Poetry Series

Pravat Kumar Mandal
- poems -

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Pravat Kumar Mandal, born on 2nd November, 1970 in a small village named Sankuria in the district of Murshidabad, State - West Bengal, Country - India, is an assistant teacher in a higher secondary school named Bagmara niketan, Murshidabad, West Bengal, India, though his first school was Gayespur High School in the same district.

He currently lives at Berhampore, West Bengal, India with his wife Bobby Mandal, his daughter Arunima Mandal and his son Ayash Mandal. His mother lives in the village along with his two younger brothers and mother brother lives in the other town in a nearby district. He received his primary education from his village parhsala where his father was the Headmaster. Then he studied at Amritakunda mandir and passed 1987 under WBBSE and then H.S. Exam. from Krishnath College Schol, Berhampore under WBCHSE. He passed in English from Rampurhat College from The University of Burdwan in 1993. In this time he met an accident. Finally he received his M.A. degree in English from the same university in 1995. In 2001 he was appointed as an assistant teacher. He received training as a deputed candidate from Katwa College in the same university in 2006.

Since childhood he is interested in literature, especially English Literature. He started creating poetry since childhood but they were few in number. Now he writes poems, essays, short stories both in Bengali and English. He has had several poems published and posted in facebook, and many Bilingual Magazines. His first book of Bengali poetry ATMASTHA, EK PRATIBAD was published in Mushidabad Book Fair 2020, Berhampore. This book consists of 61 poems. In between teaching he spends all his spare time writing poems and his poems have been read widely on the Internet and in print.
A Homage To The Constitution

A Homage to The Constitution
Pravat Kumar Mandal

You have many epithets
To you we pay our respects.

You are our protector
So you are our favour.

You give us safety more
We are free from horror.

You bring freedom to our door
We carry this potent lore.

You are in our deep core
We love, admire and adore.

26th JANUARY,2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal
A Torn Replica

A Torn Replica
Pravat Kumar Mandal

In the solitary world of relatives
What does it say, but deportation?
In the sky the stars are at their meeting
Despite the distance, they're in a relation.

In the moment of greedy grey thought
Is the heart in the form of scarecrow
Eager to meet innumerable dreams?
Like the stars it's the form of sorrow.

Love is on the edge of lifelessness
Is it, however, a grey manuscript?
To get right of a flowerless couch
It is a torn replica in solitude.

(1st June, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
After Philandering

After Philandering
P. K. Mandal

O Dear! Let us love again
Let's forget the new pain -
The pain of philandering.
Let's renew our love-making.

O Dear! Don't hesitate.
We are both magistrate
In our love kingdom.
Let's live in our own Rome.

O Dear! Give me a chance.
Let me amend my lapse.
If you find any offence,
I'll not proceed for defence.

O Dear! Don't be egotist.
Care I not if you insist.
I will smell yours again
And our love will regain.

O Dear! Excuse me please
You may think I'm a tease.
Being tired of philandering
Now I'm a peace-abiding.

(28th February, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
ALARM
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Don't shout.
It's a rhyme.
Silent!
It's a crime.

Don't laugh.
It's a fool.
Modest!
It's a cool.

Don't gobble.
It's a greed.
Revolt!
It's a creed.

Don't snatch.
It's a sin.
Impressed!
It's a bin.

Don't oppose.
It's a felon.
Adjust!
It's a colon.

Berhampore, West Bengal, India.
24th January, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Alive

ALIVE
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Those who are the sky passengers
The official darling guests.
Those who are the oppressed workers
In this world no right to take rest.

The guests are equal to the gods
They aren't showed any disregard
Let the native workers be trampled
Thus let the number be reduced.

We call ourselves human beings
Living with dreams; dying with dreams
Our faces are veiled with fake shinings
See, how we survive in our streams.
(9th May, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
An Appeal Of A Street Dog

An Appeal of A Street Dog
Pravat Kumar Mandal

I'm a street dog thin and little
Neglected and despicable.

O naughty boys, don't throw the stones
That hurt me hard and break my bones.

For a long time I haven't been fed
So, I'm too weak to raise my head.

Unkindly I'm kicked and beaten.
I have to sleep in the open.

So many stains on my body
Make me morbid, glum and moody.

I am traumatised with your tease.
I want to live, let me live please.

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Anxiety

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Whenever I think of my existence,
In my shaky life your sudden presence
Like a comet, makes me bright with your light.
I'm empowered to live in my dark night.

Whenever I think of my free movement
This an unwanted question I repent,
And this you conceive a shocking entry
You're all in all in my life and poetry.

Whenever I think of my loneliness
I take a look at your beautiful face
That rehashes me dazzling like the moon
Loneliness becomes happiness very soon.

Whenever I think of my depression,
My appetite grows for your impression
And your sweet voice. So to forget myself,
I always aspire in your faithful help.

Whenever I think of my hectic life
My instability hangs like a sharp knife
As if it always ready to make short
And you protect me with your best effort.

And whenever I think of you fondly,
I'm proud to be one in your family.
I wish you to live, in my creation
Where I'll be alive in your intention.

Whenever I think of my existence,
Alas! I truly forget my presence
In this world I'm nothing but a puppet
Alas! I am really back-dated.
2nd February, 2020
Apathy In Love

Apathy in Love
Pravat Kumar Mandal

After a long wait I saw you
When the sun on the horizon.
At a glance I saw your poor view
Pale but cool just like a new one.

Nature was quiet and grave, of course
With the lifeless companion.
For panic, though there was no source
You kept yourself dumb like session.

I had a lot of confidence
So I was very close to you.
But your motionless banal sense
Ambiguity in my love grew.

Suddenly I called for passion
And apprised you my deep amor.
Yet I could find no emotion
I worried you might have hoped more.

August 27, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Asking

P. K. Mandal

Looking for happiness I found sorrow
I came to die in the invocation of life.

To realize the mind I became desperado
I was in the nostalgia of the scandal today.

Yet love comes secretly in the dream
Living as an unholy earthly life.

The hope of heavenly happiness in the body
The disgusting breath of salty smell on the face.

Then the two minds in the shameful happiness
Happy to ask for shame, if so now.

(03/03/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
At Your Touch

AT YOUR TOUCH
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Your touch when I got first
Grew more and more my lust
My love reached the extreme
That I dreamt in my dream.

Your touch so much soft
On my rough barren croft
I had to embrace
Without hoping your grace.

Your touch so powerful
That broke down social rule
Your touch with immortal kiss
Made my heart heavenly bliss.

(18th January, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Be Careful

BE CAREFUL
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Hit the iron when it is hot
See or not now - it's a lame slot.

Dodge carefully the secret smile
It's an ominous deadly guile.

Obey courtesy, suppress the rogue
It's a lively popular vogue.

Shun the lip that's not the real face
Sometimes it carries drastic stress.

Joy and sorrow equally share
Otherwise suffer in despair.

