

Poetry Series

Prithwish Biswas
- poems -

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Prithwish Biswas()

A Nightmare Or A Grim Reaper In Darkness

Here, I was sitting on the bench
here, I was thinking and passing my life
Suddenly, I heard footsteps from that direction
Where the lamppost was not working
I thought to myself maybe that's what I need a person to talk
He was wearing a hooded black leather jacket
He said with a greeting "how do you do?"
I said in return "I'm just do you do?"
He said in a firm voice you look lost soul to me come to me take you to after life
I was stunned I thought he was insane
I asked him "Excuse me"
He warned me don't outsmart me I know what's a dead man
I asked him "who do you think you're?"
He grunted at me without any movement "how dare you ask me who the hell I am?"
I asked him again "what's your name, mate?"
He said "I have been known by many names in different ages and one of them mate"
he said on "I'm Tuag, Mrityu, maran, dood, tod, surm, mortem, morto, mortem, and your biblical"
He stood up suddenly lifted up in the air suddenly in the air he got bursted up
Instead of blood there was ashes...
After bursting into ashes reformed itself
I was scared and astonished to see a familiar face from the bible from the story and from movies come forward to me in a skeletal figure wrapped in black cloak which floated like it's in a water with a hood
I came down on earth like some fallen angel
Now he had a scythe on a hand
Now I can see his face it was skull but in black fungus
he said "like it is being decomposed"
"So, Jonathan Banner let us take you to after life"
He took a position with his large skull marked scythe silently in a grimly voice
He was singing like a prayer "thy my Grim Reaper harvest the crop of life in earthly realm farm where your child could pass to after life by the order of the omnipotent one."
Before he could touch my skin with scythe I just lost my conscious
When I woke up I thought to myself "phew! what a nightmare"
I stood up with my bag but then again my heart pumped up he was right next to saying "forgive me, my child"

I don't know how did this happened to you, my child
Enjoy your day";
He walked to shut off lamppost when I could see him no more it lighted up
I thought to myself ";Woah! ";
What a day?
Was that my imagination or my night with grim reaper

Prithwish Biswas

Broken Down Palace

Broken down palace
What gift do I have?
No people to see
Did I win? Or did I lose?
No rays of hope from the darkness
I did stopped the Mandarin the magician
I did all that I can do but, did I do that?
I just freed the people, but did I given freedom to the people?
What have I got? Just a broken down palace
What is the value of my sword?
Is it only for my revenge fist?
Are my parent are proud?
As I gone inside the palace it gone darker and darker just like coal
I know this place before exile, grass were green, rose were red like my blood,
water was sweet and endless
But now where are sounds of the bell from church?
Hyenas were feeding of the dead people
What did I get?
Just a time less broken down palace

Prithwish Biswas

Dracula's Love

So much time for love

We learned blood has thickened more and it bonded us,

More than the touching of smooth lips it felt better with beautiful neck of a beautiful woman and moonlight shining on my teeth

The valor of mine was true for you, milady!

You'll be there for me and I'll be there for you

Eyes will be there for you, looking through the ages to ages.

My love will not die, but it'll be immortal.

Prithwish Biswas

Exile

The tiger cub from the woods started their own another road for new forest,

The turtles have grown up and started walking to the big ocean,

The birds have started flapping their wings the white daffodils which looks like the fairy tales pixies have set their journey

But there's something wrong that telling us to come back and to them,

Even the tigers who are made from brightest burning fire stops to see the peek of them

The turtle have the knowledge of yin yang life and afterlife looks towards the shell where he started his foot

The mother bird sees it's baby for the last time and the baby too shed it's tears while flying away

And some daffodils stays until flower is dead

This is something that no one escapes other than death, exile

Prithwish Biswas

New Breeze

In between many dead I lie on the ground, hear the winds blew by.

With the broken music, I am saying that there is something new in the air just hear it in aamlokhi bon, new breeze comes.

In too much happiness Ram forgets to see the rain and the coming of the new leaves on the branches here comes the new breeze.

In between Sanai and Lata joins the hands of love in the field of corn like the Cupid and Psyche, new breeze comes.

Even the sick old grandfather opened his bold openly voice singing 'new breeze' on his home's verandah.

In the talking women are saying here new breeze comes.

In my home my daughter and my son are playing around and little young man tries to walk towards my young smiling wife. In the try he falls laughingly.

In such a beautiful life we see the new breeze once.

Prithwish Biswas

On My Way To Heaven

I died on my way to hope of home
I find myself to the way towards the station of heaven
I asked station master about the train
He said it will take some time□
I saw millions of souls waiting for the train
I sat a while waiting for the train
There was a young child sitting near to me crying
He said he missed his mummy and papa very much
I said so where are they?
He sobbingly said in the hell
I repeated in stunning voice, in the hell
I asked him for what reason
He said they had gone there for all the lies they've told
For all the crimes they have done
For the entire thing they have done for me
For you? I asked
He said yes
What they had done for you? I asked
I couldn't help myself
He said he did nothing
I was astonished and said, what
He said, yes you heard me, before
They were going, they said it.

