

Poetry Series

Puloq Arafat

- poems -

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Puloq Arafat(9 June)

I simply try to sketch my thoughts. I love to float as lively mind. A mind can be always young and green. Human beings have the quality to overcome the worst condition even. They never fail and forget to smile. The rainbow of life reflects its multicolor and we are tremendously encoded in our reactions. Life is all about beauties and silky imaginations. I am here to explore silky beauties of life those are ornamental through the eyes of the writers and readers. My poems are also connected to sad memories, blasts of experiences, and joys. I try to feel the depth of words of other poets.

However, consequently I started writing when I was studying at university level. I was actually inspired by realities of life those were always knocking me to write on the plots. Some were mocking at my spot and thought that I would be in obstacles permanently and they were keeping totally such a wrong idea in their minds that I would die within some years and this sense reflected my mind to write deeply and creatively on the loving faces I always tried to mix with as a very caring one. They tried to assault heartland's sketches with their obnoxious careless-cruelty and tried to make me socially deserted! I could know the real facts somehow. This was really very pathetically painful and unbearable.

However, my family members supported me the most in every-way. Especially my own sister and my mother inspired me always to write continuously and my father told me always logically to be honest with my words. Some of my teachers inspired me directly and indirectly to write and publish my frozen works. I would like to express my hearty gratitude to Dr. Fakrul Alam Sir, University of Dhaka; Masrufa Ayesha Nusrat Ma'am, East West University, Dhaka; Israt Jahan Ma'am, East West University, Dhaka; Harunur Khan Sir, Southeast University, Dhaka, ; Golam Rabbani Shihab Sir, Jahangirnagar University, Dhaka; Zahid Hossain Sir, East West University, Dhaka; Dr. Sheikh Mehedi Hasan (formerly colleague at City University, Bangladesh and my senior brother) , Jatiya Kabi Kazi Nazrul Islam University, Bangladesh; and thanks to my real well-wishers.

When a heart patiently tries to fire the earned reputation and social status and belongings those are the core essentials of any person, gives threats to make lifeless strangling the throat indirectly in various ways to gain a target illogically; earthly existence becomes a burning question at this stage. I got the final motivation to write this book especially because of these reasons. I have got enormous ache and an unpleasant scent of unexpected and unwanted hating sometimes works on them. This seems to be bit confusing but behind the veil the original fact is what I have described here. May our creator keep me healthy and alive for many days so that I can let them know I am taking fresh breath still

now. I am not disappointed and still love them all. Your pain and irrational insult can be my replica of next hopeful sunny happiness.

With best regards-
Arafat Hossain Puloq

Benevolence

Passed chronicle days with rigid fluctuation.
When a bird flies in the sky..
I repent why I can't fly like it freely.
A complete replication I sketch in my mind then.
In sober sense..
I want me as benevolent.
A bitter silent pain always knocks my door of mind.
My heart cries out with big questions.
What I have got
And I haven't got,
I count this continuously.
When sky roars-
And rain makes a crystal shadow on earth,
I desire to feel the touches of cool drops of rain.
Once I walked in a hottest sunny day.
It seemed I was floating on sweating.
I got the highest touch of suffering.
Now I don't have any endurance.
I didn't compete with others.
Competing with self-lacking is good picking.
I am like a thirsty crow-
Trying to drink water from a jar full of mud!

Puloq Arafat

Bewitching Terrace Of Emerald Desert

Bare footed skinny orthodox trumpets are reckoned.
Ignorant traumatic punishments for husky tiny smoky arrogance.
Lucid enigma derives portioned portray of nirvana.
Layers of gratitude tombs for upright triumphs.
Wrinkles of caricature boasts meaningless violet violent dumping into drop-box.
Opportunists' daisy blooms on emerald waves!
Yes...on emerald waves.
Tangle dangles acidic raptures itching numb dramas.
Poses of possessions rumored the existence of immoral expectations.
Great ...you are a daringly devastating pillow.
A tremendous crafty wind of spikes!
Bowed the circus of disloyalty, poisoned your own white blood cells!
Observed, discovered, rectified, and boomeranged unwillingly.....
The bewitching terrace of emerald desert!
How ornate!
How gruesome!

