

Poetry Series

Asimuzzaman Asim

- poems -



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Asimuzzaman Asim()

Creative writing



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Grace I Want

How hard would be a distance, that's all I brancard...

Be it God, stone, angel or sinner whom we love,
Nothing but life gets devoted for a sweetheart.

Each of us waits in our own manner for her grace,
Few hurl the roses, while few throw the dart.

Weakened by my heart here I rest and look at people,
For merely an inch, go lengths to tear the world apart.

To converse vague and cryptic when face to face,
Then self-convincing and wishing a fresh-start.

How the heck people are so adamant in animosity?
We fail so colossally even in little matters of heart.

Someday we weep on arrival of new seasons,
Someday, in a search of good old times, we depart.

Asimuzzaman Asim

If We Apart

This day if we afar, then we may visit in the rivière
Like arid flowers that are fuzzed in books,
Look for pearls of devolution in devastated people
Maybe you can detect this store-house in bad people,
Neither you are sovereign nor is my love like an apostle,
If we both are human beings, then why should we meet in whopping,
Why not affix the grief of the macrocosm to the sorrows caused by my beloved,
After all when the quencher are mixed, the narcotic increases,
Ye and I are not the analogical, nor do we have the identic fortune,
It is as two phantom meeting in the desert of inclination.

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Better To Apart Before Priapism

Thitherto we attain to a point of priapism...
Why not my friend, part our ways affably...?

You too became a pit from a shiner,
Who knows what I too quirk into gradually?

You being a peerless skipped all counting,
I too if break-apart may palpitate into infinity.

I shall too find an excuse quite adequate now,
and someplace else to indulge subsequently.

If odds are low to ever become a destiny,
least we shall become a path to a finality...

Been a while, in a wonder are these moths,
"Burn in flame of love or fly-away empty..."

Love too happens to be a game of fortune,
end up in dust, or become a sculpt heavenly.

Should we meet by any chance now whatsoever?
would embrace you like a robe made for you only.

I have left all the devotion now "
What to do when people become almighty...

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Lament Win Back

Your dejection once sought comfort in company
But those who were once yours have long gone,
Those who would genuflect as you passed
Who once lineal your driveway are long gone.

Put off by your wilfulness at love,
The waiting night chose not to stay,
Dismayed by my patient fortitude,
Those who erst consoled me are long gone.

Neither a invoke for a lover's tryst, nor a melancholic obsecration,
Neither unending tales, nor nagging complaints
In this your world I remain, afflicted,
Those vantage my heart once fend are long gone,

There was no one at the crossroads but us
When our garments were besmirched with ink,
We held up soiled habits as ornaments
And walked cockily into feast of the beloved.

There's no passion now on fealty's fair face
What use this rope, this gallows pole?
Those who once immersed in their delinquency of love
Those delinquents too are long gone.

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Secrecy

Smashing my head in regret
I fall a sleep in contemplating in separation,
There is a vacuous inboard which I am sinistral of thinking
What would I even say?
Were I too be afforded a moment of privacy?
There are innumerable arguments to be made against you yet i still to manage
to convince myself of an argument in your defence,
Its not easy that I can still get angry with you in my affection
And so building which was yet to be constructed was set ablaze,
Love was decided perpetrated by the soul'
And the body malice of itself,
Oh god that which is not present anywhere
What is written on our fate?
How will I manage to live this life?
My heart is no longer placed by this love,
My sprit is no longer a party to my protestation.

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I Remember You

I was musing of you all night,
The earthshine pierced me all night,
Sometime blazing sometime dying out
The ire of my pang radiate all night,
Someone's dress had different scents all night,
Some photos went on singing all night
Someone sitting under a branch of
flowers
Kept on telling the tales all night,
If nobody came to the locked door
On any sound we answered the door all night,

In prospect I remained calm all night
My readiness though nagged me all night.

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Whats My Fault

What is the shebang with you, my guiltless love?
What cure is there for your sorrows, my love?

I desire you and you turn away
tell me lord what's amiss with my love,

I can tell you plainly pretty well
obtest me what amiss I've done to you, my love,

There is no one here beside you
Why all the scuffle then? accost me for God's sake, my love,

You've green-leaved roses. Where did they come from?
On a breeze from the clouds? Tell me, my love,

I was hoping you'd be faithful to me
What faithful! says to me my love,

Be a well wisher and people will wish you well
What more a hermit could say, accost me my love,

I am ripe to renunciation my whole sprit to you
But don't know how to pray to get back my love.

