

Poetry Series

Md. Mujib Ullah
- poems -

Publication Date:

2014

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Md. Mujib Ullah()

Childhood Never Returns

In the exhausted afternoon
I am solitary.
Blustering infancy
returns back
in my remembrance`s garner
as Golden Deer.
The pond behind our home,
neighboring palm-trees,
a small Jujube tree
or mango trees on the pond`s furbelow
were not existed in the past.
There was spacious steppe
enriched with full of grains,
and a half-dead Doba at the north.
Now Pineapple & Karai trees
are in scattered appearance, and
few coconut trees raise their nobbs thither.
Adjacent to it, a harmonic bamboo bush
shows its Master-class arts of glittering beauty;
snapping noise of leaves, uprooted twigs
by sudden windy storm add thrilling flavour- -

A large yard in front of my room
looks like a soccer field.
In the middle of the lawn a fine path
links to the yonder canal through Zigzig way.
This narrow canal blessed with a long heritage
loses her appeal a bit for weighing age, grayish flow
but still becomes so adventurous in the rainy season.
A footbridge over the canal
was made to cross its way- -
Village road was unsuitable for communication;
none the less we had to use it,
there`s no other alternative,
a common communication culture in Bangladesh!
The north-yard away from home
was cyclopean in size; fields remained fertile
and lucrative by various types of crops- -

Little I followed my father
every morning to pass
more than half a krosa
along the tiny village path.
Where my school stands,
famous Shiberhat welcomes- -
Besides, noisy Hut twice a week
whispers the life of the commons.
Damaged semi-constructed road
is above of reparation!
Dilapidated lean civilization
and loutish culture
are the outcome of
exploiting classes' rapacious visions- -

My many childhood memories
lost forever, I can` t recollect those today.
Have to say lots of words
but untold realities freeze into infinite cold- -
Video clips of my mind
become almost obscure
or grimy, gray, empty.
After so many days
about a decade past incidents
touch my heart, my nerves.
In fact the reality
to accept is simply
very difficult & troublesome- -

My those shinning days
never return again I know,
my mind quietly cries
to get back infancy though- -
Before becoming a prey
to so-called urban civilization
unmechanized countless day
of my past was full of multicolored tradition.
My incomputable wish if I could return
to my golden past, juvenile time
where I had friends, playmates, my sister`s urn;
mother`s endless love with lullaby rhyme- -
Infinite affection, adoration & love

I wish I could be a child again to have- -

Md. Mujib Ullah

Expulsive Poetry

The precious moments I left,
The poetic images I illustrated,
All are the guests of expulsion.
But I always sleep late at night
In searching for a reviving word,
Golden comeback or decaying intention?

Md. Mujib Ullah

Intoxicating Hemlock

In Meteorite mode
insane night is coming out towards me.
Never forget the Toxic Masks
at Mussel images.
Find the Bar-code of Independence
along the life walking address.
Humble social formality coming from
appealing smile of the keyboard
is nothing but intoxicating Hemlock.
Amazed processor gradually becomes slower,
a quake dramatizes over brown fingers.
No landing parachute in the orbit leads
towards the silently silent fall of possibility.

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Intuitive Intuition

I'm not fine.

Being fade wing of the cloud
In melted spirit of global warming
I drop the sins of rain.
In the snow falling morning
Do you remember me?

In the echoing time
I exclusively feel,
Leaving the darkness behind
At new basin inside the destination
You will definitely find the right creativity river
That will slowly but obviously flow & join
With the titanic wave of the sea.

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Love Deed

The bridegroom feels very cold

At desolate streams,

Starts to express his chide

To moonlight`s gleams.

Vigorous bride offers kisses

To conquer warm pleasure;

That sparks at naughty beehives,

Links to unmasked treasure.

When Snowfall begins to drop

It starts to shine

In the moonlit light`s clip.

Love deed is done!

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Portrait

Does time tend to hang in its running way?
So, why you become nostalgic for your past journey?
Before embracing sudden final ending one day for tiredness
Do you wish to become great doing work honestly?
If so, erase your rolling hesitation, all pride
Be passionate silently, do your task, get rewarded in return!

Md. Mujib Ullah

Silent Wind

Finally there you are, as hoped.
It won't be too long to feel
the serenity of tickling wind.
No competition, no anxiety, no one else even.

As time changes, your fate will be driven
not the way you thought, but the way you fabricate.
Before your passage silence will trace
what you were, how you did.

Can you deny?
No charming face, not any beloved.
Will you feel cold?
Tomorrow's pain will be too old ...

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To Calm Nature

No fragrance has been diffused
from Rose recently.
Love butterfly won` t hug again
in luxurious dream poetry.
I am at your paradise
after kipping Love deeply.
Thereafter, I will sleep in secluded tranquility
in the afternoon`s gentle wind.
I will be waiting for you
at the bay side during daily twilight.
Would you give me
a dreamless equal future?

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To You

Do you ever ask me
How much I love thee?
In your eyes
My love lies.
You are my world to travel,
No forbidden rule can knell
The end of our intimate relationship.
Your soil is my temple of worship,
Never folds, always remains serene crisp...

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