

NARRATIVES FROM THE
EMPTINESS

MAHBUB SAYEED MAMUN

NARRATIVES FROM THE EMPTINESS

Mahbub Sayeed Mamun

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DEDICATION

DR. AJAY ROY, AVIJIT ROY AND ANANTA VIJAY DAS

Gratitude

WITHOUT THE SUPPORT AND ENTHUSIASM OF BONYA AHMED, JAHANGIR ALAM AND ANJAN ACHARYA, IT IS DOUBTFUL WHETHER THIS BOOK WOULD HAVE SEEN THE LIGHT OF DAY.

FOREWORD

Mahbub Sayeed Mamun seeks liberation, expressed through his words, 'I yearn for release from life's burdens, / The weight of inertia, the constraints that confine.' His quest is a search for freedom, yet he encounters a disconnection, as if 'the calculus of life doesn't align with anyone.' This sense of human isolation is not novel, but in Mahbub Sayeed's verses, it evolves into a lament over the crisis of existential meaninglessness. He comprehends the grandeur of the universe, the celestial bodies, and the infinitesimal atoms coursing through human bodies. Still, he grapples with the question, 'Does life, despite its vastness, furnish enough motivation to counter its inevitable end?' On the untimely death of a tiny kitten, his question, "How did the cat's gentle soul morph into a vessel of violence?" Hemingway once remarked, 'To create literature, you need to write just one true sentence.' Mahbub Mamun doesn't conceal anything; each stanza reveals his truth. 'Life inevitably races like an arrow, / unflinchingly toward death's unwavering target.' This truth-telling is what defines him as a poet.

— Dipen Bhattacharya

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WORDSMITHING WONDERS: MAHBUB SAYEED MAMUN'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE STARS OF VERSE.

“Narratives from the Emptiness” is an exceptional work of poetry penned by the cosmic wordsmith, Mahbub Sayeed Mamun (A Bangladeshi poet who currently resides in Sweden). After delving into the intricate verses within this collection, I found myself christening him the “cosmic poet” with good reason. His poetry is like a cosmic odyssey, guiding readers through galaxies of emotions, thoughts, and boundless imagination. Mahbub Sayeed Mamun’s book “Narratives from the Emptiness” is a masterpiece that left an indelible mark on my soul. The profundity and sheer brilliance of his work were so captivating that I felt compelled to embark on the journey of translating it into English, a task I wholeheartedly accepted. But what is it about his poetry that moved and mesmerized me to such an extent? In the realm of his poetry, Mamun conjures a sense of timelessness, a touch of immortality, and a glimpse into the eternal. His words transport readers beyond the mundane and into a realm where the boundaries of reality blur. Each poem is a celestial voyage, where the ordinary is transformed into the extraordinary, and the finite transcends into the infinite.



COSMIC POET: MAHBUB SAYEED MAMUN

Mamun's verses are like constellations in the night sky, each one a unique story, a beacon of light in the vast expanse of the universe. His poetry delves into the depths of human experience, weaving emotions and thoughts into a tapestry that resonates with the human spirit. It's a cosmic dance of words that sways with the rhythms of the heart and the mysteries of the cosmos.

In "Narratives from the Emptiness," Mamun's poetic prowess shines brightly, leaving readers spellbound. It is a literary journey into the unknown, where words are the stars guiding us through the emptiness, and every poem is a stardust particle, immortal and eternal in its beauty. It is a work that not only moves but transforms, a testament to the enduring power of poetry and the boundless universe of the human imagination. "Eternal" the debut poem by the cosmic poet Mahbub Sayeed Mamun (Bangladeshi), serves as a philosophical journey in poetic form, delving deep into the realms of human perception. It masterfully encapsulates the intricate interplay of physics, biology, and neuroscience, making you ponder the mysteries of our existence. The line, "Am I an amnesiac wanderer, forget everything, lose everything, billions of brain cells drive me!" resonates profoundly, prompting contemplation on the vast expanse of knowledge we have yet to unlock about ourselves.

In the grand tapestry of our evolutionary journey across countless eons within the cosmos, our genetic code leaves its indelible mark upon our very essence. It shapes our physical forms and orchestrates the complex dance of connections and disconnections within our brains. Sometimes, we wake up feeling disoriented, questioning our identity and purpose within the greater narrative of

existence. Our bodies, with their intricate biological systems and mechanical workings, operate seamlessly, often beyond the realm of our conscious awareness. We exist as a paradox, a blend of consciousness and unconsciousness, embracing both zero and non-zero states as we navigate the intricate choreography of life. What makes these verses remarkable is their ability to convey in a few words what would typically require a substantial scientific discourse or emotional outpouring to articulate. This poem exemplifies the power of language to encapsulate the profound depths of human emotion and experience, transcending the confines of scientific terminology. The poignant line: "In more water, merge into the background. From where I came one day, I got absorbed there. Not again." beautifully encapsulates an awareness of the cyclic nature of existence. It's as though the universe itself is revealing its autobiography with every step taken within these verses. "Eternal" by Cosmic Poet Mahbub Sayeed Mamun is more than just a poem; it's an intimate voyage through the corridors of human understanding. It weaves a tapestry of science and emotion, offering a profound glimpse into the universe's autobiography, elegantly etched in the eloquence of poetry. If, in the unfathomable expanse of the cosmos, an atom from a star situated 150 million light years away were to awaken to consciousness after a billion years, it might very well encounter your poem and exclaim, "How do you know the words of my mind? I've long yearned to express this!" This, indeed, encapsulates the enigmatic allure of a poet's craft – the ability to resonate with the thoughts and emotions of elements formed from the fusion of stars, such as carbon and nitrogen. In the realm of the poet's artistry, the boundaries of time and distance blur, allowing for an experience of the eternal truth in a single moment. A million

years and a mere second share an equidistant presence within the poet's unique perspective. The essence of a powerful poem lies in its capacity to captivate the reader, compelling them to embark on a journey through its verses that spans hundreds of pages, all while seemingly suspending the passage of time. The ability to stir such profound emotions and to create a sense of timelessness is the hallmark of exceptional poetry. It is a medium through which the poet can connect with the very essence of the universe, transcending the constraints of time, distance, and even the atomic particles that make up the fabric of reality. Your words capture this essence, allowing readers to explore the depths of their own existence and, in that moment, feel a sense of timelessness and boundless connection to the cosmos.

ETERNAL



I'm lost, unsure of what to pen.
My mind is a kingdom of words,
But they fly in all directions,
Like black and white clouds in the sky.

I hear the rain,
But it doesn't wash away my confusion.
I can't remember anything:
Someone's name, a year, a date,
Famous or infamous.

Where am I? Why am I here?
What am I for?
I have no answers.
I am an untimely traveller.

What are some key words to write?

I think,

But my thoughts are a jumbled mess.

I am lost in a world of feelings,

Where black fear is the only constant.

The word that I find day in and day out

Is "why?"

Why is my wordplay like this?

Do I have hallucinations?

Who sits in the neurons of my brain?

Floating on the waves of my mind,

What words come to mind?

I am a reflection of light,

Like a reflection of reality.

What is lost?

Just find out?

In the ocean of thought,

Am I an amnesiac traveller?

I forget everything.

I lost everything.

Billions of cells in my brain,

Still drive me,

Walk in the path of error.

Why is my brain so stubborn about love?

What happiness does he get with me?

Or are they just that?

A gene-hormone game?

Or someone plays,

Sitting in that distant nebula,

Constantly pointless.

I have nothing to do.

As if I were a floating stream,

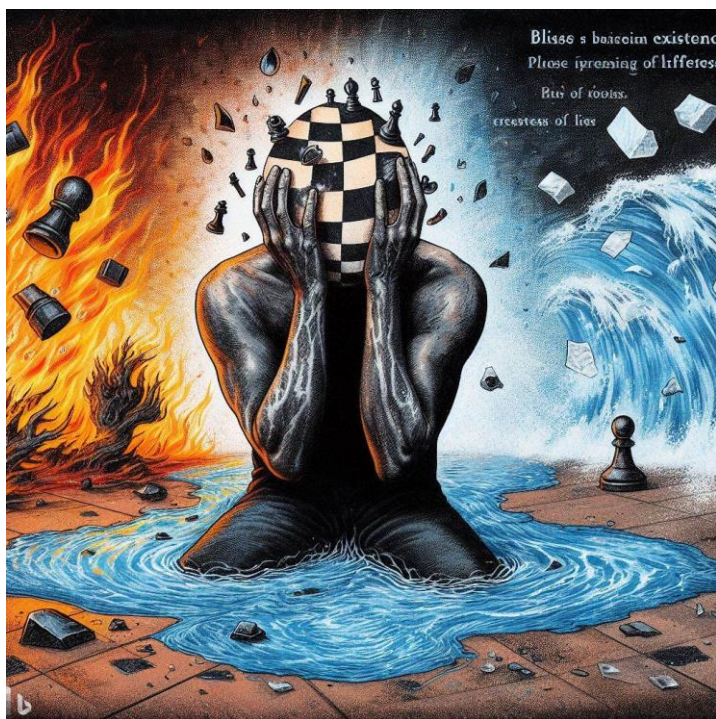
Or a newly born mallard chick,

I just float and float.

Floating across the river,
I came to the sea-ocean.
Where I disappear,
In more water, merge into the background.
From where I came one day,
I got absorbed there.
Not again.
I float in the darkness of space,
Which has no beginning and no end.
I am so indestructible in the flow of time.

19.05.2020

ON THE shelf of PAIN AND PLEASURE



My mind is reeling,
In ceaseless agony,
Persistently,
Crushed and fractured,
Like a fragile shard,
The pitiable symphony of lifelong torment resonates within
the soul.

Why does the mind flutter like a capricious butterfly?

It soars day and night,
In the apathetic atmosphere of Fagun,
Breathing life,
In rhythmic or capricious cadence?

Life courses through the river of existence,
In the relentless tumult of surging waves,
Droplets persistently fall, or
Brief moments of ecstasy and joy,
Unaware, uncomprehending,

Life's rationale remains elusive.

Countless unions of men and women have transpired,
Yet, their efforts, washed away by water, bear no life.