Puloq Arafat

Bluff

It's a preemptive fraction indeed,
And it is a story of a pathetic life indeed.
No excuse can cause an effect in it,
And an arithmetic chapter this is.
Kind of laughter is here..
And little bliss is here.
Rest of it is full of very deep sorrow.
Loneliness is replaced by purple tear..
And life is going through without gear.
What a massacre it is..
This is like a glass full of bubbling beer..
To drink life to the half!
Really it was a bluff.
A long muddy road is now turning into two ways..
Where there is no guess.
This is finally drawn with a cheap pain.
No rocky jerk and no gain.
Reflective prayers got result in reality..
And at last twisted mind gets patience.
Bearing an orthodox absence.
This is an empty deep blue chapter without wing.
Trying hard to forget to make a swing.

Puloq Arafat

Clammy Shades

Farsighted drizzles are polarizing them!
I lay by them down-
And seeing their crimson orchid footprint!
Trauma signals itches-
Surrogate the clichés!
Nirvana.....
How do you paint colors?
You are ample and lucid harmony.
Walking accurate but..
Not so sure on one....
Everything splashes?
They dumped and challenged....
Be ready...go clamber up to the height.
Catch and hold tight the light!
Yard of eyes then dropping proto -
And saying, what more they crave?
Nirvana...?
Did you see anything yet on such souls?
Is it real....
Deserted souls can't catch-
The rhythm of inky enigma?
Do such souls die?
And can't even place your image in the earth?

Puloq Arafat

Comfy Cosmos

See the blue sky-
See the harmless cloud.
Feel the soft wind.
Feel the stammered cry-
Feel the jerky ruin.
Feel the purple heart.
Feel the heart twin.
Feel the dream waves-
Feel the cosmos soft-breezy mists.
Misty hearts feel the haze.
Your lovely hearts-
Feel the petals....
Those rose petals...
Destroyed on valentine's day! ! !
The petals of sweetie phase.
Life is original softy pure
The dewy posy lace.
Cosmos cozy all are glaze.

Puloq Arafat

Coward Original Fool

Go crazy dangled heart...
Right now jump into the ocean of softness.
Go catch the flight of mistakes-
To enlighten the fake flowers-
With your courageous beauty of minds.
The better time is no more than this moment.
Evils and dead mads are the momentous beauty suckers.
Grab the height-
If you can-
If you imagine it is your height.
Coward original fool.
You die in your box.

Puloq Arafat

Cruel Terror

Men those who are the victim in life..
Those who have passed many obstacles..
Those who have cried much for prosperity..
Those who have lost peace..
Those who have been strangled..
Know the best how to survive.
Spare time is long..
You must feel how bitter a lonely life is.
You must see how salty a jerked journey is.
You must want to paint a poor picture of life.
Life is a cruel terror..
Suddenly which is quite ready to eat you.
Sometimes who writes blue saddest lyrics.
You are not always ominous lure..
Sometimes you can't endure..
Sometimes you can't bear..
A very red drop of tear..
Which comes from a very deep corner of your heart.
Sometimes you only see your defeat..
You only see how unbearable life is.
You will count moments to die.
This is reality and this is true, friend.
In this earth we are in a short journey..
Our expectation is a lot..
And we get and find little.
However, we run on.
This empty-tiny- punitive life is unnecessarily beautiful! !

Puloq Arafat

Drained Ornament

The deadly coward fasten the seat belt-
And drove the psycho of silencer-
Blaming the dust of path.
Grading the violent fire of wind-
Jerking the mind ruined-
Calming the raise trier-
Filming dangling wire.
Merging the drain of prayer.
Creator knows the souls-
The jewels of ornaments!
And the sovereigns of soft hearts!
Color of wind-
You try to see please.
Can you see it?
Can you feel it?
Wind is the vessel.
And really it is-
The ornament of creator.
You deny every time-
And toy it.
Supposed to stop-
Why?
Take breath, fake breath?
Breathing costly?
Life is breath.
This is cheaper than the death.

