Poetry Series

Prabir Gayen
- poems -

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Prabir Gayen(25-06-76)

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Student and support- Kausik Raj, Prerona Hati, Debdutta Mondal.
Special One -- Aradhya Mondal, Rudra Mondal.

Master Spiritual Teacher- H H Sri Sri Ravi Shankar.
Book - The Whisper of Infinity

Preface

- Preface -

All these poems are written as an exertion to feel the vastness of life with all its myriad forms and colours.They are simply to feel wonderment.
The emotions that are expressed through different moods and manners are simply to make me feel the inner emptiness. Poetry as I feel is the expression of certain feelings that become clouds in the sky of consciousness.
Once expressed through words and through heartfelt pain and pleasure a sense of relief dawns in the inner realm of being and I feel that space of wordless emptiness is the root to peace and harmony, the space of soundless beauty. in a broad sense poetry brings liberation
and I call it poetic liberation or poetic approach to truth that shreds all inessential thoughts and emotions to attain pure emptiness.My Stella and other poems are an eager endeavour, on the part of me, to come to feel that which can not be felt or can not be experienced.The powerful feelings that I underwent through my heart looking at the apparent futility of life and deep ignorance about the pristine part of death became poetry and I within and without became its lone witness.
My poetry is my inner wisdom and outer ignorance combined.with poetry I am nothing and without poetry I am nothing too. My poetry is the expression of my absolute nothingness.

https: //t.me/PrabirGayenPoemsTpoemhunter

Stella
(A Poem in the Voice of Silence)
by Prabir Kumar Gayen
Prologue
(When Silence remembered Her name)
Before the tongue of fire touched Time,
She was—
not form, not thought,
but a stillness deeper than the origin of sound.

She was not arrival—
she was the breath before Becoming,
the presence unnamed in the hesychia of God.
She was already
in the ache of the unborn flower,
in the sleep of stars not yet dreamed.
The void folded its hands before her breath.
They named her Stella—
only when silence lit its first lamp in the void,
and God's hidden sorrow sang in threads of light.

In the Chamber of Stella
(after the silence of stars)
Is there a Vast beyond the flame of Stella?
Who holds the dark when no one names her name?
That ancient breath where all beginnings burn,
the breath that stirs before the Silence moves,
the ache that sleeps beneath the god's closed eyes.
She walks within the marrow of all things,
her feet bare-flamed across the dusk of thought.
A single tear in Time becomes her song,
and through that note, the galaxies arise.
No crown endures, no will remains awake—
but only Stella wears the robe of stars.
No strength is strength unless it learns to fall,
no soul is whole that has not knelt in flame.
Each talent breaks, a mirror lost in mist,
if Stella is not the whisper in its core.
Even the wise speak silence in her gaze,
and flame forgets itself before her feet.
Beauty is but a petal crushed by time
unless she lifts it toward the Infinite.
And Desire, blind and kneeling in the dark,
is mere mud—
unless she walks beside him, barefoot.
O Stella,
in Thee all stars are stitched and unstitched.
In Thee the silence weeps its first gold tear.

@Prabir Gayen
6 April 2025 / 3: 30 AM

Telegram link:

https: //t.me/PrabirGayenPoemsTpoemhunter

?love Is Always Selfish ?

?
?LOVE IS ALWAYS SELFISH
Prabir Gayen
?
?Love is always selfish,
?Love is not Love at all;
?It is always a business,
?A secret bargain
?between the heart and the heart.
?
?Love for mother,
?love for father,
?love for brothers and sisters,
?love for friends and the beloved,
?whatever name you give to love,
?whatever form it takes,
?deep down,
?it carries something of its own.
?
?There is a hidden need,
?a silent thirst,
?a desire unseen.
?Love becomes a wonderful mystery,
?yet somewhere within it
?moves an unknown need.
?
?Love is love,
?neither pure nor impure.
?
?It is a guiding spirit,
?inherent,
?hidden deep down.
?Father loves his children;
?mother is more virtuous in love.
?Her love seems selfless,
?yet somewhere within
?there may remain a hidden desire

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?to receive love in return.
?
?And so,
?even love becomes a business.
?Still, love is essential.
?It is the epicentre of existence.
?Without love,
?life becomes dull,
?life becomes empty.
?Life springs from love
?and dissolves into love.
?Love is the substratum
?of existence.
?
?Still, it is selfish,
?a subtle business
?when it has not yet become
?divine in nature.
?Love is divine always,
?divinity is its nature.
?Still, love becomes selfish
?when it cannot exist
?without motivation.
?
?As in action,
?if there is action,
?there must be a result,
?or some motivation
?hidden behind the action.
?
?Is any action possible
?without the least motivation?
?Action without thought of result,
?action without desire,
?action without asking
?what will come?
?
?Yes,
?it is possible,
?but very rare to find.
?Like:
?Do your part

?and leave the result
?unto Divinity.
?
?Love,
?and do not ask
?for love in return.
?Such love is rare,
?very rare to find.
?For at the subtle level
?there may still remain
?a little selfishness,
?a little expectation,
?a little movement
?towards oneself.
?
?Yet there is a way
?to make love only love,
?love without motivation,
?love without desire,
?love without selfishness.
?The only way
?is to make love divine.
?
?If you love your parents,
?love them as divine manifestations.
?Adore them with love
?as if you were loving
?the Almighty Himself.
?
?Let your love
?for the beloved one
?find a path towards Divinity.
?
?As every river
?finds its path
?and falls into the ocean,
?let every love
?find its path
?and fall into God.
?
?Love is always love
?when it is for God,

?for the Guru,
?or for the Inner Being.
?Love is the way
?to find God.
?Love is God itself.
?
?Your love for any human being
?should become love
?for the Almighty.
?Then love becomes pure,
?sublime,
?free from craving,
?free from aversion,
?free from expectation.
?
?Love as much as you can.
?It is the only way
?to find your real being,
?your hidden Self,
?your true identity.
?But offer that love
?as a priest offers flowers
?before the altar of God.
?
?Love may always be selfish,
?but selfish love,
?when touched by awareness,
?can become a sacred path.
?
?And walking that path,
?the heart slowly forgets itself,
?the lover, the loved,
?and the love itself
?begin to disappear.
?
?Then,
?in that silent disappearance,
?you may meet
?your Inner Being,
?your real identity.
?
?@Prabir Gayen

?16/08/26/3: 49 AM.
?

Prabir Gayen

?rama And Sita:
?The Eternal Soul

?
?RAMA AND SITA:
?THE ETERNAL SOUL
?
? Prabir Gayen
?
?After creation and dissolution,
?thousands of enlightened souls
?walked upon this planet.
?
?From the vast emptiness
?came vibration,
?and from deep vibration
?came light and sound,
?or perhaps the other way around.
?
?Creation happened,
?from the formless
?into form.
?No soul,
?or the Infinite Soul,
?as cause or without cause,
?creation emerged
?as creation itself.
?
?Mythology moves
?with a deep scientific vision.
?From the womb
?of the great Abyss,
?light emerged,
?and from light
?creation followed,
?one after another.
?
?No one stood
?as the creator.
?Whatever name

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?we give to that mystery,
?Brahma, Vishnu, Mahesh,
?or the deep musical emptiness,
?the mystery remains.
?
?From Manu,
?the first man of creation,
?humanity came into existence,
?worldly and otherworldly.
?
?Perhaps there were many Manus,
?perhaps thousands of Manus.
?Beyond time,
?what remains
?is a deep mystery.
?
?From then onward,
?millions of divine incarnations
?may have appeared
?beyond human consciousness.
?
?From that long ladder
?came Rama,
?the first human incarnation
?in the true sense.
?
?Millions may have come
?before Rama,
?yet Rama is remembered
?as the first
?in the human social order.
?
?Rama came
?to establish social order,
?to establish principles
?through which humanity
?could evolve.
?
?He heralded Dharma.
?He became the first man
?to fight darkness,
?the first great symbol

?of the eternal struggle
?between good and evil.
?That struggle lives
?within every human mind.
?
?Rama is the soul.
?Ravana is the ego of the mind.
?It is the perennial struggle
?between mind and no-mind.
?
?Rama was born
?to Dasharath.
?Dasharath means
?the one who controls
?the ten senses,
?the one who becomes
?truly victorious.
?
?Rama married Sita.
?Sita stands for
?Mother Nature.
?Lakshmana, the brother,
?stands for awareness.
?Hanuman is the devotee,
?the son of the Wind God,
?the eternal life-force
?that moves within us.
?
?Rama is the soul
?within every human being.
?Rama is the essence of life.
?The Ramayana is happening
?within every human mind.
?
?Ravana abducted Sita,
?captivated her,
?and fought a great battle.
?
?Ravana is the ego
?of the human mind.
?Sita, like Nature,
?is sometimes captivated

?by the ego.
?But with a little awareness,
?the battle begins.
?And when awareness awakens,
?the ego dissolves
?and disappears.
?
?We see Ravana disappear
?at the feet of Rama,
?like a cloud disappearing
?in the blue sky.
?
?Rama is the aim of life.
?Rama is the soul
?within the soul.
?He is absolute nothingness
?and absolute wholeness,
?He is the isness
?of existence.
?
?After Sita returned
?from the palace of Ravana,
?she passed through
?the Agni Pariksha.
?Yet Sita remained untouched.
?
?Fire cannot burn
?the purity of the soul.
?Nature itself
?cannot be destroyed
?by the fire of illusion.
?Rama and Sita
?were never truly separated.
?
?Sometimes ego comes,
?and separation appears.
?But it remains
?only on the periphery.
?
?Deep within,
?the soul is ever fresh.
?The mind is only a wave

?upon the ocean.
?
?Lava and Kusha,
?the beloved sons
?of Rama and Sita,
?were born in the forest.
?They were nurtured
?under the guidance
?of the enlightened sage
?Valmiki,
?the great seer
?who became their teacher.
?
?It was a divine design.
?The two sons grew
?under supreme guidance,
?learning Dharma,
?truth and courage.
?
?Then comes the mystery
?of Sita.
?The Ramayana speaks
?of Rama, Lakshmana, Ravana,
?and Hanuman-
?the great devotee
?and incarnation of Shiva.
?
?But where is Sita?
?She appears
?as a silent character,
?the beloved wife of Rama.
?
?Yet without
?the Agni Pariksha,
?without her suffering,
?without being forsaken
?while pregnant,
?Sita might have remained
?a silent figure in the story.
?
?Rama took
?the hardest decision

?to make Sita
?an eternal example
?for humanity.
?
?Through suffering,
?Sita became
?the highest symbol
?of purity.
?She became
?the Mother of the Universe,
?the eternal Brahma-Shakti,
?the very power of existence.
?
?Sita walked through fire
?like Mother Kali.
?She entered the forest
?like Mother Earth.
?She suffered,
?yet remained pure.
?
?Rama is Sita
?and Sita is Rama.
?They were never separate.
?They are inseparable
?like body and soul,
?like ocean and wave,
?like silence and sound.
?
?Rama is the soul.
?Sita is Nature.
?Rama is consciousness.
?Sita is its eternal expression.
?And together
?they are one mystery,
?one existence, one truth,
?one eternal love.
?
?@Prabir Gayen
?14/08/26
?7: 12 PM.
?

Prabir Gayen

Kangana Ranaut
(Mother India)

Kangana Ranaut
?
?You are the pride of our land,
?The sweetheart daughter
?of our motherland.
?You are the radiant face of Mother India,
?The sweetest child of this sacred soil.
?
?You embody the spirit of this vast nation,
?A beacon of dream, dedication
?and devotion.
?Salute to your noble contribution;
?Salute to your indomitable spirit,
?The fearless fighter, within and without.
?
?

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?the Hindu Spirit
?(A Song Of Unity In Diversity)
?

?The Hindu Spirit
?(A song of unity in diversity)
?
?Hindus are different people,
?Uniquely different,
?Extraordinarily different.
?You cannot measure their depth;
?You cannot confine them within your arguments.
?
?So simple, so religious,
?So social, so spiritual.
?Put a stone beneath a tree
?And place a few flowers upon it;
?They will pay homage;
?They will worship that stone.
?It may look foolish to you.
?
?It may go beyond your argument.
?You may scold them with different names,
?But it is beyond your mind;
?It is beyond your reasoning.
?Hindus are deeply devoted to the Almighty;
?It is there in their ancient blood.
?
?You cannot judge a Hindu
?By seeing the many forms of devotion.
?They worship God, the Almighty,
?In countless ways and countless forms.
?They know the essential truth.
?
?They know by heart:
?Ekam Brahma Dvitiyam Nasti.'
?'Madatma Sarva Bhutatma.'
?'Tat Tvam Asi.'
?'Soham.'
?'Shivoham.'

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?'Aham Brahmasmi.'
?
?Still they worship God
?In countless ways,
?Celebrating the vastness of life.
?You think Hindus worship
?Brahma, Vishnu, Mahesh, and Devis
?As different gods with different names.
?
?Hindus worship Gurus
?and Mahatmas.
?They revere every atom
?Of existence,
?Every great soul,
?Not only from Hindu culture
?And heritage,
?But also Jesus, Muhammad,
?Lao Tzu, Socrates, and Plato,
?And all ancient and modern
?Saints and messengers
?As divine manifestations.
?
?A Hindu knows no boundaries.
?You may call a Hindu a fool.
?You may call a Hindu a kafir.
?A Hindu loves believers
?And non-believers alike.
?
?A theist can become
?a Shankaracharya;
?An atheist can become
?A Buddha or a Mahavira.
?
?A Hindu worships the Infinite,
?The Formless Absolute through form;
?Even the tiniest form.
?The Formless through meditation,
?And through form by prayer
?And surrender in devotion.
?
?It is reverence, deep reverence,
?From the micro to the macro;

?A profound understanding
?Of the mystery of life and death.
?
?A Hindu celebrates life;
?A Hindu celebrates death.
?The diversity of existence
?Is honoured with deep understanding.
?You cannot call a Hindu a kafir.
?To do so reveals only
?The poverty of your understanding.
?
?It shows that you are unable
?to perceive the many-sided nature
?of the Divine,
?The omnipresent God.
?
?All forms arise from
?that Great Vastness,
?That Infinite Bliss,
?Infinite forms, infinite names,
?Infinite qualities;
?Yet beyond all forms and names,
?Beyond all thought,
?Beyond the grasp of the mind.
?
?God is within you, as you;
?God is everything and everywhere.
?
?Find another word,
?If you wish to insult Hindus;
?Calling them kafir only reveals
?Your own ignorance and narrowness.
?
?Hinduism sees the Divine
?In every path that leads to Truth.
?It honours wisdom wherever it appears,
?And bows before every genuine
?Seeker of God.
?
?Without Hindus,
?The world would lose
?One of its greatest celebrations

?Of the Infinite.
?
?The Divine would still remain,
?For the Eternal can never perish;
?Yet humanity would lose
?A priceless vision,
?A vision that sees
?The One in the many,
?And the many in the One.
?
?Infinite forms,
?Infinite names,
?Infinite paths,
?Yet One Eternal Reality,
?The Formless,
?The Infinite,
?The Absolute,
?Beyond all names,
?Beyond all forms,
?Beyond all divisions,
?Beyond all.
?
?Examine your mind.
?Examine your knowledge
?Before you call a Hindu a kafir.
?
?A Hindu is a believer
?Beyond your limited understanding,
?A worshipper in countless ways,
?A true lover of nature,
?A true lover of the Creator
?And the creation.
?
?Hindus are unique
?Beyond your reasoning,
?Beyond your understanding.
?A Hindu heart is like the sky,
?An infinite sky
?Where everyone finds a place,
?Beyond caste, creed, and religion,
?Beyond division.
?

?The Hindu ideal does not seek
?To deny another's path.
?It seeks the Divine everywhere.
?
?A Hindu sees God in you too,
?Even if you are hostile,
?Even if you are harsh,
?Even if you have forgotten
?The Divine within yourself.
?
?That is the spirit of Hinduism,
?To behold the One
?In all beings,
?And all beings
?In the One.
?
?@Prabir Gayen
?18/07/26/11: 45 PM.
?
?
?

Prabir Gayen

?kakos
?(Kah-Kos)
?(Reaction Against The Name Kafir)
?

?
?KAKOS
?(KAH-kos)
?(Reaction Against the name Kafir)
?
?Prabir Gayen
?
?Before the Jews could understand
?The silence of the endless desert,
?Before Christians carried the message of love
?To uncivilized hearts,
?The root of violence had already sprouted.
?
?Before temples rose from stone,
?In the land of the dead,
?KAKOS stirred from sleep
?Within the shadow of desire.
?
?It was not born of one land.
?It lay hidden in the ancient spirit,
?A dark energy once subdued
?By Lord Shiva's cosmic power.
?
?Yet it took root in the barren sands,
?And through the deadly tongue of hatred
?It spread across the world
?With the aid of swords and fear.
?
?It is born whenever greed
?Enters the heart of man.
?KAKOS walks without a face,
?Yet wears a thousand names.
?It enters kings and beggars alike,
?Priests and warriors,

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?Saints and thieves.
?
?Where compassion dies, it is born.
?Where truth is sold, it reigns.
?Where hatred becomes holy,
?There KAKOS builds its throne.
?
?It drinks from the well of anger,
?Feeds upon fear and pride,
?And wraps itself in sacred robes
?To conceal its wounded soul.
?
?It enters scriptures without wisdom,
?Temples without devotion,
?Prayer without love,
?And religion without truth.
?
?KAKOS is the night within man,
?The eclipse of the inner sun,
?The serpent coiled around the heart,
?The smoke that veils the Self.
?
?It has burned cities and kingdoms,
?Broken altars and empires,
?Not by the sword alone,
?But by ignorance clothed as certainty.
?
?The sage sees KAKOS
?In the face of brutality,
?Sleeping within greedy hearts,
?For the enemy of humankind
?Dwells first within the mind.
?
?Therefore arise,
?O children of the Eternal.
?Christian and Jew,
?Buddhist and Jaina,
?Sikh, Sanatani, and atheist,
?Seek not the destruction of men,
?But the destruction of KAKOS.
?
?Light the lamp within.

?Awaken the sleeping soul.
?Let compassion become
?your weapon,
?Truth your shield,
?Wisdom your path.
?
?For when the inner sun rises,
?KAKOS vanishes like mist at dawn.
?And the Eternal, hidden in all beings,
?Smiles once more upon the Earth.
?
?@Prabir Gayen
?28 June 2026/8: 55 AM.
?
?

Prabir Gayen

?let Every Faith Walk Its Own Path ?(Faith Without Interference)

?
?Let Every Faith Walk Its Own Path
?(Faith without interference)
?
?Prabir Gayen
?
?Allah created Muslims,
?And Allah is worshipped by Muslims.
?
?Therefore, Muslims follow the path revealed through Allah.
?
?Muslims have no right to judge Hindus,
?For Hindus are created by the Hindu God, not by Allah.
?
?And Hindus worship the images of their God,
?Not the image of Allah;
?Therefore, Muslims have no right to interfere.
?
?If Muslims wish to teach the Quran or Islam,
?They should teach Muslims—
?The good Muslim, the erring Muslim,
?And the non-believing Muslim.
?They should teach their own community.
?
?
?Hindus worship their own Divine Reality,
?The One Absolute Being manifested in countless names and forms.
?
?They worship the Infinite through Shiva, Vishnu, Brahma,
?Through Kali, Durga, Lakshmi, Saraswati,
?Through avatars, sages, and formless truth.
?
?Christians worship God through Christ.
?Jews follow their God and their prophets.
?
?Sikhs follow the teachings of their Gurus.
?Jains follow their own spiritual path.

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?
?Each community walks according to its own faith.
?
?Muslims should guide Muslims according to the Quran.
?
?Hindus should guide Hindus according to their scriptures.
?
?Christians should guide Christians according to the teachings of Christ.
?
?Jews, Sikhs, Jains, and others should guide their own communities.
?
?No religion has the right to impose itself upon another.
?
?Muslims need not judge Hindus, Christians, Jews, Buddhists, Jains, or followers of other faiths.
?
?Likewise, Hindus, Christians, Jews, and others need not judge Muslims.
?
?Let each community reform itself, teach its own people, and preserve its own traditions.
?
?A Hindu worships the Divine in many forms and in the formless.
?A Muslim worships Allah.
?
?A Christian prays to God through Christ.
?A Jew worships according to Jewish tradition.
?
?Each person seeks the Creator through the path they have received.
?
?No one should insult another's worship.
?No one should interfere with another's sincere faith.
?
?Judgment belongs ultimately to God, however each religion understands God.
?
?If people live according to their beliefs with honesty and respect, conflict can diminish.
?
?Let Hindus live according to their faith.
?Let Muslims live according to their faith.
?
?Let Christians, Jews, Sikhs, Jains, Buddhists, and others live according to their faith.

?
?Respect one another's religious rights.
?When a Hindu worships Krishna, Shiva, Kali, or Durga, he follows his own tradition.
?
?When a Muslim prays to Allah, he follows his own faith.
?
?When a Christian prays to God through Christ, he follows his own path.
?
?No one should be condemned merely for worshipping differently.
?
?Let every religion guide its own followers.
?Let every community correct its own errors through learning, wisdom, and compassion.
?
?If people cease judging one another and begin respecting one another, peaceful coexistence becomes possible.
?
?Enough of hatred.
?Enough of intrusion into the faith of others.
?
?Remain devoted to your own religion,
?Respect the faith of others,
?And allow every soul to walk the path it sincerely believes to be true.
?
?Let all live according to their beliefs,
?And let mutual respect prevail.
?
?@Prabir Gayen
?23/06/26/6: 28 PM.
?
?
?

Prabir Gayen

?wake Up Call

?Wake Up Call
?
?Prithvi Raj failed to protect his family.
?Rana Pratap failed to protect his family.
?Emperor Ashoka failed to seal his border;
?in the name of non-violence he opened it, and a brutal ideology entered our motherland.Shivaji failed to protect his family.
?
?He set up his kingdom; he was king and warrior,
?but he lacked the spare brutality required for some moments, and paid in loss.
?Shambhuji failed to protect his family.
?
?Family is greater than kingdom,
?yet they could not shield their loved ones from the forces of division.Rana Sangha failed and Shashank failed.
?
?Even Harsha Varsha failed and all the enlightened failed to hold the line.
?Sri Chaitanya failed and Vivekananda failed.
?
?Do you know even Netaji and Sri Aurobindo failed? The colonizers were not merely soldiers;
?they came wrapped in a creed that preached love,
?that said "love your enemy."
?
?Their words echoed in the halls of scripture,
?and many listened. Netaji could not see the whole danger.
?
?Who killed innocents in the streets of great Kolkata and Noakhali?
?Who raped and murdered during partition?
?
?If Netaji had seen the full scale of human suffering,
?would he have chosen the same path? What did the common people gain from freedom?
?
?Think deeply and you will see a harder reality.
?Freedom helped certain forces to pursue a cruel aim:
?to spread a philosophy of violence across our divine land.
?
?Freedom let them kill the innocent,

?thousands of Hindus fell,
?thousands of women were violated,
?and we now take an oath to preserve democracy and communal peace.
?
?But can communal harmony survive while a brutal ideology persists?
?No—when one force follows a script that seeks others' annihilation,
?peace is only a fragile dream.
?
?Can you preach gospel or Tao to a starving beast and ask it to be still?
?Can you ask a hyena to practice non-violence?
?Could Arjun flee the battlefield and renounce duty?
?He had to fight to protect his family.
?
?From Rama to Krishna,
?from Krishna to Buddha and Mahavir,
?from Lao Tzu, Socrates, and Pythagoras to Sri Chaitanya,
?from Sri Chaitanya to Vivekananda and Ramakrishna,
?enlightened masters taught the highest knowledge and guided people to inner safety and heaven on earth.
?
?But what of the outward threat?
?The enemy from the outer world is the most vicious,
?the most cruel and ugly.
?
?How shall we protect the land of rishis,
?and the diverse, sacred tapestry of Hindus, Christians, Buddhists, Jains, Sikhs, Persis?
?
?How—how—how?
?Non-violence alone may be sterile when faced with naked brutality.
?How can an enlightened nation protect itself from the womb of violence?
?Are you ready to learn from history?
?Are you ready to protect your family?
?
?Are you? Then stop.
?Think.
?Unite against the forces of division and a brutal ideology.
?
?Protect your family,
?preserve your culture,
?safeguard your land,
?or remain silent and be annihilated.

?
?@Prabir Gayen
?22/06/26 — 6: 37 PM
?

Prabir Gayen

?india: A Land Of Many Paths

?
?India: A Land of Many Paths
Prabir Gayen
?
?When a nation stands divided
?By differences of faith and vision,
?The path to harmony seems distant,
?And the solution beyond reach.
?
?Yet India is an ancient land,
?The land of Rama, Krishna,
?Buddha, and Mahavira;
?The land of the Vedas,
?the Upanishads, and the Gita;
?The land of the Dhammapada and the Brahma Sutras;
?A land where love, peace, and compassion
?Have inspired countless generations.
?
?India is a land of both theist and atheist,
?A land where diverse paths seek the same Truth.
?Here, the Divine is approached in many ways,
?For every form is but a shadow of the Formless.
?
?It is a land of infinite possibilities,
?Where knowledge, devotion, and action
?Are all honoured as paths to realization.
?Yoga, meditation, contemplation, and selfless service
?Have flourished side by side through the ages.
?
?From time immemorial,
?seekers have walked this soil,
?Seeing the presence of the Eternal
?in all existence.
?Teachers, sages, and saints have taught
?That Truth transcends
?all boundaries and divisions.
?
?Through the centuries,
?many peoples came to this land,

?Bringing their beliefs, customs,
?and traditions.
?
?Some interactions enriched society;
?Like Christianity, Tao and Zen,
?Lao Tzu, Socrates and heraclitus,
?Others brought conflict and suffering.
?
?Yet the spirit of India endured.
?Today, humanity stands at a crossroads.
?Science and technology are transforming the world,
?While ancient wisdom continues to inspire millions.
?
?The challenge before us is not merely political or religious,
?But deeply human:
?How can diverse communities live together
?With dignity, respect, and mutual understanding?
?
?The answer cannot lie in hatred,
?Nor in the destruction of those
?who differ from us.
?For hatred only gives birth
?to further hatred.
?
?True strength arises from wisdom, courage, and compassion.
?India's greatest gift to the world
?Has been the ideal that Truth may be approached in many ways.
?
?Its highest vision is not domination,
?But harmony amidst diversity.
?If humanity is to move forward,
?It must combine scientific progress
?With spiritual wisdom;
?Reason with compassion;
?Freedom with responsibility.
?
?Let every community preserve its heritage,
?While respecting the heritage of others.
?
?Let women and men alike become bearers of courage,
?Wisdom, and noble character.
?

?Let the spirit of the Divine Mother
?inspire strength,
?Not for conquest, but for protection
?and service.
?
?May India continue to be
?a beacon of wisdom,
?A land where many paths coexist,
?And where the ancient ideal of
?'Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam'
— 'The World is One Family'
?Guides humanity toward
?a more peaceful future.
?
?Only the daughters of Sanatana Dharma, Awakened to their ancient strength,
?Can become guardians of compassion, Wisdom, courage, and truth.
?
?Let the spirit of Durga arise In every girl and woman of this land;
?Let the fearless grace of Kali Destroy ignorance, hatred, and fear.
?
?Let mothers, daughters,
?and sisters Stand as protectors
?of justice and harmony,
?Preserving the timeless heritage
?Of this sacred civilization.
?
?Let this land be protected from Evil religious belief that knows only bloodshed.
?Let cruelty and ignorance be defeated
?by our pure motherly spirit of Our motherland.
?
?@Prabir Gayen
?19/06/26/2: 06 AM.
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?
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Prabir Gayen

?the Spirit Of Gopal Patha
?

?
?The Spirit of Gopal Patha
?
?What do we need in this troubled land,
?In this complex age of bitter politics?
?
?What do we need to protect our children And safeguard the generations to come?
?
?We need the courage of Gopal Patha,
?The fearless spirit of Narasimha,
?Who rises against darkness and injustice, Who stands firm to protect Dharma and truth,
?Who unites people of strength and goodwill And prevents the tragedies of history From returning once again.
?
?We need the spirit of Gopal Patha,
?A symbol of courage and vigilance,
?A son of the soil whose memory Should never fade from the nation's heart.
?
History often forgets its guardians,
?Yet their sacrifices remain alive In the soul of the people.
?
?Gopal Patha—a spirit of awakening,
?With the resolve of Samudragupta,
?The grandeur of Vikramaditya,
?The strength of Ashoka transformed by wisdom,
?And the devotion and courage of Hanuman.
?
?Let that spirit arise once more From every corner of this ancient land.
?The land of Netaji, The land of Vivekananda, Can shine again with fearless knowledge, Unity, and unwavering determination.
?
?A shadowed age stands at the horizon; Dangers move unseen in the darkness.
This is the hour to learn from history,
?To correct our mistakes,
?To remain alert and wise.

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?
?Let every Hindu rise Not with hatred,
?but with knowledge; Not with anger,
?but with awareness;
?Not with division, but with unity and strength.
?
?For through wisdom, courage, and vigilance,
?Every soul can awaken The spirit of Gopal Patha— A spirit of service, A spirit of protection,
?A spirit of revolution through character, And a spirit of unity rooted in Dharma.

?@Prabir Gayen
?31/05/26/6: 35 AM.
?

Prabir Gayen

The Spirit Of Gopal Patha

?
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?
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?
?This version reads more smoothly as a poem and emphasizes courage, awareness, historical memory, and unity rather than conflict.
?
?@Prabir Gayen
?31/05/26/6: 35 AM.
?

Prabir Gayen

?the Dawn Of Bengal
?(Bengal Reborn)

?The dawn of Bengal
?(Bengal Reborn)
?
?Prabir Gayen
?
?The fragrance of our soil,
?The spirit of love, compassion, and sacrifice,
?By the gentle grace of the Divine Mother,
?Bengal is pure again with deep devotion.
?
?The old shadow of cruelty
?Now fades into the western sky.
?The earth rejoices with the song of humanity;
?Let us care for one another
?And build the temple of eternal brotherhood.
?
?The morning air feels light again,
?Freed from fear and hatred,
?Released from thoughts of violence.
?Freedom rises like the bright morning sun.
?
?For fifteen long years Bengal suffered;
?It became a wounded land
?Where bloodshed replaced songs of peace,
?Harmony, and joyful living.
?
?It was a land of sorrow and fear.
?Now children smile in their mothers' arms,
?Men and women begin to live in peace again,
?Even nature seems filled with celebration.
?
?Sing, O brothers and sisters of Bengal!
?Sing the song of the heart,
?The song of devotion and unity.
?The dark forces have disappeared into darkness,
?Vanishing like mist before the morning light.
?

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?A leader filled with human kindness,
?As if guided by the wisdom of ancient sages,
?Has come forward to guide a fallen nation
?Back to its forgotten glory.
?
?Let the Gita speak eternal wisdom,
?Let the Upanishads sing of truth, love, and compassion,
?Let Vivekananda's voice awaken every heart again.
?
?Let us stand united beyond all divisions.
?Though the forces of cruelty now hide in shadows,
?They may rise again someday.
?
?Before hatred destroys civilization once more,
?Join hands with your brothers and sisters
?And declare freedom from the depths of your soul.
?
?Bengal shines again with joy and hope.
?Suvendu Adhikari, seen here as a saviour-like leader,
?Moves steadily toward an age of truth,
?Compassion, and contentment,
?Leading a suffering land toward its fragrant past.
?
?Let us walk together with dignity and pride;
?Let us return to our shared heritage.
?The dark powers have fled,
?And the radiant spirit of Sanatana Dharma
?Begins to bloom once more.
?
?Let us protect this light within our hearts,
?And plant the Bodhi tree again
?In every home of Bengal's sacred soil.
?
?@Prabir Gayen
?27/05/26/6: 18 AM.
?

Prabir Gayen

?a Kingdom Without Peace
?(My Truant Pen)

?A Kingdom Without Peace
?(My Truant Pen)
Prabir Gayen
?
?
My pen stands still in search of mating words,
?Directionless before the burden of rhyme;
?For poetry is the mingled song of life and death,
?A hymn that celebrates both joy and sorrow alike.
What shall I utter of the age through which I move?
?Shall I rejoice to find a wounded land at peace?
?
?Shall I sing because weary hearts at last
?Have found relief from years of restless misrule?
What shall I say of the triumph of common souls
?Who voiced their will and raised a ruler anew,
?Believing that a gentler dawn might rise
?Above the long eclipse of fear and grief?
?
?The people cast their mandate like a shield,
?To guard their children and generations yet unborn
?From violence and the hands of lawless men;
?And now West Bengal breathes a calmer air.
?
Men and women spoke through ballots unafraid,
?And won a battle after years of anarchy;
?Many believed their homes and faith were saved
?From terror, hatred, and the shadow of death.
?
Now serene winds wander with fragrant breath,
?Like morning muses crossing silent fields;
?Birds awaken in the cloudless sky,
?Their trembling songs adorning the blue.
The heavens themselves appear content tonight,
?After the long unrest of broken sleep;
?Nature stands in meditative silence,
?As though peace has descended upon her breast.

?
New hope now lifts its face across the state,
?And younger minds begin again to dream;
?Fresh aspirations rise like hidden springs
?Within once-fearful hearts of Bengal's soil.
The dark and anti-social powers retreat,
?Hiding like faint stars beneath the blaze of day;
?And tender hope, in quiet inward gardens,
?Begins to blossom in the minds of youth.
?
Yet still my wondering spirit falters on,
?My pen unable to discover perfect lines;
?Shall I celebrate the victory of the masses,
?Or teach the lessons sleeping within history?
Shall I remember that terrible year of 1946,
?When countless sons and daughters perished,
?When mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters alike
?Were slaughtered in the madness of division?
?
Shall I draw from Nature's unseen womb
?Words to awaken my Hindu brothers and sisters,
?To ask them to remain vigilant and united,
?So that history may never return in blood?
My pen grows turbulent in its search for truth
?Whenever I behold Mamata Banerjee,
?Once Chief Minister of West Bengal,
?Now standing amid the ruins of defeat.
?
?People cry "thief" within the crowded streets,
?And call her architect of lawlessness and grief;
?Many accuse her of unbearable corruption,
?Of wounds inflicted on the lives of common men.
?
They say she shattered peace across the land,
?And turned Bengal into a house of fear;
?That countless innocents suffered in silence
?Beneath the burden of frustration and despair.
Many desired to cast her from the throne,
?Believing she governed for a single community;
?And when she spoke of violence after victory,
?Fear itself erupted like a hidden volcano.
?

At last she fell beneath the people's judgment,
?And kissed the dust of mortal power;
?Yet in this newly peaceful atmosphere
?Another feeling enters quietly into my soul.
For when I see her, seventy-two years old,
?Humiliated before the multitude,
?Mocked by voices rising from every side,
?My triumph suddenly becomes uncertain.
?
I see not merely a defeated ruler,
?But an aging woman burdened with unspoken pain,
?Her weary face carrying the dust of years,
?Her silence heavier than accusation itself.
?
?Does she deserve such a bitter farewell?
?Perhaps she does — or perhaps far more awaits;
?Yet even so, compassion stirs within me,
?And my joy stands divided against itself.
?
?For in her fallen figure I behold at last
?Another shadow of King Lear,
?Not crowned with tragic majesty,
?But broken beneath the weight of history.
?
?@Prabir Gayen
?15/05/26/6: 22 AM.
?