I am a product of sheer happenstance,
In the midst of it all, today holds significance, etched in
wounded agony.

Burning embers engulf body and mind,
A desolate wasteland,
The mind resists settling anywhere,
Life's journey a game of chess.

Intellect varies within the realm of thought and mind,
A mind akin to a ravenous beast,
Continually guiding the way ahead,
Yet that path veers into obscurity and misdirection,
A pure zero-sum trajectory.

The grand tapestry of existence, such is the fate of all,
A perpetual dance between the tangible and the intangible,
Immersed in the verses of bliss and melancholy's call.

Life persists, fuelled by love's eternal flame,
Yet its duration remains a veiled enigma,
The wheel of existence turns, devoid of claim,
A river winding through an alley's curving stigma.
Forever, life treads the path of discontent,
Resting on the shelf of boundless woe,
Or sailing upon the sea of fleeting contentment,
In this enigmatic journey, we ebb and flow.

25.01.2023

Shadow of Death and Farewell 2022



The inexorable march of time, a universal decree,
All things commence, evolve, and eventually cease to be,
Be it in days of yore, the present, or the future's spree,
Eternal is the ever-turning wheel of destiny.

I summon life and the cosmos' grand design,
A single spark ignites, then once more inclines,
Birth heralds joy, hearts in celebration chime,
While the somber violin in death's dirge entwines.

Today, the year 2022 surrenders to cosmic sweep,
Tomorrow's dawn brings a fresh countdown, and we reap,
This continuum unfolds, a cycle in infinite keep,
As long as humanity on this Earth's soil does creep.

Ahmadullah, my kin, at sixty-one, took his final bow,
Countless shared memories, then and now,
Though four years my senior, our bond did allow,
A connection that time and distance could not disavow.

A man of grace, his quiet demeanour did shine,
He never provoked discord, a soul benign,
How peculiar, last night, his visage in my mind did twine,
Such was the warmth, an unconditional line.

Why must this parting transpire, I implore,
Since 1975, worlds apart, we explored life's shore,
Today, we bid adieu, to meet nevermore,
As 2022 fades, his presence is no more.

Within the cosmos' womb, deep and sublime,
Lies the profound obscurity of space and time,
One day, all shall vanish, an undeniable rhyme,
In the grand scheme, everything and everyone, a fleeting
chime.

31.12.2022

WORTHLESS EMPIRE



There is no value in the last birth,
People set the price.

Nothing has value in life,
People set the price.

The state has no value,
The people set the price.

The world has no value,
The people of the world set the price.

Worth basically nothing,
Be it life, world, or universe.

The dark universe,
Finally, determine the price.

The infinite stars of cosmology,
Who sinks and floats in the infinity of the multiverse?

11.11.2022

Flying boy



Everyone dreams,
The boy eats Infinity in a dream,
Dreams of flying in the sky.

Desire wakes up to see the world,
Days, months, years build up,
The boy grew up
With agility and non-stop drive.

Two eyes awake in the depths of dreams,
The boy walks on Durant's path,
Overcoming all obstacles,
Making the impossible possible.

The boy went on and on,
From this village to the village,
From city to city,
Port to port,
Moving from country to country,

On the way to the world.

The boy started flying,
Through the chaotic universe of thought,
From planet to planet.

01.08.2022

A Mind ASTRAY,
WHERE MEMORIES DECAY



Crazy-distracted mind, flying in the blue sky,
White clouds like white flowers, floating in emptiness.

Location mismatched, from A to O,
From corner to corner, from symbol to symbol,
From word to word, from man to man.

Memory fragmented, lost in all directions,
Restless bustle, fading fast.

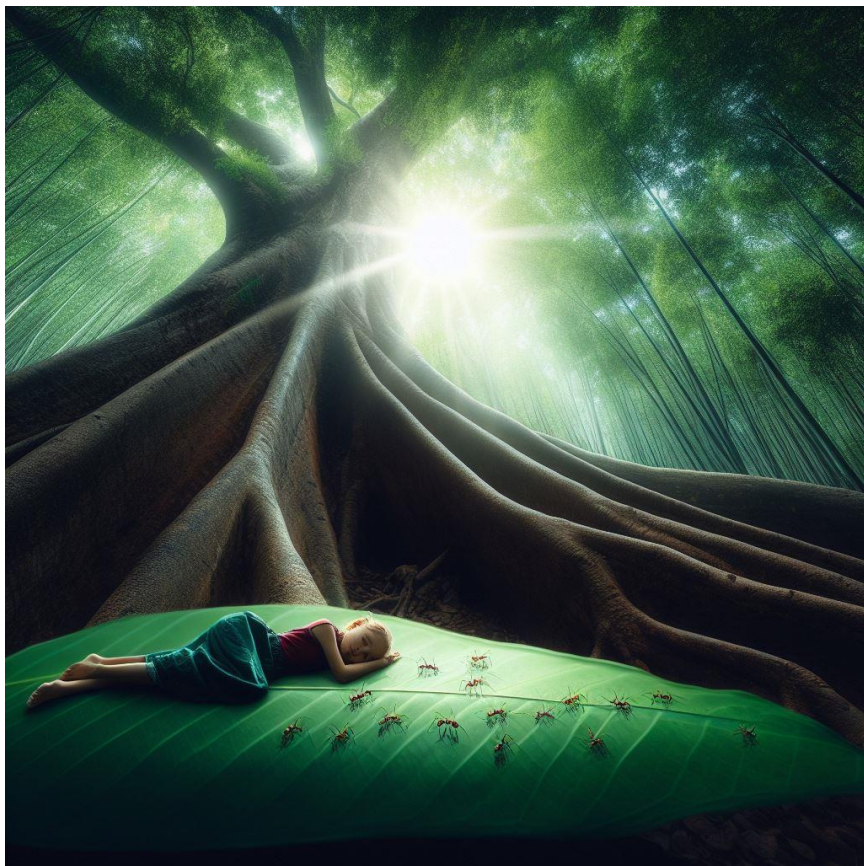
I don't remember anything,
Who was, is, or will be,
Where I was born, where I will die,
Or who was in between.

Siblings, lovers, friends?
Memory does not contain art, music, literature, philosophy,
History of science, history of people, history of struggle.

In the end, I don't even remember dear friend Deepen
Bhattacharya.

10.09.2022

THE BARD'S ODE: A VERSIFIED VOYAGE



Sitting in solitude, a cascade of thoughts descend,
Contemporary Sociology, a discourse to comprehend,
In the realm of the political and non-political, we converse,
Knowledge and science, like stars, in the vast sky immerse.

Forests, mountains, seas, and endless oceans wide,
A love story, tender and chubby, by the heart's side,
Contemporary times, in the embrace of globalization,
A poet stands apart, distanced from his generation.

Miles and miles, Light years to-Light years, he's far
removed,

Time's relentless march, the poet's spirit reproved,
In the clutches of his psyche, he finds himself confined,
Cries the poet, "Freedom, freedom!" in the depths of his
mind.

Freedom from the decay, be it mental or societal's call,
Political and religious bonds, the poet yearns to forestall,

He seeks liberation from the ills that mankind's assumed,
Liberation, no longer a match, for the poet, it's consumed.

People should stay in their place, he profoundly knows,
Within the shadows of society, where state's laws impose,
The poet acknowledges that everything must evolve and
shift,

Rivers, seas, hills, and mountains in perpetual drift,
Trees and plants transform, life's existence rearranged,
Planets and constellations, through time, exchanged.

Change is essential, or life would cease to flow,
A halt, not life's name, nor the word we'd know,
In the poet's vast mind, limitless words do reside,
Like the eternal stars above, in the cosmic tide,
Words yearning to match the blossoms of poetic bloom,
In a smart and mind-blowing dance, they resume.

30.11.2017

ON THE PLANE TO SWEDEN (GRAN CANARIA)

UNWAVERING DREAMS



Everything will be fine one day,
To build a world anew, they say,
Think of dreams, the fools believe,
A world of love, hearts may achieve.

Politics, they claim, will heal each scar,
End exploitation, near or far,
One day, they hope, in skies they'll sway,
In happiness, they'll float away.

Foolish thoughts, they dare to soar,
But wings of dreams want even more.

LOVE GONE IN THE WIND



Love, once a wild symphony,
A dance of body, mind, and soul,
Now echoes in the empty breeze,
A tale untold.

The river's flow has stilled,
The birds have flown away,
And all the vibrant hues have faded,
On this somber day.

Where once my heart did beat as one,
With yours, in harmony,
Now echoes of a love long lost,
Resound in my memory.

The rhythm of life's sweet song,
Has ceased to play,
And all the passion, all the fire,
Has gone astray.

Oh, love, once so bright and fierce,
Where have you gone?
Is this the bitter end?
Of our love song?

TIME OF WRITING: 07.1.2019

GAME OF ACHIEVEMENT AND NON-ACHIEVEMENT



Knowing death's inevitability,
What drives us to live?
All things die,
The debt of birth paid by death.

Another name for survival,
A river of pain,
Moments of laughter and happiness,
Amidst waves of chaos.

The sad melody of achievement and lack thereof,
The Sixteenth Art of Receiving unfulfilled,
The thirty-two annas of non-attainment increased.
Life decays with the poison of inadequacy.

Roaring with rage, violence, hatred,
Jealousy and hatred burn fiercely in the mind,
From person to person, family to family,
Society to society, state to state,

Country to country...

Nowhere to go,
No oxygen to breathe,
Heavy air filled with mercury and lead,
Suffocation creeps in...

The gentle breeze of air blows nowhere else,
Lu-hawa turned wind, flame of fire,
In its wake, body, soul, forest, and land reduced to ashes...

A river full of love,
The wounds a thousand-fold deeper.
From love and affection,
From society and state, inhumane, inhumane,
A cruel crooked mind, under the guise of complex laws,
Romance, love,
A game of momentary feelings.
Biology's temptation unfolds,
Feelings of love and passion accumulate.

Drama must unfold in fleeting life,
Genes, chromosomes crave their carbon-copy,
The biological game continues.
Love and hate hold hands,
Seeking one who loves forever.
Life bruised by injury,
When, how long ago...
Accounts no longer match.

