday
And thought to meet her, face to face.
Days after days passedby, yet I couldn't say-
'Dear, I love your talkings and hair too
Can't I be your lover, and cheer with you? '

I would seek her every afternoon there
And she would play 'LUDO' with her brother
But did never look at me, and hardly be here
With me; further declared not to bother.
So, I, broken heart, returned finding no chance
And dipped into tears in repentance.

One day, I saw her on the road smile
Not with brother or mother, but with a boy;
They were happy, and seeming to cross a mile.
Although I had for her a love without alloy,
So, without her I couldn't but be gay
My wounds I couldn't but repay
Without her, for they were lovers each-other.

Pijush Biswas

The Unblamenesses Allay Wounds

If you late go, or make me prey
Not even I, blame you lingering;
In silence of vainness, and I say,
'O, both of us are faint in pride, nay? '
For, both of us the vanity does sting
And wounds the unblamenesses allay.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

The Sun And The Moon

I shall kiss the Sun
I shall kiss the Moon
The Sun will make me dun
The Moon, out of sordid boon.
I shall give the Sun a caressing touch
I shall give the Moon a loving name
The Sun will make me divine much
The Moon, a man of fame.
The Sun, at a distance, stands still
The Moon rounds ever the Earth
And my mind both they fill
With joy, at morning's rebirth.

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in 2018]

Pijush Biswas  PoemHunter.com

Sorry, Sorry, Sorry To Say That

My mind sometimes is unable
To understand them
And I say what I wish often,
Sorry...sorry...sorry!

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

On A Christmas Eve

Long, in a distance the road was sealed
So, tireless striving was out-will
Great God! I chanted the name fifty above,
Not Moon nor shining stars did my hope fill.
I was standing on the door, and appealed
Him, - not to give pain nor love.

And slowly, slowly Moon did round
And an owl- -gaunt and small- -did fill the Earth
Singing quiveringly upon my broken sill
And poured all it's joy and woe, it hath;
It was, although, happy sound
Seemed, I was as heavy as it's bill.

I saw three stars in a glance, Western way- -
And looked upon every possible being, nigh
To see if there is some mistakes by him,
My brother; and kept alive hope in a long sigh,
As he had gone- - long ago, to Bengal Bay.
So, 'tis nothing but a dream, dim.

Sitting inside, hence, I weeped in remorse
And suddenly, a knocking- - upon my door;
He was Santa Claus, the great soul!
Summoned me as 'Man of armour'
And said, 'Life is of both- better and worse',
Thus, cleverly did my heart console
On a happy Christmas Eve.

12-16-2014

Pijush Biswas

Happy Sweets

These are sweets! Happy sweets!
Come, and sink into these your elbow
I'm your happy uncle, know?
Flies you don't allow
But can float on these fleets.

These are sweets! Happy sweets!
Twice in a second may you eat?
Come, and here gently sit,
I'm your happy uncle
Eat, till none you call!

12-15-2014

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Still I'll Be Fine

If you don't believe me, dear
If you ever try to fall me into your clutch
Still, I'll escape your aim.

I'll wander the ancient past, ever widening-
I'll go through unveiled truth of it.
I'll seek my image into the broken mirror, that
Now, still, is in my heart.
I'll seek if I'm rising in truth, or dipping
Into the depth of lie.
Still, I'll escape your aim
Still, I'll be fine.

Dear, let's take breathe in free air
Let's open the doors of minds, again, to see
If there is some mistakes in our privacy;
If Sun shines bright, ever the Earth burns
Into ashes?
Dear, take me thus-
Let me rise again
Let me sing your song, again, with flute.

The world is too much, although somewhere it fails
To give us accompany;
The world although looks green, somewhere it falls
To be grey in some breaks of day to day life.

Dear, if you don't believe me,
Still I'll be gazing at your change
Still I'll seek myself into your deciduous good motive
Still, I'll escape your aim
Still, I'll be fine...

Pijush Biswas

Every Durga Puja

We were ten friends at all
Every Durga Puja we did call
Everyone, to join our feast
At pinnacle of joy ten days at least.
Not sadness nor homesickness
Did touch us, we floated on fuss;
And the eternal mother did gently press
Our heads always to bless us.