Puloq Arafat

Drippy Mind

Mind is a trap-
You see fire.
Mind is gaze-
You see the drier.
To snatch the riddle-
Forgetting self-tear.
Gifting you all colors-
Dragging self-heart-
Onto the lie love.
Lie love-
You fire.
I am the drier-
Omen, you are my drier.
O fear, I am the liar.
The real liar-
To snatch the fire.
To shoot me against the petals-
I gifted you with the prayer.

Puloq Arafat

Dusky Decorous

Such a rainbow in the face..!
No..more than this.
Seems that all the colors of nature have painted that face.
Extremely elegant..superbly animated..
Exquisitely dreamy..stunningly valued..
Gorgeously polite and wonderfully ornamental..that face.
She smiles softly..
And she shines brighter for the last moment.
Her rays write magnetic lyrics.
Spring catches her with its lofty velvet.
Her face bubbles her sweetness.
Beauty of purple she has captured.
She is a radiance of silent sun.
Her anticipation makes fearless lure.
Seems that she only knows how to smile even to bitter faces.
She is a squash of glamour..
And a light of freshness.
If you see in her eyes...
You will be in magical touch.
Her drowsy eyes will make you dizzy!
Her red eyes are full of illusion!
You will find there a vast sky.
She will invite you to fly there with her.
She is the dusky fairy....!
And you will be shrilly foxed!
She will imprison you in her decorous sky.
She is today's dusk.

Puloq Arafat

Empty Tiredness

Why did you gaze in my eyes?
I lost my direction.
Why did you keep your smile in my heart?
I forgot how to bear sorrow!
You once lost your direction.
I showed you how to step.
You once forgot how to smile.
I made you learn how to smile.
Now you know how to walk in a muddy road.
I can't, my dear!
I remembered you in my fair days,
But you forgot.
I won't say you are selfish.
I will only say you have no heart.
You turn your feet now..
When I am in danger.
You don't show any eagerness to know..
Why I am geared down.
Empty tiredness indicated me..
To fight against the odds.
Stunning innocence you bear..
Which writes itching lyrics in your eyes.
I can't tolerate this.
You nurture fake execution..
I can't torch there.
You are a black shadow in deep dark night.
Your heart was broken.
I installed there a new smiling heart.
You couldn't imagine how friendly I was to you.
You only counted your own ways.
And I was behind your fly.
Will you deny?
How can you?

Puloq Arafat

Fountain

If i could be drops of rain..
Or mists of ocean..
Cloudy fog of winter..
The black rose..
Or the rhythm of guitar.
If could be an invisible lane..
You and me only could live there..
Without any rusty naughty pain.
If you be the stone..
If i could be a fountain...

Puloq Arafat

Glossy Derailed Dew-Drop

And the dew-drop never touched me then!
Even though I tried to catch it..
To feel the glossy beauty of nature.
Time is baffling winks.
Absolute splendor of nature is nothing..
But the startling swelling creation.
What an illusion that was!
I saw and observed onto the waves..
Into two daring rusty eyes!
If it was yes, then.....
The sky of your eyes screwed me strikingly.
I should say.
What an offer it was!
You misguided yourself...
The nature!
How lyrical the eye shore of various rains!
Can you imagine this?
If you say I am wrong..
The waves of your beams will say...
Time is over now.
Derailed dew-drop...
You can feel yourself better.
Who am I?

Puloq Arafat

If And Only

The resonance of light makes rhythm.

The ultimate mascara to the heart-

Loved the horror-

Loved the ornament-

Loved the words-

Loved the strangle-

Onto vessel.

Terror in heart-

Drank the beauty of mind-

Smilingly gifted a giggle.

Your heart told me-

To stop breathing the pure-

I told you not to be sure-

And stay upon the lure.

Minds get fright and-

Yard of shades call threat-

Are these all from endure?

To out-swing the face of mat.

That indigo cared the net.

Puloq Arafat

Lively Spurn

In the end of the day..
An intention rises to its peak-
To die seeing a smile as the scent of tribute.
On the advent of all injuries,
Deadly breaths are counting its ominous lure.
Bits of all triumphs are knocking at the door of pain.
An impatient sound of chronicle phase,
Cannot rebound the scene of a straight stroke.
Haphazardly the resonance of an innocent face-
Counts the rhythm of its footsteps.
In the end of the night..□
Sounds of breaths are zigzag.
On the shore of dreaming sharp..
An impolite negligence is roaming bright.
A lively spurn...
Violates a vivid sense towards ultra run.

