

Poetry Series

Suvrajit Barua

- poems -

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Suvrajit Barua(1 December,1989)

Waiting to die, because I was born.

Absence

You don't have to go to the forest
Won't find the butterfly party
They touch you;
They'll love you because of my absence.

If you run away on the hill or beach
You see, they're moving away
You won't touch them anymore
They will move away for you
If necessary, the world will change its map.

See the clouds!
They won't touch you;
They won't forget to go to the floating-
You, mean without me, my forgotten childhood.

Suvrajit Barua

Death Is Ready To Take

The United Nations won't take me,
Only death is ready;
Because I'm so neutral.
Naturally neutralist never asks as innocent does;
But I have to ask two questions.
Because I'm a poet.
A poet doesn't remain silent, cannot be.

'Oh man! Please be cool,
Be cool like a sacred flower;
We can't earn future by fighting.
What is to be gained from enmity?
What greed dominates? '

I often read magazine, newspaper;
Which is full of your loss, destruction and destruction.

Remember, People went to the moon
I got love;
But the world doesn't stop violence.
None listens the song of birds, springs and nature;
They only realize the lack of time.

Most of us are engaged for mating and breeding.
They sometime laugh, sometime cry
To maintain the leisure.
Everyone's feeling is keen;
They sit silently to count second of their lives.
I've a sorrow, because none is really happy;
Yes, none of them.

Suvrajit Barua

Love May Be Alone For Foolish

In this varied life, many are alone for diverse mind
All dream, but very few people's dream come true.

In dream, I ask ascendant hand to be friend till death;
Many hands are risen up to touch my dream
But I search her pair hand for breathing
Which can hold my soul by love.
If I could find her hand in return for life
If our hands become one like our souls
If we love each other breaking all obstacles,
Then friendship begins with heavenly truth.

I dream in the constant sorrow of happiness;
Most of dreamer are wounded in the dark universe of dream
Yet all willingly participate the emotional keenness.
So getting love as self soul isn't matter of writing poetry
Many disappear because of negligence, I realize.

It's realized to me, I'm very average and repugnant
I cannot understand the desire of my beloved
Why would she love me by holding my hand?
All know, fools can not live forever in love;
As few people miss the moonlight at every turn.
So I'm incapable to hold my beloved's hand, ineligible to embrace her.

Suvrajit Barua

Wanna Meet For Once

For a long time, I've become a damp
Becoming gripped by wall;
If I able to meet again
I'll be a bush of purple flower
Which is actually nameless but known.
But long time has been passed
Long time, we're in a bundle of tanks.

At the top of your first kiss for each
I become sacret in a lot of lotus lakes
For a long time, I've been stubborn as lifeless
As a lonely mountain.
If you touch me for once,
I'll be an incomprehensible waterfall, I think;
No, I will be believe actually.

For a long time, I pass my days in dark depression
Which is immersed in ignorance,
I know, if you were me,
You can't tolerate;
Because you never realize the sorrow of absence.
Yet I want to meet you for once,
For being a sunny morning.
So I waited, wait and wait to meet.
If you come and hold my hands
Like the sun's first glance
It makes wonder which will be unbearable
Such a mountain relates with spring or river.
But a long time has been passed
As thousands years or more;
For million days, we don't meet for once as we did.

Suvrajit Barua

Words And Poetry

Recently words are ruling me by its eyes
Looks at me terribly, but not saying anything;
I understand its pointing
It wants to say-
`What are you writing? '
I've wanted to love poetry,
To give youth by the drops of rain;
But it's never taken.

Last night words ruled Poetry
Poetry became very sad;
Words told poetry,
`I want eternal happiness.'
Said, `Make me fire,
Because fire can destroy
Fire can create.
And love burns up and floats,
There is no end to it
Everything is transit and proud.'

The poetry then ran to me
It cried and cried a lot
Then said, `O poet, burn;
Burn your word with space.
Love comes from Heaven
Because it isn't worthy of heaven.'

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