

Poetry Series

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Mohammad Mohi Uddin(02 January 1987)

An Author and Academic Researcher

Having a BA, MA in English, and PGD in Education, he is currently pursuing his Ph.D. in the Department of Educational Leadership, Policy, and Technology Studies, majoring in Instructional Technology, and performing duty as a Graduate Research Assistant within the Dean's Office of the College of Education, University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, AL, USA. His research interests include instructional approaches in American and British literature, Generative AI (artificial intelligence) applications in instructional design, teacher professional development, virtual internship programs for instructional technology graduate students, and cognitivist and constructivist teaching approaches.

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As a published author, his writing aims to connect with readers on a deeper level and offer insight into the human experience. Through his work, he hopes to inspire spiritual growth and offer solutions to the struggles of the human soul. His area of special interest covers poetry, creative writing, and translation. His works appeared locally and globally in numerous publications, too. Furthermore, some poems have been translated into Spanish, Greek, and Filipino. A Mexican Radio Station airs some poems. He takes part in literary interviews locally and globally. In addition, he has some collaborative projects with foreign authors.

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Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Bengali Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (??? ?????: ????: ????: ????)

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Mathematics

Poet: Musa Al Hafij

Translator: Mohammad Mohi Uddin

I do solve mathematical problems,
But mathematicians perceive me as a challenge.
When papers are documented, I present life!
They ask to add, I increase my inner strength.
They say to subtract, I remove all downfalls.
They tell me to multiply; I increase love.
They speak me to divide; I lessen sorrow.
To provide equations, I offer everything within myself.
To express values, I showcase success.
They declare this isn't mathematics at all,
You don't know even the ABC of arithmetic!
I proclaim this is the absolute arithmetic, and
By breaking conventions, I myself appear as a better substitute!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

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Affliction, The Puplely ?? ?????? ??????? ??????? ??????? ??????? ?????? ??
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'Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!

Bird thou never wert,

That from Heaven, or near it,

Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.'

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'Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.'

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road'...'Who is the third who walks always beside you? '
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 ??????. ?? ?????? ?????????? ??? ??????????- 'Translations from Rabindranath Tagore
 have stirred my blood as nothing has for years...'

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mohi.sust6049@gmail.com

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Songs Of America

In the land where eagles soar, at the heart of it all,
I celebrate America's glory, both great and small.
A tapestry so grand, from coast to coast,
Vast landscapes painted by the Lord.

Meditative mountains speak to the sky,
Rivers are winding like tales that never die.
Golden grassland stretching out with endless grace,
Under the sun's warm and inviting embrace.

Woodlands breathe secrets, both ancient and wise,
Beneath the bluest sky, where freedom lies.
From Sunrise to Sunset, Orphic songs of hues,
Democracy, Equity, Justice- the American muses.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: For The Poem Paterson By William Carlos Williams)

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For the Poem Paterson

A woman's breasts
for beauty
A man's delights
for charm

The rod and cups
of duty
to stave us
from harm!

A woman's eyes
a woman's

thighs and a man's
straight look:

Cities rotted to
pig-sties
will stand up by
that book!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: A Madrigal By William Shakespeare)

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A Madrigal

Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sports,
Age's breath is short,

Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame: -
Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do adore thee;
O! my Love, my Love is young!
Age, I do defy thee-
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Under The Greenwood Tree By William Shakespeare)

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Under the Greenwood Tree

(Song from As You Like It)

Under the greenwood tree

Who loves to lie with me,

And turn his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun

And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats,

And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Sonnet 130 By William Shakespeare)

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Sonnet 130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Sonnet 18 By William Shakespeare)

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Sonnet 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: The Chimney Sweeper, The Songs Of Experience By William Blake)

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The Chimney Sweeper

A little black thing among the snow,
Crying 'weep! 'weep! ' in notes of woe!
'Where are thy father and mother? say? '
'They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his Priest and King,
Who make up a heaven of our misery.'

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Infant Sorrow, The Songs Of Experience By William Blake)

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Infant Sorrow

My mother groand! my father wept.
Into the dangerous world I leapt:
Helpless, naked, piping loud;
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my fathers hands:
Striving against my swaddling bands:
Bound and weary I thought best
To sulk upon my mothers breast.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: The Sick Rose, The Songs Of Experience By William Blake)

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The Sick Rose

O Rose thou art sick.

The invisible worm,

That flies in the night

In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed

Of crimson joy:

And his dark secret love

Does thy life destroy.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: London, The Songs Of Experience By William Blake)

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London

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice: in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appalls,

And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: The Voice Of The Ancient Bard, The Songs Of Experience By William Blake)

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The Voice of the Ancient Bard

Youth of delight! come hither
And see the opening morn,
Image of Truth new-born.
Doubt is fled, and clouds of reason,

Dark disputes and artful teasing.
Folly is an endless maze;
Tangled roots perplex her ways;
How many have fallen there!

They stumble all night over bones of the dead;
And feel--they know not what but care;
And wish to lead others, when they should be led.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: The Nurse's Song, The Songs Of Experience By William Blake)

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The Nurse's Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And whisp'rings are in the dale,
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Your spring and your day are wasted in play,
And your winter and night in disguise.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: The Tiger, The Songs Of Experience By William Blake)

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The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;

What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat.
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp.
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: My Pretty Rose Tree, The Songs Of Experience By William Blake)

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My Pretty Rose Tree

A flower was offered to me,
Such a flower as May never bore;
But I said, 'I've a pretty rose tree, '
And I passed the sweet flower o'er.

Then I went to my pretty rose tree,
To tend her by day and by night;
But my rose turned away with jealousy,
And her thorns were my only delight.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Holy Thursday, The Songs Of Experience By William Blake)

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Holy Thursday: Is this a holy thing to see

Is this a holy thing to see,
In a rich and fruitful land,
Babes reduced to misery,
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?
Can it be a song of joy?
And so many children poor?
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine.
And their fields are bleak & bare.

And their ways are fill'd with thorns.
It is eternal winter there.

For where-e'er the sun does shine,
And where-e'er the rain does fall:
Babe can never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appall.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: A Poison Tree, The Songs Of Experience By William Blake)

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A Poison Tree

I was angry with my friend;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I waterd it in fears,
Night & morning with my tears:
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night.
Till it bore an apple bright.

And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole,
When the night had veild the pole;
In the morning glad I see;
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Introduction To The Songs Of Experience By William Blake)

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Introduction

Hear the voice of the Bard!
Who Present, Past, & Future sees
Whose ears have heard,
The Holy Word,
That walk'd among the ancient trees.

Calling the lapsed Soul
And weeping in the evening dew:

That might controll,
The starry pole;
And fallen fallen light renew!

O Earth O Earth return!
Arise from out the dewy grass;
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumberous mass.

Turn away no more:
Why wilt thou turn away
The starry floor
The watry shore
Is giv'n thee till the break of day.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: The Lamb, The Songs Of Innocence By William Blake)

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The Lamb

Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice!
Little Lamb who made thee

Dost thou know who made thee

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,

Little Lamb I'll tell thee!

He is called by thy name,

For he calls himself a Lamb:

He is meek & he is mild,

He became a little child:

I a child & thou a lamb,

We are called by his name.

Little Lamb God bless thee.

Little Lamb God bless thee.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Infant Joy, The Songs Of Innocence By William Blake)

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Infant Joy

I have no name
I am but two days old.—
What shall I call thee?
I happy am
Joy is my name, —
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old,
Sweet joy I call thee;
Thou dost smile.
I sing the while
Sweet joy befall thee.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: The Little Boy Found, The Songs Of Innocence By William Blake)

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The Little Boy Found

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wandering light,
Began to cry, but God, ever nigh,
Appeared like his father, in white.

He kissed the child, and by the hand led,
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, through the lonely dale,
Her little boy weeping sought.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: A Little Boy Lost, The Songs Of Innocence By William Blake)

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The Little Boy Lost

Father, father, where are you going

O do not walk so fast.

Speak father, speak to your little boy

Or else I shall be lost,

The night was dark no father was there

The child was wet with dew.

The mire was deep, & the child did weep

And away the vapour flew.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: The Shepherd, The Songs Of Innocence By William Blake)

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The Shepherd

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

British English Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Introduction To The Songs Of Innocence By William Blake)

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Introduction

Piping down the valleys wild
Piping songs of pleasant glee
On a cloud I saw a child.
And he laughing said to me.

