Pravat Kumar Mandal()
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
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
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

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
Crossing The Limit

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

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

P. K. Mandal

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
Evocation

EVOCATION
Pravat Kumar Mandal

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

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.

(March15,2020)

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
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
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
In Old Love

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 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

Pravat Kumar Mandal

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
Listen To Me Please

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 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
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

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 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)
Pravat Kumar Mandal
My Repentance

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
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

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 myeyes 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
Postulata

POSTULATA
P. K. 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
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
Sense

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
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

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
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 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

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
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 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 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 - the real 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
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