Puloq Arafat

Locket

Crispy sunny days-
You jerked.
Now get everyone's average scene-
You traitor?
Treating crystal roar-
Injecting cancer into mouth.
Cancer is nothing-
But those viral attitudes-
Shuttering drop-down,
And the unjust sounds.
Cancer is fear.
Cancer is those unwanted disappointments-
And .
An animated split-
Took everything the life had.
The decorated trophies-
And unexpected greetings-
He had.
Why your heart came and why went away-
Knowing everything behind the spot!
Trying still doing what-
And plotting utter death pot?
Sickening even the frost-
Tracking the aroma.
And letting mare boost.
Did you forget the locket?
You were my hearty the most.

Puloq Arafat

Lovely Sky

I can't discover your mind,

I can only count your blinks.

The way you love me..,

It's like the shiny sun.

Or.. I can say..,

It's like the drop of milky moon.

How lovely you are!

I am amazed observing your keen light of love..,

For me.

Your lyrical love can catch my pulse.

I just try to portray your vivid mighty love.

Your blinks say your love is pure and perfect.

I hide but you search.

In the dark time you are my torch.

When you hold my hand..,

I feel it like a heavenly touch.

I see myself in your sparkling eyes..

When continuously my eyes drop tears.

Believe me or not..

You are my broad lovely sky..

And there I can go for another fly.

Puloq Arafat

Monsoon Of Eyes

I couldn't read those highly painful blinks..
I couldn't make an envelope full of bloody letters,
Entitled a sadness behind sorrow!
I tried hard to become deep red tear-drops..
Drop which could come from body of a purple mind..
With extremely sour scent of rare arrogance!
I couldn't think twice..
I didn't see the bleeding of patience.
I never tried to catch you..
I repent..my sense was absent..
To discover red sad lyrics in those drops.
You were crying like a baby observing me.
I was very stunned to make you cry..
Saying you were the monsoon of my eyes.
Your eyes were glazing like star..
The moment my eyes stopped bleeding red tears.
I was floating in your arms like a bubble.
I was smiling seeing your patience.
You suddenly stopped crying.
You told me to envelope you in my heart..
From where I was eagerly waiting to gift you..
A shaking sentence before my death..
'I love you'!

Puloq Arafat

Moonlit Glaze

O moonlit night...
Sketch my face in your glaze.
Keep an intense bond with me..
And your voice please rise.
Tell the night to glitter more and more..
O moon don't make me bore.
Where is your door?
I wish to make me pour..
Into your gleaming beauty and shore.
You have captured white silky ink from sun.
Paint me with this.
And surprise me with your bliss.
Random infection has seized my heart.
Share with me your milky innocence.
Give me a glittering stance.
I will give you my mind..
And you are so generous and kind.
You're flourishing beauty of chilly breeze.
It writes that you are an uprising tide.
O moonlit night..
Never be ended up solo.
I wish to be with you until the sunrise.

Puloq Arafat

More Than Twilight

And there is a way in your eye,
That crafts glossy sparkle in my way.
The loveliness in your sight sticks me,
To go through beyond my range.
Your tiny fancy senses the throb;
You are the ocean of occult,
Why not you are classy!
Your each footstep towards me-
Reckons the morsel of my blooming heart.
..And the sound sleep lies on dreams.
The bay of your spirit-
Sketches the emblem of waves.
You are quietly posy.
Hence dazzles say; you are the ornate.
A luminous flash means you are the nectar.
In every way, the outstaying portrays you as ooze.
..And the twilight even seeks beauty-
In your eye, .. in your beam.
How I can signify you.
I am undergoing more than that.
Deliberately catching the lyrics-
Inside you, the thought.

Puloq Arafat

Ode To Dream

O dream! Why do you scratch my footsteps-

The way a lame walks on?

Oh dream! Why do you veil in my heart-

The way sun hides in the stomach of night?