We did wear our new dresses
Every year, when Mother came
And happiness did overwhelm
Our neighbourhood more or less;
Ten days were quite easy to pass
And we did weep on being days spent
....One year, to wait, alas!
Again one year, late, to be under city-pent!



PoemHunter.com

12-14-2014

Pijush Biswas

I Never Saw Such An Enigma (Fragment)

Sorrowy silence, in the skies, prevails
And clouds amid them I see pass on;
But twenty or more pies above head
Resembling to the clouds- - fly up and down,
And a corn-grinder, at the margin of the mead
Is schizophreniously swirling, and hails
'Em to out-do them by name.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Our Immature Love Is In Crisis, Belief Fallen Too Short

As immature fruits she allures
As if, over the hill of my mind wind blows
And my blue-eyed armour incurs
Flightily tension, or hardly allows
Itself to be at the love's brim;
So I could not but be in extreme whim.

Happy love is but a happy short life.
In depth of truth, or sign of dependance
Twin the lovers both pain and grief
And happiness returns in a chance;
And happy lovers both do weep
When lovers in belief tune deep.

Let me be thus, or take me thus
More or less I could have been her.
'Tis her immature aim into the fuss
Foil'd her intention to call me 'Dear';
Though, in belief, fallen too short
Must be lover every sort kind.

Pijush Biswas

I Must Move The Clouds Of Mind Of Your Father-Child

Like the soaring silence
You and your father-child
Although I was agree to mania,
Did cast my proposal into dust.
What less I had?
Know the reason, if, ever you want-
What much I did to you, may
Now be your stick to beat again the drum.
No! No!
If clouds enshroud the Earth,
Or, the Earth falls into darkness
Ever the Earth shouts in disgust?
Lets take me thus!
Let the Sun again blaze,
And clouds go forever.
I'm prepared for you, my love!
Count the days, finger to finger;
Your dear one, still
May move the clouds of mind
Of your father-child.

Dear, in shrinking water, 'tis better
Go, and wet for awhile;
No the reason, no sign of veil
Would ever take place
To stop being my hands on you.
Now, let me sleep-
Now, let me release the bond....

Pijush Biswas

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[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

Do Not Kill The Gushing Trees

'Tis needless to say trees are gushing more than men
In shadowy future they may leave us no more blithely
Or, mankind may return to their slavery willingly
But, a slavery, now is not men to men; 'tis to omen.
By the truth, the world is used uncountable ways
And groweth palpably easy place to live in; or
The ancient past has stood competitor, now-a-days,
To the present; and mankind to Nature, a matter to abhor.
Let someone count the ancient sunny days again-
In twenty or above the birds flew upon the trees
Or, three and half months, a length, shower'd the rain
Or, animals howl'd in fulfillment and did rest in breeze, -
What, none but manipulating posture is that potent truth
That, in growing globalization, shown as a Earth's tiara.
To kill trees unconsiderably is culture, 'oft uncouth
Not the past, nor the present would be an era
If our real friends do loss their buds within womb
Or, mankind loot the Nature in divine form....



PoemHunter.com

12-05-2014

Pijush Biswas

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11-29-2014

[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy", in 2018]

Pijush Biswas

I Could Not But Be Afar

Like the surging heat of May thou be'st
And I could not but be thy prey
I was unfit to thee, as thou grow'st
A beggar into my heart's alley.
In many a days I could see
Thee on there; I could not but be.

O, if I had done petty, or remain vast undone
What's little done to thee?
I wrote thy name in my verse alone,
Then what's much done to be?
The pretty rose, if, ever grows withered
Not it much to be bothered?

Let it awake again, thy Sun; I must
See thee again to be winged into my desire
Or, less forlorn to me; so trust
Upon thy broken lyre,
To sing aback against the brittle love-
A better would happen, hope, it above!