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Omitted In Love

I drowse you had a premises like love,
The one who procured root out didn't dwell down
The one who got lost is not found,
Sometimes on the floor, sometimes over the sky
sometimes by them, sometimes here, sometimes there
where did we go
Like a lotus sitting silently
The noise of silence inside,
When they parted, they got better
when we parted we fell apart,
sometimes in sleep, sometimes in consciousness,
Where I found you
neither sight nor tongue moved
just passed by bowing my head.

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Meet With Daff

Don't stroll around without a reason,
Remain at home for some days,
She is frankly alike a book of poem,
Silently make out her,
Nobody will even churn your hand,
If you unveil your arms to everyone,
This burg undergo a new maiden culture, my friend
conjoin them all from a margin,

There are heap of twist afore in life
Someone or the other will set foot or wend,
The one who outworn you from their bosom,
With devotion you can be able to misprize them
Sometimes your fineness behind the visor,
Could be crock in a romantic dress,
When I doll up and go out
You should waft with me.

She isn't maskless like the phoebe
That a aspect from you won't have any impact,
Don't pry her with so much zeal
Not for so long.

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Lost In Both World

Moony everything being in mash with you
After the vesper of grief she's leaving me,

The house is deserted, all jourm are blue
she left, and now, the spring too is blue,

she had liberty to guilt but for four days
lord will punish her in his own ways,

The world made her to forget all about me,
uneasiness to make wages took her away from me

She sticked fain at today,
Don't ask what joy my heart felt today.

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Put A Name To

I remember stilly shedding tears night and day,
I still retrace those point when I fell in love.
When I converged you, somehow, my foible of self-confidence went
I remember you were penetrating your finger between your teeth.
Stealthily, I used to come to meet you, at that place,
much time has passed, I still remember it well.
I exerted your veil from my side unexpectedly,
I remember, you were hiding your face in the gorget
In the mid-day sun to call for me,
I remember, you came onto your rooftop,
How can I forget your foot to my canopy
until I cringed you in my arms comfortably.

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Sorrow Of Begging

This is a thing that happened in the evening or at night,
I won't beat her, she ruined me,
The day I do celebrate with my parents
Now I am gassy to someone from a nearby bush.
From the perspective of the bitch, I thought that there was no happiness.
I bent one side of my body,
The other part of the body is singing at night,
I am going to the house of my chosen one,
Why is this house so sad?
I will remind return journey from your arbor

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Somewhere The Moon Got Lost

somewhere the moon got lost on the way
somewhere the moonlight got lost,
I am a lamp and that too is extinguished.
how my night brightened!
I was like spark of my fruition
under the shadow of your soft eyelashes,
the doors the spaces for us
where we stayed it remains fallow
juts keeping spit out souvenir,
my beloved getting out like thunder
which was hard of years pamper,
somewhere the moon got lost on the way
somewhere the moonlight got lost,
tried several time to forget you
it remains ill-fated.

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Calibrate If You Not Trust

If you don't believe then try me,
I am a mirror, hunt up this image,

I am a uncouth candle, I keep burning day and night,
I am exhausted, tell the wind to refrigerate me,

I, whose eyes had tears in them, did not appreciate them, I
have been scattered, so now I am covered with sand. Lift me up,

I've been a stone among these stones for a long time.
Someone should come and make me cry for a while.

I want you to allow me,
someone like you should hug me.
There are many animals in stone, there are many stones in stone.
no one knows how to rule me
I want you to please me.
No one likes me like you.

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Feign Of Wend

You are leaving with such a trace.
you are faster than me
Why do you feign in writing on the right?
I daze who asked me rife than me?
Why are you stick so late at night?
I am also the one who darts from the river.
you are deeper than the sea
What's the matter with you like this?
Why are you so mutiformity?
I haven't seen so much that I have seen it.
Why are you throwing stones?
go and enjoy the feast
I know you are true.
from all the demos of my burg
I am very happy!
what to say in my storm centre!
The night is full of nothing.
it's too late and strapping at night
Don't ask me stories of separation

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Met You After Long Time

Meeting in the wake of so long?
What notion are your lost in these days?
The sturdy puff of sir asks me..
What do you keep writing in the sand?
Meeting in the wake so long?
What notion are your lost in these days?
What is forasmuch in you?
Why do I fancy you so much?
obtaining after so long?
What notion are your lost in these day

What can I put to about the days of separation?
You sound me, how are you?
Meeting in the wake so long?
What notion are your lost in these days?

