

Poetry Series

Zosim Uddin

- poems -

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Zosim Uddin()

Studying at Begum Rokeya University, Rangpur. Bangladesh

Destroyed Image

I won't write poem again,
Because she comes in my imagine.
Imagined the nature of childhood,
Which is destroyed by a flood.

The playground where I played,
The field of golden crops,
The pond of fishes which was my father's hope,
The garden which was my mother's dream,
The road by which I went to market and school,
The house of my friend in where my many night spent,
At Last the river's beauty where I went to refreshment
Everything is destroyed by the flood.
If I write, it will be lamented and cursed.

If I curse the river, it tells me,
'I'm innocent that's happened just for thee.
If you help me to be river being,
I must give you my blessing.
If you destroy me,
I must destroy thee.'

Zosim Uddin

Let Me Go Back

I don't know what it is?
But it gives me a difficult time.
It breaks my life's rhyme.
'It's corona ', someone says.
I think it's a curse that makes me hopeless.

This curse takes away many lives.
It also takes away my pleasures.
It binds me in a room.
This is the room where I'm bound.
It's my school, It's my playground.
Now I'm bound with instrument.
That doesn't give any amusement.

I want to go out the door.
Because I am so bored.

I had a past where all were genuine.
I had a daily routine,
A school, classmates, classrooms, teachers,
Opened field, library, many new faces.
All lessons could touch my heart.
Oh! Now all seem to dream, all have past.
I want back my past time.
Let me go back to that time.

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