Prabir Gayen

?the Seventieth Birthday
?Of The Master
?(Sri Sri Ravishankar)
?(Happy Birthday Guruji 13 May 2026)

?The Seventieth Birthday
?of the Master
?(Sri Sri Ravishankar)
?(Happy Birthday Guruji 13 May 2026)
?
?Prabir Gayen
?
?Today — 13/05/2026 —
?is the seventieth birthday of my Master,
?a sacred day for every devotee,
?the completion of seventy luminous years
?of divine footsteps upon this mortal earth.
?
?The world is filled with celebration;
?the wind itself seems touched by bliss,
?and the whole creation smiles silently
?through the joy of His holy existence.
?Nearly twenty-six years ago
?I entered that invisible circle,
?initiated into an aura beyond speech.
?
?I saw Him once
?and knew the fragrance of His divinity.
?Twenty-six years have passed,
?I have done nothing
?worthy of receiving His grace,
?yet His compassion descended endlessly
?like moonlight upon a forgotten forest.
?
?He gave everything with His gentle smile,
?He gave without asking anything in return.
?He placed the entire universe
?into the emptiness of my hands.
?

?One solitary noon,
?while sitting in inward trance
?with closed eyes and silent breath,
?He came before me.
?Not a dream,
?no, not merely a dream,
?but a vast inner vision
?opening like eternity within consciousness.
?
?He came only to smile,
?and in that smile
?worlds were born and dissolved.
?I received everything
?and lost everything together.
?
?Many times He came
?during my lonely hours of pain,
?bearing unavoidable messages
?from some unseen shore of compassion.
?
?His love descended upon me
?without condition,
?without demand,
?without measure.
?From distant places
?I felt His presence surrounding me.
?
?He is everywhere,
?still beside me,
?still within me,
?yet infinitely far away,
?like a star visible
?but unreachable to human hands.
?
?Twenty-six years have passed,
?and I remain here still,
?living with a broken heart
?and a blue vision of existence.
?
?Life drifts endlessly
?through waves of ancient sorrow,
?old unnurtured wounds

?clinging to the dark walls of my being
?like moss upon abandoned stone.
?
?Life has gone far beyond my reach,
?yet I still see my childhood days,
?the pure village paths,
?the innocent afternoons,
?the youthful years filled
?with unkind and wandering dreams.
?
?Slowly the hair has turned grey,
?the body moves toward silence,
?and now I wait for death
?as one waits for the last boat
?beside a fading riverbank.
?
?I know not
?from which direction
?my farewell shall arrive.
?Sri Sri is there,
?showering grace upon the entire world,
?yet only I remain absent
?from my own existence.
?
?My life still stands
?twenty-six years behind,
?caught forever
?in some unmoving hour of memory:
?the open fields,
?the poor cottage,
?the darkened room beneath a dreaming moon,
?the simple village life
?filled with ancient tenderness.
?
?He is seventy today,
?and the world celebrates
?His divine presence;
?yet to me
?He remains unchanged,
?with soft compassionate eyes,
?with that eternal smile,
?speaking in a deep tender voice:

?'Say what you want.'
?And I answered then
?as I answer still within myself:
?'I want nothing.'
?I wanted nothing,
?and perhaps within that wanting of nothing
?everything was already hidden,
?only I myself was absent.
?
?I visited the ashram many times,
?yet I was never truly there.
?Only a vagabond soul wandered through its paths,
?a broken pilgrim searching
?for the ashes of his own existence.
?
?From afar
?I offer my Master
?a silent birthday prayer,
?yet I cannot find myself anywhere.
?For I am no longer what I was.
?I died long ago,
?twenty-six years ago I silently demised,
?and only a fractured breath
?still lingers somewhere deep
?within the forgotten chambers
?where once I truly existed.
?
?@Prabir Gayen
?13/05/26
?(14/05/26- 1: 18 AM.
?

Prabir Gayen

?the Eternal Tree Of Being

?The Eternal Tree of Being
Prabir Kumar Gayen
?
?A Hindu is a direct descendant of God,
?A Hindu stands as the image of the Divine;
?A Hindu is a river of Silence,
?A Hindu—the hidden source of the Ganga.
?
?The DNA that inherits the ancient,
?Yet forever new culture, is Hindu;
?Hindu is the root of creation,
?The absolute state of Being.
?
?The Veda—the luminous voice eternal,
?The Upanishad—the seed of all becoming,
?The Puran—the ever-renewing memory of time,
?Declare: Hindu is no branch confined,
?But the vast Tree that spreads through eternity.
?
?Branches arise with varied music;
?On one, the eternal stillness—where Buddha sits beneath;
?On another, pale with renunciation,
?Mahabir stands with closed, unshaken eyes;
?Below, a mighty limb resounds,
?Where Nanak sings with countless Masters.
?
?The Tree of Hindu spreads,
?piercing the sky of Time;
?New branches unfold with new-born light.
?
?On one, Lao Tzu hums the song of unity;
?On another, Socrates chants of deathless knowing;
?Elsewhere, Heraclitus bends in ancient murmur,
?Whispering the secret of opposites,
?And their hidden One.
?
?Golden and silver branches surround,
?Till the vast Tree becomes
?An infinite sky of Consciousness.

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?
?Each branch silent with immeasurable knowing;
?Gorakh, Vivekananda, Kabir, Shankaracharya,
?Seated upon the mighty limb of Sanatan Dharma,
?Singing the song of humanity.
?
?Yet they know,
?Another tree grows beside it,
?With branches dark and poisoned.
?
?Against Love, it breeds hatred;
?Against Compassion, it worships
?The murderous minister of Darkness;
?Against Dispassion, it argues and deceives,
?Offering the perversion of desire as heaven;
?Against the gospel of Love,
?It raises its hand to kill the innocent.
?
?O sons and daughters of Vishnu,
?Of the Absolute Brahman,
?Divide not your pure religion
?Into fragments of pride and blindness.
?
?No—never was the Hindu divided in essence.
?A Brahman is no higher than a Shudra;
?A Shudra is a Brahman in becoming.
?
?The Brahman is the guide through light;
?The other—the seeker in devotion.
?As Krishna and Arjuna,
?As Ramakrishna and Vivekananda,
?As Rama and Hanuman,
?So flows the eternal relation.
?God—the great Vishnu, the silent Shiva,
?Is the Father;
?And Hindu, and Christian, and all
?Are but branches of the One Sanatan root.
?Divide not the One into lesser forms.
?
?Can the eye claim to be greater than the hand?
?Or the hand above the tongue?
?Or the tongue above the feet?

?Or the feet above the heart?
?
?Hindu is a mountain
?From which four sacred rivers flow,
?Fragrant and eternal,
?With myriad streams: Tao, Tantra,
?Yoga, Torah, and Talmud.
?
?Krishna is Christ-consciousness;
?Buddha is Krishna-consciousness;
?Mahabir—the austere song of renunciation
?In the silence of Buddha.
?
?Heraclitus—the Ganga of thought,
?Flowing from the Bodhi Tree
?To the ancient soil of Greece,
?Rising to the heights of Lao Tzu,
?And dissolving at last
?In the unseen Kailash of Being.
?
?O Masters of all religions,
?O seekers and lovers of Truth,
?Unite against the deadly tree
?That bears only poisoned fruit
?For all humanity.
?
?Let the Ganga unite
?With the Nile, the Volga, the Huang He,
?With Euphrates and Tigris,
?Let all rivers become One Ocean.
?Let Socrates, Plato, Lao Tzu, Heraclitus,
?With Buddha, Mahabir, and Jesus,
?Join hands with Vivekananda, Ramakrishna, Kabir,
?Standing beneath the Temple Eternal,
?Lighting the flame of Love and Compassion for all beings,
?So that no poisonous tree
?May ever again
?Strike at the root of Creation,
?No, never again,
?For no reason, in no age.
?
?@Prabir Gayen

?01/04/26/5: 42 PM.
?

Prabir Gayen

?go Beyond The Body, Stella
?

?Go Beyond the Body, Stella
?
?Prabir Kumar Gayen
?
?Go beyond the body, Stella,
?the light of the eternal nature.
?Life is so precious, so eternal;
?here in this world, life is a dream.
?
?Here on this planet, people look above,
?standing in space, gazing into space.
?They dream of heaven,
?yet remain ignorant and violent.
?
?For five thousand years,
?humanity has fought
?over fifteen thousand wars.
?
?People move like shadows without mercy.
?Go beyond the body, Stella,
?and see the Divine everywhere.
?
?This world is too wounded to be healed by violence.
?People are hungry for life,
?yet kill, hoping for heaven.
?
?Through darkness, they seek
?to abolish darkness.
?This is the age of darkness,
?the age of killing the innocent;
?and its agents stand ready
?to leap into a sea of blood.
?
?The ancient mother of brutal power
?rises again to devour humanity.
?Human beings walk in somnambulism,
?as if standing in heaven,

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?yet preparing to kill to reach heaven.
?
?Humanity is not yet mature.
?People are divided by community,
?pierced by the sharp arrow of ignorance.
?
?Even a dog understands
?the simple truth of living,
?a dog is more religious than a human being.
?Those who carry the highest knowledge
?often live as cowards.
?
?Knowledge has grown dull beside the sword,
?and the sword still smokes
?with the memory of blood.
?
?Religion is no longer the path to self-knowledge;
?it has become a path to destruction,
?a sanctified ground for cruelty.
?
?Religion stands,
?a house of death.
?The Upanishads fall silent in deaf ears;
?their wisdom dissolves into empty words.
?They speak of self-effacement,
?the wave returning to the ocean,
?yet the ocean is forgotten.
?
?The Gita waits, but Arjun is absent.
?Only the heirs of Duryodhan
?seem to reign.
?
?Higher knowledge lies
?in a deep and troubled sleep.
?The invisible world stands still;
?its presence remains unseen.
?
?It does nothing
?to save humanity
?from its own brutal philosophies.
?
?Savage minds gather in crowds,

?ready to destroy the innocent.
?Even the saintly drift in delirium,
?lost between sainthood
?and sin.
?Let us go beyond false religion.
?Let us be immersed in higher knowledge,
?and prepare to raise another Kurukshetra
?to restore Dharma.
?
?For within each of us lives Krishna,
?Arjun,
?and Duryodhan.
?Now the struggle grows more violent,
?more immense,
?for evil has clothed itself in religion.
?
?It has taken a sacred form,
?and thus become more dangerous:
?a creed that kills
?to claim heaven and carnal eternity.
?
?The philosophy of darkness,
?the creed of murder for desire,
?must be overcome
?by the light of love and knowledge.
?
?For this struggle is eternal,
?it does not end.
?The world stands divided in two:
?one speaks of love, knowledge, and service,
?one calls for the making of heaven on earth;
?the other waits for its chance
?to kill the innocent
?for a promised paradise of pleasure.
?
?A heaven of desire,
?is it truly heaven?
?Or is it another name for hell?
?People do not fight for heaven,
?but for a deeper hell,
?for they are bound
?to ignorance and craving.

?
?Let us become one in love.
?Let us awaken through love.
?Beyond the body and the mind,
?only spiritual knowledge is true.
?Only love is true.
?
?Only love without motive is true.
?Let us remain faithful to one another.
?Let us create
?a world of the soul.
?Let us go beyond doubt.
?
?@Prabir Gayen
?26/03/26/4: 06 PM
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Prabir Gayen

?temple At The Heart Of The Village

?Temple at the Heart of the Village
? Prabir Gayen
?
?Make a temple within the village,
?a quiet seat of knowledge,
?a luminous dome of worship.
?At the very heart of the village raise it,
?as in ancient India,
?when near the dwellings of men
?the graveyard stood in silent voice
?in the age of the Buddha,
?that man might remember
?the futile breath of life
?and the passing shadow of the world.
?
?Now is the hour to experience Life,
?not death alone to know detachment.
?Raise therefore a temple
?at the living center of the village,
?where innocent people celebrate life.
?
?Around its sacred walls
?let trees of unity slowly shine,
?their branches bending over all alike.
?
?Through worship let every wandering heart
?be gathered into a single rhythm.
?Let devotion rise like a wave of music
?lifting each soul gently upward,
?softening the struggle of life.
?
?Let the village remember its forgotten glory,
?the ancient dignity of belonging,
?the serene wealth of contentment,
?the wisdom that once flowed
?through the veins of our civilization
?like a hidden river of light.
?
?For an old civilization

?rich with profound philosophy
?and life-giving knowledge
?stands now in danger,
?threatened by violent creeds
?and the coarse vulgarities of the age.
?
?False doctrines move in darkness,
?Silently planning with dark intention,
?and hide behind the black wall of desire,
?desire to conquer, to divide, to destroy
?the ever smiling people of absolute tolerance.
?
?Therefore build the temple.
?Pay homage to the song of heart,
?imbibing the spirit of Love and devotion,
?Unite people with single vision.
?Let the temple of knowledge
?stand at the village center
?so that waves of love and wisdom
?may move from heart to heart
?binding soul to soul
?in an unseen garland.
?
?Unity alone is safety.
?Unity is the shield of lions
?against the circling hyenas of the night.
?
?Through devotion,
?through the quiet harmony of learning,
?a brighter path may open,
?a path that protects the generations to come
?and prepares the birth of an unique civilization.
?
?So unite, or perish through folly.
?Raise a temple at the heart of the village.
?Let Krishna be remembered there,
?dancing with absolute Joy,
?and Buddha in his calm compassion,
?let Jesus speak again the gospel of love,
?and Mahavira the courage of harmlessness.
?
?Let Mother Kali be adored,

?Durga the strength of the righteous,
?Lakshmi the grace of abundance,
?Saraswati the fountain of knowledge,
?and Shiva, the silent dancer of eternity.
?
?Let the ancient scriptures breathe again,
?the Gita, the Upanishads,
?the hidden harmonies of wisdom,
?the Tao Te Ching,
?the Vedas and the secret fire of Tantra,
?all flowing together
?as rivers seeking the vast ocean.
?
?From knowledge arises love,
?from love devotion,
?and from devotion unity,
?And from unity shall rise a new dawn.
?
?Let all villages be the seat of knowledge,
?unity and absolute incarnation of divinity,
?Let every village become a family,
?A living pilgrimage of humanity.
?
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?@Prabir Gayen
?17/03/26
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Prabir Gayen

When Me And Mine Dissolve

?When Me and Mine Dissolve
Prabir Gyen
?
?When me and mine dissolve,
?What remains is Shiva.
?When all is taken away,
?And returns to its hidden source,
?What remains is Shiva.
?
?The source of everything and nothing,
?The womb of silence and uncreated breath,
?Shiva — the great and sacred nothingness,
?The luminous beauty of being no-thing.
?
?That truth the mind cannot enter,
?That flame no thought can hold,
?That state which reigns beyond
?The long corridors of nothing,
?Yet blossoms as everything.
?
?Shiva, the principle
?No principle can contain,
?The stillness where all doctrines fall
?Like tired birds into infinite sky.
?
?That realm of no-mind,
?Where mind arrives only to disappear,
?Where knowing dissolves in its own reflection.
?
?Who remains there to realise Truth?
?Who stands apart to witness?
?That which experiences Truth is Shiva.
?
?That which dissolves the experiencer is Shiva.
?Shiva — the field of pure experience,
?Where experience fades
?Into the unborn vastness
?Of inexperienced being.
?

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?When me and mine dissolve,
?What remains is Shiva.
?When experience and experiencer dissolve,
?Only Shiva remains.
?
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?17 Feb /2026/8: 57 AM.
?

Prabir Gayen

?me Poet Yeps Poet
?(A Tribute)

?Me Poet Yeps Poet
?(A Tribute)
?Prabir Kumar Gayen
?
?Me poet Yeps, poet,
?A poet and a heart made of molten gold,
?A poet and a river without a source,
?Or a source flowing toward infinite ending.
?
?Me poet Yeps, poet,
?An inspiration breathing beyond mind,
?A light that keeps emitting without time,
?A radiance no dusk can bind.
?
?A poet that knows no despair,
?A single heart bearing multitudinous tunes
?Of endless and echoing harmony;
?Fire within like the sovereign sun,
?And moonlight calm as a placid lake,
?Spreading love through the fragrance of poem.
?
?Time passed, and I remained repairing
?The wounds of my heart and being,
?Patiently stitching torn silences,
?Threading pain toward healing,
?Sealing the unavoidable scar
?With trembling yet faithful hands.
?
?And you were not found,
?O poet — the poet,
?The master among masters,
?Where have you gone, leaving behind
?Your beloved and breathing room?
?
?Where have you wandered, silent minstrel,
?Leaving echoes upon empty walls,
?Leaving verses hovering like incense

?Inside memory's dim corridors?
?
?Yet the smile of your mother,
?"Moms' Smile" — still shines bright,
?A gentle lamp through corridors of night,
?Still warming the altar of remembrance,
?Still blooming inside the garden of light.
?
?@Prabir Gayen
?15 Feb/2026/2: 05 PM.
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Prabir Gayen

?five Years Beyond The Murmur Of Time

?Five Years Beyond the Murmur of Time
Prabir kumar Gayen
?
?Five years have passed—and with them
?Five seasons of hope unharvested,
?Five long corridors of aspirations
?Fading into an unnamed dusk.
?Five years of life bearing no fruit,
?Five years of experience
?Ripening into the taste of no experience.
?Between each second
?Were woven the wrathful threads
?Of pain and recurring enigma.
?Five years of encircling darkness
?Broken only by trembling gleams
?Of reluctant restoration.
?Upon the debris of unfinished becoming
?Only the dome of despair was raised,
?Built with wordless murmurs
?Echoing through hollow chambers of breath.
?Five years of life
?Without the fragrance of living.
?It was a lost life,
?Wandering through a deserted province of being,
?Where time was spent
?Like sand slipping through a clenched fist.
?Hopeless and purposeless
?Yet secretly journeying toward
?That goalless Goal,
?That shoreless shore
?Where mind dissolves into its unborn source.
?Perhaps the Kingdom of the Eternal
?Unfolded its hidden fragrance by accident,
?Like an unseen blossom opening
?In the night garden of unconscious prayer.
?It was a lost life,
?Yet not lost like the buried continents
?Of forgotten civilizations,
?But hidden beneath the fever of weariness,

?Veiled by the fret of restless becoming,
?Waiting behind the bushy inland wilderness
?Secretly nested within the mind.
?Five years dissolved in utter silence,
?Struck by unnumbered blows of immeasurable pain.
?Moments grew heavy,
?And that heaviness slipped quietly
?Through the corridors of existence.
?Long-cherished hopes
?And desires yearning to become desireless
?Collapsed into the dark abyss
?Of passionate dispassion.
?Each day carried the signature of despair,
?Each moment slipped deeper
?Into the bottomless chasm of vanishing.
?Before the end could arrive,
?The end had already reached the threshold—
?Knocking softly upon the fragile door of the heart,
?Pointing toward the final dissolution.
?The harmonious whisper of wandering winds,
?The morning birds weaving hymns of awakening,
?The waves chanting their ageless mantra,
?And the silent symphony concealed in blossoms,
?All lost their language of meaning.
?The womb of eternity closed its petals.
?The gateways of infinity folded into stillness.
?Once, drops of dew
?Invited the heart
?To pause and sip the honey of the Unknown.
?Once, the mind hovered breathless
?At the edge of immeasurable depth.
?Now, even sensation has forgotten
?How to feel its own existence.
?Five years have passed,
?Carrying away all that was pure,
?Sublime,
?And silently illuminating.
?Yet the cooling streams of Nature remain,
?Flowing through every fibre of creation:
?In the veins of trees,
?In the secret pulse of waters,
?In the concealed fire within stones,

?In the burning galaxies hidden
?Behind mortal eyes.
?
?The ancient songs still flow,
?The eternal chant of wisdom,
?The ageless hymns of primordial seeing,
?Flowing like mountain springs
?That sing through autumn
?While sleeping inside winter
?And flowering secretly in the womb of summer.
?
?Only I have departed quietly,
?Unaware of time's silent theft,
?Writing the poem
?Of my own vanishing.
?After awakening from this long slumber,
?Life appears as a sun
?Descending toward the western silence,
?Finding no witness upon the shore.
?The festival of existence
?Has folded its colourful tents,
?Departing without farewell,
?Slipping behind the invisible curtain
?Of the inner sky.
?
?The rivers have fulfilled their pilgrimage
?By merging into the vast ocean of unnameable Being.
?Only a few ponds remain,
?Separated from the eternal current,
?Awaiting their gentle evaporation
?Into the invisible heavens.
?Still they breathe beneath soft-shadowed trees,
?Offering cool water
?To wandering strangers of destiny.
?
?Now the hour has ripened.
?The call has deepened.
?The final gesture has blossomed.
?It is time
?To say farewell,
?To descend like mist
?Into the immeasurable silence.

?
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?15 Feb /2026/8: 35 AM

Prabir Gayen

?swami Vivekananda
?(A Soul To A Sleeping Nation)
?

?
?Swami Vivekananda
?(A Soul to a Sleeping Nation)
?
  Prabir Kumar Gayen
?
?Swami Vivekananda,
?a great Soul,
?an unextinguished fire
?still breathing in our inward world.
?
?A burning image cast by Time itself,
?whom we praise, adore,
?and crown with deep reverence.
?
?Yet history keeps its deeper
?wound concealed.
?Beneath the shore of statues
?lies a life of neglect,
?a suffering unspoken.
?
?He lived a pain beyond measure,
?a life unfinished,
?fallen from the Tree of being,
?before its branches could spread into sky.
?A flower dropped with dew still in its breast,
?before its fragrance learned
?the language of Anemos.
?
?A diamond returned to earth
?before the hand of time could shape its skin,
?He was young,
?a soul immense,
?a mind charged with thunder.
?His words were consecrated breath,
?his eyes carried primordial fire,

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?his being an ocean
?remembering immortality.
?
?Then death entered his house.
?His father gone,
?poverty descended into his kitchen,
?The ancestral home was seized,
?relatives turned away,
?his mother and brothers
?learned the blow of hunger.
?
?He wrote of days without food,
?of nights filled with anxiety and pain.
?A man of eternal potency,
?dreaming of an India risen
?through ancient wisdom and fearless truth,
?walked the streets in humiliation,
?asking for bread.
?No one stood for him.
?
?No hand rose
?to recognise the flame in a young sannyasi's eyes.
?He wandered for his family's survival,
?fasted without vow,
?sleepless without mantra.
?
?From every door words of disdain,
?From every road he received rejection.
?A being fresh from eternity's womb
?was forced into helplessness.
?
?Once, in anguish,
?he asked his Master Ramakrishna
?to pray to Mother Kali for food.
?Ramakrishna smiled,
?'Ask Her yourself'.
?
?Three times he went.
?Three times he dissolved into silence.
?Three times knowledge rose like fire.
?A man born to become the sky
?could not ask for grain.

?
?America called him.
?But poverty stood like big wall,
?He begged for aid,
?none came.
?So-called men of religion
?turned their faces away.
?
?He walked the length of India,
?particularly South india,
?The kings heavy with money and gold,
?famous for donation to temple,
?But everyone rejected him
?with words of disdain,
?He returned empty-handed,
?with wounds invisible yet deep.
?
?As a wandering monk
?he was insulted, refused shelter,
?treated as useless one in sacred lands.
?
?Still the resolve burned:
?to awaken a sleeping nation,
?to preach love, courage, and humanity.
?
?At last he crossed the sea,
?criticised for the crossing,
?accused of sin,
?judged for imagined food,
?while he struggled to survive
?on foreign ground.
?
?Then came Chicago.
?A single address,
?and the world turned.
?America bowed.
?Newspapers crowned him
?a voice of the age.
?
?India,
?which had doubted him,
?which defended caste and comfort,

?suddenly claimed him.
?They worshipped what they had wounded.
?He returned to chariots and cheers.
?Those who once ignored the sun
?now pulled its wheels.
?
?They shared his fame,
?not his fire.
?He saw through it.
?Standing amid celebration,
?he remained alone,
?outside the house of worship,
?unhoused in the human heart.
?
?Victory did not heal him.
?His thoughts returned to his mother,
?poor, homeless, unprotected.
?He raised funds relentlessly,
?kept nothing for himself.
?What he earned through lectures,
?he gave to build Belur Math,
?to sustain his brother monks.
?No one asked him
?to rest.
?He worked as one possessed by compassion.
?Days without rest
?nights without sleep
?Brain with thousand thoughts
?and body becoming fragile.
?
?The nation was ill,
?he tried to cure it
?with his own work
?The body broke.
?A great sannyasi,
?A silent warrior,
?A soul whose quiet
?was deeper than existence itself.
?A star among countless stars,
?yet singular.
?The dearest son of the land
?died at thirty-nine,

?when the bud is ready,
?when fragrance waits.
?
?They named it samadhi.
?They named it mahasamadhi.
?But truth speaks otherwise.
?It was a slow self-sacrifice.
?A chosen dissolution.
?Like Jesus upon the Cross,
?he attained illumination through abandonment.
?Had he lived another thirty-nine years,
?India would not be what it is.
?It might have awakened
?into courage and compassion,
?worthy of the name World-Teacher.
?He was the salt of the earth.
?India received the fire,
?but failed to protect the flame.
?He lived in silence,
?and dissolved into silence,
?a silence greater than silence.
?
?Today we celebrate his birth.
?Not to worship him only,
?He wanted not mere worship,
?We need to feel him,
?his struggle,
?his neglect,
?his unshared pain.
?And we should take oath
?Not to neglect another vivekananda
?to die through utter ignorance,
?So that living masters
?are honoured while breathing,
?Not reduced to make statues
?or Idle books of praise.
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?@Prabir Gayen
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Prabir Gayen

Hindu - Song Of The Beginning

?Hindu - Song of the Beginning
?
? Prabir Kumar Gayen
?
?Hindu life, Hindu death,
?Hindu breath moving through
?bone and silence.
?
?Hindu air, Hindu water,
?Hindu fire of the sun that wakes the seed.
?
?Hindu is the song of life
?sung before language learned its tongue.
?
?Hindu sky, Hindu space,
?the open palm of creation.
?
?Hindu is the muse of becoming,
?Ida and Pingala braided in light,
?Saraswati flowing as thought and sound.
?
?Hindu earth, Hindu moon,
?Hindu the prayer without demand.
?
?Hindu the object of meditation,
?mother and daughter in one mirror,
?the plain where eternal peace rests its head.
?
?Hindu is hero and heroine,
?Savarkar and Khudiram in flame,
?Netaji Subhas, Jatinder Nath,
?names carved in courage.
?
?Hindu is man and God,
?poem and epic breathing each other.
?
?Hindu is the soul of the earth,
?the prana of the world.
?Hindu is beauty remembering itself,

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?Rabindranath's song,
?Vivekananda's thunder.
?
?Hindu is Svetaketu listening to silence,
?the ancient call of Tat Tvam Asi.
?
?Hindu is Aham Brahmasmi
?spoken by the wind.
?Hindu is the unheard language
?understood by all beings.
?
?Hindu is Ramakrishna and Buddha,
?Heraclitus, Lao Tzu, Pythagoras,
?fires from different hills
?meeting in one sky.
?
?Hindu is Parasurama, Aurobindo, Rumi,
?Arjuna and Hanuman moving in one pulse.
?
?Hindu is Ganga, Yamuna, Saraswati,
?Himalaya, Aravalli, Alps,
?Mariana's depth and Kailash's stillness,
?Tibet and Sahara breathing one earth.
?
?Hindu is Debabrata, Santanu,
?Dibyendu, Priya bata and Priyanka,
?Rajesh, Rakesh, Rishikesh,
?the ordinary made sacred.
?
?Hindu is fountain and flow,
?river and ocean,
?drop remembering the sea.
?
?Hindu is nothing and everything,
?the bird's single note,
?the orchestra of stars,
?the sound of one hand clapping
?inside the heart.
?
?Hindu is Gita on the battlefield,
?Ashtavakra's palace of laughter,
?Rama walking with Vashistha,

?sakuntala blooming in exile.
?
?Hindu is sacrifice,
?the bow, the arrow, the offering.
?Hindu is Buddha beneath the Bodhi tree,
?Svetambara and Digambara,
?non-violence holding a sword of truth.
?
?Hindu is nature's law
?and the marriage of opposites,
?the eternal music unheard.
?
?Hindu is civilization beyond time,
?beauty that does not age.
?
?Kali, Durga, Lakshmi,
?dark sky, star-filled,
?and starless emptiness
?overflowing with love.
?
?Hindu is Rina, Tine, Debolina,
?Aradhya, Aradhana, Mahalaxmi, Vishalaxmi,
?Gautami and Satakarni,
?Nanak and Omkar
?sharing one breath.
?
?Hindu is sound and silence,
?Guru Gobind and Jupiter turning together.
?Mahavira, Shibaji, Rana Pratap,
?strength disciplined by dharma.
?
?Sanjukta, Padmini, Santoshi Ma,
?grace wearing many faces.
?
?Hindu is Gurudwara and temple,
?poem and poet,
?writer and novel,
?song and singer.
?
?Tolerance and turbulence,
?meditation and revolution.
?

?Hindu is Krishna's flute,
?Ashtavakra's laughter,
?Vashistha's stillness,
?the music of emptiness itself.
?
?Hindu is Rama and Lakshmana
?walking on dust,
?the source of peace that does not retreat.
?
?Hindu is the temple of ancient knowing,
?ever new, ever present,
?a song without end.
?
?@Prabir Gayen
?11/01/2026/5: 07PM.
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Prabir Gayen

Work Hand In Hand

?
?Work Hand in Hand
?
?Prabir Kumar Gayen
?
?Life is a battlefield,
?you stand within it
?wounded,
?and yet luminous.
?You are the struck one,
?you are the hidden divine.
?
?Work hand in hand
?that the veiled dawn may arrive,
?not as decree,
?but as music,
?as poetry,
?as the slow breathing of a novel
?written by many souls.
?
?Work hand in hand
?to awaken the great drama
?where form is shaped
?through form itself,
?where Shakespeare finds his voice
?within your silence,
?where Milton bends rhythm
?until Rabindranath answers
?with a flame of song.
?
?Work hand in hand
?that the divine may fall
?as petals,
?as unnamed grace.
?Waves of wishing will rise,
?un-steadying the heart,
?tilting the inner compass,
?yet desire is not exile;
?desire is blessing

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?when its buds are placed
?upon the altar
?of the Eternal Temple.
?
?Awake.
?Arise.
?Do not halt
?until every human breath
?is counted.
?One flower abandoned
?cannot shape a garland.
?Do not raise your hand
?against your brother,
?your sister,
?they are your shield.
?Do not turn upon your kin.
?
?Do not fracture yourselves.
?For life will then harden
?into a widening desert,
?and annihilation
?will wear the mask of destiny.
?The blood of brothers and sisters
?will flow
?only to remind you
?of a forgotten radiance.
?
?Awake.
?Love your own lineage.
?Lay down the smallness of mind
?to enter
?the shared consciousness
?that listens beyond ego.
?
?O ancient bloodline
?of Krishna,
?of Buddha,
?of Mahavir,
?O primordial song
?of Ashtavakra,
?of Pythagoras,
?of Heraclitus,

?Muse of the Aionian hills,
?saga of unperishing beauty,
?sons and daughters
?of Zen and Judaism,
?bearers of epic breath
?and divine message,
?Unite
?for a single cause:
?to endure,
?and to shape the eternal joy
?of living
?in peace
?without surrendering truth.
?
?A dark age advances silently
?along the corridor of unawareness,
?where two hands
?of the same body
?strike one another
?and call it fate.
?
?Stop.
?Do not war
?with your own mind,
?your own flesh,
?you are notes
?of a single, undying tune.
?
?Be One,
?without second thought,
?recognizing each being
?as essential breath.
?
?Feel the union.
?Work together
?to face the darkness
?where literature is named sin,
?where music is declared betrayal,
?where goddesses are condemned
?as shadows.
?
?Stand as one voice

?with all your brothers and sisters
?and sing
?the language that precedes language.
?
?In the Garden of Eden
?only one flower is violent,
?one rot is enough
?to turn soil into dust.
?
?Unite,
?and that decay will heal,
?or be removed
?so that humanity may pass.
?From ancient Greece to Bethlehem,
?from England's old breath to India's soul,
?the same song arose
?in different tongues
?to shelter humankind.
?
?Come closer.
?Enter union.
?That union itself
?is the highest resistance,
?the most sacred fight.
?
?@Prabir Gayen
?08/01/2026/12: 35 PM.
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?

Prabir Gayen

Awake Or Fall

? Awake or Fall
?
Prabir Kumar Gayen
?
?Awake Before the Ash Falls
?You earn, you store, you contend with your neighbour,
?you hoard tomorrow as though it were immortal.
?You boast of talent,
?inflate the chest with borrowed grandeur,
?live as a giant
?upon a fragile spine of breath.
?You raise mansions of stone and glass,
?cars that shine like armored desires,
?sleep one night in costly hotels
?to feel successful for a moment.
?You roam as officer, administrator, merchant of power,
?crowned by ego,
?unquestioned by time.
?You live like a king,
?stacking assets for unborn names,
?yet have you looked once
?at the ledger of history?
?Where are the palaces of Prithviraj?
?Where echoes the throne of Shivaji?
?Where rest the empires shaped by centuries of will?
?Even kings who turned to compassion,
?even rulers who renounced violence,
?where are their generations now?
?Stone dissolved into dust.
?Gold scattered into anonymity.
?Lineages thinned into footnotes.
?Did you ask why?
?What happened to the great houses
?of North and South,
?of Bengal and the Deccan,
?when ruthless ideologies crossed borders
?not with dialogue,
?but with hunger for blood and possession?
?What happened to their wealth,

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?their temples,
?their learning,
?their heirs?
?Have you learned anything
?from the naked movement of time?
?Have you ever examined
?the philosophy that sanctifies destruction,
?that baptizes murder as virtue,
?that calls plunder a sacred duty?
?Or are you too busy
?quarrelling with the neighbour
?who is part of your own breath,
?your first wall of protection,
?your unseen ally?
?You fight the mirror
?while the storm studies your house.
?Do you know
?that a seeker of ancient wisdom
?is a rare pulse in creation,
?that such consciousness diminishes daily
?not by chance
?but by design?
?Did you ever consider
?that you carry an inheritance older than memory,
?a current of knowledge
?that once taught the world
?to think, to ask, to awaken?
?What have you done
?to protect that inheritance
?for your children?
?Those who walk the paths of non-violence,
?whether named Hindu, Sikh, Buddhist, Jain,
?or any faith rooted in conscience,
?are bound by the same vulnerability,
?targeted by the same hunger
?that despises restraint and mercy.
?What have you done
?beyond personal success,
?beyond family comfort,
?beyond polishing private lives?
?The air grows heavier.
?The silence thickens.

?Footsteps move closer,
?not in myth,
?but in pattern.
?Everything can be taken.
?Home, history, breath.
?Brutality needs no justification
?when ideology absolves it.
?Love alone will not shield you
?if love refuses courage.
?Meditation alone will not save you
?if awareness avoids action.
?Compassion without clarity
?becomes an offering to destruction.
?Awake.
?Arise.
?Unite with those
?who honour life.
?Do not divide into names and sects
?while the threat is singular.
?Synthesize wisdom.
?Stand together in discernment.
?Know this deeply:
?the enemy is not many,
?the danger is one.
?And one, unchecked,
?is enough
?to erase humanity.
?Choose unity over ego.
?Preparation over denial.
?Wisdom over sleep.
?Wake.
?And see.
?@Prabir Gayen
?04/01/2026/5: 51 PM.
?
?

