

Poetry Series

Shikdar Waliuzzaman
- poems -

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Shikdar Waliuzzaman(17 January,1976)

Father: Momtaz Uddin Ahmed (died on 9 July in 2006)

Mother: Saleha Khatun

Wife: Shirin

Children: Rifat Zaman Ishtik (died On 18 May in 2008 at the age of 6 in a road accident)

Beloved: Sharifa Khatun Rani (fell in love in the school life in 1990 and remains the fair love still now)

Schools: Moulanabad Prymary Schoo Jhenidah (1981-'82)

Hatgopalpur Prymary and High Scool, Jhenidah (1983-'87)

Shishukunjo High school (1988-'90)

Collegege: Govt. KC College, Jhenidah (1991-'92)

University: Honours and Masters in English Language and Literature from Islamic University, Kustia.

Bad Days Ahead

Bad days go, go ahead of time
Vulture devours the world of poem
Clever fox takes shelter behind the culture.

My fertile land is bitten by poisonous teeth
of black cobra
She becomes pregnant again again
but bears only vulture, fox and swine.

Bad days go, go ahead of time.

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Be Not A River

Three eyes, single mind
Single piece of land
How much will be crying, how much be wet?
Only thyself will cry no more
Cry no more the summer's earth
Be not a single river....

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Dead Eye Notes

In the three dead eyes to pass on the windows
Walk the path of the three-phase line of grief

I raise myself how old frame
Guess it takes to resurface cornice shadowy face

Alphabet lifts up so much each morning
Old habits are birds
How I draw the dream noon, nothing can match the...

Sense pained dead eyes mere cultivates sad dreams
In grief sunset spreads unabated breath.

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Death In Love

If you write a death in your bed
I'll welcome the death

If you leave flying cloud in the fire
I'll be rained;
Die in your pretty breath.

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Kisses On Rosy Lips

When I kiss your rosy lips
Thousands lights burn in the heart
Blood circulates in thousands mirrors
Get life the thirsty lips of time.

When I kiss your rosy lips
You become the goddess of love
You go to the circle of my hands
You go and be burnt
And make burn the brave eyes of heart.

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Living With Tears

So far as I sit on the grass
So far from the sky
O sky, you live with stars
I, be only with tears.

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My Dreams

My dreams never go to the spring
My cries reach the fade spring
Wordless cries desire to remain
In rain's flows
Lifeless dreams seek only the thirsty sun.

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Neera

Neera and I, I and Neera
We had a many-days dream
to weave a net of love.

We wanted to let the river
be in the sea in a moonlit night
We wanted to see the jealous moon
to die in the horizon of sky.

Now there's no Neera, there's no divine kiss
there's no dream, no woven love.

Sudden storm destroyed the love of the two
Neera destroyed to be in another home
Neera destroyed to be in the dark to die
on another bed.

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Neera-2

O my love, be in my hut
Being in my love.

O my love, be in my lap
Being my half.

If you be my love
I'll give you madly kiss
If you don't, I'll be in miss...

Without you, I am, What...?
Without you, ain't I a shadow of not?

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Nest Of The Waste

Autumn has gone, gone far,
very far away...
But left the civilization under
a fog drenched wrapper
I only look at the fog
As a peacock, winkless
in the nest of the waste.

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Nothingness

No tear, no rain, barren desert
None in love, all to be blind

Clouded eyes, crying night
Saddened lips, nothing in smile
None to be kind

Sky with emotion, silence in the sky
Emotional heart, morning will come
No hope in mind

Will morning come, but there's none
Nothing to be done, nothing to find...

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Poems Later

Only for you, Nira
Only for you to walk in the poems
Only for you to draw words in the poems.

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Prison Diary

Both trust and aspiration mixed sanatorium
Chorus under the waters of the abyss

Intermediary between life and death
Secret Book freeze puts splash extinguished
Ruined ship crash pictures
Reads out wind's cry in proud clouds

Webster came up with tears prohibited violin
Numerous stars hanging in dies condemned cell
Puts forward the wake of countless citizens eyes.

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Return In Loneliness

I wanted to be in the poem
But that's in the wrong
In the reign of drowsiness

When I woke, found the path so thorny
Found the way too hard...

I returned, returned in loneliness
...on lonely bed

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Serious Everyone

Red signal! Very serious all
Busy the city, busy the forest
But no business in my poor hut
There remains thirst, with no hunger
There remains breath, with no life
With no live faith....

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Sudden Death

Morning made me wake that day
I saw grass in freedom on the window

Arose cruelty in my mind
Tore the growing leaves
Stopped the northern wind
Stopped the birth of the day

Dark hid the sun and freedom died
Sudden death snatched humanity....

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Why Does It Happen?

Man changes himself
Man's changed, changes another
But why...?

Why doesn't it happen
As white plays in the cloud...?

But,
Man is to remain as human being
That often arises in the beast

But,
Man always accepts the nature of beast!

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Womb Of Dream

Let's breed the womb of dream
with solemn dream
Let's nurse the dream embryo
with lovely care
Let's bear a child full of dream with courage
Let's have a fruit sprinkled
with divine dream.

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