He asked me, I don't know, why did they say like that?
While they send me to school with that stolen money,
And give me food and raised me.

I didn't have that question's answer
My train come in I took him in after I reached there I was last in the line
I put up the question, why do you think that child's parents said the word
nothing
The god said, whenever any soul comes near the hell's train and says nothing i.e.
means they `re regretting for their sin, and in this case, they are regretting for
their crimes, they are also sad, fearing their child will be alone
And that will be happening
I don't so, I said
Those crimes were done for him for unselfishness, I said
But the god said, those words mean nothing to us. For us crime is crime and they

must be punished. After that I had gone to paradise
In the paradise the boy was happy, but still little sad
I thought to myself, is this name of justice.
In our childhood
The teacher told us that what we are doing is not important
But the important thing is why do we want to do it and that is our good work
with which we could go to heaven
And for good reason, I also did many crimes
Then why I am in heaven?

Prithwish Biswas

Story Of Two Worlds My Life And The Reality

There was a time when I was looking for you from the cracks in the search of ball
I still remember that day you were wearing red frock playing jumping ropes
My nose started bleeding due the seeing of her skirt flying
Maybe this is maya which had happened with Krishna and Narada searching for a
glass of water found himself near the sea
When was that happening one of my friends was slapped on my head
I turned away my head putting hand on my head
Surprised, what's happened on my face
Suddenly, his face got white with scare
After reading I burnt the page in the darkness with tears
If this was love then we are far just that she is a high class out of my league
Why the god had played this trickery and betrayal with me when you separated
our world all the time you tried to give me hope there is only despair for
something lost a long time ago
For just charming life there is only despair looking for something that is nothing
I can understand that fake smile on your face
Now there's only tears in the car feeling a little guilt for letting it go
They say wolves cry for loves towards the moon for letting it back from the past
but it never happens and they cry ancestors after ancestors towards the moon
which never coming back
Maybe this time it happens with me tears on my face I look towards the moon for
the answers that never gonna come to me
Only thing I'll remember her face with tears for losing
As we are two world like sun and moon

Prithwish Biswas

Superhero

There I am standing near the cemetery under the tree.

I saw you there standing near my grave putting flower and tears on my grave.

Who I was?

A superhero?

I know you told me that I will die one day but I n every death has its own reward.

After that I put my red and white mask, aviator glasses on said that not to worry about.

I kissed her; while I was going make a jump from the window I said to her that's who we are, we seemed to die one day but we do not.

Instead we stay in the crowd of normal people & in the fear of evil people.

I fought with them (evil people) and raised the hope of people.

I had many friends with me who helped me in many situations without considering their life.

I knew this day would come when they would come, when they planned to break me but I am still here in the land of living,

And now to strike them once & for all,

And to return those every tears.

Prithwish Biswas

The Crow

Over loaded sadness can make the face white with no emotion.
I keep the heart with the shadow every drops of tears mix with the every drops
of blood makes the black commotion.
With no emotion there also makes a face that hides the pain in the darkness with
the love.
Every man got a story with a tears behind his back.
In a stormy night I wake up with the vengeance
I am finding it to hard to stay in the light I sleep in the night for dreams to calm
me.
I will live and spawn upon those who tried to burn me
I will be the one with the dark feathers every now and then it will shine in the
light of thunder.
I feel those pains in my eyes every now and then there will be vengeance in
those fearful streets and freedom.
I am the crow saying this to every loved one with all my strength I will take
those men to hell those who took mine life.
There will not be any men to destroy those lives but there will be a shadow of
angel with shape of spawn.
Feel this crow coming to you in the night with a pain to gain the happiness of
children in the Halloween.
Every night there will be a crow singing in every morning for the new day.

Prithwish Biswas

The Dried Up Lake

Look at the dried up lake near my village, it beholds many sad memories.
From my birth this river was present and it has one mystery, one that I can't figure out.

Every Indian village holds many forbidden secret about conspiracy, ghost, and witches.

When I was 10 yrs old I was playing the river.

No one was there.

I met her first time at the lake I thought she was an angel made from water.

She was my first friend I named her Padmabati.

I named her b'coz the way she came up from the water like lotus.

She didn't have any words in her lips but there was smile.

Every day I came there for talk, play and when there is any sadness.

One morning on my 13th birthday she showed me a trick called water work which was same as fire works with reflection of different bright colors.

Today, if I remember those days my chest feels painful.

It was pandit moshai's family aparted me from her.

If that lady didn't have shouted then she would be alive.