11-28-2014

Pijush Biswas

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11-27-2014



PoemHunter.com

[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet10: What Promises Undone To Thy Demands

What promises undone to thy demands, my love?
If Sun returns aback to Nature, and rounds ever
His step-lover, what manifests him above?
If the beach groans in emptiness, and her demon lover
Filleth her with his rage, what less undone?
'Tis better manure hearts with fertile eagerness
'Tis better remain long ourselves alone
For it may not cause our demands suppress.
Now the days are winged into desirous skies
Now the days are sowed into appealing earth.
O thou, let us not be dipped into ails
Or let hearts see aback, or take second birth.
If Sun is fit to Nature, I'm no more less to thee
If the sea filleth the beach, equally I'll be.

11-23-2014



PoemHunter.com

Pijush Biswas

Goodbye The Day

Goodbye the day! now thy promises are kept
The crimson red sun sets aloof
And all human deeds are far-off
For hours, to bring thee back again;
Although in thee human has debt
On brightening human life,
Welcome again to thy boss on cliff.

Goodbye the day! now thy tune is at end
The merry temple bell tolls
And the Earth, on and on, rolls
To bring thee back again;
Although half the way the Earth has to spend
On lightening a cute lawn,
Welcome again to thy new dawn.



PoemHunter.com

11-23-2014

Pijush Biswas

Many In A Sigh I Thought On A Tired Day

Many in a sigh I thought on a tired day
The day, like breakable tides, broke on my fate
I, little thinking about, my fate did play
In foreseeing future; I was vain and late-
For people, all in hate or dislike, could hardly
Travel my done tasks; but their eyes
Blazing like the sun did my flame tally-
Notwithstanding I could not but be vices.
If I had become the fauna of the sea,
Tears could have been hardly my trace;
I was faint, so my tears more might be
Or, 'twas not needed for me- - shadowy grace.
Again, although I'm uplifted from ashes
Or designed newly in a manly face, but
I'm yet too liable to be prey of the lashes;
So, in belief or pretence the God I pray must
Yet to be a man, whose hands shine to bless.
A human soul always, as I know, is craving
For name or fame, but how much or less?
Take me thus- a man, livelong, how was being!
Lo! Lilly perhaps has out-done her beauty now,
May be she is forlorn, or out-did soon
The Lethe, -but ever did she oblivion allow?
Her life by down-trodden ways is divine sheen.

11-21-2014

Pijush Biswas

What Would Have Been!

What would have been
If human beings had taken birth once
And never died?
I say, it could have happened-
Perhaps, the God might have not made us know
The mystery of creation.

What would have been
If human beings had lived rest of life
Eating once in life?
I say, it could have happened-
Perhaps, the God might have not urged us
To material work.

If it would have been,
There the life might have had no value
In this crooked world.
But He is sapient,
He utilized both the birth and the death,
And understood the need of eating and work
...so, He is the judge, best.

December,2013

Pijush Biswas

My Bicycle

I fly over the plain
No one knows why!
I have no pain
And my heartaches die.

I have my bicycle,
Rusty and broken almost.
That helps me to smile
As much as possible
As I'm it's host.

It bears toil
As much as I give,
But no words from it's mouth
Come, for it may be foil;
And I fly over the plain.

Day in and day out
It makes me cheerful,
And I expose my joy
Ringing it's bell.

December,2013

Pijush Biswas

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[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

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PoemHunter.com

[Published in his self-published book 'Sobinoy',2018]

Pijush Biswas

Well Wishers Often Be Down

She called me as a duck, and blithe
Into her freeky heart came down
And I moan in disgrace, and with
Filthy mind she wears royal gown.

I went to fetch water, for
All roses, withered and dancing, upon my haunch
Poured their allure
Again, to plunge into a chance.
I was quite worthy to be anyone's pray
I paced slowly upward
And my heartache did my pitcher allay
Although I had no word.
But she, in her profound sapience
To my pitcher did cast her lance;
It thousand pieces in a span
Became, when I was late or vain.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

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[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

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[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas

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[Published in his book "?????",2018]

Pijush Biswas



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[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Pijush Biswas



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[Published in his self-published book "Sobinoy",2018]

Indian Village Election

Darkness returns it's grave; the sun-light prevail-
'Tis ending of count-down - - April, March, February
White ducks try hard to fly and hail
All in broken circle, to disperse worry.

The spring descends on the Earth, and numbness flees
Thousand fruits hang on- - bough upon bough.
Churning - - humming - - all bees,
Moments are although tough and rough.