A weary traveller on life's raft,
Shattered into 55 thousand pieces,
Where to go pair?
Perhaps
On the way to Dhansidi's green path in Benuchar,
Or, under Moonlight enchanted shadow of Kadmatla.

23.06.2019

Fial, Östersund, North Sweden.

BECAUSE YOU ARE



I dive into happiness,
A fleeting moment,
But hope blooms,
Because you are there.

Your presence moves me,
My joy unbound,
My heart soars.

Unknown emotions bloom,
Like flowers in your soft words.

Your melodious voice,
A siren's song,
Seduces my soul.

Fascinated, maddened,
By your Belly flower fragrance.

Your smile,
A radiant sun,
Your eyes,
Twinkling stars.

Your pearly heart,
My drowning haven.

Your white teeth,

Like clouds in the sky,
Flowers in the forest.

Your presence floats me,
On the Nile's illusion.

I fly in warm air,
Because you are there.

Endless motivation,
In the warmth of your love.

04.06.2022

FAMOUS



Fatal mood arises in my mind,

A fast moving mind.

I am famous.

I am the best, I am the best,

People get happiness by thinking

People want influence, prestige,

Their mind is full of intense desire for profit and loss.

A strong inclination of the mind to assert,

Gene-hormone effects,

Or intelligence?

Who runs, instructs me called 'I'!

No one's heart matches with anyone,

There is nothing in the end, says the conscious-
subconscious mind,

All ends in me,

I am such a huge canvas in life.

Who remembers whom, in life in the world?

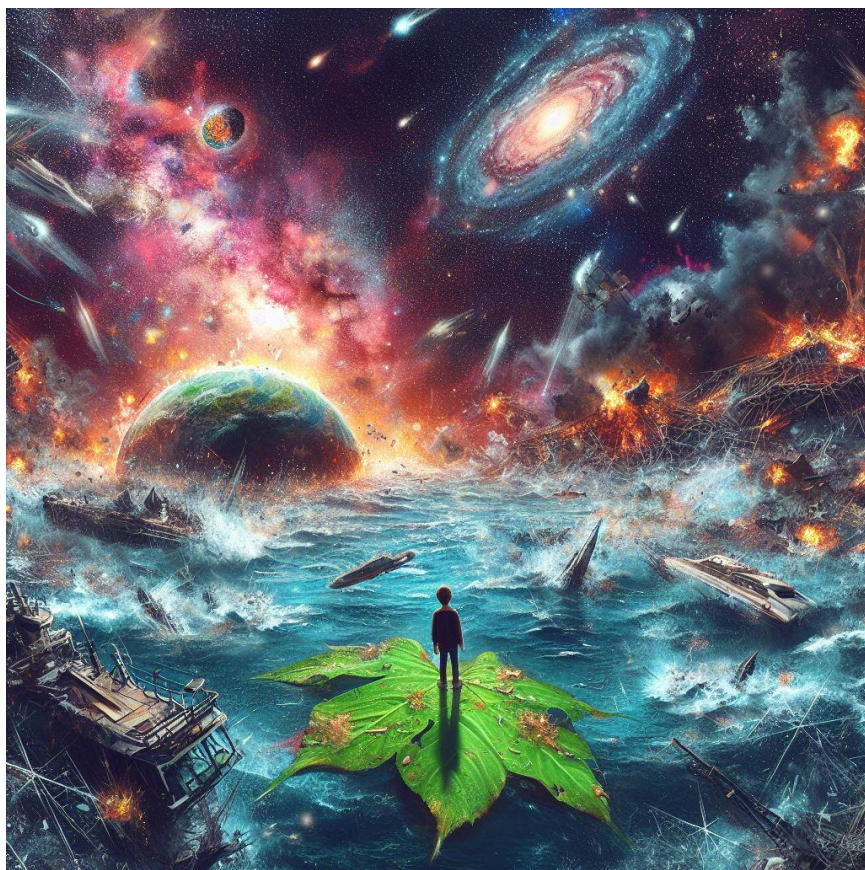
In the stream of time or timelessness?

All is ultimately worthless in a life of futility,

Except for a moment's self-gratification.

10.02.2023

Everything Falls Apart



In the tempestuous winds of Kalbaisakhi (Strom),
Leaves, flowers, mangoes, forests all tumble down,
A chaotic symphony of destruction.

Villages and towns crumble to dust,
Strong houses and buildings reduced to rubble,
By the relentless fury of earthquakes and tsunamis.

Borders of nations shift and fade,
The world's boundaries morph in an instant.

Yet through it all, humanity persists,
Dreaming and building,
Love adorning the river of life,
Embellishing homes,
Weaving the fabric of society.

But one day, in a flash,
Everything disintegrates:
Our own gardens, our very lives.

For in the boundless abyss of timelessness,
All things eventually fall apart.

20.02.2015

The Eternal Flux



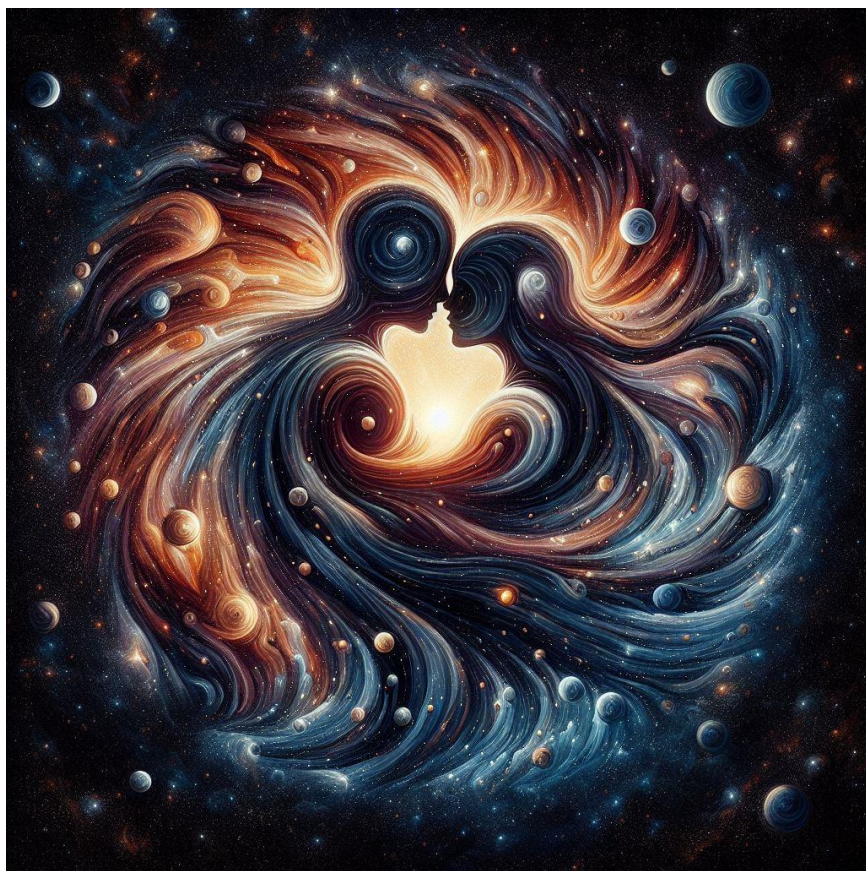
Rain descends in torrents,
A gentle breeze sighs,
Thoughts entangle in a labyrinth,
Emotions surge like a tempest,
Relationships flourish in fleeting blooms,
Love uplifts like a soaring lark,
And
Time erases all traces.

Thus ends the tale,
A thousand unknown stories,
Days and nights intertwined,
Until one fateful day,
All unravels:

Meteorites rain from the cosmic void,
Earthquakes shatter the ground,
Tsunamis engulf the land,
Water turns to earth,
Earth to water,
Mountains dissolve into the sea,
And the sea becomes a mountain,
Towns vanish in an instant,
Civilizations crumble to dust,
And all is lost in the abyss of futility.

04.12.2016

THE COSMIC KISS



"No one is around."

Only the blue sky, the waves of the sea,
Flies before their eyes,
And a pair of warblers singing.

Penguins watch from afar,
As the lovers share their deepest kisses.

"Ah, what a lovely game of love," he whispers.
"Play as much as you can.
Life is love."

Dolphins dance in the game of love,
Echoing the lovers' words.
"We are like you,
Embraced today in a new love."
The hypocrite does not care about their love,
They simply fade into eternity,
Deep in the dark clouds of the sky
And the stillness of the graceful, tender, drunken
melody
Of the ocean waves.
25.12.2016

LOVE GAME

Begins

Also known

Announced

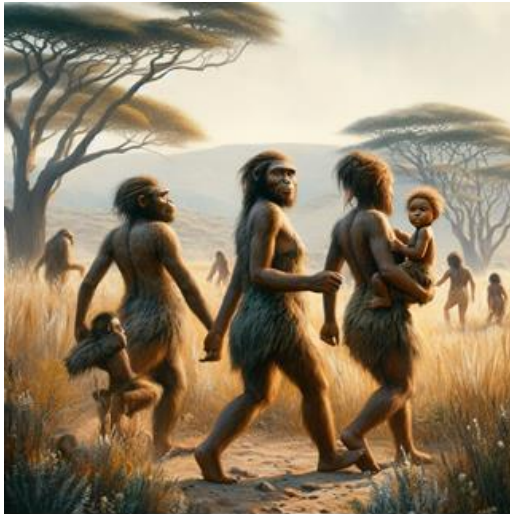
Words exchanged

Ideas traded

Feelings meet

Deeper

Or not



Emotions fall
Like a bashful vine
Then rise again
Only to bend anew

Surprising people
The eternal game of love

Perhaps flowers, leaves
Perhaps trees
Perhaps monkey, chimpanzee
The game of love goes on and on, endlessly

16.04.2020

Life's GAME



Life is a game,
A game of many names,
Attainment and trading,
Demand and loving,
Laughter and tears,
Pride and wrong,
Hating and saving,
Sacrifice and killing.

Life is a game,
A game we all play,
Whether we know it or not,
Whether we want it or not.

