

“Baffling Bluffed Winks” by
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Clarifications and Acknowledgements

The main fact behind the real plot why reflections are worded is that to boost recurring protection-making from all the unwanted thorny sociological, psychological and socio-political distortions those can create psychological threat and enormous stress that reinforce the families and relatives, or related others to be disorganized temporarily.

These words are derived from multifarious realities for solving confusions and making solutions those are very effective and empathetically crucial for each and every heart to be bloomed without any obstacle and back-gear as because decision making and decision taking should be always fair, combined, crystal, numerical, thoughtful and cumulative those can be really for the betterment of the people who can be devoted member of any family, society and country.

I am not going to place you in the hard world rather the world of getting numerous colors those will lead you to discover real and absolute picture of you as well as the people around you. This is not the reflection of experimental word plotting rather this is the revelation and discovery of heartlands and pathetically sober thoughts even cannot get and receive flowery response those are very important for making rational and suspicion free social relationship. This can be really horrible and stupidity as well as a violated picture of numb and lucid blindness for what even discoverable mysteries or realities cannot get the proper gateway to be discovered and known willfully. Interestingly our feelings are sometimes instantly colorless and formidably illusive or decisive. We do not need to be realistic rather we should be carefully choosy and consequently accurate and formulated even calculative variously those are core essential for getting even peace, bliss, variety and lyrical touch in socializing yourself even breaking the unseen fake or real psychological and socio-cultural blocks. It is urgent to start new era of dumping stigmas against getting the real sunshine on many fluidity of life.

These are lyrics, occasional prose-poems or direct and indirect statements those to you in fact can be thought provoking observing imageries or used adjectives but unluckily these are self-torments and emotional expressions towards some cruel and obnoxious hearts. We never want a life which is enigmatic. We want fair life. We do want to remove block-shades and even unwanted block-holes for any heart.

"Life is sometimes least but same beautiful as always."

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These poems are dedicated to my honorable teachers, loving friends, caring peers, relatives and family members.

Introduction and Gratitude

The first and foremost back-up I got from the different situations of life. Blind livelihood and blind decision make our life thorny. These are selected poems from many others. Hopefully next time the total insightful positioning will be more cerebral. I have focused here one or two impudently and others very softly. Still I am trying to work on plots not only by writing poems but also focusing on education related contemporary issues (ELT/TESOL, comparative world literature, socio-educational facts, socio-psychological facts, socio-economic facts and movie review). Though these are basically prose-poems I have written occasionally, I think you will be able to discover the different scent of human life after reading one by one.

I simply try to sketch my thoughts. I love to float as lively mind. A mind can be always young and green. Human beings have the quality to overcome the worst condition even. They never fail and forget to smile. The rainbow of life reflects its multicolor and we are tremendously encoded in our reactions. Life is all about beauties and silky imaginations. I am here to explore silky beauties of life those are ornamental through the eyes of the writers and readers. My poems are also connected to sad memories, blasts of experiences, and joys. I try to feel the depth of words of other poets.