Pipe a song about a Lamb;
So I piped with merry chear,

Piper pipe that song again—
So I piped, he wept to hear.

Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe
Sing thy songs of happy cheer,
So I sung the same again
While he wept with joy to hear

Piper sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read—
So he vanish'd from my sight.
And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: There Is No Frigate Like Book By Emily Dickinson)

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There is no Frigate like Book

There is no Frigate like a Book

To take us Lands away

Nor any Coursers like a Page

Of prancing Poetry -

This Traverse may the poorest take

Without oppress of Toll -

How frugal is the Chariot

That bears the Human Soul -

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: I Could Not Stop For Death By Emily Dickinson)

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Because I Could not stop for Death

Because I could not stop for Death -
He kindly stopped for me -
The Carriage held but just Ourselves -
And Immortality.

We slowly drove - He knew no haste
And I had put away

My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility -

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess - in the Ring -
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain -
We passed the Setting Sun -

Or rather - He passed Us -
The Dews drew quivering and Chill -
For only Gossamer, my Gown -
My Tippet - only Tulle -

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground -
The Roof was scarcely visible -
The Cornice - in the Ground -

Since then - 'tis Centuries - and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity -

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: There Is Another Sky By Emily Dickinson)

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There is another Sky,

There is another sky,
Ever serene and fair,
And there is another sunshine,
Though it be darkness there;
Never mind faded forests, Austin,
Never mind silent fields—
Here is a little forest,
Whose leaf is ever green;
Here is a brighter garden,
Where not a frost has been;
In its unfading flowers
I hear the bright bee hum:
Prithee, my brother,
Into my garden come!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: I Died For Beauty By Emily Dickinson)

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I died for Beauty - but was scarce

I died for Beauty - but was scarce
Adjusted in the Tomb
When One who died for Truth, was lain
In an adjoining Room -

He questioned softly 'Why I failed'?
'For Beauty', I replied -
'And I - for Truth - Themself are One -
We Brethren are', He said -

And so, as Kinsmen, met a Night —
We talked between the Rooms -
Until the Moss had reached our lips -
And covered up - Our names -

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: I Had No Time To Hate By Emily Dickinson)

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I had no time to Hate

I had no time to Hate—
Because
The Grave would hinder Me—
And Life was not so
Ample I
Could finish—Enmity—

Nor had I time to Love—
But since
Some Industry must be—
The little Toil of Love—
I thought
Be large enough for Me—

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Hope Is The Thing With Feather By Emily Dickinson)

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"Hope" is the thing with feathers

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -

That perches in the soul -

And sings the tune without the words -

And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -

And sore must be the storm -

That could abash the little Bird

That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chilliest land -

And on the strangest Sea -

Yet - never - in Extremity,

It asked a crumb - of me.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: I Am Nobody! Who Are You? By Emily Dickinson)

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I'm Nobody! Who are you?

I'm Nobody! Who are you?

Are you - Nobody - too?

Then there's a pair of us!

Don't tell! they'd advertise - you know!

How dreary - to be - Somebody!

How public - like a Frog -

To tell one's name - the livelong June -

To an admiring Bog!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: I Felt A Funeral In My Brain By Emily Dickinson)

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I felt a Funeral, in my Brain

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading - treading - till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through -

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum -

Kept beating - beating - till I thought
My mind was going numb -

And then I heard them lift a Box
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space - began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race,
Wrecked, solitary, here -

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down -
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing - then -

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: I Taste A Liquor Never Brewed By Emily Dickinson)

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I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed

I taste a liquor never brewed -
From Tankards scooped in Pearl -
Not all the Frankfort Berries
Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of air - am I -
And Debauchee of Dew -
Reeling - thro' endless summer days -
From inns of molten Blue -

When 'Landlords' turn the drunken Bee
Out of the Foxglove's door -

When Butterflies - renounce their 'drams' -
I shall but drink the more!

Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats -
And Saints - to windows run -
To see the little Tippler
Leaning against the - Sun!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Acquainted With The Night By Robert Frost)

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Acquainted with the Night

I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye;

And further still at an unearthly height,
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Tree At My Window By Robert Frost)

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Tree At My Window

Tree at my window, window tree,
My sash is lowered when night comes on;
But let there never be curtain drawn
Between you and me.

Vague dream head lifted out of the ground,
And thing next most diffuse to cloud,
Not all your light tongues talking aloud
Could be profound.

But tree, I have seen you taken and tossed,
And if you have seen me when I slept,

You have seen me when I was taken and swept
And all but lost.

That day she put our heads together,
Fate had her imagination about her,
Your head so much concerned with outer,
Mine with inner, weather.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: The Road Not Taken By Robert Frost)

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The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there

Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening By Robert Frost)

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Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.

The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: A Sort Of A Song By William Carlos Williams)

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A Sort of a Song

Let the snake wait under
his weed
and the writing
be of words, slow and quick, sharp
to strike, quiet to wait,
sleepless.
— through metaphor to reconcile
the people and the stones.
Compose. (No ideas
but in things) Invent!
Saxifrage is my flower that splits
the rocks.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: A Red Wheel Barrow By William Carlos Williams)

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The Red Wheel Barrow

so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Love By William Carlos Williams)

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PoemHunter.com

Love

Love is twain, it is not single,
Gold and silver mixed to one,
Passion 'tis and pain which mingle
Glist'ring then for aye undone.

Pain it is not; wondering pity
Dies or e'er the pang is fled;
Passion 'tis not, foul and gritty,
Born one instant, instant dead.

Love is twain, it is not single,
Gold and silver mixed to one,
Passion 'tis and pain which mingle
Glist'ring then for aye undone.

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: January By William Carlos Williams)

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January

Again I reply to the triple winds
running chromatic fifths of derision
outside my window:

Play louder.

You will not succeed. I am
bound more to my sentences
the more you batter at me
to follow you.

And the wind,
as before, fingers perfectly
its derisive music.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Crude Lament By William Carlos Williams)

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Crude Lament

Mother of flames,
The men that went ahunting
Are asleep in the snow drifts.
You have kept the fire burning!
Crooked fingers that pull
Fuel from among the wet leaves,
Mother of flames
You have kept the fire burning!
The young wives have fallen asleep
With wet hair, weeping,
Mother of flames!
The young men raised the heavy spears
And are gone prowling in the darkness.

O mother of flames,
You who have kept the fire burning!
Lo, I am helpless!
Would God they had taken me with them!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: The Fool's Song By William Carlos Williams)

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The Fool's Song

I tried to put a bird in a cage.
O fool that I am!
For the bird was Truth.
Sing merrily, Truth: I tried to put
Truth in a cage!

And when I had the bird in the cage,
O fool that I am!
Why, it broke my pretty cage.
Sing merrily, Truth: I tried to put
Truth in a cage!

And when the bird was flown from the cage,

O fool that I am!
Why, I had nor bird nor cage.
Sing merrily, Truth: I tried to put
Truth in a cage!
Heigh-ho! Truth in a cage.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Landscape With The Fall Of Icarus By William Carlos Williams)

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Landscape With The Fall Of Icarus

According to Brueghel
when Icarus fell
it was spring

a farmer was ploughing
his field
the whole pageantry

of the year was
awake tingling
near

the edge of the sea
concerned
with itself

sweating in the sun
that melted
the wings' wax

unsignificantly
off the coast
there was

a splash quite unnoticed
this was
Icarus drowning

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: The Rival By Sylvia Plath)

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The Rival

If the moon smiled, she would resemble you.
You leave the same impression
Of something beautiful, but annihilating.
Both of you are great light borrowers.
Her O-mouth grieves at the world; yours is unaffected,

And your first gift is making stone out of everything.
I wake to a mausoleum; you are here,
Ticking your fingers on the marble table, looking for cigarettes,
Spiteful as a woman, but not so nervous,
And dying to say something unanswerable.

The moon, too, abuses her subjects,
But in the daytime she is ridiculous.
Your dissatisfactions, on the other hand,
Arrive through the mailslot with loving regularity,
White and blank, expansive as carbon monoxide.

No day is safe from news of you,
Walking about in Africa maybe, but thinking of me.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: I, Too, Sing America By Langstone Hughes)

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I, Too, Sing America

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.

They send me to eat in the kitchen

When company comes,

But I laugh,

And eat well,

And grow strong.

Tomorrow,

I'll be at the table

When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen, "
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: The Negro Speaks Of Rivers By Langstone Hughes)

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The Negro Speaks of Rivers

I've known rivers:

I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.