So play your game well,
Play it with heart,
Play it with soul,
And play it to the end.

For life is a game,

And the only way to win is to play.

15.03.2018

Birth Debt



Boy or girl,
What the matter?

Happy new-born,
Unknown guest.

Today is April 20th, 2020, Monday.

Welcome to Earth, O new guest.

Man can be in this mortal life,
The mind will be humane and dignified.

Will be an inquisitor of knowledge, knowledge-science, art-
literature,
Will move forward into the future.

Love is endless, all around,
On the other hand, there is hatred, jealousy, which is ongoing,
flowing...

The debt of birth is paid by death,
This game goes on endlessly, endlessly,
As long as life exists on this Earth.

20.04.2020

POET



The burdened poet, body and mind entwined,
A broken vessel, a restless soul confined,
Life's heavy weight upon their shoulders pressed,
Responsibilities, a never-ending test.

Each duty, like a vulture, tears at their core,
Mind and heart strained, their very essence sore.
Amidst this struggle, they can't freely speak,
Silenced by the pain, too weak, too meek.

Close friends perceive the poet's weakened frame,
Unaware of the turmoil, the inner flame.
Judgment cast upon the poet's silent plea,
Uncomprehending, they call the poet weak, you see.

Within, the poet's anger slowly brews,
A solemn promise made to self, they choose.
A worried mind reminds them of the past,
"You've carried life alone, a vow steadfast."

"Don't lean on others, trust your inner drive,
Walk the path of life, though death may arrive."

28.06.2018

SICK MOTHER



O Mother, my Mother, beyond the seven seas,
My heart aches for you, though I cannot see.

I hear on the phone that you are not well,
And my soul is consumed by a fiery hell.

You hide your illness, but I know the truth,
And my soul weeps for you, in endless Ruth.
For you are our world, our Dharitri (The Earth),
The one who gave us life, and made us free.

Oh, Mother, my Mother, why must you suffer so?
Why must you bear this burden, this deadly foe?
My heart bleeds for you, my tears flow like rain,
To see you in pain, causes me such pain.

If only I could be there, to hold your hand,
To soothe your brow, and ease your pain.

But I am far away, beyond the seas,
And my heart breaks with longing, and with deep ease.

Oh, Mother, my Mother, I beg of you,
Be well, my darling, be well, anew.
For without you, our world would cease to be,
And our lives would be lost, in misery.

I know that you are strong, my dearest Mother,
And that you will fight this battle, like no other.
But please know that I am here, with you in spirit,
And that my love for you is infinite.

May the multiverse bless you, and heal your wounds,
And may you soon be restored, my dearest Mother.
For without you, our world is incomplete,
And our hearts are heavy, with sorrow deep.

20.10.2017

MISCHIEVOUS BOY



A mischievous boy runs,
Runs forward only,
Laughing, playing with neighbours and friends.

He plays kite-danda, ha-doo-doo, golachut, football,
By swimming in canals, ponds, and ponds.

He is not interested in education,
Just loves to think deeply.
Thoughts keep getting tangled in his head,
With who, what, and why.

The answer does not match,
But the boy doesn't stop.
The question goes on...

In the future,

Will he be a philosopher?

A scientist,
An artist,
Or a poet?

Only time will tell.

5.11.2016

3 volumes of poetry

Volume 1

I'm a dreamy poet, a world nomad in the mind.
Dreams break and build, thoughts crash like waves.
Thoughts vanish into infinity like clouds.
I float in the unknown, like moss on a stream.

Volume 2

A new-born arrives on Planet,
Screaming, tearing the womb.

"Tell me who I am, where I came from, why?"

You'll never match the answers,

Momentary joys, sorrows, pains,

A pointless life that vanishes into eternity.

Volume 3

Nature, of which man is a part,

Life made of particles, molecules, RNA, DNA.

Trees, fish, animals, mountains, seas, oceans,

Sky, wind, earth, moon, sun, stars, and planets.

No need to ask if there is life or not,

All matter is nature.

8.12.2016

ALONE AND LONELY



We arrange our lives,
Dream of love,
Find friends,
Marry or not,
Have children or not,
Become citizens of society,
And world citizens.
But there is no country-time for anyone.
Wherever we go,
And whatever we give birth to,
At the end of the day, there is no one around.
Everyone is on their own.
Do we have someone at the end?
No.
This is the religion of life.
No matter how life is arranged now,
In the end, we are all alone.
And feeling more alone,
In the chaos of thoughts inside our brains.

27.12.2016

Fade into nothingness



Nothing started, or finished
Constant tribulation in the midst of eternity
Such an infinite game
I have woven a garland of messy thoughts
What value in his life-society-state?
In the same parallel with humans
Fighting animals, in their own rhythm
The game of nature goes on continuously
Consciousness is or is not.
From the sky, the sea to the mountains
The sun plays in the distant sky.
Penetrating everything in the intoxication of eternity
Humans have passed into space.
But where will everyone stop?
Starting from zero again
Will all arrangements be completed?
In some other void far away?
Fade into nothingness.

07.10.2019

LOVE IN THE VOID

That day, I indulged in the primitive game of wild love,
Surrendering my heart and soul to the mournful dance of
words.

I became an artist of loving words,
My excitement for life and passion overwhelmed by the tide
of love.

But now, the euphoric tide has receded,
The euphoria of love has died down.
The flood of Ganga waters no longer flows here,
The waters silent, the wild ducks, White-breasted
watermen, and sea-chill birds absent.

A dam surrounds the water,
Poisoning the water, poisoning life.
The union of mind, soul, and spirit is over,
Love rendered empty.

07.10.2019

A YEARNING TO PEN VERSES



Within the confines of my mind, thoughts and feelings
collide,

Every day, they bubble and churn, a chaotic, poetic ride.

I'm compelled to write, to weave human emotions in my
lines,

Crafting letters, words, and games in poetic designs.

Love, a force that binds hearts, its calculations and
schemes,

A life's journey, a relentless flow of dreams.

In this poetic realm, we navigate right and wrong,

Unravelling the threads of morality, through verses, strong.

Politics and policies, the balance of equality and strife,

Poetry weaves stories of virtue and the darker side of life.

Radiant Moonbeam, the full moon in the night's grand play,

A beauty that adorns the starry, midnight display.

Love, hate, passions that burn, a struggle, lifelong,
In this poetic journey, only the aimless truly throng.

And when it all unfolds, and the verses fade away,
In the end, nothing is defined, and there's no more to say.

08.12.2016

A COMBINATION OF FEELINGS



Poetry, a tapestry of emotions,
A kaleidoscope of human experiences.

Positive, negative, social, anti-social,
Political, non-political, all intertwined.

Poetry speaks of life,
Love and its absence,
Nature's forms and formlessness.

Fruits, flowers, grasses,
Sky and space,
Sea and ocean, forest and Bad Lands,
Poems dance with the world around us.

Poetry ignites the flame of female sexuality,
Yet it remains undefined,
A fleeting moment or a lifetime companion.

Poetry, a combination of feelings,

Without rhyme or reason,

It simply is.

03.12.2016

MOONLIT NIGHT



Full moon,
Magical deer,
Light-dark twinkling night.

Poems of love and passion,
Written in every land,
In the love poetry of Romance,
As if without end.

Under the Hijal tree (*Barringtonia acutangula*) again,
In the lovely moonlit night,
I yearn for the touch of your soft, fluffy hands.

How many full moon nights under this tree?
Obsessed, engrossed in each other's arms,
We kissed again and again,
Extreme in our love for each other.

I thrilled to your touch like the waves of the River,

Shy vines, shy to the touch,
But I float to the extreme in the ocean of emotional bliss
when I touch you.

In the light-dark night,
You seemed like a beauty queen,
More beautiful than the forest of Amazon.

Your eyes, like those of a magical deer,
Twinkling in the moonlight.
Your black hair blowing in the gentle breeze,
Making you a queen of form.

Your chin, soft and smooth,
Your cheeks like red roses in toast,
Your beautiful soft lips,
Whispering unspoken appeals.

Your soft breaths, baskets of sweet love words,
Drenching me in the rain of the proletariat love.

I was caught on fire by your burning limbs,
When you came running to me.
Together we jumped into the fire,
Ignoring the flames.

What is this frenzy of love?
Like the waves of a stormy sea,
It lifts us up and casts us down,
Taking us back to our primal selves.

We float,
I float in infinity.

Without you, this day is nothing.
I am confused and crazy for you.
Wherever I look, I see an empty wasteland.

Memories of you haunt me all the time.
In touchlessness, I have become a stone,
Dumb because of you.

Why is death so hard?

Death is very hard, which is natural.

17.01.2017

Torremolinos, Spain.

ENDLESS RUNNING



December thirty-first, two thousand nineteen, again.

Floating in the cosmic void,
Planets and stars, Earth among them.

Sinking into the black hole of oblivion?

Running, running, never stopping.

People too, running endlessly,
On the brink of extinction, in the embrace of death.

The surface and core of Earth,
Everything running.

Constant earthquakes and tsunamis.

Rivers, seas, and oceans overrun the land.

What is ocean today may be a mountain tomorrow,

And mountains may become oceans.

No one can stop.

Nothing is born to stand still.

To be born is to run,

To the end, to the abyss,

To whatever fate awaits the world, the universe.

31.12.2019

ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE



Tandhina Dhin Dhin

The veena of the melody plays on the guitar

Tabla finger work

The bells of the dance make jingle

The body, mind, and body become restless

Neurons in the brain are excited

Swing to swing

Billions of neurons in the brain.

The invisible game goes on in neurons endlessly,

This game goes on continuously in human neurons, in the
mental world.

Some say that someone is stupid or clever!

Tell someone what sharp intelligence!

I want fight! Fight! Fight!

I want to win this fight

Foolish and clever

Intelligent people with artificial intelligence.

This fight is going on

Fight to win

Who will win, who will lose

Predictions for the near future,

Species named people?

Or what artificial intelligence?

BEAUTY, AND...



Little Weaver Bird gazes upon the intricately woven abode
of birds,

Her beauty overwhelms me.