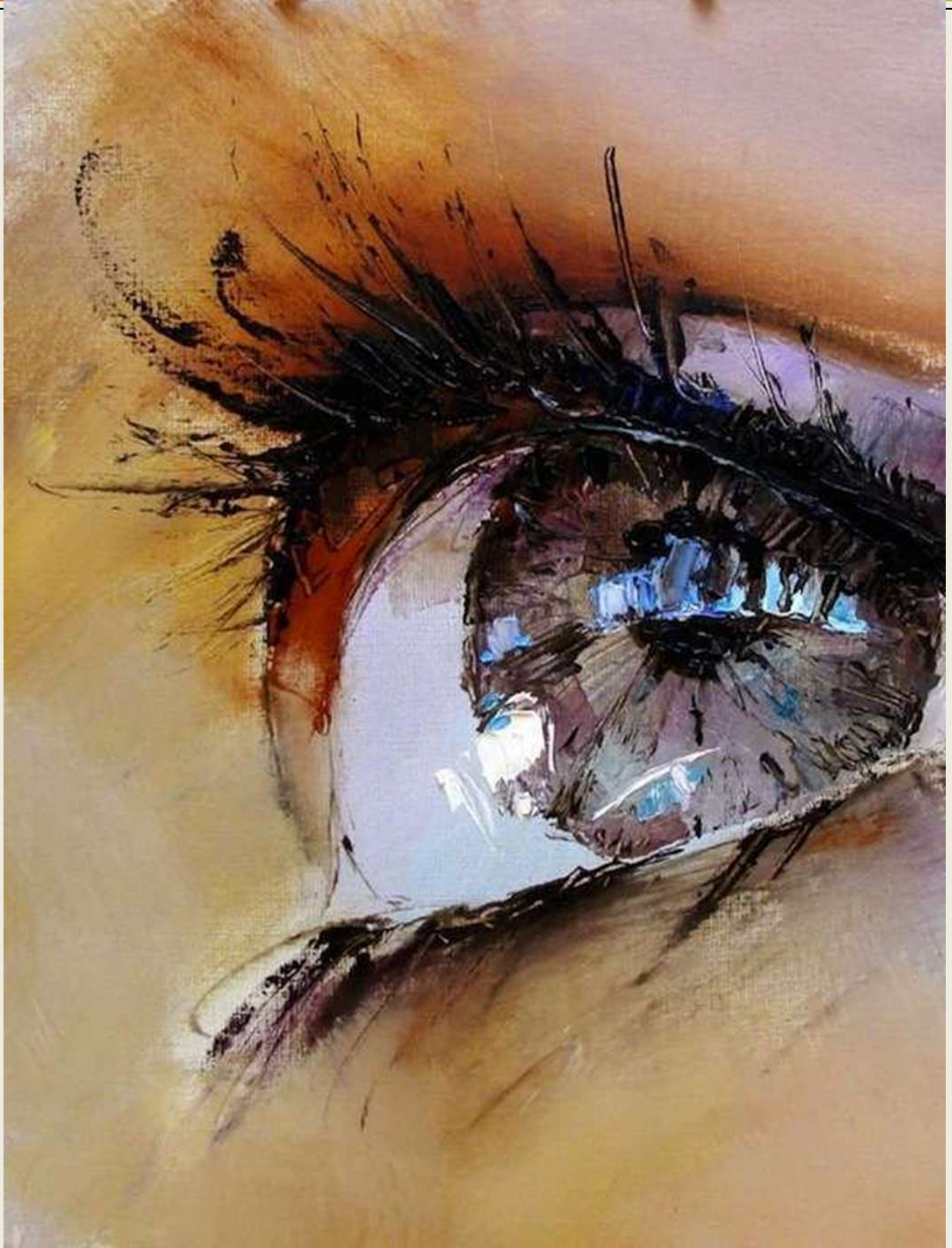
However, consequently I started writing when I was studying at university level. I was actually inspired by realities of life those were always knocking me to write on the plots. Some were mocking at my spot and thought that I would be in obstacles permanently and they were keeping totally such a wrong idea in their minds that I would die within some years and this sense reflected my mind to write deeply and creatively on the loving faces I always tried to mix with as a very caring one. They tried to assault heartland's sketches with their obnoxious careless-cruelty and tried to make me socially deserted! I could know the real facts somehow. This was really pathetically very painful and unbearable. However, my family members supported me the most in every-way. Especially my own sister and my mother inspired me always to write continuously and

my father told me always logically to be honest with my words. Some of my honorable teachers inspired me directly and indirectly to write and publish my frozen works. I would like to express my hearty gratitude to Dr. Fakrul Alam Sir, University of Dhaka; Masrufa Ayesha Nusrat Ma'am, East West University, Dhaka; Israt Jahan Ma'am, East West University, Dhaka; Harunur Khan Sir, Southeast University, Dhaka,; Golam Rabbani Shihab Sir, Jahangirnagar University, Dhaka; Zahid Hossain Sir, East West University, Dhaka; Dr. Sheikh Mehedi Hasan (formerly colleague at City University, Bangladesh and my senior brother), Jatiya Kabi Kazi Nazrul Islam University, Bangladesh; and thanks to my real well-wishers.

When a disposition patiently tries to fire the earned reputation and social status and belongings those are the core essentials of any person, gives threats to make lifeless strangling the throat indirectly in various ways to gain a target illogically; earthly existence becomes a burning question at this stage. I got the final motivation to write this book especially because of these reasons. I have got enormous ache and an unpleasant scent of unexpected and unwanted hating sometimes works on them. This seems to be bit confusing but behind the veil the original fact is what I have described here. May our creator keep me healthy and alive for many days so that I can let them know I am taking fresh breath still now. I am not disappointed and still love them all. Your pain and irrational insult can be the replica of my next hopeful sunny happiness.