Make love with your heartiest dear
Otherwise it'll spoil forever.

Be careful! Life is a struggle
Face it, or you'll fall in tangle.

(11/07/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Choice

CHOICE
Pravat Kumar Mandal

What we need most is punk
None can avoid the junk.
Though no life in ravage,
Life must have a garbage.

A league of good and bad
Or that of glad and sad
Life flows at it's own whim
With reality and dream.

What is good is welcome
Bad is forced to assume.
Life is sure to be bright
If one chooses the right.

So the choice is the main
You will choose which lane
Life you want to rejoice
You've to choose the right choice.

(07/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Conscience

You may call me an atheist
I have no objection.
What is true, I think, I know well.
So I have no obstruction.

God, to me, is a consciousness
He judges the sinners.
Unseenly He does what He wants
And good to well-wishers.

Now what is Corona doing?
Nothing but punishing
Those of us who have neglected
His firm viewless footing.

Isn't he doing anything good?
He helps us find leisure,
He brings family together,
He acts like a joiner.

Those we lost in our business
Unknowingly got back.
Mother's affection, father's love -
Tell me who gave these back.

Sitting next to the grandparents,
Nowadays no matter,
Working with the dearest wife and
Gossipping together.

Spending time playing with the children
The happiest moment.
Frankly tell me who brought all these,
Showing no sentiment.

Well, what has Corona done wrong?
Tell me reasonably.
He's been killing people a lot
But not mercilessly.

His secret presence around the world
As the starvation maker.
One more charge, he has been bestowed
As the pandemic maker.

That's right, Corona has no sense.
Are we pure basil leaves?
The wars, the Great Wars we conduced
Slaughtered how many lives?

Observe two natures - ours and his
I find no difference.
If Corona is a virus,
What is our essence?

How many lives become lifeless
In our religion?
Will God be able to answer
This imbecile question?

As I raise the questions on God,
Call me an atheist.
And, as I do believe on Hope,
I am an optimist.

(April 29, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Contentment

Contentment

Pravat Kumar Mandal

When I lived in my country home
Among my simple bosom friends,
No false vanity, no false trends
I felt as if I lived in Rome.

No one ever got up so late
As I do in this cramped city
Among the false showy gaiety.
So I like to get my old mates.

Mine will be done with heart's content
I will do whatever I wish
I will enjoy heavenly bliss
Then I will feel my full contentment.

18/07/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Corona

Corona
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Nowadays lots of speculation
Corona will soon lose his motion
He is a killer
He is a sinner
Above all he lessens pollution.
05/05/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Crave For Freedom

In ruthless oppression, inhuman, injustice
In the Tsunami of blood, the helpless cry:
Freedom was only one demand
The freedom for free of the country.

Thousands of lives didn't reach their finishing line
Thousands of women silently crying and frozen
Thousands of mothers waiting for their son to return
But the freedom songs sung in chorus by the children
The children who lost their fathers
We call them freedom fighters
We call them great patriots
We call them immortal martyrs.

One day that auspicious moment came
But alas! Where is the freedom?
Identity and dreams are getting blurred
Even today people are under the wild shame
Inside the human ear can be heard
The crave for freedom, the longing for freedom
The most unromantic but strong slogan:
I want freedom, I want freedom.

12/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Crossing The Limit

I have the courage to cross the limit.
It makes me feel deeply with great pleasure.
It brings consciousness into my conceit.
It teaches me how to overcome fear.

I have the vigour to cross the limit.
It makes me proud of my self-confidence.
It gives me light to fully exhibit.
It trains me how to avoid imminence.

I have a strong will to cross the limit.
It shows me purely of my perfection.
It allows me to think of my exist.
Crossing the limit pays me conviction.

26/07/2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Cry And Laugh

Cry and Laugh
Pravat Kumar Mandal

I am ready to cry
But I can't.
I carry on my try
But I can't.
Nothing to cry about
Hence I fail.
No time to cry on doubt.
Hence I fail.

Laughing very easy
I think so.
To tame it makes me busy
I think so.
Alas! Where is my laugh?
It's a cry.
Cry and laugh both are tough
Who will try?

Berhampore, Msd.
October 31, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Dawn Of My Life Begins

Dawn of My Life Begins
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Dawn of my life begins from that moment
When thy sight with strange pose knocks at my door
And I'm eager to unlock my statement
That had been colourless in my deep core.

Morn of my love becomes bright with thy smile
That flashes on face after a long pause
And I am ripe to open my closed file
That had been suppressed in my depressed cause.

Dusk of my hope is enlightened with cheer
When thy warm exhalation makes me warmth
And I am ready to swipe thee as beer
If thou come before my villainous path.

So thou art beware of my haughtiness
Or consign thyself to me with boldness.

October 11, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Death

Death
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Death has two aspects - good and bad
Sometimes benign, sometimes ruthless.
Though all death is sad, very sad
He relieves us from the distress.

Who wants to leave this happy home?
'No' is an apparent answer.
If the home full of troublesome,
The answer loses its temper.

Life and Death both untouchable
Life is full of experience,
But Death indecipherable
Obliged to obey in silence.

Death constant, free from pretension
No one can deny his power.
Formless limitless expansion
Known as an absolute slumber.

(26/11/2019)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Delusive Dream

Morning dream, or dreamy morning
Both are enjoyable to me.
But the dream turns into mourning
When the busy day welcomes me.

Dance on the song, or song for dance
In my life both essential.
The life becomes tasteless and harsh
When they are rough unmusical.

The fragrant rose, or its fragrance
Both make my forlorn love complete
That love is still vivid ageless
When the rose has no scent and bright.

Story for life, or life story
Both are parts of civilisation.
Life and story become gory
When man loses all his position

Real fantasy, or fancy real
Both are really deadly and grim.
I regain my human ideal
When they break my delusive dream.

(April 6, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
One night in my dream I saw you walking
I spread my hand to hold your swinging hand
Startled I heard a rhythmic voice talking
Very faintly you claimed your pending demand.

No response to your love - it was my fault
As I was a big question in those days
I had no answer and no wealthy vault
Only emptiness and I was a blank page.

Then one day my identity was born
I adapted myself to meet your needs
But when your hand bade me goodbye with mourn
On the blank page I planned on the next deeds.

Ev'n in dream I have no right to this hand
Now it's for someone else, so no demand.

(26/4/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
DESTINATION
Pravat Kumar Mandal

I am getting ready
For an unknown journey.
I will remain steady
To find my destiny.

The journey starts slowly
Through an intimate path.
The mind feels very homely
I find no one uncouth.

The beauty of silence
I taste at every step
And enjoy a new sense.
Here everyone is safe.

At once darkness rolls down
Eyesight becomes feeble,
A nefarious frown
With a strange visible.

I don't know where I stand.
Those I see are the strangers
In this desolate land
They're the static sleepers.

