

Poetry Series

hemanta bora
- poems -

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A college teacher of 36 yrs old. My first print work (2009) was an Assamese anthology of 21 poems This year I published two books through Createspace IP Platform, USA - 'Harmony: Stepping into Life' & 'A Treatise on Kamala Das's Poetic-eroticism: A Life- line Beyond'.

Addressing To My Beloved

Oh' sweetheart, when do thou arrive
And today this thy slave
Can't move to....thee
It's all-thrashed, weak, exhausted, lifeless
Yet with the lone sense....thy
Life-melting caring....Today
Thy slave is with
This love as the lone asset,
Refuge, last-dot-spirit, inspiration
It can't move to thee
But its life, mind, soul
Are all alive at thy feet,

Behold once, let me have
In thy lap that infinite blissful
Rest....

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Down To Earth

What's this procession
Of moments
To an unknown depth, as
No mind's sense
About the ticks coming,
But a question mark is always there
To greet -to search the answer
To greet -to search the answer
With the beats going on in the depth -
None is there even to guide
But only the echoes inside;
To be dismayed -to be ousted
'To be or not to be' may be the
Condition -O' that's the option.

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For Thy Love

Thou're none but Christ,
Thou're none but Krishna
Thuo're none but all
Who paved the path of light
For those, amidst darkness -
Thou're none but the
Eternal light, ever there,
For, who one seeks to have it -
Thou're what not, where not.....
Thou're none but love -
Ranging from an atom to
The sun, every one is in search of.....

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Fragility

It's the tsunami
That transmitted
A fragility.....about
Its underlying serenity.

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In Between

She can't serve me as
Obediently, as I serve
Being her the loyal most
Slave; though you don't
Make me a mistake -
Let the gap play its prank
Scope beneath my prank...
Moment's prudrnce'll
Be there - scaling the note,
May it be so
None bearing no-note.

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Ode To My Absconding Beloved

Oh' Lord! Where're you
Are you there in my crown as
before?
It seems you're absconding:
and, I might not be the scorer,
this jolting, turbulent
torrent of the Gothic-in-fashion,
and the integers wrapping up its germs
in some chaotic depreciations-
Yea, Thy wrath it's, I adore, I
adore
and with tears, and tears
beyond measure, to make
me more, purer, freer as soul
to soar- yet it's entrancing
'..my little jokes on Thee
And I'll forgive Thy great big one on me.'
- The dashing of the
tumultuous surface, shore,
to ebb aw'y its tour to its
ever nearer-core.

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Ode To Nature

Amidst our technicality of living
We're ever there in the bosom of nature....
- Yesterday evening
A sparrow entered into my kitchen....
Took a temporary shelter
(...if I could've served it...)
Chanelling my mind to diverse thoughts...
15-20 minutes passed
And I experienced the maiden
Storm of the season.
As it'd passed I understood the cause
Of the arrival of my guest.

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Pause

I'm submerged somewhere
Beyond my vision, since
My memory starts to reckon -
It's intensely continuous as
The endeavour to come across,
But mirage too speaks
The hoarse, still once -
A flight into my heart's pause.

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Splendour

It's the grace....

Oh! Thou dot within;

Sometimes we fail....

A splendour that even

Beyond one's fancy or dream.

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The Life-Line That Sprouts Life-Eternal

Gautama got it...And thereafter
Known as BUDDHA,
And Lord Krishna taught it to Arjuna,
And, Jesus once proclaimed it...
And it's everyone's right to have it (the bliss-within)
But the inner-intensity must register it,

Then the goal is nearer
And ultimately, It'll grace you
Ignoring your curiosity....Yes,
Registration is a must by thy intensity.

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The Lover In Me

I'm in love, yes
The dream I make -
Still it's far off, the real touch
The lover in me; far and nigh
It's shimmering, penetrating,
The ever-serene beam....
Evading such obstacles -
Making me restless,
Dreaming the dream.

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The Memory

Travelling from far
Beyond where a lot more
Moments are now
In oblivion,
But when muscles appeal
To minimize the strain
Somewhere or
Under the banian,
Although it's pacified; yet
It can't escape catering
The memory,
How once after a
Long march,
A few verbalized
There noiselessly.

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