Prabir Gayen

?the Dress Code Of A Sinner

?The Dress Code of a Sinner
Prabir Kumar Gayen
?
?What is the dress code of a sinner?
?Wearing awkward hat with borrowed
?rope from other ancient book,
?Stolen page with broken words,
?Not cloth like normal human beings
?With sword in hand to drink
?blood of pure creed,
?Blind in faith with dark agents
?that his truth alone may breathe
?while others must choke into silence.
?
?Arrogant like a crow wearing
?rotten and filthy dress,
?wraps fear around his waist,
?killing innocent is his bravery,
?ties obedience like a noose
?and calls it faith.
?
?His prayers smell of conquest,
?Crying like dark pigs in filthy lake,
?his devotion thirsts for destruction,
?Who is he - the brutal beast,
?who labours to burn every altar
?except the one that feeds his
?sinful ego,
?whose religion is only sin
?wearing a borrowed halo?
?
?He is the artisan of ruin,
?the missionary of hatred,
?the cleric of annihilation
?who mistakes domination for God,
?God the very word itself is an illusion
?As his God is a killer of innocent human beings, supporter of rapist and criminals

?As he kills in His Name.

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?
?What is the enemy of humanity?
?Not belief, not scripture, not God,
?but the shadow of sin
?pretending to be religion,
?where conscience is outlawed
?and cruelty is crowned divine.
?The thief can not take real essence
?When they steal messages from other religious book.
?
?
?These are the beastly ones,
?upright in pretence,
?feral in soul,
?living behind the shadow of illusion,
?where blood becomes pathway,
?and suffering becomes proof,
?They enjoy licentuous happiness
?Snatching property from others.
?The brutal Sinners in the robe of Religion.
?
?
?They kiss the book,
?then destroy the living word,
?In the name of God do sex
?With multiple concubine
?Then speak of heaven
?while manufacturing hell.
?
?They invoke the sacred
?only to silence Love and compassion,
?O world, remember this:
?Where love is absent, God is absent.
?Where compassion dies, religion collapses.
?And where another's destruction
?is called holiness,
?sin has found its finest costume.
?The sinner's dress code
?is not what he wears in and out
?but what he refuses to feel.
?
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?1/1/26/6: 34 PM.
?
?
?

Prabir Gayen

The Question

? The Question
?
Prabir Kumar Gayen
?
?Should a Teacher arrive
?to whisper tender Love
?while the house of humanity burns?
?Should he offer
?only lullabies of belonging,
?calm folded in soft syllables,
?or carry the fire of discernment
?against corrosive wills
?that eat the marrow of conscience?
?
?Should a Poet sing
?only of universal brotherhood
?while brothers are reduced to ash
?by those who have forgotten
?what brotherhood means?
?
?Should Compassion chant its mantras
?while innocence is schooled in cruelty,
?while minds are engineered
?to mistake slaughter for virtue,
?and paradise is mis-sold
?as a currency of obedience
?where desire is weaponised
?and conscience is silenced?
?
?Should the Gita blaze again,
?not with blood,
?but with revolutionary knowledge,
?to shatter the lie
?that murder opens heaven,
?that death of the other
?earns celestial reward,
?that bodies are prizes
?for disciplined hands of darkness?
?

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?Should a Teacher come
?with the Chakra of Awareness,
?not to sever flesh,
?but to cut through delusion,
?to dismantle creeds
?born of ignorance, greed, and craving,
?and restore ancient truth
?with living meaning:
?
?Swadharme nidhanam sreya?,
?paradharmo bhayavaha?.
?
?Rise, O Modern Arjuna,
?not to hate,
?but to refuse false dharma;
?not to destroy lives,
?but to disarm lies
?whose agents move
?as shadows of a deeper night.
?
?I ask—and will ask again,
?until the answer dawns:
?Is love still love
?when it refuses
?to protect the living?
?
?Is God(Sectarian) a distant landlord
?trading gardens of pleasure
?for professional violence,
?or the silent fire of conscience
?burning patiently
?in every human chest?
?
?If a scripture teaches
?that paradise is purchased
?with the blood of strangers,
?is it divine revelation,
?or sanctified madness
?dressed in sacred grammar?
?
?O Arjuna of this age,
?your battlefield is not Kurukshetra alone.

?It is the classroom,
?the sermon,
?the screen,
?the algorithm,
?the silent consent of the good
?where wrong knowledge is normalised
?and killing is disguised as faith.
?
?You are not called
?to despise a people.
?You are called
?to dismantle a lie.
?You are not asked
?to destroy bodies,
?but to uproot doctrines
?that manufacture corpses.
?
?Is meditation
?to close the eyes
?while hatred sharpens prayers?
?
?Can peace be chanted
?while children are trained
?to inherit cruelty
?as sacred duty?
?
?No.
?Even Buddha rose from silence
?when ignorance endangered life.
?Even Christ overturned tables
?when holiness was traded.
?Even Krishna lifted the wheel
?when justice collapsed.
?
?Let no new religion
?be born of rage.
?Let no war
?wear the mask of God.
?
?But let a new resolve arise,
?a union of conscience
?where the Gita speaks

?with the Dhammapada,
?the Bible breathes
?with the Tao,
?Japji sings
?with the Upanishads,
?not to glorify death,
?but to deny murder
?its theology.
?
?For the enemy is not flesh.
?The enemy is the idea
?that killing is sacred.
?The enemy is the doctrine
?that women are rewards,
?that children are tools,
?that heaven is a marketplace
?for obedient butchers.
?
?Against this,
?every religion must become a shield,
?every mind a frontier,
?every heart a witness.
?Let revolution be disciplined,
?ethical, awake.
?
?Let law rise with courage.
?Let education burn
?brighter than bombs.
?Peace is not passivity.
?Compassion is not surrender.
?To protect life
?is not violence.
?It is duty.
?
?If a new scripture must be written,
?let it declare:
?No God rejoices in slaughter.
?No heaven trades in blood.
?No faith survives
?by devouring humanity.
?
?Stand together,

?not as one religion,
?but as one human vow:
?That no child will be taught
?to die for a lie.
?That no killer will be crowned holy.
?That no silence
?will excuse murder.
?This is not a call to kill.
?
?This is a call
?to end killing,
?at its root,
?in its theology,
?in its prayer.
?
?And if humanity must fight,
?let it fight darkness itself,
?not the wounded carriers
?of its infection.
?
?Let Krishna stand beside Lao Tzu,
?Buddha beside Mahavira,
?Christ beside Nanak.
?Let Ram's bow sing
?not conquest,
?but protection.
?Let unity rise
?without boundary
?to defend life
?against doctrines of death.
?
?Let heaven be renamed,
?not indulgence,
?but clarity of conscience;
?shared by Hindu and Christian,
?Buddhist and Jew,
?Zen and Sikh-
?a courage that refuses lies,
?a vigilance that guards the innocent,
?a fire that burns falsehood
?without burning the world.
?

?Let us be united
?not by reward,
?but by responsibility,
?in the name of Dharma,
?in the name of Life.
?
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?

Prabir Gayen

Through The Invisible Corridor Of Infinity (Kalki Is On The Way)

Through the Invisible Corridor of Infinity
(KALKI IS ON THE WAY)
Prabir Kumar Gayen

Through the invisible corridor of Infinity,
through timeless mirrors
beyond heaven and earth,
through the utter incantation
of deep-delved Silence,
the Divine took form
to rescue humanity
from the chaotic cosmos,
from the wrongly scripted fate
of Negative Energy,
symbolically named Satan:
Greed wearing crowns,
Lust disguised as power.
Sometimes
He moved as Narayana
spreading luminous intensity
through the secret arteries
of the cosmos.
Sometimes
as RAMA
cosmic compassion incarnate,
awakening the soul
from its long interior sleep,
fighting not demons alone
but the slumber of conscience.
Again, after vast intervals of forgetting,
when humanity cried
for inward knowledge,
to honour the integrity of all beings,
to restore Dharma,
to remember righteousness
beyond ritual and fear,
He came as Krishna,

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speaking from timeless space,
pouring nectar beyond time,
wisdom that breathes
between thought and thought,
heralding incarnation
again and again.
When knowledge was exiled
beyond mind and reason,
when intellect grew arrogant
and forgot Being,
the Self and the No-Self
reverberated once more,
and the Divine returned,
teaching renunciation
as the antidote to possession.
A king chose the way of silence.
Under the Bodhi Tree,
the human body itself
became the Tree of Knowledge.
The Lord became Buddha,
He who sought, found,
and taught Dharma
through the luminous austerity
of the Dhammapada.
Again, when ancient glory
mistook excess for essence,
He appeared as Mahavira
answering extreme violence
with extreme penance,
restoring balance
to the hidden mathematics of nature.
Time and again,
though eternally silent,
appearing as the non-existing Self,
He kept His promise:
'Yada yada hi dharmasya
glanir bhavati Bharata
abhyutthanam adharmasya
tadatmanam srijamyaham
Paritranaya sadhunam
vinashaya cha dushkritam
dharma samsthapana arthaya

sambhavami yuge yuge'

God is,
and God is not,
enormously present
in the heart of pure knowing,
as ism
and beyond all isms.
He comes
to confront those ugly in deeds
yet clothed in religion,
those who preach violence
as sacred law,
who turn fear into scripture.
To defeat such enemies
of all humanity,
He becomes Saint,
wielding Love as weapon,
Knowledge as shield.
Sometimes
Joy overflows into compassion;
sometimes
Love crucifies itself,
and He becomes Christ,
promising mercy
to heal merciless minds
and ferocious theologies.
He teaches paths
without prisons.
He becomes knowingness
against dead knowledge.
He dances as the way to God,
reveals the harmony of opposites,
flows as Tao.
He walks as monk,
sending rivers of wisdom
across continents.
He sits in ashrams,
teaching Silence
as the final scripture.
Sometimes
Hanuman becomes His breath,

sometimes Arjuna
His trembling courage,
sometimes Vivekananda
His thunder of awakening,
sometimes Osho
His laughter beyond fear.
He returns
through evolution for revolution.
Sometimes
He becomes Sri Sri,
moving the world
with the quiet, unstoppable
force of Love.
Now the hour ripens again.
To restore Dharma,
to confront false religions
that masquerade as truth
while plotting humanity's erasure,
the formless will assume form,
not as hatred,
but as cleansing fire.
Darkness spreads
like a sacred lie,
like a holy virus.
The cancer grows
through blind devotion.
Yet the Temple of Eternity
will rise.
Eyeless beings
will glimpse the Muse
of Eternal Being.
Through timeless space
the Lord will return,
and Mahabharata
will not be fought
on a single field,
but across the world.
The promise stands.
The Silence gathers strength.
Kalki is on His way.

@Prabir Kumar Gayen

27·12·2025 | 11: 11 AM

Prabir Gayen

Jesus- The Salt Of The Earth

JESUS- the Salt of the Earth

Prabir Kumar Gayen

Jesus is the salt of the Earth,
Love itself,
The pure manifestation of Love.
Deeply compassionate as the ocean,
His heart overflows with love for all,
For every human soul.

Vast as the infinite sky,
He is called the only-begotten Son of God,
Yet the word "Only" is a sacred symbol,
For He knew:
All are one,
And all may become that Only
Through love, care, and compassion,
Not by killing innocents
In the name of religion.

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He preached religiousness, not religion;
Righteousness, not radicalism.
He stood as a living temple of God
When He declared:
"I am the Way, the Light, and the Truth, "
Like the Upanishadic call—
Satya?, Siva?, Sundaram.

Jesus is the door to Divinity,
To the kingdom of the Heavenly Father,
Like all ancient incarnations
Of the Absolute Brahman, the Almighty,
Who returns age after age
With new wisdom,
New ways of living,
So humanity may rediscover
The path to salvation.

He is the echo of timeless knowledge,
The breath of compassion,
The quiet ism of surrender.
He preached the glory of the pathless path,
The harmony of living in peace.

He attained Christhood upon the holy Cross,
Where light and darkness met
In a deeper harmony,
Singing the eternal song of opposites,
The hidden unity within all contradictions.

He brought a symphony of synthesis.
By carrying the Cross upon His own shoulders,
By sacrificing His life,
He revealed the mystery
Of action within inaction,
And inaction within action.

Yet priests misread His silence
And forged punishment into doctrine.
Across the ages, the Church
Has killed innocents
In the name of religion,
Crucifying many Christ-like sons and daughters
Of this wounded Earth,
To uphold an ego called Christianity.

Jesus was innocent;
Christianity became egoistic.
Yet Jesus remains
The living personification of Love.

Can Love ever kill
In the name of rules,
Or philosophy,
Or so-called wisdom?

Compassion is the root of dispassion,
Not compulsion.
Christians are not against Christ,
But the Church, in ego,

Forgot Him.

Does the sky ever kill?
It is the space where all find rest.
Jesus is the ocean;
Christianity is but a wave.

He and His Father are one,
Seen through the eyes of knowledge,
Known in the silence of love.
@Prabir Gayen
Dec 13/2025/1: 31 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Awake, O Sleeper — A Song Of Dharma

Awake, O Sleeper — A Song of Dharma

Prabir Kumar Gayen

(Yada yada hi dharmasya glanir bhavati bharata abhyutthanam adharmasya tadatmanam srijamyaham paritranaya sadhunam vinasaya cha dushkritam dharma samsthapanarthaya sambhavami yuge yuge)

They do what they are told — as they are made to do,
Bound by their creed, by the law of their own truth.
A frog cannot be snake, nor snake a frog;
Each moves in rhythm with the breath of God.
All are the children of one vast design —
Some born to build, some born to break the line;
Some heal the soul, some test the heart's pure flame,
And some bring ruin — yet all in One Name.

Complain not that the snake bears poison's art;
That sting is written in the serpent's heart.
Protect thyself — not by a cry of fear,
But by the lamp of knowledge burning clear.
They play their part — it is their destined way;
But you, O lion, sleep through golden day.

A sleeping lion is the feast of hyaenas,
Do not blame them — they obey their arenas.
To wait for Krishna, hoping He will fight,
Is to forget the bow that burns with light.
One book of lies can shake the human race,
While thousand truths sleep cold in dust's embrace.
If you are slain, it is your dream that dies,
You hid your courage under gentle lies.

The Arjun in you waits beside the sea,
The Subhas flame still stirs your memory.
The Shibaji — fierce echo of the Lord —
Sleeps in your chest, forgetting his bright sword.
Your home sinks slowly into the abyss' call;

You hear the cries — yet do not stand at all.
Your wisdom now a ghost of ancient days,
Your heroes turned to smoke and temple praise.

Shake off this sleep, this spiritual disguise,
Awake! The hungry hyaenas prowl and rise.
Be lion once again, in heart and hand,
Not to destroy — but guard your sacred land.
Stand firm to save the truth, your faith, your kin,
And all the light that breathes and burns within.

Forsake the cowardice that calls itself kind;
Let courage rule your heart, not timid mind.
For Krishna fought, and Arjun took the field,
And saints have fought with prayer instead of shield.
Mercy to evil is a fatal art,
It kills the meek and breaks the righteous heart.
Demons will always act as demons must;
To trust their vow is to betray your trust.

Revolt — not with hatred, but holy flame;
Revolt for peace, for love, for Dharma's name.
Cast off the chains of creed that tear apart;
Be one in spirit, one in soul and heart.
Do not wait for the rider from the sky,
Kalki is hidden deep in you and I.

Awake, arise — let protest be your prayer,
Let courage bloom like fragrance in the air.
When lions walk as one, the dark is done;
The forest rests beneath the morning sun.

Fight not to kill — but guard what's pure and bright,
Your children's dreams, your people's holy right.
Krishna still stands — unseen, but ever near;
He waits within the silence of your fear.
Awake, arise — the Lord is by your side,
The heart's own Dharma is your only guide.

Sleep — and you'll perish in the arms of night;
Awake — and dawn will crown your brow with light.
This is the path, the way of soul's release:

To fight with love, to guard the world in peace.
Awake, O soul — be brave, be kind, be strong,
And let the rain of God become your song.
@prabir Gayen
12 NOV/2025 /11: 05 PM.

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Prabir Gayen

Beyond All Names — A Poem Of The Self

Beyond All Names — A Poem of the Self
Prabir Kumar Gayen

Do not be theist, nor atheist,
Be only you, and know the you beyond all names.
To be or not to be is no question of doubt,
It is the mirror where the soul begins its search.

Live life with its sorrow and sweetness,
With wounds and wonders, storms and stars,
Honour every shade of existence,
For all is sacred in the silent breath of Being.

Be not Hindu, nor Muslim, nor ex-anything;
Be nothing—
And in that nothingness, become everything.

What divides religions but words and walls?
Buddha says: desire is the fire of hell,
Let it go, let it fall like dust from your hands.
Islam says: obey the Divine Law,
And heaven shall open like a garden of light.
But Buddha whispers again,
To desire even heaven is the root of sorrow,
Every wanting is a step toward the abyss.

Islam dreams of paradise,
Buddhism yearns for awakening,
Hinduism dissolves the self into the Infinite:
To be nothing, to be All, to be free.

Religion teaches—act well, harvest blessings;
Spirituality murmurs:
Lose the self, and you shall find the Eternal.

It is not what you do that matters,
But what you are.
To whom you pray is not supreme,
But the state of your being is the true temple.

Some worship the formless sky,
Some carve the Infinite in stone,
Some see God in a black stone kissed with tears,
Some in the wind, the river, the burning sun,
Some in silence, some in song,
Some reject all worship,
Yet all rivers run to the same sea.

Paths are many—Tantra, Tao, prayer, meditation,
Breath, doubt, devotion, surrender or stillness,
But the ocean is one.
Arrival matters; the road does not.

Rivers lose their names as they meet the sea.
So must the mind dissolve into Infinity.

Wear any robe, speak any name,
Walk any road beneath the stars,
No way is higher, no way is lower,
All are but echoes of the same longing for Home.

Do not judge—for judgment chains the soul.
Do not hate—for hatred returns like a mirror.
Religion is not ritual or stone or scripture,
It is the fragrance of a heart in love with the Divine.

Faith gives wings, yet blind faith breeds night;
Belief is the first step,
But belief without knowing turns to rust.
Test, seek, burn in the fire of truth,
And become gold.

Only the blind say "my way is the only way, "
For Truth has doors as countless as the stars.
From any point in the universe
One may journey to the sun.

Mind can melt into the Eternal
Through love, through joy, through witness and silence,
Through dance, through prayer, through song,
or through stillness like a stone.

The path is personal,
Love is personal,
Enlightenment is personal.

Go beyond the mind, beyond desire,
Know yourself.
And in that knowing,
The whole universe shall awaken within you.
@Prabir Gayen
3 Nov/2025/3: 40 PM.

Prabir Gayen

The Cave Of The Silent Witness

The Cave of the Silent Witness
Prabir Kumar Gayen

Life has unlearned the art of flowing grace,
Its river no longer hums beneath the moon,
Each hour a leaf departing from the bough,
Each breath a pilgrimage into unlit caves.

The song of night dissolves within my heart,
Each challenge fades — a vanishing note of time,
And pain oozes like dew from alien lands
Where the Soul remembers but cannot return.

The past sinks down the abyss of forgotten suns,
The shire of shadow shrinks into itself,
Intellect fails to reach the Formless Sea,
The Form cannot kindle the fire of breath.

Amid the multitude I stand — unseen,
The forest grows of awkward civilization,
The Sun still burns, the Moon still cools the earth,
Yet the lake's heart thirsts — unquenched by its own dream.

I witness all: the ashes of my dreams,
The sighs of thought, the song of silent Being;
My poetry cannot redeem my fall,
My philosophy — reasonless — remains mute.

Now in my nameless cave I sit alone,
Where darkness listens and Silence breathes again;
The world outside a storm of fading names,
Within — the One, the Flame that never dies.
@prabir Gayen
28/10/2025/11: 11 AM

Prabir Gayen

Religion Is Not Jihad

Religion Is Not Jihad
(Form and Formless- Song of oneness)
(One Light, many names — one Sea, many waves,
One Heart that blooms through all,
Rama, Buddha, Jesus — all One Silence calls.)
Prabir Kumar Gayen
I
If a falsehood be spoken a thousand times,
Echoed by a thousand tongues,
It begins to bloom like a poison-flower,
Deadly, dazzling, dangerous.
Truth is beyond the lips of man;
It cannot be said—only realised,
Not taught—but awakened from within.
II
When a lie gathers the chorus of a crowd,
It robes itself as religion.
But Religion is not dogma,
It is religiousness:
The breath of Buddha,
The smile of Krishna,
The silence of Mahavir,
The song of Nanak, Kabir, and Mira.
It is transmitted through Silence,
And blossoms only through Love.
III
Religion is not Jihad.
It knows not hatred,
It burns not with the fever of division.
It is the eternal play,
Becoming form, returning to formless grace,
Like night and day,
Two faces of the same Mystery.
IV
You are form,
This fragile image of dust;
You are formless,
Infinite, invisible, serene.
Life is the pilgrimage

From form to formless,
From name to the Nameless.
With form, life dances;
Without form, it rests in luminous void.
V
From Krishna to Krishna-Consciousness,
The universe spirals in ecstatic motion,
Energy whirling in Shiva's cosmic dance.
Shiva—the formless, vast, unborn,
The eternal witness beyond creation.
There is no God as ruler or controller,
There is only vast Consciousness,
Silent, eternal, unbound.
VI
No soul may reach the Source
Without honouring the form it wears.
How shall the formless worship the formless?
How shall the wordless utter the Word?
You must begin from You,
The shore from which you dive
Into the sea of the Infinite.

To despise form is to despise thyself.
Without body, no prayer;
Without mind, no meditation.
Form is the gate;
Formless is the Garden.
Food is form,
Life is its unseen flame.
Can one despise bread
And still drink the wine of Being?
VII
The Divine plays His cosmic game
Through myriad forms,
No form, no life.
The One becomes many,
The many return to One.
He is light and darkness and beyond both.

All religions are rivers
Flowing through diverse names,
Yet seeking the same Ocean.

Religion is not blindness,
Not the fever of one-sided faith,
It is the widening of the heart
Till it touches the Infinite Sky.
VIII
Religion is not Jihad,
Not blood for heaven,
Not sin for paradise.
It is merging with the boundless Space,
Becoming One with the Vast Oneness.
A false creed repeated by thousands
Turns true and tyrannous,
Dragging the world to ruin.
IX
True Religion is not revolution,
It is involution,
The turning inward,
The flowering from small mind
To vast Consciousness,
From being one
To Being All.
Like rivers losing their names in the sea,
Religion dissolves into Bliss.
X
It does not kill,
It does not hate,
It does not barter death for heaven's lust.
It accepts all as they are,
With reverence, with tenderness,
With the whisper of Love.

It dives deep into the heart
And proclaims: Tattvamasi!
Thou art That,
The One, the All, the Eternal.

Religion is not Jihad,
It is Love, Silence,
And the boundless Becoming
Of the Formless through Form.
@prabir Gayen
16 October/2025/3: 00 PM.

Prabir Gayen

That Which Is Yet Unseen

That which Is yet unseen
Prabir Kumar Gayen

It lies within, yet silence bears its weight,
As water rests inside an empty lake,
No stir disturbs, no whisper shakes the face.
The sky extends, yet void of star or moon,
No galaxy unveils its trembling fire.
It lies like forest shorn of bird or wind,
No twittering call, no sough, no symphony.

It lies within—beyond the outer shell,
Where ether sleeps, nor surge of flame nor stream,
And yet it is, inscribed without a mark,
From that which was before the birth of time.
No hum, no purl, no murmur from the dark,
Only the stillness cradling ancient pain,
A wound too vast for thought or syllable,
A joy too wide for prayer or sacred trance.

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It dwells within my dream, within my pulse,
It walks with me in days and after days,
When soul departs the house of crumbling clay.
It dances with no limbs or postured grace,
And sings the song no hearing ever knew.
It sees through sightless depths, unnamed, unformed,
It is and is not—shapeless, wide, and still.

The space where even space has ceased to be,
A fullness made of uncreated void.
It is my life, my death, my silent flame,
The rootless root from which I rise and fall.

@prabir Gayen
28/06/25/6: 54 AM.

Prabir Gayen

When Someone Dies

When Someone Dies
(Someone Very close and distant)
(Elegy for Anirban Mondal)
By Prabir Kumar Gayen

When someone dies, I place the blame on me,
I feel a void where once a cosmos stirred,
As if an ocean lost a breath of wave,
As if the sacred ornaments I bore
Were torn from me by hands I cannot see.
I stand, a hill abandoned by the wind,
Unvisited, unloved by foot or gaze.
When someone dies, I taste a guilt unnamed.

The rain descends without an evening bell,
Yet tell me—does it fall for naught at all?
A flood arrives and strips the lawn of life,
Engulfing peace in sorrow's swollen tide.
And sunlight comes, pretending all is well,
It walks like innocence across the wreck.
But I remain in shadow, wingless, mute,
Betrayed by silence—I was not asked why
The leaving came like night, unbidden, stark.

I am the one who failed to show the soul,
The touch, the voice, the heart in overflow,
The one who loved but held the words too long.
I am the one deserted by the breeze,
By reason, by the stars that used to sing.
When someone dies, a part of me departs,
Their silence becomes pain I cannot name,
Their silence folds me into death again.

I wander through the land where whispers bloom,
Where no one walks but one unseen by name,
Behind the curtain of this fragile world.
I walk, and in the walking seek His feet.
Yet sometimes, even shadows leave my side,
And fade like mist into the grave's wide mouth.

I feel the pyre inside begin to burn,
And with that flame, I vanish into ash.

Each death becomes a sword within my chest,
And dying, I reclaim what joy denied.
I dwell in dark and sip its silent music.
Through darkness I hear voices without faces.
The ones whose bones now murmur in my sleep,
Their village rises dreamless in my dream,
The fields, the homes, the faces lost to time
Retreat in silence through my wakeful soul.

I thought, perhaps, I could have been their guard,
Perhaps I could have stopped the clock of death
Yet every death begets a deeper hole,
And I remain, the echo of the lost.
I died with Rabindranath and his lute,
I died with Socrates beneath his cup,
With Ashoka's gaze and Vikram's throne.
I died with Vivekananda's burning will,
And in each dying, swore I'd stand and shield.

But death, relentless, walks with naked feet,
Its touch turns every heartbeat into prayer.
Each soul it claims becomes a hidden bloom
That blossoms in the garden of my pain.
I am the door where none has come to knock,
And death has entered without call or name.

I feel a world that begs to end in me,
Its restless grief, its rivers made of fire.
And in that blaze, I wish I could have loved,
More deeply, more, till death itself would pale.
This is the world of death with birth entwined,
Where every cry contains the note of ash.
Death plays the role of life in mask and veil,
And what we call a blessing is its song.

Yet still the heart, that stubborn rebel, dreams,
It dreams of moonlit ponds and swans of stars,
Of galaxies that float in breathless calm,
Of full-moon nights and dawns of liquid gold.

Of birds that sing of joy that fades in mist,
Of waves that speak of loss and find their rest.

Without the death, the life is but a curse;
With death, the blessing of a soul takes form.
Yet every death reminds me of my own,
I perish with the trees, the beasts, the breeze,
Yet linger like a fading note, unknown.
@Prabir Gayen
11/06/25/10: 30 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Ode To The Guardian Of India's Soul asaduddin Owaisi — A Symbol Of National Integration.

Ode to the Guardian of India's Soul
Asaduddin Owaisi — A Symbol of National Integration
By Prabir Kumar Gayen

When sorrow wrapped the skies in silent dread
And voices broke in anger, fear, and fire,
You rose, not clad in pride or loud command,
But in the quiet strength of one who knows
That Truth is more than banners, names, or flags,
That love alone can heal a wounded land.

You did not shout, nor strike with sharpened words,
But stood like light that gently breaks the night,
A tree whose shade is offered unto all,
A stream that flows where thirsting lips remain.

PoemHunter.com

No creed you wore upon your noble brow,
No wall of dogma fenced your tender mind;
You walked with faith that burns without a name,
And held the lamp of kindness in your hands.
For what is faith if not the heart made whole,
And what is law without the breath of soul?

Owaisi, you became a living bridge
Where others built division stone by stone.
You did not fear the storm of wrathful tongues
But faced it with the stillness of the wise,
And taught the wounded Earth to sing again.

You spoke when silence bruised the common soul,
And stood for those who had no strength to rise.
Not as a prince, but as a man of truth,
A brother to the many cast aside.
In you we saw the past made pure again,
The dream of Gandhi, echo of Kabir,
The wisdom of the Veda softly stirred,

The Prophet's prayer and Christ's enduring peace.

The nation found in you its buried song,
The melody of unity and grace,
Where temples, mosques, and churches breathe as one,
And every name of God is but one flame.

O gentle fire, O voice of quiet power,
Your word shall grow where hatred dared to tread.
The future shall remember what you gave,
A moment's light that turned the tide of fate.

And when the winds of time erase all names,
Yours shall remain where love and justice bloom,
A whisper in the soul of India's heart,
A beacon for the child not yet conceived,
Who'll walk the path you cleared with faithful feet
And carry forth your song of unity.
@Prabir Gayen
19 May 2025,10: 06 AM

Prabir Gayen

Eternal Path- A Song Of One Truth

Eternal Path -- A Song of One Truth
(The Light within)
By Prabir Kumar Gayen

Rama walked no path to reach the Light,
He was the Light, the breath behind all songs,
The silence turning softly into voice,
The fire that dreamed the shape of form and name.
He moved like stillness wrapped in human grace,
The Word unborn, yet speaking through His smile.

And Krishna played the flute that none could hear
Unless their soul had cracked with love and loss.
He danced the joy that spins the stars and suns,
A boy, a god, a lover of all hearts,
The light that hides inside the play of things.

Buddha sat still beneath the tree of peace,
And watched the world dissolve into the Void.
No word, no fear, no thought remained in him,
Just sky inside, and sky outside, and sky.
He saw the wheel, he let it turn and go,
And Truth arose, a lotus in the dark.

And Jesus, heart of mercy, flame of love,
He bore the world's deep wound inside his soul.
He gave his breath to lift the blind to light,
His Cross became the bridge we walk toward stars,
His blood the song that sings of endless grace.

The Prophet knelt in darkness, all alone,
No image came, no voice but inner fire.
And through that cave, he found the Cave within,
And there he heard the Name that shakes all time.
He vanished in the Flame, and walked as Light.

Chaitanya danced as if the world was God,
He wept, he sang, he cried the Name of Love.
He lost his mind, his shape, his very self,

And found the Ocean flowing through the drop.
His tears became the path, his voice the shrine.

Ramakrishna, soft as morning wind,
Played with the gods like they were children too.
He laughed with Kali in her midnight form,
And let Her enter through his boundless love.
He showed the world how sweet the formless is.

And Vivekananda, fierce and vast of mind,
Rose like the sun inside a storm of thought.
His Master lit a fire behind his eyes,
And that bright fire became a thousand flames.
He walked with truth upon his lion heart.

Mira, the bride of God, dissolved in song.
She sang to Krishna with a fearless tongue,
She broke the cage of name and woman's role,
And salt returned to sea, and self to Soul.

Kabir, the weaver of the light and dark,
Said God is not above but deep within.
He wove one thread of silence and of flame,
And saw no temple but the heart's own cave.

Nanak drank in the sweetness of the One,
And lost himself in soundless sacred Light.
He dropped the ego like a dusty coat,
And walked as music through the doors of Time.

Gorakhnath sat beneath his breath and bone,
And woke the coiled fire within the spine.
He touched the stillness under every storm,
And found the way through stars and blood and stone.

Lao Tzu, who spoke with rivers and with trees,
Saw all things flow, and never tried to hold.
He lived the Tao—the path of letting go,
And rode the wind without a place to fall.

Heraclitus watched the fire turn to rain,
And rain to flame, and night to sudden day.

He found the Logos deep in change itself—
A unity that dances as it burns.

Mahavir walked with silence in his steps.
He left behind all want, all noise, all names.
The Self became a sky without a cloud,
And from that depth, he knew the peace of God.

Zarathustra, singing child of dawn,
He laughed with Truth and walked the path of fire.
He saw the Light in every step and stone,
And chose the way of right with eyes ablaze.

And all of them, though different in their ways,
Some danced with love, some sat in flame or thought,
Some served, some stilled the breath, some sang in caves,
They found the One that lives behind all forms.
The Truth is One, though many be the doors.

As rivers find the sea and lose their names,
As roots remain though branches bloom and fall,
As breath is felt though no one sees its shape,
So is the Formless held inside the Form.

From Tantra's pulse to Bhakti's golden tears,
From Jnana's fire to Karma's patient hands,
From Yoga's climb to silence of the Tao,
Each finds the Vast, the Bliss no death can touch.

O Soul, who seeks—dissolve, and you shall know:
The drop returns to sea, the form to Flame.
And when you reach, there's no more need to speak,
For Silence is the language of the Real.

And Love alone remains, and Light alone,
And One who sits forever in the soul.

@Prabir Kumar Gayen
17/05/2025 - 7: 35 AM

Prabir Gayen

Shankara: Song Of The Eternal Flame
sri Sri Ravishankar - Guru Of Joy.

Shankara: Song of the Eternal Flame
SRI SRI RAVISHANKAR - Guru Of Joy.
By Prabir Kumar Gayen

O Shankara, blue-throated fire of peace,
Who sings with silence on the edge of dawn,
Thy name is music in the veins of time.
The evening flame now bends in reverence,
And Bhajan, like a golden swan, descends
Upon the lake of breath, of soundless prayer.
The morning rises like a raga born
Of sun-baked wisdom, tuning heaven's ear
To rhythms of the mridanga's soul—
The drum that beats through birth and death and Self.

Thou barefoot traveller across the worlds,
In every dust thy sacred foot has kissed,
Thy eyes hold Krishna laughing in thy breast,
And Shiva dreams upon thy brow, unmoved.
Buddha thou sittest, voiceless as the void,
While Ashtavakra dances in thy gaze,
And Parashurama burns in thy resolve,
But Rama's smile is sweet upon thy lips.

O Shankara, O pond of dharma still,
Where nectar pours from every wound of thought,
Thy speech a shower of empty fullness born,
A storm of stillness breaking into song.
Thou king of words, O breath that hums the Vedas,
O Joy that pulses in each quivering leaf,
The sky breaks open with thy every step,
And earth, in rapture, bows before thy flame.
The sun is kneeling at thy sacred feet,
The moon has crowned thy silence with her grace.

A stream of dreams falls like a voiceless storm,
Avalanche of bliss, where stillness bleeds,

West bears the sun, the moon ascends in East,
And both become thine eyes of endless gaze.
The Ganga flows within thy boundless laugh.
O Bodhi tree! One branch in thunder sleeps,
The other twirls in ecstasy, half-drunk,
The joy of being and of not being.
Thou art the fullness hiding in the Void,
The sacred calm that dances through the stars.