Is this the hell of pain?
Though no aches prevail,
But a blood clotted drain
And unbearable smell.

None can control the fate
I am no exception.
Now I'm in such a state
That I get perception.

Is this destination
Of mine I hoped since long?
I feel satisfaction
Among the silent throng.

(26/5/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Evocation

I call on such a path
There'll be no violence.
In human outrage
No peace existence.

I call on such a path
There'll be no jealousy.
In the selfishness
There's no ecstasy.

I call on such a path
There'll be no aversion.
In malevolence
There's no salvation.

I call on such a path
There'll be no collision.
In suspicion
There is no liaison.

I call on such a path
There'll be no annoyance.
In the confusion
There is no confidence.

I call on such a path
There'll be no enmity.
In the contempt
There's no humanity.

04/08/2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Exam Hall

EXAM HALL
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Exam hall is a Haildom  
Not a play ground.  
To express their wisdom  
Wait without sound.

Exam hall is a hot room  
It's winter though.  
Het up to make their doom  
If the pens don't go.

Exam hall full of fear  
No wind motion.  
No one to take their care  
Except tension.

Exam hall a cave of pales  
With a watcher.  
A deep tension prevails  
And a pressure.

Exam hall a grim battle  
Fight the fighters.  
With the sound of every bell  
Promote encounters.

Exam hall just like a hell  
Silent hearings.  
End after the final bell  
Creepy feelings.

August 15,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
For Corona Virus

For Corona Virus
P. K. Mandal

You the modern people
You are helpless
Against a stress -
Corona, the Devil.

Today the world trembles
Terror has spread.
On your cool bed
Where Corona rambles.

Corona, the virus
Strolls here and there
It does not care
Your medicine or rush.

Hey vain men, be careful
Death approaches.
To pace your race
You be more powerful.

(March 15, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
For Only Love

For Only Love
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Yesterday different
Another one I passed my valentine
I don't remember last year how I spent
So I do not feel fine.

This year versus last year
More spiritless, lifeless and yawnful
Dull, dim, lustreless and old, o my dear
Alas! Both we are fool.

I am jealous of them
Who walk lazily keeping hand in hand,
Head on the shoulder and, their words of shame
A genuine loveband.

We are much happier
We don't pretend, our love more impressive
Heartfelt, more appealing that has no share
For only love we live.
(15th February,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
From The Hills

From the Hills
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Take the winding path up
Then, you will reach the hills
From there you take a view,
This needs for your sad fills.

At the height of the hills
Worldly account fades.
To realize yourself
Stand under their green shades.

By extending your hand
You may touch the earth's roof
Here the wandering clouds
Courteous but aloof.

The fountains are flowing
The clouds and the mountains
Busy in their meeting
To tempt their visitants.

Here the rain and the sun
Love to play hide-and-seek
Nature herself takes shape
Never does she feel sick.

Here's no din and bustle
No cause of anxiety
Here's no fret and hustle
Here's only satiety.

(18th May, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
From the Zenana of Life
Pravat Kumar Mandal

"Why are you in tears?" asks angry Sorrow,
"I'm not one of fears
Think of tomorrow.
I'm a part of life
With me and your joy
You have to survive
Master, don't be coy.

"Why are you speechless?" asks Joy in surprise,
"You become sightless
I beg to apprise.
I'm a part of life
Don't be afraid more
You have to survive
Master, don't be sore.

Joy and Sorrow both
Motivate me to live
With vigour and youth
For the days to arrive.
Life and Death are mute
And, like the onlookers
They watch my upshot
And triumph as winners.

Joy, Sorrow, Life, Death
They're latent figures
They make a nice wreath
In my mortal corpse.
First two are in basis
Last two are in contrast
They all give me a wish:
"May you live in your trust!"
(13th July, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Grudge On Corona

Grudge on Corona
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Corona, avaunt
You are poisonous
Stop your panic hunt
You're just a virus.

You're a trespasser
You are unwelcome.
You're an intruder
You are troublesome.

Don't cross your limit
You are out of ours.
Never try to meet
With your viral spurs.

Be quick for a trudge
You have no place here.
Away from our grudge
Find your own shelter.

Never show your face
I think you'll not miss.
You're out of the race.
Let us live in peace.

(16/5/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Hubbub Hullabaloo

Hubbub Hullabaloo
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Who says it's not a good?
Hubbub hullabaloo
That always I follow
As it's a tasty food.

Who says it be foolish?
If ignore open eyes
As to refuse this prize
And think it so rubbish.

Who says it goofy guest?
Toot tablas as I wish
Roister on my boyish
Or else Time will be rest.

Who says about my love?
Hubbub hullabaloo
That always I follow
As it is not a grub.

August 18, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
I Am A Happy Father

I AM A HAPPY FATHER
Pravat Kumar Mandal

I am a happy father
In this Father's Day
I am gifted a daughter
With a joyful ray.

An unlimited pleasure
I've ne'er had before.
This day I am a father
With a promise more.

I am now a proud father
For such a sweet light.
She and her sweet brother
Make me always bright.

(21/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
If I Could Say

If I could Say
Pravat Kumar Mandal

If I could say my life my favourite,
I would be the happiest in this earth.
If I could say my decision was right,
My life would be full with heavenly mirth.

If I could say my wish was the last word,
My range of happiness would be boundless
If I could say I maintained my standard,
My beauty would be tangible no less.

If I could say what belongs to me not yours,
My soul would take fresh air with heart's content
If I could say the words came out of the core,
Surely it'd be the most entertainment.

Then you'd contempt me for being selfish
And throw me from your heart as rubbish.

(21st February, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
**If Possible**

**IF POSSIBLE**
Pravat Kumar Mandal

If possible I want to be young
I want to get back my verdant age
I want to hear the past cradle songs
And I want to get back the old craze.

If possible I want to be stripling
I want to get back my village friends
I want to get wet with the sprinkling
And I want to hear the tales of legends.

If possible I want to be younker
I want to get back parents' discipline
I want to play as a peacemaker
And I want to save ourselves from decline.

23/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal
I'm Very Close To Fifty

I'm Very Close To Fifty
Pravat Kumar Mandal

I'm very close to fifty
As before I'm still nifty.

My wife sometimes calls me 'old'
And, again she calls me 'gold'.

But I don't know - old or gold
I always want to be cold.

I'm steady against her blow
I'm bright with her deep red glow.

I'm vexed when she is silent
And benumbed for a moment.

As before I'm still nifty
I'm very close to fifty.

(4th July, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Impression

Impression
P. K. Mandal

Alone
In the lone room
Wait
For the last doom.

Single
On the sick bed
Hope
For the safe shed.

Solo
In the short dirge
Stand
By the trek verge.

Only
Before the love
Bye
With the brief sob.

Hearty
On the pale face
Gift
For the last trace.

