

Poetry Series

**Md. Joynal Abedin**  
**- poems -**

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## **Md. Joynal Abedin(01/03/1973)**

Born in a small town, Gossaigaon in Assam. Struggled to acquire higher education. Passed MA in English under the University of Pune in 1997. Later on, took B. Ed & Degrees. Presently, research scholar doing Ph. D in comparative literature in the Department of MIL under Gauhati University. Employed as Assistant Professor of English, Gossaigaon College under Gauhati University in Assam. Attended & presented a series of research papers in National & International seminars. Also published a series of research articles in book form marking ISBN.

# Dewy Morning

Each morning the dew drop  
To be fallen at my love's feet,  
To feel the glory of her memories  
With the fullest spirit of gloss,  
Not onto her swelling breast  
But onto her glowing arms.

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# Oblivion

I want you to remember one thing  
If you be oblivion to refresh your life,  
In an incredible happiness,  
I'll recall you silently to comprehend  
The language of kindness.

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# Strand

My austere eyes strand,  
To bifurcate my passion,  
From where we stand.  
We start the journey,  
From the same place,  
But in opposite direction  
Sometimes my heart  
Frails in sullen  
Scaring to recollect  
The glories of the sealed heart  
And memories of those bygone days.

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# Sweetheart

Each morning,  
The dew is falling around,  
It falls on the field and ground,  
Musking the leaves of the trees stood alone,  
It comes from far distance across the sea over the mountain,  
To embrace the stubborn feeling of my mute sweetherat.

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# The Frozen Passion

Each morning, The frozen dew drop  
To be fallen at your feet  
To feel the fragrance  
Of your cool and dying passion  
That  
Only that  
With a flame of ice  
Could enlighten the stubborn heart  
Each morning,  
A herd of memories  
Should fly like the wave of the sea  
To whisper in to your ears  
Those words  
This could burn your concealing instincts  
Each morning,  
To reset it,  
And to beset the heart in a fertile land  
Each morning,  
A shower of frozen wind  
Should climb up to your lips  
To seek me silently  
For feeling the passion of aching joy

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# Unkindness

I see your beautiful eyes  
Look aside me with fear.  
Scares to captivate the mind,  
That powers to snatch  
The rarest of the rare moment  
I used to recollect in tranquility.  
In those bygone days in my life  
A sense of unkindly kindness,  
Prevails in your heart of darkness.

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