With best regards-

[Arafat Hossain Puloq](#)



Benevolence

Passed chronicle days with rigid fluctuation.

When a bird flies in the sky..

I repent why I can't fly like it freely.

A complete replication I sketch in my mind then.

In sober sense..

I want me as benevolent.

A bitter silent pain always knocks my door of mind.

My heart cries out with big questions.

What I have got

And I haven't got,

I count this continuously.

When sky roars-

And rain makes a crystal shadow on earth,

I desire to feel the touches of cool drops of rain.

Once I walked in a hottest sunny day.

It seemed I was floating on sweating.

I got the highest touch of suffering.

Now I don't have any endurance.

I didn't compete with others.

Competing with self-lacking is good picking.

I am like a thirsty crow-

Trying to drink water from a jar full of mud!

Bluff

It's a preemptive fraction indeed,
And it is a story of a pathetic life indeed.
No excuse can cause an effect in it,
And an arithmetic chapter this is.
Kind of laughter is here..
And little bliss is here..
Rest of it is full of very deep sorrow.
Loneliness is replaced by purple tear..
And life is going through without gear.
What a massacre it is..
This is like a glass full of bubbling beer..
To drink life to the half!
Really it was a bluff.

A long muddy road is now turning into two ways..

Where there is no guess.

This is finally drawn with a cheap pain.

No rocky jerk and no gain.

Reflective prayers got result in reality..

And at last twisted mind gets patience.

Bearing an orthodox absence.

This is an empty deep blue chapter without wing.

Trying hard to forget to make a swing.

Lively Spurn

In the end of the day..

An intention rises to its peak-

To die seeing a smile as the scent of tribute.

On the advent of all injuries,

Deadly breaths are counting its ominous lure.

Bits of all triumphs are knocking at the door of pain.

An impatient sound of chronicle phase,

Cannot rebound the scene of a straight stroke.

Haphazardly the resonance of an innocent face-

Counts the rhythm of its footsteps.

In the end of the night..

Sounds of breaths are zigzag.

On the shore of dreaming sharp..

An impolite negligence is roaming bright.

A lively spurn...

Violates a vivid sense towards ultra run.

Lovely Sky

I can't discover your mind,

I can only count your blinks.

The way you love me.,

It's like the shiny sun.

Or.. I can say.,

It's like the drop of milky moon.

How lovely you are!

I am amazed observing your keen light of love.,

For me.

Your lyrical love can catch my pulse.

I just try to portray your vivid mighty love.

Your blinks say your love is pure and perfect.

I hide but you search.

In the dark time you are my torch.

When you hold my hand.,

I feel it like a heavenly touch.

I see myself in your sparkling eyes..

When continuously my eyes drop tears.

Believe me or not..

You are my broad lovely sky..

And there I can go for another fly.

Velvety Grief

Once upon a time....

A sudden mysterious wind played a hard game-

Onto the mind of ocean.

The ocean was consciously unconscious,

Could not trace the tricks of wind.

Wind scratched the ocean heavily,

Then a silent storm overwhelmed-

The roaming of ocean's mind.

The mascara of mind got colorless whistle.

The vivid victim-

Lyricaly traveled in wind's mind..

Helplessly alone!

Bubbles of ocean could not see anybody in the shore.

A shrinking shiver created nothing-

But the painful door.

How shocking the moments were!

Ocean's lovely-soft mind-

From then became sporty with its high waves.

None could believe-

None could judge;

In what way everything went bitter sauna.

In the mind of ocean-

A strike sparingly could fudge..

Nothing else!

Suddenly, bitter mind of ocean thought-

It would ever never meet-

The silky sand of shore-

Until the turn of painful door!

Twisted Eye and Rain

A small drop of rain was headed by the eye.

At that time the eye was dropping tear.

Tear and rain-drop stole each-others taste.

Color of tear was deep blue,

And the color of rain-drop was crystal black!!

Rain-drop twinkled the eye.

The eye told the rain-drop not to be dropped again!

The eye couldn't bear the sorrow of rain-drop anymore.

Suddenly a deep black shadow covered the two eyes.

Eyes became twisted.

Couldn't see anything!

Deep black shadow jerked the two eyes.

Was it a demon?

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