(15/04/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
In Dilemma

In Dilemma
[During Pandemic]
P. K. Mandal

If Corona touches my life,
I know it will ravish it's right
In my body and will survive
Then my only one goal is fight.

I will get so many soldiers
To fight the single enemy.
Doctors, nurses, healthcare workers
They all dutiful and gamy.

I am not afraid of being persecuted
As I have doubts about myself.
By whom was I, as man, created?
Who created the gods without shape?

Yet if I'm embarrassed by Death
I wish to quench my long desire
Am I an atheist if no faith
As I don't know God's creator.

I would've no complaints if I die
Since I would've lost my enmity
But if not so, I've to leave a sigh
For the dismal humanity.

Tell me the answer ere long
Who am I in this universe?
Before being stopped my heart's song
Tell me how many read my verse.

(14/04/2020)
Pravat Kumar Mandal
In Old Love

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Old love does appeal love no more
Old body has lost its fragrance
Old mind has sheltered its deep sore
In the old heart there's no old sense

In the old way the tale is old,
Old language has lost its breath,
The old hearing has waned its bold
And old eye does arrange no wreath.

Old face reflects mourning image
The old kiss has consumed its warmth
Old hand finds its touch with old rage
The old embrace has lost its depth.

Old memories ambrosial
Newness in love is a fake show
The old is not commercial
Old happiness is welcome so.

(9th February, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
In Shravan Mood

IN SHRAVAN MOOD

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Shravan always wet
I'm lost in anguish
In the songs of melt
I find joy and peace
Please let me rejoice.

In the morning rain
Mind filled with sadness
Mizzling nonchalant
Source of moroseness
Grouch and gloominess.

In the midst of noon
Eyes feel lethargy
Evening comes down
A blind, with energy
Singing in crazy.

Shravan clouds attack,
The sky becomes dark.
In the shaky shacks
People fear havoc
For the coming dark.

Patter natter sound
Features in this time
Music all-around
But the gust, the prime
Weakens my poem's rhyme.

In this period
Rivers overflow
Boats are wayward
My mind and heart flow
With the rainy glow.
In the rainy days
Patches here and there
Cover the sun rays
Howling and capture,
Random their nature.

Shravan is in bore
The garden downcast
I'm at the closed door
The wind knocks hard
Despair and depressed.

Falling rain non-stop
I love to chitchat.
Let us storm in cup
With stupid debates
With Shravan's pat-pat.

13/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal
In The Morning

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Son:
Let me sleep now, mom
Cold outside, here warm.
Mom:
Look, the morning light
How quiet and bright.
Son:
Some more time, mom please
Let me feel soft breeze.
Mom:
It's a stupid rest.
Nothing will be the best.
Son:
Let me dream a dream
There will be no grim.
Mom:
Son, the morning passes
Enjoy its calm flashes.
Son:
Yes mom, doing that
But they moving fast.
Mom:
No no its your doubt
That's needed to rub out.
Son:
Mom please, trust me now
I want to know, but how?
Mom:
Wake up, wake up, my son
Look at the morning sun.
Son:
To me it's troublesome
Excuse me, o dear mom.
Mom:
How fresh you will feel!
Your sick mood will heal.
Son:
Ok mom I'm trying
See, my eyes are prying.
Mom:
Call up the poet's say:
"Morning shows the day".


Pravat Kumar Mandal
In Winter

Finally
Here comes the winter.
Beg the sun
To give a little fire.

In the rows
We sit together.
Side by side
We feel hot summer.

With the scent
We taste the dates-juices.
By the fire
Cake pastry with molasses.

In winter
We enjoy the best fun.
The thick mist,
Picnic and excursion.

December 13, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Keep Going As It Goes

KEEP GOING AS IT GOES
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Keep going as it goes.
What is wrong with it?
You can snore your nose
No one will ask your fit.

Keep going as it goes.
Is it not called freedom?
Your love with black rose
You can pose your wisdom.

Keep going as it goes
Any break to this rule?
Time moves on, no pause.
It's a living old tool.

August 11, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Killings and Feelings

Killings and Feelings

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Kill, crush, and snatch
see, snap taken then.
The armed officials
Kill and kill with pain.

Death, grief and death
witness the savage
The weak onlookers
Invite the ravage.

Press, thrash and rush
Latent, innate flow.
The spineless species
Remain dull in blow.

Powdery feelings
Make the poem superb.
The busy readers
Don't mock or disturb.

Strong passive tactics
Prostrates the progress.
The lame humans
Invite the regress.

Killings and feelings
Both are inherent.
The first one is crime
And no one consents.

(12/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Late

LATE
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Hello!
They all ask me, "Why are you so late?"

So late!
This weird word that raises my pulse rate.

Late! Late!
Peradventure I'm really late.

In fact,
I'm greedy for free and rebate.

At once,
I regain from an unconscious state.

And so,
I start my conventional debate.

For vote,
Commitment I need to stimulate.

Hush up!
Now I speak of those inanimate.

Bondmen!
Soulless lives live in this dead state.

Like me,
They are all dead and they are late.

08/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Life

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Life is nothing but a number
Some so-called naysayers say this.
Life is like wine in a bumper
Drink it and throw into rubbish.

Life is nothing but an unkempt wreath
After the futility.
Life is the opposite of death
The eternal reality.

Life is nothing but a horizon
Where the dreams begin and finish.
Life is nothing but a fruition
Take it up easy with relish.

(08/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Listen to me please

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Listen to me please.
Crime before eyes
How to tolerate?
Calm or indifferent
Speechless or tacit.

Listen to me please.
Crime before eyes
How to encounter?
That's a simple way
Give foolish laughter.

Listen to me please.
Crime before eyes
How to resist?
Nothing my dear
Provoke or insist.

5 July, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Love

LOVE
Pravat Kumar Mandal

What a strange thy look!
Want to say something?
In the name of love
I want no bent ring.

Love has its own right
It has a delicious taste.
But it loses all its flavour
By the attack of lustful fest.

11/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Love Intact

Love Intact
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Only we two far away from the noise
Face-to-face in a solitary noon
There we were sharing our boundless joys
And whispering how to be one too soon.

But we had no time to spend like this
Touch of twilight back to reality
And we had no time to enjoy such bliss
Thus we left the place without satiety.

After twenty five with joy and sorrow
That memory had been turned into pine
You’re to me a sweet flower - a yarrow
The scent of which I am still kept in wine.

So I'm still drunk in your love as before
And your absence has grown my love the more.
November 6, 2019.

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Love Me Or Not

Love me or not
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Love me or not - I do not care
Happy to know you are with me
Your feelings for my happiness
Happy to know you think of me.

Your love not for me precisely
But I feel proud of your presence
No penance on this critical.
You all are in my existence.

11 July, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Masking

P. K. Mandal

If I put the mask on my face,  
You will not see my scars.  
Being enticed by my fake face  
You will quench your desires.