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Rapport Was Broken As She Went Away

she broke all the means of communication as she went away.

Though I presumed our understanding was such that at least we could have continued visiting each others spot.

It was better if one had professed a sole candle oneself instead of yammer about the darkness of the night

Although it was easy to die out of the loneliness, O beloved, but still it took me a out and out life dying quietly.

Your beloved had any competency to be faithful or not, I can't say, but, at least you could have performed your part in keeping a gleam of relationship.

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Mollification As Once Respired Among Us

That pamper as once respired among us,
Whether you dodder recalling or do not...
That promise, yes, of trailing thus,
Whether you dodder recalling or do not...

Those amenities showered on me before
All vantage on my state that you, egress
I do recollect all even if as a snippet..
Whether you care recalling or do not...
Those swank frail complains afresh,
Those captivating bits of guidance,
That being rattle at each thought,
Whether you care recalling or do not...

Listen, elham it is quite an ages old,
Once you happened to made few promises bold,
What is good now, rejoin they full-filled or not?
Whether you dodder recalling or do not...

By a transient chance, when we met,
To display sincerity each moment,
A discontent at meeting frequently not,
Whether you care recalling or do not...

At times coming one to one in gathering among all,
though lips hermetic, yet gloat delivering it all,
Those gestures revealing desires a lot...
Whether you care recalling or do not...
Had ever anything happened as,
something that lead you to a distress,
Before even revealing, forgetting it all,
Whether you care recalling or do not...
Once did exist a passion between us
Once there was a compassion between us
Once we're too acquainted with what other sought.
Whether you care recalling or do not...

That turbulence before night of reunion,
Those disagreements over our communion,

Fairing stiff list of things for "Must not";..
Whether you ward recalling or do not...

One who you did count among the cordial...
One who you did count among the sincere...
I am alone - a very love-sworn flask...
Whether you dodder recalling or do not...

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How Dalliance They Must Have Lived!

How sprightly she must be living, how proud
She must be, who knows what modus of people would be there who would be
fetching to her.

In the dusk of day, happy people come here to me.
Must have come to watch me blow out
I was not affined with the one who is not going to come,
what is the meaning of those who are going to come, she will be coming,

what else will befall after the reminiscence of her,
just like that, my hair is scattered and will be scattered.
Friends, at least mention something about her doomsday.
He would have died in those boar.

As soon as I get out of puff, everyone would gorge crying,
that is, even after me, that is, he would be breathing.

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Dazed Both Worlds In Love

Having mulct both this macrocosm
And the next for love's sake,
There goes a frigid soul
With a hipped night in his wake.

The tavern is barren and bare
The phial and wine is raving,
When you turned away from me
Seems like cheer from my life left.

Such a scarce stint have we been doled
To devolve of life's sweet fruit,
The seigneur, unnerved by our joy,
No more would dare impute.

Now your memory is far
Estranged by the world's affairs,
My heart is deceived to forget
By rampant profane cares,
don't ask me about my heart,
How it flounce with life today
When, by grace or chance or accident
She sent a smile my way.

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Dessension Hurts The Heart

Let it be grief, even to tantalize my heart, come,
Come even if only to waive me to torment again,
Come, if not for our past deceit,
Then to intently fulfil the pristine rustic rituals.
How many people will I decipher my grief to?
If you are melancholic at me, come just for the sake of this world,
prestige, even if only a little, the profoundness of my love for you;
Come, someday, to gesture me solace as well.
Too long you have deprived me of the solicitation of longing;
Come again, my love, if only to make me blubber,
Till now, my breast place still suffers some scrimp expectation;
So get in, find out even the last flickering torch of hope
Agreed, shush your love is the real form of love,
Some day, come to quietly manifest your love
The way you seek pardon to not come,
Some day, come with an oblivion to stay forever.

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Cause To Stray

My beloved has ensnare me in a ambit, it be sticked...
I desore not to chit, but feast me an uncertainty, it seems...

That countenance is akin to an apothecary for me...
Its visitation lends affiance, my heart has shrine, it seems...

From very moment I joint that enthralling glance,
I found myself up to embark on any journey, it seems...

Such spacious is an stamp of my beloved's possesor...
What is captured by mirrors at best is a fractionality, it seems...

To my globe my beloved is a bounty no neuter than the spheres...
For wherever I go, his shadow moves along me, it seems

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