And it was pandit moshai's family who said it was a witch.

Padmabati didn't commit any crime.

All the villagers killed her without any mercy.

What can a 14 yr old boy can fight with 10 people?

Today standing here makes me as responsible for the action.

In the first place if I didn't meet her then in my life this couldn't have happened.

Today, I saw it in many story books as sea nymph.

Prithwish Biswas

The Feeling Of Betrayal

I tears the pages of my diary
A shade of my life
With the tears for what I heard and saw
From the lips of my love
This was the same that I kissed
The only thing I could see are smokes of cigarette and tears that shines with the
light of the moon
She was the woman who once said I will be with you forever
But this is what known as the trickery, mockery and sorcery of the curse of the
sirens
In the reflection I can see myself and at the same time sadness of betrayal
As the time goes by I see myself tearing and burning down the shades of my life.

Prithwish Biswas

The Immortal Angel

It says there are many angels who have lost their way to heaven and ended their life on earth.

Since the day I've been here in the ancient age.

When I've fallen on earth you brought a hand towards me for helping me.

For the first time I've fallen in love from seein' your eyes and golden hairs.

As the ancient age passed with disasters you were taken away by the gods.

I cried many times to gods to make her alive.

I learnt my hardest moral in life that god hears no mortal in earth.

After that came world with war I met you as smillin' working maid when I was a soldier.

Again, she died because of a bullet by the Nazi.

I learnt another lesson that love needs to be protected.

After that came the age of Rolls Royce when people started becoming little classical with art I saw you in there going somewhere.

I still remember that night when I grabbed you in my arms, I kissed you under the moon.

But, then I soon again I realised that world is hard place for us, especially for an actress.

Now, the age comes when things got rock and roll people really know the complex meaning of love.

You're just the same beautiful mortal like I always used to remember you.

No matter if there glasses on her eyes and hairs are opened in the air but, I know you in the same way first you came towards me.

In the rain we both together standing in the rain looking in those eyes which I know for longtime but you're looking at my eyes thinking I'm your prince you've dreamt of.

But now I get scared for getting lost in time without you again.

Prithwish Biswas

The Search For Different

What is superhero? There are many meaning of this word. Firstly, the one is a bullshit person wearing colorful underwear. Or someone who is really crraaaazzyyyyyy about action comics and superheroes movies like Spawn, batman, superman and comedy one captain underpants (but let me tell you imitating those things can really summon death in front of you) . Maybe I'd leave that one, and next to real one-“A hero can be anyone even a man doing something as simple and reassuring as putting a coat around a little boy shoulder to let him know that the world had not ended (FROM THE FILM BATMAN DARK KNIGHT RISES) .WOW! That is something which will be loved by all of the philosophical girls (who are really philosophical) .well this sentence brings out beautiful meaning any one can be a hero even man who is alone in his life and wanted to good to other no matter what is going to happen.

WHAT'S A REAL STEP BEHIND SUPERHEROES!

There are 10 steps to be a hero.

1. Asking yourself what to be and what not to be
2. Understand the meaning of life, your name, feel yourself why you are here
3. Have a confidence in yourself let the world say to you whatever they want.
4. Feel the attraction towards the whole thoughts of your mind and the environment.
5. Always have skills, perfect plans to achieve a goal.
6. Remember you're everything than a fashion buff. So, be you but little changes can't hurt.
7. Vengeance isn't justice.
8. The most important thing is believe in you.
9. Have a gratitude
10. Ask a wish, imagine that there is a genie and also think that he is saying your wish is my when you've completed both things you've to receive it(in a positive way) .

So, these are some steps to be heroes.

HOW CAN WE BECOME SUPERHEROES?

In the real life we don't need super power. Well, the problem is when anything is different people starts to spread fear or sometime they make it a joke (which is necessary) .First, we need is bravery, courage, skills and agility but mostly we need is using our best tool -“brain“;. Becoming a hero there'd be a true thought in which it can make us different from other by action or by the words.

WHAT CAN MAKE US DIFFERENT?

Well, there is no perfect explanation for this question. That's why there is creation of word “unique“; (I believe) .There is no possible equation

for uniqueness. There is a way we can realize unique which is very difficult. Well, sometime we are lucky to find it that he/she is different than others in one way or the other way. There is poetic estimation which is in this way: -

In the world of destruction, one learns to reconstruct

In the world of hate, one learns to love

In the world of fear, one learns to courage

In the world of stand, one learns to move.

CAN WE CALL THE UNIQUE ONES AS HEROES?

No, we always can't call unique as superheroes. In the story there is always a hero and a villain in which we can say there are two sides of coin. They are same but some differences are present.