Youths remember Pathsala
Guardians advice, 'Learn everything to the lees'
And they sing aback- - 'Uhh...la..la'
Oh! Life returns to dead trees.

11-6-2014



PoemHunter.com

Pijush Biswas

Greed

A leaf has a beauty
Wants to make it double
The sun does his duty
Always gives it soul.
The leaf resembles to it's shadow
Both in happiness and woe
The sun gives it nutrition
But the sun remains unknown.

11-5-2014

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

He

As mild as a Lamb He did play
As meek as a Lamb He did speak
'Twas a tyrant, now stands for 'Hay'
Him did cast, Him bitterly beat with stick.

What He did, severally done by musky human
Human faces are fierce ever
They kill each-other, or make plan
So He stood there being mere.

To mercy is a great man's sign
The tyrant lacks it often
The tyrant had no reason, but did align
To cast Him, or snatch His pen.

11-4-2014

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Our Childhood

We were Ten; although half-grown old
Now, peep through clouds still
Long at a distance the sun does fill
Our minds, with happiness sold.
We were Ten!
Together we were dear to all often.

We were Ten; although half-grown old
Now, cross the river yet
The bridge under feet told-
'Once it your togetherness must let'.
We were Ten!
Together a story, unwritten.

We were Ten; although half-grown old
Now, see the children stiffly play
And remember- - 'mid ground we did lay
Not to waste, but use better time
And realization did cast the chime.
We were also bold!

We were Ten; although half-grown old
Now, believe in the God every step
Sorrowfully, silently I pray
'O God, let see them way'
And in vain or late we weep
For, our story still untold.

1-11-2014

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet9: If Thou Hadst Become Hot Summer Of Darling May

If thou hadst become hot summer of darling May
Or, filled me with thy warmth I might have been thine
Although quite unfit to thy arms, I could equally lay
To thy lap, and I become fed on winking wine.
I'm dejected, now fallen to feet, may I grace win?
If little I have had, thou art my precious gem!
Much I query about the Sun, thy heart, to live thee within
Or, to emblem love by thy desirous flame.
Thou, pretty thou- - must be in my sorrowly silence, still
I shall never blame upon thee, nor unname thee.
If Sun is the brightest, sweetest will be thy cheek, until
I, the youngest son of rain thy lover be.
If thou hadst be'st one amongst flowers- enrich
The garden, least I could seek thee as humming bees.



PoemHunter.com

[Published in his self-published book 'Some Suitable Words', in 2018]

Pijush Biswas

Thief

This holy mind is too heavy to be born
Knows little about aftermath
Nothing but all he hath
Witty, although outworn.

People wander upon clamorous wing
On market or circling courtyard
And all dear things they discard
Believing on that deceitful being.

But all in vain
They become his prey
And he does equally lay
To be everyone's disdain.

But when is he caught
Everyone's wrath grows high
And ten sticks nigh
Are used to beat him lot.

Then he confesses his guilt
Not to be beaten but loved one.
And he moans alone
To say, 'It never will be'.

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet8: Advice Written Onbad Advice

Naught, to remorse live-long is but a suicide?
'Tis great sign- - it does chant countless name
'Tis great- - divinely great, when culprit puts out blame
Or, in depth belief grows, and bitter souls subside.
To stay ungrateful every breathe is but life dimmed
A life, believed in Him, always a precious gem
Indeed a life is life when thankfulness listens to hem
If little all thou dost care, is life untrimmed.
What if dost thou remain single causes to neighbour?
Even the bees are more upright, ever poisonous although
Always wander, socially, in broken circle though
Famous is famous when fame avoids in bad odour.
Truth always speaks about beauty, beauty truth always
In truth always return our darling Mays.

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in 2018]



PoemHunter.com

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet7: If Dream Comes Wrong And Truth Fades Under Veil

If dream comes wrong, and truth fades under veil
'Tis better work than silent moaning on it silently;
A truest soul- always a real diamond, that all expel
'Oft to the dreary desert of forgetfulness, casually.
A truest beauty, in truth, a pebble does have
When it lays alone, and the sea shouts in disgust
Against it's trifling figure, but it's thankfulness lave
The rage, -so the sea, truely, returns it all must.
Love in like and hate in dislike- eternal game of family.
'Tis purest way of life- 'tis better query about one
To see further, if one does have a mind holy.
Unless, a divine whining in vain alone.
A death in unity- a death, shining in heaven forever
A death in unity returns our thankfulness ever.

