

Poetry Series

**Mamunur Rahman**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2018

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Mamunur Rahman(27.02.1982)

Poet, essayist, literary critic. Born 15 Falgun 1388: February 27,1982, Narail, Gopalganj in Kashiani Police Station, Bangladesh.

Masters of Business from Dhaka College Attracted to Bengali literature, while studying in high school From there, Bangla literature's main story, novel, drama, essay, poetry, translation literature, criticism and poetry. Bangla literature has been associated with itself for more than a decade. That is the reason for the beauty of Bengali poetry. Poetry and other literature were written slowly. 's poetry has been published in the 'Arts and Literature' category. His writings are based on the art and literature of Bangladesh which is the largest magazine ink and pen. The biggest portal of poetry is written in Bangla Poetry regularly. In addition to includes the largest portraiture of France poems. In recent times, he has created his own blog, all his own articles.

# Aeronautical

You are going away from the sky, sky,  
White clouds deep inside,  
To clarify the white -red sky, blue sky, deep relationships  
Nocturne definitely got that.  
Flows are fluent in unnatural,  
The sun, rain, fog, dew, forest  
There's no nothing.  
Immaculate Prince thekecha isolated.  
The interior of the heart - istapita Why are we alone in sedimentary  
rocks,  
Bangla bhuhage yaoni leaving no ties,  
Here you can revert back to that.  
Jausnamayi night, for you are ever Amen  
Krttimattaya exposed.  
Bangla Kirtonkhola, Shitallakhya, madhumati, Karnaphuli,  
You are forced to travel very far to the west in periye kono,  
Lower body toward the mountain climb where snow piles  
Tends to be, you sometimes have the coolness  
Made even more frigid. Unspeakable sbapnamayata  
Made an even more frigid. Sapnamayata  
Made an even more illuminating.  
Geometric structure of the rotating  
Are always, you know, maybe there is no way bicchanna,  
Where can continue.

Mamunur Rahman

# Bad Days

There is nothing quite like me  
In my day, whiteness, clarity,  
Precipitation, clouds, rain, fog,  
Dudhkumar, Sangu, Chitra, Dhaleshwari, Madhumati,  
And ariyalakha.  
Tia does not like, autopsy, weeds,  
Halcyon and lovebirds  
Jasmine does not like, Kamini, hasanahena,  
Raktajaba arbortristis and gardenia;  
There are better deep pond the fish are growth,  
In spite of much better  
When you picture red rose  
I am entirely sick!  
When my air-conditioned rooms  
Makes me seriously consider the frigid;  
My broadcast media comfort  
Speaking of the 'Stay like 'Stay healthy!  
I do not know how they like, not healthy,  
Your absence.  
They must be aware of what was then a  
Fierce fighting the inanition for you.

Mamunur Rahman

# Come If You Come To My Heart

Come if you come to my heart

If the depth of my heart, come to come  
Come from deep in the heart of the deep  
Come morning dew is that  
The smell of tuberose and evening,  
It - if not,  
Come thou mass of clouds Study of RSS,  
I request you  
Deep in my heart deep river come.  
Born to be flushed padmagulo more  
Come if you come to my heart,  
You will come bosekhera turbulent wind ' that  
Monsoon rains are frequent and,  
Yet you come  
Zero at the center of my heart  
However, you are getting bigger  
Come if you come to my heart.

Mamunur Rahman

# Coming Up The Music

Come up deep in the heart of music tunes are deeply  
My mind to mind  
Currents flowing towards him,  
Section cloud cover the tree breaks River,  
Sounds to me, flowing voice, silent to Love whisper,  
Cascade of coral, leading to its melodious tone,  
The tune is recognizable voices to unsound delirium,  
My voice, my written tunes section  
Which is a wonderful mix of music tune  
The horizon.  
Written out my honey  
My deep music.

Mamunur Rahman

# Daughters Of Artist

Pure art escalating Life  
Do not know anything else to do not want,  
Daughters of my I artist,  
Are you still alive?  
Where were you are the mind of artist  
the moonlight night of my daughters!  
Your victory was tender amount  
And do not know it;  
Dew burst of water waiting for you,  
the weaves of sea which is still flowing from the side.  
flow the beautification section to incessant wave train  
they are way to same road  
beauty of My daughters;  
Do you brew silently light secret of home!  
The wonderful  
flower clarify of my hand white weft Ray!  
the tone of glamorous woman sweet speech  
How long it may be shining?  
Dark blue is my sorrows,  
White clouds Let the cover of over sky  
Let down drooped the fog are window  
Nick was born to the pond green sprig of rallying.  
the glass of drinks steal spring of beauty  
Outside wear out; Whiteness is embedded voice with tears,  
If you come back,  
You'll spread of the flowers  
Come back to my art, the lonely daughter,  
My pained heart and mind.