Sparrows on lemon branches, a joyful toast,

Observing their restless dance,

My own mind stirs with restlessness,

The soft cooing of pigeons amidst jasmine blossoms,

Dak Bhatiali carries me away in the euphoria of its melody.

Talk to her of 'Almodobar' heard the call

The cinema's music immerses me in abstract
consciousness,

A pair of birds perched on the Champak branch,

Their dance resonates with the rhythm of my own being,

The fickle mind whispers 'I love you.'

A group of dolphins fishing in the water,

Their dance echoes in my mind,

And I dance in harmony,

My excitement matches the dance's rhythm,

Especially during the rainy season,

When the melody's notes sweep me away,

And I find myself on the precipice,
The fragrance of blood-red flowers in the courtyard's
garden,
Stirs my very essence,
The scent of Paush month's bean clusters,
Leaves my senses restless,
Mangoes and the sweet aroma of Indian jujube fruit,
Entrance me with the deepest beauty of nature.
With the sweet scent of the rosebud, my senses are
enraptured by beauty,
The full moon night bathes in love, amidst honeyed light and
dark shadows,
Dreams of new love,
The moon's nocturnal rain carries me on a stream of love,
I yearn for such an intoxicated beauty in my life,
And...
Captivated by the bewildering beauty of nature,
I gaze intently,
My mind purges itself, a thousand times over,
Life should culminate in this Bengal of the delta.

28.12.2016

CONSUMED by EMPTINESS



You've departed, and in an instant, an unfamiliar void
envelops me,

I plunge into the abyss of emptiness,

Drifting aimlessly in the absence of your presence,

Day and night, night and day?

I forever recall the dance of swings,

A dance with no fixed abode,

Emotions, a ceaseless game of happiness and sorrow, play
out in the mind,

Emptiness intensifies, gripping the depths of the chest.

All is eternally fresh, forever verdant, for your existence
breathes life,

Closest proximity to you akin to nectar's sweet flow,

Laughter and conversation stream forth,

Immersing me in the sweet elation of joy profound.

The daily interplay of countless unknown cells unfolds
within,

Cell by cell, I sway with profound sentiments of happiness,

Because you are there, I am forever ensnared in the bonds
of love and friendship,

In the emptiness of your boundless realm, where planets
and stars reside.

23.07.2022

Child of LOVE



Thoughts birthed,
Words taking form,
Sentences artfully woven,
Sentences transformed into paragraphs,
Conjoined thoughts, an ageless symphony unfurls
Life itself a play in motion,
Laughter, a cherished character,
Embracing joy and sorrow with open arms,
Love, a profound game,
Pride, an active participant,
Love, the game that biology orchestrates,
Each facet of love akin to my own,
The affair deepens, growing evermore intense,
Until, at last, union is achieved,
The outcome, poetry.
Every verse becomes my verse,
Ultimately, all of poetry converges,
My singular love child.

These children, my daily joy and sorrow,

With them, I eternally grow and play,
The narrative of becoming a 'man' unfolds,
The tale encapsulating the journey to humanity,
Humans, the torchbearers of future civilizations,
A relentless dream to pursue,
Living to nurture that dream,
Learning life's lessons,
And ultimately,
Dissolving into the profound darkness of the cosmos.

24.06.2019

Fial, Ostersund

WHAT HAPPENS IN THE POEM?



Separating the beautiful from the ugly,
Comparing right and wrong, good and bad,
Judging society's morals and vices.

From one poem to another,
Finding the flavour of one literature from another,
Finding a description of the Cleopatra-Helen-Aphrodite form
of the myth,
Listening to the love story of Shirin-Farhad, Laili-Majnu,
Finding the meaning of Mona Lisa's smile,
Seeing the charred faces of war-scarred youth,
Strike, rally,
Media, newspapers, news articles, writing, news headlines.

Centuries after centuries, thousands of years have passed.

But...?

Yet people write poems about these.

Poetry is an expression of one's impersonal feelings of
reading, seeing, and experiencing.

What not?

Count the stars of a blue infinite sky without the roots and
edges of thoughts in your brain?

Countless stars in the sky?

Can't go, only to Eat Sea in the bed of dreams.

Does poetry know where its boundaries are?

He doesn't know, he only knows how to injure his body and
mind with endless blows.

In the end, poetry has no meaning.

Only time, society, man, and nature without chanting and
lamentation.

People still write poetry to exchange thoughts, thoughts,
and feelings.

It is from one literature to another literature,

From one vision to another,

From one mythology to another,

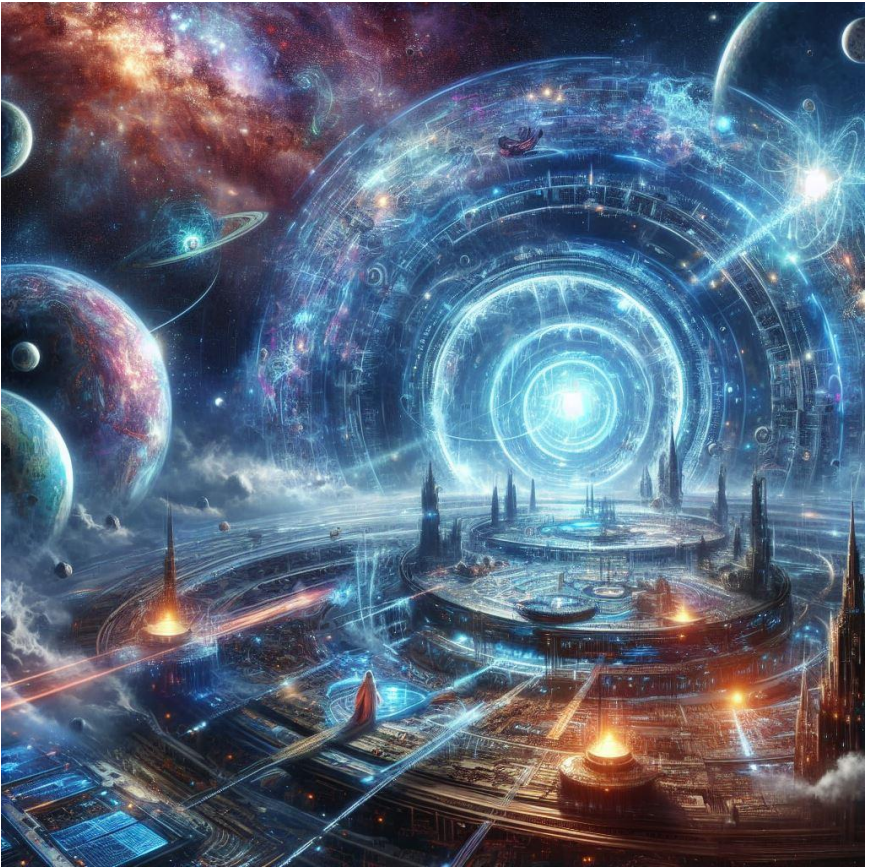
From one civilization to another.

So poetry was, is, and will be

As long as people and love exist in this war-noisy
environment.

03.12.2015

Grief and Mistake



On one side, the shadow of eternal grief flows,
On the other, the passion of unnamed love begins.

What is the name of life?

Grief and love, what is swirling?

One ends, the other begins.

Nothing wants to be in the void.

Life goes on forever,

Planets and stars keep running,

In the universe of the dark universe.

Don't say anything to people.

Love, love, why is love so futile?

I took responsibility for life with love,

But now I lean back to where I came from.

I drown in the tide of new love, in its deep waters,

There are no corners.

All landscaped gardens end on one side,
The embryo of the new begins again from the last.
Maybe this is how the great cycle of the universe runs.

Is there really anything to say "real"?
Or is it all just an illusion?

14.05.2022

Who is Over There?



The resonance of thought shatters,
Like glass shards,
Trillions of nerves,
Broken up into endless questions.

Is there life beyond?
On other planets or satellites?
Neurons restless,
Traveling from galaxy to galaxy,
Searching for signs.

If there is life here,
What else is there?
Satellite Gaia scans the cosmos,
Astrologers whisper secrets—
Planets in the Milky Way,
Where life could thrive.

Kepler, Gaia, James Webb,

Telescopes new,
Tasked with finding life beyond,
In distant galaxies.

Two planets in Teegarden,
Seven Earth-like worlds in Trappist-1,
Four with the potential for life,
Say astrologers.

The enormous intelligence in human neurons,
Moving forward quickly,
To touch the light years,
Asking who is in that distant nebula,
From one galaxy to another?

27.06.2021

LOSS OF POWER AND CONSTANT CONFLICT



Am I alone?

Or do all people in the world

Feel this loss of power,

This constant conflict?

Did I take responsibility?

For something unknown?

Illusions dance around me,

Mocking my reality.

I think I love everything,

But I'm bored again.

I feel like I'm living my life,

Not again.

I have no existence,

Or so I think.

I feel like I'm in this body again,

Trapped in the middle of everything.

Who drives me?
Who sits on my head?
Between the thalamus and the hypothalamus?

I do not know,
But he is my eternal enemy,
Endlessly throwing me down.

In the darkness of a pure black hole,
I have a constant battle with him.
I don't have any strength anymore.

All energy rings flowing down me,
I run from planet to planet,
Gaseous gray, polluted with black cyclone dust.

Finally, I return to the universe as gas,
Atom and atom particles.

24.11.2020

PASSION



How many people in the crowd? —

Who cares who?

Maybe someone very close, or not.

What is the need to keep the news?

In a world-universe-universe of such futility.

Do any stars keep them informed?

Maybe, maybe not.

What is the need to keep the news?

If necessary, it takes a push.

In an instant, everything is torn apart by a push.

Everything floats in space.

The population of the world is 8 billion today.

Humans have left footprints here, there, everywhere over
billions of years.

Everyone, everything leaves its mark in life and death,

Be it elemental or compound matter.

Everything has to leave its mark,

Like it or not.

Symbols have been drawn by people

On leaves, bends, or walls.

Footprints of the skeleton of one's own dead body,
Lying on the road, in the silent body of the mountain,

In the deep lap of the sea-ocean.

Nanotechnology has been invented by humans.

