

Poetry Series

Naba Kishor Pujari

- poems -

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Arrival

The song of joy has been unsung for years
Arrive and sing the song of humanity
The sky would look brighter, nature would shine greener,
Birds fly in open sky, youthfulness
in deserted souls can only prevail
when you would arrive.
Never have I amassed happiness
to check the intruding of sorrow,
Only fretful I am if at all you may adjourn to arrive.
Happiness, for me is only to aside the agony.
Assure, Arrive and allow,
We would make tunes to bower muse
Your presence may help escape to sorrow
from the mundanity.

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Dream

Everybody here in their quest of a good dream
A world of dream;
Where they are tripping on a golden horse.
A trip that met their amenities,
Drops of cheer rain everywhere for them.
How selfish we humans are?
We never think of others who equally
May have a dream.
What they may have solicited in a dream?
We always long for golden horse and
Bother hardly for others.
Dream has a home for all.
Dream too has a conscience.
Dream must have a scare in this case;
To whose hope be met at the most
Horses are good to crave in dreams
Which may teach us the principle of
hard work and pace.

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Genesis Of Poetry

Of nobody's compulsion and force,
Poetry comes out as unstoppable flow of river water
Doesn't change its mien against desired hint.
The genesis of poetry needs little warmth, a subtle spark,
a score of thoughts. s
It often marries with raindrops, dew filled grasses,
wanders around worldly fancies;
Despite a trial to move the making of a poetry through our lenses
But it never steps away; remains rooted in its own feet
The world of inquiry, keenness and the virtuous moments
Make poetry what it is termed afore.
Poetry roams around the golden garden of insight,
From the very womb of creativity, the castle of poetry makes
Mark to its infinite passage
Poetry to be worth; needs micro-thoughts, skills and pure work.
From its germination, Poetry too leaves its strong
Footprints among readers.
When winter falls, when a flower sprays odour or
When a surprise meet occurs with
the colossal ones,
Poetry grow through the assimilation of words and thoughts,
ink turns warrior.
In every drop of creativity and thoughts,
Poetry teaches humanity to the mankind.

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Metro Life

In the days of my later childhood, my grandmother
Was reminding me of arrival of a night
She often used to ask me to read in front of lantern
In our village; when sun set, darkness prevails
After the day full play of sun ends,
Darkness conquers over time
Night in a village is so welcoming as if it ends tire.

When I grew older, I moved to metro
filled with a bunch of golden dreams,
Immersed with the metro culture,
I thought that life is meaningless
if not lived in a metro;
As if all dreams to be big and broad
are cultured here
As if all esteemed and recognised people
live here
But I had thought of many things
Which were glittering of being so
I had to learn that nothing is anything
that one perceives;
In a metro, halogen rules over the darkness
Can anyone hear the blow of evening conch-shell of
A village temple here?
The mildness of the day here turns into
An uncouth night,
Far and wide hunger and hunger,
Hunger for money, hunger for power,
Hunger amidst relishing between two wormy thighs.
Metro is set to play role as a time
to quench each and every thirst.
The cry of innocence, the call of an unheard tune,
The acute stroke of one's conscience;
All gets a deaf ear here.
One may find pretence
in return of appeal
One may eventually come across disgrace
in return of love.

In metro, no one is here to stare for others.
The dew filled grass of a winter morn
The chirping of birds in a mango tree
Hesitate to share credits with the midnight.

You can bargain here dream, success, name-fame
With your penny
Everywhere the startling greed is offered
Who knows which would reign over the next morning?
What it may leave for us
Even we share spoon and chat closely,
The metro dresses up with made-up promise and
Breeds quarrelsome deals
Where is the life, where is the blessings of elders?
Who guides you here on your daily routine?

With the swelling crowd in metro,
I still sense bits of loneliness
Loneliness in the palms of a beggar,
Loneliness in the heart of a beloved
Loneliness in the strength of an unwaged youth

People in metro stay closer but live faraway
Who cares what happens in the neighbours cabin
When you draw the curtains of your window
You hardly see any soul in the undusted air
Affinity is rarely knocked
I long; if at all the metro comes to embraced me
And teaches me lessons on co-existence.

What the most of you see may not be
The real sight,
What the most of you think may not be
The real actions
A net of fake fable is being shielded
In the apartments of metro.
When the light that scatters the nightly glooms
I remind my native village in many ways.

Mymother

From the day I sensed my first feeling
I have seen then a heart; never driven by any crumbly thoughts.
A source that controls the darkness of time
A foundation that plinths in all virtues in the earth
A power that can reset all happenings
in her own script.
My mother is universal; beholds all in her lap.

All pebbles of rock; turn with her sublime touch, into temples of good faith,
The entire pain and torture of the world
Gets releaved.
Aligned to none, she raises our spirits to
Leave aside agonies of life.

She teaches me the worth of words;
Lifts up at my every fall down
My mother shows me ways both in light and darkness.

Tips of my mother can help me learn
the language of bond
And the principles of humanity,
She prepares my base, explains the art of flying
Beyond my mere feathers.
When I grudge, she covers her nectar palm
In my pale face.
A mother can really reason the wellness of others
At the cost of her own,
My mother responds to every
Grief of mine and recites happiness.

Life is like water of passing rivers
One may not rewind once its flow
But there are reminiscences which still echo
In minds forever.

Among thousands of appeals I met in my life,
To my mother; neither can I compare,
Nor can I aspire to be so.

Everywhere truth, truth and truth in her queen Dom;
Lie cannot come into her divine spirit.
Many a times, I feel God in her.

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Refusal

When someone in the moonlight asked me armful happiness
I regretted saying no.
In the deep dark, someone asked me the ray of light
I regretted saying no.
Sinking in the deep sea of mundanity,
Perhaps, nothing was shelved discretely in my heart;
Nor was it mine to give.
To me, life was as usual; a mixed bag, from sorrow to happiness,
From darkness to light, from truth to lie and
From bondage to freedom.
Whenever I had embraced something for if it can be purely mine,
The thing escaped gently from me.
When I unloved for something that should not occur around me,
It floored at my compound.
A relentless journey between yes and no, mourn to ecstasy
Whenever I have called for, I am denied,
Rather offered on what I had refused.
Refusal, never remains a 'NO' stock but allows a new acceptance.

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