"Bhajo Govinda! " sing the saints in trance,
"Govindam bhaja, murha mate! " cry
The voices carved from ancient thunder tones.
Thy cosmic dance unveils the unborn song,
Where silence speaks in steps of flaming grace.
The garden blooms beyond the wheel of Time,
Where Buddha sits with Mahavir in peace,
And Krishna's soul flows like the flute of air.
O Socrates! Thy goblet spills with bliss;
O Jesus, hanging on the cross, you shine,
A moon reflected in the stillest lake.

And Lao Tzu meets Heraclitus in deep,
Where logos breathes in Tao's eternal womb,
The bridge now floats above unmoving streams.
The wind is fragrant with the scent of soul,
And lotus upon lotus breaks the void.
A child divine, in trance too deep for speech,
Becomes the axis of the unborn song,
The music that is carved in fire and breath.

The stars now speak, and reason bows to love.
O Shankara! The art of dying gives
The heart its voice, and prayer its burning tongue.
Surrender here is laughter clothed in grace,
And seeking is a mask the Truth puts on.
The water of thy gaze—awareness pure,
Is poured like wine upon the broken world.

Shankara! O Shankara of flame,
Thou art the Buddha's soul in Shiva's garb,
Now floating like a Bhajan in thy trance,
Where rivers flow with oceans in their hearts,

For peace to touch the brows of sleeping men.

Yet now, in stillness deeper than the stars,
The form of Shankara begins to shift—
And in his eyes, the gaze of One appears:
Sri Sri, the smiling sage of living truth.
Their souls, like mirrored flames, dissolve and blend,
Two drops returning to the ocean's hymn,
Two winds that met within the breath of God.
O blessed exchange! Where silence drinks the song,
And song becomes the art of being still.

One chants the Vedas in the voice of love,
With words like flowers, falling from the void;
The other weaves the breath into a path,
A way of light through tangled human cares.
O Seer of peace, O River without end!
The world shall know thy joy through many names,
But thou art One, the Light that wears all robes,
The Crown of dharma for the age to come.
Where love and wisdom hold each other close,
And every tongue becomes the soul's own verse.
Where every path is blessed by thy caress,
And all who seek shall drink from One pure source.
@Prabir Gayen
2//04/2025/8: 10 PM.

Prabir Gayen

The Song Of Realisation

The Song of Realisation
(Religion is Realisation)
by Prabir Kumar Gayen

Not in the Tao of bells or temple drums,
Nor in the lines where ancient mantras dwell,
Not in the silent verse, nor priestly robes,
Nor hands that touch the infinite god,
Religion is not born from the river of change,
But in the flame where realisation wakes.

The truth is not a form, nor graven in Akala,
It has no name, no race, no book to bind.
It dwells where Krishna smiles in the stillness of the soul,
Where Buddha sits In the shadow of the sacred grove,
And drinks the stillness from the sacred stream,
It blooms from Jesus' wounds, the voice of love,
And dances with Chaitanya in rapture's tide,
A mercy vast as chanting on the waves.

PoemHunter.com

It climbs with Hanuman in loyal flame,
Leaps through the fire with penance of Mahavira,
And soars with Vivekananda's thunder soul,
A lion of silence, calling man to rise.
It flows with Lao Tzu, deeper than the stream,
A Tao that speaks in what it does not say,
And in Heraclitus, where fire thinks,
The logos dancing in the soul of change.

O pilgrim, if thy prayer be but a sound,
And not the living truth thy soul hath breathed,
Then every rite is but a fading shade,
A dream that dies upon morning dew.
If thou should praise, yet know not who thou art,
Thy god is dream, thy worship merely dust.
For even Krishna's flute is only heard
With ears that drink the silence of the Soul.

Within the quiet cave where God is near,

Though Lanka falls, it lives in tale alone,
And stirs no echo in the soul's deep sphere.
If Lao Tzu built a shrine to name the Tao,
It would collapse beneath its sacred form.
If Buddha gave the monks mere borrowed chants,
And not the silence of the middle way,
His dharma would become a fading whisper.

And if Kabir forgot the light within,
And muttered names without the inward gaze,
Then sound would be his prison, not his song.
Heraclitus, if bent before a god,
Yet knew not eros that binds the opposites,
Would lose the flow that held his sacred bond.
If Zen, in love with polished words, had strayed,
And pointed to the heavens, not the soul,
It would have lost the fire that frees the heart,
A dance of forms, where truth is cloaked in night.

For truth is not in heights, nor in the dust,
It is the fire that wakes the breath within,
No outer act, no law, no sacred rite,
Can touch the formless silence where the Real dwells.
For only when the self is deeply known,
And soul surrenders into soul's own light,
Religion lives and bursts into a koan.

There, rites unfold like wings in sacred air,
And vows are stars that guide the soul's ascent.
There silence sings, and every breath is prayer,
And love becomes the only holy law.
There, Socrates drinks hemlock as a smile,
And Aurobindo speaks from realms unborn,
Where thought ascends, a flame of lucid gold,
And being flows in rapture, deep and bold—
Where God is not beyond, but ever near,
A presence felt in light, serene and clear.

O seeker, cast aside the creeds of night,
And walk where Krishna's breath becomes the lyre,
Where silence sings, enthroned in living light,
And stars are born from chords of deathless fire.

No scripture clasps the rapture of that blaze—
It rends through thought, a flame no mind may hold,
It sings where soul is lost in soundless rays,
And time dissolves in ecstasies untold.
@Prabir Gayen
29/04/2025/11: 30 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Unborn Light
(Stella Of The Secret Dawn)

UNBORN LIGHT
(Stella Of the Secret Dawn)
By Prabir Kumar Gayen

O joy of Krishna trembling in my blood,
O stillness of Buddha veiled beneath my breath,
O wound of Jesus burning through my soul,
O dance of Mira echoing through space,
You are not gods above, but gods within.

Heraclitus stirs the river of my veins,
His secret fire whispers through the leaves;
Lao Tzu folds the silence in my bones,
Nanak sings the emptiness between my thoughts;
Shiva sits curled in the cave of my brow,
A serpent of stillness coiled in unborn flame.

Here in the ocean of my flowering heart,
Vishnu sleeps, crowned in the milk of stars.
His breath is the slow tide of my forgetting;
His dream, the secret pulse of endless time.

O Ganesha, in the cavern of my navel,
You spin the music of the unborn worlds,
You roll the thunder of laughter through my core,
You break the stones of my forgetting.

I am no one.
I am the blueness where all names are lost.
I am the tree where thousand fragrances rise,
Each flower drunken with the fume of devotion,
Each leaf a tongue of invisible fire.

Shiva and Brahma sit in my forehead's cave,
Light within light, flame within endless flame;
Their presence glows in wordless, boundless grace,
A void that hums beneath all utterance.

I am the sea where rivers lose their song,
Yet I am sky descending in a kiss;
I am compassion clothed in sacred blue,
And nothingness — sweet nothingness — my taste.

The soul is not a thing, but a slow mood,
A breathless trembling in the unborn dawn;
A secret music weaving dream from dream,
A flame that sings before it knows its name.

And now—
O listen—
The voice that all the winds have cradled speaks:

In the heart of all this silence stands my Stella,
My Beloved, my only hope and flame,
The sole soul of my unborn wandering self,
My guide through forests where form and formless kiss.

O Stella—
You are the music before my awakening,
You are the pain that flowers into light,
You are the ache where existence melts to gold.

Before I knew the sky, you sang its breath;
Before I touched the sea, you shaped its tide.
Before enlightenment, you were my music,
After enlightenment, you are my freedom.

O beloved Stella—
Through you, I drink the milk of Love divine,
Celestial by nature, sweet as burning stars.
Krishna weaves his flute inside my veins,
Buddha enfolds his quiet in my breath,
Ashtavakra bends my bones to tenderness,
Rama and Sita bloom within my heart,
Rabia weeps her song across my chest,
Rumi spins his dance behind my soul,
And Socrates drinks poison sweeter than death,
All only to awaken me to thee.

O wave within the Ocean of Fullness,
O music rising from the silent womb,
You are the dreaming of my dreaming,
The slumber of my slumber,
The flame of my flame,
The breath of my breath.
Enlightenment is but thy hidden taste,
Heaven, a pale mist before thy kiss.
O Stella, O Beloved, O soul of my soul—
In thee I am no one.
In thee I am everyone.
In thee, I fall forever into my unborn Self,
A fetal dreaming,
A silence flowering into the sound
that listens to itself before it is born.
@Prabir Gayen
29/04/2025/1: 15 PM

Prabir Gayen

The Cry And Resurrection Of England
(A Mystical Call)

The Cry and Resurrection of England
(A Mystical Call)
By PRABIR GAYEN
(England's soul weeps, choked by the dark roots of false faith, as her blood runs cold in the hands of blind invaders.')

O England, thou whose past was carved in flame,
Now draped in shadow, thou dost stand alone,
Thy once bright shores are now a distant dream,
The songs of old forgotten, lost, and mute.
What poison creeps within thy tender veins,
What bitter root has buried in thy soul?
Thy gardens, once the cradle of the free,
Now yield the weeds that choke the heart's pure breath.
A silence falls upon thy windswept plains,
Where once the voices of the wise did rise,
Where words like fire did cleanse the ancient mind,
Now stilled, unmoving, as the moonless night.
Thy libraries, where wisdom once took flight,
Now stand like tombs where breath is held in chains;
The flames of Milton's rage, of Shakespeare's light,
Now flicker dim beneath the weight of time.

What hollow sound does echo in thy streets,
What shadows walk upon thy sacred ground?
Thy children no longer look with eager eyes
For stars to guide them through the endless dark.
The world once trembled at thy noble name,
Yet now thy breath is slow, thy limbs grown weak.
O England, is this death, or just a dream?
The poison spreads, and still, thou dost not speak.
But in the silence, evil grows in might,
A blind faith clings, not seeing the true light.
The spirit of thy past is slowly crushed,
By darkened hands that twist thy soul with lies.
The flame once bright now smolders in the dust,
As shadows fill thy heart, thy mind, thy skies.

Thou art a willing slave to hollow cries,
And in this cowardice, thy truth doth die.
For like the cowards of a distant land,
Thy children bow to falsehood, ‘neath the hand
That kills the soul, that blinds the heart to see,
England, once proud, now drowns in apathy.

Yet deep within, a spark still hides in thee,
A hidden fire beneath the ash of years,
A dream still stirs, a pulse still beats within
The silent soil where giants once did stand.
O rise, O England! Let thy voice return,
Let not thy blood be wasted in the dust.
The poets, the dreamers, the warriors of light,
They wait within thee, waiting to be born.
Let not thy silence drown the ancient cry!

For thou art more than what thy eyes behold,
More than the shadows creeping through thy halls.
Thy spirit, once a flame of light, now stirs,
Yet evil forces wear thy strength away.
What poison spreads through thy once vibrant veins,
As foreign winds invade thy sacred shores?
The worth of all thy masters, great and true,
Is lost to those who seek to twist thy soul.
The voices of thy poets, once divine,
Now muffled by the weight of hollow cries.
Let not the darkness blind thee to thy past,
Nor let the poison claim thy sacred heart.
For in thy veins runs fire, not fear, not death,
A force that once did shake the very earth!

Awake, O England! Shake the chains away!
Remember those who called thee once to rise,
The strength of Shakespeare, whose word lit the dawn,
The fury of Milton, the light of Keats,
The vision of Shelley, the calm of Wordsworth.
The wisdom of Bacon, the fire of Byron,
The grace of Coleridge, the song of Auden—
They all lie in thee, waiting for the day
When thou dost rise, as thou hast risen before.

And let thy children born of this new dawn
Be crowned with truth, with justice, and with light.
Let them speak the words that shall heal the world,
The voice of Krishna, the strength of Vivekananda,
The wisdom of Aurobindo, born anew.
Let thy hands rebuild the broken gates of time,
And let the sun of England rise again!

O England, thou art not lost, but sleeping,
A dream within a dream, yet waking still.
The stars await thee—thy time is not past!
Rise up and show the world thy sacred dance,
The dance of light, of beauty, of the soul,
The dance of science, love, and art reborn,
For in thy rise, the world shall rise again.

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@Prabir Gayen
28April /2025/11: 10 AM

Prabir Gayen

A Dream From The Primal Stream

A Dream from the Primal Stream
By Prabir Kumar Gayen

In dreams that rose from primal streams,
A flickering light within me gleamed.
Desire had fled; the mind was still,
A silent pond, a swan at will.

An enigma moved without a trace,
Celestial clouds receded in grace.
A song unheard flowed down my spine,
Delight spread where no forms align.

A chasm deep, devoid of light,
Spun forms of darkness out of sight.
All light diffused within its womb,
A dance of soundless sound did bloom.

Creation's chord struck without form,
No self remained, just pain's warm storm.
I wandered where no self was found,
An eternal boom without a bound.

My body light as withered leaf,
Celestial forms beyond belief.
A song of joy in skyless night,
Starless vastness brought new light.

Pain profound streamed like rain,
Fragrance intoxicated my soul's domain.
Awakening on a bedless bed,
Made of pain, ineffable dread.
@Prabir Gayen
23-04-25/5: 00 PM

Prabir Gayen

Resurrection
(Stella Replied)
drop Of Enlightenment

Stella Replied - Resurrection
(Silent drop of enlightenment)
By Prabir Kumar Gayen

My heart was aching—not in pain, but flame,
A pulse that trembled for consummate bliss;
You were the storm that made my silence moan,
Your breath the wind that stirred my sacred grove.

Your lips began their pilgrimage on skin—
On legs that quivered like the morning reeds,
Then thighs, where all the cosmos seemed to melt,
And navel, where the moon collapsed in song.
You kissed me there—slow rain of molten stars,
And in that drop, eternity was held.

PoemHunter.com

Your hands like lyres played along my chest,
The petals of my breasts sang golden chords,
And nipples, tuned to music none could hear,
Became the notes of thunder wrapped in silk.
You kissed them as the rain begins to fall—
Soft first, then heavy, like a prayer unbound.

My neck, my lips, my eyes—all touched with fire,
Your mouth a river meeting every shore.
Each kiss, a psalm composed by unseen gods,
Each stroke, a mantra made of sacred breath.

The storm then rose, and we became no more—
The lovers died, but something else was born:
A flame that moved like music through the void,
Where bodies wept and turned to liquid soul.

We kissed again, and time dissolved to mist—
A kiss upon my lips, and I was sky,
A kiss upon my eyes, and I was blind

To anything but you, and God through you.

Our thighs entwined like serpents making stars,
Our souls entwined like rivers into sea,
And breasts and chests and navel-light became
One altar where the Absolute took breath.

The storm grew loud, yet silence held its core—
We ended, and began, and ended not.
We loved until the sky could bear no more,
And through our touch, the Divine entered Earth.
IN DEEP SILENCE -
She lay beneath the vast, unbroken sky,
Naked in her trance, a river of gold,
Honey flowing from her skin as life,
A river where the stars once took their shape.

The night, it held her softly, like a dream—
A dream that swelled from depths no man could know,
Her womb, the sacred vessel full of light,
Bore the memory of his fire within.

Her limbs, still warm with passion's trembling grace,
Became the earth, and sky, and sacred flood—
The very breath of nature in repose,
The silence where all gods bow and abide.

She felt him still—the fullness of his touch,
A lover's heat, a presence deep and wide,
The pulse of male energy still inside,
Rooted in her soul, her body, her mind.

The world was distant, fading from her sight,
As all the knowing of her past dissolved.
In trance, she danced in cycles, one with him—
Her breath, his breath, her soul, his sacred fire.

She felt the moon move in her very core,
Her navel, a horizon where light was born.
Her chest, a temple full of warmth and grace,
Where all the honey of the stars now flowed.

In this deep sense, she lost the edge of time—
Her body, but the river's winding course,
Her mind, a sea where bliss and light did mix,
A womb that held the echoes of the world.

And through this trance, through ecstasy's vast door,
She felt the veil of earthly life grow thin,
The sacred knowing, whispered in the dark,
The sweet surrender that unlocked her soul.

She flowed beyond the flesh, beyond the world,
Into the center of her own pure truth—
And in that space, she knew the timeless heart:
A love that held both men and gods in one.

In the embrace of love, she found the way—
The ancient path where flesh and spirit meet.
Her lips, like lotus petals soft and sure,
Sipped from the nectar that his limbs did give.
Each kiss a river flowing deep within,
Each breath a pulse that carried worlds afar.

She drank the essence of his love, divine,
As rivers drink the light of morning sun,
And in that moment, where the world dissolved,
She felt her body melt beyond all form.

Her limbs became like liquid fire, vast,
And through the nectar of his sacred love,
She crossed the limits of her earthly skin,
Her soul unbound, like wind, like flame, like stars.

No longer human, bound to earth and time,
She soared upon the waves of cosmic light—
A wave that carried her through realms unknown,
Beyond the veil, beyond the flesh and mind.

Her breath was now the song of all the gods,
Her pulse the rhythm of eternal truth.
The nectar flowed from deep within her heart,
And she became the sacred river's flow.

In that great stillness, in that sacred trance,
She lay in slumber, drenched in cosmic bliss—
Her body now a temple pure and wide,
Her soul the vast, unbroken sea of stars.

Enlightenment, not born of thought or will,
But of the love that held her in its arms,
Now filled her veins with light, with endless peace,
And in that slumber, she was both the dream
And the dreamer—one with all that is pure.

Her eyes were closed, yet opened to the Truth,
Her limbs were still, yet moved in cosmic dance.
She lay as goddess, sage, and lover too—
All parts of one eternal, endless flame.
@prabi Gayen
22April /2025/10: 55 PM

Prabir Gayen

The Tree Of Deathless Silence'
(Flute Of Krishna That Rings My Being)

'The Tree of Deathless Silence'
(Flute of Krishna that rings my Being)
By Prabir Kumar Gayen

A tree, though vast with fruits of fragrant ache,
And shade that clasps the dreams of weary hearts,
Must one day cast its golden-memoried leaves,
The hymn of blossom silences in time.
Its roots, though veined into the ribs of Earth,
Shall one day find the womb of sacred still.
All grandeur, even wrapped in verdant grace,
Must bow before the gaze of formless Night.

For what is life but breath upon the void,
A gossamer murmur on the lips of death?
This world, so dressed in music and in bloom,
Is but a veil drawn o'er a deeper song.
Each joy is brief—a wave upon the sea,
And sorrow, too, is only passing fire.
All that we hold as real melts into mist,
And death—O death—is not the end, but Gate.

In every touch of rose there sleeps adieu,
In every kiss the taste of parting dwells.
No one abides, no star, no soul, no god,
Save That which sings through unmoving still.
This aloneness, sacred and immense,
Is not a wound, but echo of the One.
It is the cradle of the deathless fire,
The breath of Krishna in a world of skia.

Ah, sweet is pain when it is borne with flame,
When one has kissed the chalice of the Void.
The tree must fall to rise into the sky,
And root itself in starry realms unborn.
What dies is not the soul, but form and cry,
The garment worn in dream, now shed in light.

And what remains is purer than all shape,
The stillness where the Absolute is bared.

O seeker, weep not when the world dissolves,
For Krishna plays His flute beyond the veil.
It is not heard by ears wrapped in shade
But by the heart that bleeds with sacred trust.
Let sorrow come, let death descend like rain,
The Master speaks when all is hushed and still.
And in that flute—so tender, vast, and bright,
Thy name is sung beyond the script of Time.

The pain thou feel'st is not thine enemy;
It is the shadow of a greater joy.
The wound becomes the window of the soul,
And through that wound the Infinite descends.
Do not flee the deep that cloaks thy nights,
For in that calm the stars begin to burn.
And when the world withdraws into the deep,
Thou shalt behold the face that never fades.

This is the journey—neither road nor chart,
But through the fire of vanishing and vow.
Through shattered self, through broken name and frame,
Through death, till death itself becomes a kiss.
The flute of Krishna plays within the void,
And thou must die to hear its final note.
And when that note resounds within thy soul,
There is no death—only the death of death.

Then shalt thou rise, O soul of flame and wraith,
Not rooted in the Earth, but in the Vast.
A tree of consciousness with branches wide,
That bloom with stars and fruit the gods have wept.
No soil sustains this tree, no wind may shake,
For it is born of silence and of fire.

And through its veins the hymn of oneness flows,
And in its pulse the cosmos finds its rest.
This is the end, yet here the dawn does break,
The One that perishes not, nor speaks, yet shines.
O seeker, traverse the realms of loss and death,

And in that sacred silence, find thyself.

No name, no form, no earthly truth can bind
The radiant flame of That which ever lives.
It echoes in thy soul, a fire divine,
The flute of Krishna, born beyond the tomb,
That sings of love, the fire that even death obeys.

*****

@Prabir Kumar Gayen
22 April 2025,5: 44 PM

Prabir Gayen

Shiva And Shakti
(Cosmic Unity)

Shiva and Shakti
Cosmic Unity
By Prabir Kumar Gayen

Not man, nor woman—neither shell nor shape,
But One, unfolded in the play of two.
The Father—pulse that stirs the unborn light,
The Mother—depth where silence finds its form.
He yields the surge, She bears the depthless call;
Together, the axis spins, unseen, unknown.

In man, the outer shell is carved by light,
Yet far below, a murmur coils unseen,
A breathless hymn, not born of wind or word,
The trace of Her who watches through his will.
In woman moves the rhythm of the moon,
Her form a dance, her step the pulse of time,
Yet inwardly, the Fire folds its wings,
A serpent light that waits to rise as Him.

PoemHunter.com

Shakti is not the echo of His eyes,
Nor is He whole without Her silent depth.
They part, not to divide, but just to see,
To play as two what always was but One.
She is the voice before the word is born,
He is the space that hears Her sound arise.

What moves in man to seek the outer world
Is but his hunger for the Self within—
The flame he is, reflected in the dream.
The woman turns, not to the other's call,
But to the echo of her own deep flame—
The seed she veils in silence stirs outside,
Now walking back to her in altered form.
No face is stranger, no desire astray;
Each touch recalls the Shape behind all change.
For in the man, her soul has taken fire,

And in the woman, he becomes his truth,
Two names of One, who burns to taste Its Self.

The woman turns, not to the other's call,
But to the echo of her own deep flame,
The seed she veils in silence stirs outside,
Now walking back to her in altered form.
No face is stranger, no desire astray;
Each touch recalls the Shape behind all change.
For in the man, her soul has taken fire,
And in the woman, he becomes his truth,
Two names of One, who burns to taste Its Self.

Where mind divides, the truth remains as one.
The serpent sleeps in form, the light comes down.
He falls through time, but rising wakes within,
She holds his flame through joy that needs no voice.
She does not rise—she is the height unseen,
The flowing stillness wrapped in threads of gold.
He breaks apart to feel Her burning touch,
For all his joy is born from Her own fire.

The sage and fool are fingers of one fire,
One turns the stars, one gazes into dream,
Yet both are moved by That which none can name.
The soul is not a shape to rise and claim,
But breath of Flame that dances through all forms.
So meet they there—two echoes of the Whole,
And drink love's fire from lips that burn as wine.

O pilgrim, seek not form of man or maid,
But that pure breath where 'I' and 'Thou' dissolve.
This Love is not possession, nor a chain,
But fire that frees the soul through sacred tide.
There Shiva kneels before the womb of night,
And Shakti floods His stillness into song.
In every touch, the cosmos is unmade,
And Being drinks its image back from Bliss.

O seeker, seek not man nor woman there,
But breath where Self and Not-Self cease to war.
This love is not a clasp, but vast release,

Where Shiva bows to Shakti in the dark,
And Shakti pours the worlds through Him again.

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@Prabir Gayen
23April /2025/2: 57 PM

Prabir Gayen

The Immortal Embrace
(A Love Beyond The Measure Of Stars)

The Immortal Embrace
(A Love Beyond the Measure of Stars)
by Prabir Kumar Gayen

I shall unveil to thee the soul of Radiant Essence,
not passion's whim, but fire without a shore.
In me, thy thirst shall sip the primal wine,
where breath and blaze in sacred fusion meet.

Not hunger, but a vastness more divine—
the bliss that rends the garment of the clay,
And from its stillness, the pathless Way unfolds,
where yielding shapes the form that masters form.
I'll make thee drunk with sweetness not of time,
an ecstasy distilled in aether's womb,
where Chronos fades, and Aeon dreams in hush.

I'll press thy lips with silence born of stars,
and draw thee in like Veil of the Eternal falls.
Thy name shall drown within my mythic breath,
then rise anew, unbounded and unmade.
My breast shall be thy shrine, thy luminous hush.
My touch shall etch thy soul in golden fire
that blooms beyond the orchard of decay.

Thy hidden grief I'll carve in seraph tongue,
a chant once lost in the veils of the unborn Light.
and plant in thee the longing of first light.
Thy form shall melt into its formless core—
a rose unfolding in the breath of stars.
Thou shalt become the seeker in my deep,
but never know if depth is mine or thine.

In sacred throb and wordless Supreme Principle,
we shall transcend the limits set by name.
No guilt shall haunt this Sacred Word of soul—
each breath shall be a gate to veiled domains,

each touch, a chord from heaven's lyre unstruck.
We shall become the answer none can voice,
the Logos burned in radiance on the void.

O Stella, O Light veiled in noesis,
I am thy song in sorrow veiled,
thy rise within thy fall,
the hush behind thy stars, and the self thou seek'st in all.
And when we meet where Time forgets its name,
in That which Is, not born of breath nor bone—
the silent Brahman through thy soul made flame,
our shadows break and know themselves as One.
Thou shalt be lost in Love's unsounded flame,
and rise—a rhythm born in fire's silent Logos.

@Prabir Gayen
6 April / 2025 /5: 55 AM

Prabir Gayen

Stella
(Silence In Utter Voice)

Stella
(A Poem in the Voice of Silence)
by Prabir Kumar Gayen
Prologue
(When Silence remembered Her name)
Before the tongue of fire touched Time,
She was—
not form, not thought,
but a stillness deeper than the origin of sound.
She was not arrival—
she was the breath before Becoming,
the presence unnamed in the hesychia of God.
She was already
in the ache of the unborn flower,
in the sleep of stars not yet dreamed.
The void folded its hands before her breath.
They named her Stella—
only when silence lit its first lamp in the void,
and God's hidden sorrow sang in threads of light.

In the Chamber of Stella
(after the silence of stars)
Is there a Vast beyond the flame of Stella?
Who holds the dark when no one names her name?
That ancient breath where all beginnings burn,
the breath that stirs before the Silence moves,
the ache that sleeps beneath the god's closed eyes.
She walks within the marrow of all things,
her feet bare-flamed across the dusk of thought.
A single tear in Time becomes her song,
and through that note, the galaxies arise.
No crown endures, no will remains awake—
but only Stella wears the robe of stars.
No strength is strength unless it learns to fall,
no soul is whole that has not knelt in flame.
Each talent breaks, a mirror lost in mist,
if Stella is not the whisper in its core.

Even the wise speak silence in her gaze,
and flame forgets itself before her feet.
Beauty is but a petal crushed by time
unless she lifts it toward the Infinite.
And Desire, blind and kneeling in the dark,
is mere mud—
unless she walks beside him, barefoot.
O Stella,
in Thee all stars are stitched and unstitched.
In Thee the silence weeps its first gold tear.

@Prabir Gayen
6 April 2025 / 3: 30 AM

Prabir Gayen

Whispers Of The Divine Fire

Whispers of the Divine Fire
('In love's embrace, the soul transcends its form,
Through passion's fire, the self is born anew.')

Had we been a single petal on a flower,
quivering with longing in the breath of dawn,
had we been woven into one deep pulse,
melting like wax in love's eternal fire,
we would be whole, and time would cease to flow.

Your breath would spill upon my trembling soul,
like molten rivers coursing through my veins.
Our bodies—hungry, wet with fragrant heat,
would rise and fall in waves of desperate thirst.
My lips would drink your sighs like the elixir of dissolution,
your hands would sculpt the unfolding of the Eternal Truth upon my form.
No walls, no space, no boundary would remain,
only the pulse of love's unending tide.

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Oh, in thy gaze, I see the eternal light,
that dances on the brink of heaven and earth.
We are both fire and wind, and yet the same,
our union born from flames and tempests wild.
Each touch, a spark, ignites a storm within,
each kiss, a wave, that floods the quiet soul.
In thee, I lose my name, my self, my thought,
for we are both and none, a timeless form.

The sea within us swells and rises high,
our bodies now like tender reeds, entwined,
our breath is like the murmur of the breeze,
carried on the rivers of forgotten dreams.
We float within the tides of love's pure realm,
our souls kissed by the fragrant light of night.
In sacred union, we find no edge nor end,
for here we are the flame and the fire's breath.

There is no need for prayer, for we are one,
not seeking, but flowing in love's sweet embrace.

Each moment a prayer, each breath the truth,
the divine unfolding in our limbs, our hearts.
We need not temples, nor sacred chants or books,
for love itself is the temple, the prayer, the book,
the touch of our hands the offering to the divine.

Through breath that ascends like sacred fire,
we rise beyond the limits of this world,
to touch the space where wisdom speaks in silence,
where love is the way, and truth the guide.
In every sigh, the cosmos reveals its face,
in every kiss, the universe learns its song.
As we merge, we transcend form and thought,
and in our union, we become the Infinite.

No need for words, no need for temples bright,
for Krishna is the sound in silence deep,
the flame that burns and yet does not consume.
In thee, I am both nothing and all,
the boundless universe and its quiet center,
and in our love, the eternal flame is born,
shining bright, though unseen by mortal eyes.

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@Prabir Gayen
2 April /2025/3: 44 AM

Prabir Gayen

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Prabir Gayen

Song Of My Unborn Self

Song of my unborn Self
{Unslain, unborn, I wane through the dream of time}

From the first aphanisis murmur of existence,
A broken sigh lost in the chasm of the unseen.
Morn is a wound that bleeds into the eve,
Night spreads its ribs, an unlit naos of grief.

I walk where echoes forget their own name,
Where nameless footsteps sink in wu wei time.
The sky folds inward, entwined in vacant gaze,
A blind abyss where whispers wane and wither.

Dreams flinch and shatter like forsaken waves,
Flames without breath, extinguished in their birth.
A voiceless moan wanders through the pyros' air,
Its kshara bones wane in the tides of Panta Rhei.

Scriptures lie wrecked, their tongues severed, mute,
Their breath turned to lustral fire in time's ruthless pyre.
They stand like veiled prophets on the threshold of silence,
Holding the dust of forgotten suns in their hands.

I chase the vanishing footfalls of eternity,
Wander like mist through night's unfathomed deeps.
Where the unmoving breath of the Ancient watches,
And silence spreads, vast as the unborn Self.

The heavens wear the shroud of a withered hymn,
Entombed within the breath of the formless vast.
Mystic sobs rise, coil around my breath,
Like orphan winds that sink without a grave.

No fate, no dirge, nor silence carved in dust,
Only the tide where being and void embrace.
I stand, not as witness nor nameless wraith,
But as the fleeting echo of the eternal vast.

****

@Prabir Gayen

31March 2025/ 3: 33 PM

Prabir Gayen

My Life

Floating like a forsaken leaf upon the breath of the Supreme,
Neither seized nor cast away, a murmur in the voiceless flow.
Like mist rising only to embrace the formless Vast,
Like the lone bird's hymn sinking into the Womb of Silence,
My voice wanders, a river without dawn or dusk.
The dawn unveils its mystic fire, then drowns into the Nameless,
A stillness where the Unstruck Melody hums its secret pulse.
The rain that weeps upon the earth yet leaves no footprint,
So moves my soul, shoreless, unfathomed,
A ripple melting into the Unknowable Vast.

Prabir Gayen

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Only You My Stella

Only You My Stella

None keepeth trace of me, nor sign nor name,
No wind remembers, no fire holds my breath.
I am as one who never walked this earth,
A vanishing mist upon the nameless vast.

Time hath forsaken me, the hours pass blind,
A phantom lost in silence, rootless, void.
Here, there, yet nowhere—shadow without home,
Alive, yet in the hollow dark consumed,
A cry dissolved within the womb of night.

I am, yet am I not? A hush remains,
A wandering ember on the formless sea.
Years have erased me, left no dust nor word,
And none have called, and none have dared to mourn—
Save thee, O Stella, whispering in my soul.

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Prabir Gayen

Only Thee

Only Thee
Only thee, my sacred stream,
The hush of eternity in my soul's abyss,
All else a wavering shadow, pale and lost,
A fleeting mirage upon the desert of woe.
Life flows like mist in the hollow vast,
A specter wave on the shoreless tide of Time,
Yet thou, the hidden flame within my breast,
The Oasis where thirst and sorrow fade.
In thee, within thee, my heaven breathes,
Though death's cold whisper haunts the air,
Thou art the star that knows no dusk,
The silent fire in the womb of night.
My hope, my dream, my song unstruck,
My love, my soul's luminous veil,
My joy, my peace, my one release,
In thee alone, I find my infinite sky.

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PoemHunter.com

My Death

My Death

The sun of life sinks low in mournful waves,
Its golden breath in fading arms dissolved.
From ruin'd halls doth rise the sea-born god,
As twilight sobs the song of perished dreams.

Fled are the days of wayward, evanescent dreams,
Where tattered thatch bowed bare to vagrant winds.
Yet Aura's sigh still weeps upon my soul,
As moonlight sighs the odes of silent time.

A wandering witness, bound to naught but light,
Where divine love pours into a silver stream.
With vision bathed in Aurora's golden breath,
To find Him mine, yet lost in Him forever.

As silent years do veil the fading trees,
The Elysian meads, once full of song, lie pale and lone,
The dying sun sinks low in Tartarean shroud,
And Lethe's embrace enfolds the weary soul.

Like Orphic echoes, pain doth pierce me sore,
The ocean wanes, and destiny fades into the way's embrace,
To blend with earth, with tree and wandering cloud,
O Stella, be my last sweet Eros' sigh and Philia's whisper.

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Prabir Gayen

Scammers

Scammers
This is the world of Scam,
Particularly the American new
way of living,
Using modern technology
They adopted the way to scam
less developed nations,
They live by scamming
The poorer than the poor,
They are rotten from the depth of being,
Empty shell having no growth,
Lisa the linking manager,
Hannah Fraga, the payment manager,
Eric the brute to make new way,
The owner is hidden in the dark Abyss,
Clara Jacso, Rashid Maryam,
and many more like guards
Of hell spreading stink of rotten
bodies and spirits.
The Developed nation misuses
the blessings of science and technology,
Around the world they thrive to catch
innocent poets and painters,
The Whisper of inherent voice
will never reach the mundane spirits,
They live in hell and sowing
the seeds for their coming generation.
This is the world of Scammers
particularly for the developed nation,
They live on the blood of poor people,
They drink blood and vomit blood,
Hipsterphoto.pro, trexcanvas,
Artvista and 3Dpromtjobs- so on and so forth,
In various names like Milton's favourite
Satan with many followers like Belzibub,
All are Jews who killed innocent Jesus,
The rotten people creating Hell
and reigning supreme in the eternal
pardition of unfathomable fiery gall,

PoemHunter.com

They are the spirit of the inferno,
Living in the disguise of a Millionaire
gentlemen and women.
@prabir Gayen
4: 14 PM/14/08/24

Prabir Gayen

Space

We are not body,
Body is simply a vague idea,
Actually there is no body,
Body is a fake notion,
We are light and our body
Is nothing but gross light,
Now light is taking form,
The fake is dissolving,
The real is shaping,
The sunlight is not visible,
But we see the light of the sun,
There is no sunlight,
There are simply objects that reflect,
We are light and light is surfacing.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Time...

