

**PULOQ ARAFAT'S
CONSECUTIVE 3RD E-BOOK
ON JERKY HUMAN EMOTIONS & COMPLEXITIES...**

AROMA

CLOUD OF HOPES IS SUNG BY THE PEERS OF HUMANITY. INNOCENCE IS A VAGUE WORD. THIS WORLD IS A MIXTURE OF INNOCENCE AND MISERY. MISERIES COME FROM SINS. SINS AND PURIFIED HEARTS ARE ALL ABOUT THE WORLD. HUMANITY IS A SIGN OF PURIFIED HEART. SO HOPES ARE LIKE CLOUDS. YOU CANNOT TOUCH CLOUDS BUT YOU CAN FEEL THE BEAUTY. THREATS ARE ALWAYS STRUCTURED. DEATH IS THE ULTIMATE DESTINATION. SOME HEARTS ARE FRAGILE LIKE DEATH.

PULOQ ARAFAT

AROMA ...

A non-fiction, dedicated to my honorable teachers-

Prof. Dr. Fakrul Alam sir (University of Dhaka)

*Masrufa Ayesha Nusrat ma'am (Assist. Prof. , East West
University, Dhaka)*

And

*Harunur Rashid Khan sir (Associate Prof. , Southeast
University, Dhaka)*

Living the freeze

The hearts of dead are the lunar-
Living the tremor you be the sooner.
O hearts you can't defy more-
You lamp the nation and you beam not azure-
You cry hearty the deeper-
Your eyes dried up you come-free owner,
You had the hearts and you surrendered not
surrendered-
Fought against the bad sicken lure.
Oh, deadening the dead is such a trauma,
And ultimately the coma-

Of the vision you not dictate notion-

Highly mirroring the fusion-

You can't hide yourself the secular mission.

Aroma

Aroma the height-

You live in the sense.

You fly high the best-

You miss the borrowings.

The lesson you lay the mighty ornament-

You piss off the trust you believe in-

Makes me flavored to the vessel-

Lying down with hot species of gravity-

Jerk the terror of mind you shy.

You fly high-

The untie tie.

You rely upon the die-
The death is over not forever-
Forever you shy I die-
In the mirror of leaf you dry-
The best clip of life with you fry-
The fry of sense we make together the best try.
Aroma you come to me like a lie-
I will embrace you windy sigh-
How freaky smell-
I can defy not I can defy-
Swingy sung allure-
The deaf madness into the dive-
I bet you will be nervous silky.
The silky flavor you the pie-
Not becoming the sense the aroma bear-
I fly...I fly.

Oh my stealthy mind;
Steal the aroma-
I can't hide my giggling passion-
You feel it up and-
Catch the kite-
The bite of kite is nothing but the height.
It can pick a mind to set up the bond-
I endure-
You be azure.
Velvety azure?
I am not sure.
Aroma be mine-
And I will be in the sink of passion-
You blow tough the scent enigmatic attraction-
I love the way you flow the magic.
The magic of infinity.

Aroma the only name-

You are you-

Not the few.

Recognition

Where is your goal and where is your soul-

Where is your trust and where is your toll?

You jerk the mirror you see-

You jerk the lens you flee?

Some red spot recognizes your footsteps-

You hide we search-

A terror in your mind,

What a flaw you deceive-

What a master-card you bleed!

How terrifying your resonance!

You come, you be calm;

You jump-you be hump.

Bump you bump the ladder you succumb.

Not the serenity not the deeper-

You hide the souls and we search the growls.

Read the spots and read the dots.

Read the horror you do the numb.

Freaky the sights and dark you the bites-

You cross the redden dots,

You hire the breed and you the drier of serenity-

After all you gaze in the chimney of secrets-

You never know the soulful cry-

The deaden hearts you never lie?

Living stone

Go catch the living stone-

Come frauds you the diving bones!

Get the stress you bear-

Beer you bear.

You calm enough to hide the tension.

Could you reduce the love you had?

Redeem the fracture the urgent trick you flow-

And the brew you miss hide you pain.

Oh.. I can't avoid you call-

I am coming sauna-

I will come again-

You will flee I will search your veil-

The white veil-

I must not make you wear the white veil-

I would give you wearing the red-green veil-

I lay down upon you-

And I remember –

I casually ran after you-

With numerous blow.

You please flow-please flow like a doodle-

You never paddle the sunny grief you dribble.

I came across passing many-

The obstacles the next door hit against your tension-

And you made a seat in front of you-

I hid my sorrow-

I touched your hand which was redden and grey-

I promised you I will snap the corrupt-

And would show you the rays I faced-
To make you laugh even the destroy caused you-
The precious death-I never met, I never met.

Never want the wavy cry

I never want to know how much you cry for me-
I never want to know how much you be free-
You tell me how tender you are against my absence.

You run aroma-

You run.

I will touch your grief with my stony leaf.

My leaves dried after your sense.

We will be in the hunting rain-

We will see the knocking puff of rainy that day.

Rainy, you rainy-

O aroma-

You say you are very torment-

I never want to know-

How freaky you are in the thunderbolts.

Such many days pass away-

Now I want to know how shrine you are-

How shrink you are-

My absence you lie-

Nothing but the faded cries-

My arms you be free-

Embrace the head touching the forehead-

The shackled love you freeze up-

I hide as your eyes live me up-

Your smile, the stunning smile make me drive-

Into the nameless saga of blameless love.

You never gross up-
The tricky not the knot I lot-
The value of each lyric I write-
Into the passion of wavy pot.

Loveless love

Come the roar-

Roar you gear up the clouds.

The envelope of clouds white-

Or the clouds of autumn shots-

You the tricky lover-

View the sky you never lie-

I believe your story-

Emotive colors of blessed fades-

The deaden step up of high rays.

Love; what a word!

Love; what a sense!

Love the leaf of your love-

You will get the tremendous stock of belief-

How terrifying...

How obnoxious...

How pitiful the lying dots of nameless letter!

You want more-

More you face up.

How much love can make a sense?

How much passion a jot can unlace?

Emotion is wet drawers-

Emotion is colorless actually-

You cry...you shy...

Emotion there...emotion rare?

Not never.

Not ever the drunken look-

The humpy book-
Our mind is a book-
We write every moment carefully-
Sometimes carelessly.
Very tough it is to stop the flow of mind.
None can stop the flow-
If anyone can stop it-
It will be the fake sense.
In the history of gazing the field-
The green field of innocent mind we have-
Mind is a jar.
Put a flower there-
The flower of autumn-
The hazy white unbound free.
Catch a flaw-
You will be in the mirror of your own mind.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

