

I have collected some of my random thoughts and some spontaneous emotions - poems and essays - in this book. Since I am not a professional or established writer, I can't expect for overwhelming responses. Above that, this is my first book. So, readers may find many noticeable mistakes. This is my individual effort for writing something good in which I may succeed or may not. I, as an amateur writer, am making an effort without the knowledge of its consequences. Therefore, should you find any mistakes in the book, please consider the circumstances in which I have made this attempt. Comments and suggestions will be heartily appreciated. May this book be a good treat to your mind and spirit.

- Author

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My friend

Sweet, sweet, sweet, so sweet you are;

My dear friend, so sweet you are.

Ugliness is something you never need to know;

Beauty comes to see you, yes, I do really know.

Dream, dream, dream, a dream you are;

Heaven is the place from where you are.

Happy, happy, happy, be happy all the time;

Happiness is what you deserve for your lifetime.

All the fairies might be saying, watching from the fairyland;

"One of our lovely friends is there on the human-land".

A vain attempt

I'm thinking of writing a poem
On the resistible beauty of yours.
But it seems to me
That it's a vain attempt.
Since the creation of words,
To this age of revolutions,
Countless poets have praised
Thousands of beauties in their poems
With the words they had learned.
But I am devoid of words.
No word in dictionary
Can tell impeccably what you really are.
I would call you a rose,
A queen or an angel.
I would give you the names
Of all the beautiful creations of nature.

But it would be
A monotonous repetition
Of the extant words of the poets.
So far created words
Cannot interpret my feelings.
Thy beauty is something
My imagination cannot reach.
Yet, I'm endeavouring
To draw your picture
With a handful of words
But in vain.

That's You

This is not the first time that
I am writing just for you.
But you tell me who should I
Write for someone else than you?

Every night and everyday,
I can only think of you.
For this reason oh my dear,
I am writing just for you.

Every time I sit to write,
No word can I find for you,
Not a single word in books
Seems to give a name to you.

Piles of books I read and read,
Just to find some names for you.
Thousand words I find in them.
Just can't find a word for you.

For this time I'm sad to say
Nothing can I write for you.
Hope to write some lines one day
With the words just made for you.

I Still Hope

They welcomed me when no one else did.

They befriended me when no one knew me.

They made me smile and I laughed with them.

Closer they came, happier I became.

They gave me their hands and I held them.

Strength grew in me holding the hands.

A bond of love I felt being with them.

Friendship was there to bind us together.

I loved them and hoped they did too.

Months turned to year and we were close friends.

All of a sudden, a storm passed through them.

It blew them away - apart from each other.

I wasn't strong enough to stop the storm.

A silence followed the storm immediately.

The silence still exists with no sign of ending.

There was a time when they all welcomed me.

Now, a time has come they don't see each other.

I wonder why they can't see each other

When I can see each of them and so do they.

Here I'm searching for some voices in the silence.

But the silence seems to last long.

Sometimes, voices come amidst the silence.

But just to tell me that friendship never existed among them.

I, but, can never believe such words.

The people who opened the door of friendship to me,

Now, are denying the existence of their friendship.

Still, I hope they will find their way

To the place from where they had wandered.

And the silence will surely disappear.

There will be no more storms to drive them away.

A sunrise with the rays of friendship will bring them together.

And I will welcome them with the greetings

Of friendship and love.

It will be an everlasting friendship of us.

And no one will wander any more.

Be Considerate To Be Selfish

You might always be thinking about your success and benefit, without considering others'. You may feel too happy when you defeat someone. You are content only when you have something that others don't have at all. You don't wish to see others in your position whenever you are on the top. If these things happen to you be sure you are selfish. On the other hand, you may find others the way you are. Whether it's in happiness or in pain, you feel others' feelings through yours. You don't wish to see others in your position whenever you are in extreme pain. If you see these qualities in yourself, then you are no more selfish but a selfless and considerate person.

If you have learned English and can communicate in simple English, then you already know the meaning and implication of these two words- selfish and considerate. It's quite silly of me that I'm explaining their meanings to you. But what you might not know is the fact that selfish person must be considerate to be selfish. Yes, if you are thinking of your and only your success, if you want yourself to be better than others, and moreover, if you want to destroy the whole world, you surely need to be selfless, at least for a certain period of time. Wonder how? Do you find it hard to believe? No wonder. Everyone may feel the same. But it's possible and actually true. You can't be successfully selfish without being considerate- not

to mention that if you wish to do something for the society, you certainly have to think for others.

