

Dream, A Palace, A Palace, Pollution, Dawn,
Pain, Self-consciousness

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Dream

Like Icarus I Found
You one day in my vision.
From that childhood.
I drew you in my imagination.
I popped you to my aim.
The more to you I want to go away,
The more you move away.
Tell me why this dissimulation?
You are as if a wonderful invisible illusion.

If 'Ruposi Bangla' you are,
I am Jibananda Das.
If the Solitary Reaper's song you are,
I am William Wordsworth.
Although I cannot catch you,
In my heart's endless sky your lustre will come into view.

A Palace

I spy natural super beauty
And I feel her sweet light.
My mind falls into her beauty.
As a natural lover seems her so bright.
Also to me, she seems so clear.

When in vision, I went to a bay
And I was enjoying her bay,
I saw her transparent water
And it glitters as silver.

And just as I arrived in this bight,
She and her companies welcomed me mere
And they welcomed so sweetly, seemed to be a new sire.

While I entered this palace, every tenant charmed me one's might.
The first tenant, thymes spread aromatic,
Next tenant, the waves sounded a music.
Then, nightingale, cuckoo and migrant set a melody.
Tenant breeze provided, distributed her ceremony,
To welcome the earth scattered velvety sward.
The sun distributed his lustre.
Over me, Lilly, Mallow, Zinnia, Jasmine, scattered their flower.

Pollution

Oh, Allah! why had thou created Galaxy and Creation?

But thou wilt knows well.

Oh God! Why had thou composed human?

But thou wilt knows well.

And If thou caused to exist university,

Why did thou fetch inequality?

But yes, thou have sent prophet and man of sagacity

As Mohammad or Kalki Isa or Jesus, Musa or Moses, Ibrahim

David, Suleman and then Karl Marks, Lenin.

The upper class extorts the lower class as the leech.

Man's foetus to have existed in three screens as the leech.

Similarly, the wealthy man remains in existence three-sphere.

As the ozone layer absorbs ultra-violate rays to protect the earth

And sunbeams convert water into vapour to produce rain mere,

As much the rich men to defile the poor makes an opposite work.

Man can't live in 200th-meter ocean depth over

Due to absorb rays and colour

So that sea might arise deep dark.

While plants absorb photosynthesis, minerals to exist.

Healthy man depends on the unhealthy man.

The earth and her company are lightened by the sun.

The big man being shined by their light.

They are cars, and feeble men to be oil.

Though the streams mingle with each other,

There are a watershed and impregnable wall.

The squires reflex similar.

Dawn

My vitality is as ships
That's divided into various types.
Now I am standing at noon of my life.
Today I am so sad.
For now, I am sinful, tired, and too bad.
Before sleep, I summon mine abaft.

I wish to go back to my white paper.
When I arrive at the dawn of my life,
That sights float before eyes of mine.

While I heard the history of prophets from Qur'an
By my grandmother, parents and in a mosque, maktab by Imam
As Adam-Eve, Noah, Ibrahim, Loot, Yousuf, Daud, Suleman
Musa or Moses, Isa or Messiah, Mohammad,
My eyes' rain could not stop at that time
And on behalf of prophets, I fought against devils,
Being angered against Iblis.
I thought we remained in heaven
If Adam-Eve were not bamboozled by Satan
To eat the fruit of forbidden.
While I went to the masjid,
Seemed I went to meet the Lord to heaven.
When I offered prayer in the masjid,
Me thought I spoke With the supreme creator
And over me, gracious light the Almighty scatter.
If I cried, Allah took me in laps, washed my tear.
But now that's not happened.

Oh! Omnipotent Allah doles me proton, electron and neutron
So that I may walk in a straight way.

And when I saw sun and night's stars, a moon.
They all welcomed or salaamed me soon
And told me to pray with them.
Then I Prayed for Allah with them.
While by buried place, I went to play,
I salaamed buried men,
they all answered me gladly.
I prayed for all men to avoid sin and to be happy.

Pain

My mind has thunderclouds.

My mind is wavering grass.

My mind is dancing sun-flowers.

My thoughts are dropping tsunami waves,

And that thoughts are singing owl's calls.

My mind is full of pain.

My feelings being are weary.

That theme being wavy

When my mood arising full of delights,

It has seemed as March – April.

And after that, it becomes July- August

That being waxy lotus.

Yet it is surrounded as the green plant.

My mind has thunderclouds.

My mind has thunderstorms.

And my mind is like mourn – eve.

Self-consciousness

Oh God! Meed me atom
So that I may compose the good poem.
Ambitious aim to be my dream.
Futility to be my company.
Fate is my director.
I fail in life again and again.
For, what I wanted, is not gotten.
Although I fall through, I try to Prosper.
Standing at noon of liveliness I count my lost time.
And see, in neglect I have spent one portion life.
But I did not get anything except pain.
From my vigour, I perceive that nobody must save promise.

I am going to conclude
Man wants that what is not gotten.
Yet, I believe if to strive, to be possible.
I cut through my vitality.
And I arrived in special truth.
As the man grows up gradually,
His liveliness is full of complexity, Spiny, thorny.
So methinks the sorrow life to be a truth.
That's why I go back my mourning vitality.
When I heard and saw something, became visualisation.
Just as firstly I listened to the noble owner Tagore and sen,
I was being awarded noble in the literature by imagination.