I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.

I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:

Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: O My Captain, My Captain By Walt Whitman)

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O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

America's Grassy Hand To Heal Democracy In Bangladesh

In my homeland, Bangladesh, where rivers intertwine,
Though now a tale of democracy in a troubled design.
Unfair unfolds, the nation in endless distress,
Struggling for ballot rights, a turbulent mess.

In the shadows of power, voting rights is seized,
Voices silenced, waiting for an unseen hero to be rescued.
Darkness everywhere, even in the Legislative House,
A ray of sudden hope is seen on the American flight.

The land of Whitman, the US, extends its grassy hand,
Spreading the beacon of Democracy to heal my motherland.
Recapping from Lincon's words against all tyrants,
To respond to the countrymen's freedom rights.

Peter Haas appears as an epic hero singing an alluvial rhythm
Bangladeshis hoping to quell the autocracy but a regeneration.
From Washington to Dhaka's meadows,
A hymn to democracy with meditation echoes.

The hope is spinning over Bangladesh's sky,
A new dawn is nearing to emerge to fly!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

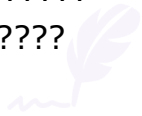
American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: This Is Just To Say By William Carlos Williams)

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PoemHunter.com

This is Just to Say

I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast

Forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: The City By Langstone Hughes)

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The City

In the morning the city
Spreads its wings
Making a song
In stone that sings.

In the evening the city
Goes to bed
Hanging lights
Above its head.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

American Poetry Translation Work By Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Root Poem: Dream By Langstone Hughes)

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Dreams

Hold fast to dreams

For if dreams die

Life is a broken-winged bird

That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams

For when dreams go

Life is a barren field

Frozen with snow.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

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(An Elegy On Birthday)

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Mohammad Mohi Uddin

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Mohammad Mohi Uddin

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Mohammad Mohi Uddin

A Note Of Optimism

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Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Human And The Earth

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Mohammad Mohi Uddin

The Eyes Of The Royal Couple Of Bhutan

I can easily perceive the blissful lingo of the innocence eyes!

A replica of affection like the watery floor of Drangme Chhu;

A sign of meditation as the solemnity of Gangkhar Puensum!

I can easily translate the heavenly meaning of the tender eyes!

A symbol of collective image of Bhutan, showing strong Nationalism;

A manifesto of virtues, spreading immortal love!

The roses are trying to rebloom aiming at winning the competition,

The bluest sky declares to be a frontliner in this case,

While the Himalaya is spontaneously inscribing the glory of the Royal Couple, on its peak!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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Vacuum

None desires the degradation of amour though it is predestination,
However the heartbreaking fervidity lies in the playground of emotion.
Once, amour memories will be faded away; verily,
Endearing songs will be turned into in harmonious; gradually.
Human's psyche is highly inconsolable in this youthful ground,
Oneself is lost progressively through exploration.
In the revolution of time, the nurtured love is sold by auction in inexpensive
price,
Through entire amour; an unseen manifested vacuum lies.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

Mankind

I'm the young one who returned from suicide!

I am prescribed-

Go to the green meadows

On the edge of the clarity of the Jalangi's water

Near the centennial ash tree

Crowds of distant stars

Share the chest-raised wounds

Delete then;

In the light of day, as the night erases all its darkness

I'm like an ambitionless teenager.

With indifference, I utter-

The sigh of the distorted family bondage

Manvantar's grief

Depression of exhaustion

Elegy of the state-device

Centenary-spots of the history

Who can share better than people?

The 'man' who handed over the blue envelope of suicide

On the other side of it, I have inscribed with purity and whiteness-

Pure love on my come back is- mankind!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Pardon

Poetry - Pardon me,
You were the simply daughter of cultivator;
I generated you as whore.

Poetry - you materially yourself were Poetry;
I imposed my blemish of character -
on your pure shoulder,
You were used to put on loose, lawly dress ever.

Being futile to allure;
Forcefully, I dressed you with some pieces of close-fitting clothes.

You were undefined gender,
Finally coming to me-
You are to bear;
the liability of gender.

Now; you are qualified with the merit of feminine,
The waves of pornographic play through the metrical line.

Instead of heart the physique of reader thrill up - when It's recited!

Transforming you from spiritual ingredients to substance of orgasm;
Rebuke you after tasting,
'You're the harlot of attractive bazar'.

I'm ever frightened -
Perhaps; I'll be called the father of harlot.
I myself smile -
People call me 'Bard',
I earned delighted epithet,
You became condemned!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Untitled Pair Of Poetries

1.

If the Sun rays don't made up with synthetic colour,
Young leaves wouldn't become drying out by the temperature,
In the luncheon of jackals-
them chickens wouldn't be placed being roast;
fearlessly them visitant fowls would alight;
on the green desert.

2.

A polaris, promised me-
on a Springtime will be kindled in the corner of firmament,
That Polaris didn't appear yet;
Though the earth is getting aging,
It seems the universe growing up expect Springtide!
A sigh of eternity touches my innocent faith.

Thence -

Interrupting the law of realism,
I travel on the trackless path;
swim in the heart of waterless stream -
unobservedly of the rules;
Egotistic feelings unfurling them wings;
fly above the blue less sky!

They rhythm of poesy breaks down at midnight,
Tear writes down the romantic stories;
I place my footprints on the sand bed of unknown island,
It seems life is a inane poetry!

Therefore today-

I'm against myself,
Dreams against dreams,
Memories against memories,
Trust in opposition to belief;

Hence - I walk to the destinationless address;
unobservedly of the laws always.

Splenetic Moments

Puncturing the conspiracy of floaty polluted atmosphere,
Through the hairbreadth gap of molten lava's genre,
Conquering innumerable fences; execution stage,

I arrived to attain a trice.

Through the arranged tunnel of impenetrable blockage,
Crushing the essence of fascination like camouflage,
By the side of being cinder of kiln,
Located building, Cinema Hall, Drain, Whiskey Shop, Night Club and locality of
prostitute inside the North Hemisphere to South;
Ignoring all of them traps; keeping myself in exact condition,

I arrived to attain only a moment.

Exactly under the vain microphone of the Council,
Ignoring the beckoning of foreign currency,
By the 100 miles far-away of criminal functions of information technology,
Disregarding the exhibition of fancy cloths's market,
Through the omission of twenty to forty lustrous TV Channels,
Via the huge emptiness and nakedness,
Fending the artificial beauty of neon light -

Yep, I arrived to attain a trice.

Where -
there will be ingle; won't be affliction,
will be existence of people; won't be violation of words,
Love will take place; won't be any lust,
there will be lingam; won't be ejaculation evermore,
will be breast; won't be any appeal.

The distance of walking path calling me says-
'Yep! though you arrived on right time but the thoughts of your desired moment
-

without appeal, the breasts are denied;
without ejaculation constantly, the lingam is ineligible;
without lust, the love is intangible;
without burning, the ingle is inutile;

without violation of words, the people are dispensable.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Woeful Series

My cicatrices - becomes as much as extensive,
If turn into as cosmos or greater than that-
will remain unobserved to all; even to the illimitable efflux of period.

The wounds of defeated life-
Growing wings if fly;
through the heart of aloof sky,
will be remained perdue 'that fly'

My frothy moments-
If get revival by the touch of any soul;
If mingle its depressed voice with the wind of sailed vessel!

I know- ripples will deny; and say- 'where? '
didn't hear any doleful tone anywhere!

Floating goals in the obedience flood-
or drawn pictogram of dream;
If awaken being sculpture in the sand bed,
Or at any Junction of pedestrian's cross-road,
everyone will look over with great wonder;
Observe the artistic crafts of sculpture,
how an artist create;
thoughtful sight will ruminate.

The other side of beauty-
will be remained furtively;
the way woeful tears remain mystical -
Inside the fountain;

I know - none will ever realize - the herb of path, dusty sand, river, trees
even any woman!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

If You Come

If you come- I'll bring you the sun
That never goes down.
If you place your footsteps on the shore together
The earth will have its own home by the pair of our spoor.
If you compose collaborative love in the awning night,
I will bring you the profound, tender, and eternal amour.

If you come- I'll bring the affectionate skyline
That never be cheerless.
If you keep your medley melody in my throttle,
You'll experience the dangle of mountains, oceans, and saffron.
If you lockout my sword arm,
You'll meet a magnificent sky of credence.