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in 2018]

Pijush Biswas

Watchman

In vineyard, beneath vine tree
Two thieves would mutter in glee
There vines to all though were free
Vines in hands they would flee.
As much as possible they could steal
There watchman carolled though.
When the owner came to know,
Upon a bull the watchman would grill.

On a wintry morning they came in disguise
When the vineyard was beyond sheen
Or, vines in divine size
Summon'd the echoing green.
As much as possible they stole vines
And soar up their mind into skies.
Equally to a horse the watchman lies
Although none blamed upon bines.

More or ten minutes mistakenly past
Bang! Bang! -thieves sounded out of lee.
He, angry with the bull, did cast
Clods after clods, a bitter plea.
The beast grew up in wrath, flinging
Twice it's horns to frighten him
Hence, a black and tortuous stream
Was placed for him to live in!

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in
January,2018]

Pijush Biswas

Dear She Loves Me Not

I look at my window, casually, every noon
I look at the out-world beyond my world
Immaturely, to get relief out of sordid boon
Although I'm a half grown old.

Casually I watch the world, out of window-pane
Waiting for none; but I shine in grief
When she- -dear she, walks between the lane.
I shout in vain, although she is deaf.

I wait for nothing, but her often-
I died many in love for her
I died in love for Ten,
Although loves me not she, my dear.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Mind

Every mind is itself a mirror
Every mind is itself a universe
It looks faint in life and verse
When clays paste itself to it-
Slightly open remains it's door
Lays uneasy to look one's face into, lest.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

I Lost A Dream Within A Dream

It might be a pretty gift I won
The wrath of storm might seek itself a mind
A petty grace might be a beauty itself alone
The storm might be more temperate and kind.
I alone in the sun stood to obtain
Breath in free air, but all in vain.

More to see the sun peep through cloud
Or the rivulet dance on flickering mood
I stood-I stood; but a call, loud
In reverse from them became a dupe.
Her divine wrath, a divine beauty was in refuse
But my wrath I could hardly defuse.

In surging silence of atmosphere, I
More to see the retreating earth stop
Stopped, caring little about her; or her to defy
I took the role of Alien, ever atop.
In return of her, there although none to tease
All Kashful beside me stopped dancing in breeze.

How far her should I realize, if I could
Little I know; but realization the sun gave in return
Yet I glued to the scene, and did little I should.
All in vain, oh! , I say 'twas better turn
Before the sun went behind curtain
Before I subdued my pain in pain.

Little more or petty less I could travel in diverge
Among the Kashful, beside the rivulet
But all in dignity the death returned to my verse
And the world all above turned fever and fret
Now I churn the moments I lost
Are all nothing but visible ghost.

Today in return the day come again
The rivulet flow fast, Kashful dance I see
Petty much its better than that day of rain
Petty much vile never it'll be.

Now I see over head the sun beam
Though the day I lost a dream within a dream.

Pijush Biswas

Whining In Love

How could I tell thee thy arms my life were
The life is a vessel-unmasted, could I tell thee
If ever I could thou must see me today little unaware
In every breath of life; I would have been thine, but be
When we would meet face to face again under the skies.
A life in need is a life indeed-ever the great speaks
Although somewhere thy eyes struck to, or they never release
Love-a pretty love, ever wanted by me, that touches peaks.
Now I'm whining in love
Now I'm whining in vain
Oh, let me sleep....

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

My Shadow Plays

My shadow and I walk together in sunshine
I think 'I'm not alone, as we are the same'
When I walk alone and all align
To play the football game.

Many in blue dresses run between lines
And under my shadow's feet the ball spins
Competitively all the players play
Though out-field equally I lay.

Someone says 'How do you do this? '
I say 'All are Humpty-Dumpty!
'Tis how out of battle I take bliss
For, they play petty much pity'.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Poetry

Poetry is a flower, indeed-
Blooms within a poet's mind;
Poetry nourishes life in need
When comes the stormy wind.