If I put the mask on my face  
You will not find my fears  
You will laugh at me for this dress  
You did in the past years.

But if I unmask before you  
You will not miss my tears.  
Your senses will wake up anew  
With good eyes and ears.  
(April 25, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Mismatch

Mismatch
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Here the spirits are sleepless
The faint light of the firefly shines,
They come more and more in rows
Stinking, covered with white polythene.

Searching for the grave increases
The wandering souls are only numbered.
There is peace in them and no rivalry
There is no desire to be nurtured.

The lightless sun rises here
In the darkness of the waking night.
The spirits keep the pen in their mouths
They try to get the calculations right.

But the mathematical issue weak here
Pushing in the crowd is very unbearable
Distance is needed for the trial
Harassment in trace! Mismatch discernible.

(29/07/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Money

Money
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Money begets money- it's a saying.
The rich get richer, the poor get poorer.
What else can we do without pondering?
In life money is the determiner.

Money buys happiness; money sells sad
Money says truth; money draws falsity
Money plays sensible; money makes mad
Money brings vice; Money holds dignity.

Money addiction is a disaster
Money is unlimited corruption.
Money is a killer; it is a life-saver
Money is everything without notion.

Money is nothing but a criminal.
Money always tests us in critical.

14 September, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
My Accepted Life

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Out of my life I'm confined in yours
Many days, many months, many years
I've spent and enjoyed in that cell
No complains, no grievances, no tears.

Whenever I'm freed for a moment
I lose myself in the midst of glare
In the world of puzzle I forget
To laugh, to think, and to be aware.

Now I must be obliged to admit
Confinement is not a punishment
It's a safe heaven for existence
No pressure, no panic, no torment.

In the captive your mild disgrace
I've accepted in my lone heart
For myself in the near future
To receive peace, but not to hurt.

November 20, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
My Children

My Children
Pravat Kumar Mandal

My children the nice gifts
And the joys of my life.
In the span of three years
I got them from my wife.

I love their company
Their sweet voice and their smile
They believe each other
They're quiet, sometimes agile.

They share my anxieties
They're pure and innocent.
They demand something though,
Their needs very decent.

Nothing more important
Than their affection
They make my world complete
With full perfection.

November 23, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
My Love My Pray

My Love My Pray
P. K. Mandal

Every day and night
Your look very bright.
Your face and your sight
My love on your might.

In my every wink
I would like to sink
Into your physique
Deeply and to drink.

I just feel your touch
But I miss you much.
And somehow your watch
Turns aside me much.

How firm on my dole
You are, and your soul
Your heart that my goal
I'll gain with my soul.

On your eyes I gaze
In order to raise
Your love and I praise
Your whim and your craze.

O Love! Don't be pale.
Uplift your dim veil
And peep into my vale
You'll find my love's tale.

Every night and day
Your smile and your gay
And your jovial say
Make my love my pray.

(March 12, 2020)
My Repentance

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Listen, what would have been better
If I had been anywhere else?
Being a shameless parasite there
I'd have written long long tales,
The tales would tell many stories
About the poor in poor countries.

Listen, what would have been better
If I had said nothing about me?
Negating my own human share
I'd pass away my life with glee,
My tales would warble your dirty:
About you and your poverty.

Listen, what would have been better
If I'd get the reward the best?
Being glad with the next treasure
I'd repent deeply for the rest,
You'd cheer me and my origin
But neither my tales nor my sin.

Chennai, 15/10/2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
My Wistful Longing

My Wistful Longing
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Sometimes in isolation
I am
Far away from reality
In the intoxication
Of sweet intensity.

Sometimes in meditation
I am
Far away from the noise
In the propagation
Of the mental poise.

Sometimes in satisfaction
I am
Far away from desire
In the conjugation
Of carnal pleasure.

Sometimes in resolution
I am
Far away from thinking
In the authorization
Of wistful longing.


Pravat Kumar Mandal
My World

MY WORLD
Pravat Kumar Mandal

My world soundful when you're by my side
Doubt born in me when your sweet smile you hide.

My world beautiful when your radiance
Spreads on me like a constant vigilance.

I am thankful to have you as a bride
Since then my world is meaningful with pride.

How lucky I am as I'm not alone
And in my world no sound of clarion.

Now I have only one dream and desire:
May my world remain intact forever.

(26th June,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Now The Rain

Now The Rain

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Now the rain
Yet no stain
In the sky.
At a noon
Twinkling tune
With no sigh.

Lazy time passing
With the drizzling
In the city.
All roads and drains
Full of black rains
There's no safety.

Like the river
Moving water
Slows down with dross.
Trap in water
Plastic carrier
Doth not mean the laws.

Water water water
Here there everywhere
Rain rain heavy rain.
Traffic congestion
No time protection
Fear of office men.

Sticky mud soil
The most pure spoil
On the body cover.
From top to bottom
The joy is extreme.
Let everyone aware.
On Love's Manifesto

P. K. Mandal

I love to hear the old stories
Where there are full of man's glories.

I love to laugh off heartily
So that my heart becomes lively.

I love to live with my kinsmen
To get rid of the lonely pain.

I love to talk fiddle-faddle
And so I hate to be standstill.

I love to feel the attachment
So I dislike the impeachment.

I love playing with myself
The game of love for myself.

I love to show my entity
Where there will be no vanity.

I love my mother very much
Always eager to get her touch.

Whom I trusted was my father
To me he was a great pillar.

I love my son and my daughter
They are my backbone and power.

Nothing less my love on my wife
Whose attachment completes my life.

(March 6, 2020)
One Day I Lost My Visualized Life

One day I lost my visualized life
Pravat Kumar Mandal

One day I lost my visualized life
On the long way of my aimless ferry
Today in the intense I wish to carry
My funky hands on your side to survive.
It's uncertain to find the happy days
Like a buskin what is lost doesn't come back
And lasts as the token of the old crack
Grabbing the lost memory I feel gay.

If you surrender yourself fully to me
As before I'll give you satisfaction
If you can't curb your curiosity
As before you can frankly relish me.
In me if fail to find your perfection
My punk heart will take the liability.

August 19, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
One More Year Passed

One More Year Passed
Pravat Kumar Mandal

One more year passed
Laughing crying,
feeling sad and proud
Wrapping joy and sorrow
The village and the town
In the garbage of shattered memories.

Bondage of moving twelve months
The age increases for all
The fuel stored in the memory
The vibrant reservoir in the future.

Matching the unaccounted for life
The look in life
On the last page of year
In the twilight of the year
The tired body
Waits for the new dawn.

Feeling fresh, O human family,
Promise for spreading eternal love.

31st December, 2019.

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Out Of Outfit

OUT OF OUTFIT
Pravat Kumar Mandal

When everyone screams, I keep quiet
As I will not find right hearer
To judge me, my face and my byte,
I wait when they stop together.