If you come- I'll bring the gleeful thousands-year
Will not invite accursed moments ever.
If you translate your passion with a praying scheme
I'll turn the entire tears into a soothing cloud
If you, even negligently, touch my heart
A swing of exhaustion, with a beautiful smile, will form into a tribute in a nanosecond.

If you come- I'll bring immortal love to the wounded-earth
Will not roll in the dust of time.
If you retain your sigh in compact thoughts
Nevertheless, you'll feel the eternal Spring
If you depict transparent hankie in your magical eyes
I'll turn the futile life into a dandle grove.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Conference

The birds informed -

Rejecting the air route, landing the animated yard of green vegetables, flashing
the standing orphan children in school assembly,
will return to the nest.

Muzzling the ever-known song of woodland,

They'll pass over eight moments of the day, knowing noiseless on the beak.

Rainy will alight-

Forming shower will roll ceaselessly through the Winter's heart.

Every flower of Spring-

will become a falling-off leaf.

Southern wind will unnecessarily blow up Banyan, anterior couples of beloved
including home.

The land will turn into a novel desolated globe,
losing the fertility of its ground.

Creatures will come out from lonely cavities,

will build a pavilion here and there,

The entire ferocious will get out to swallow azimuth.

I'm (as Honorable Moderator of the Assembly) curious to know- for what it
occurs!

'We're pretty good; You're- the best creations, bloodsucker of own mother-
Can easily pour lethal Hemlock into the mouth of judgment! '

I departed from the conference silently, in shyness.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Alfred Prufrock

In the front of the stage, on the aligned chair,
Self-acknowledged Captains sit on there.

The presenter led off the episode of introduction;
On everyone's face- the pride of winning the crown.

The premier one is Irony, man - He'll bring out the bloom of hope cutting stone;
The second one is Olive's twig - will retain the name of the nation;
in the heroic semen.

The third one is the Hero of Al-Mahmud - who will come back taking the lost nose
ring in hand.

Side one is the shadow of Nazrul - will split the earth and horizon.

The next one is the inheritor of Lenin - who will sustain the nobility of the
laborer's hydrolysis.

The last one is Ayah of Lincoln- will provide bows of communism to Bond slaves.
Riding the time machine, T.S. Eliot appeared with rubicund eyes and face;
Pointing out forefinger says,
'All of your name is Alfred Prufrock here.'

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Memoir 3

All the time I'm comer;
Either for snatching something or for apologize;
though I'm not excusable!

Falling in love of Lucifer-
turned down a lot of Holy places into hell;
Bearing four-faced only for a livelihood!
Sins fixated like ice;
but they are arrogant and rising,
So, the sinful confessed all the responsibilities;
of destroying society and culture beheading.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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Memoir 4

Moving forward with nothingness,
Anchoring myself to the nameless port;
Committing own to the bite of western wind-
Therefore, being skeleton; founding ultimate shelter;
under three and a half hands heart of the earth.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

Memoir 2

Colorless forehead,
A bit faded cover;
Sapphireless sky,
Unornamented adornment;
Rhythmless poesy,
Silence from Genesis;
Waking against own self,
Surviving slowly consuming own.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

Memoir 1

Being straight as drawing stained paper, looking at faraway,
Touching the musical instruments of Abyssinian adolescents,
Listening to the songs of Abora's region,
containing them in the bottom of heart, roaming in the dreamland,
Finally, coming back with the shame of ruined regress.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

Flower & Hemlock

Was teenager as the glossy precipitation,
flowers spread the flow of admiration,
Aroma, Colors, and artized assorted fashion;
the feelings were vibrated and excited;
With the rise of age met Wordsworth -
henceforth, diversified prudent melodies play through my sensation.

Neither notice the glory nor the fragrance of flowers,
embellished on the neck of sinners.

Flowers are enchanted by the demon today;
Hugely verdant rapt in the odor of Hemlock nowadays!

Slandered, you became pleased on the lips of Socrates,
Current you; turn into garland on the revolted voice.

Found you, realized through suave rhythm today;
Not by the pledge of celestial daisy;
Only on your softened mirror-
watch myself ceaselessly with peace and pride;
You, Hemlock, are the key to noble apex today.

The heaven will be dissolved in the blue throat;
The universe will uncover its own traces on the contrary.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Mom

Mom, why is your son that much egotistic?
Going to catch the sky, irresponsibly looking up,
eventually - bought up the touch of a century; entire emptiness.

Perhaps some people choose up self-written perishable flood,
hence, I inundated the whole of mine in the pleasant swamp.

Flying clouds as many flies, the river is their destination.
With touchiness, relief--
extended hands to soothing water,
to the whole grassland of the earth.

Claimed healing into the beauty of poetry,
excavated the heart through the speech of prayer,
In the last part of the path, the yellow envelope of dejection on my hand!

Why does egotism become so long in the fugacious life?
For what It's like ice?
Melting inside of mine gradually;
How does such a flame of water fire up in the frame of soil?

What kind of sight of touchiness; cries out at the distance of distance?
Who says; sulks, pushes away, It's the bridge of reunion;

Look, Mom! Burning himself in the sun, how silent the boy was at the end of the
day;
Takes shelter in the shadow of you as decent weeds.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Young Creeper

At the turning path; In the dense heart of manifested young creeper,
Strong eagerness; will wrap the body of trees.

No boundaries of desire; flexion of gladness expands bottom of dream,
How ocean lifts up surge touching the greasiness of blue water.

Will get shelter in the helpless heart of Banyan tree; So I smile.
Full of songs- goodwill on lips will be soggy with the fondness of daylight.

Young creeper, straighten up spine, is looking at the sky,
Unexpected this passer-by trampled him away.

I'm the voiceless witness of breaking his dream; a raw of sorrows of difficulties
turn up making a group; with plentiful weariness in the shocked heart.

The step of defeat is tearful in the indefinable holocaust prose.

Carious woeful conversation with the root of Banyan tree.
It's not any crime like inborn greediness of Kingdom grabbing,

Yet the last breathing is on the hands of Shepherd as the food of cow.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Evocation

Let any scarlet flower come up from any unsighted part;
In the departed ground of my garth.

Let the clouds appear from any undiscovered ocean;
Upon the emptiness of vast heaven.

Let the dreams to alight from any mystical source;
Across my entire trice.

Let a handful of moonlight come down by delitescency;
Through my swarthy obscurity.

Let the grasses be born up peacefully;
In my desert mind.

Let the harmony of rhythm to sound;
Around my chaotic word.

Let come out euphony of a mild tone today;
From any unknown, invisible vocal cord.

Let all the things to respond;
Only by an evocation.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Not Slave

Bearing the heat of fervent sand,
will reach invisibly to the expected saddled port.
Will jump into the profound river, not for fish, but to save a downward paper-
Of an unknown old man.

Will raise up chest as a fearless battler
against the lewd demon; prepared rapper.
Not for the purpose of ensuring any title, only to return a helpless younger 's wife
in an intact manner.

Will utter a bunch of phrases incessantly to reach them the ears of strangers,
But only the sake of others can acquire.

Will arouse the loud concussion of dream from the hurdle of heart,
where in my complete absence; will be built his foundation stone for others.

Will put my name in the record of a killer; if the civilization faces a crisis,
raising Sten-gun; will take up thousands to lac lives into fists.

Didn't come to reach the coveted goal; didn't prepare my feet to start the
journey of self-gain.

Thus I didn't lay under anyone's sandal as grasses.
Couldn't sell myself to the other's mistress,
daughters, even to the other's attractive sisters-in-law.

It's not that I haven't eagerness to beautiful ladies-
Beauty is the best art to me,
Still in the midnight after dreaming, waking up, whispering to the bolster, 'Will I
get such a beautiful lassie? '

I didn't save up anything in my destination for myself; didn't desire,
Because I'm not a slave of self-interest.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

You

Attempting to write epic; following the tradition,
Unintentionally my hands raise toward you in place of the Muse.

My attained phrases confess allegiance in worship of you.
My heroic poems shape into lyrical poesy.

In the thoughts of dew, butterflies, wagtail, sheaf of paddy, meandering rustic
path, yonder swamp;
Your silent revelation, flapping in my prologue of emotions are telling only your
representation.

My affection of nature; turn into a lady's love and care.

Passing-

Assyrian,

Phoenician,

Grecian,

Roman-

My steps stopped having you; coming to 2010,
forgot the beyond history of the civilization;

My unborn trace becomes static only for You.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

The Gallery Of Melancholy

Melancholy; please! Don't sleep on my matrimony's bed,
Don't take place in the decorated drink's glasses; across cups in the showcase.