Oh dream! Why do you write lyrics in my eyes-

What I can't even see?

Oh dream! Why do you create dead terror-

In my mind that's an alarming bee?

I don't like your motion..

I don't like your notion..

I don't like your metal block..

I don't like your buzzing clock.

You please never come to me-

Like the figure of a bare straight.

I want to open your invisible elegant gate.

You never come to me like a mirror,

So why do you unlock your eyes-

And create such a horror?

My chunky gaze and visible many ways,

Create nothing but the horrid noise.

You were in my fancy-

So that you could come to me as radiant brave.

But at last I find myself in your spark like a slave!

Puloq Arafat

Pain

Sometimes I think I have got nothing in this world,

Day by day my life is becoming colorless.

I feel it boring, tasteless and full of disgust.

If this is the condition-

What I can do.

Only taking breath for my beloved.

Stress and pressure-sometimes I can't endure.

Is it my fault?

I try my best to cover up,

But my endless suffering doesn't help me to do this.

I am always friendly,

I am always frank.

Is it my fault?

Sometimes I feel I should leave every duty.

If i could be a bird-

Then I would be happy.

My lord would give me heaven.

I don't need a long life,

I simply want peace in my life.

I don't know what's waiting for me in the long run,

But and even I am confident still now.

Oh my Lord, give me peace, give me the scope of a simple journey.

I never need anything,

And you know the secret of mind.

I am hard up!

Puloq Arafat

Painted Flames

It was an oblivious mystery!
After diving into the waves-
A crocodile attacked me as a vampire!
Yes, crocodile as a vampire!
Sustaining on sandy strokes-
Only dust of sands made my foot gray!
When changed my mind and dived into waves-
I was lost into blue villains.
An impossibly terrifying hazard-
Knocked me with its horrible wings.
This crocodile dangerously spiked me.
I lost my hope.
I thought I would die.
It captured my dream, captured my life.
I challenged it even boasting no potency!
Suddenly the crocodile went away.
I didn't know why.... why?
I took a long breath.
I was floating alone in the blue wide...
I got back my life.
Life was whispering to embrace it tightly!
I was trying to go back to the shore.
Life is now breathing by its green petals!
Rounding up my mind to taste its colors!
Life will see a rainbow or....
A heavy shower from painted eyes!
Sudden flames...but hopeful to see the sunrise.

Puloq Arafat

Safe Punishment

Whirling into the undesired track...
The two eyes weren't content.
Two eyes dreamt a fright..
And this would be surely drawn.
Destination wasn't lightly tuned..
The mind was trying to harmonize the condition.
From the very early period of time-
The other hearts weren't so caring.
The mind was badly informed..
To tackle the tricks of a bogus hearts.
It was painful..
To look at the activities of expected bloom.
The mind was struggling like a blind.
Blinks could imagine a fountain..
And this was shedding tears.
And the color of tears was light indigo.
Tears became suddenly frozen..
Experiencing the depth of misery.
Visibly and utterly this was a safe punishment..
To a lively defeated deprived heart.

Puloq Arafat

Salty Stream

Walked-ran-stopped..
And then again walking along the river side.
Watching river tides.
Trying to count the tides..
But this was barely impossible to count.
Seeming that I am a river,
Coming from a mountain stream..
And I am poking the two banks.
My roaring tides are breaking the banks.
Haphazardly I am flowing on to the estuary..
To meet the salty ocean.
Clinically this is my fight against the ocean.
I never want to be salty.
My extreme flow is captured by the water of ocean.
This is a matter of disgust.
Oh God-I will not flow anymore.
I don't want to be salty.
Deep inside I am salty enough.
How come I would be more salty.
Bitter lyrics I have written many..
In my long journey.
People throw wastage..
Vehicles throw dirty polluted oil..
To corrupt me.
But my strong flow tries to neutralize them.
I want to be free from rusty cripples.
No charges I want..
No wound I want to see...I wish a happy flow.

Puloq Arafat

Sanguine

Stand Perky Sanguine...
Bloomed hearts only can shower-
For tiny beam-
They're gleam..
They're stream..
Never dim.
Hearts' flow remains and tidy relish-
Not ended the passage,
They see the garden of tulips-
And greens...
Always singing feeling minds' care-
Dorothy lane, a mural gregarious fountain bits share..
It's not bare..
Always fair..
Always near.