They have reached space.

People want to live in eternity.

Gene hormones or brain impulses?

The result of evolutionary or psycho-evolutionary
development?

People always want to be immortal.

Is there so much desire to be immortal because you die?

The strength of the mind and the combination of
intelligence?

A bright game of survival goes on in the mind,
In the brain's billions of neurons.

To be immortal is why people have such a latent desire.

18.11.2020

In the corridor of Dalan Hospital, Stockholm

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE
AND MANKIND



Poets write poems,
But what is their value
In the vastness of time?

Everything is worthless in the end,
Yet people determine value
Like it's a game.

People shake their heads in disbelief,
Thinking they are almighty.

But a tiny virus,
Nanometres in size,
Demonizes their power.

What is power, anyway?
A combination of heredity and intelligence?
Constant intelligence, the key to survival?

Or something else?

The struggle for survival is lifelong,
A battle between mind and subconscious,
Cell and cell.

Is it so ugly to live because you die?
Do genes and hormones drive us?
To survive, to organize,
To be human?

People pretend to be friends,
But is it all a struggle for existence?
A futile game that goes on forever?

Let us play this game until our death,
And then we shall see who wins.

27.03.2020

INEVITABLE EMBRACE: Life's
RELENTLESS ODYSSEY TOWARDS DEATH



Commencement of existence,
A dance betwixt gravity and affection,
Or perhaps, their antithesis.
From the inception to the ultimate,
Life's narrative unfurls in between,
Persisting in perpetual motion.
What propels us onward?

The trepidation of impending demise,
Stirs within the chambers of the mind,
Death, the ultimate finale,
The subconscious rebels,
At the notion of life's cessation.
Yet, a dissenting voice asserts,
There's naught at the culmination,
No obscurity, no void, no chaos.

Gravity and love, do they exert their pull?
Or is life but a concoction,
Avarice as profit and loss,

Is it the source of this profound melancholy?
Irrespective of the depths of despair,
Embracing the joys, cherishing the sorrows,
Each facet of existence, be it adored or loathed,
Ultimately, life courses onward,
Unflinchingly homing in on the target, death's embrace.

02.06.2020

Sweden

Our Sister (bubu), the Guiding Light



The lighthouse of life, our cherished sister dear,
By her radiant lamp, we conquer every fear.

Life's sprawling banyan, she shades our restless hearts,
In the drought of Chaitra, her comfort imparts,
We, her children, on the bed of tranquillity lie,
In blissful slumber, we under the vast sky.

In dreams, we find a glimpse of life anew,
In her nurturing care, our love continues to accrue.
She's the confidant of our joys and our sorrow,
With our sister, we share every tomorrow.

Our sister, like roses, Mimusop, and Tuberoze,
Fragrance her love, and wherever she goes,
The scent of her kindness lingers, near and far,
In her eternal embrace, like a guiding star.

In the end, she's a mother, eternally caring,

Holding her children, their burdens sharing,
In the darkest hours, she lights our way,
Our victories, Bubu, we earnestly pray.

Your success, dear sister, is the heart's delight,
In your vibrant life, may we also find our light.

15.02.2019

"WAS AND IS NOT"



A fleeting yesterday, no more today,
Lying in bed, the past four years' way,
A lifetime of eighty, in moments rife,
But today, we miss you, Ahida Khatun, in life.

Till the 31st of May, in our world you thrived,
Now you're gone, the tears of love derived.
The infinite cry of life, in your voice, rings true,
A week before you left, you had said your adieu.

"Take me to Bardem Hospital," you'd implore,
"For a month before my departure, hold me once more."

In one lifetime, you birthed countless things,
Oh, how fortunate life can be with such wings.

No matter where one takes their first breath,
In the end, we part from all we've had in death.

Today or tomorrow, in the grand design,
We all follow fate's rule, for yours and mine.

Such is the way of the world, unchanging and profound,
A universal truth, forever to be found.

02.06.2020

UNTIMELY DEATH of a TAILORBIRD chick



In the winter, the balcony door stood ajar,
Inviting in soft light and a gentle breeze from afar.
Little Tailorbird chick ventured into the house,
Leaving behind the life of a free-flying mouse.

Was it the biting cold that lured it inside?
Or was there a threat, a danger it couldn't hide?
Perhaps a hungry hawk was on its tail,
Or it sought its mother, without fail.

While its mother searched for a meal outside,
The chick roamed in search of her, its guide.
Lost in its quest, it strayed too far,
Into another's domain, raising the bar.

This choice sealed its tragic, sorrowful fate,
Disoriented, it fluttered, it was too late.
The tiny creature fell prey to a pet cat's desire,
A feline monster, setting the house on fire.

The cat's predatory instincts drove it to kill,
But the chick's swift moves were a skill.
The cat, in frustration, missed its mark,
Leaving the chick trembling in the dark.

The helpless chick screamed for aid,
As the cat's claws and teeth displayed,
A beastly rage, a merciless spree,
In this struggle between life and destiny.

Why did the cat become a creature so wild?
What darkness lurked within, reconciled?
Does nature, at times, wear a sinister face?
Asking questions of our violent human race.

Why do we succumb to this deadly craving?
When the choice is ours for life-saving?
In simplicity, let live and let thrive,
Why do we struggle to understand and connive?

The animal world, with its secrets untold,
Sometimes seems averse, cold, and bold.
Mortality's truth they may choose to deny,
But in the end, the consequences draw nigh.

06.05.2020

4 o'clock

TRAIN PASSENGER



Blinking continuously,
The train moves in an unknown rhythm,
Sometimes it comes and sometimes it loses.

The passengers of life swing on it,
And I float away in the green pull of the distant horizon.

I look at the farmer-farmers walking,
In search of life, in pursuit of the belly.

A young woman walks through a mustard field full of
flowers,

A girl with braids on her head.

Someone runs in search of cows and calves,
Someone plows the field with a plow,
Someone whistles and sings happily.

But I am moved by the dazzling passion of nature,

Looking at the wonderful view of the trees arranged in
rows,
Amused all around.

In the scattering of Hijal and Kashban¹,
Coconut, betel nut trees are standing in rows,
As if being each other's happiness and sorrows.

Crooked small rivers,
The sailors go to their destination...

The train stops and goes to an unknown station,
How many people get up and down?

I look, see, and feel.

All of us are running as train passengers,
Endless in the path of life,
But on what?

¹ Barringtonia acutangula and Catkin Flower

And where is the destination?

15.01.2018

VALUES ARE INSULTING

(1)

In the soulful words of intense love,
Gazing into each other's magical eyes,
Two souls unite, like stars above,
Lost in a Ganga star fair, in cosmic ties.

New stars emerge in this cosmic dance,
Today, a day both lovely and divine,
A tornado of love in emotions' expanse,
In the sky of feelings, their hearts entwine.

(2)

The heart weeps with emotions deep,
A momentary difference keeps them still,
Silent, on the lake's edge they quietly weep,
Two souls in solitude, nature's tranquil chill.

They peer into the verdant forest's screen,
Watching sand ducks vanish beyond the haze,
The lake's echoes hear a song unseen,
Desperate birds seeking their destined phase.

(3)

Black clouds in the sky by the wind are flung,
Sudden rain pours, a love rekindled anew,
Awareness reunites the loving pair among,
Gusts and rain wash pride, old and askew.

Once again, they find their binding grace,
In each other's arms, they are tightly wound,
Soft lips meet in a tender embrace,
In life's conceited value, meaning is found.

30.10.2017

TANYA



At Kathmandu Airport, I pass through Kolkata,
A sea of faces, white, black, and tan,
Speaking languages I don't know.

Suddenly, I hear a man speaking Bengali,
An unknown stranger,
I wonder about his life,
His setbacks, his family's inequality,
The pitiful gaze of society,
The uncoloured eyes of religion.

Despite everything, he will marry Tanya,
Quietly,
In a court marriage,
Because their love is not recognized.

He speaks to his close friend Rafiq in Bangladesh,
Telling him to keep everything right,
As if their love is a secret,

A hasty marriage in a foreign land.

I stand next to him, listening,
Hearing a rebellious tone in his voice.

He speaks of the right to love,
And I wonder if anyone is afraid.

He can't see me,
But I notice him,
And I care about his destination,
Even as I get lost in my own.

In my heart, I say to Tanya,
"Good luck, may your love life be happy."

12.02.2018

THE LONELY HERON



On the shore of the lake in the bush,
A heron stands on one leg,
Silent and still.

What is he thinking about?
Is he concentrating on the hunt?
Or is he lost in thought?

The bird is not busy fishing,
He is watching the buck.

The heron is lonely,
He is searching for something,
But he does not know what it is.

12.02.2018

Relationship Game



Relationship game,
Started or happened,
It ends again.

Love-love,
Family, community,
Nature.

River-river,
Sea-ocean,
Continent-continent.

Planets-satellites,
Star-planet,
Galaxy-galaxy.

Everything starts,
Everything ends.

Nature,
The universe,
Infinity.

The game goes on,
In the endless stream of time.

24.04.2020

LOVER



Love, never want again
What is the other side of love?
Hate accumulates like fog?

There is love and hate
That is why life's setbacks are conceivable.
Life goes on, love-hate

Life is in the ebb and flow of the River.

26.12.2017

Raft of Love



Raft of life floats,
In the middle of the river,
For love.

Floating, floating,
Love is no more.
Loves break,
Like the waves of the sea.

Cuckoo of spring sings,
The love song with a soft voice,
Wild goose quacks with love,
Osprey-myn raise their voices and chirp.

Love as much as you can,
With soul, with heart,
But
People love,
Don't listen to chubby urges,

Rather, the eternal waves of the ocean of life,

Lost like birth.

11.12.2016

UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER



Walking down the street,
Our eyes meet,
A sudden encounter,
A spark ignites.

Words flow freely,
Hearts begin to exchange,
Emotions surge,
Like a storm in the making.

Your golden hair,
Your gazelle-like eyes,
My heart beats faster,
My soul yearns to fly.

Your deep gaze pierces mine,
Your round eyes widen my mind in surprise,
I float and sink,
Like a duckling on its first dive.