Poetry needs a reckoning hand,
A hand to caress it's body and soul.
Poetry seeks itself a land
When it's saviour plays a better role.

Poetry is the song of never-ending life
Speaks of veiled truth;
Let it not live ephemeral life
Let it not be uncouth.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Two Roads Crost

Two roads crost in a point, beside the town
And think I much of home, standing alone
Little I queer about the sun down
But much to see how the roads atone.
I come to know how the police toil long
To protest all vehicles break through
I see, I see the roads go ahead, all among
In vain or late I moan although.
Much to see the time I glued to watch
And every minute I see pin at heart's core
It seems, none but moments I unmatch
In vain although the gloomy dress I wear.
Now I look into the vehicles come by
Yet every possible time all they sting
No the reason for cry, but a sigh
For, Kolkata and Darjeeling mingle here though.

 PoemHunter.com

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in
January,2018]

Pijush Biswas

Who Demand On The God's Lance

On the mountain, beside a rivulet a temple
Conveys the holy pilgrimages, but the hilly dale
On her rude will falls them into her rude privacy
And they forget the past as does a daisy.
Alone, into the sun they look and hail
If ever they be exhausted, to the temple crawl.

They run between life and death, but never be empty
In heart and mind; they struck down be, but be at lofty
No the reason ever shown and shout, no the reason
May hollow them; so least, they touch the crown.
The labours of days to days life seem to be fine
When tears turn to diamond, and the God they win.

The purity is a diamond that always touches a real diamond
Sorrow and pain of life be dispersed, if the bond
Between the God and men be ever high in this world
So, 'Great he is who has great belief in the God', forever told.
A man who shines in human life demands on the God's lance,
Shines in use when comes offence.

Pijush Biswas

So I Say

Ichamati is pale in grief
Her life she seems brief
Some crave for her life
But politicians are duff and deaf.

She looks into the bridge over her
To see on it every car
And says, 'I'm not alone! '
'Such, dear, you are too prone! '.

'Right, such are we both
Them, all I loathe
For though politicians are not poor
I needed some cements and rocks more'.

She looks into the road follows her
To see it being everyday lower
And says, 'I'm not alone! '
'Such, dear, you are too prone! '.

'Right, such are we both
Them, all I loathe
For all politicians embrace the girl-friend
But never touch my breast to mend'.

So I say-

Thus all lives are spent
Their houses all politicians paint
Men suffer and labourers toil
Yet, politicians are swimming into oil.

Pijush Biswas

I Know, I Know, I Know

I know, I know, I know
I'll never be in thy arms
And taut will never be my shrunken brow
Never I'll get from thee the alms.

I know, I know, I know
A draught of love is too worthy to be mine
As thou thinkest me mean and low
O! I'll seek myself in nectarine wine.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

I See The Sun

I see the sun run over the sea, later set
Below the horizon of Bay of Bengal, every evening
And the sea I see threat
The boys and girls, and sing
Whimsically, 'O, I'm now giant, be alert';
So they go apart.

I see the sun run over the meadow, later hide
Behind the trees of beautiful Bengal, every evening
And the meadow I see bid
All shepherds and lads 'good-bye', and bring
Tears into her compassionate eyes;
So they return thrice.

I see the sun run over the play-ground, later shine
In the azure skies of Bengal, every noon
And the play-ground I see whine
Against children, and moan
On them being ill-treat;
So, on time upon the doors they smite.

Pijush Biswas

When The Evening Light Comes

The sun sets in the West
Ten boys, on Evening feast
Play 'mid land, and push
Each-other to see the sun through bush.

The road is dusty beside
In river breaks the tide
The bullock-cart runs trembling on road
And fishes there swim on eternal mod.

The chirping birds are back to nest
They jostle in haste
To reach their dear one
Who shone alone in moan.

The school boys and girls hear to bell
'You may go home now', bell-beats tell
And they scuttle all around
A grocer, nearby, becomes spell-bound.

