

MY GARDEN AND THE SPRING

71 POEMS

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My garden and the spring

It is spring in my garden
roses are blooming
cuckoos are crying
The winter has been passed
summer is coming....

It is so easy to write a poem in the spring
when the river flows gently to the sea
when the sakura shines
in the moonlit night
Honey-bee dances in my garden
because it is spring
Flowers spreading sweet smell
in the cloudless blue sky...

Could you imagine a garden
in the moonlit night of a spring
It can make a poem of love
It can open all the windows of your mind.....

The flower and love

I saw a flower in your hand
It does not matter
which flower you held
either a rose or a cherry
because flower is flower
a sign of ever-love....

You presented me a flower
with love
It does not matter
how much it cost
because the cost of flower is love
and love only.....

A flower can stop a war
A flower can break
the domestic walls of a narrow mind....

All the flowers are not roses

All the flowers in the garden
are not roses

All the glitters in the world
are not gold

All the clouds in the sky
do not shower

Many stars twinkle in the sky
but only one of them is the sun
Many memoirs are deposited in my memory
but few of them I could remember
Many paths are directed to many ways
we should find out which one is the best

Sakura, my dream and love

sakura, sakura, and sakura.....

I see you everywhere

In my mind, in my heart, in my dream
where are you...

You are a flower as I know

you are as nice as a flower

or flower is as nice as you.....

In the summer you blooms

in the hills, forests, besides the lakes

Everywhere you are dancing like a little girl
with the gentle breeze...

I get your smell in the deep blue sky

in my heart, in my soul, in my mind.....

Oh, sakura, oh, I never forget you

You and me

Here is nothing except you and me
and a charming nature
beautifully decorated with hills and lakes
vales are carpeted with fine green grasses...

So quick
the happy hours pass away
from the so little life
Many things remaining to say yet
and to do.....

So when you think of me
then I also think of you
Thus thinkings of each other
make some poems of love
make the earth a perfect heaven.....

The river and the life

Rivers are murmuring towards the sea
Rising from the spring of the peaks
they become bigger and bigger
Towards the final destination
The sea....

Life is nothing but a river
Where the boat crosses with colorful sails
Sometimes rivers overflow the banks
with floods and cyclones
Somewhere they flow like narrow streams.....

The river and the life run in parallel
The river flows to the sea
The life blows to death.....

I will be yours

One day you wrote your name on a paper
unfortunately this paper was torn
Another day you wrote your name on the sands
a tide came and washed it away...

When you wrote your name on a stone
that stone was broken
Finally you wrote your name on my mind
that name was ever-persistent...

This universe will be perished one day
but love will persist for ever
Even if there is a life after the death
I will be yours....

Yesterday, today, and tomorrow

Once the sun rises
it never goes back to the east
Once the water flows into the sea
it never returns back to the river.....

Yesterday becomes today
and today leads to tomorrow
Thus our valuable time passes away
from this busy life....

These are all days and nights
silently coming one after another
to make us older and older
These are the sun and the moon
to make yesterday, today, and tomorrow
and to make us older and wiser.....

My Childhood Memoirs

As I became aged and older
my memoirs of childhood became stronger
These memoirs draw me back
to those dreamful days of innocence
and love

Sometimes, I think,
where are my golden friends of early childhood ?
They are all now fathers
and waiting to be grand fathers...

I remember deeply
the mango-groove of my village home
when the storm knocks down
the mangoes to the ground
Also that small river that is murmuring
beside my cottage in the woods....

Oh, my golden childhood, oh
Come back again
and again.....

To my future wife

You are as nice as a red rose
encouraging me again and again
to write unique poems...

You are the Helen of my heart
burning as like as the Troy...

Where were you hiding so long
I find you out in a small corner
of this big universe.....

Let all the windows open

This is the spring
after the end of the winter
Gentle breeze coming from the south
with sweet smell of wild flowers
Butterflies are dancing on the roses
bees are so busy in collecting honey....

This is the time
to open all the windows
This is the time to go to war
because it is youth now
It is the time of maximum strength
and it is the time to sacrifice
yourself to the end....

Let all the windows open
they (souls) will come....

My garden

I want to make a garden
full of roses
black, white, and pink....

Bees are invited to suck the honey
and to taste
Butterflies are invited to enjoy the colors
and the smell....
Men are invited to enjoy the glory and glamour
of roses in nature....

Have you ever visited a garden
full of roses
Have you ever enjoyed
their colors and smell....

Roses can make you fall in love
They can remove all
the distresses of your mind....

Poems of roses

I always write poems on roses
because they are the best gift
of the nature....

But the world is not a bed of roses
rather it is full of thorns and spikes....

So carefully we pass our time in daily life
to avoid a trauma and a tear....

I always like poems of roses
because they are the best signs of ever-love
and best blessings from the God.....

I always read poems on roses
because they make the best poems
of the world.....

The river of time

Time is running like a silent speedy river
Colorful events are visible on its both banks
Sometimes they are charmless
Sometime they are of great interests.....

Boatmen are crossing the rivers with passengers
Farmers are ploughing the fields of crops
Men are begging in serious poverty.....

Why men become the sin of time
Why they do not become the virtue (of time)

Time is running with the tides in a flowing river
The river (of time) flows toward the future.....

Rose festival

(I visited a rose garden in Fukuyama, Japan in 2003.
There is a festival of roses on May 15 of every year)

I visited a festival of roses
for the roses and by the roses.....
Every rose was expressing
its own size and shape
color and smell...

Every rose is a poem
and every poem is a rose.....

I visited a festival of colors and smell
expressed by roses
Every rose was amazing and dancing
with the gentle breeze
like an innocent little girl
under the blue sky.....

God is expressing his deep love
to mankind in those roses
Every rose is a sign of love
Every rose makes a poem of love.....

Photograph of a hand

I saw a photograph of a hand
in a museum
thin and emaciated

It does not matter whose hand was this
a blackman, a white, or a colored
A male or a female.....

It was an active hand of a factory worker
might be a hand of undernourished African refugee
or a hand of an AIDS victim....

It was a fist raised hand
with a slogan in a procession
for human rights.....

It was the cut hand of doctor Che Guevara
sacrificed for the latin American people.....

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