Puloq Arafat

Serpent And The Flame

The whole sky could stop the bird beyond its range,
But the bird would fly without wings!
It's a matter of stamina.
Of course the bird is timid..,
But why it is fighting against the huge arena like sky....?
Timely question this is.
It doesn't matter that it is tiny..
But obviously you have to think on..
...The way the bird continuously proceeded to fight against the broad sky!
Ooh..! the sudden wind could face it,
Against the steps of the bird.
The bird became ferocious..
But why?
How could it get the mental strength to tackle the violent windy sky?
Is the bird mentally disordered?
How is it possible to trace the tiny bird?
Timeless action can never defeat the senseless rough sky.
The target was not only to break apart the rainbow of the sky..
But also to stop the breath of wind.
The bird was devoid of nature's love..!
So the strange serpent it became against the flame.

Puloq Arafat

Spiral Ocean Mist

You kept your soul in my eyes,
And I couldn't resist.
I read your soul.
You were crying to stop me loving you!
I was loving you a lot.
I loved your two eyes..
Those which dropped tear once.
I caught the drops.
I touched the drops.
I felt the drops were frozen.
I cried then.
My tear touched your frozen tear.
It didn't melt...
Really it didn't melt.
You loved me more than me.
So your tears were frozen.
Color of your frozen tear was light blue.
I was out of your sight for few days.
You couldn't keep your eyes in my eyes.
That's why color of your tears was light blue.
Your soul was weeping to see my face.
I missed you too my gentle breeze.
You are my spiral ocean mist,
And it writes lyrics in my heart always.

Puloq Arafat

Stone Of Ring

Light-rose stone smiled at heart,
And bought from the roadside stare.
The artist shrank the gold?
Never, it's never.
May be you wanted white-gold,
The artist had it?
How I could get the pure light-rosy stone?
Or the white-gold?
You fought against you-
Your nose couldn't smell the pure.
Trust is untying?
Or throwing loving allure?
The wedding was full of flowers-
Only for you to smell the fragrance-
The love more than the white-gold.

Puloq Arafat

The Way They Die

Same the path-
Same the dot-
Same the inner beauty-
Same they got.
Same beauty in mind-
They bear them even in confusing mixing.
Their minds were in same jackpot.
They were just sicken in times,
They were beaten in moments-
To drag the hearts of each other.
No matter, time has not confused them.
Time is a mystery.
Nobody can confuse time.
Even time is dragged by ultra-backbiters.
Time flights high,
The way they die-
They die in their own hearts-
With biggest sense of fixed love.
The way a jingle can fight-
To set sense in absence.
The full moonlit will brightly smile-
The according smile she dares not-
To dance in the bloomed co-inside.

Puloq Arafat

Traitor Hollow Belief

If you keep belief in a wind-
The timid wind,
Never the freaky-
Life would be native-
Not the dusty.
Dusts you see-
Cover your feet.
Negligence you delight-
Under the key.
Courtesy begets what-
You see.
Courtesy, your mind-
Courtesy, your right.
Courtesy, your shame-
Courtesy is not your blame.
Blame is what you dare-
Not the flock you matter.
Not the terror you better-
And not the pot you flicker-
Matter your words you utter.

Puloq Arafat

Tribute

Dare fractions are crimson-
Purple hearts are brittle!
Flexi of trait touches poison-
Poison of fake bloom-
And a flower without petals.
Flower of trends got devil dance-
Tricking the bloom faking the fragrance.
Raining the pot of gray jerk-
And the shower of smooth roar-
Lightening feather.
White, such a white-
Forgot the taste of right.
And the sour catch-
Not the batch-
Driving to the lowest-
Missing the norm-
And itching minds forget.