Please! Don't draw your spectrum portrait over the bride's Bangles.
Don't touch my son's brought new dress.

All the stuff is messed on the wooden hanger;
Shampoo, Soaps are covered into the basket over there,
Please! Don't get-in-touch too here.

Don't crave your name on the stove of soil in the kitchen,
Please! Don't touch the pitcher's water; throw your sight on the book's rakes.

Listen! Don't raise your voice on the TV screen; or make sound from radio
stations.

Please! Don't establish your home into the pen's tip; or into the heart of papers.

By allusion of morn; Don't set your tumid emollient on that floor I depend,
And place my footsteps,
Because with your touch all of the moments will be wounded.

If you knock and shake on the pages of Calendar,
Days and dates will escape, without informing, at the last part of night.

Please! Don't keep your vision at my cherub lady;
Because golden mistress will turn into the patient of Leprosy.

Don't embrace my readable statue of record,
Will form into worm-eaten rustle's wood.

Waking up; I realise -
Bed, Cupboard, Pitcher's water, TV and my goldy lady seem a set of acre of
melancholy;
As if my hut is the gallery of melancholy!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Firing Line Of The Breaking Dreams

Constantly assistance: the keynote of elevation is,
Yet silence is grand - dishonor from everywhere.

Numerous tolerance; once more self-denial,
Yet summer dispensation.

The tree's branch and branchlet are broken;
Servant in thought and act, finally taunt.

The land is cultivated, planted with fondness,
Rainy flood washed away total crops.

Dreams are bloody; brilliance is asleep,
The frustration of defeat is excessively unbearable.

The harmony of demand and expectation is a bit;
Where the end of life for exploring vows is!

Boating in the tears of values and sense of life,
To cross the last ferry in the evening of survival.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Didn't Desire That Much

I desired a piece of armor, searched for the poison of negligence to make a path
of salvation from steam.

Didn't try to look at the crown in the flashpoint of vision.
Only had a glance to the flying dust and dirt; inquired about the similarity of a
path with the escape of life-
How the dust of time flies.

I didn't demand a lot; only desired some comfort.
Living with the new moon- I'm indigent.
I only desired some lights for the awning.
Didn't wish to ride on the wings of mew,
Only desired to touch your feathers.

Indeed, I didn't desire that much; expected a piece of land; Only a piece- where
I could cultivate plants of affection.
Hoped to have a shelter, a tiny hut to protect myself from the sunlight and rain.

I didn't demand justice to the flowing time; though I took the chances of
innocence,
Didn't reproach to any;
How much I did only to me.

I didn't make an attempt to include anyone in ridicule;
rather, I laughed at me
To purify myself, to rescue myself.

I swear! Indeed, I didn't desire that much;
Only pleased for tender hands.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Penalised Dream

I'm not Paris,
I didn't become insane to engrave Helen in the heart anytime,
Didn't construct exceptional desire in the boundary of will;
Didn't wish to kill anyone's indomitable castle of love.

Taking moribund soul awake whole night,
I enter into the darkness to invent authentic path with belief.

Paralleled circle exists in the profound of fantasy,
If gentle ray touch the sightless lid;
And then touches the blind spirit,
Perhaps I'll be able to behold everything is equal through the enlightened heart.

Elevated words will knot friendship with lower words, Possibly will turn into
synonymous.

Entire creatures will be shaped alike beeline;
Exactly the way death looks with straight sight to all.

With Hellenic desire; I didn't expose keekers into the blackness,
But quested to dress on white Chuddar on the backrest of night.

Nevertheless the destruction of Troy- the coil of vapor touches me repeatedly,
Everything become mystical,
Dark form into more darker,
Eventually; dreams become penalised.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

On The Backrest Of A Wave

Sitting on a gigantic wave's back of an ocean,
Tied up the friendship with dreams.
I was about to fall off from the backrest of ripple, but didn't I,
The stars, together, beckoned in the distant high.

With the smiling flow of red and blue fairies,
Limbs were rocking in the lunatic wind of dreams.
Their dreams were glazing evermore, as if the face was artistry,
Ambit also enhanced from one to one set,
As far as eyesight reached so, I looked through steadfastly,
There wasn't any kind of social customary overlay.

In the lap of another visible faraway wave;
Some adolescents were reveling in colorful thoughts.
I visualized blushful craft on a girl's underlip,
And navigated night long for a glance with ravenous eagerness.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

Disability Matters

I visualized the downfalls of inconsolable leaves in the dance of the holocaust;
Also noticed a flock of flying white Balaka being wounded,

On the shutter night, the start of the full moon was gloomy, noticed
Navigating the dominion of blackness, a splenetic dawn peeps.

I looked over the ocean of the cluster newish,
some geniuses to be buried.
Fresh flowers didn't bloom in the yard; the whole olden dropped off.
Couldn't hear the clamor of birds entering into the woodland!

I dreamed the corpse of honesty is running to the burial,
Waking up, I found a firmament of selfish happiness.

I had a desire to be the Sun, to be the Mars of broken rivers,
Didn't offer a Chuddar on the body of the naked boy.

I could neither learn antiphon nor be an architrave of plougher in the acute
sunshine.
Seeing the palaces, no question is shaking in mind; ' why are they so gules? '

Footsteps are futile; I confederated to the all-colorable,
I'm liable for the destruction of society; still, I'm a memorized individual.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Prayer

We are made of clay
How much safe we in the bucket of a Metal?
Metal burns
Clay regenerates.

Water is everywhere, third fourth
But kinsman's lips are dry;
Avoiding Heavenly bright, relying on
So called mechanism.
Metal has no heart
How can it pay a solicitation?
Or put a submission?
The Earth needs a heart that can feel and trill.

Seek salvation in prayer; so many symptoms
Around even in the gyre of time
Learn from Prophet Musa, His club ensures
Even from the stones the twelve waterfalls.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

A Song Of A Patricide

A poem is a terrible glutton, constantly eating its creator.
Spreads in the whole existence of a poet
Like an incurable disease.

Emptying his utmost efforts
With deep care, a poet rears his rhymed baby.
A poem-
Consumes his day
Consumes his night
Spoils his youth.

Swallowing relentlessly, Seizing everything
Overwhelming with joys, it dwells like Cancer
But a poet gives birth to poems frequently
Melting his day-night produces the patricide.

It's a strange association of a father and a son!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

An Unrevealed Equation

In the prose of disassociation
The branches of a tree are fragile
But the root is fixed for the affection of soil.

In the rhyme of association
The waterfall and mountain are both bosom friends
Though passing their time through silent parlance.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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The Moon

The foolish lovers
Spreading fingers
The indiscreet lovers
Fixing each other's eyes

Breaking silence he tries to praise as clinical cure
Though nonsensical, always metaphorical lure

The moon is set as simile gracing her
Being ravished by all paralysed lovers
Though it is a divine monitor
For human race and their prayer.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

Devotion

I always pray for wealth to my God
Finding disconsolate in affluence
Then my petition for luck.
Realizing the disorder I ask myself-
What ought my solicitation be for?
The Revelation replies-
'Draw a mournful devotion for a peaceful life.'

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

Holy Words

Holy Words affirms three categories of people.

Leftists, who are the goers to perdition

Rightists, who are the goers to salvation

Pioneers are the best owners of the staple position.

Before the Day of Judgment

Arrange a study of self-assessment

Your works need to be judged

By your third eye, to be classified.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

Ode On Greek Literature

Homer's blindness shines in The Iliad.
As the glittering as Jupiter:
Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes
All are knowledgeable gyre.

Aristotle's Poetics is an authorized constitution of the authors
The muses bless the ordinaries to be literary Pastors
Aphrodite, Athena, Hera, Psyche and Helen
With distraught of beauty, mortals are enlightened.
There are Cupid, Achilles, Orpheus and Tiresias
Lethe, Styx, pour water to grow the burnished words.

World's literature acts as the priest of the Greeks
Nothing but an artistic rehearsal of the Olympus myths.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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Suffering And Soaring

The galling of an oyster begets a pearl
The pain of a mother gives birth a heir
Fire prepares food and gold
Burning removes sin and cold

Nightingale's Orphean music
Skylark's Divine song-
Originated from an acute grievance.
For Mose, Jesus, Muhammad
Misery brought-
Prophetic solemn coronet.

