

Poetry Series

PRABHUL PRABHA
- poems -

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PRABHUL PRABHA()

My First Journey

It's a better day
the day of study
i am walking,
with my elder
a bag with,
pen, pencil, and a book
sleeping in my shoulder
my mom dressed me
the dress of unity.
we are going
to find the wisdom!
I am secured
with my brother.
a pearl,
from the heaven
kissed in my cheek.
all on a sudden
the heavens opened
the elder,
caught my little hand
and started to run.
both we run
for hiding
in the house of knowledge.
finaly we reached
we enter with our friends
now I can see
three steps
happy, honesty and knowledge
the secret steps
for the ultimate wisdom!

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The Journey Of A Destitute

he is a stranger for all
an old man with ugliness
words of scripture,
his lips whispering
without his permission
I am a scholar!
that distinct in his face
but no one will see it
owing to his slimy cloths.
foul smell of his body
is provoking others
to keep the distance.
he can't walk with mind
age, the enemy holding his legs.
a teenage archer, asked to him-
'the millionaire, where you going? '
the millionaire of peace of mind
raised his quivering head and said-
'I am going, to find the poverty! '

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