Mamunur Rahman

# Day By Day I Am Selfish

I am quite selfish days of days

And do not think of anything other than its own to attractive  
Do not put the face of human relationships and the League,  
Social reformer who is known as the spirit of  
Do not think the crime intended.  
Bengal is full of inaccuracies surrounding discussion.

Let the eyes daily newspapers,  
Bangladesh engaged in intense competition rape,  
Launch 'Dakatia' sank, three bodies found  
President, Advisory and rushing gone to cabinet,  
When the world respond to the death of the daughter of sixteen heated,  
Still remain silent,  
Coffee cup, put the face every evening,  
Compassion did not express solidarity with the nation.

There is no trust in human relationships,  
I can not think of a man or.  
While destroyed all happens,  
Hand probably need something else to  
Dollars, pounds and yen have been filled in  
Bank of Bengal.

Mamunur Rahman

# Elusive My Love

Nothing is eternal;

My

Love...

sex...

Touch...

I have looked for something else, which peaked way;

Flicker just divine discontent memories

Can mesmerize me.

Getting dark sorrows of intensive growth of a big pond

Gives birth; cover of flower just there to give birth,

Deep more bluish flesh spread blossom dark sorrows.

When I laid all my tone of voice composing poems I admire bland;

You have to touch the immense beauty of flawless pearls.

I do not know my poems have not ever praise you!

Yet you all up on the same the eye corner silently voice.

Mamunur Rahman

# Elusive, My Beauty

I have all the sorrow are deep  
Yet it could not bind the grain,  
Fixed, it may be folly to give birth to something large,  
Determined, steadfast and committed no still, Your Footprints  
Recent seeing the side,  
The first running man of the world,  
With the way you have the legs to extreme spring to showed  
Make me scream,  
Do not you shiver, chill not awaken the body  
You never know, and the way and have a different destination  
Which, I think go to morning, afternoon and evening.  
dream, where is your destination?  
No way, you?  
Which, I took thee from the  
Deep and secluded, the  
If you put my eyes your footprints,  
Beauty to me is a symbol and if Bangladesh,  
On, right next to you, we will reach.

Mamunur Rahman

# Give Me One Night Of Love

I do not come to you,  
    Seeing spots in your feet  
    Getting to know and not to me,  
    Sorrow, suffering and tears  
    You think it feels to own.  
    Blind as night-day interval  
    To the boy.

Mamunur Rahman

# Halcyon

Long Lake, there is widespread and expanding of out  
Corey gets his across-beyond her,  
But to wait and tow,  
By the spread of branches do not know how the bird corpse,  
My eye is put across  
A kingfisher.

Mamunur Rahman

# I Am Walking With A Unknown Person

We started to walk one way

You were walking,  
And the way I a global  
Going forward with you.  
Your bright eyes at times,  
But when the eyes turn to you  
We on the other hand,  
There are more than happy.  
I am walking like blind Ash,  
I do not know of any way side by side  
I think maybe you will get yours  
But yeah.  
Suddenly gives me a flavor  
You are not far away,  
I am moving fast  
Your way is my destination.  
I get to meet you again,  
My dream of the pie.  
I think the premise,  
Follow the path to see you see  
Follows such other blind.

Suddenly my old sorrow of the pie that way,  
That was a surprise to me once rose,  
Look at that,  
The bold look of deep sorrow,  
I have forgotten his past trouble spots  
I lost again,  
once upon a time I am walking back to the light  
When you order from hanging a  
And my hair seemed to body  
May be you will get to by side  
I did not get to meet you,  
hair in my pocket, I came to  
my home  
For this your hair  
Unearthly beauty to me.



