

Poetry Series

Obhiraj Nandi
- poems -

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Obhiraj Nandi(04-04-98)

The Air

Coming from the the dark spaces
Coming to the sky,
How content are the faces
How content am I!

Nobody care about me
But can't live without me,
Still no one says-
'See, it's he'

No one respect me
I know, I know,
But for my happiness,
I have to go.

I like the Earth,
I like the Sky,
So contented are the faces
So happy am I!

One day one li'l child
Told me good,
Blushing with shame
Something I understood:

In this world
Some are rude,
In the same world
Some are good.

Pollute thee, Pollute me
I don't care,
With you I want to
Share my lovely air.

I contribute some of me
To the plants and animals and birds in sky,
How content are the faces
How happy am I!

Obhiraj Nandi

The End Of The World

I'm gonna tell you about,
A rich man named Arnold,
Who considered 20.12.2012,
To be the end of the world.

He had a pool of money,
Obtained through his multi-national company,
Yet he lived economically,
Without spending an extra penny.

He lived a life of prosperity,
And had not a single fright,
He was respected wherever he went,
And his life had been bright.

The day he heard about the disaster,
Frightened he was like mice,
In the company of hungry cats,
And there added another spice.

Months and months passed by,
May is now on peak,
Thoughts now maddened him,
So he thought to speak.

He relied on only his wife,
So she was told by Arnold,
That 20.12.2012,
Is the end of the world.

But she ridiculed his world and said,
"I think you've gone mad,
World will remain till eternity,
So don't become so sad."

Poor Arnold, he tried to speak,
But he was ignored,
Finding no one else reliable,
His thoughts were kept to him stored.

But a horrible thing struck Arnold,
After the disaster if he survives,
What will he eat, where will he live,
How would he strive?

He thought of a plan,
He would collect provisions,
For the afterlife he will spend,
After the people vanish from the nations.

But for his social life,
He will enjoy it now,
And is ready to spend every penny,
Without thinking of answering 'how'.

He went for horse-racing & casino,
He spent money with extravagant friends,
Not belonging to his category,
But transforming into modern trends.

See how fear from disaster can,
Change a frugal into money-spending,
And waste money on useless items,
As well infinitely expending.

And so, he collected provisions,
And enjoyed social life,
And spent every penny of his pocket,
By spending on himself and his wife.

But he used to think,
How will the world end,
World War III, natural calamity,
Or alien invasion, to make us penned.

And finally came the crucial day,
The world became devastated,
Eight was reduced to seven,
And the blue planet faded.

The reason was most surprising,

All of them occurred simultaneously,
WW3, alien invasion and global warming,
Destroyed the planet mercilessly.

And as Arnold had feared,
He survived throughout,
With provision left for a month,
And the outer space to master.

And he suddenly heard his wife's voice,
Saying, "Wake up, Mr. Arnold,
You are sleeping as if,
It is the end of the world."

Obhiraj Nandi

The Masterlike Servant

When my leg was fractured,
I, being a good observant,
Knew that who came to serve me,
Was a masterlike servant.

Twenty four hours did he live,
And unknowingly drew a pawn,
As resided in me,
'Cause he always kept the A.C. on.

Every now and then, did he eat,
And consumed twice more than me,
And used to eat the bigger fish,
How masterlike he was, can you see?

When I listed the grocery items,
He suggested me some food,
Which were his all time favorite,
And claiming that they were good.

He never did the house chores seriously,
Because he wanted the cool of the fan,
And for phone calls, he never asked,
And the phone charges profusely ran.

This man who came to treat me,
Was consuming my money to core,
And I was confined to bed,
With my foot completely sore.

But even a coin has two sides,
And I have seen the tail of him,
The head is seen in this incident,
Where he saved me in the interim.

I had a life threatening fever,
And I underwent convulsion,
And he saved my life such
That diverted my revulsion.

He saved my life that I
Has to apologize him much,
And I grieved heavily enough,
When I had to part my crutch.

And so had he to part,
And I, being a good observant,
Thought he was not that bad at all,
My good friend, master like servant.

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The Song Of Nightingale

Before going to bed last night,
I saw a brown nightingale on branches,
And then it sang a lovely song,
On which every bird dances.

That song which enchanted me,
Hovered in my room so long.
Whose power knew no bound,
A sound so mighty and so strong.

And the nocturnal birds awake,
Danced at the beauty of the tune,
Or just carefully listened to it,
Or went away too soon.

And the tune that it sang,
Like a cradle hummer,
In midst of trees and birds,
Of the late night summer.

Rarely are seen such birds,
Seldom do we see them,
People catch them here and there,
Whene'er these outsiders came.

For the beauty of the tune
A thought had just struck,
Arose my greed to capture it,
But I didn't challenge my luck.

The tune is better than all
More beautiful than the song of robin,
More beautiful than the grace of peacock,
A tune which can make one sobbin'.

Paradise to earth and to earthlings,
Better than the rock and pop today,
Sweet song of that nightingale
Which sprang up this day.

Till the late night it sang
And didn't let me sleep.
Heavenly and sweet nightingale,
Is now what I want to keep.

But I heard rumble in the bushes
Some other human was with me,
For his camouflage and the dark,
Was the reason that I couldn't see.

Then the nightingale stopped its song,
And I heard a key twisting in the lock,
And a shadowy creature running away,
With a bird in his stock.

It was the last free song,
Of that cradle hummer
And I weeped on my bed
On that late night summer

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Wheel Of Season

It was not pleasing when autumn came,
It was a total leaf-out game.
Looked like leaves were in exile
The trees lost their fashionable style.
Birds and insect flying out of city
Frogs and squirrels went sleepy.

Chilling weather which nurture
Out of blazing sun that torture.
Cool breezes flow outside
All day and every night.
Chilling water that's so cool
So sweet and so tasteful.

In bright colours, seen are birds,
Animals grazing in their herds.
Lying leisurely in the soft grass
While travelling in U.K., U.S. or France.
The days to wonder and to think,
When the flowers blossom in red and pink.

Blazing sun, so hot and fierce,
That only season which a child fears.
Longing for vacations to come,
To visit places and see the birds hum;
Or to go to hill tops or seas,
Or to camp in midst of tress.

Then came the rain heavily,
I sat on the sofa cozily,
As the school gave a rainy day
But in the house only I have to stay.
But my happiness knew no bound,
As I slept in the night so sound.

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