

Poetry Series

**palash dey**  
**- poems -**

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## palash dey(D-08/M-10/Y-1985)

Palash Dey has been very enthusiastic  
Short Biography of palash Dey: -

'My poem is my biography...'

Palash Dey is very enthusiastic in writing poetry, short stories; has started his writing while he was in childhood. He also being a professionally recitator. Palash Dey was at New Bongaigaon, Assam. He is also being a web content writer and poet as he write for 'Poem Hunter' where his poems have been published in the form of translation, from 'Bengali to English' and one can also find his works in Washington Bangla magazine. His poems are formed from his personal experiences. More, his political philosophy and life experiences in running skyline dream of life and affects a range of conflict reflects the poetry again.

He had been much inspired by his mother, Smt. Sandhya Rani Dey and got in touch in the groove of poetry recitation as well as both writing poems and short stories in Bengali. His mother used to take him to participate in the recitation competitions since his childhood. He is also inspired by Mr. Nimu Bhowmick, the Script writer of the ETV Bangla Channel, Kolkata. He is interested in Classical & Vocal music, Rabindrasangeet, Nazrul geeti, Bengali and Assamese Folk songs.

Palash Dey can be contacted at -

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# A Closed Door

All rules have exceptions that remissible Manu code,  
Now close the doors of the Divine Word,  
Divine Comedy of Dante standing there,  
We believe rabindranatha...

Thus the price - it's the high road,  
We have thousands and thousands of the path would become irrelevant..  
Long remember - November at the Vedanta hearts -  
Today in the intranet,  
I think a good term, God, you better email them.

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# A Stellar Opening Night...(This Poem Also Translated From My Won Bengali Poem...)

The obscurity a lot  
find a way to go  
you have to bring some poetry.  
Poetry written for someone that has not been before,  
That poetry can be  
Untraced in my the previous letter..  
It is now much  
so I wondering  
the night if you stay on my side...  
Oh God, if his luck would never  
the delicate pond would touch my life.

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# Impulsive Bloomer

Mother breast is to  
Stored fat to soak up,  
inflexible body structure,  
Lightning hurricane in the coffer  
in the midst of the mother's milk  
Body odor by taste...

culpable of the initial utter  
The woman's body just wants a philosopher,  
You may read the holy scripture,  
might be congenital birth  
religious assurance can be severe,

although that come with the taste of the birth -  
The flavor of the woman's bosom.

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# Keep Me In Your Hearts

Keep me in your hearts  
in my psyche  
I know all about.  
Blue sky in your breathing air  
I would not be  
Long-time love.  
The day I returned to the violet  
Screenshot It's your heart  
the placid warmth.

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## Odd Bird Song...(This Poem Also Translated From My Won Bengali Poem.....) .

I was a small boy  
I was  
outside the house.  
Where came from  
my name is called  
One odd bird.  
I was surprised to look like Earth,  
Rain wet variety Pages  
I post my name again and again  
When I turn around  
I will be alone...  
I think that persons occupied in or  
No beef with salt  
They will have to write  
odd bird song.

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# Old People

pleasure in the life of butterflies

Poem of the time...

hygienic balmy cosmos kite,

crack of dawn I blow your own horn mail.

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# On Survival...

Thin vein of the eye  
I thought of black,

You can go evening of light...

Wind naked body posture,  
entrust to the map -  
History of afflict.

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# The Passage Of Time...(This Poem Also Translated From My Own Bengali Poem)

Hundreds of times a day

Each day the sun would

The change,

I was on Job leisure

My hands

Duration that messages to college,

If you leave go,

But go in the future...

The death

It is not during has come.

By palash dey

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# The Poet's Voice

Lyrics poet's voice,  
Best compact industrial vibration,

But the heroic work of the prisoners...  
Imagine a large cloth spread on land in controversy.

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## Women Are Prone Near

Women with long,  
how long will my side,  
the youth of the creative charge nut...  
I dropped all of his bond was locked...  
Star of philosophy, resembling you are far away, in my indulgent,  
I am confident I have the heart of the composer, who,  
I love my coffer and I - love poetry  
One - a sonnet..  
I was the drama of life binodinira  
acting when I assumed -  
Women are likely to  
how elongated will this theater.

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