

Poetry Series

Syed Kobirul Islam
- poems -

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Syed Kobirul Islam(13.09.1978)

Devoted

Oh! Ani, Can you remember those poems?

Where you had thrown a hand full of Salt and Said- 'suck it of'!

I don't want the tree-fern (mahiruha) - that has been ruined-
by giving it's fruits within a year; thy not gotten pain a bit thinking-

that will come again in next season too? In an ending spring-
you're strolling towards the red tiny bridge-

marching the mango leaves (jhore pora) through the low land (Belabhum)

from yon to far long; - thinking of that poems - where there is no tiny tilt too;

Wearing Sharee with blackish false paar(Loose end) - side bag hanging in thy
shoulder-

In a fancy framed spectacle you as though the wondrous (Anonnya) !

One day you wanted to be a greatest mistress in your School-

No one been yet read your poems in 'Poem Hunter Dot Com'-

no feedback gotten yet too; - thus no grief scrawled your mind - as if
you don't want to yield thyself to him nonetheless(Joratali diye) .

See with half an eye, in other delicacy thou as if erectly dumfounded;

In love with the poetry- had you been sauntering by the red clayey road
through the 'Majhi Para'(locality of tribal) - is to inhale the smell of ' Mohul'
(tribal homemade wine) .

" Ohi Midam where're you gonna? " In a cot -under the shadow of Margosa-
as if are you the co-wife beside the unclad bloke; then why not the loose end of
your sharee in to your nose? Shouldn't taken 'Hadiya'(Country wine) as we
know-

So what? You may bop with 'Madol'(Country Drum) oscillating your soul too -
As effortless Pinky, thou forgotten not the truth of Poetry.

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Jilted Love

A hasty call makes us friends,
Lisa! Can you remember the day
You become my friend- I'm your chum?
Day by day - You loved me a lot and I love you too;
I dived your eyes into; -
To pinch your love you trove for me; you gave me all; -
Your body, your heart and your soul.
You never see me before - I never you;
Still you gave me what can you!
(One day) one pal touched your heart out of the blue -
at my ailing; -
In Xmas evening we three traveling in the boat bystander
the river Hooghly at Out tram Ghat - I pose you -
' Do you love me Liza? Do you love me? ' You didn't retort,
Just kept a mum- bending your head under the knees;
Gloomy shadow of the Earth scrambling my heart -
I didn't see you any more- just mutter-' Lisa! Are u become
a Pros? Are you became a Pros? Perhaps not! '
I lunged the brook into - to distill my jilted love.

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One Day U Sang A Song

One day u sang a song under the tree at Shantinikatan; -
with a violin;
It's thrilled my heart - full of joy scarred my soul;
You're clothing a torn wear - to say Tagore u be him by heart.
You sang a song that day - full of art on the path; -
I feel you the guy; why you feel shy to get a pai!
Need not to say - One day you sang a song for the guy?

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