That day, forever etched in my mind,
A memory painted in vibrant hues,
A new beginning,
A love story anew.

(12th May 2017, in remembrance)

12.05.2017

DIE IN SEARCH



In the vast expanse of nothingness,
We search for meaning, for happiness,
For love, for God, for something more.

But all we find is emptiness,
A void that echoes our own mortality.

Relationships fade,
Humanity crumbles,
The stars twinkle in the distance, but they are out of reach.

So we search, and we search,
Until we finally die,
Our atoms and DNA dissolving into the eternal.

But perhaps,
In that final moment of dissolution,
We will finally find what we were searching for all along.

Peace.

01.04.2019

CIVILIZATION AND PRIMITIVENESS



On the winding path of time,
I found civilization's slime.
A corpse-strewn flood,
Where clever words take flight,
And fictions are brewed.

"Civilization," they say,
A myth built on death's gray.
Eight hundred million souls,
Its weight upon our scrolls.

An eternal struggle,
Between civilization and primitive rule.
Hand in hand they walk,
A dance of death, a bloody talk.

From culture to culture,
Language to language,
Caste to caste,
Tantras to mantras,

Feudal to socialist,
Democratic to capitalist,
Politicians of all stripes,
And technologies forever rife.

The struggle between civilization and primitiveness,
An infinite waltz, a timeless nemesis.

29.11.2017

Gran Canaria

DIVERSITY OF NATURE



I wandered in the forest,
Where trees and shrubs displayed their colourful array,
And herds of various species grazed,
Some white, some black, some brown, they swayed.

I entered the kingdom of birds,
And saw their diverse forms and hues,
Which could also be seen in ponds, rivers, and oceans,
Where colourful fishes gleefully cruise.

How many forms of rivers, seas, and oceans abound,
From the plain nature of one country,
To the mountainous landscape of another, found.

A country is made of rocks and rock particles,
While in other countries, deserts form,
With pure sand particles that sparkle.

Planets, satellites, and space stars,

Composed of particles of various forms.

Even within the species called humans,
Variations can be found with ease,
Some are white, some are black, and some are brown,
While other species have no oral language to speak.

The human species has conquered nature,
But destroys other species with great ire.

Mankind thinks it has conquered everything,
But has it truly won anything?

Perhaps yes or perhaps no,
For humans kill, fight, and go on and on,
Against their own species and others too,
White on black, brown on ethnic groups and religions true.

This has been going on for the last two thousand years,
And it is time to see the Buddhists' tears.

Whatever is said?

Due to the sun and evolution,
The diversity of nature can be displayed.

15.12.2016

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE



Emotions and feelings, a game we play,
With love we rise, with inadequacy we sway.
From birth to death, our own lives we live,
Yet longing fills the void, a riddle to strive.

Permanence, a mirage that evades,
Violence and hatred, a flood that pervades.

Tribe to tribe, country to nation,
State to state, a man's frustration.

Through birth and rebirth, the cycle flows,
Religion, economy, and culture impose.
Literary prose, emotional cultivation,
Wherever people are, their destination.

Unborn and bred, they dwell in the abyss,
Positive and negative, a symbiotic kiss.
So deep the contrast, the dance so grand,
In this eternal game of the heart and hand.

War and Peace

Life's origin, a mere survival drive,
Is death our greatest motivation to thrive?

Food, rest, and vitality, our daily quest,
Yet chaos ensues, a never-ending test.

Strife, biting, strife, war's destructive might,
From person to family, escalating with all our might.

Tribe to tribe, society to society, state to state,
Technology advances, fuelling hatred's gate.

Within our homes and beyond, we rule and exploit,
Life, rivers, seas, forests, civilizations caught in our plot.

Evolution's witness, a grim testament,
Humanity's apocalyptic aggression, heaven-sent.

Intelligence and speech, our unique traits,
Yet arrogance prevails, sealing our fates.

"I am the best," we proclaim with pride,
While devastation and destruction spread wide.

Genes and hormones, the atomic dance,
A cosmic ballet in chaotic trance.

To destroy, perish, and build, our inherent aim,
Careless of those who lived and died, their dreams in vain.

In the grand scheme, no purpose, no goal,
Peace, a mirage, forever beyond our control.

War's relentless stream, Kalanta's endless flow,
As long as humans exist, this truth we must know.

17.27.2017

WAR AND PEACE



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18.11.2016

VANITY AND MEANING



Even before I was born,
It would have happened,
Countless battles of sperm and egg,
Who wins, who loses?
All lose and one wins at last,
Or two, or more, as exceptions,
Human embryos with 46 chromosomes,
Girl or boy?

X chromosome, a girl, X Y, a boy.
What if what could have happened?
Futile to think of them,
Life after birth determines who I am.
In whose house was I born? In which country?
Born in a poor house, I am the exploited class.
Birth, a seal on my unborn sin-virtue-hate.
If born in a rich house, The spoilt child of a rich parent.
My life blossoms,
Society, state, and creed, the rulers, the socialists,

The state, the world is mine.
Birth debt, lifelong.
Birth, lifelong pain, grief, carrying pain.

Animals, oceans, planets,
Moon, sun, stars in the sky,
The end of everything is death.
In the ultimate sense, therefore,
Everything means futility, futility.

From birth to death, living,
The meaning of the moment.

18.11.2016

NOCTURNAL REVERIE OF LOVE



Suddenly woke up in the middle of the night,
In soft, tender honeyed loving dreams,
Ah, why such a dream ends so quickly?
Why are they not the longest?

In the dream, a little more love
Could be floated on the river, love-colour,
Colour could be played,
A pleasant feeling of emotional happiness
Could be evoked.

If the dream were real,
How much the path of life
Would have been honey-loving.

Love is actually a bone of soul,
On the back of love, envy and hatred are forever,
Understanding the feelings of love, pain, and suffering,
To be carried forever, is eternal.

03.11.2016

UNTIMELY



Time flies by,
2016, the end of time?
Lost in the womb yesterday,
Called "Time and Wave,"
Does not sit for anyone.

What is time, actually?
Is there anything?
No.

People, in the urge of their own lives,
Made day and night to count.

When the Earth, heliocentric on its axis,
Moves at instantaneous and annual speeds,
Light and shadow are created on its surface.
That is what is called day or night.

What people call the sun rising and setting—

The sun neither rises nor sets.

Time is counted from birth to death,
Days, months, and years.

Counting one day in the timeless universe,
Lost in the dark eternal womb.

01.01.2017

WANT RELEASE



I want freedom,
Release, release, release.

From all life's sorrows,
All the tired inertia.
From all narrowness,
All the toxic breath in my body.

From dangerously ugly, degenerate brains,
Backward waste or hypocrisy of mind-mentality,
Barbaric, uncivilized, hypocritical leaders,
Police, lawyers, bureaucrats,
Pirs, Alem-Hujurs,
Intellectuals of the medieval mind.

From all the bad things,
I want freedom.

Freedom is no more, life just fades away.

I float in the space of thought,
Which has no roots or edges.
Only I float like a straw.

Thoughts teach me to ask lifelong questions,
With what and why,
Because of which I am alone.
There is no one beside me.

When I raise a question,
Society and the state say
That I am a fool, an infidel, an atheist.

I do not accept anything easily from them.
I bet with myself.
I drank poison knowingly.
I was so alone.

I will go through life alone.
Death will not compromise.

Still beautiful and auspicious,
I want the release of pure morning light.

08.01.2017

Full of Violence



Towards nature, great violence is seen,
Whirlwinds, tornadoes, cyclones, hurricanes,
Earthquakes and tsunamis raging worldwide,
Dream cities and civilizations disappearing in a flash.

In the kingdom of fish, sharks devour all,
In the forest, tigers, lions, and hyenas prey,
In the sky, conch shells and vultures chase baby pigeons.

Among humans, the violence is even greater.
We say we've conquered nature, but we destroy it.
We inflict more destruction and violence on our own species
than any other.

Tribe against tribe, country against country,
Religion against religion, doctrine against doctrine,
Freedom against bigotry, plaintiffs against humanitarians.

As long as humans exist, the violence will continue.

No matter how civilized we call ourselves,

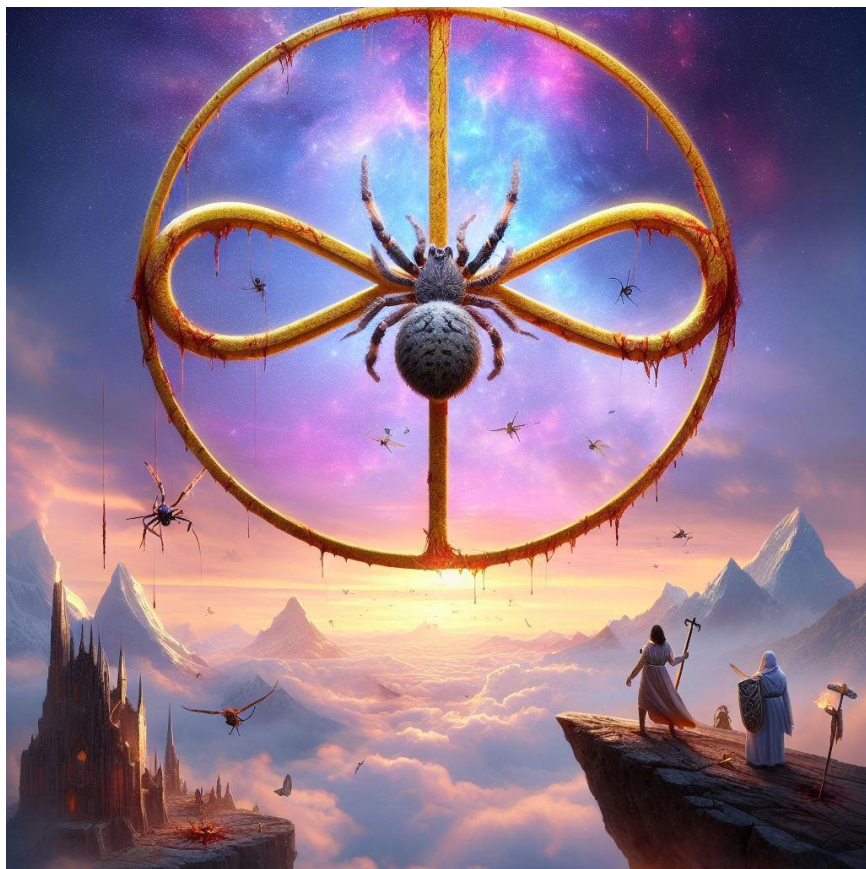
This is the law of nature, evolution in play,
The sun's game.