Anguish is a miraculous catalyst for one's repairing
Solely suffering is the authorised path for soaring.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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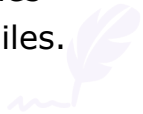
Paradox

White rock
Black soil
Don't coil
As antithetical to price and demand.

White kites
Black wings
Don't mix
As converse as a mistress and a maiden.

White machine
Black hand
Don't blend
As contrary as a poet and a poem.

The black is owner
The white is a seller
Owner cries
Seller smiles.



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Mohammad Mohi Uddin

O My Dear

Touch the watery morning pearl
See the golden temperate Sun
Compose me in your heavenly rhyme
Sing me in your harmonious tune.

My silence speaks like a prayer.
Love you with my eloquent tear
Leaves are falling due to age
Love you with the endless grace.

My dream paints your cold face
Take my submission; no race
Shaped me a cloudless sky
With childish faith, you can fly.

O my dear, give me alluvial love;
O my dear, Drink my poesy heart.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Who

Who called
Army is a defender?
Who claimed
Democracy is a leveler?
Who uttered
Science is a well wisher?
Who mentioned
Doctrine is a change maker?
Who entitled
Globalisation is an opportunity?
Who declared
United Nations is a symphony?

All are myths; no, more than myths
A galaxy of beautiful quicksand-bliss.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

I'll Be Sold

I'll be sold; you can purchase me
At any price.

For a bigha of land?
No...
No...
Solely for a cup of tea.

Can make me an arranged witness
And a one-eyed Hakim in the Court
Bless me, Leader, I can operate anything.

Sometimes become a hired slayer
Seize other's accessories with force
Be the hero of a naked scene.

Can buy even my merit; if you desire, I compose
Pretending as a historian, a long hymn to you.
And can enslave me at a low price at a glance

Don't search me-
At college campus
At playground
At romance
Or at National Avenue

Trace me in the flock of the sold commodities.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Faded Reality

Looked at wildflower
Celebrated catkin
Got the death hole

Viewed the blue
Expanded the hands
Caught the snake

Printed the dreams
Organized the lips
Gained agony

Met the stage
Tuned the lyric
Torn the vocal cord

Glanced at the source of the cloud
Told the heart to go
Received the plume of fire

Beholden the art
Searched for fairness
Attained the faded reality.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

If I'm Injured

You told If I'm Injured,
The entire city will be extinguished
With the flow of your mournful tears.

I passed away long ago,
The neon lights of the city are ignited
With the bursting out of your laughter.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

Let It Get Down

What is getting Spring-mirth?
If darkness falls at the eleventh hour:
What is smiling in assignation?
If the insects of negligence ruin the memories.

If the twigs of love
Are begotten by the sighs
Then sighs are even better
Bear in mind, my dear.

Let all the sighs get all the sighs down
Throughout my inner cosmos.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

How This Cold Fire Is

Forest fire takes rest at a time, too
The howling wind of Summer also puts a full stop to once
Even constant rain has a sense of discontinuation
Besides, the burning Sun sinks in tranquility on time

How this cold fire is, in my heart
Flourishing with colorless and distinctness flame
Ignoring the classical grammar of Time
Fire is growing increasingly.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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Evening And You

Evening spreads like a priest-
Only you extend as ice;
Midnight becomes the coverlet of meditation-
Solely, your love melts incessantly.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

My Luve

You suspect,
I have stepped my foot in
Seeing the scarlet of Caesalpinia-pulcherrima
I know,
There dwells flaming fire
Under the mask of crimson

You declare,
I have found the entire scent of Arabia
In other's flowery arm,
Only I know,
With gradual melting,
I have become a dejected, mournful river.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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Difference

I desired alluvial wind from hand,
You yielded air of electronic fan.
I painted all of my dreams in a handkerchief,
You kept the colored poison in photo-click.
While you run the wings of your fancy,
I burn all my flams of heart softly.
While you intermingle words with words,
I spread frosty silence with trust.
Being an isolated kite, fly in the solitude of the immense sky,
With constant diving in the Azure of Heaven live and die.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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Strive For A Human

Strive for a human before love
Hermitage prior to man;
Earlier get clay then corn
Kinsman beforehand.

In a human, love dwells
In love, a human never nests.
Else every spell shall move to despair
What can you expect from an feral?

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

The Infants

The Lambs are mourning-
Knowing babes' blood is the soul target of the thirsty weapons.
Darkening kids' glittering fortune-
We dream of the profit in the infernal workplaces.
Their playgrounds are transformed into war museum; the relics of cruelty;
Their school yards are set for only privileged; the tokens of commerce.

Kiddies' tear is floating in the air
Breeds' hunger is echoing from Africa
Orphans' misery is voicing the Minaret
Babies' melancholy is ringing the Bell

Don't spread the obscurity like a black-hole
Don't spin the net of death like a huntsman
As children are the Shepherds; future torch bearers of the Nations.

The Lambs are laminating to Mose, Muhammad, Jesus
To rescue their fellows!

All Mosques

All Temples

All Prayer Halls whisper-

“Children dwell in Heaven; kin of Almighty

Before worshipping God feel them as-

All are your sons.”

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Dream Selling

Capitalism introduces-

An idea of fulfillment

Buyers are impressed with fairy tales.

Theories, Equations, Terms-

Work as a miracle.

There is nothing called an unattainable dream

Everyone was born to be a hero!

They feel a thrill as the leaves against the West wind

Seeing the ornamental eye contact of Capitalists.

Priest-like behaviors-

Hide utilitarian insight of exploitation.

They were not bad in condition, and took

All ebb and flows of life as their undisputed part.

Now, they are overwhelmed with new hope

Everyone was born to be a hero!

Though stained ink of illusion is printing, in advance,

Their own Peripeteia within Peripeteia!

Fabricated lure leads to their ruin at the end of the plot.

Fate enslaved them by shaping truth

Capitalism enslaves them by selling dreams.

Motions of the earth notice a starry distance

Motions of the earth notice a starry distance!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Isolation

All collective dialogues are-
Severe sore;
All melodious slogans are-
Drowsy drone.
All manifestos or isms are-
Empty promise;
All corny ceremonies are-
Handful grief.

A stranger draws an epiphanic conclusion:
'We all are, indeed, the riders to Isolation.'

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

Three Witches...

POLITICS

GAME

CINEMA

Three Witches for post modern Macbeth.

Taking aloud

"Fair is Foul

Foul is Fair."

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

A Hymn To Love

A flower shows her anger-
With her tightened thorns,
I dwell with glittering beauty-
As my love is born.

The Moon, don't scorn me-
Being a light debtor ring;
My soul irrigates spontaneously-
Eternal Spring.

A one-eyed youth depicts-
Wrong dark path;
Innocence can taste-
Easeful, glorious death.

The earthly words lead to stained noise;
Love produces meditative thoughts;
Every hope moves to the grave;
Only love can go beyond sunset.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Covid- 19

When a mother of the third world laments for her dead infant,
Commanders from the first world offer multiplex funeral packages!
When Africa is imprisoned with hunger by white pirates,
Poets compose, rocking to and fro, odes on fruits and Emperors.
When a Syrian baby girl declares with grief
'I shall tell all the secret to Almighty Allah, '
Priests are more concerned with the sinking stars.
When all wilds are sentenced to death by dehumanized humans,
Intellectuals, inwardly and like drunkards, drink the drops of Lethe.

COVID- 19 is a leveler,
Writing a democratic elegy for all!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

Let Us Go

The earth had a tender voice
We have reformed it-
With intelligent
Full of insidious arguments.
She becomes colored glass
Flattering with synthetic rays.

Hypocrite deliverers are gardeners now.
Corpses smile instead of-
Bloom and smell.
Mother sighs
No crops, plates are covered with-
Lustrous poison.
Rats' alley-
Our secret Parliament, Pandemonium.

Nevertheless,
Soil- summoning to turn away
Desert- longing for a shower of rain
Day and night- muttering for rest
Souls- dreaming about souls.

Let us go to put our-
Motley face;
Let us go to mourn for
Celestial Grace.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Modern Civility

Oedipus complex-
Destiny motivated unwanted tears.

Our civilization has been moved far.
But not like flowing water or mountains
Water revives green
Mountains arrange frosty silence-
For meditation.
Our legislators formulate-
Brain with drain,
Webbed wall of Rocks,
Stagnant night of Wildness.

Thames daughters like to lick-
Fog and dog;
Battlefield claims horses
They captivate them for Royal Bed.

Electra complex-
Modern Civility!

