

Declaration

The first and foremost back-up I got from the exquisite different situations of life. These words are direct and indirect literal statements and just even within this period of life span I have discovered and even invented many formulaic solutions those are essential for passing a delightfully polished life.

☐

This writing is intended to others' conscious footsteps on every issue of life. Blind support 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 from the period of 2009 to 2016 AD. Still I am trying to work on plots and consequences not only by writing poems but also focusing on education related contemporary issues. 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 these one by one.

I hope you will consider reviewing my paper, and if so I will be able to submit it again within very short period of time.

Thanking You-

Arafat Hossain Puloq

Monsoon of Eyes



My first footstep

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“Life is sometimes least but same beautiful as always.”

These poems are dedicated to my teachers, well-wishers and family members.

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Acknowledgements

I simply try to sketch my thoughts. I love to float as lively mind. A mind can be always young. 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 writers.

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 I was facing through the footsteps in the journey of my life from then and now. Some were mocking at my spot and thought that I would be in obstacles permanently and they were keeping totally such a wrong idea that I would die within some years and these baseless and unwanted demotivating thoughts reflected my mind to write creatively on the loving faces I always tried to mix with as a very caring one. They tried to omit my heartland's sketches with their obnoxious disheartening cruelty and tried to make me socially deserted. This was really very painful and unbearable.

My family members supported me the most. Especially my own sister and my mother inspired me to write accordingly and their mental support helped me to write soulfully. My father always told me to keep honesty in my writing. At that time four of my teachers as well as well-wishers inspired me directly and indirectly to write and publish my frozen works especially DFA sir of DU, MAN, IJ, IS ma'am of EWU; ZH, MA sir of EWU, GRS sir of JU, late KAH sir of JKKNIU(formerly at SEU) and HK sir of SEU. I should mark another personality whom I consider always as my well-wisher and he is DSMH (brother and former colleague of CUB) of JKKNIU and he parched me always to write rationally.

Literally, when a disposition patiently tries to fire the earned reputation and social status and belongings those are the core essentials of any guy, give threats to make lifeless strangling the throat indirectly; earthly existence becomes a burning question at this stage of consequence. I got the final motivation to write this book particularly because of this reason. I lay here to let others know the runny words of my long-time suffering and struggle. I believe that my well-wishers are waiting to see my bloom as a sign of their happiness. 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 insult can be my replica of next sunny happiness.

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-

Lyrical 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?

Creator knows..

Eyes asked rain to give a shower.

Rain gave a shower.

Black shadow drew out.

Two eyes became reluctant.

Eyes thanked rain.

From then eye and rain became friends.

Rain requested eyes not to drop tear anymore.

But eyes got a sorrow.

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