Successful capitalist industrialists always think about their own benefit. It's not a subject of their concern how the billions of people and dozens of nations are to be benefited. Their sole goal is to earn profit and to be the number one. But no multinational company would earn remarkable profit if they had not showed concern and interest in other companies, people and nations than their own. A facial cream company, for instance, can earn incredible profit as well as reputation only when it is concerned about the benefits that the customers can have. It goes through lots of experiments, and makes sure that its product can make many people (especially women) beautiful. In this way, the customers are directly benefited, and indirectly and more than the customers, the company itself earns all the profit. It's same with any small-budget business. Your clients are more important for you. You want to dominate them. But for that, you have to respect them. Success kisses you and benefits you the most if you always strive to make your clients satisfied. This makes you seem selfless when you know you are not. In this condition, you are both selfish and considerate. Business is not the only case. You must apply this device in your daily life too. Everyday, you have to deal with your family, friends, relatives and many new people. If you really care for them, you are already a nice person. I would suggest nothing except that you should keep it up. If not so, you might be thinking of becoming more successful, richer and more famous than any of them. But to happen so, you need them and their

help. To get help, you have to help them. The most important is their trust. To win their trust, you have no other ways than serving them. Your motive is to benefit yourself but in action, you must benefit others. Once your family and friends are confident that they can rely on you, there is nothing that will stop you from achieving greater success than theirs.

I might be creating some misunderstanding for you that you need to be selfish. But that's not my intention. Rather, I'm asserting that you can't escape being considerate. No individual achieves success being selfish. Even if your motive is selfish, your action must be selfless. If you are considerate by nature, I salute you. And if you are temperamentally selfish, you must become considerate for the fulfilment of your selfish motive. So, be considerate to be selfish.

It's Just For A Moment

It's been so long that sun has set.
It took no time to lie down
Behind the dark hill.
It was more pleasing than anything
When it cast the golden rays
With a warmth amidst the cool waves
Of breeze stroking me gently.
The golden moment with the golden beams
Was the one I wished to hold.
But no triumph could I embrace,
For the golden ember soon turned black.
In a heart-freezing winter,
Warmth of the burning star touched my heart
For the shortest moment
Making me leap with the intense delight.
It, then, left me in the cold,
Long and dark night
Which shows no sign of disappearing.
I'm, now, in the darkest night
With no moon and stars
But the black and blur shades.

I feel you are the sun.
You are the warmth
Before the cold and dark night.

You have cast the golden light
That's stroking me so gently.
But, now, I fear I'll lose this moment.
Time seems to tell me that
Sun has now begun to hide
Behind the huge dark hill.

Everything we shared
And every moment we spent
Were all lovely and memorable.
But weren't they too short?
The time has come
That we choose our ways.
You will surely find a way
Other than mine.
What I will find
Is the dark night.
You have come to my life
Like the warm sun of twilight.
I, now, fear the cold dark night.
For I know the night stays unbearably long.

I Am Not A Buddhist

If you ask me what religion I belong to, I will answer "I'm a Buddhist". This is an instant answer. I don't need to think even for a second to give this simple answer. My forefathers - though I haven't seen them - had learned and practised the prayers, rituals and philosophies of Buddhist tradition as I have come to know from my father, uncles and other relatives. Even till now, we - my whole family - worship the deities and spiritual masters belonging to Buddhism - the Buddha being the main and perfect master. The festivals we celebrate are those related to Gautam Buddha, Guru Padmasambhava and other Buddhist deities. In such circumstances, it is obvious for me to claim to be a Buddhist. But actually, I'm not - I realise this ignored truth whenever I wake my snoring brain up.

I do tell lies. Since telling a lie is an easy way to escape (sometimes the last resort), I am also one among the escapees. Escapes may be from others and, many times, from myself. Apparently telling a lie to deceive someone into believing something that is not true is what I have referred to as 'escape from others'. Whether it's a family member or a friend or a client visiting my workplace, I have escaped their possible disturbance more than once. One of my weak features is that I can hardly say 'NO' to someone's request or offer, whether it's from the closest friend or a newly acquainted person. And it is quite sure that one gets disappointed while I satisfy the others. In such

situation, I must use the tiny, creative part of my mind and create a relevant and credible excuse to escape his/her complaints that my make others incredulous towards me. This helps me practise escaping unwanted troubles. And a good example of 'escape from myself' would be my own appearance among others. I am less expressive. So, obviously I speak less. Many times, I wish to speak out what I feel and want, but my shy nature and unnecessarily conscious brain stop me from being myself. I know myself to some extent. I know what I am pretending to be is not actually what I am. But still I lie to myself and hide the real 'me'. My friends praise me a lot for those qualities which I feel I don't have in as appreciable degree as they believe I have. I, then, realise how pretentious I have been before my friends and all those who like me.

Laziness has been a good friend of mine. It, unlike other friends of mine, gives me company 365 days a year. Since my childhood, I have been buying books, books and books. The number will exceed 200, if I count them. But the number of books I have read completely is not more than 50. Besides, it's rare that I actively work at home. Cooking, cleaning, washing etc are the duties of my mother and sisters. For me, they are occasional tasks. But I do wash my own clothes when they are too dirty to wear. I waste too much of my time. I spend a lot of time idling. A couple of hours a day is spent in thinking what to do. Watching television with no purpose is a usual way to pass idle time. Idle chatter helps me forget tensions and even my responsibilities. Yet, there is one thing that I do with no laziness. That is painting. Until the painting is over, I continue to paint

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