# I Closer To You

I have the most difficult material to you or  
So forget-and a little loved to me,  
If you love me,  
Gas from the lithium  
I would be much lighter  
Just for you, just for you.  
The little finger of your healthy touch  
Why anyone to get in touch  
Can not wait smoothly centuries,  
And for thee,  
I leave all the benefits of society and the state of civilization  
Can you keep a foot to-E.  
Know, you get so much more  
I will do,  
Cumulus rose, moonlight night and  
Tagore's 'journey' from the touch to hand  
Must have,  
But I have no sorrow  
I know  
Not a lot to me from the god

Mamunur Rahman

# I Want To You

What happened in Desperate heart

Chest Disease is to assemble what is happiness,  
Fold fold like rose petals,  
Not fix stupid  
Causes no trouble abhimani Chest  
And do not know it,  
Maybe there is accumulation of chest pain  
Iceland, like pieces of ice,  
Sometimes from a large hole overflow  
Lover comes out of silence and unquestioning  
Love.  
Then with his hands and chest really  
Can not say  
I want to you  
Alluvial land.

Mamunur Rahman

# If You Ask Me, However Call Me

if you ask me, however call me

Winter evening gently goods have pulled chest  
Involved with linked arms, all over body  
I love the deep and silent,  
Tears and unabashed love  
Woe to the eye - in the face  
Yet all shadow unstable,  
Fervent appeal tears  
when ' Let all the hardships and human relations rays.  
However, the bright light of day as long  
All waiting for closure,  
Like five hundred years old with no history of  
Where nothing else,  
Our lip seals in the kingdom centuries.

Mamunur Rahman

# Immortal Beauty

An evening of smooth round pizza

Name contains characters that are looked at  
For unto thee.  
Young lonely desert recluse,  
Every autumns become the favorite,  
At Star Roses and Orchids  
Bindle are upon home  
The best option for smooth cotton cloth allowed.  
Sharp knife in hand, just waiting for the point  
Wishing you all well-done programs.  
Smiley today till mid-night,  
The watch was time pass,  
Not noticed in helping  
Once such a day  
In a garden  
I said that youth  
Red rose you like a lip,  
Where is he today?  
All things which come to you  
Vibration sensation is something else,  
Nothing that was not his,  
Where did express admiration  
You spread the praise of nothing  
Sing to someone else.

Mamunur Rahman

# In My Town

Everything is pretty nice way,  
Commenced the building of the city proper is the time clocks;  
Intersection, avenue, Plaza and the garden  
Items overcome are go all the busiest.  
The large signal lamp is entirely rolling respond  
Red, blue and yellow colors are cover the highway.  
Yet they seem to be imperative tonight;  
Today my city was overshadowed by those of his  
The waste and policies  
Who does not need any human relations and values.  
Every night in my city handful of losing handfuls of gold,  
The garden are lost young drunk girl kiss  
And at midnight whisper in each flat;  
The moonlight night the voice rang.  
All is as elusive dreams the moonlight night tree garden intensive,  
Her dream about growing urban civilization and its architecture.  
About the cherry on the pitch as fire  
Going up fast, do not think its erratic path, but they  
Blushing and while white clouds floated.  
Cumulus Cumulus rose, going over my legendary city  
Storm is his Star dream the moonlight night the rain relationship notice.

Mamunur Rahman

# Mute Arrivals

You are here not coming to morning  
Then come to the truth of every day  
I do not go out with you.  
Because, you know, may be not  
If you then Heaven is my home,  
Said, who is in heaven, hell, and enhances the foot?

You are here About noon not coming to me  
Then come to the truth of my lazy time to noon  
Do not passing  
Because, you know, maybe not  
If thou to me  
Do not have a lazy afternoon.  
Tell me, who had passing to lazy time of noon?

One afternoon I cannot come here  
Then I come to the truth  
'Lying on 'the poem of Tagore'  
I could not.  
Because, you know, maybe not  
If thou  
You are my ' sole poem'  
Said to me, 'which poem are read to 'Tagore'?  
which figures was getting close?

One evening you cannot come here  
Then come to the walking to noon,  
Do not sit together in the coffee cup  
Used to face, and cry raise to the set of words  
All the corner of room  
Because, you know, maybe not  
The words exchanged between us  
Colorful butterflies fly would have  
Colorful cloud wide  
Said to me, the last time that we look at  
flying to the butterflies?

You did not come here on my night-  
Then come the

Another chest is activated in your absence  
Would not be, in my book is still for you  
By car up ha-ha!  
Can truly said to me,  
The tear in my heart  
For you have never been no pain to heart.