WHAT ARE THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN A VILLAIN AND A HERO

1. Hero can learn to save but a villain learns to erase.
2. Sometimes, villain can be strong and he learns the easiness of death but a hero may not be strong he learns to survive by not giving up.
3. A hero learns to make friends but villain learns to make slaves and killers.
4. Villain learns only vengeance and weapons but a hero learns only redemption and tools.

HOW CAN A UNIQUE ONES CAN BECOME A LEGEND?

(According to me this is a very stupid in way and the other way it is reallyyyyyyyyyy a strong, strong question in which it would take 1000s of generations to answer this question in a simple manner.) In today's world if any villain's story is going on we tell it anti -hero. There is an exception in the stories of heroes when he/she started to change towards something which is not much good but great or which could be tragic, deception, identity crisis etc., etc. They can be both destroy or change the world with or without their even notice. Their life is sometimes like the tiger or sometimes like the butterfly; it is true that people's mind can't really be understood. But the normal people would never want to understand. There can't really be any necessity for perfect hero there is

always estimation for perfect hero but this never happened.

ARE HEROES/VILLAIN BORN OR MADE?

In many ancient stories where princes or princesses are present it was said that the heroes are born. Well, the reason is when particular person sees that child from tender age or from a certain age; they learn the part of the real life. For example "until you know the reason fighting for you cannot know what you've sacrificed for.

Today's generation there are many stories that prove heroes/villains are made. Well, scientifically both theories have been proved.

In ancient days, people thought that those children are greater whose learning ability faster than others.

In today's generation with the help of neurology, psychology, and by crores of examinations proved that those kids spent in isolation thinking about the world on their own. According to neurologist when any child is isolated and concentrating only on his thoughts, philosophy, and ideas.

WHY THESE PEOPLE ARE BORN or MADE?

There's no possible explanation. This question always kept me awake in night. Maybe that's why I used to read superheroes fight or in movies I used to watch heroes doing great deeds. Sometimes also watching them dying for great sacrifices. This is the question, only question that came in the age of 10 differently again and again. But I couldn't write this answer. In this question I don't care people to understand this but maybe someday someone will find this answer. I can say one thing that people are born unique in their own way but according to evolution to revolution we find that we take that uniqueness to a next level. A level to which we still don't know. This we can't do right way so sometime some people are born to guide us in one way or other. These people don't take their ideas from nature or from their part of a lifestyle. Because they see the world as different even if the world is getting destroyed. There's the strange thing usually people try to find their answer from past or from books but they take those don't. People usually try to escape the obstacle but they walk with the obstacles always will be haunted by that but they won't back away. These people don't see what weapon they use, they make or discover their own weapon and that's the different thing whereas others use same weapons years after years. And if you're talking about their life everything is normal like other but the thing is they're the one who is different. They can't be judged. I end it with a statement saying there is no failure or no successor there is only one thing that is being waiting for an opportunity, making rules or standing on the success of hill looking in the past and thinking how did he created a history.

Written by -Prithwish Biswas.

The Turtle

Behold the little turtles, with great courage it brings out its head and with great
courage it brings out its hands and legs
And with great difficulty it walks towards its destination, with the mark of its little
foot

It gets into other world

It began its new life in enjoyment of military, but before its death, it gave new
life.

And it get continuously the feathers flying in the air

Prithwish Biswas

The Two Corners Of My Life

One day, I was going from forests
I saw two corners
One was future corner, another was past corner
I gone into the first future corner
I saw I graduated my college then in enjoyment
I went to a restaurant named "old pals" with my friends
I proposed a girl for marriage whom I know from high school
All my friends cheered me, clapped
When my parents came to know about this
They tried to scold for just now I've proposed a girl without any job and on that
day only I graduated but when they knew I didn't proposed for love
They're happiness got returned in their face
I talked their parents too
They're also happy
We all have arranged our marriage in that same restaurant
After marriage, I promised her happy that I'll find a job and make her happy
I did find a room and job in my old school as an English teacher
Never thought I could make it this far and my wife is really happy
After a few months flew by, by the blessings of gods we got two babies
We struggled a lot day and night for those two babies
One of them looked like her and another like me but after a few years I got back
on my horse
My work got better and my life got better
After a month my father fall in sleepiness and dizziness of the death
After a month my mother got died and I didn't know and I sent money many
years after year's and her mother and father also got died I don't know how but I
know that they died in same day, same time
We enjoyed our own happy life after days it was my birthday
We celebrated after while we ate dinner I felt to take a walk I told her "I
will be back, darling! Don't wait for me"
She told "you that I won't"
I went out, I was again going from forest again I saw that corner
I entered into past corner it was a long road but not too long road
After a while my friend came running and said "you need to learn this
poem"
I said "don't worry we can learn this poem we are the high school
children"
The lines were like this:
"I found two corner of my life"

"I found one was future's hope and past's happiness".

Prithwish Biswas