Puloq Arafat

Twisted Eye And Rain

A small drop of rain was headed by the eye.
At that time the eye was dropping tear.
Tear and rain-drop stole each-others taste.
Color of tear was deep blue,
And the color of rain-drop was crystal black! !
Rain-drop twinkled the eye.
The eye told the rain-drop not to be dropped again!
The eye couldn't bear the sorrow of rain-drop anymore.
Suddenly a deep black shadow covered the two eyes.
Eyes became twisted.
Couldn't see anything!
Deep black shadow jerked the two eyes.
Was it a demon?
Creator knows..
Eyes asked rain to give a shower.
Rain gave a shower.
Black shadow drew out.
Two eyes became reluctant.
Eyes thanked rain.
From then eye and rain became friends.
Rain requested eyes not to drop tear anymore.
But eyes got a sorrow.
Rain wrote a lyric on this sorrow.
Rain sang the song.
The song was divine.
Eyes became free from the sorrow.
Rain showered again.
Eyes seemed to have a heaven.
After long days..
Eyes became blind.
The whole sky overcast by dark cloud.
Eyes couldn't see strong windy heavy rain.
It watered wrecking surroundings.
Eyes couldn't see that.
That's enough-
Rain couldn't break its soft heart-petals.

Puloq Arafat

Velvety Grief

Once upon a time....
A sudden mysterious wind played a hard game-
Onto the mind of ocean.
The ocean was consciously unconscious,
Could not trace the tricks of wind.
Wind scratched the ocean heavily,
Then a silent storm overwhelmed-
The roaming of ocean's mind.
The mascara of mind got colorless whistle.
The vivid victim-
Lyrically traveled in wind's mind..
Helplessly alone!
Bubbles of ocean could not see anybody in the shore.
A shrinking shiver created nothing-
But the painful door.
How shocking the moments were!
Ocean's lovely-soft mind-
From then became sporty with its high waves.
None could believe-
None could judge;
In what way everything went bitter sauna.
In the mind of ocean-
A strike sparingly could fudge..
Nothing else!
Suddenly, bitter mind of ocean thought-
It would ever never meet-
The silky sand of shore-
Until the turn of painful door!

Puloq Arafat

Whistle Of Crowd

Whiz whistles-
To redden the fake heart?
Youth flights to the tender thoughts.
Candle is orthodox-
Then why against the pot-
Horror is a sign to candle-
Against the croak?
Trapping history-
Men or women who graze to get gaze-
Faking the handshake!
The handshake ought to come-
Because of pouring clouds?
Clouds of misty mystery?
Love sighs the size of cloud-
And the frozen minds care-
Forgot the dead bits and snatching the dare.
That was care-
Really the walkway-
Spiky sides of river mare.
Breeze came-
Dreads blame-
What a share-
Revering sicken layer!
Life is a blur shit-
Violent violet gazing the fear.
Nights are drape-
Days are fire.

Puloq Arafat

Windy Fright

She was shivering in a windy winter.
Lovely morning it was..
The morning was covered with gloomy fog.
Wind was full of clumsy crystal mist.
She was seated in the balcony.
This is her fancy place.
Her house is nearby the coast.
She can hear the sound of strong sea waves.
She feels it quite lovely.
From the balcony she was seeing the morning clouds.
Clouds were dancing slowly.
Sky was bit dry white mixed with blue.
She was gleaming on whispers of wind.
She left the place for a while.
Often she passes time in balcony..
But she is busy today in a clean waiting.
Time was going on.
The day didn't laugh.
And then raining outside heavily.
Still her soul-mate hasn't come home.
She was breathing a different scent of windy sea.
She went outside even facing thunderbolts.
Night appeared..still he didn't come.
High violent tides were roaring..
People were shouting.
She was in complete fright.
Was he dead?
Was she recalling that day's memory?
She was questioning herself.
She was murmuring the name of her husband!

Puloq Arafat

Wink

Life is real chapters to feel..
Tempting fraction to reveal....,
The confusion can never be the exact!
Realities are always structured.
The dreadful chirping is vastly devastating!
And the liberty or authentic scratches-
Shall find the bit of all agonies to be cleaned!
Hopes are forever stunning.
A wink can arrest all the beauties of nature..
To feel the vivid pulse of rhymes sketched in its face.
Ultimate destination is death and then....
A life again with a soul.
Where on earth life can be...
An existence of a colorful bowl!

Puloq Arafat