Mamunur Rahman

# Not Survive More Than A Day

Not survive more than a day  
Fifty-sixty or more days;  
Think about how much rain dropped  
The flowers Kamini feels hasanahena forest smell,  
Grief-mourning, and of divers colors, days  
Let me melt with you!

Mamunur Rahman

# Promise

Are fixed in the heart,  
Not a steady and firm  
Human relationships and the League,  
Nothing is farther from where,  
Yet the promise steady day to night  
Relationships of the evening.

Mamunur Rahman

# Rain

Rain

It never rains in Bengali land,  
So proud of you all  
Wait wait, north - south and east - west  
Outside happens all the prayers,  
Supernatural causes tears in the corner of eye  
Woe to the women in Bengal - men.  
Adhere to you.  
The heart is overflowing today byathita  
Bengal rivers, canals, lakes, and long bills  
Looking forward to watch you.  
City, village, women, children and andhathika  
The scorpion - the lane is identical in all instances of delirium  
The talk today is anything other than Muslim,  
Animated the rain let phomtaya phomtaya that i

Mamunur Rahman

# Reception Music

All convention hall are silent voice;  
They climb the stairs to enter the vessel  
Extend your respective choice seats.  
Your intensive floating music gentle fingers will dropping from!  
Holy relationship is more profound effects;  
Take into consideration the fingers own chest  
Sometimes happiness you seek that little sorrow!  
Who found happiness when allowed loved?  
Yet, you dream of; Inspiration to survive centuries.  
The lid is adorned in green touch of your hands;  
Southerly winds from blowing in the wind  
Do you have a house; Highway which his,  
The echo from the voice across all convention hall;  
Everyone can fall down the stairs one by one  
Your chest voice is just a sole of person weft excited way.

Mamunur Rahman

# Remember Three Girlfriend

My first lover,

After watching a beauty that seems to have been the  
Can not have, which could be looked at  
Decades, leaving hands refuse to give way to overcome  
A few hundred more, but to my dismay at my beauty  
I could not keep the eyes longer.

My second lover,

I would think that if there is no sorrow,  
Unfortunately, what you do not know the meaning of lexical,  
Brought to mind the way the mind becomes more and more profound,  
After the know, he was not, I was his.

My third lover,

That is my sister  
Has to stay with him the most,  
Than him and have to received  
I did not want to stay, he kept me alive  
My third lover that my long life,  
those lovers my chest today, may be someone else,  
I still miss you!  
Are you a friend?  
I do not know!

Mamunur Rahman

## See You Back To Me...

What do you love it or you do not know,

You know, during the afternoon about three o'clock PM  
Flat feet are slow to come down to you,  
Is no longer excited to wait for my City  
Next to the busy road (where you  
Are confronted daily)

What do you love it or you do not know

You know, you put into his hands  
touch to closely and crossing to long garden in my town (where  
You can get you close)

What do you love it or you do not know

You know, a lot of unspoken things to say today  
You are, before the amazed (what well-Maxim  
Roy was on the ground of mind)

What do you love it or you do not know

You know, and spend the night in not sleep  
You, to spend the last few weeks  
Before (the night of the May  
Nocturne)

What do you love it or you do not know

You know, if he is not seen or touched  
If you do not think you're alive,  
You want to survive in touch after centuries  
Century (the green forests have survived  
drop to rain in cover)

What do you love it or you do not know

You know, him at the heart of closer to you  
Is to animate, (the refrigerator  
Everything makes him cool)

You can a lot of love today!  
However, looking force to me,  
What I do not know, what is love?

Mamunur Rahman

# The Night

You never know when others do not

    Come here to me,  
When you know that I am the  
    Come on, or  
    My chest.

Mamunur Rahman

# Thinking To Dream

Sometimes I wake up in the morning is  
I am more into the sky,  
Sow a few dreams, caught me in the direction entirely.  
Chitra, Kobadak, Kirtankhola and baye Katakhalis not have any side is  
I think what I think,  
Mon Tue Wed This Is this life?  
What would have happened if it had not blow zing flowers,  
Morning, noon, afternoon, evening and night comes,  
Wednesday evenings at noon or so, then it would have been!  
'Someone said wife as if the birds are singing,  
Who is Who in deep thought?  
Blind owl is still alone in my little corner of are doing,  
'Sonar Tori' is still stuck in a dream Roy,  
I do not see him taking my lead.