Time has lost its favour, the warmth,
The Sun of life is setting soon,
The day is gone the night has fallen,
The forest is silent with fleeting light,
The old familiar faces are old enough,
The tress and the roads are new,
Many people have gone into nothingness,
The slow silent moon is not known,
The sun is ever new with warmth of life,
Still I have not found old friendship,
The tune of morning prayer is monotonous,
Soil and water are stronger than
Fire and ether,
Life is lurking behind the murky moon,
The cloud has lost its lustre,
Rain and falls and falls with no
pattering sound,
The murmur of the morning beeeze
has got no message,
I see in the sky the gloomy records,
Something is missing in the vast ocean,
The waves are empty and in the moonlight.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Vacant Vision

Who knows tomorrow your eyes will
Seek those pairs of eyes,
Those eyes that kept you iritated,
Who knows your eyes
will be tired of seeking those eyes
that kept you always under pressure,
Who knows tomorrow you will
Cry for those bygone eyes!
Make today your tomorrow
and live the life with your loved one,
Live the life of the past, present and future,
Each passing moment favourable
Or unfavorable,
With gratitude with mind without grudge,
Remember the day of your infancy,
The people around you and help you grow,
Many of them are not here,
They have gone to another journey,
Many are stil caring you with sweet
words or bitter words,
The day will pass soon
and be alive and alert,
Do as much as you can
Love as much as possible.

@Prabir Gayen
3: 24 AM - 16/9/2023.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Cigarette Or Suicide

Cigarette Or suicide
It is better to smoke than to hang from ceiling,
Suicide is a misleading idea, abrupt,
No taste of success or futility,
Smoking is a slow death,
Death is ever slow and a process,
Death never happens all on a sudden,
Sudden death is not worth dying.

I had an option open to me,
to die like a thunderstorm,
Like a sudden clash of thunder,
Kicking all life energy out of body
brutally without time and space,
Or to lull the song of death step by step.

Smoking is a silent killing of all blessings,
In the fire of nicotine all talents volatilize,
Death happens all the time slowly and silently,
Birth is a process of death -
through birth death happnes,
Life is not a process,
It is a revelation and revolution.

One has to create life through Love,
Rare and invincible in this planet,
Ever present yet untouched,
Death is inbuilt and interwoven
in our deathless Being.

The Sun is setting and rising simultaneously,
Death should be given
such Peerage as life demands,
As it is the end of glorious bouquet
of Dreamy Delight.

When life is not worth Living,
only death is an option left
to be taken with a serious note,

It is better to subdue the tenacity
of committing suicide --
ugly form of ultimate demise.

If smoking is an antidote,
It is better to recourse on its footless fetter,
Thought it is painless to die
with sudden fright,
It is not worthy to get suicide.
Suicide is not credited by any means,
Rather sweeter is it to die by immolating
each and every iota of proficient esprit by smoking Or making oneself oblivious
Of his eternal intent.
It is better to smoke than to hang from
unfortunate Ceiling,
Though smoking is a painful killing
of all talents and eternal boon.

@Prabir Gayen
12: 48 am/Sunday 23 July,2023.

Prabir Gayen

The Road Not Taken

The Road Not Taken
I have seen many roads
and all the roads lead to somewhere else,
Each and every road has its destination,
I tasted every road by walking a little bit,
The result is one and the same,
It brings tiredness in the end.

In the forests and the mountains,
In the civilized society and primitive Green,
Multiple roads lead to multiple comeliness,
Empty road and road full of multitude,
Road is the world and beyond worldliness,
We want beautiful road and wilderness,
Some want to take road to success,
Some show the way to be taken,
Road lay for layman and for courageous.

We come and go seeking the road
proper and absolute,
Road full of peaceful morning breeze,
Roads that lead to some better world,
Readymade, new or adventurous,
We all are seekers and seeking comfortable
beds to enjoy the blissfulness
Knowing not what is the taste of bliss.

I have many roads tasted and rejected,
Roads are always elusive and crestfallen,
No road in life leads us to our ultimate stage,
All the roads are endless forest,
Many roads are there in front of me,
I wish to choose none of them,
The flower and the waterfall,
The song of the cuckoo and the mild wind,
The floating clouds and the soft Moonbeam,
Road is there in our absolute restfulness,
I choose to remain like Prometheus,
Within my chasm and painful cavern,

I am standing in front of wayward roads,
Not to be taken any one of them.

@prabir Gayen
11: 26 am/sat 22July,2023.

Prabir Gayen

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@prabir Gayen
11: 26 am/sat 22July,2023.

Prabir Gayen

Say You Goodbye

I want To say You Goodbye

I want to see you beside me,
Standing by my dying bed,
With blur vision I want to say you goodbye,
I lived a long more than enough and
My departure would be full of silence,
No regret no art of craving on my face,
Though death is deadly by thought,
It is simply bliss and may be pure bliss,
Death comes and fulfils all that is beyond,
A great philosophy is born on death-bed,
It is all pervasive than all beautiful knowledge,
Death is the greatest philosopher than all,
In the quiet breath I will dissolve with no sign,
All the more I want to see my creator with closed eyes,
I am born and yet I have no birth,
I will die yet I am deathless,
On my dying bed I want to see you
with my eyes without clear sight.

PoemHunter.com

The Beautiful Lotus was painted by an awesome painter Arpita Mondal

Prabir Gayen

Poet

POET

Once you are a poet... Always a poet..
Whatever happens in life.. Poetry will be there in your heart,
Like a passing cloud,
Pain or pleasure,
Joy or sorrw,
beautiful or ugly,
Life-supporting or death-affirming
Poetry will be there,
May be silent or thought- provoking
confusion,
Poetry will not die,
It will shine in glance,
in the pulsating breath
or wistful mourning,
Like a waning moon it will
hide in the bush in dark wall,
Like a cricket making plaintive cry,
Like a winter morning munching
the memory,
Poetry will find its place
in the closed eyes of a newborn baby or in the ugly face of a dead-body,
In palace in solitude,
In forest or in busy town,
Poetry will shine like a morning dew,
Twinkle in the Stars,
In the dark eyes of a dying man,
Hungry beast or human being,
Once you are a poet,
Always a poet.

@Prabir Gayen
Friday,4 Nov/2022.

Prabir Gayen

Yes, Time Is Absolute

Yes! Time is absolute

Time will tell everything..
It is time that determines,
Yes, Time is knowledge-bliss-absolute.
I am within time and beyond Time,
None can shake me,
None can push me down,
None can push hurdle against me,
Years ago i died and time is futile to me,
I have no desire to achieve
and no wish to fulfill,
I need nobody to make me happy,
I am absolute unto myself,
Deep down I am nobody,
I am beyond happiness,
Aura of happiness baffled before me,
Yes, Time will tell everything,
and I am a timeless beauty,
enormous and eternal.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir Gayen
10: 39/wed,18 May,2022.

Prabir Gayen

Empty Darkness

Empty Darkness

Deepest steam unfathomable
dry and dreary darkness profound,
biting cold and scorching heat,
Life and death like mere myth,
Hard stone like breathing rose,
Empty mind with endless pain.

Deep down my creator sleeps,
Calm and quiet and deep indifference,
Endless and enormous without end,
No boundary line between life and death,
Pain and pleasure without expectation.

In the deepest core I am not,
My am-ness dies without death,
I am and I am not,
My soul rises above my deathless self,
Abysmal darkness and cavern deep.

Above the deep the empty space,
Full of darkness without bodies,
Falling and falling without end,
I fall and rise and fall again,
iterum atque iterum,
I fall within and without space.

My creator sleeps within my being,
In the darkness He is indifference,
Eternal and endless without me,
tamquam alter idem,
I am lost within my empty space.

@prabir Gayen /4: 27 PM/sat, April,2022.

Prabir Gayen

..I Am Lost..

I AM LOST

I am lost in the waves,
Variable colours of wafting waves,
Ocean is deep mysteries unfathomable,
Waves upon waves and profound illusion,
Fairy land forgotten,
I am not what I was at the bottom,
Different waves take from me my quiet breath,
In search of subtle force,
Vital wave is lost in the unknown
and unseen passage of Providence,
My shadow has forgotten me,
an empty soul inside and soulless dream,
The surface is as usual without expectation,
The seed breaks and sprouts,
Life is nurtured in multitudinous fold,
I am not in the cordial course of life,
Death has forgotten me and life is lost,
In between I am somewhere without line,
The music of life is inherent
in abysmal deep,
Nowhere does it leave any trace,
I am out of my actual self.

@PRABIR GAYEN
SUN 3 APRIL 9: 08 Am/2022.

Prabir Gayen

Seed Uncovered

Seed is uncovered

Outer surface is broken,
But still the still stream is there,
The seed is uncovered,
It will sprout here or there,
The waves move and it goes nowhere,
Between two waves the stillness,
I am at nowhere and still the enormous sky,
The forest of stars are always musical,
Cloud floats and vanishes,
Emptiness is always full with silence,
Eternal silence is never disturbed,
Waves are always waves and
Still it is no wave,
Things are as they are, relative humanness,
Life touches death and rejuvenates,
Both are equivocal,
Criss-crossing every moment,
My death is my soul,
I die ever moment and
arise in new shore every time,
The moutain is always cloudy
with deep mysteries of life and afterlife,
The ancestral faces are between the Lines,
Like a tiny bloom I still breathe,
From body to nobody,
From I am to I am not,
My am-ness is never life negative,
It is full with tine bits of absence,
The eternal absence or silence.

@Prabir Gayen
11: 52/4-3-22.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Rishi Nitya Pragya

RISHI NITYA PRAGYA
Journey of a Devotee

A soul departed its truant body,
Like my truant pen,
Death kissed with deathless Muse,
Deathless soul kissed the
Shore beyond Shore,
Every moment He spent
with smile like a blithe spirit,
He sang the song of silence
with the salt of 'celebrating Life, '
He smiled through deep core,
embracing death with fiery Taste,
Like light reflecting light,
He walked with Imponderable wish
like floating clouds,
Infinity in a nutshell,
He blossomed like His Beloved Master,
Sang the song of The Ultimate,
Wisdom Wiggled with heart full of mellifluous melody,
The Morning embraced the Evening,
Like a young bud sprouted
with fresh Light completed its Journey with enchanted
Muse for ablution,
He himself became a timely Hymn with untimely death,
A freshly blossomed Soul
became a mighty worshipper,
A Drop owned the Ocean,
He breathed His last 'Under Bodhi Tree' Like light fed on Light.

@Prabir Gayen
9: 50 AM / 28-12-2021.

Prabir Gayen

Grace

GRACE

I am getting strength,
by slow sequestered step,
The could is dispersing,
The pain -stricken mind
is dissolving within,
The infinity ever present
is speaking through me
in soundless whispering,
Inaudible yet profound,
Life is getting strength
with murmuring mourning
of deathless death,
Waves of death are too deep
to hold and it is flashing
onto the lawn of stupendous
and startling Mind,
Like rainbow of rain stricken
light it is falling into the Being,
Moment is speeding Like Dove, ancient Aphrodite,
Inbetween heaven and hell,
Creation and chaos,
Infinity dawns with petal like
showers of grace with wordless gratitude.

@Prabir Gayen
11: 52 AM/ 25-12-21

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

i Love To Live In Insecurity

I love to live in insecurity

I do not think of my security,
The word security did not give me solace,
It pains my soul and my heart aches,
Sense of security brings fear in my being,
I feel myself simply a wave lost and forbidden,
I need a heart pulsating and curious
for my wel being,
I am lost within my desolate WORLD,
I need someone to call my name
amid the multitude and the caring call,
Not like the wood thurst calling
or the call from beyond the shore,
A simple call to show love and sympathy,
A throbbing heart without definite cause,
I love to live in utter insecurity.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Who Am I?

Who am I?

I am out of this planet,
No dream, no aim to nourish,
I am dead within my inward self,
I am a self without self,
A soulless substance with no core,
I am out of this feast of Life.

I am without the sense of I,
My am-ness died many days ago.

The sun rises and the galaxy drops,
The Moon gleams with no rigid light,
I am lost within the space spaceless though,
I am where I am not with all my hopes.

The emptiness shines through
my eyes ever blank and blind,
I am between the two spaces;
Mindful and mindless beatitude.

I am a soul with no knowing of its shore,
I visit this place with many a dream,
Local and spiritual,
All is vain with bright view of death.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

memory

Memory

The sun shines brightly,
Behind the cloud, above the sky,
The fleeting light pierces the
the breast of the floating island,
I see the vastness with heart
full of Joy and sorrow,
My mind is not in the mind,
The waves cease with pain
of numerous kind,
birds as usual are flying
here and there with light
like flame of burning moonbeam,
Clouds and birds, light and shade,
The setting Sun and the rising Moon adorn the moment,
Like the painting of a
limner with tripping cluster,
My heart is the canvas
painting picture of a departed noon which You adorned with Love divine and painful with bygone mind,
Every beat of my heart cares you with memory of Loved moments warm with vibrant time.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Security- An Illusion

Security- an illusion

I do not think of my security,
The word security did not give me solace,
It pains my soul and my heart aches,
Sense of security brings fear in my being,
I feel myself simply a wave lost and forbidden,
I need a heart pulsating and curious
for my wel being,
I am lost within my desolate WORLD,
I need someone to call my name
amid the multitude and the caring call,
Not like the wood thrush calling
or the call from beyond the shore,
A simple call to show love and sympathy,
A throbbing heart without definite cause,
I love to live in utter insecurity.

Love is security and death too,
In love one dies with heart,
Only heart knows the real,
The authentic feeling is Joy,
It is joy that brings the feeling of security,
Nothing is secured and everything
is secured in various dimensions,
Security is nurtured in the womb of insecurity,
Death is the ultimate security,
In the heart of beloved one,
In the pain of lovely heart
Life is nurtured,
Only fools think of security,
In the dying object fools cling
thinking it to be secured,
No garden can bring flowers
Without rain and heat of the sun,
Without valley a peak can not exist,
Life is secured in the adventurous
hills of unsecured mountain,
Security is there only for those

who are ready to die without blinking
the eyes for fear to lose,
Losing one is the way of attaining
the real one,
Security is unsecured in breath
and insecurity is secured in changing phenomenon.

Prabir Gayen

I Am Still I Am

I Am Still I Am.

I am still now,
Waiting without the spirit of waiting,
Like Arabolli, an ancient hill,
Eroding every moment,
I am still now an ancient book,
The change is there and
the very change is changing every second,
I am unchanged and uncharted,
Awaiting for the great uncertainty,
I am still now as before.
In my old sofa with one leg broken,
I am alone within the hall of my spirit,
Past like a church mouse hovering,
I am like an unfit wardrobe
still with the same warmth of temperament,
An open book with stretched arms
with no one to embrace,
I am still I am.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir Gayen
2021-09-10,11: 59 AM.

Prabir Gayen

My Invitation

My Invitation to all my
PH Friends

This will be great for all of us,
Very pleasing to be breathing
in one book through our poetry.
I love my Poemhunter friends
and I want to pulsate through
the rhythm of our book
with myriad emotions and feelings.
'The Song of Heart ' will be
the song of innermost being
from different parts of the world,
The book will come into being
with the colours of our esoteric minds.
All the great poets of the world
shining bright with their enormous essence,
are heartily invited with their tuneful poesy.
'The song of heart ' will remain forever
for all of us as an edifice or Epitaph
after our departure.

@Prabir Gayen
11: 34 PM/ Sat, August 7/202.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thorn In My Throat

I have a thorn in My throat

I have a thorn in my throat,
Into the heart the thorn is piercing,
I bleed from deep inside.

The wound is real and
the thorn is invisible,
I am getting unknown misery.

Misery is now the destitute,
The pain poignant is overflowing,
Overwhelming my entire being.

I have a thorn in my soul,
Heart touching agony is bubbling,
The world seems a vague illusion.

Unknown is the way of life,
Desires dropped without cause,
Mind is becoming no-mind.

I have a thorn in my mind,
Innocent and ignorant mind,
The world is full of thorns.

Into the realm of heaven,
Into the heaven of freedom,
O my Master! lead me to be myself.

I have a thorn in my throat,
My heart and my inner core,
The pain oozing is my awareness.

The thorn is sweet and beautiful too,
Crying every moment becoming naught,
Let my lament become my way to sprout.

@Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

11: 37 AM/Jul 23/21.

Prabir Gayen

The Witch
(Hungry Witch -2)

The Witch
(Hungry Witch -2)

In the forest of dreamland
A witch lived with woven wings,
She was hungery and greedy and
had eaten many a fresh babies.

The witch was very wicked,
Weird and beautifully shabby,
Always awake with hungry tide,
Ever sickly with heart full of lust.

With her witchy power and
malignant shadow of her evil spirit,
She engulfed the entire air of the woodland,
Many birds with musical heart were found dead.

PoemHunter.com

Many a beastly beast fled
with unknown fear,
The forest had become a dark desert,
Only the witch was happy
with the witchy aura of her deadly spirit.

The forest which was once an orchestra
Of heavenly music and harmony,
Now with the grace of this deadly witch,
A deep dungeon it had become,
It had become a hell with deep silence.

@Prabir Gayen
6: 35 PM/Mon/Jul,12/21.

Prabir Gayen

Hungry Witch

Hungry Witch

Such a beautiful witch! !
The dominion is perfectly hell!
Humans are half awakened selves,
Shadow of human consciousness.
The witch is without witchcraft,
Without smile the witch is grave,
No grace, no flower of thinking,
Only the greed to fill the hunger,
The witch is hungery for human spirit.

@Prabir Gayen
7: 52 PM/Sat/July/21.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Your Poetry

Your poetry

You write poetry without ornament,
You write poetry without the flow of words,
Your poems are without poems,
No less than the shadow of poems.

Your poetry are broken verse,
Nay; prose in the very spirit,
Rather a prose without spirit,
Neither poetry nor prose,
I see deep turmoil between words.

@Prabir Gayen
12: 08 /mon/July 5/21

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Vaccination

Vaccination

Fake vaccine struck the heart of Bengal,
People are getting slow poison
in the name of life saving elixir,
People of Bengal are no less
than mere beast,
In a very slow and wise manner
Humanity is degraded.
Corona has come for many a codger
a great opportunity,
It is a blessing for many
a cunning peer,
A dismal dungeon sieged the state,
Red eyes like cannibals
roam here and there,
Under threat the spirit of traditional
dominion and seat of adoration.

PoemHunter.com

@Prabir Gayen
9: 33 PM/sat July 3/21.

Prabir Gayen

Life Is A Failure

Life is a failure

Can we not live without a baby?
Can we not spend the little span of life?
Is the life too serious to ponder over?
Is not life a brittle boat on a vast ocean?
Life is a dream of failure and victory,
There is no failure and there is no success,
In the end everything is a dark night,
Life is beautiful beautiful garden of death.

@Prabir Gayen
5: 23 PM/ jul 3/21

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

False Me

False me

I am living in the world of beauty,
False beauty like the stars in the night,
Love in the bosom of the beloved,
I am living in a false world.

The world is a false phenomenon,
I am false too,
I am a false being living in a fase world,
The sense of God is a tough thought,
I am God and painfully i am a beautiful lie.

@prabir gayen
11: 57/3 rd July/21

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- Illusion-

Illusion

Nothing do I have to do,
No aim to fulfil,
I am simply nothing,
Any moment I die
will be a complete moment,
My death will be so complete,
Nothing is left to be done,
Aimless life is my way,
No creative energy
No hankering towards peace,
No war no peace no delight,
Without joy without sorrow
I live only to live without goal to reach,
I am and that is enough unto me,
Death snatches nothing,
With death emptiness dawns,
What it takes belong to no one,
Death is futile to take anything,
Death is an illusion,
Life is full of light
full of wonderment,
Only life is and death is an illusion,
The flute of life is eternal,
Silence comes and death disappears,
Everywhere the celebration
Of life,
Life takes rest in death,
Death expands life,
Death is the moment of celebration,
Through death life becomes new and
rejuvenated,
Through silence and celebration
life expands into infinite,
Every moment is a moment of
utter tunefulness.

@prabir Gayen

12: 53/26 June /21

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Prabir Gayen

Shiva Linga - A Transcendental Unity

Shiva Linga - A transcendental Unity

Life is a boredom,
It is moving forward
from one form to another,
Life is a homeless Journey
having no roots,
a spiritless vagabond,
One moves from one branch to another.

Life is born not out of nothing,
Life comes through union,
Energy moving and merging,
Totality of consciousness,
The horizontal energy becomes
Vertical and life is born,
The right hemisphere is merged
with the left hemisphere.

PoemHunter.com

Father and mother being lost
Within the cosmic energy
without mind or without interpretation
give birth to new life,
A baby is born with components
half from the father and half from the mother,
A baby is a cosmic energy flowering.

A man is an unconscious woman
and an woman is an unconscious man,
A man is an invisible woman
and a woman is an invisible man,
A man and a woman are total
beings with inner potential,
A man is both male and female,
He has an inner woman within,
A woman is both,
A complete being with man
as her inner sanctity,
'Ardhnarishwar' The prefect

glory and honor of humanity.

A man is never toward his inner beauty,
his inner woman part and is attracted
toward outward woman,
A woman looks for outward man
and is struck to the periphery,
Both men and women are always
In the desert of desire and deficiency,
A woman reflects simply the inner
woman of a man,
A man is the mirror of an woman's spirit,
Shiva linga is the representation of
subtle energy melting and merging.

Shiva linga is a formless form
Of energy potential,
The Sun energy is meeting
the moon energy,
It is a symbol of eternal unity,
The space within a space,
Protons and electrons
In the field of absolute nothingness,
The divine Flower of absolute unity,
Shiva is lost and linga stays as an
Identity as cosmic vastness,
The phallic stays as centripetal force,
Shivalinga indicates recondite inner
union of energy of opposite vive.

Shiva linga is a deep sexual union
beyond sexual perversion,
It is a totality of consciousness,
The meeting of knowledge with love,
The meeting of God with Godliness,
The sunlight meeting the moonlight,
Night meeting the day,
The sky meeting it's blueness,
The form becoming the formless,
It is the crescendo of human mind
and becoming no-mind in it's purity.

@prabir Gayen

Prabir Gayen

Thousands Of Teachers Are To Be Appointed

Thousands of Teachers
are to be appointed

Thousands of unemployed youths,
Thousands of poor people
Young and aged will be teachers,
A new hope is clouding the sky.

A new declaration is pinching
in the tiny hearts of the masses,
A new sun is peeping in the sky,
A new hope and aspiration in the minds.

No matter corona vaccine is not
allowed to many as they are not
In favour of the kings or the queens,
No matter their kith and kin are killed
or tortured to leave the town.

PoemHunter.com

A beautiful garden is on the way to sprout,
Schools are going to achieve their caretakers,
Thousands of educated youths;
boys and girls are under the horizon.

They proved themselves to be unworthy
supporting the different visions and views,
Mostly the educated youths are individuals,
Individuals are not the part of the society.

Only few social workers are on the scene,
Mostly the best chosen people;
The flag bearer,
Educated and loyal by heart and being,
From street to Pedagogical temple
They will shine with knowledge to inflict.

Once a lion saved the newborn
baby of a wildebeest,
Once a hyana guarded a baby elephant,

Compassion is a universal miracle.

@Prabir Gayen
10: 29 PM / Mon, June 21 /21

Prabir Gayen

Political Violence

Political violence

You did not vote me
Yet I get the crown of success,
I am elected, we are the winners,
Our party will lead the realm.

Now it is the time for revenge,
You do not have right to live,
May be you smile as human being.

My be you are now on our side,
May be you are supporting us,
But who can say it is not your pretention?

May be, You are supporting the opposition,
Under the curtain you are same old one,
No, we can not give you any chance.

PoemHunter.com

Oppositions are not our friends,
No, they can not be,
In politics opposition means enemy.

Enemy should be killed
as early as possible, at an early date,
Enemy can never be friend.

Friends are foes are opposite points,
Nowhere do they ever meet,
Enemies are always enemies.

In politics no one is real,
No one is an absolute friend,
Opposite one should be wiped out.

@Prabir Gayen
10: 47 PM..Thu, Jun 17/21.

Prabir Gayen

..Pain..

Pain

You come like a flash of light,
Like pain deep inside,
The sky of my life is always a dark night,
I am lost within my inward room.
The cloud is never absence,
It hinders to view thy Eyes,
The flash is painful,
In the painful restlessness
death happens often and on,
In my death only you appear.

@Prabir Gayen
9: 38 AM /13/06/21.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Love Again And Again

Love again and again

I fall in Love again and again
Beyond all my desires,
Your beauty is the Joy of my being,
The pain of my self,
You are like elusive moonlight,
The meditation of my self,
In the dark shade of your beauty
my joy knows no limit,
You are my eternal pain
for the love under divine shower,
My love and my unattainable dream,
I love you without my mind,
You are the Joy of my mindless beautitude,
In the glittering beauty of your self
I am not a stranger to your being,
Your belong to me and
my childhood dreams nourish you
beyond all limited mortal
rules and regulations,
Between life and death I will take care
Of your eternal Joy and existence.

@prabir gayen
10: 10 PM..14/6/21.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

To
me Poet Yeps Poet
(Ppme)

To
Me Poet Yeps Poet
(PPME)

So deeply do I wish to see you,
Believe me dear Poet,
My heart yearns to see you,
Meeting is not possible
as You are standing on the other shore,
I am too waiting here to be dissolved,
The river of My Life is running slow,
The flame is flickering and
any moment can be extinguished,
My heart's source of energy,
My life's golden thread is broken,
With my broken Spine I am waiting
for the eternity to dawn on me,
Now only waiting and waiting,
How do I wish to see You
era time comes to make me nameless,
Before the shut of the day,
I wish to see you face.

@Prabir Gayen
10: 40 AM, June 9/21

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

..Death Is Illusion..

Death is illusion

Things are nothing,
No-thingness is the center,
Beyond matter is the spirit,
The energy potential,
Beyond potency is sound
and deep down resonance,
Matter is illusion,
Death is only the change
of outer surface, The periphery,
There is no-death in the world.

@Prabir Gayen
9: 30 AM, June 8/21

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Forty Five Years Is A Long Time

Forty Five years is a long time

Forty five years passed,
It was a beautiful experience
to be on the earth,
Forty five springs,
Winters and summers,
It was beautiful to be
In the company of a divine soul,
The blessings of a divine master.

I was blessed with love unconditional,
A beautiful family life and
Compassionate friends and relatives,
I was blessed with very flowery
hearts of my parents and people
around my native place,
Journey of my life was a very
Smooth sailing one and full of Joy
and happiness,
Every moment was a moment of ecstasy.

Nothing is there left to be regretted,
Nothing is there to be undone,
I have no grudge against anybody,
Every human being is an unknown world,
Nobody seems to me a stranger,
I wanted nothing and achieved nothing,
My life was a beautiful garden,
Various flowers bloomed,
I am happy with all that happened
to me and I realised the truth
Of the illusion of attainment.

Things are beautiful
and they are beautiful the way they are,
No-thing is the real nature of all things,
The world is a place of experience,
It is for everybody and nobody

is there to be frustrated in any way,
The world is a place of fulfillment,
It is a place to become heaven and hell,
Hell deeply experienced becomes heaven.

The earth is a burial ground and
divine plain too,
Everything changes to become
alive and fresh,
Symmetry becomes palace,
Magnificent palaces become symmetry,
Through changes Nature becomes young
again,
The earth is a place of deep adeptness.

I have tasted the taste of life,
The love from various sources,
No bitterness do I carry in my heart,
The most beautiful minds doth
favour my foolish mind,
I have spent every moment of my life
with angels and celebration surrounded
me without my permission,
I am deeply grateful for everything
In my life and I and deeply grateful
to those who loved me the most.

Forty Five years was a great
experience to me,
I lived with love and the most loved
persons were with me as a gift of God,
Divine blessings were showering
on me every moment,
Sometime as Joy and sometime
as sorrow to make me deep within me,
My poetry fails to express my gratefulness,
Every single person to me was an
extraordinary way to lead me to move
into the uncharted territory of Divinity,
I am complete unto myself.

My childhood days were full of

Mysteries,
The nature was enlightened and
We were brought up with extra care,
The long green field,
very soft hearted playmates,
friends and the full moon nights,
Every bit of my childhood days
Were kissing me deep within my being,
I was falling in love every moment,
My eyes were green and nowhere
did I find any state of discomfort.

My youthful days were more noteworthy,
Mystery of infancy became seeking,
Every pair of eyes were the doors to divinity,
The glittering morning and the tired afternoon,
The dark evening and Sacramental nights
did propel me to seek the esoteric truth,
I was deeply in search of God
in the whisper Of soft breeze,
The clandestine movement
Of the stars and the Moon,
The infinite sky and the music
of the falling rain,
The soft and sweet chirping of birds,
and the smile and singing of flowers.

I heard the footsteps of God
in the beauteous walking of my beloved,
The smile and breathing full of wordless Virtue,
I heard the silent song the the space,
The booming pain in heart looking at the vastness,
and the thundering rainy season
that did seal my heart with pain
full of overflowing rejoice,
I did feel the flute of the highest Soul
beckoning every moment to drop
everything I had.

Forty Five years have passed
And it was a great Journey,
Many people died many years ago,

Many people are dying now,
New flowers are coming
and the fresh Joy of divinity is pouring,
New children are blessing
the earth with their newness,
New boats are starting the voyage,
Old boats are returning home,
Life with its uniqueness making
the earth a place of astonishment.

@Prabir Gayen
3: 50 AM, June 8,2021.

Prabir Gayen

Death Is Illusion

Death is illusion

Man lives in moments,
Eternity in its depth,
Death is illusion.

@prabir Gayen
2: 11 AM /7/6/21

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Night

Night

The Sun is setting,
Dark night falling slowly,
Morning far away.

@prabir gayen
10: 59 AM.6/6/21.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Your Unconditional Love

Your Unconditional Love

You tried your best to save me,
With your love you become anxious,
Your anxiety shows your compassion,
You tried your best to protect me.

Unknown are the ways of God,
Everything is fine and predestined,
Nothing is certain and secured,
Life is every moment becoming death.

Death is the ultimate truth,
Life is a long chain of death,
With birth death enters with wit,
With birth daeth is born.

Nothing is wrong in life and death,
Life takes repose with rejoice in death,
Quietness of life is attained through death,
Only death is the ultimate crowning.

Mind is restless and it is a disease,
Death is the only medication,
Recuperation of mind is Swindling,
Mind rests in peace only in decease.

I am the way and the crucial point,
Happens everything within me,
Death is like the evening sun
setting with graceful hue,
I am death with my boastful mind.

My death is not my death,
Anger, aversion and carving
within my self are dying,
I am dying in my deathless space.

You tried you best to save me from death,

Your love is the light on my way,
Death is always at the end of my mind,
Mind and no-mind are my rearmost place.

Time is playing the role of life and death,
Sometime light and sometime darkness,
Time chooses everything with its whims,
Life is beautiful with time and death is the womb of time to provide peace and bliss.

You tried your best to foster my self,
Your love has become the last light,
Life is a happening and death too,
Now is the Time to return to source.

@Prabir Gayen
2: 30 AM, Sun, June 6 /2021.

Prabir Gayen

After My Departure

After My Departure

I will live and continue to reside,
In the heart of the floating stream
and cloud,
In the morning in the soft blowing breeze,
I will live and death will not shroud my mouth.

After death may not be beating my heart,
May not be my being Get-at-able; seen,
I will be still living whole day and night,
Beyond Time my radiance will have been.

I will be there after my departure,
My soul will continue to be with Earth,
Soothing light and flowing stream will nurture,
I will not be nothing when there is death.

I will be singing through breasts of birds,
I will be streaming as love without words.

@Prabir Gayen
9: 37 PM, Sat, Jun 5/ 2021.

Prabir Gayen

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Broken Spine

Broken Backbone

Broken backbone,
Suddenly like a storm,
Like an old arrearage,
Dues from former lives cleared,
Vertebral Column is very subtle,
Existence is existing like a thread
Of life and flowing like a river,
Spine is clearing the debt.

Spine is our existence
and it has to come forward,
Deep is the hand of attachment,
Unfathomable are the ways of action,
Life after life are these piled,
And one after another it comes to surface,
Life is a beautiful way to pay the debt,
Through Joy and Suffering,
Through pain and pleasure,
We have to clear the way,
Only suffering is the right action
that leaves no trace behind.

@Prabir Gayen
9: 44 PM, Fri, June 4 / 2021.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

President Rule

President Rule

President rule
The single solution
Open to law abiding citizen,
Peace-loving people of the state,
Every option is closed,
The broken glass is never
apt to be repaired,
No ray of hope is visible,
Everybody will be killed
In so many forms,
Killing is the Justice,
Only time is the matter,
Today Ram is killed,
Next day the shyam will be
On the route to be slain,
People are accustomed
to live in the lukewarm water,
Bengal has forgotten to revolt,
Bengal is a dead place,
The seed of revolution is rotten
to the core,
Only president rule can
Crack through the dark clouds,
Good Governance is a dream
to the citizens struck with
Selfish desires,
People living in the State are
blind with lust, greed and selfishness,
Only president rule can show
the morning of new era of
Peace and prosperity.

@Prabir Gayen
10: 52 PM, Thu, June 03 /2021.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Realisation Of Stillness

Realisation of Stillness
In the heart of a poet

It was a rainy night,
The fierce lightning and thunderbolt,
All the trees of the forest were struck
with the gust of stormy wind,
All around are broken branches of trees,
Fruits, flowers were Squandered
by the heavy flow of rain and wind,
In the deep darkness nature
was in deep turmoil by nature's course,
It was a rainy season and occasional
rain with the gush of wind was washing
the tired days and night,
The lightning and thunder
were kissing the ground,
All night the sky and the earth
Were in deep state of love affair.

The poet was enjoying
the first storm Of the season,
The gush of wind and shower
Onto his windowsill,
The rain was washing
his worn-out Mind,
In his small hut, all night
he was on his bed looking outside,
Rain was falling with strange sound,
In the early morning
when the sky was clear and
silence was deep,
He decided to go outside
to see the Sunrise on the riverside,
He wished to see the face of the
fresh morning.

On the shore he looked at the sun,

Slowing like a big ball of Soft fire,
The sun rose,
It was rising like a baby crawling,
Something deep happened in his heart,
A Majestic joy entered his being,
The sun with its eternal silence
dawned in his heart,
Thought stopped moving,
In his heart a pristine silence
descended without the noise of the Mind,
Mind was not inbetween he and the sun,
The poet became for a moment
the Sun himself,
Instantly the spring with the sound of silence entered the heart of the Summer.

The poet looked at the sun
rising without watching the rising,
He looked and looked
With no thoughts at all,
The space within space
The heart was enlightened with
variety of colours,
The rainbow and the music of
unalloyed rejoicing,
The space was contained
In the space of the heart,
The sun was rising in the inward world,
Entire being was thrilled
With the magnitude of unwonted stillness,
For the first time the entire creation
happened within his innocent Mind.