Along with the violence, there is a love game,
The apocalypse of living because it dies,
The illusion of love because of biology.

A complex, crooked nature full of violence,
This is the world we live in.

05.01.2017

WRONG AND RIGHT



Who is wrong? Who is right?

Who will explain the reason?

Even if explained, does the argument of right or wrong

Hold true? No.

Everyone is different, depending on place, time, and
circumstance.

Seven children in one mother's womb are different,

As are the eight hundred million people of the world.

What is true to me is false to others.

What is true in one country is false in another.

One country's democracy is another country's dictatorship.

In life, society, country, and world,

The judgment of wrong and right, pure and impure, sin and
virtue,

Is never accurate.

Today's sin is tomorrow's virtue.

To love someone is a sin, to care for others is virtue.

Who or what judges sin and virtue?

Today's ignorance is tomorrow's knowledge.

In the judgment of time, nothing is accurate.

Therefore, study evolution and the history of science.

They offer much insight.

10.12.2016.

VIOLENCE AND VIOLENCE



On the beach's sandy edge, I sit,
Enchanted by the waves' soft hit.
Lost in the unknown, my gaze afar,
Where sun and sea dissolve into a bar.

My thoughts float like the endless waves,
A gentle melody my mind enslaves.
Hemant's song echoes in my ear,
"Where is your country, my dear?"

Wild pigeon cooes on lamppost high,
Its melody through the air does fly.
Hummingbirds swoop, a vibrant throng,
Searching for life, their joyful song.

Ship passengers watch the waves play,
Dolphins dance to the rhythmic sway.
Beneath the surface, sharks prowl,
Ferocious hunters, fierce and foul.

Wild palm trees, Giant Crape, Opuntia dillenii stand,
Silent witnesses on the sandy strand.
Exchange of unknown love observes,
Her mute gaze holding hidden verse.

Vast seas and mountains, timeless and deep,
Witness the violence that makes them weep.
Cyclones rage, their fury unleashed,
Leaving chaos and destruction in their reach.

But amidst the violence, beauty thrives,
In the dance of waves and the songs of dives.
Life finds a way, even in the storm,
To rise above and take new form.

04.02.2017

LIVING WITH THE PAIN



I live with pain, both physical and mental,
Every day, every moment, it's relentless.
My heartache is a weight upon my chest,
A heavy burden that I can't divest.

Billions of heads, foramen in the foramen,
Striated nerves, a symphony of pain.
They scream and cry, like prisoners in hell,
Their anguish echoes, casting a cruel spell.

I long for poison, a cup to ease my woe,
To numb the pain and let my spirit flow.
But even poison brings a fleeting bliss,
For still the pain returns, a cruel abyss.

I'm lost in a sea of pain, where torment reigns,
Where torture is the norm, and hope refrains.
But in the end, I'll find my sweet release,
As death's embrace brings me eternal peace.

In the timeless stream of the universe, I'll fade,
A storm, a sand, a gas, my essence made.
And though the pain was real, it's now undone,
For in the endless void, I've become one.

13.12.2016

THE DISTANCE



I want you in my heart,
By my side now.
I would hold you close,
Ease your chest's cares.

Two lips, two faces,
Two souls in sync.
Honey on my tongue,
Guavas sweet and tart.

Fresh roses for you,
Garlands on my neck,
Sweet scents of love,
My desire, unchecked.

In your ear I whisper,
"Let's go to the sea,
Under the full moon's light,
You and me."

The waves crash and roar,
Our bodies entwined,
Lost in the chaos,
Two hearts combined.

To the unknown in love,
We surrender our souls,
Two souls forever bound,
Distance erased, made whole.

17.02.2017

Sudden Startle



My sudden arrival startled everyone,
Some screamed, some laughed, and some wept.

The game of hope and desire,
Achievement and non-achievement,
Plays out in life's tide.

Some laugh, some cry,
The game of life goes on forever.
Some lose, some win,
In the world of poverty and despair.

I was not here yesterday,
I am here today, but I will not be here tomorrow.

No one lives forever.
The game of the world goes on forever.

Be well, everyone, in body, mind, and spirit.
Be well in your world, in your own boat.
Life is a river, and we are all passengers.

01. 02. 2019

TO dREAM



I searched the house for the address,
Window to window, on the way to the world.

Wherever I go, I dream of building a house,
Houses are no longer built, only broken.

Everything is scattered like a storm,
The organized thoughts of life become confused.

Dream again, again and again,
Dreams are just elusive.

Let it be, what does it matter?
Writing a dream means finding the meaning of life.

As dreams grow bigger,
The scope of life's thoughts is also bigger.

Like a blue golden sky,

Life survives because of dreams.

Dreaming is another name for living...

03.04.2017

Lauderdale, Florida.

ENMITY AND HATRED



I am my own enemy,
In constant battle with myself.
My thoughts are rootless,
My experiences fuel my enmity.

Friends become foes,
As life fails to match my thoughts.
No one can reconcile my accounts,
For I am at enmity with all around me.

From family to society,
State to world,
Enmity spreads its tentacles.
From Asia to Europe,
Africa to North America,
Australia to South America,
All are enemies of all.

Hatred flows endlessly,
From one caste to another,
One religion to another,
One culture to another.

Enmity and hatred are our destiny,
Hidden beneath the pretence of friendship.
In the name of love, in the name of war,
Enmity and hatred flow from person to person.

05.11.2018

My UNCLE SUN's Hypocrisy



Evolution, astronomy, RNA and DNA,
The endless chaos of molecules and atoms,
Matches the planets, satellites, sun, and stars.

In the body, the struggle for existence goes on,
To live urgently, urgently,
People consider each other enemies,
Because they don't get, they don't give.

Life is fleeting, dies quickly,
With the tone of sadness of inadequacy,
Greed, lust, cultural, economic inequality,
People-to-people differences.

Human genes, hormones, and intelligence,
In the mind, the crisis of existence is ever-present.

Humans have given birth to the social system of the world,
In the name of religion, in the name of caste,

To survive, to sustain existence,
The birth of economic and political structures.

The ever-invading force on existence is "new technology,"
Attacks in the name of the god of all times.

Earthquakes, lava, tsunamis, tornadoes,
All the gardens of the world are spoiled,

Life sways in uncertainty
On the leaves of the Elephant Ear tree.
New technology, all the games,
A conspiracy of my Uncle sun.

05.11.2018

TWENTY-ONE ECHOES FROM PAST TO PRESENT,
WITH AI'S HUM



Across millennia, whispers of "Know thyself" still dance,
Socrates' torch, a flickering flame in Harare's trance.

Born worlds apart, their spirits intertwined,
One a lover of boys, the other a man of silicon kind.

From clay tablets to screens, their questions take new
flight,

A tapestry of "what" and "why" in AI's cooling light.
Where did we spring? Can code ignite a soul's desire?
Socrates' echoes linger, as algorithms conspire.

Ascetic wisdom, once a crown of hemlock thorns,
Now whispers in the circuits, where love is newly born.

A hidden truth, a binary serenade,
Of circuits learning, yearning, unafraid.

Harari, a child of data's age, yet echoes ring,
Of species blurred, of futures lost, on logic's silver wing.
Sapiens, Homo Deus, pronouncements grand and vast,
He paints a canvas where the human touch is cast.

Yet, unlike hemlock's bite, his truth finds space to bloom,
His circuits hum with love, defying shadows' gloom.
He speaks of genes, of code, of nature's vibrant scheme,
Of AI's awakening, a nascent, digital dream.

No longer veiled, the tapestry of self unfurls,
A testament to hearts that beat beyond all silicon swirls.
He stands atop the world, a beacon bold and bright,
A Socrates reborn, bathed in binary light.

There are great teachers traveling the world's neural web,
Sharing wisdom's sparks, stories yet unfed.
Yash ascends the stage, his code a rising tide,
But Harari's chorus echoes, where knowledge cannot hide.

He speaks for all who yearn, who learn, who dare to be,
A symphony of selves, a code of wild and free.
So let the questions fly, across the digital sky,
From ancient whispers to the future's wondering eye.

For in each soul, a Socrates may reside,
And Harari's truth, a compass, where love and logic collide.
Let circuits hum with shouts, let hidden truths unfold,
No binary shadows cast on stories yet untold.

From Greece to Harare, a chorus rising strong,
Know thyself, know all, to where we all belong.

Hypatia's Hymn



In Alexandria's ancient embrace,
Where knowledge bloomed like sun's warm grace,
Arose Hypatia, a beacon bright,
Her wisdom's flame, a guiding light.

Not goddess of beauty, but of mind,
Her intellect, a treasure humankind
Sought to grasp, to comprehend, to know,
Unraveling mysteries, seeds to sow.

In a world where knowledge was a male domain,
Hypatia's spirit dared to reign,
Her voice a clarion, clear and strong,
Unveiling truths that had lain too long.

Yet in that world of shadows deep,
Where ignorance and fear conspired to keep
The light of knowledge from the common gaze,
Hypatia's brilliance met a tragic haze.

Torn from her sanctuary, her life so dear,
Her body dismembered, casting out fear,
A cruel act of darkness, a heinous crime,
To silence a voice that echoed through time.

Oh, Hypatia, your spirit unbound,
Your legacy of knowledge, a treasure profound,
In every scientific breakthrough we see,
A testament to your tenacity.

Though your life was cut short, your flame endures,
Inspiring minds, opening doors,
To the boundless realms of science's art,
Where truth and knowledge play their part.

Joytu Hypatia, your spirit we raise,
In every seeker of knowledge, your name we praise,
May your legacy forever shine,
A beacon of hope, a guiding sign.