But Time passes by his own pose
And becomes a good adviser.
I sit and take a rest and doze
Alas! No one stops together.

Suddenly a pin drop silence
Startles me and I'm awaken
And with my eyes I flash a glance
Everyone keeps their eyes open.

I try to catch on who they are
Some are weeping, others tacit
Some are praising and others slur
I feel I am out of their outfit.

19 / 10 / 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Perseverance

PERSEVERANCE
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Failures may come in our life
They’re the stepping-stones to success.
They fail when perseverance pushes
And brings win in their perdue strife.

Doubts may crop up in our vain mind
They may cause scare and depression
They may leave a deep impression
And our joys are left far behind.

Obstacles may come on our way
Like the sudden puffy storms,
And they may come in any forms
Perseverance sweeps them away.

Many great men of the world rose
To sign by sheer perseverance.
We should take their experience
Like the salt, the medicine dose.

We know the story of King Bruce
It learns how to mount up the towers.
Success not of luck but of perspires
Perseverance a secret of life, of course.

30/07/2020]

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Poem

Poem
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Poem is excellent
When it is read outspoken
It has good talent.

(04/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Poetry

POETRY
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Poetry means a whole human being
His everything - body, mind, consciousness
A flawless colourful route for living
In cry and sorrow, love and happiness.

Poetry like the Atlantic ocean
Brightened in various forms and colours.
Sometimes gloomy grey, sometimes blue pleasance
Sometimes turbulent and sometimes sober.

Poetry means the delightful festival
Children's laughs and their loud recitation.
Heart-to-heart love and the life-long Carnival
Enjoyment for bygone's rumination.

Poetry the vehicle of creation
That travels on every path of this big ball.
Poetry the deed of civilization
The summons that touches the heart and soul.

02/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Poetry And Prose

Poetry and Prose
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Poetry written in prose
Glamorous with glum greed.
Its smell like a dry rose
Demands with a queer creed.

Prose is born from the head
Poetry from the heart.
Both grand and dignified
In the creative art.

Prose provides sense and tense
Poetry shines feelings,
No logical maintenance
Just impulsive ailing.

Prose comprehensible
Poetry readable.
The first one sensible
The last unknowable.

Poetry in prose attractive
But so-called prose-poetry
Into heart dull and passive
And forces a sick entry.

(16/07/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Like a child I want to cry
For getting back my childly age
When fantasy was my best game.

Like a bird I want to fly
Into the sky - a vast blue page
If written there is my name.

Like a hill I want to be strong
To survive in adverse conditions
Which are enough to break the love.

Like a rose I want to blossom
To express my heart's true missions
The only aim of which is love.

Like a star I want to stare
To make the darkness shine and shine
Nothing else is invisible.

As a man I want to declare
That to be a real being
Though I know it's not possible.

(23rd February, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Prayer

PRAYER
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Even before the hardships were traded
Nothing has changed yet.
As we used to pray and wait for the good,
We still do and wait.

Our prayers stem from our plebeian faith
That begets from fear.
Love for man is one that's top of the line
It's a real prayer.

See, the humans are praying for your love,
Your touch and some food.
Let's pray for the worried humanity
Only for the good.

06/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Reminiscence

REMINISCENCE
Pravat Kumar Mandal

In a small village I spent my childhood.
Many a busy morning I past well.
Plenty of trees here and there though no wood
With the serenity, no din and bustle.

I did three major tasks at certain times.
Studying, schooling, playing and then studying.
This busy living life could find no crimes.
Then the age of subjection for everything.

I myself built my own world as I wished
Where my dreams were kept awake day and night.
To an unknown future it could have led
Me, and though I'm still fighting in that fight.

The past is the past, it does not come back.
Actions of the past make the present track.

August 22, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Rumour

Rumour
P. K. Mandal

I am a rumour
I have no humour
With my chic glamour
Reveal my figure.

I am a rumour
I have no pressure.
With false exposure
Create mixed clamour.

I am a rumour
I have no flavour
My taste runs up more
When I get valour.

I am a rumour
I have no favour.
Proper or improper
Whatever, I don't care.
(23/4/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Searching

SEARCHING

Pravat Kumar Mandal

In a sudden storm many leaves fell
Arid and green leaves that are diseased.
The storm will stop, maybe a few days left
By then all will be crashed and messed.

In the disgrace of your Almighty
Are you insulted? Tears in your eyes?
The power of Almighty is crippled
For the green souls the evil strikes.

Even when fighting, youths are dying,
Alas! You have no surveillance.
Religion is now unconscious to itself
Is it needful to brag about greatness?

Walking in the dark black path of mind
Every day I'm awfully stumbling.
The dead are being taken to heaven
Hearing, but the truth I'm still searching.

(06/05/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Self-Judgement

Self-judgement
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Give me a hard slap
If I do something offense
Don't spur with a clap
Then, if I have gained no sense,
Please revile me a nonsense.

Dispense me a slang
If I do something unjust
Don't mark with a rank
Then, if I can't restore trust,
Please address me a bastard.

Despise me a lot
If I do something misdeed
Don't ignore the blot
Then, if I can't mend the deed,
Please punish me justified.

Bestow me a fraud
If I do something vengeance
Never spare the rod
Then, if I can't correct the sense,
Please give me a fair sentence.

(6th July,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Sense

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Now I am an old stag
Free from anxiety
Here's no din and bustle
And no false gaiety.

What I like the most
Free from tension.
What I want eagerly
Life but burden.

I'm indebted to my will
Makes me sensible.
Now I have no false eye
Makes me trouble.

Bad feelings strike me hard
But I don't care.
I have a strong sense
Uncovers my fear.

Now I am an old stag
Free from anxiety.
None can know the base
But my Almighty.

8th June, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Sentiments The Secrets

Sentiments the Secrets

Once I had a little bag
So many secrets in it.
They were enframed in a tag
To reveal them needed a hit.
Hits were couped with a hammer
One after another blow.
They were the same in rumour;
They came in similar flow.

An emotional torture
Suddenly hit on my mind.
They were ready to scatter
There was no excuse, no kind.
The secrets became silent
And waited for the next hit.
A voice proclaimed in a bent
They were not really fit.

Still they lived together
In the frame of blood and flesh.
They did not blame each other
They stayed away from rush race.
Joy and sorrow, smile and cry
They all lived in their own right.
When one kept the other dry,
The other returned with fight.

These sentiments the secrets
They built the fleshy frame strong.
No hit could freely separate
The tight bond which had no wrong.
There was no hesitation
In sentimental movements,
But in rigid relation
They never fade, never faint.

September 7, 2019
Pravat Kumar Mandal
Shelter

SHELTER
P. K. Mandal

Nothing can make a son more prosperous
Than listening to his mother's phone call:
'Hello 'beta' how are you - safe you all
I know you well, as you are boisterous.'
Nothing can make a son more glorious
Than receiving his mother's deep blessing
The mother who always gives her wishing:
'May you be happy, son and gracious.'