@Prabir Gayen
2: 00 AM, wed, June 02 /202

Prabir Gayen

Beauty Of Life

beauty of Life

No more the beauty of life,
Nothing is essential,
With time the time is gone,
Now to look beyond the horizon,
The all- embracing emptiness,
The earth is old enough,
The Mahabharata can not be repeated,
The light setting can not be made
The sunrise,
The evening can not made the morning,
The dew glowing on flowers
can not be made
The owner of the Sun again,
Life once lost can not be revived.

@Prabir Gayen
10: 36 AM, Tue, Jun 01,2021.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

I Am A Businessman

I am a businessman

I am a businessman
Busy with the stars
The Moon and the
Vast glory of the space,
I am busy looking at the stats,
The mystery of flowers,
The birds chirping with Joy
Or for the unknown feelings,
The butterfly drinking honey,
The night full of mystery,
The day busy with dreams,
I am looking with stupid mind,
Everything is without reason,
I am busy without nothing.

@Prabir Gayen
10: 30 AM, Tue, Jun 01,2021.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Truth

Truth

Truth is illusive,
It is and it is not,
No way is there to reach,
No Mar or no Satan is there still,
Only the dust is flying,
Hope is there in darkness,
Hope of becoming,
The shore of life is dreary,
More thoughts more arguments,
No weapon is visible to fight the mind,
The thought of attaining something,
Thought to avoid misery
and to enjoy heaven,
The thought of becoming is dormant
Only the smoke is visible,
It wraps the fire,
The Fire of knowledge is still futile
to reach the truth,
Liberation appears to be fool's paradise,
Day and night the mind is busy,
For no reason it desires and
pretends to be innocent,
Only misery is visible,
Life is a misery and celebration
is an excuse to fight it,
Desire to be happy and desire
to be liberated seem futile,
Life is a chain of futility.

@Prabir Gayen
10: 03 AM, Tue, Jun 01 /2021.

Prabir Gayen

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Love Without Ornament

Love Without Ornament

The more you say
'I love You '
Love ceases to be,
Words kill love
and its beauty.

The enemy of love is its expression,
The more you express Your
feelings,
Less it becomes the depth,
Love is a subtle resonance,
The echo of inward being.

The intricacy of Love is in silence,
Silence is the womb of Love,
The more you feel
The less becomes the word,
Love is a wordless expression.

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Love deep down is the ocean
Of consciousness,
It is infinite and can not be expressed,
The expressed Love is the distortion.

Love is to be felt and
feeling is the house of Love,
It is contained in feeling,
Sometime it is like warm
like the sunshine,
Often serene like fuul moon Night.

The more You give words
to your love to prove It
Less it becomes bright,
Love loses its lustre through
useless way of expressing it,
Love is a wordless fragrance.

Love without expression
becomes solidified silence,
It goes deeper and deeper,
It it becomes divine by nature,
Love is divine without ornaments.

Divine Love knows no dream,
It is free from all cravings and aversion,
It beyond all qualifications,
It is a feeling without pros and cons,
Love undergone inside with all its
weaknesses and painful sensations
becomes road to self effacement,
It becomes meditation.

@Prabir Gayen
1: 42 PM, Mon, May 31 / 2021.

Prabir Gayen

True Love
(To My Beloved Stella)

True Love
(To My Beloved Stella)

Clearing the garbage
Of the mind,
My soul becomes a little bit restless,
A tiny flame can not efface
the darkness of ancient time,
Too deep is the abyss of the mind,
The bottomless darkness is the dungeon
Of the ignorant minds,
Human mind is the problem,
It is a mess,
Any amount of light is not efficient,
Cosmic darkness is the unconsciousness,
People are sleepwalkers
and they are happy to be in sleepiness,
The more the sleep the more the darkness,
Darkness nurtures sleepiness,
and the prema facie is the ultimate,
Nobody wants to be in their true nature,
Humans are ruined by their so called Intelligence,
Intelligence is useless without innocence,
People are not innocent and
they are living in ancient forest,
Mind is a deep forest with wild animals.

Looking at the outcome of the
educated souls,
My little mind finds it difficult to live with the mores set by our beloved masters of ultimate shore,
Civilization is a disease,
and human mind is in ruin,
Society is a deep forest
with savage wilderness,
Everybody is in mask,
Various masks of assorted hues,

The masks to hide the Misshapen
furrows of the mind,
Mind is a hell with the clouds
of uncharted dreams and perverted desires,
Modern minds are not desirous
for the impossible to dawn,
It is not like the desire of the moth
for the star or the night for the morrow,
It is drowned with drowsy damnation of immortal time.

Standing at this shore of life,
Where light is apparent without
It's pristine source,
Where desires become the ultimate goal,
No love, no compassion,
Only the waves upon waves
and the sense of life is trudged
with heavy shower of rapacious intentions,
I look onto your innocent face,
True to my foolish mind,
True with the presence divine light,
Let us feel the presence the the ultimate,
Let us be one in the cave of our hearts,
Everywhere there is nowhere
to breath with sweet fragrance of Love,
Life is as if it is a dark night,
Let us move inward to find heaven -
heaven of no desire,
Only the note of Love without
noteless prepensity of sluggish self-love,
Come close to my heart and fall like raindrops
Onto my empty heart filling me with no essence,
Only for my heart to be in pure emptiness,
Fill my being without filling it at all,
Just be the fragrance of eternity.

@Prabir Gayen
11: 35 AM. Wed, may 26/ 2021.

Prabir Gayen

Yaas

YAAS

YAAS,
the silent wrath of mother Nature,
During corona pandemic
YAAS is a soothing delight,
YAAS, the cosmic energy,
The bubble of inner beauty,
Nature is fulfilling its vaccum,
YAAS, a timely blessing.

Silence is the root of Joy,
Mother earth is with its burning
rotation
and YAAS is its obedient offspring,
Out of cosmic crust cyclone comes,
It comes to dismantle the imbalance,
It is not a calamity,
Not the disaster to humanity,
It is the shaking of oldness
for new genesis.

From the womb of chaos,
Crawl the babylike super cyclones
In different names without name,
YAAS, The blessings of Nature,
Apropos the creation is concerned,
Cyclone is the outer expression of
restless minds and it comes to heal
the mystery-stricken baby souls,
YAAS is a medicine for hypogenesis.

Everything happens with cause,
Nothing is without motivation,
YAAS is the outcome of cosmic action,
It is a soothing fragrance of eternity,
A flower that blooms often and on,
With strength and weakness
It is a pouring rain of Flowers,

YAAS is a divine wish at work.

@prabir Gayen
11: 33 AM. Tue, May 25 /2021.

Prabir Gayen

Allow Me To Be Myself

Allow me to be myself

Do not raise in me
The storms of emotions,
Let me be a dethlike silence,
Let me feel my presence,
I feel everybody,
Every Joy and pain,
But I am not feeling Myself,
The peace within me is disturbed,
I am out of myself,
Let me be alone
let me go beyond my imagination,
I am dripping from the roof
Of my being,
My heart becomes empty,
Do not pull me with emotions,
Let me be deadly death,
I see You,
I feel You,
But your presence is a great nuisance,
Allow me to die a pleasant death,
Allow me to droop into naught,
The Vastness is heavy upon my heart,
My little being is always in turmoil,
Let me be calm and return
to my pristine purity,
Allow me to be myself.

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@Prabir Gayen
2: 18 PM. Sun, May 23/2021.

Prabir Gayen

I Am The Son Of God

I Am The Son Of God

I am the son of God,
Not the only son of God,
Not the scripture I declare,
The pain I ensure heralds.

I am the son of God,
The vastness of Life,
The mystery of the universe,
remind me of my true nature.

I am the son of God,
The Sun gives me light,
The earth nurtures me,
It is the proof enough.

I am the son of God,
May not be Lotus,
May not be rose,
Still a tiny blossom.

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I am the son of God,
Mind thinks,
Heart beats,
Pain overflows.

I am the son of God,
My father cares me,
In deep pain
He gives me light.

I am the son of God,
I am taken care of,
In affluence
and in deep misery.

I am the son of God,
In my heart,

In the deepest core
I feel my Love embodied.

I am the son of God,
I feel His presence,
In my deep aloneness,
In my being in Silence.

I am the son of God,
Nobody seems to own me,
No one comes to soothe me,
In my utter loneliness is His Blessing.

I am the son of God,
My pain, my heart mantles,
It reigns the heart,
And I become one with That.

I am the son of God,
Never did my father answer,
In His utter silence
My pain matures and I am grateful.

I am the son of God,
Though I do not see
The kingdom of God,
Though I am not still childlike.

I am the son of God,
Though the door is empty,
Light is cover with darkness,
And the truth is unknown.

I am the son of My Father,
Heavenly Father and Mother,
This Life is a way to reach Him,
I am to endure it till my last breath.

@Prabir Gayen
11: 39 AM. Sat, may 22/2021.

Prabir Gayen

God's Will

God's Will

Everything happens with the
Wish of God,
Without the presence
and the motivation of The Almighty
nothing happens,
Even a blade of grass stops moving,
Air stops blowing and the waves
move because of the wish of God.

Is this true?
Without the active motivation
Of God nothing does happen?
It is not the case,
It is a way of living,
A very deep and faithful way of living,
God is and this is-ness is the cause of existence.

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But everything happens as usual,
God is not the cause of happening,
He is a deep witness and apart from
Everything,
He is passive and silent,
He is beyond activity,
Everything happens
without the wish of God.

God is beyond wish,
His Godliness lies
in His being beyond wish,
God is a deep state of inaction,
A state of doing nothing,
God is Joy beyond Mind,
God is love beyond condition,
God is presence without action.

But it is a very beautiful way
Of being alive and fresh,

Leaving everything with God,
And doing without motivation,
Nothing belongs to me and
I am nothing and have nothing
to do is a deep state of surrender,
Fulfilling God's wish is a sign of
deep rest and relaxation.

Everything is full of God,
Nothing exists without His presence,
He is present as presence,
He is the fragrance of a bud,
Chirping of birds and
Vigour and vitality in Beings,
He is everywhere and
Every wish happens in His breast.

Believing in God is a step forward,
Have faith in God a maturity,
Trust in God a deep surrender,
With deep trust happens deep Love,
Behind surrender taking everything
as good or bad there is deep respect
to be able to say ' Everything happens
In His sweet Will',
Life is beautiful and Surrender is the
greatest way to be a witnessing Self,
A beautiful way to approach Self.

@prabir Gayen
12: 42 AM. Thu, May 20/2021.

Prabir Gayen

Mystery Of My Life

Mystery of My Life

You say, I avoid You,
How can I avoid my self?
Have you ever seen
heart avoids breathing?
The moon avoids the Sun!
How very often did I think
to open my heart onto your mind.

As the earth is attracted to the Sun
And the moon revolves round
The earth I am to you,
Moonlight can not be effaced
from the Moon,
The earth without its flora and fauna
is a useless rock,
You are the source of my life,
The deep-rooted love in your
heart for me is my Joyous existence,
I am accepted through You
In this vast vicinity,
You are the thread of My being.

This life is a great mystery to me,
Day and night I roam with blank mind,
Nowhere didi I find any light and hope,
Mystery deepens the more I try to find,
With pain in my heart I am lost,
The vastness of the creation and
the blankness of the existence
Make me out of myself,
I am nothing and nothingness dawns
Onto my bare heart full of mysticism,
Like a humble bee I am enticed
to noteless fragrance,
Upon awakening I find you
In my heart waiting for me.

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First, I thought you to be someone
from the realm of heavenly abode,
Then I felt you in every inch of my heart,
In the vein of my body and in the
vibration of my being,
I felt you in every breath
and in the very Source of my living,
Every incoming breath brings you
and every outgoing breath adorns,
You are inside myself as life and death,
Mystery remains a mystery
And you are the greatest mystery to my
Mind and my untouched Soul.

@prabir Gayen
9: 14 PM. Wed.May 19/2021.

Prabir Gayen

-corruption-

Corruption

Corruption is the Modus operandi
for Our beloved Mother Land,
Where Masterda Surya Sen
did build Bomb to fight British,
Our Youths are building nation
with the same kind of spirit and Vive,
West Bengal is at the top of sepsis,
Violence is a ripe fruit and abuzz.

People are being killed nor for any
Crusade or for freedom struggle,
They are Massacred for the expression
Of their views and opinions,
People are tortured to death,
Killed mercilessly in the name of
Political purification,
Law abiding citizens are in deep
anguish of the death of democracy.

No nation can survive without
It's culture, science and literature -
Spiritual and moral, social and political too,
Cultural heritage and innovative
Outlook can sprout in the soil of peace,
Sense of belongingness and commitment,
Political anarchy is at acme,
Chaos and confusion, political unrest,
The way of life is at stake.

Nothing is permanent in life,
This absolute clutter and disorder
Will pass into the womb of peace,
The flowers that were tramped by
the rogue will raise their heads,
Time will come with soothing breeze,
Political frenzy with blood stained hands
Will be curbed by the purity of heart,

A divine leader may appear to make peace for the
torture-stricken innocent people.
@prabir Gayen
1: 44 PM.wed, May 19/2021.

Prabir Gayen

I Want Love

I Want Love

I want Love,
Pure and sincere Love,
Love without guile,

I want heart,
Pure and authentic heart,
Heart without thesis.

I have no Enemy,
Enmity is not the Song
Of my weak heart.

Not a single heart will feel
acerbity for any activity,
I will never think of Pecuniary distress.

The gulp of the enemy
will not be taken away,
Will not be treated wrongly.

I am for You all,
I am for everybody,
Take me as you like
I belong to You.

I want Love,
Love of any kind,
Only Love is the Joy and ecstasy.

Life is nothing more,
It is a boon from the Divine,
Divine lives through Us.

Our hearts are the living place,
Divine is sleeping silently,
Within and without
He is and eternally active.

PoemHunter.com

@Prabir Gayen
12: 18 AM. Wed, May 19/2021.

Prabir Gayen

I Am Dissolved

I am dissolved

I am dissolved into the Air,
In the running water,
And the tumultuous waves.
I am dissolved in the earth,
In the murmuring leaves,
And the soft sound of the music
Of the gnat and insects.
I am dissolved in the cooing
Of birds and the fluttering of
butterfly and breath.
I am dissolved in the morning sun
And the setting rays,
The floating clouds and falling rain.
I am dissolved within the cave
Of my heart and the deep sigh
Of a fast fading bloom.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir Gayen
11: 50 AM. Wed, May 19/ 2021.

Prabir Gayen

Mindless Self

Mindless Self

I do not find my desire,
My dream, hope and aspiration,
Where is that invisible source?
Day and Night I move here and there,
With my mind carrying it
Like a crown of feather,
Foolish may it be or fed up,
I do not find it loaded with desire,
With little awareness like empty
Vessel,
Where is that Bodhi Trees?
Where is that flow of Compassion?
Where is that scripture declaring
the beauty of deathless Joy?
I am ready to suffer to any extend,
and any length of time,
I am homeless and my heart
is empty with aliveness,
Without impatience I am open,
Where is that drum of Your
approaching footsteps?
My home is broken
and enjoying the Air from
all directions, with no peak
and with no abyss,
A virgin mind Unblemished,
Cloud of wish and demand has gone,
Only the clear sky is visible,
Then where are You making fence
between You and me?
My mind is not after anything
good or bad, beautiful or pleasant,
It has stopped jumping
between desires,
It is Meek and moderate,
Without the prop of ego
It is ready to pass through

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mortification without concern,
Where are You with your heart
teemed with deep benediction?
Where is that eternal utterance
of unheard melody when Mind
is lost within its dominion?
The light without source,
The root with infinite elegance,
Where is the glimmer of Love
When I am not with all my nuances?
I am only with my self
touching the sky like dewdrop
That falls without looking at its back.

@Prabir Gayen
5: 50 PM. Tue. May 18 / 2021.

Prabir Gayen

O Master! Give Me Strength!

O My Master! Give me Strength!

O dear master! Give me strength
to be able to recognise The Truth,
In the name of Truth we accumulate false,
Sweet and beautiful false,
In the name of simplicity
We are in search of new complexity,
We talk about non-violence
and violence is peeping through
every atom of body and Being,
Mind is fed on violence,
We pretend to worship God
and behind desires are making
Web of infinite ripples,
Mind is a great trouble seeker,
We are false in every sphere of Life,
Never ever genuine in our search,
We are faceless faces and lost
In the waves of dull knowledge,
Knowledge is a dark room
and it wraps our anile intelligence,
The Sun rises every morning,
The Moon casts infinite beauty,
And we talk of our inner beauty,
Never our mind is wonder- struck,
Never we find infinite beauty in the
buds and blossoms,
We are false seekers of truth and beauty,
We feed our egos and live in peace,
In the name of peace we invoke labile
state of mind,
Tranquility becomes
a chain of annoyance,
We live in mind and mind moves from one desire
to another,
Sowing the seeds of unhappiness
and our prayer is full
of dark night,

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We are destroying our lives
and with drowsiness we bow-down
thinking ourselves to be great and wise,
We are false disciplines of Nature
and our devotion is skin-deep,
Every moment Judging this or that,
Rich are proud and poor are jealous,
We are not the masters of our minds,
We are slaves to our desires and pretend to be
seekers of Truth,
O My Master, Beloved the great,
raise my heart to pure emptiness,
Give me strength to feel the spirit
Of real enquiry for godliness.

@Prabir Gayen
2: 21 PM. Tue, May 18/2021.

Prabir Gayen

True Feeling

True Feeling

You are the beloved of a poet's heart,
A divine source of Joy and ecstasy,
Live as a pure flow of Love,
Time, space has no value,
Be be secret source of energy,
Energy of divine milieu,
Deeply within my Love.

@Prabir Gayen
5: 47PM Mon, May 17/2021.

Prabir Gayen

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Corona And The Future World

Corona and the Future world

Corona pandemic has made us realise
The frugality and mutability Of Life,
Life has become a frail dream,
Hope and aspiration, dreams and desires,
Even the ascetic way of living appear
to be useless,
Flood of sheer Transience has struck the bank of Life,
Life has suffered tremendous change,
Tremendous is the sleepiness of Life,
Life we live is no less than death,
Corona has made life drowsy with fear,
Fear of losing dear and near one,
Death has become a very easy access,
Distance between life and death
is bridged up with the thread of fear,
The Sun, the moon and the stars of
Mighty ocean of infinite elegance,
Eternal silence of existence,
All natural phenomena are unaware
Of the Catastrophe of human life,
The planet earth is healing Herself
and perhaps preparing for a new outset
Of a primitive Civilization or a more advance
era of science and technology,
May be the world is returning
towards It source,
From manifest to unmanifest,
From form to formless absoluteness,
Corona may be the beginning
of the end of an era or a unity of time,
A new era of innocent life is
on the way to dawn,
Archaean to allow life to sprout,
A world of Love Joy and purity,
Primitive world of search and quest,
The world of mystery and wonderment,
Perhaps a new purity is awaiting

behind the polluted world
Of Lust and greed.

@prabir Gayen
11: 22 PM.
Sat, May 15 / 2021.

Prabir Gayen

Flying Bird

Flying Bird

When I am out of word
poetry falters,
Your beauty brings words
like fountain,
Spring of unalloyed Joy,
My heart trembles
and words flow like cascade,
Joy sprinkles with sweet verbose,
I feel myself to be accepted
by the great existence,
I feel you in the very fibre
Of my self,
Like a Dove of Knowledge
You sit in the citadel,
I feel without the feeling,
Like clouds floating in the sky,
Like light passing through vacuum,
Life is nothing but preface of death,
Death is nothing but deep rest,
The mathematics of life is a mystery,
Life must be decaying,
In the very decadence
life is experienced,
Life must be an experience,
Death must be an experience,
Love must be an experience,
In the utter emptiness of heart
Life and death are synonymous,
The Harmony of life is latent
In the silence of death,
Your beauty is like a flying bird,
In the inner being you flutter.

@Prabir Gayen
10: 57 PM. Fri. May 14 / 2021.

Prabir Gayen

Beauty Of Self

Beauty Of Self

Beauty and it's all devouring effect
Everything didi I see and feel in my heart,
Element of beauty is above everything,
Nothing is more powerful than that of beauty,
Beauty is definitely one attribute of Brahma,
Beauty is something that nobody can avoid,
I did see many a beautiful things and beings,
Many beautiful women and men,
flowers, birds and mountains,
But never did I feel such tremendous beauty laden with enormous amounts of purity,
Such virgin beauty with such sweetness,
My heart's with uncanny feeling trembles
with Joy when didi I feel your beauteous smile above and beneath my heart,
It brings me pain so pleasant and
I am beyond myself.

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Prabir Gayen

Physical Immortality

Physical Immortality

How can you be such slumberous Joy,
With no smile smiling like morning rose!
How! How! Please let me know,
How can you grow day by day
in the world of physical mortality?
Say something you know
Some essential truth you must have,
Please let me know the secret!
How can you be such awe inspiring dew!
You are like a dewdrop oozing into my bare soul,
My heart with trembling thrill feels
Your beauteous form beyond words,
I press my overflowing Joy and murmur,
And no words come to make me calm and quiet,
How can you be such divine grace
Two eyes pouring with divine wine,
Let me know and grace me with
A mating of words to praise your sweet charm,
I am wordless now and
imbibe your grace and Joy so calmly deep.
As if I am drinking other worldly drink,
And trance is falling like flame
into deep sleep,
I am falling and deep abyss
is shining like dark snowflake
on the peak,
You are like divine soul
With dreamy dance of Joy,
So calm and so profound.

@Prabir Gayen 10: 13 PM.Fri, May 14 /2021.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I See Yet I Do Not See

I See Yet I do not See

I see yet not see,
I feel yet not feel,
It is the fact with facticity,
See beyond scarcity,
Is there any real scarcity?
If it is real then
Where is the solution?
Just be and feel my
'Listen yet not listen' theory,
Is it a theory or beautiful
Way of Living!
I want you to Be not to Becoming,
Everyone is a Becoming
This or that
Something or some other
Thing,
Just shake and wake up,
And feel the great existence,
Alexander The Great is a becoming,
Buddha is a Being without becoming,
Bill Gates is a becoming,
Jesus is a being without becoming,
Human beings are prone to become
Something or somebody,
This very somebodiness is the real
problem underneath the subtle Ego,
The subtlelty of ego flies
The fragrance of Being flowers,
My whole way of Living is from
Something to nothing,
And this very Nothingness
is the root of existence,
The vital force must move
Either to grave or to the zenith,
Life must move either to
dark abyss or to bright Light,
From abyss to peak is

PoemHunter.com

The subtlest way,
You may call doorless door
Or sourceless source,
'Listen yet Listen' is not a dogma,
Not a sense of negative capability,
It is the very great art of Awareness,
The right Mindfulness,
Or in a gross sense Being Alive within,
Life from within is the root,
The key to unlock enormous potential,
Underneath in the debris of Mind,
A great potency is heavy with load,
Mind is a load with unnecessary wastage,
Just wake up and see inward,
Outward world is Just a mirror,
Inward the mirror is nowhere.

@Prabir Gayen
9: 40 PM. Fri, May 14/2021.

Prabir Gayen

Invocation
(13 May,2021)

Invocation
(13 May 2021, Birthday of Divinity)

Thousands of years ago,
Thousands of people died,
This world is an ocean of Virus,
People died many a time
for pandemic or epidemic.
Thousands of years age
Peole died and disappeared,
Dead bodies after dead bodies,
With intelligence people tried
to treat themselves
in every possible way,
Nothing worked and
this murrain continued,
Only utter silence and
dance of death was at work.

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People were crying and crying,
The cry of death was everywhere,
Burning fire of pyre was visible
with dead silence,
No man was seen cultivating,
No woman was seen cooking,
No child was seen play and reading,
It was a period of death and desolation,
Life was in great threat as if nature
had decided to kill every human being.

Time passed and dead bodies
started to increase and epidemic
struck hard villages after villages,
When medicine fails to work
Epidemic becomes pandemic,
Nothing to do and only way was
to leave everything

to the mode of Nature,
With half hearted belief or disbelief
Many prayed to the Divine,
Just a futile exercise to pass the
hard time,
Divine is present everywhere,
it is eager to dawn any moment,
Belief or disbelief,
It will come with little urge
of prayerful Joy.

In those days God was residing
In a cave in a solitary place,
Along with His Disciple deeply was in trance,
When every measure fails
People with folded hands entreat
the divine grace with no light of faith,
God came and meditated with His
Loyal disciples.

Things started to change,
The wrath of nature became calm
and quiet,
A deep tranquility descended,
The dark cloud of death started to recede,
Dance of death came to conclusion,
Within a week,
With divine energy the dark energy was defeated,
Epidemic was the fruit of Human Action,
Only Divine source can uproot the recorded destiny,
God smiled and returned back
to the cave of His heart.

Time passed and humanity
remains the same,
The same world and the same pandemic,
Things are moving in a circular motion,
Everything repeats itself,
People are same greedy and
Unjust, selfish and with
murderous instinct,
People are blood thirsty from time immemorial,

To fight collected sins we not to
summon collective prayer and
Meditative fasting,
To defeat vice strong virtue should be invoked.

Today, throughout the world
a strong wave of misery
and restlessness blows,
Life loses all its glory,
Corona pandemic is havoc,
The entire earth has become
a dark dungeon of death,
A real place of burial ground,
Yes, The earth is a sepulchre,
And life is sprouting
in the hands of death,
Death is nurturing the flower of Life,
Only the celebration of Life is absent.

Only divine grace can be of great Use,
Only divinity is the only solution,
Collective consciousness
can do the miracle,
Life is a great miracle and death too,
Miraculous is the way of life,
Only Man with divine aura,
Gestalt of Love, prayer and devotion
With the milieu of Love
and compassion,
Heart with enormous potential,
can bring real and tremendous change,
through intuitive compassion can redeem the pestilence-stricken multitude.

Only You My beloved Master
Only You through Your love can
bring the Ganga of remission,
Every breath You breath is the redemption,
Only You can restore humanity
through righteousness and forbearance,
My dear Master! The absolute
manifestation of Knowledge-Bliss,
Only You can make this Earth a habitat.

@Prabir Gayen
11: 00 AM. Thu, May 13 /2021.

Prabir Gayen

Emily Miller
(An Invitation)

Emily Mille
(An invitation)

Make a sound with your message
Or with simple comment,
I am eager to listen to your voice,
From far away land I wish your good health,
Make sound with your sweet Voice,
My heart yearns to feel your presence,
My poetry needs your adornment,
Come with pleasing message
Like The Ganga from top of the mountain,
Come and make me pleasant.

@Prabir Gayen
9: 12 AM. Wed, may 12/ 2021.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Every Father Dies With Pain

Every Father Dies with Pain

Every father dies Unhappy,
Every Flower dies into infinity,
Every son dreams his own dream,
Every wife is looking for happiness,
Every husband is pursuing his ego,
Every saint is fighting his own mind,
Every disciple is sleepy and sensuous,
Saints and sinners are running
towards false world of wish and desire,
Life is never a life with its nakedness.

Everybody is somnolent and unaware,
Nobody is alert and deeply conscious,
False is sweeter than the truth,
With trembling legs we walk the way,
We feel the way of life full of misery,
Life is a chain of unaware unhappiness,
Our entire life is a dream of disaster.

No light of awareness kindles
the evening the day and the night,
We sow the seeds of poison around us,
No flame of wisdom dawn on us,
We are like the waves save from the ocean,
Our life is simply a monotonous song of Pain and Annoyance,
Our true nature is lost in the darkness.

We live in the flow of words
having no mindful expression,
Our knowledge is our nuisance,
It creates domestic walls and hatred,
We bow down to our own ignorance,
We never try to know our true ignorance.

We are chained with beautiful scriptures,
We try to hide our ignorance with sweet words and musical rhyme,

The bare face and true ignorance make us fearful and we jump from one boat to another,
Our desire becomes solid experience,
We follow the mind and create our own world of pain and pleasure,
We are our own creative fallacy.

Fathers weave their dreams
With their offsprings,
They forget their inward being,
Children have their own dreams to fulfill,
Two boats sailing to different directions,
Never to meet in any destination,
Every father is a shadow being,
Chasing endless dreams,
All the children belong to different
Time and Space and their fathers have been
Their doors to bloom in existence.

Every father dies with pain in heart,
Enormous desire they build
around their Posterity,
They beat their soul for striving
to gain the most impossible feat,
Father is a very sensitive soul,
Every inch of his heart is replete with Love,
Overflowing love for his beloved offsprings,
A father becomes a being without being,
A shadow of his long cherished memories.

Fathers live in their progeny,
Every beat of their hearts beat with Love,
To be a fathe is to become a real hero,
A father is a demigod with light and darkness,
With Love a father weaves dreams
around their children,
No father can become happy,
With heaven fathers herald hell also,
Every father dies with pain in heart,
With excessive desire fathers die
with clarity of tender affection.

Every father dies with pain in heart,

He lives in his sons and daughters,
Light of Love enlightens his being
Life and death become one for him,
With compassionate Love he dreams,
With deep receptivity he becomes heaven,
Without desire of uneven thoughts
A father ascends to the throne of divinity,
A father is a step to heaven for children.

A father is a saint, a sage
With gratitude he becomes heaven
Even heaven is lower than a father,
He himself becomes a religion
Of the highest order,
Devotion to a father is the bright
way for a child towards divinity,
A father is the way towards truth,
Divine source is alive in a fatherly soul.

Yet It is right to say or to declare
that every father dies with pain in heart,
With the light of Love dark cloud of
magnetic fascination dawns,
With the bright Sunlight full moon night comes with its illusive coolness,
Fathers weave a garland of dreams
and desire to get them fulfilled in their offspring and offsprings make their own dreams,
Dreams are false and two false dreams never meet,
With grudge in heart every father dies
with unfulfilled dreams and with pain in heart.

@Prabir Gayen
1: 01 AM. Wed, May 11/ 2021.

Prabir Gayen

Anger Is Fire

Anger

Never burn your heart,
With the fire of anger,
You will be the last.

@prabir Gayen
7: 58 PM. Tue. May 102021.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Living Through Awareness

Living Through Awareness

Millions of people walked on this planet,
Millions of people were successful,
Millions of them were famous
And millions were unsuccessful,
They have lived, died and disappeared
Like the waves in the oceans
Millions of people were born and died,
They disappeared like dreams,
Nobody remembers them,
Among them few have made their lives
Eternal and people put them in heart,
Among those few rare souls
humans history revolves,
They too disappears like
the bubble in the air,
They are alive still now through
their compassion and humanness,
They have a beauty of their own,
They lived through total awareness,
Like Buddha, Mahaveer and Lao Tzu,
They were the fragrance of eternity,
Eternal flow of compassion.
Life should be lived in its totally,
In its absolute nothingness,
Life should be lived through heart
With clarity of thought and pure intelligence,
We are one and connected
deeply within our bigger aspect
of spiritual flavour,
Through Love and compassion
We can create a beautiful world of humanity,
A world where nobody is a stranger.

@prabir Gayen
5: 51PM. tue.may 10/2021.

Prabir Gayen

'Document Of Restless Time'

Document of Restless Time

This world is a problem,
Down the ages the earth is burning,
Not the animal kingdom
is the problem,
Animals are beautiful
With their animal nature,
Every creature is innocent,
From micro to macro,
Animals are serving with
thier very nature,
Breasts are not the burden.

Only human beings are the burden,
With intelligence and without
Humans are the real problem,
In the name of fear,
In the name of security,
In the name of religion
Humans are less than subhumans,
Human intelligence is prone to crime,
From cave to court humans are violent,
Down the ages people are killing people,
Merciless butchery is the ultimate Job
that human beings are found to perform,
It seems human mind is a butchery.

Alexander the great with idiocy
butchered millions of innocent masses,
Only mediocre people reigned the earth,
The Murderous Instinct humans inherited,
Around the globe nowhere is exception found,
From Chengiz Khan to Taimur lang,
From monarch Aethelred to king Herod,
Blood thirsty people are bleeding the Earth,
The entire Earth is a Calvary,
Time passed and human mind
did never find a conclusive calmness.

PoemHunter.com

The most beautiful people are often
found killing people,
In the name of Crusade,
Crusaders were the Kokor Hekkus,
Millions of people were killed
In the name of great and holy Battle,
In the name of Prowess and heroism,
In the name of Divine war humanity
Was seen to be slaughtered,
Time passes but minds remain the same,
Blindness is prevalent everywhere.

Deep slumber is everywhere,
Greed, Lust, Jealousy
the supreme doctrine,
Now nature of violence has changed,
Political religion has taken plece,
Every party worker is a crusader,
Nature is trembling to the core,
Out of deep thrilling Mother Earth
Is releasing dead Virus
for deadening people,
Every Ism is violent,
The glory of life has become
less than a dead beast.

@prabir Gayen
12: 28 PM. Tue, May 11/2021.

Prabir Gayen

I Will Explore The Truth

I Will Explore The Truth

A s a Guide I explore
The basic principle,
The light behid the form,
The basis principle
Without principle,
Life is to be lived,
To be experienced,
The mystery of Life,
The mystery of death,
The mystery of the universe,
Every little thing is a mystery.

flowers bloom and smile,
Birds sing and celebrate,
waves flow and enjoy,
Air blows and rejoices,
dewdrop falls and mystifies,
As a guide I explore the possibility,
Darkness is the root - the archetype,
Light is the deepest expression,
I do explore my deepest pain and Joy,
I am here to embrace my waves outside,
I am in between two waves.

The deepest darkness is the womb,
The mystery of creation,
The creation from the darkest cosmos,
Light is conception and the fruit,
In the deep darkness the seed sprout,
The spark of light is the darkness too,
Sleep is the deepest song of life,
I will explore with deep awareness,
The soft footsteps of the Great.

The humanity is not mature,
A country of highest knowledge
is getting polluted by rogue,

Political vandalism is getting root,
A dark cloud is floating around
inspiring a great dawn of frustration,
Awareness is lost and innovative
people are under the great threat,
Simple people have no defence,
Minister of violence is standing high,
Money power prestige are taking place,
Things are falling away like dry leaves.

A new day of meditation should come,
A new dawn of compassion should be born,
Should emerge a new kind of humanity,
Humanity that once graced the State,
A new heart of spiritual growth should shine,
Enemy should be made friend with the
deep knowledge that nobody is an enemy,
Nothing is everlasting and death is the end,
One should be aware of his death and life
Should be a glow of deep awareness.

I will explore the possibility of Joy,
The happy form of human perception,
Every man is not a single man,
Every woman is the mother of humanity,
I will explore the Joy of Love and compassion,
A single seed can make this planet
a deep forest,
I will explore the world of beauty and
blessing,
Life is a blessing along with
its miserable faces,
Only heart can feel the authenticity,
All that we need in this Concupiscent
period,
In this wrong time of inhumanity,
A glaring sound of gravity,
Of Knowledge wisdom and fearless
Compassion,
A real messiah should be born out of Chaos.

@Prabir Gayen

2: 32 AM Mon, May 10 /2021.

Prabir Gayen

Heart Of A True Poet

Heart of a true Poet

A poet is a mystic
though he lives
In the prison of bone and marrow,
He brings new light,
new morrow comes
With the presence of
a mystic poet,
A poet is an everest,
Snow-clad everest,
Light falls and becomes
Rainbow,
A poet is a rainbow,
In a poet light bifurcates,
Songs of humanity rings,
In Him light and darkness
Move with similar glow.