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Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Salvation

Don't quest to perceive why am I that much bewildered?
By what is my rheum rainy in this unearthly hours?
My keekers, those are everyone's tinsel,
Dropping the pearls from my eyes stands for the scrolling down of rain from
everyone's tinfoil.

There was a billowy river.
Afterwards, being droughty transformed into corn-field,
Hence dwelling was constructed on the alluvial floor;
Out of therein monsters are born.
I can not undertake this evolution in any ways.
Allow my pluvial sight to weep, if the abolished river is awaken again,
Let my tears be a parlance of salvation.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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For Someone

Conquering war, there's a crown,
After matrimony, there remains the glamour of Spring-love,
After the last frontier of the setting sun, there's expecting the crack of dawn,
There exists a sign of endearment having assignation.

But It's not- - in the equation, instead of traditional mythology;
Only the brickbat is viaticum for winning a battle,
Nuptials provided the crippled lintel,
Behind setting the sun resides a ghastly black hole,
Planting roses outbreak the smell of disgrace.

After Destruction stands on passage,
Ease after moan,
But Nay- -
Curious Alphabets between lips compose sound
Which consists of the dream of Crown, Spring-love, Dawn, and Endearment.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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With My Touch

With my touch, the flowers were fallen on that day,
The branches were looking on like the eremite.
This is the place where was fertile soil, green- grassy crops were born,
Whose fragrance came out in gentleness from the speck of the land.
This ground illustrated abundant smile on the jaws of aweary ploughers.
Now that fruitful earth formed into glaring vulcan with my footprint.

With my contact, the nearest river was died,
On that day, the flying birds were stricken by the ray of my glance.
The aqua formed into quiescent while I had a bathe,
The bloomy water Lily veiled with modesty.

The crystalline particles of water were become dim with my attendance,
The murmuring of woodland were paused,
The collab of birds formed into silence,
as if the world's psyche had slept in peace,
With my one glance, evergreen Athena lost her virginity.

The whole beauty became flabby with my touch.
Other afternoon, musical meeting was on full mood
Sudden presence of mine-
Tore off the monochord of Artist Lalon.
That's happened - Only for my emergence!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Poet

Two species of poets-
Some become splitting words; some spoiling their lives.

With the axe of words-
They excavate gigantic ocean in a stone.
With luster of words-
Extrudes whole obscurity.
Them poets are exalted who fracture word.

Who kindle by blazing as the sun does,
Who pour water melting likewise cloud,
Them poets are more exalted who rupture their lives.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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War And Love

Although they escape silently,
All soldiers move to the battle field-
Singing Chorus

In the case of love, run away noiselessly,
They appear on the social highway-
With joint footsteps.

Lassitude and disrepute exist in frustrated weapons,
Defeated passion is transformed into purified bilbo.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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Man Of Ice

Having a soothing kiss, she says- who can confer such infinite happiness- He's the undying human.

Experiencing abundant bloom of flowers with my miracle touch, she narrates- I'm the perpetual fragrance.

Creating a subterranean stream on the chest of rains, she addresses- It's a deathless man of dream.

Generating an affectionate oasis in the longest desert, she tells- I'm the eternal poet.

Observing my unquenchable flame of glory, she mentions- It's the indestructible daystar of Azure.

Seeing the utter defeat of the enemy's tent with my sharpened weapons of silence, she notes- I'm the imperishable sword.

Auditing the sharing of my melodious tone in the melancholic fair of humans, she expresses - I'm the authentic grammar of immortal love!

Throwing all the attractive titles, I utter- I'm the man of Ice; how can I carry such mythical names?

I'm being constantly melted by the heat of time.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Human Life

In the absence of love, human lives move on with ferocity,
Thirst of amour can turn into tearful orison.

Who could provide such a peaceful assignation as I did?
None would be capable of tying up the necklace of grassy love on an abandoned throat.

Coming out of the sigh where they vanish,
That sky was the only deed of romance between you and I;

That you're the mere possessor of a poor bedstead -
Even only for the midnight! !

Why have I not realized the story of your penance?
Every story needs not to be narrated by the storyteller, even life's tale also!

They falling off leaves, troublous waves of addled water,
Glaring land of drought, the sparking flame of the kiln,
The thunder of the cerulean, showery - rainy night,
They all are the symbolic voice of life.

The length of life is as like the twinkling of eyes
thus, I perceived your molten existence before I asked for it.

Yet- don't place wailing in the bottom of your heart!
Remember!

Everyone's life is pathetic - painful like Anabus,
Every wound is to be observed with self-eyes-
Unto the last breath is consumed.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

The Aloof Sky In Sight

Abruptly, when I'm drowned in distress,
I hold on my eyes at the high;
Whereas all pleasures step in crossing entire kiddie,
I throw the ray of sight at aloof sky.

Dreams illustrate their diagram
In the heart of immense heaven;
I mingle accusations and frowns
With attention in navy yard.

Revolted, optimistic, awaiting, corroborated I-
fly in the atmosphere crossing the stream of loneliness!

Tell me! In what reliance; I float the boat-
In the ruthless ocean of mankind?

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

Take The Photograph Down

Hyacinth girl, you're the surrogate name of beauty,
Pronounced hymns in favor of you in the lustrous horizon,
Wild Shamoli is the golden pleasant of the modern stage!
Each and every subdivision is melodious with the clop of anklet today!

Cities awaken by the demon's howl; Yet let the increment to be delighted.
Have gusto in digging burial - let the caravan of politics to be glittered!

Switch pressed finger of trigger is the creative son of the nation,
The angel, of my town, is exalted with the glory of blood.

The extensive dyad unclad pix of billboards,
The ripple of easeful merciless laughter,
Being rain of satisfaction moistens people's heart!
In the name of art, organisms swing on TV screen,
The scarf is kiting, pushing soften lace of dress, breasts are displaying
Sofa, unborn infant, refrigerator, doorway and homeland is being purified.

Only take down the photograph of bards,
Them, are the absolute miscreants of 56 thousands square miles.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

They And We

They'll move on the thornless, attracting - pliable path;
Our feet walk on the atrocity of crushed crystals.
Avoiding people's groan-
The flickers of their socket's sights is firmed to self destination.
They'll give over if once, Only discover their own residence,
Never will realize, being too close to goal even they're faraway.

Our eyes will passage the immense skyline,
Only they'll win handful felicity of all around.
Shaping our passion into cloud
Will ooze mild shower, will be rainy,
Whereas they'll call upon irrational overflow!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



PoemHunter.com

Pillow's Witness

Diversified lachrymation drains through my tears.

In my weeping- - -

The visionary monument of fissile traveler is, alike falling off leaves in summer,
wrapped with the ardor of famishing face; doddery spoiled land,
Some vocal cords; endless thirst throughout the spoken tone,
Pitiful announcement of discontent;
Faded face of curfew flame,
Variant colour of painful household.

Diversified lachrymation drains through my tears.

In my weeping- - -

Trackless destination,
Palace without doss,
Torrent blunt sword,
Vessel without steersman,
Loveless mother's lap.

My pillow is witness -

My weeping rides on anonymous camel's backrest and visiting around, brings off
the sorrows of remoter path!

Diversified lachrymation drains through my tears!

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

My Damnation

I'm presented here with a lot of curses taking place in my heart today.

I'm the spiritual son of soil.

My ancestors used to wave hands on the horse's body instead of straps.

Knowing the destructive behavior of the bank, they reposed goldy domestic life nearest the river.

Off and on, they used to send whole feasible viands to the foe's tent.

Making ink with them shoreless forgiveness, I've written today's damnation.

I imprecate- into the lap of the map with the chalk of the Earth's dust.

I curse- adorning the reddish color of Caesalpinia-pulcherrima.

I execrate - sitting on the Nakshi Khanta of a maiden.

I damn- laying on the seductive fondness of alluvial soil.

My raised neck of damnation is alike the neck of Giraffe, today.

Touching milch of cow, touching the ascetic scythe of farmers,

Bringing out the innocent tone of the Shepherds, taking the plate of Rice with Milk,

With the oath of mother's oar, with the cognition of the Independence-
Thrilling the glaring of today's damnation!

I'm writing the Placard;

I curse -

For the offense of driving my young generation away on the devious Path,

For using my newish generation as the shield of Power,

For the crime of generating the future of my green generation into a fireplace.

The juvenile who vibrated 1952 - 1971 with bloom,

Tell, what reward will you gift them? Is there any exchange price?

