Sometimes we have to sit with clouds

When lights become somewhat scarce

When sights and sounds are very loud

With you stop all loveable commerce

Sometimes we have to sit with mist

When our sun demurs to send light

When we sit with tightly clenched fist

Cannot look up to the starry night

Blank page waits in vain for the pen

Ennui does not leave the window

Waiting for the footsteps when

ভাবলাম আজ চিঠিটা পোস্ট করে আসি

অনেকদিন দেখা নেই গাছ গাছালির সঙ্গে

পাখির ডানায় সবুজ জলের গল্পের সঙ্গে

ভাবলাম চিঠিটা পোস্ট করেই আসি আজ

বেরোতে যাবো গোলাগুলির আওয়াজ

কারা যেন গুলি করে পাখি মারছে

নীল লাল সাদা সবুজে গুলির ক্ষত

এখানে ওখানে ছায়া, - ভয়ের মতো

কুঁচকে গেলো উৎসাহী ফুলগুলো

একটা টিকটিকি গায়ে উঠে এলো

দরজার সামনেই জঞ্জাল জমে

জমাদার আসবে কি না কে জানে

জলের কাছে যাবার জন্যে কতো কষ্ট

কতো আকাশ কতো ঝর্ণা নষ্ট

**The Pink Prod**

Let me post the letter today, I thought

Have not sat hand in hand by the river

With the tales on the wing of blue parrot

For quite some time, now I must deliver

Was about to step out when the scary

Sounds of shooting the blue birds on grass came

Wounds of bullets visible horribly

Patches of thick shadows like fear and shame

The animated flowers and leaves shrank

A small lizard fell on my right shoulder

Right in front of my door some garbage rank

Bitter are the slices of cucumber

How hard it is to go for some water

Expectant blooms in the gloom of slaughter

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**The Mirror**

We are a mirror

Mirror makers conquer death

We are born to break

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**Doors Shut**

Every door closes

Whether a prince or pauper

Jasmine is for all

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**This afternoon**

In the morning

Waits the inexorable afternoon

Moons almost spent

Albums in the tent

Shadows of laments

For the candle refuses to go out

In some illusion and doubt

But the wings for the oblivion

Is in the making

Dreams daily drop from hand

Cracks in the glass

Classes breaking

For the emptiness

And unredeemable gloom

In the classroom

But the illusion still dwells on elsewhere

The afternoon too

Waits for a morning

Of flowers in the mire

Of orange desire

In the twilight

Waits on and on a desire

For a morning

A lark in a sunshine hop

A few dew drops

Some fond roads where for a little while

In a diamond smile

Heart stops

May be to beguile

But

Once you reach vacant plot

Filled with a few digits only

Dull, like grinning skull, no sail only the hull

Apart from those digits all nought