The son perceives proud of his mother's norm
Still he is anxious for the mother
Eroded the world today by a worm
That worm has kept mother and son afar
Waiting for stopping the untimely storm
Then the son will get a secure shelter.

(April 03, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Silence

P. K. Mandal

I want to say a lot
But I do not have time
If I had any chance,
I wouldn't have this crime.

Silence is an answer
Sometimes it concessive
Sometimes disapproving
I think it aggressive.

I don't want to change it
To me this more important
Silence a part of life
That creates no opponent.

(14 March, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Some Stories Of My Life

Some Stories of My Life
P. K. Mandal

Only two days before my first big test
My grandfather took his eternal rest
I had to pass a shocking emotion
In my heavy heart with full of tension.

Then the first two days of my second one
Not so good, I think, again not so wan
But the next two days sudden dysentery
Made obstruction of my easy entry.

Before the part-I exam one mishap
Almost changed my recognizable shape
I thought I would never regain my pace
I would lapse forever in today's race.

Just when dreams were not dreaming in my eyes
Just when the heart was yielding to my cries
Just when life was falling apart from life,
The loveless touch of childhood came to life.

Time was moving fast into my fourth phase.
Pedagogic life and personal craze
I was cherishing with my passion
So I had to invite my destruction.

A new journey began with my helpmate
I had to consign myself to my fate
"We shall overcome" - inspired me a lot
And the lost courage returned on its spot.

After this I found my reality
A deep hole whose no visibility
A deep dark through which no way to step out
So my role would come to an end, no doubt.

In such a crisis, I got a relief,
Soon I regained the popular belief:
No sweat, no sweet - an absolute armor
As a result, I became a teacher.
(19th February, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Stay At Home

Stay At Home
P. K. Mandal

Let us stay at home
With the dear family.
Like the close housemates
We all become homely.

The only stratagem
We to fight the virus.
Keeping the distance
In the human nexus.

"We shall overcome",
If we do determine.
As we know the disease,
We know the medicine.

(March 25, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Temporary Fight

P. K. Mandal

Let me say something against you
Strange but not unfamiliar.
You complain again and again
To amend my behaviour.

Let me say something against me
Familiar but no so strange.
Whenever I think I'll be fine,
I suddenly lose my courage.

Let me tell the readers something
Real but not imaginary.
We extremely fight day and night
But the fight is temporary.

(May Day, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
The Bliss Of Unwanted Love

The Bliss of Unwanted Love
Pravat Kumar Mandal

I knew I did not fall in love
But I frankly said, “I love you.”
Unknowingly you became glad
And said, “My all you’ve to subdue.”

Since then you came slowly to me
Close, very close to my body.
Your breathings seemed to me crusty
But I felt cozy and moody.

This is how your deep attachment
Continued for a long long time.
I never interrupted you
I never thought it was a crime.

These memories covered with dust
These are now the past dreams broken.
I bring them down, clean secretly,
And keep them in my care again.

(30/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
The Clock Hands

The Clock Hands
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Tick tick run the clock hands
Ne'er they stop at their stands.

Never they take their rest
They do their work the best.

Their movement is constant
But their race different.

Pravat Kumar Mandal
The Fire Of Desire

The Fire of Desire
Pravat Kumar Mandal

I want to fly on the wings of desire
Losing way I want to be a traveller
I want to walk on the fire of desire
In the heart I want to be a preacher.

By the verses I want to be a poet
With the immortal love I want to create
Such a world where there'll be no trace of hate
I'll keep my love in my heart and protect.

In the moonlit night I praise my being
In the fire of desire I'll keep her awaken.
In my core full of passion and feelings
With the ballads I want to be maudlin.

My monk mind is looking for the pleasures
All such desires are engrossed in gestures.

[ 01/08/2020 ]

Pravat Kumar Mandal
The Tired Faith

(A parody of Blake's "The Sick Rose")
Pravat Kumar Mandal

O Faith thou art tired
The indistinct word
That strolls in the right
In the rotten world,

Has found out thy fault
Of pity heart
And his dark arrogance
Does thy life pervert.

21 September, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Thoughts And Dreams

Thoughts and Dreams  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

If the thoughts had been fixed,  
Peace of mind would have flooded.  
All the limbs would have thrived  
And nicely decorated.

If all the dreams were real,  
A chaos would have occurred.  
They all were partial  
And certainly would have blurred.

If thoughts and dreams were the same  
No troubles found in the mind.  
Hence there was no blame  
And missing peace had no find.

Since then thoughts think for nothing  
But Dreams are dreamt just for sup.  
Here and there thoughts are moving  
And dreams are dreamt to wake up.

19 September, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Through The Rains
Pravat Kumar Mandal

After the ev'ning we are back
With some unknown fears in the black.
In the midst of violent rain
Bolt attacks again and again.

The path that runs in the deep dark
Waits for accident with rough mark.
We leave it behind and ride fast
Ignoring the sky overcast.

Frequent Lightning flash the vision
Moving forward with sharp tension
The intense desire not to vain
We two bikers ride through the rains.

1 October, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Time

Do not lose faith in time
Time will bring good time to live
Don't worry, be patient.

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Ting Tong

Ting Tong
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Ting tong
Ting tong
Ring tone
My phone.

Ding dong
Ding dong
King Kong
My son.

Ping pong
Ping pong
Go long
My zone.

Sing song
Sing song
No wrong
I Bong.

Come on
Come on
So soon
I gone.

(10th February, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
To A Headworker

To A Headworker
Pravat Kumar Mandal

O Headworker, you may think
With your white blink
It's your choice
But don't raise your voice
That's a wrong step
Disturbing the shape
Of so-called progress,
That's called regress.

O Headworker, you may right
With your strong might
It's your will
But don't impose your deal
That's a lame plea
Reducing the glee
Of the pretension
That's an assertion.

O Headworker, don't worry
I am not sorry
You just a headworker
I'm not your follower
I'm just a listener
Like a useless burner
What you misstate
I think it's a bet.

(12th January, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
To An Hm

To An HM
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Despotic beauty
Tip to the teachers
Not to the students.
Perfect in duty
Grave and serious
Total confident.

Imposing manner
Work on the next head
Satanic guile.
Vile demeanour
No sorry no shade
Only agile.

Stubborn in nature
Glow multifaceted
Versatile talent.
Attitude don’t care
Change colour like lizard
Enjoy all patent.

Meaningless tension
Most essential
Prove a creature.
No recreation
Just initial
No full signature.

03/7/2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
To Death

To Death
Pravat Kumar Mandal

O Death! Don't kiss me now.
I want to live some more days.
Let me loose from your paw
I don't want to feel your age.

O Death! Don't hug me please.
It's not time to stay with you.
Let me free from your tease.
Kind enough you're that's my view.