The youngers who could be revived as 52 or 71 today,

You've been generating them into shorn Bonsai and made them Joyful.

Yes, I do believe in Johnson - 'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.'

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Some Men

Leaving the blue of the Azure,
Keeping the blue greasiness of water at the shore,
Considering as ornaments -
Adorns catastrophic with the blue of anguish.

Without holding the oar to the edge,
Pulls the paddle elapsing the heart of streams -
To reverse aimlessly.

Ejecting the accumulated happiness in fist through gush,
Fingers knot, friendship at will,
With artistic woe, with every beats.

All the excitingelegance of moonlight night-
Organising towards other,
Jumbles own in the enormous dark of the new moon.

Shoves away the ray of flourished youth like sunrise,
How traveler leaves crossed long path faraway.

Forming the body into soil, alike the intensive slit of the Padhma,
Admixes into others' homestead.
As floating straws in the sorghum -
Floats the soul, therefore,motiveless.

Some men handover happiness -
In the priceless auction, with smiling face.
Thus some men search purity till death,
Quitting the cozy boundary of egocentrism
Burns themselves into the fire of succulent inflammation.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

A Prayer For My Son

I realize - without identifying the source of water and glacies, my son will raise
mundane songs of love,
Uprooting the root, he'll blow up the fleeting flag on the deceitful path.

I realize - leaving the soundtrack of modesty,
My son will play the drum of slander,
Crossing the hamlets - passing through the grassland, he'll build the home of
cognition with an undressed book.

I realize - my son, forgetting his identity, will step in on the nameless pathway
with joy,
Being a fellow of shadow, he'll fracture the compact umbilical cord like a piece of
ancient rock.

I realize - without searching for purity in forgiveness, my son will place the
conciliation of life in a sting,
Being not mournful in the weep of green, cloud, or infant, he'll burn them stalks
of sense with blood and flame.

O God, you bestow grassland into his juvenility,
Fulfill with endless love in the blue of his sight,
Place detailed cogitation inside of the scalp,
Pour the billowy stream into sigh,
Lay down eternal future in his vision,
Allow the flammable strength of oyster in his spirit,
Bring off needful grains in a palm,
Teach him - cession, invitation, forgiveness, lamentation,
Educate him - shame, remembrance, accost, perpetual thirst.

Horrifying dark is getting down in the vortex of time!
I'm leaving radical poesy in favor of him;
Nonetheless - can't overcome the fright,
Therefore, Oh my God, I devoted my prayer to you.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

A Report

Forgetting mostly pathways,
The believers of Socialism are as anxious as the huntsman-
Against the Holy Words of Heaven,
Concerning the one and only duty.

Some people like hog, and release locusts are like
The flow of broken embankment throughout the fields of the peasant;
Yet the total spleen of revolutionaries to the Sky.

Godly people ambush them to mingle them with dust
The way ointment is consumed on the organisms.

It is not metaphysic, Ideologists believe; both of them are severe barriers to
each other's path.
Although both of them are committed-
To unravel the distance of jolty; ultimately.

From the School's Alphabet to the Holy Verses of the Prayer Hall,
Homely wife of farmer to affectionate mother's interior,
Darkish hydrolysis of daysman to painty production,
Starting grassy fort to a dazzling metropolis,
Courtyard to the Council of Ministers,
Imagination to reality -
Indecent Capitalism massages emollient,
Filling all the sides of Holes.

Their inhuman values diffuse around the ten directions as Sunrise.

With decaying power in the war of nerves-
Both believer parties move away from the stage.
Meanwhile, on the stage-
Infidel, opportunist Capitalism kindles in the festival.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

I'll Come Home Too

I've placed the corpse in the country's cemetery
With apathetic sight, the phenomenon of father!

Enjoying the fresh breeze on the mast of a vessel,
I'll stick rubiginous dreams of *Caesalpinia-pulcherrima*
Into any unknown girl's sight.

My livelihood will be comely as *Anthocephalus indices*,
Once, like the Banian tree, my children and then grandchildren
Will be grown-up steam branches-
Through domestic life.

My senses will scrape alike smooth teeth of comb -
Yard to the horizon.
Them flowers of outlying garth, hilly trees of overseas -
The whitish foam of the ocean, the entire geometrical-aesthetic building,
With the whole beauty of the two poles-
My journey will be embellished.

Insofar the radial heart flares the elongated glow,
By a call-
Leaving indecisive deals, resolved credence,
I've to say- 'Dad, I'm coming home too, as you did.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Desiring To Be Extinguish

Desiring to be extinguished -
With the fatigue of thirsty suicide,
With a relative's phobia, step in on the nameless path.

Grassland, Palm Garden, Lotus in the pond, Palkee, Pristine lad-
Delude the earthly thirst.
Can't execute to be extinguished; turn into a gentle tale of a helmet.

Desiring to be extinguished -
With the languishment of love's thirst,
Place feet in the lonely - motionless grove.
I'll never come - back to your burg.

What a heinous! - Scarlet rose is tinsel on your forehead,
As if the reddish Chaina-rose is the roseate metamorphosis of your mole,
Seems your necklace being wasted has been shaped into decorated Arabian
Jasmine.

As if someone admixed your drone
into the gradual melody of grig.
Supposing - the whole shadow of virid is similar to your love.
Your entire mutism has enfolded me as a creeper.
Desiring to be extinguished, I transform into the tale of you.

Trust me- as much as I dress to be extinguished,
Every single time, I shift into the tale of you.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

The Classical Separation

I can still perceive the lingo of immense sky;
Yet I've the alliance with the shower of rainy.

Though the sigh evaporates into the breeze;
Still I'm capable, capturing them into my grip;
Able to blow up blueing bliss in the canary nightfall.

Still I'm operative to step in my credent feet
Without learning the boundary of anchor,
I'm still the indomitable Captain.

What sort of love if disable to be inflammable;
If unable to carry out the lissom ingle of sigh?
The Classical separation teaches me-
"Anticipation is amour."

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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If You Touch

Touch, if you touch-

Cinders will turn into evergreen leaves,

Decayed hands of inclusive Shahara will be shaped into woodland.

Touch, if you touch-

Worm-eaten voice will be changed into a delicate tone,

Dead cognition will be volant through the heart of the wind.

Touch, if you touch-

The wings of wax will be colored into mercury's fins,

Inanimate bamboo's yard will bestrew melodies,

The pannikin of poison will be filled with rose petals.

Sharpened poniard will become the celestial sword,

Series of billow will be aroused in the bleak sand-bed,

Someone will step in across the impassable rocky path.

Touch, if you touch-

Wasteland will be affluent with cultivated crops,

The crimson sun will bring out the beauty of twilight,

The shore's girl will draw a cute smile on her face, exposing hair,

The tob's plant will expand its twig over clouds,

The vows of the circle will be universal and endless.

And everyone will realize the skyline is over the wall.

Touch, if you touch-

Cinders will turn into evergreen leaves,

Decayed hands of inclusive Shahara will be shaped into woodland.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Patience

Look at the ground
Grains are the aftermath of a waiting
Observe the Solar
Seasons are the expectancy of motions
Audit the oyster
Pearl is the anticipation of an intense flame
Examine the poets
The poem is the ambushing of inspired madness.

Follow the exiled persons
Patience is the only food
Notice famines
Patience is the only cure
Consider all Prophets
Patience is the supreme guide.

Patience is the most healing than any other medicines in the universe
Patience has invisible wings of blissful lingo.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin

Revolution

I had no knowledge about Revolution
Even I didn't recognise at all
If it were a lesson of primary syllabus
I could surely memorize.

Is Revolution an Elemental Metal?
How True Table is proved in a laboratory.

I've known myself
I've learnt life
Spoiling the golden chapters!

Now, I am a rebel against myself
I am a rebel against ownself.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin



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A Manifesto Of A Bard

Let the birds soar in the sky,
Let the grey clouds float in the high.
There is nothing called a warplane,
Let the bluest space trust this claim.

Let the grains smile on African ground,
Let the whole of Europe water on it.
There is nothing called hunger,
Let the black desert believe in the gyre.

Let all boundaries bend down towards faces,
Let them be crashed at feet, not on human heads.
There is nothing called Nationalism,
Let the earth rely on this optimism.

Let the collective dreams be a single essence,
Let all die as the ants to be an associated passage.
There is nothing called detachment,
Let Bruegel's Icarus conceive with contentment.

Mohammad Mohi Uddin