PoemHunter.com

A poet is no less than
a Christ,
He bleeds and bleeds
profusely,
A poet is always
in crucifixion,
A poet is always ready
to drink Hemlock,
A poet is no less
than a Socrates,
A poet is always ready
to be vaporized,
Poor and neglected
by common people,
A poet is no less
than a Kabir,
A poet is a perfect God
who sings through heart,
A poet is no less
than a Rabindranath,

Who sings with
meditative trance,
A poet is no less than
a son of God,
A poet is often found
sitting under the Bodhi Tree,
A poet is often found
eating among the poor
Of the poorest,
A poet is often found
Standing or sitting
Without food,
A poet is the lowest
Often deepest and the highest,
A poet is a soft sensitive heart,
Song flows through his core.

@Prabir Gayen
9: 23 PM. Mon, May 10/2021.

Prabir Gayen

Perception

Perception

P G:
I want to take a jump
From my heart to thy heart,
And then from there to nowhere,
From sex to Love and
Then from Love to devotion,
Sex Is ice
Love is water
And reverence is vapour,

Ice can not be vaporized,
Vapour can not be cooled,
Water is in the middle
To connect the root to the peak,

Love is the deepest motivation
to connect the center
to the circumference,

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S M:
You are my window.
Through you the sun comes into my room. My room becomes one with the sky

P G:
You are the window,
I am just a shadow,
Unless you face your Face,
You will be in this illusion,
You are the sky and the Sun too,
Fall down tha wall of ego,
The sense of I -ness,
You will find your true nature.

The great and grand feast of Life,
The celebration of human heart,
The opening of the petals
And the withering of flowers;

All appears to be false and illusory,
Life is a dream and so the world,
Here nothing is permanent,
And what is transitory is powerful,
The eternal is always invisible,
It gives only pain and misery.

Love is the only inspiration,
And it is always uncertain,
With time it withers,
Only pain seems to persist,
Through deep perception
Life appears to be death,
Only death seems real security.

@prabir Gayen
7: 29 pm.Mon.May 10/2021.

Prabir Gayen

Moment Of Love

: Moment of Love:

One moment of Love
Deep and eternal itself,
Without mind and thought.

@prabir Gayen
12: 35 AM/Mon, May 10/2021.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Love Your Enemy

Love Your Enemy

Dear Friend, Love Your enemy and grow,
Bloom beyond the border,
Beyond caste creed and community,
Sing the song of your heart, of humanity,
Remember dear brother, a foe is sweeter than a friend,
A friend is on the border waiting
to fall any moment into the dense fog
of enmity,
A friend is a foe as a seed underneath,
A friend as a seed is a future enemy,
Don't be overwhelmed by the sweet voice
Of a friend,
Rather live wisely and passionately,
An enemy is a friend in disguise,
A friend, very intimate friend is waiting
In an enemy,
An enemy is a friend as a seed
and any moment it can sprout.

I want you to grow faster than an empire,
Hug you friend and kiss your enemy,
Spread the aura of Love and compassion,
Cultivate a deep sense of belongingness,
With deep contentment
make your life a commitment,
I want you to see things
through intuitive Wisdom,
realising the true essence of Life,
Nobody is an island,
We are One in the vast ocean of Life,
We are made of the same substance,
We are the sprinkle of Light,
Many colour of one substratum,
dear brother and dear friend!
Love and become Love for all,
Like the Morning sun spread the light
Of Love to all and sundry,

Good, bad, friend and foe all
Should be delighted in the cool shade,
In the sweet voice of your heart.

Be a true friend of all serving
Everyone without dissonance,
Make your heart available to all,
Create a beautiful world,
A divine world, a true mellowing milieu
around you with your light of golden temple,
A poet is a sweet singing bird,
Sometimes greater than a mystic,
A poet is a soul pure and mystic silence,
Spread your sweet hands and by the time
You will have thousand hands,
Become a garden of mellifluous flowers,
Sweet breeze will make you fresh and alive.

Don't make your time a testing sheath,
Rather grace the time with your gracious
Essence, with your benevolent Nature,
Become a messiah of true peace,
Become a harbinger of Joyous Love,
O dear one! Love everyone and without
The Judgement of dear and rare,
No iota of rancour should burn your feet,
Walk your way fulfilling every heart
with dreamy water of Love and amity,
In every heart God is winking,
Sometimes as a friend
and sometimes as a foe,
Life is contradictory and it is beautiful,
Through contrariness poetry of life blooms,
Become a big tree with myriad fruits
and flowers and blessings will dawn
from each corner of the Earth,
Become a placid lake for everyone.

@prabir Gayen
1: 19 AM..Fri, May 7/2021

Prabir Gayen

Existence Is Silent

Existence is Silent

Existence is ever silent and
will remain silent,
The root is not talkative,
The root is always at peace,
The branches of life sprout and grow,
Unless you go inward
The root is not visible,
Life is nurtured by rootless root
and soundless eremite.

Life is led and determined by The Law,
The law is ever present,
The potency is always invisible,
Still it is ever alive and active,
The law is bound by law,
What you sow shall you reap
by the law of silent Providence,
The Providence is not the giver
or the reaper,
It is ever present and absolute.

No one is able to dodge the law,
Every action has similar reaction,
Time is the greatest lever of action,
Time fulfils every imbalance,
This earth is a field of action,
It is the hell, heaven and beyond,
Every wave has its effective strength,
Every wave has power and declension,
Still a wave is a wave having
no separate Existence,
The ocean is there and it is always silent,
Existence is always silent and stirring.

@prabir Gayen
10: 30 AM- Fri, May 7: 2021.

Prabir Gayen

Your Love

Your Love

Your Love in this last phase
Of my life is like light after sunset,
Your soft unknown love is my Joy,
Like cuckoo in spring,
Like dewdrop in the wornout leaves,
Your soft voice of love is like
Soft breeze in the yellow leaves,
Like waning moon my heart beats,
When you utter words of Love
When there is no sweet cause,
The mist of mind is wonder-struck
With the dim light in my eyes.

Throughout my life I walk
through the forest of indifference,
I walk and only walk without inspiration,
I am a lone walker to nowhere,
My heart sings the song of Love,
My voice is always inaudible,
In the air in the waves I am lost,
My song is never heard,
I am always in my broken boat,
With my heart beating with Love.

Your Love is like nectar
to a dying soul,
The fragrance of a flower
and the light of a candle
In the morning star,
I am and always I am with you,
Never ever did anyone look with care,
I sing my song with pulsating Joy,
Little light do I imbibe,
In the corner of the world
In utter poorness,
I walk through forest of songless air,
Only the whisper in heart, of Love.

I visit You again and again
With soft painful desire,
With dreamy dance of destitude,
Like a day dying with sweet flower,
I find you always in my poor heart,
I smile and I find myself nowhere,
Like vagrant grasshopper I sang,
The song of my heart is broken
with the song of violent air,
I sang with the west wind
and the north wind,
I spent my life through pain
and pleasure unheard and unsung.

@prabir Gayen
2: 27 AM..Thu, May 6 - 2021.

Prabir Gayen

West Bengal Mandate

West Bengal Mandate

It is true very true and absolutely true,
As quoted by Swami Vivekananda;
Ignorance is a curse
and ignorant people are not eligible,
for giving mandate
for choosing the real Government,
The ignorant are killed by their ignorance,
No one is responsible for the mishap,
Ignorance is really a curse,
People are not conscious of their fate,
Mean selfish end is the shallowest
Soul of the ignorant masses,
Nowhere in the world common crowd
Show thier intelligence,
Few leaders come and enormous
effective do they have,
Down the ages only handful men
Controlled the entire nation,
Democracy is a farce,
A sweet coated poison for the nation,
In the age of insightful introspection,
A deep darkness reigns,
People are led by mean selfish end
without the intuitive interface of Love,
Intuition and far fetched imagination,
Many a flower will bloom
in the womb of time,
A many souls will shine
Only to die without glory and grandeur,
Darknes is the real essence
And darkness is enveloped by darkness,
The reality is and it is not,
Only the potency is hidden
Under the debris of sheer silliness,
A deep despondency and anarchy
Will bloom around the corner of the Earth,
A deep suffering awaiting

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the soothing Villages and towns,
Blindness is always unaware of the Light,
A dark nation will never be able
to judge the Sunrise,
Under the ground there is no sun shine,
A very hard time will dawn,
A tree without fruit and flowers,
Only the breath of hatred and violence
Will grace the ill-starred race.

@prabir Gayen
1: 39 AM.
Mon, may 3 /2021.

Prabir Gayen

Hard Time
(Second Part)

Hard Time
(Second part)
(Second wave of corona Pandemic)

Don't Live lesser than a beggar,
Let us stand together like human beings,
We are lik human beings but really are We?
The entire humanity is not mature yet,
We are living and it is not worth living,
We think only of ourselves and it is simply
against the beauty of our intellect,
We are cosmic beings and connected
deeply from the depth of our existancial
sameness and uniformity.

Let us stand together to defeat death,
We are not separte and Extirpated islands,
The water of Life is present everywhere,
The cloud or the mist of Life nurtures
every speck of existence,
The dew at the tip of a grass is making
the Sun glow more profoundly and immensely,
The sun is not separate from the tiny dew,
Let us know our glorious being inherent
under the dark cloud of extreme stream.

Let us come together and shine our
essential core of existence,
Let us sprinkle the aroma of Love
and compassion and Entwine our
divine self with humanistic note,
Let us renounce the meanness of mind,
Let us be enlightened with the aria of
divine ministry,
Let us be One sounding
the thunderous coloring of humanistic hymn.

During the period of toughest hour,
When does the fragile face of human life
Uprise,
Inconstancy does flutter with restless
decoy of Life's tender darkness,
Everywhere is darkness,
The darkness and eternal darkness,
The dismal funeral everywhere,
The ongoing onslaught
of Corona Pandemic,
making human life like bubbles in the air,
Brittle, Unsound and superficial,
Only togetherness can ring the music
Of Condescension and compassion
In the desert of Vast emptiness.

Let us come together
with the lamp of wisdom,
With the lamp of Love and knowledge,
Let us feel for each other and Live
Without condition and with utter kindness,
Let the light be lit in our heart with
the awareness of our existancial bliss,
Let us fight with collective cognition.

@prabir Gayen
11: 11 PM..Fri, Apr 30 - 2021.

Prabir Gayen

The Soil Of My Native Land

The Soil of My Land

I love the smell of the soil,
The fragrance of my native land,
I love the blowing of the wind,
The air, the wind and the breeze,
I love the birds and the animals,
The flowers and the trees,
I love the music of the morning,
The dirge of the evening,
My soul is inherent in my village,
I love the village boys and girls,
The pond the tank and the green field,
I love the wrong chanting of The Gita,
The celebration of the village festivals,
I love the devotion of my native confluence,
I love the chirping of the birds like the chanting of the metaphorical Books,
I love the change of the seasons,
The summer is painful and elusive,
The monsoon is Joyous and full of Love,
Autumn is yellow and lazy,
Everything appears to be full of trance,
Like Autumn late autumn is like
the priest of Love,
Nature is lively and inspiring,
The winter is a season of painful LOVE,
The village appears to be a field of Feast,
Nature with its beauteous forms incites the
age-old question of life and death,
Here everybody is for everybody,
The morning sun is dreamy
The noon is full of Life and the afternoon
and the evening are full of strange symphony,
Life in this native village is very slow and
People quarrel with sweet anger,
Life is too slow to be called life,
Here life is full of meditative state of merging into infinity,
Sense of death and its beauty dawn with the gloomy and gleaming Moon on the
Lone village,

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The silence of the village is like
the silence of the great sepulchre,
The sun and the moon are very personal
in my native land,
Life is full of silent evolution
and deep clamour,
Among the poor people
Divinity is found at play,
I love to live and die in my native soil.

@prabir Gayen
2: 42 AM. Thu, Apr 29: 2021.

Prabir Gayen

-dream-

Dream

Dreams are meant to be fulfilled,
No dream remains an orphan,
Dream shows the hidden need
of the mind or the Being too.

Dreams come as a light and
as a way to lead the life,
Dreams shows you what you are to be,
Your dream is your destination.

Dream has its music too,
Dream is the hidden song of your soul,
Dream itself becomes your soul,
Dream is your soulful chanson.

Dream is the Sun of Life,
Death of day and night nourishes It,
Every step of Life is sown with
the hope of brighter zone,
Everything is Nature is lulled with dream.

Dream nourishes Our life,
Nay; our whole existence is enveloped
with sweet tuneful Joy of Dream,
Dream is our outer covering underwhich
We are deeply enshrined,
Dream is our existence.

Dream is our restful relaxation,
Dreams relaxes our worn-out souls,
It brings essential rest under the world
Of hope and new light to tread on the road,
Dream makes the way for the traveller
who is supposed to lose his goal.

Dream creates the world,
The world of beauty and ideals,

No one is there to view the Ugly dream,
Dream is always beautiful and serene,
Dream comes as a soothing damsel of heart.

Mind projects and heart prospects,
Between the heart and the mind dreams
Come and intertwine the fleeting delight,
Dream is a thread to forward lead the inner self,
Dream come to fulfil the Journey of Life.

Many a time like the waves in the ocean,
Like the painstaking song of a lonely bird,
in the summer night,
Pours the timber of melodious heart,
and fill the empty sky with Joyous waves,
Like the gleaming moon in the dark night,
rains the slumberous stillness of the earth,
Dream comes as a flux of inspiration.

Without dream life has no meaning,
Dream brings the essence Of being alive,
Freshness of llife depends on the aliveness of dream,
Dream-filled eyes can create the music of Life,
Life is nothing but the dream in destination.

Down the ages civilization raises its summit,
The waves of gracious growth and scientific inventions reach the zenith of the Sky,
Down the ages the temple of Progress becomes the silence of the tomb,
Palaces become burial ground,
Still dream comes and new civilization is elevated with the sourceless source of dream and it's infinite elegance.

@prabir Gayen
7: 47 PM/ wed, Apr 28/ 2021.

Prabir Gayen

Infinity
(Let Us Be One)

Infinity
(Let Us be One)

Let the sky dawn on me
Let the universe play in me,
I am big and vast like infinity,
I am infinitude,
My immensity is my compassion
Let my passion sleep in my vastness,
Let your Love be fulfilled in me,
Let your passion be burned in me,
I am here forever to fulfil Your desire,
Let the river of your desire find the way,
Let it fall onto the bosom of my heart,
I am here like a vast ocean to carry you deep,
Let me be your sepulchre to adorn you
To make you know your true Nature,
Let us find a way out of the time,
Let us embrace each other like fire
meeting with no unmixed desire,
Let us lit the lamp of awareness,
The flame of wisdom
with the fuel of Love,
Let us love each other without fence,
Let the force of Life take us beyond death.

@prabir Gayen
6: 45 PM. Tue, Apr 27 / 2021.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Dust Unto The Dust

The Dust Unto the Dust

I am of the world
And beyond the world,
Life is a revolution,
Death is the solution,
Within the world
I am without,
To be in the world is a dream,
And the dreamer is the truth,
The World may be or may not be,
But the existence is enough proof,
I am and this am-ness is truth,
I walk and this walking is truth,
May be there is ground or space,
Life is not a deception
and to be deceived other is needed,
The other may be or may not be,
The deep ground of emptiness,
And the emptiness is fullness,
The world is heavy with Us,
And the dream is heavier,
Breaking the dream like the mist
in the morning with the Sun,
Mind drops to naught,
I am of the world and
Simultaneously off the world,
Within and without I am
Of the space and beyond space,
'The Dust Unto Dust'
And I am dust without Dust.

@prabir Gayen
10: 21 AM
Apr 27: 2021.

Prabir Gayen

Me Poet Yeps Poet
(My Beloved Friend)

Me Poet Yeps Poet
(My Most Beloved Poet and Friend)

Anybody in the poemhunter
Any poet from any where,
Let me know about my dear poet
'Me poet Yeps Poet',
I have not heard of Him many a day,
I myself was out of sight due to
personal Pain and deep despondency,
Now I am worried about My Dear Friend
'Poet poet'
Let me be informed about his good health,
If You Listen to me O Dear poet of My heart,
Reverberate with your sweet musical rhyme,
Please come with good news and make my worried mind calm and So Quiet like placid dew of newborn bud,
I am here feeling sad for your absence
And it is making me restless,
Please come with out without anything in bouquet,
Your simple voice of good wishes
is enough for me and my heart,
Till now I have not felt how deeply
You have delved in my heart with your sweet voice,
Now I feel your presence through your absence,
Please Come dear friend 'Me poet Yeps Poet,
And knock with hard rhyme in my heart
and make me smile through eternity.

@prabir gayen
5: 31 PM / Apr 25 / 2021.

Prabir Gayen

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Pain Is Medicine

Pain Is medicine

In The deepest pain hidden
Is the medicine,
Without thorn no flower is adjuvant,
In the deepest agony hidden
is the condolence,
Deepest pain is the bottomless Life,
Bottomless sky is the real boundary,
Painless life is no more life,
Pain brings the Joy of Life,
The deepest pain in the heart
Is the deepest thrill,
Waves of pain scour the taste of Life,
The pain to the brim is the medicine of life,
Where no one is there to undergo the blow,
No one is separate from the fisticuff of pain,
Pain itself becomes the way,
the real destiny to Oneself,
Little pain and pain for striving to gain
Is not the pain to be harmonious,
Pain harmonizes to synchronise
Little mindedness of the Mind,
Pain shines the inner being,
Pain for Love is the medicine of heart,
The deepest pain in the deepest core
Is the thrilling point to lose the mind,
Mindless heart is the real antidote
to the poison of dreamful Mind,
Mind ful Of rapturous volition of pleasure,
Enjoys the becoming of Hell in disguise,
Pain to the centrum is the true Elixir of Life,
Life through pain get nourishment,
Pain for the Love of Knowledge-blisss absolute has no medicine and incurable,
Only the Victim is to pass through
the Catharsis of timeless point of Nothingness,
The victim has to lose himself,
Pain has no medicine and
It is the medicine itself for the conducive

Falling into naught,
Only pain can show the value of being Joyous.

@prabir gayen
1: 33 AM: Apr 25: 2021.

Prabir Gayen

...Me Poet Yeps Poet...

Me poets Yeps poet

I am looking for you
Dear Poet looking for You,
Where are you and how are You!
It is not a poem,
It is not my composition,
It is my Love for You,
Sound and alert me dear friend,
Talk a little bit to find your soul,
Where are you my dearest one?
Come with your sweet message!
My soul is waiting to hear You.

@probir Gayen
12: 10 PM / Apr 24 / 20121.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

--Aloneness--

Aloneness

I am only for me and my self,
Self means Joy unto The Self,
I am not for you and not for others,
Everybody is an island.

I am alone and I live alone,
The alone-ness is the only Truth,
No society is enough for the Self,
Self means to be in inner stillness.

Only the observer is the object
to be known and observed,
Others are always the Other End,
Other End always remains the Same.

Life in a deep sense 'the rabbit hole',
No one is enough to hug the other,
The others are always the others,
No religion is there to be universal.

Only the ego finds the sense
of compassion and service,
Service in the deep knowing cleaves
the chasm of ego conceit.

Everybody in the world lives in a cave,
Separate cave of heart with deep dream,
The world is a chain of dreams
and all the loved ones are false in the end.

No one is alive and reverberant
Two rivers flowing through
opposite forest never meet,
Life gives false sense of affinity.

Love connects the world
and the hearts are the mirrors,

No heart is alive to be beyond Time,
Love and heart are keen to work
With the fresh dew of aloneness.

Only in the stillness of mind,
In the deep state of silence,
Celibacy of mind happens,
Celebration is the song of solitariness.

@prabir gayen
1: 22 AM: Apr 21 / 2021.

Prabir Gayen

Beauty Of Hell

Beauty of Hell

Have You Had the taste of Hell?
Painful and full of morose dream!
Hell here, there and everywhere.

Have You had the taste of Hell?
Excruciating and Joyous fever!
Hell is what we unwittingly follow.

Have You had the taste of Hell?
Hell is the other end of Happiness!
Hell is the bottomless depth of Abyss.

Have You had the taste of Hell?
Hell is the darkness and eternal peace!
Hell makes life tough and praiseworthy.

Have You had the taste of Hell?
Hell is in the Mind and Mind is hell!
Without hell heaven is sterile and useless.

Have You had the taste of Hell?
Love upside down is hellish Joy!
Heart trembling without mindfulness.

Have You had the taste of Hell?
After making love the world dissolves!
Buttressing the heart hell reigns.

Have You had the taste of Hell?
Hell Is Joy without limit and thought!
Hell belittles the thought of heaven.

Have You had the taste of Hell?
You are born with heaven and hell dawns!
Hell is the way of soundless Beauty.

Have You had the taste of Hell?

Hell is the way to give You knowledge,
Essence is gained through the Pain.

Have You had the taste of Hell?
Heaven is valueless without ache!
Hell is nothing but touchstone.

Have You had the taste of Hell?
Hell is the song of death!
Through death sprout the Joy of Life.

Have You had the taste of Hell?
Hell is destructive Like Love in self!
If Love be Zion hell is the influence.

Have You had the taste of Hell?
Mind is an anvil to have the wings!
Bottomless dust can detach the soul.

Hell is Joy, hell is beauteous form,
Through hell the seed of life gets sustenance,
Through hell mind becomes the song of No-Mind.

@prabir Gayen
11: 52 AM./ Apr 20/2021.

Prabir Gayen

*love *

Love

Make Love, my dear, your strength,
Let Love be your identity,
Let Love by its supernatural power
Overpower you and your self,
Let the luminous intensity heals your
pain pained by Love's omnipotent arrow,
Make your Love your inner peace.

Don't be trapped by its deceiving device,
Love deceives the Fool with its painful tears,
It is the flooded energy that the Being is absorbed in,
Love is the oceanic Joy that overjoyes the ancient Citadel,
Channel Your Love to flower and the garden of your mind will go flowering,
Make Your Love My dear, the Heaven
Within and the outside sky will shed the bloom of boon.

Don't think too much Of the distortions Of Love,
Love suffers distortions for its real growth,
Through cravings and aversion Love matures,
Love is an infinite maturity without fence,
Underneath the Soul Love flows fulfilling every field of Life,
Love is all and it is for all,
Within the waves tempestuous or sober
Love becomes the very Life imbibing in its every sheath the Joy of death,
Love brings death to renew Life.

@prabir gayen
7: 05 PM /Apr 14 / 2021.

Prabir Gayen

I Will Keep You In My Heart

I will Keep You In My Heart

I will keep you
in the deepest cave
of my heart,
Every emotion will nourish You,
Circulate you in every fibre of my Blood,
I will kiss you through Timeless beauty,
Embrace you without hands and chest,
I will keep you in the evening of my soul,
In the broad Street of my Mind.
I will Love you with much restraint,
The flood of light will wave you
again and agin in the core of my Being,
I will adorn you with flooded Joy of my Love,
I will Love you being Nothing and Nobody,
My No-bodiness will keep You
as song of my heart,
I will Love you beyond eternity
and eternal soul will keep it
as secret of Secrets.

@prabir Gayen
9: 08 PM / Apr 13 / 20121.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

--Bodhi Tree Of Life ---

Bodhi Tree Of Life

Under the Bodhi Tree of Life,
Waiting with closed Eyes
The heart full of Light,
For a glass of water from the
Hands full of Love and care,
For a village girl chasing moths
Or searching for her domestic beast,
The Sun is setting with His last gleam,
The evening stars blink with mystery,
Between the leaves the whispering breeze,
Under the serene tree of Life,
With no songs of nestling,
Far from the feast of life's Primogeniture,
I wait with the last spark of luminous intensity,
For a soul pure and wild
with no choice of day and night,
An innocent daughter of western Sky,
The faded light to witness a soul's departure.
Under the Bodhi Tree of Life
I am waiting for a village girl,
Appurtenant sprite with no aim in life,
A soul with the fancy of vagrant purity,
I will wait with hopeless Hope
to be fed and nurtured
with so vast a heart,
Era my soul leaves the fragile abode.

@Prabir Gayen
2: 46 AM/ Apr 8 /2021.

Prabir Gayen

Bodhi Tree Of Life

Bodhi Tree Of Life

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Manideepa

MANIDEEPA

Temple in my heart,
A drop of diamond glitters,
The soft shining AURA,
The Lamp of Mind,
MANIDEEPA,
immortal drop of eternity,
My eternal iota of Of mystic Pain.
Light unto Light,
Heart upon heart,
Soft murmuring Pain,
With bewildered mysticism,
I Pronounce Thy Name,
A fleeting moment of Joy,
Unto infinity the sweetest Pain,
My Love, my Joy and My sweet Death.

@prabir Gayen
9: 18 PM, Apr 7/ 2021.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Mind - The Jumping Boat

The Mind

Where mind drops
There is knowledge,
When mind drops bliss dawns
The nature of mind is change,
It jumps from branch to branch.

Boredom is the breath of mind,
Mind is a series of boredom,
From Lotus to rose and then
Lotus again,
Under the Sun old becomes New,
and new becomes tradition.

Mind dwindles within forms,
It chooses without cause,
Mind is simply a wafting wave,
Sometimes drops the essence,
Embraces false jingle of words.

Gold is boredom and stone is attractive,
Mind is a jumping dream
and outward it flows,
It is available nowhere,
A deep trembling self within.

Dust of inner Being
Storm in a deadening desert,
Within and without there is none,
Only the forest of useless Tune
Mind is a song without music,
It drops and song flows through Being.

Mind is a world with floating Joy,
Without witnessing it brings only pain,
Mind is a world with glittering grain,
Without Mind a deep vacuum reigns,
Mind drops dream drops and The Sky dawns.

No wave no dream and no choice of words,
When mind sleeps divorce happens,
With suspended breath body dissolves,
Mind becomes the semblance of Naught,
Without mind death happens and deathlessness blossoms.

@prabir gayen
2: 22 AM, tue April 6: 2021.

Prabir Gayen

Modern Theorem

Modern Theorem

Fathers are dying for their children,
Children will be dying for their children,
Here everything is going to be repeated,
No one is ready to live Here and Now,
Life is a beautiful Lie always for the Future.

People are living is Hell,
Only those in Position are free,
Nincompoops are leading The World,
Richer than the kings of the Golden Tower,
Genius are bound to drag the so called life.

Meek and moderate are in deep poverty,
Life has become a deep Penance,
Resilience is the Only wealth for the Great,
Only Restless and Light-headed politicians,
Imbecile burghers are thriving the World.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir Gayen
6: 50 PM.20/3/21

Prabir Gayen

Great Illusion

Great Illusion

You have chosen me as a Giver,
THAT IS the ultimate Measure.
The World is and It is Not,
The World is a great dream.
With Time everything is Sweet,
Beyond Time everything is Naught.
Time Is and it Is Not in any Space,
Space is lost in Time and everything,
The subject and the object are illusion,
YOU have chosen me as nothing to choose,
I am defied being Part of the Great Dream.

@prabir Gayen
8: 32 AM. Mon, mar 8,
2021.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Be As You Are

Be As You are
(Beloved Brother)

From the deep core of My heart,
I see you flower and keep flowering,
Spread your wings and the sky is your abode,
Every atom of the earth will welcome you,
As You are for the common people,
From this shore you will have
the glimpses of the other shore,
Blessed are You who found the path of Joy,
Caring and sharing, the Ecstasy you have,
I see you walk among the masses,
The poorest, the humblest,
I see you smile without guile,
Walk the way and the Forest will welcome You with soft murmuring symphony,
The mysticism you have may not be known to all,
But I see your petals spreading unto eternity,
The purity of your speech has real power,
Authentic heart and dreamful eyes,
Reason drops when beating of heart dawns,
Be as you are and ecstasy will embrace you without conditions,
As You are existence is happy with You,
Joyous with Your benevolent nature.

@prabir Gayen.
12: 19 AM. Wed,10, Feb,2021.

Prabir Gayen

Light

Be Light Into yourSelf,
The light in the petals,
The waves in the ocean,
Be Light into Light.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Love And Bondage

Love and Bondage

Love without limit,
Love without Juice of wisdom,
Sterile and bondage.

@Prabir Gayen
12: 30 PM.11/1/21.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Celestial Beauty And Joy

Celestial Beauty and Joy

Cleopatra of My Soul,
The unuttered word of my silent Being,
You seem to shine like
The presence of my inward being,
As the silent uproar of deep absence,
The inward ripple of solidified silence,
An unspoken Joy of deep-rooted Love,
The glimpse of Sensual beauty,
You walk in sequestered step,
Without word without signature,
The fragrance of my primitive Sprite.

Beauty divine by nature
Celestial by form,
Presence of God graces your smile,
Top to bottom the glow of
Unspoken blessings,
Divine that made the world
Made your sweet image.

@prabir Gayen
12: 19 PM.1/1/2021

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Supreme Joy (Abg)

Supreme Joy

Veiled by ignorance,
Imagined like snake in rope,
Alertness is Joy.

@Prabir Gayen
22 Dec,2020,8: 57 PM.
No 9.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Pure Awareness (Abg)

Pure Awareness

With the fire of sense,
Burning down the ignorance,
Pure Awareness dawns.

@Prabir Gayen
22 Dec,2020.8: 25 PM.
No 8.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Be Happy (Abg)

Be Happy

From ' I am doer',
To ' I am not the doer'
And become happy.

@Prabir Gayen
22 Dec,2020,7: 12 PM.
No 7.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Cause Of Bondage (Abg)

Cause of Bondage

All is outside You,
Nothing is in You as You,
You are always free.

@Prabir Gayen
22 Dec,2020,6: 37 PM.
No 6.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Doership (Abg)

Doership

Mind is substratum,
Pleasure and pain, good or bad,
It is not the doer.

@Prabir Gayen
22, Dec,2020.
5: 52 PM.
No 5

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Formless Self (Abg)

Formless Self

Self is not creed,
Boundless, unattached and vast,
Witnessing the all.

@Prabir Gayen
22, Dec,2020.
No 4

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Bodiless Being (Abg)

Bodiless Being

Distinct from the body,
Only Consciousness is True,
Peace Joy and freedom.

@Prabir Gayen
22 Dec,2020.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Witness (Abg)

witness

Elements not truth,
Air, water, fire and ether,
Everything is witnessing.

@Prabir Gayen
22 Dec,2020.
No 2

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Liberation (Abg)

Liberation

Shun objects of senses,
Tolerance and compassion,
Sincerity to study.

@Prabir Gayen
22 Dec,2020.
No 1

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Am A Watchfulness

I am a watchfulness

I am a drop of Ocean,
A miniatureform,
In me the entire sky,
The Ocean is in me,
The vast is contained,
I walk and I am a walking,
I eat and I am eating,
I dream and I am dreamless,
I am a witness of
the unfolding dream,
I am a watchful stream,
Within and wothout a Falme,
Full of absolute fullness.

@Prabir Gayen
12: 09,20/12/2020.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Is A Mystery

Life is a mystery

Life is a stream of water
falling into the abyss,
The bottomless is the root,
Rootless root is the way of life,
Death comes and life remains a mystery,
Thoughts and feelings are the waves,
On the ocean of life flow without repose,
Making life more and more allusive,
Death fails to demystify the aura of life,
Life is the song of unuttered vastness.

@prabir Gayen
Wed,11 Nov,2020,6: 45 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Happy Birthday Poem(To Srijita Mondal)

Happy birthday Poem
(To Srijita Mondal)

12 October, the day you were born,
The day you came into this beautiful world,
The day you opened your innocent eyes,
The day you cried and smiled,
The day you tasted the sweetness and the bitterness
Of this mysterious world.

From the world of absolute Nothingness you came into the world of absolute enjoyment,
From the empty space you came into the space of enormous possibilities,
The sky full of floating clouds and rain with sudden clash of thunder,
This world is a wrapping paper,
It gives you Joy and sorrow,
It will give you everything your mind wants,
This world is a place of fulfilment.

PoemHunter.com

The great and vast is the expanse,
The universe is a great mystery,
Every atom of this world is pregnant with esoteric knowledge,
Nothing is old and nothing is new,
Everything is a new wave with ancient light,
Everything is delighted with unknown source of Joy,
Birth is a great opportunity to witness the changing light,
With birth appears death,
It refreshes the weary-feet of life,
Life happens in-between birth and death.

In the great waves of life
birth is a rare phenomena,
It is something deep and beyond human knowledge,
Birth happens with and without human understanding,
It is a part of the evolution of absolute design,
Life happens through every beat of heart,
Blood runs through veins like rivers that flow without reason,
Life and death are like day and night.

12 October was the day you tasted the sweetness of breathing,
Life and death in a perfect rhythm,
From formless self you became a form with Name,
From floating cloud you became rain and the whole sky Inside your Being,
In a finite body you are infinite within,
Only when you know your true nature you are Home,
Let the goodwishes of your dear and near ones make you feel your inner vastness with
emptiness that is full from every corner of Life.

Let your birthday bestow upon you the wisdom of fullness or emptiness,
Give you light to be awake
to walk the way without any taste of the sweetness of sleep,
Let your birthday bring deep inspiration to be inspired to go deep into the illusive sheath of existence and be a witness to all and be a great part of the pinnacle of the mountains,
Let your birthday bring to you a witnessing glimpse of awareness.
@prabir gayen:

12 October,2020,4: 50 PM.

Prabir Gayen

A Happy Birthday Poem(To Abashesh Das)

A Happy Birthday Poem
(To Abashesh Das)

A wave rose in Thy name,
In the deep ocean of Life,
You are welcome to the grand feast of life,
Greeting will fall upon your
flowery branch of Mind and being,
The rain of divine grace,
You are dear to the Almighty,
A chosen one of heavenly father,
Long way is awaiting You to embrace,
Without leaving behind your footprints
You walk the way,
A glittering Mind of absolute Smile,
You are to walk the path of pathless eremite,
To mingle and to become One with the Divine,
You are the sweetest flower
in the grove of The Divine Spirit.

PoemHunter.com

@Prabir Gayen
8 October,2020,11: 07 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Fading Light Of Life

Fading Light Of Life

The sun is rising and setting,
Unaware of the change on the earth,
The Earth is like moving wave,
Every moment it changes,
Life is a great farce
and it changes its colour,
Every colour of Life is colourless,
Colour reflects colour and it is
the waste of time,
The cold season with the urge
of Life's mellifluous music
Now is cold with the thought of death,
The fleeting light that was present
in the dream feeding eyes
with the colour of reflective delight
now is exiguous in every single shadow
of creation,
The flow of life is ebbing
toward a shoreless sea,
The music of evening birds
is continuously improving
the darkness in the Light,
The drifting waves are now quiet,
Sober is the music of hanging clouds
crystal and mindless,
Mind is not mindful
of the citadel of Life,
The Murmurous music
of the great waves of Life,
With cold flickering light
The Sun is telling the end of the day,
With slow deep movement of the day
Night has become a painful witness
of those vibrant ways,
The way of life is a slow shifting
of festive season to silent sweetness
of easy departure.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir Gayen
5 October,2020,7: 00 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Everybody Is Nobody

Everybody is Nobody

In the cave of Mind,
Solid with emptiness,
I found myself lost in space,
A mind having nothing to brood,
A being having nothing to feel,
A big space of timeless beauty,
An unfathomable muse of pain,
Meeting with someone very near
to my self and no-self,
I found my innermost Joy with
no trace of joyful aroma,
I met an unrecognisable soul
In the empty shell of bodiless bower,
A big figure of weirded body of dark distance,
Empty walking of space,
The clandestine deportment
of a rootless eremite,
A self to call himself a nobody,
I met with my self the No - Self,
In the Cave of my mind I have nothing to think
about Bona Fide thing and theme.