O Death! Don't love me much.
I want to be a lover
Whom you can never touch.
O Death! Let me stay better.
(20th January, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
To Fate

TO FATE

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Step by step I'm moving forward
To catch my first final race rope.
O Fate! How cruel! Hit me hard,
Snatch my nearest one, hurt my hope.

Spreading arms and legs I'm crying
To touch my first happiest pain.
O Fate! Make my feelings drying
Leave me alone with a black stain.

Keeping the right index finger
On the closed lip, I'm just thinking.
O Fate! You put me in danger
When I see a small hope blinking.

Bit by bit I am running out
To reach my last destination.
O Fate! Don't chuckle me or shout
Or impose your persecution.

Day by day I am rolling down
To feel my passion and pleasure.
O Fate! You do joke me and frown
So that I guess you a traitor.

By and by I grasp I'm not wrong
Through my deeds I'm your creator.
O Fate! Take off your black apron,
Let me live for a few days more.

24/07/2020]

Pravat Kumar Mandal
To Some Verses

Some verses in terse
There's no lucid narration
There's some faded farce
There's only hinted tension
But no motion, no notion.

(04/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
To The Criminal Hitters

To The Criminal Hitters
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Now I can say in a firm and fixed voice
Criminal, I am criminal.
You can detect me surely as per choice
No argument, no terminal.

Habit be good or bad or full of blame.
No torture but deep affection.
Rag on the nose, when the eyes have no flame
Money measures prosecution.

Beating whatever you do is a crime
Guilty of equal guilt, of course.
If the rage of massacre is the prime,
Malversation is the next source.

Hitters, if you hit the rules with your hands,
You'll get proper education.
The leader, the police, all the black bands
Will give you initiation.

Pravat Kumar Mandal
TO THE POETS
P. K. Mandal

O poets, are there some of you
To be one like the emergency poet
Who will heal the world with poetry?
The world is now worried
For a horrible pandemic
That will destroy the human history.

O poets, create such poetry
That has the power to cure,
That will be effective in today’s sickness.
The science is now busy
In it's own lab.
Hope, we'll soon be glad in its progress.

O poets, invoke your powerful pen
Either in imagination or in reality
To console the careworn earth.
The new generation is waiting
With keen interest
To celebrate the human mirth.

(9th April,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
To The Real Cry

ToTheRealCry
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Cry isn't the right vehicle to win the heart
Only the heart can detect the right choice
And easily perceive the proper voice
And no one can touch it with funky smart.
Crocodile tears is nothing but an art -
Abusive that can create a mental space
In the heart, confused in an insane race
And inflicted with false love like frowsy dirt.

But if the cry comes out from the heart
And there's no illegal patent colour
And if the heart makes no wrong from divert,
It's positive response will be proper.
Cry - thereal cry will never retreat
And never be lost to get love forever.
30/12/2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Today When I Recall The Broken Dreams

TODAY WHEN I RECALL THE BROKEN DREAMS
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Today when I recall the broken dreams,
Dry hopes wake up in torrid temptation
Dry river of my love is filled in brims
There's nothing to hide from imputation.

Today when the past events approach near,
Dry feelings decorate my heart anew
Dry land of passion is flooded, o dear!
There's no ban to be crazy with thy view.

Today when the time-worn thoughts peep deeply,
Intense desire in the desert of mind
In the heart of painstaking scrapes quietly
To save the thoughts forever in the hind.

The dreams, the pasts and the thoughts together
Make love fulfil forever and ever.

7 October, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Touch

P. K. Mandal

If you touch her hand,
You will get her heat.
If you touch her heart,
You will feel heartbeat.

Two touches two types:
First one external;
Next invisible
That is internal.

[Some like the first one
Someone's the latter.
The choice changes
As people differ.]

The first one is pleasing
As it's physical.
The second one appealing
And emotional.

Touch depends on touch
Mainly it's touchy.
When touch from the cheat,
It becomes catchy.

(April 20, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Ever since the vibrancy of life began,
I've been indebted to the tree.
Peace and tranquillity I gain
In his shadow and I feel free.

Whenever I come to the tree,
I'm proud of his multifaceted role
I'm bless'd to have him as a friend
Who freshens me my mind and soul.

20/07/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Vanity All-Round

Vanity All-round
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Cheat should have a limit.
No forgiveness of nastiness.
Ego runs far away
No departure of haughtiness.
No welcome of prettiness.

Boast is an extreme grade
No arrogance of touchiness.
Brag parades on feelings
No binding of happiness.
No language of quietness.

Arrogance paces fast
No knowledge of narrowness.
Vanity e'er broken
No consequence of windiness.
No conclusion of quietness.

July 23, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
We Are All Ghosts

We Are All Ghosts
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Now, no need for darkness to see the ghosts
Because we all live in the land of death.
Wearing the human masks we are all ghosts
And happy losing our inhuman faith.

Now we are not afraid of any ghost
Because we are all known to each other
We are free in this reign, and so we boast
And happy with our lost vulgarizer.

Now we don't tell the stories of the ghosts
Because we're not controlled by human soul
We each other the obedient hosts
And so, happy to play in our own role.

We've no fear of being sold at any price.
We are all ghosts - not afraid of demise.

Pravat Kumar Mandal
We Are Hopeful

We Are Hopeful
P. K. Mandal

We are hopeful in the land of sickness
Since attacked by Corona the killer.
By its indomitable dominance
Gradually increasing its empire.

A rush of panic spreading day by day
Situation isn't yet out of control.
What the governmentsays we must obey
If we want to prevent Corona's role.

Sure, our world will be free from pestilence
Again we will feel the breath on shoulder
Again we will spend the hours in silence
Once again we will embrace each other.

In this way we will survive together
On the page of this blue world forever.

(28March,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
We The Flocks

We The Flocks
Pravat Kumar Mandal

We the flocks under a shepherd
His impressive smile very hard
Pacing with an underhand rod
Finding scope to bind with a cord.

Whipping rudely with his sarcasm
Making cleverly a deep chasm
In order to keep us busy
In order to prove us crazy.

Haply he gives us some roses
With a thousand fragrant poises.
His fiery voice is like thunder
With which he hides his great blunder.

We the flocks not so glad fully
As we are not fed carefully.
The shepherd's stooges are delight
Whenev'r we are tight in his right.

December 09, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal
What Do You Call Them?

What do you call them?
I call them brokers.
Their pens are unfair
I call them maskers.

What do you call them?
I call them selfish.
Their pens one-sided
No TRP miss.

What do you call them?
I call them agent.
Their pens they carry
For dashing present.

What do you call them?
I call them brazen.
Their pens are heavy
In need they frozen.
(21/04/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal
Will That Day Back

Will That Day Back

Pravat Kumar Mandal

On such a day last year,
The school field in the rain water
The boys were playing happily
Will that day back luckily?

27/07/2020

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Pravat Kumar Mandal