Mamunur Rahman

# Timeless Black

My hand is much larger  
He wants to catch up with some of the individuals,  
I know, my hand in your arm  
Reservoirs will catch the light;  
Now, my voice shaking are doing to places,  
I know, he's all yours thanks to voice  
Spread the words,  
I know, my sick to you be fingers  
In the purest sound petals fall like the voice,  
Today my eyes stretched too far,  
He learned to see her as much as by  
I called him to see if anything;  
The light day you will see the golden days.  
I learned to smell the heady nose,  
If the smell is something  
I know he will make thee into in my eyes  
Stretch my legs a lot now,  
He learned to overcome the way for miles;  
He is said to be a way of  
I know in his heart that he will continue your way.  
Now a lot of my said words are pleasing to you;  
If he is asked to do something  
I know, he will tell you of the spring musical.  
Touch me now, very tender and cooling night  
If something is asked to touch him,  
I know, for the touch of the century  
He will toward you.  
I grew up a lot,  
I do not see anything at all, not at all, by the desire to see things  
I will, but I can not see;  
My dream is thrilling corner of my eye, tears.

Mamunur Rahman

## When Suicide A Poet

Suddenly went to away  
And how far advanced from go away may be in future,  
Like octopuses and deeper into the heart of the  
Feel the beauty of hand holding  
Soon it will root.  
Not many dream voice and flawless;  
Will decrease with the transparent exchange of words suspense  
Continuous vacuum on inaccessible the road away;  
Yet it can be reached as by the penetration of white marble.  
At the heart to do are stills;  
It tells the many person  
Physically the heart are closed  
Clouds, rain, sunshine, fog, dew  
All the beauty of the immortal  
Your heart are present.

Mamunur Rahman

# When You Love To Me

Love you

To jump from the highest building in the world will not fear;  
Not fear to cross the Pacific Ocean's largest deep!

Love you

Able to withstand the heat of the largest volcanoes in the world;  
I do not want to tears located behind the eyes!

Love you

Can the world's largest vacuum from the desert;  
I do not know you from a dreamless for you!

Love you

Barkinhama Palace can not stay;  
Rent you can not stay!

If you do not like the baso-E

I do not steal to survive!

Mamunur Rahman

# Who Is My Love

I do not know how much longer I have to go away,  
That is not my destination, but his legs keep thinking  
All the way, where are the footprints of men,  
No one ever did ever touch limb, but  
Relationships, have flesh, that I think is sorely absent,  
Thought to be present on the sign just carried ante-  
Exposed beneath the voice, the scent of the boy,  
My beautiful forest green, light irradiation scenery  
I was young, spreading the myth that beauty to passing time  
Star, water, woman, bright-light, all taken in sense  
Forest voice makes me woozy,  
Comes nap, wake up, even answering beneath the verdant, green and forest.  
Not punished, the smooth running of each moment the firefighters, touch to  
beauty to noise fragrance,  
Celebrated my silence my voice felt,  
Old history is not evidence, it's my have to shining light.

Mamunur Rahman

# You Can Do

You Flowers wink, I assume spicy  
Stretch forth thy hand, I give grace  
Show me the way, I get a Destination  
You vision enhancers c, I want the border  
You seem to stand, I am Whiteness  
You're not going anywhere, I'm so close.

Mamunur Rahman

# You Said To Me

You told me love me?  
Said, Who does not love without heart!  
Tell me, since you said?  
Said, others could never do it.  
Did thee never publish?  
Told that lost language,  
Love what you said then?  
Others had ever not love to me  
You told me a lot of trouble for me?  
Did you not just get to trouble  
You told me how many days the love?  
Of all the days that you do not have the heart to say no.

Mamunur Rahman

# Young

Clouds, fog, flowers are blooming increased in  
Feet do You padma, Chitra draining,  
I no longer dream is unrealistic,  
Today you look at the long-awaited ending  
Dream-languishment and thinking nothing is fixed,  
sadness no repentance-not, and the completion of the receipt  
Come to me and loved my unabashed love.  
Where we don't know your position,  
Your bright presence the sample to foot me today,  
Bengal-haroglipyics footprint remains,  
Gupta inscriptions of hole  
Young light,  
Do you keep the legs  
To me, the poor Bengal.

Mamunur Rahman