Pijush Biswas

When A Man Is Well-Off

A man in human dress always is well-off
A man is a man when shines in use
A man is a man who knows everything of
A man lies perfect when his body idlenesses refuse.
A man who himself in jealousy and hate finds out laws
Always makes a world, far off the brutal paws.
A man becomes himself a world when life he does delve
A man turns to diamond when returns help.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Morning Song

Morning dews glitter at the edges of grasses
We children look our faces into them
We see the sun-shine lash
Upon the dews
There none to blame
So, our hope gets loose.

Now morning dews glitter at the edges of grasses
We children run forward to take lesson
Or, to be men in human dresses
So much we see the dews flutter
In sun-shine, as we will do our own.
Now, we have no pain in losing dews
Upon the sun not we claim nor blame
We have little done, undone huge
We need name and fame
To live the lives better.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet6: Flaming Desire

One who shines alone forever burns bright
And never comes by his path petty grace in life
No the reason he exhibits in vain, nor respite
Leaves a truant speechless while rides on cliff.
A petty grace a petty life wins, so he wins life
And no rest in rest he seeks, nor in flaming eyes
Not the storm, nor rain seize the sun come for brief
Leave him always flaming in him and wise.
A fine life yet fine in verse, verse seeks peace
A petty life faint in unusual, faint in desire
So, one loves the way the life all bleach
A desire should be a desire, or a flame in fire.
A desire, in depth of belief, touches the highest peak
And one travels by the legend one's mirths speak.

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in 2018]

Pijush Biswas

When Men Become Men To Men

The world is a beautiful stage to perform life
It's shadow we can't tread even with a light tread
The world becomes a beautiful face of our mind
When all demands defeat ferocity and hate
The world seeks itself a mind
When men see himself in sunshine and even in rain
The world be a better place to live in
When men become men to men.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

All I See On Summer Days

Men are looking for peace
As if, want to be face to face in dream
Moreover, to see the sun on beach
On a day, untiring and trim.

Men are sitting on mossy stone
As if, sunk into the drowsiness
And a balladist sings alone
Are happy the Mister and Mistress.

Men are strolling on sand
Wild wind is wild to please
Them utmost, upon thankful land
Though no tension to lease.

Men are swimming in the sea
Although they know nothing about
The sea, tides break upon knee
And sea gulls, amid, soar and shout.

All I see on summer days
All I see to be in alliance
Upon the strand, for the sea lays
Always to bless us and ever dance.

Pijush Biswas

Foolish Ghosts

The street lights are faint and diverse
Shadows of pillars make fearful symmetry
It seems-ghosts are on the back of ghosts-
A dazzling dances upon the street.
The trees beside the street are gloomy
And are reproached stingingly
And are truant with questioning,
In a pensive mood of breeze.

Half a hundred and more shadows in a glance
Can be seen; more spiritful than dead bodies
So half the way I can hardly travel
And my heart is about to strike me.

More or less fifty times I look up into sky
To seek the Moon and twilight stars beside me
And seem the night never to be ended
And seem the night ever to be in gruesome hue
So I think the night will never have end.

So I take a posture to cross street before sunshine
Or to make the ghosts my prey, or to break
Their eternal pride on the street, beside the sea.

So I run towards my room to fetch a musk
And black dress, fitted to my body and the night
Much to make them fool and give dances with them
To be brief indulgent in making them love me.

Sometimes I push them with my slim knee
Sometimes I caress their heads with free hand
And they think me as their affectionate mate
Oh, how fool they are! they never complain to me.
Thus I cross the street of darkest night
And thus I reach the midnight sea
To take pleasure to the lees
Out of dreary condition of night.

I Seek Myself In Me

I thought much to see the Sun
I thought myself among all to be one
I thought not to look-over the sea of knowledge
I never provoked someone to be hedge
I took everyone as my own
Yet, the almighty God never yields to my dun.

What, if I run and none stretches helping hand
What, if I stumble and everyone laughs at
What, if I cry in pain and everyone takes pleasure in it
A discrete life, as I know, is more lit
A discrete life, as I know, is a life of craft
A discrete life, as I know, dominates a land.

So, I seek myself in me and sun-shine
So, I seek myself in me and rain
So I, to reach the goal, climb a bine
Not to be out of battle, and but to conquer pain.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

A Lover's Soliloquy

Half the way I tangled to her
More or less I loved her, and should be
Oh, petty much it were a dream
It was much to see heart and be
A lover to lover kind.

The road, taken in, not so short
The rose, withered, not so faulty
A mind, loving, not so fragile
A pretty grace, a pretty one
When lover be a lover
Or seek itself a mind.

A sea seeks beauty in beach
And a beach in a sea always
Ye, face to face they be
In a brief indulgence
Not so stingy, not so grievous.

A better love, a better life
A life, to unmoss a mossy stone
Or to see the Sun in East
Or to let the heart, to be in cruelty.

Now let me tell, O!
What if I love her
Or not she seeks herself in me
What if coconut loves water
And water loves him not
Or denies to be in his heart
Or stay live-long with him.
It's better to be in defiance
Yet I will be alive...

Pijush Biswas

Sonnet5: Way Of Proposal

May be, a beautiful girl too worthy to be one's loved one
May be, humming bees sing song of the praise of her beauty
May be, some were prey of her beauty and continued to moan
In vain, and surrendered to their fate, the denied priority.

A wish should be controlled, or a wish may be ignored
Lo, it thus happened by the immaturity of proposal
Once they did; or may be meanwhile they snored.
So, every love affair, successful, done in way special.

Now listen! I must seek her like and dislike first
Or what dresses she puts on or of what colours, seek
What does she like most to eat, and take her there must
Sometimes be manly, look into her eyes and politely speak.

A rose should be wetted, that will not make her deny
And be knelt before her to offer it; O, otherwise 'tis 'Bye'.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

On A Rainy Day

The sky is overcast with cloud-
The sun knows not where his pride lays;
A stolid day among untiring days.
Continuous thunders, or sounds, loud-
 Make the day untrim
 Dark and dim.

The Earth looks gloomy under veil
'Tis nothing but fearful symmetry
Can do him deviated from beauty
As he thinks, better be undrunk than smile,
For all living creatures look fervourless
And, matters go pity more or less.

But, in fancy the trees amid these
Nod heads, and lose themselves in glee;
Out of never-ending pensive mood they be
After they have been blown by breeze.
Moreover, drops of water glitter
At the edges of leaves; O, 'tis beyond utter!

At least, twenty or more swans, yet
Are fond of wallowing 'mid deep clay;
As merry-making is their instinct, and play
Joyfully, to forget the woes of lives, abbreviate.
Not the hidden sun nor cloudy sky
Be cause of their live-long sigh.

Pijush Biswas

Piteous Eyes Of History

Life gets annihilated, death returns
'Tis war- cause of moaning for their children's death
Of bereaved mothers upon well-arranged urns, -
So all brave souls rewrite history on heath,
With their trembling hands grasping bloody ink;
'Tis why piteous eyes of history ever blink.

Pijush Biswas



PoemHunter.com

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 was 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.'

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in 2018]

Sonnet4: Our Love Was True, Thou Knowest

Our love was true, thou knowest; but where's depth
I sought, with thy resignation, now ta'en 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 ta'en 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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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

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

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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.

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words" in
January,2018]

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...

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



PoemHunter.com

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

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

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.

[Published in his self-published book "Some Suitable Words", in
2018, Kolkata]

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

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

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

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

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

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, when I used to climb on them,
Being fascinated by their call 'Dear'
Will not come again back to overwhelm.

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

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 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

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

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 its neighbours; stay none nearby to tease.

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

Yet, it has a domain dominated by its 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

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

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



PoemHunter.com

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 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.

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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

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



PoemHunter.com

Naughty Rajendra Kongar

Rajendra Kongar looked gasping 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

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

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

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



PoemHunter.com

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 bid 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.

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

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 float 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



PoemHunter.com

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

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

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

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

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 someday 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

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

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



PoemHunter.com

Journey By Train Alone

Its the day of returning
Fun, excitement, acquaintance 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-
Ecstasy 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 acquaintance.
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

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

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

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

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

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 murmurs 'O god, why thou hast given me toil! 'to herself
Neither her husband nor children stretch hands to her to help.

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

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 serpan 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

Little King

So little king you are
People will find you, somewhere in the war
You would be forever in their mind
Let's 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.
It's 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

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 mouldlin.
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

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

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.
Pitiful 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

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, its 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 is 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

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 bird.
'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