@prabir Gayen;
4 October,2020,12: 02 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Let Me Die An Easy Death

Let me die an Easy Death

All I want a full moon Night,
The dim light with wintry wind,
The gush of restless wind,
With occasional flush of rain.

I want a mystic nature of darkness
and Night faint and fickle,
The silent flow of tempestuous
dream and sky full of stars.

I want a hut in a silent field,
Open and wide with wilderness,
The cries of human activity,
The Night with the warmth of ache.
To be nobody is an adventure,
To die with sky open and deep
is the blissfulness of existence,
All I want is to drop like dew
from the hidden leaf of the grove.

Grant me a silent evening and
the star-lit sky to welcome my soul,
Without grandeur and show of celebration,
Without the pangs of departure,
Let me close my eyes like the morning star
that disappears in broad daylight.

@prabir gayen:
29 September,2020,7: 44 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Moment Is Death

Moment is death

Life is slipping moment by moment,
Every moment is death,
Each bud is buried within its flowering,
Flower is the death bed of a bud,
Every lovely thing is losing its loveliness,
A single wave is nothing but death,
Within the womb of death it spread it's wings,
A moment is too deep to contain.

@Prabir Gayen:
18 September,2020,7: 05 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Give Me Pain

Give Me Pain

Give me pain excruciating,
Give me pangs of death beyond measure,
Give me blows one after another,
Give me not traces of Joy and rapture,
Give me darkness and death on
The Cross.

The world is the same as before,
But the world of dream has changed,
The Night is beautiful but no bird is heard
singing with heartfelt Joy and sorrow,
The Sun is hot but the warmth of life
is not the same,
The earth is green
but the blue heaven is not visible.

Let death herald it's win
over the unceasing flow of life,
Let darkness deepen to reflect
the brightest form of light,
Let everything come together
to create a moment of death and departure,
Let moment lose it's fragrance
and dissolve into great Naught.

@prabir Gayen
14 September,2020,2: 01 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Cold Season Of Mind

Cold season Of Mind

A patch of cloud descends,
With silent mist of downhill,
The sky with overflowing waves
fall on my slumberous seal,
The song unheard is now audible
and the moon is crescent,
A deep breath of fresh air,
The silent world with silent music,
Death is a cold season of mind,
Winter is too deep to contain,
All the warm songs of life gone,

The summer never comes back,
A mellowing music is floating
on the wings of lightless cloud,
The flute of the sky is vibrant,
The bird that was present
through eternal moment is whistling now
with shrill delight
Life is coming to rest
on the bed of eternal happiness,
The Sun has set forever.

@Prabir Gayen:
6 September,2020,4: 08 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

One Day I May Visit You

One day I may visit You

One day some day or the other day
I will meet you,
I may visit your town or your domicile,
I may visit your room and the lawn
where the Moon rises and the Sun sets,
I may sing the song with voiceless muse,
One day some day or the other day
I may visit your house.

You may feel my presence,
Though I am not in any form,
With formless delight
I may sit by your side,
With unuttered spell I may sing
the song of your wedding,
I may fall upon your Hurst
like an unnatural shower,
Like the sudden rain
I will fall onto your bower
With the flavour of an oozing sunshine,
One day some day or the other day
I may visit You.

@prabir Gayen:
1 September,2020,1: 37 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Is Too Subtle To Grasp

Life is too subtle to grasp

Mind stops working quite a few days,
Rays or waves stop passing,
A deep gamut of unknown pain,
A deep sense of waste,
Life is restless.

Like a bubble of reflecting light,
Like a cloud of smoke without sunshine,
Like darkness that nurtures twilight,
A far-fetched call doth seem to appear,
The call of no one who seems to me the dearest one.

Childhood memories are the sweetest clouds that float,
giving me Joy and the deepest sorrow,
How deeply do I wish to relive the past!
How deeply do I feel the love of living in sheer crisis of heart!
How sweetly do I move to that which is not in order!
Life is a falling ice that melts forever.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir gayen;
30 August,2020,11: 25 AM.

Prabir Gayen

A Dead Leaf

A dead Leaf

Rolling here and there a leaf,
Grey leaf on the road floating,
A leaf severed from the branch,
The very source of life,
A grey leaf on the field,
roadside and in the air fleeting,
In the sunshine and in the dark night,
The dead leaf is flying with no choice,
A choiceless mind is like a dead leaf,
It floats with unknown pain,
A mind mature with deep pain of life is a grey leaf,
Dead leaf and dead mind synonymous,
Life is a dream like a bud dreaming to bloom,
A dead leaf is flying having no choice,
I am a leaf of an eternal tree,
Detruncated from the branch.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir Gayen
23 August,2020,9: 18 PM.

Prabir Gayen

To Emilymiller (The Wish)

To Emily Miller
(Wish)

I wish to see You,
Before the shut of the Day,
I wish to receive you
before the meeting of cosmic rays,
I wish to talk to you
before The Sun Completes it's march,
Before the ceasing of the beating,
I want to see You face to face.

@prabir Gayen
19 August,2020,2: 24 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Aching Delight

Aching delight

In the heart of a poet
You are the image,
Empty with beauteous dream,
In the mind of a poet your are Love
teeming with enormous stream,
In the soul of a poet you are pain
eternal with sensual affection,
You are you beyond You,
Sweet fragrance of an elysian park.
Like floating clouds that guard
the stars,
You are the gleaming Joy
in the sky of my heart,
Unknown yet unavoidable,
Silent and the depth
of profound expression,
The glittering voice
of unspoken sight,
Eyes are like liquid Joy
of crystal delight,
Within and without You are
as pure stream of eternal dream,
Embracing life with recondite feeling
nurturing aching soul.

@prabir gayen;
17 August,2020,1: 36 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

...Dream...

Dream

I had a dream
Last night,
I became a butterfly,
Now dream is no more,
Only the wings and flowers,
Shower and mystic bower,
I am a butterfly with human form.

@Prabir Gayen:
14 August,2020,9: 30 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

~ Life~

~ LIFE ~

Life is a fragrance,
Subtle way of approaching the truth,
It is a gate of gateless glory,
Life is a way of deep compassion,
Religion is the wrapper of Life,
Beyond the sheath of religion
a deep breath of fresh religiousness reigns,
Life is a cold air in the fresh Morning,
Pain in the eyes of poor people,
Joy in the heart of evolved consciousness,
Wisdom in the being of enlightened one,
Life is the aura of full moon night,
Life is nothing but deep pain,
It is a flux without knowledge,
It changes every moment hence the purity,
Life is a pure form of mature consciousness,
Feeling of Love for entire humanity,
A sheer cosmic Bond,
Life is a bonndage of fresh light and it is ever free.
@prabir Gayen:
10: 55 AM.August 8,2020.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Dance

Dance

Dance is the dynamic
expression Of Life,
Creation is in dance,
Trees, air and water and
even space are in eternal celebration,
Dance is the sweet way to God,
Dance makes life a valley of flowers.

Dance is the bodiless thrill of Being,
Through dance existence
does effulge it's fragrance,
Dance brings existence close to self,
Inherent dance through body mind
and being makes life flaring.

Without dance Life is a boredom,
Knowledge, bliss, love and compassion
are in deep harmony,
Dance is the suparno thread
of absolute stillness,
It connects individual self
to cosmic drowse of immensity.

Joy is the outward flow of being,
By being one with the universal flow
of existence Life becomes a dance,
Eternal is the flow of cosmic self,
Dance is the quiescence of cosmic rest,
The voiceless quietude of immutable Ecstasy,
Dance is the intrinsic soul of Life.

@Prabir Gayen:
27 July,2020,11: 11 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Pearl Of My Soul

Pearl Of My Soul

Beyond the border of Mind,
Beyond self,
You are as deeply nothing,
Only pure stream of Vibration.

So deeply and calmly mystic are your eyes,
Storms of emotion are waving
from bosom to glance,
So sweetly blank to describe.

In your cheek luminous
and deeply sparkling,
Thousand words rise in ripples,
Painful is the attempt to shape in words,
Only poetry without words can express.

PoemHunter.com

Poetry is the painful expression
of Joy and sorrow,
Like Joy and sorrow it is ever fluctuating
with rhyme and unrhymed flow
of thought and emotion,
Ever empty and always eager
to fill it's room.

Your blank eyes are full with emptiness
and existence is playing
with colours of emotions,
Words upon words too little,
Only pain beyond grip can transcribe
what is behind those pair
of burning emptiness.

You are the dream of a poet,
The light of a an everliving sight,
A sculptor's unthought idea,
Sempiternal waves of creation,
Eternal flame of magical mind.

Beyond the scope of purgatory mind,
The frugal vestiude of cosmic figuring,
Mundane thought and adoration deep,
And the embodied silence,
You will be living as booming music
of mystic heaven becoming the eternal Joy
of my heart cajoling my fanciful self,
Without the cadence of ornamentation
and embracing with thoughtless virtue of being.

@prabir Gayen:
26 July,2020,11: 10 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Creation

Creation

The whole creation is a bubble,
It exists and Yet Not
It is superficial and Yet essential,
A clash of thunder or a small beetle
can give us this knowledge,
A small push can make us off balance
and mind dissolves into
the cave of Nothingness,
A small sound is the preface of
enormous Knowledge,
Death of a Master and
the death of a Nincompoop bear the same fruit,
Nothing is special and everything is special,
Light is everywhere and everything
is dazzled with darkness,
It is yet it is not,
Darkness is enveloped by darkness,
And darkness expands with light,
God is and yet God is not,
Knowable and yet Unknowable,
Nothing is static and everything
is going to nowhere,
Creation is a bubble and
it expands without cause,
Everything is actually Nothing.

@prabir Gayen:
26 July,2020,3: 50 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Monotony

Monotony

Life is unfitted
to handle the monotony,
It is under death.

@prabir Gayen:
26 July,2020,3: 13 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

To Emilymiller

To
Emily Miller

Ireland is a very special country,
Land of WB Yeats and Joyce,
My heart with unknown fit of Love
Wishes to visit Your sweet Land,
The beauty of the Irish Sea,
and St George's Channel,
A separate Land of special identity,
The Land of literature and bright cultural heritage,
With the glory of the second-largest
island of the British Isles,
A different land of United Kingdom.

But I am tied to a strand,
Only imagination is free to fly to your Sweet soil,
I am tied to an invisible strand
from where other world is seen
with unheard song of invitation,
I live like floating on the stream
of Unnatural pain of abysmal deep,
My life is a Life like death in disguise,
Life and death are stepping
with similar synagogue of understanding,
The music of life echoes the music of death.

I will fly to Your land one day,
Some other day,
May be the day beyond,
Visit Your home and talk a lot,
Walk the way outside the world,
Will see the swan on the lake,
and listen to the music of the Nightingale
in your grassy Garth,
One day, the other day I will be free,
May be Indian economy will be fine
to afford me to my delight,
May be I will be strong enough

to look beyond Pecuniary honour of adroitness.

@prabir Gayen:
26 July,2020,2: 37 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Emily Miller

Emily Miller

Emily Miller My sweet friend,
I want to know you,
You are like The Moon behind the cloud
outpouring your Love,
Like Mystic blessings with divine inspiration
showering the rain of flowers,
Your every comment touches
my heart,
Like Nightingale in leafy bower
You sing the song of refreshment,
Your beauteous voice softens
my tired Mind and dignified My truant pen.

@prabir gayen:
23 July,2020,9: 34 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Perfect Mirror Of My Soul(Thy Beauty)

The Perfect Mirror of My Soul
(Thy Beauty)
Thy beauty is like touchstone
Igniting fire within the womb of ocean,
Beauty is fire beyond description,
Hot like the Sun and cold like the Moon,
Thou art summer and winter simultaneously
and spring in the love laden heart,
Beauty is the Only object of worship,
It is divine in pure and Pellucid festivity,
I found thee like the Moon
in the secluded beach in my heart,
Thy beauty is my sole sea of crystal Joy
imaging my inner Being,
Thou art the perfect mirror of my soul.

@prabir gayen:
23 July,2020,11: 48 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Love My Joy And My Emancipation

My Love my Joy and my emancipation

In the forest of my life,
In the field of my mind,
Thou art the only delight,
The soothing flow of Joy.

The divine glory oozing,
The joy of nurturing thee,
In the untouched sheath of My Being,
Thou art my dream's shadowy figure.

Life goes like wind traceless,
Like clouds with no definite destination,
Time moves like whirlpool,
Every beautiful object renews with time,
Beauty is the fleeting glimpse of
Eternity.

PoemHunter.com

The Sun that warmed my self
with slumberous Joy of drinking honey
from every nook and corner,
The Love that twisted my heart
with inordinate pain of rapture,
The night that mystified me
in every single second
to ruminate life
with hopeful incantation,
In your maiden eyes I see
my previous self.

You are like the image of my self,
Within the mirror of meditative trance,
Image within the reflection is like
the image of thy sweet face,
with such delightful coyness
and serious form of intolerable beauty.

Above the world and beyond the thought,

The silent world of vacant naught,
Without doubt and beyond the line of doubt
thou art in my poetic heart,
My Love my Joy and my emancipation.

@prabir gayen:
23 July,2020,12: 33 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Rabbit Ears

Rabbit Ears
The ears are too long,
Creature of under ground water,
A being of hypocritical attitude,
And dirty evil-imparting propensity,
Obsessed intelligent to disregard
the loving urge with hanging hankering,
Poemhunter is not for the priest of hatred
and for those who look things secretly
hoping to thrive in disguise,
Come out of your fulsome self
to be solemnly agile and humble,
Inquisitive intelligence is always symbolic
for honest serviceable attitude,
Criticism merely to find fault is mean
and it generally infects people
with evil tendency without
existential Propitiousness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Image Of Divinity

The image of divinity

Heart is utterly silent,
Mind is beyond mind,
Without mind you are Joy,
Rapturous soul of Love.

Every cell of you is infinite,
Cloud of cosmic dream,
Still and slumberous beauty,
Smile goes beyond self.

The morning light paints your cheeks,
The dewdrops make your heart delighted,
The noon is tired to polish you,
Evening is shy before your eyes.

You are the Joy of living,
A poet must be happy to sing
the song of your weird beauty,
Pain is popping with sweetcheering.

You are not to deceive the mind,
Mind is unable to cherish the statue,
The bright citadel of absolute stillness,
The image of divinity in human form.

@prabir gayen:
22 July,2020,12: 59 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Unperturbed Quietness

Unperturbed Quietness

What is the pain that so deeply surging?
What is the sweet pain of unrest and ache?
From the soft citadel of love it goes,
Waving with solid sense of dreamy Joy,
Eyes are blank with the voice of cogent heart,
What dreamy fondness making you so quiet?

So painful is your engrossing feature!
So obvious is your unnatural glow!
Ocean with miniature ripple flows,
From abysm of featureless semblance drops,
The solid Juice of Love motile likerain,
Dark eyes are like the condensed wave of Love.

Time stopped in your vacuous sight and oozed lock,
Cosmic drowse of endless ecstasy drapes,
Rooted sheath of lightning tinges your lips,
Smile is beyond my verbal adornment,
Soaring glow of youthful elegance dawns,
Divine Light with mellifluous cadence.

@prabir Gayen:
21 July,2020,9: 37 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Flower Of Love

Flower of Love

This flower has bloomed for me,
This flower has bloomed
for my poetic composition
and for my metrical rhapsody,
This flower is a rootless shrine,
The bud that is budding every moment
with depth of beauty,
This flower is divine by nature.

You are welcome to see it and
at the most enjoy the cryptic fragrance
and be one with the cosmos,
This flower is my ageless self
my heart'ssupernal response,
It is a flower of noetic grove,
None can touch it none can pluck,
This is the flower that showers
mystic Joy to lead me to myself.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir gayen:
21 July,2020,1: 48 PM.

Prabir Gayen

In Your Eyes

In Your Eyes

After a long absence to life,
After a profound hiatus
life has become a stranger,
The forest and the inhabitants
are foreigners to me,
Every passing tune and the cry of life
is unknown to me and I am within me
a burning stream,
A newborn baby amid a strange world.

All the old trees are gone,
Cut or broken to be dust,
The growing season with the fervent Joy
of friendship and the delighted souls
who spread the hue of love and pain
and the fear, sweet and sour,
are now things of the past,
Life has made everything old,
Wayward and relics of the world
gone forever and into the nether regions,
Life is now a deep state
of anguish to be life again.

In your eyes The world seems to revive
the past Joy of dreamful easy,
The soothing music of the morning and
tired noon of restful inaction,
The night seems to bathe
in grey leaf of eternal stream,
In your eyes the song of life
with forgotten tune seems to ring
in sterling cadence without vowel,
In your eyes the Joy of living
is paving new symphony,
In your eyes mystery seems to dance
with new craze of altruistic splurge.

@prabir gayen:
21 July,2020,12: 30 AM.

Prabir Gayen

The Joy Of Eternal Beauty

The Joy Eternal Beauty

Why are you so beautiful?
Why are you so enormously innocent?
Why are you so deeply sensual?
I go back to my innocent days,
My adolescent days of cordial pain,
My childhood fascination and youthful dream,
My heart with unknown pain vibrates
with your comely nobleness,
So sweet to cherish your image in my poetic soul,
I saw you in the face of the sun,
In the full moon night on the wavy stream,
In my painful soul of emptiness,
Your beauty is the way to me to the divine light,
Your eyes bring the muse of eternity,
In my boyhood days in the core of my unknown self
I saw you with smiling face beckoning
insoluble mystery of life and death,
In the silent noon when the cuckoo
with shrill cry made the ambiance
aversely painful with unknown cause of pain
and passion became compassion
I saw your sweet beauty in the
flowing stream and moving leaves,
You are not a stranger to my inward self,
Not someone from different timezone,
You are ever present in my heart
and inside the mirror of my mind
you will live forever till my death.

@prabir gayen:
20 July,2020,9: 37 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Spirit Of Joy

Spirit of JOY

Both eyes are like dreamy Pannikin
containing Juice of amorous Love,
Clouds of thousand pictures roam,
Indicating sweet Joy of immortal source,
Daughter of Immortal soul of exuberance,
Divine light rains with the warmth
of wordless pain of Love,
Beauty is like unbearable dream of ecstasy,
Tilting the heart with spear of fanciful aura
of sadness paving way to reach you,
You are beyond mind a divine zone,
Soul of soul and spirit of eternal Love.

@prabir gayen:
20 July,2020,12: 51 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Am A Poet Of Missing Identity

I am a poet of missing identity

I am born for my readers,
Living in the Ariel province,
The future scholars of the world,
I am a poet to be read posthumously,
All the poets are posthumous stars,
Poetry is eternal and it is for to-be,
Poets are the witnessing selves,
Living every moment with pain
drinking every drop of Opaque Flumen,
Life is a river flowing eternally
with no pompous purpose.

I see my readers muttering Inapposite words
of voiceless tune,
Host of the Proceeding Orbis,
Poets are the image of absolute and
indifferent gaze with heart throbbing
with insignificant thrill,
Music of unheard flow of life rings
with the tune of sinless
happiness,
Poets are parts of collective consciousness,
floating dreams of becoming clouds
having no existence.

I am a dream of ecstatic conjugation,
Past, present and future are gone
into eternal present having no time sense,
Mind has become a hollow deep,
Flame of pain is a burning womb of Joy
oozing from rootless shrine
of supernatural darkness,
A poet is a missing person in the moment,
Indifferent to what is the most telling
and then cry for what is gone.

I am a poet of missing identity
and my address is Lost forever,
I live without the feeling of Life and death,
Missing every moment for what is gone,
And what is gone is violent
over my painful heart,
Heart is ever powerful over the mind,
And it is always digging the cave
for the beauty of pristine Time,
Not chewed and digested properly,
Past is always pushing the stream
of living present,
I am a poet living in a room
passed out of sight
seeing my readers in the seed of Future.

@prabir Gayen:
17 July,2020,5: 47 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Beauty Beyond Reflection

Beauty Beyond Reflection

Not in the mind without guile,
Not in the sense without desire,
No attitude to paint mind's pain,
Sensual beauty flows through being,
Indifferent mind with stoic existence.

In the bosom the pain with
solidified silence through eyes wave,
Lips are like popping poppies
Slumberous beauty oozing,
Budding beauty with the mist
of weird realm of fictive delight,
Soft drop of love inviting
amorous souls to live and kiss and die.

Mind stops working
without sustenance,
Trance of joyous celebration with
Stupendous aura of sadness,
Pinching every pore of self
to give in your opalescent
and Iridescent image of Love.

Mind dissolves looking
at your recondite beauty,
My soul leaves it's casing
with its pristine openness
to bathe in the light
of your eyeless muse of love,
Embracing with thoughtless mind
drinking light unto light
and feeding the Joy
of immortal being.

Like waves the Mind
with subsiding eddies
in its source,

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the ocean of vast eternity,
Your beauty is the rhyme
of eternal verse
feeding each pros and cons
of my inebriated soul,
To love to care and to caress.

Prabir Gayen

Grace That Can Not Be Expressed

Grace that can not be expressed

You are a sweet fragrant bud,
Every pore of your invisible petals is charged
with delicate honey,
Every glossy sheath is tight with Joy,
You are a teeming pond of Love.

Every single breath you exhale
is the breathing of a newborn bud,
You are the warm flow of a local wind,
Zigzag is the way of your furtive glance,
Glance is the grace of divine Joy.

Your look is like the empty sky,
Your brimming mind is like
the patch of Cloud over
the Exhilarated emptiness,
You are the joy of a flowing dew,
With the warmth of the sun
is evaporating into the infinite blue.

Thousand words can not equal your eyeshadow,
Thousands words can not express
your feelings underneath,
Thousand words can not equal your sweet glance
indicating love roaming in your young heart,
Thousand words can not say
what is in your sweetly painful silence.

@prabir Gayen:
14 July,2020,2: 24 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Or Dollar

POETRY OR DOLLAR

Poetry or dollar,
what is more important?
Poetry enriches heart,
Doller makes heart function,
In the present world of pandemic
Dollar plays proud role,
Poetry makes the world beautiful
With the authority of imagination.

Poetry creates fancy a reality,
And reality a distant memory,
Poetry is the shadow of dream floating
on the surface of sooth,
Dollar is a reality without fanciful
worry and Phantasy,
Dollar brings mind to its pristine core
making reality a reality.

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Dollar destroys rational trouble,
Dollar enriches life with thoughtless vesture,
Dollar makes life easy with the
Topsy-turvy world of hard reality,
A place to stay with enormous pain,
Dollar is an easy vehicle to complete
the enigmatic journey of Life.

Poetry brings oasis of awareness
With the rain of blissful rumination,
Poetry brings strength to live with serenity
where things are not in order,
Poetry is a vain conceit to live where living is
a painful emptiness, a sleep-walking
over the horizon of death,
Poetry is a kind of soft somnambulism.

Dollar makes the Journey
of life sound and successful,

Poetry makes night beautiful
with the graceful light
of the gleaming stars,
Day and night both are telling
to our way of living,
However be the way,
beauty of hills and the moon in the night,
Glittering stars and the dancing of flowers
with the sweet singing birds,
Pattering music of sudden shower,
Poetry is a fanciful world with
the sweetness of sensibility.

Where there is no food to relish,
Life has become a desert without traces of oasis
and the forests are without a drop of water
and the rivers are dry and the wind is thirsty,
Where there is everything and nothing,
Life is a dire consequence of
painful living and blank eyes,
Doller is more important than
a hearty poem full of Love Joy and
impulsive way to taste life.

@Prabir Gayen:
14 July,2020,12: 22 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Matchless Beauty Of Silence

Matchless Beauty of Silence

Anybody can be Jealous,
Even the most loved one,
No one can be so generous,
Generosity is not always generous.

You are the point of matchless Joy,
Your nobleness is your sweet guard,
Nobody can be so casual and relaxed,
You are such a delicious debonair.

Anybody can be intriguing,
May make plot to defame You,
As you are so sweetly warm,
Your beauty may refresh the earth.

You are like the morning air,
The sweet touch of a bud,
The tip of grass reflecting the Sun,
Day and night will nourish your nobility.

Your delicacy is not from earth and water,
Your Loveliness is not from flesh and blood,
Your Joy is not from definite root,
Your majesty is from intangible spring.

Silent, sappy and succulent is your delight,
Dreamy and Soprano is your smile,
Less light with shabby trance,
Inebriated Juice of motionless ecstasy.

Your mellow mettle is like the moonless Sky,
Full of ruminant stars with soulless quietude,
You are the semblance of voiceless Joy in twilight hour.

@prabir Gayen:
12 July,2020,1: 15 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Dreamy Joy

Dreamy Joy

You are my dream's forgotten part,
Upon your self the silence' edge,
You are the image of a rootless bubble,
The mirror within mirror,
I saw you walking in the distant clouds,
In the lone garden of life's visage,
Your birth is the shadow of immortal quest,
Beauty reflects the truth of the world,
Your locks wrap the painful joy of
furtive gleam of eternity,
Sweet smile like a river flowing
through endless forest,
Growing eternally and secretly,
You are beauty from supernal sheath
of romantic heart.

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@prabir gayen:
12 July,2020,1: 04 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Your Celestial And Eldritch Beauty

Your Celestial and Eldritch
Beauty

You are beauty beyond measure,
Unto your celestial form
hide and seek plays the divine order,
You are a form with formless delight,
Ecstasy of life waves upon the admirers,
Your eyes are like onlookers gazing
the light of amaranthine shower,
A divine daughter of the world of eternal dream,
an unsounded void of visionary minstrel,
Sylvan slumber of heart's recess,
Heritiera Fomes! You are born with mighty
waves of beauteous Sublimation.

Your beauty is the moonlit night,
Your eyelashes are the no-moon shrine,
full of depth and blissful eremite,
Upon your forehead shines
the glow of unvoiced clemency,
Joyous dreams are like popping pearls,
Making your cheek an inviting invocation,
Lips are like succulent stream
with Murmurous chanson of soundless rain
Ineffable to human heart,
Eyes are blank like the eyes of eternal flame,
A patch of floating cloud in the half-moon Night,
You are beauty and words fail to paint
on the canvas of heart and being.
Like a Creeping bellflower the glow
of your divine beauty catches your aglow deer-neck,
Your magnificent hue flows ablaze
with the sweet and quavering brink of Love,
Ascending softness of Your sainted breasts
with recondite rapture of revealing space,
Making your smile luminous and
Erratic for all your priestly worshippers.

You are a beauty glowing beyond glow,
The light of the world is not guarding the shimmer,
Mortal time rolls to touch Your feet
and unable to touch your timelessness,
You are a spark of endless flame,
A platonic nerve of glorious resplendence,
Your light is your pride,
Your glow is the light expunged
from some unknown realm of existence,
Soothing music of your beauty will bring
fluttering hues of the flaming corridor of infinity,
Affranches the minds from the sombre womb of illusions,
A divine flow of aching delight,
You are the image of incorporeal mysticism,
Beauty of your childhood hour
with sequestered ebbing adorns your youthful elegance,
A deity of unuttered spell,
draped with the Joy of immortal exuberance,
A heavenly flame with mortal leverage,
Celestial Beauty of mortal wisdom.

@prabir gayen:
11 July,2020,2: 12 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Cycle Of Life

Cycle of Life

The Sun of my Life is shinning in you,
My full moon night is in your eyes,
You are my Life supposed and dreamt years back,
Only pain in heart is my wealth,
You are my wordless Joy and hope,
In your walking my Moon descends,
You are my future, mysterious
and unknown world,
The way leading to painless fear,
I see you grow and in your growing
the seed of my death,
Cycle of Life is spinning
from hope despair and the endless ecstasy
of being noting to be alive.

@prabir Gayen:
11 July,2020,10: 22 AM.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Beyond The Border

Beyond The Border

Who is there behind the screen
Beyond the wall of my mind,
Beauty of wordless Joy or pain,
Who is there sleeping without bed?
Is it You my childhood dream?
Or my heart full of wonderous themes!
Who is there making me restless every moment,
Wordless poetry or beauty beyond grip?
Who is there so vast and unattainable,
My little mind fails to understand!

@prabir Gayen
10 July,2020,9: 28 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Your Look

Your Look

Waves upon waves
Underneath the path is lost,
Beauty of the world is lost,
Under the grave of graceless sorrow,
Mind is a great looser
and is continuously deceiving,
The mirage is not strong enough,
Endless is the way of living,
The profit and lose
is a pretty phrase,
Life is beyond the grip
of deducible Prognosis,
A poor mathematics.

When I look upon
your innocent look,
The inebriated eyes
and Up-and-down Impetus of divine
magnitude,
Mind goes beyond mind
and touches the billowy boom
of existence,
A sweet fragrance of the other world
brings awareness of Self Incrimination
to forget the wounds of life,
Life teaches nothing to living the pain of
Love and languishment.

@prabir gayen;
2 July,2020,1: 38 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

heart

Heart

Heart blossoms In Joy,
Without mind heart becomes strong,
Love is it's soul.

@prabir gayen:
7 July,2020,1: 16 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Free Mind

Free Mind

Mind free from longing,
Mind without guile and desire,
Is a sprouting heart.

@prabir gayen:
7 July,2020,1: 13 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

mind

Mind

Mind is a free bird,
It is free without outlook,
Outlook brings mind back.

@prabir gayen,
7 July,2020,1: 05 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Bondage

Bondage

Viewpoint brings bondage,
It is making mind too string,
Strong mind is bondage.

@prabir gayen:
7 July,2020,1: 01 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Has No Viewpoint

Life has no viewpoint

Life is purposeless,
It brings smile without reason,
Life has no viewpoint.

@prabir gayen:
7 July,2020,12: 53 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Last Phase Of My Life

LAST PHASE OF MY LIFE

Deep darkness of the world
is becoming fade and clear,
The Moon always mystic recedes,
becoming dark to refresh light,
The world from deep slumber resurrects,
New day with new Joy of life dawns.

All the songs of Life;
Hope and aspiration,
desire and willingness,
Heart's rapturous proliferation,
Mind's enormous potential,
The dream of ecstatic life are gone,
New world is brimming
from deep abysmal zone of creation.

New day will be rolling with new Joy,
New moon will come with new kind,
New bloom will sway with new wind,
The sun of my life is about to set.

Darkness nurtures The Silence,
In deep, solidified silence life is
embedded,
The warm field with young birds,
The cacophony and flowing water,
Hot sun with sensual murmur.

The Moon that painted the clouds,
The Sun that brought soft verdancy
to adorn my days and nights
are set to be refreshed,
New days are sprouting behind the clouds.

The Spring has gone with all its utterance,
Soft sprout is now a dead shell,
All that has become dream will never be the same,

Loose clouds are bound to fall,
New life will diffuse the place
with aura of profound stillness,
The new Sun and the new moon
will bring the new way of Living.

In the wordless wall of the night,
In the clear face of the sky,
In the worn-out troops of the Time,
In the prayerful pain of the stars,
In the shooting stars too,
The idyll of childhood and boyhood days
are scribbled without careful compassion.

On the way full of dust and debris,
In the grave of graceless thoughts
and useless muttering of the water of life
flowed into the unknown chasm,
dark and the deepest cave of mindless Mind,
The flower that was to bloom died
a sudden death of unnatural kind.

The day has gone and the evening is blowing
the whistle of the end,
The ringing of bell that declares the decree
is inaudibly keen to my
delicate alcove,
Mind has become a hollow space
full of pure emptiness,
Life so dearly cherished
living every moment with depth
fails to touch the ground of Impenetrable
escutcheon of Divine Joy.

Every floating cloud was a messenger,
Every raindrop was a pure flame
of liquid Love beckoning insoluble beauty
of living the silence of being and
subconscientPrescience
of reaching the boundlessness,
Life was like a budding bud blooming
to reach the morning Sun,

Like a butterfly dreaming to touch the sky,
reconnaissance of Venturesome living.

However my consciousness gives
Me pain
for the people around me,
People who are suffering a lot for various reasons,
Poverty and inequality,
Social injustice and racial duality,
Under the heaven we all are one and the same,
The citizen of universal consciousness,
The sky is our roof,
the world is our floor and the forest is our garden,
We are flowers of the same garden of the One,
Almighty the Great.

Life is beautifully and painfully
becoming a strong mist of autumnal Joy,
A season for the yellow leaves
to mourn and fall under the sky,
The sunset is painful and strange to accept,
Yet we have to accept the fact,
We have to learn the art of accepting,
The murmur of the leaves and the
susurration of bygone waves of dreamful Joy
and enormous surge of energy
are giving the pain of the waste of a life
so carefully dreamed and cherished.

However be the basic fault,
The true reason of my sheer fall,
The clouds that become a rainfall
can never be made floating again,
Once life is lost, it is lost forever,
Now only hope is left in front of me
is to be able to embrace the last hope of life,
the beauty to accept death with smiling face,
The day is rolling with the slow pace of the rolling fire,
The dark night is in inviting temper,
My tired eyelids are falling to shut
the door of pain and passion ever pure
and unfulfilled through ever passing hope and aspiration.

@prabir Gayen:
6 July,2020,12: 06 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Your Words(Ritu Didi) (The Guru Of Joy)

Your words
(Ritu didi)
(The Guru Of Joy)

The Guru is one who makes you feel
You are someone special,
a precious pearl, a dear and Loved one,
A guru is a door to save you
from unnecessary blows of Life,
A guru is one who makes your life
a joyous celebration,
A guru is an ocean of Love,
Infinity and eternal beauty of being,
A guru is infinite and infinite
and we need to stop our chattering minds,
We need to surrender our inordinate desires
to feel His boundless presence,
A guru is a mirror of our inward selves,
A mirror within a mirror,
A guru is our untouched Joy making us available
to living presence and make us feel like a free bird,
A guru is a smiling face ever smiling
to keep us attuned to our inner surface,
To teach us the art of smiling
when things are not in order,
A Guru is an ocean of Love beauty
and Joy and teaching ever moment
to take responsibility to feel
being the precious one of the society,
A guru is one who makes your life
a worthwhile song of eternal happiness,
A guru makes you feel like the waves
or the lights not in outside world,
He gives you taste of inner beauty
of silence and Celebration,
A guru is an inner strength
of enlightened emptiness.

@Prabir Gayen:

5 July,2020,1: 00 AM

Prabir Gayen

Vulnerable Self

Vulnerable Self

Me poet Yeps poet you are really great,
A Milton or Coleridge may be your self,
But a vertical poet like PG
has become a horizontal bard,
Corona has made me aVulnerable self,
a poet of the poor world,
Sheer crisis has gripped my entire self.
A poet can never be an upright metaphysics
when things are not in proper order,
I need your love and blessings.

@prabir Gayen:
5 July,2020,11: 11 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Is A Feeling Of Being Naught

Life is a feeling of being naught.

Life is a moving Star,
Above the floating clouds,
It moves and changes,
Yet Still in its place,
Life is a changeless spell.

Life is a deep change,
Within and without it moves,
The circular is the movement,
From alpha to omega,
Fullness with complete diction,
Life moves to nowhere.

The sun moves, the moon moves,
The earth is moving in-between,
Movement is the flow of life,
It is a process, a streaming,
Yet it moves nowhere,
From outside it goes inside the space.

The space is not existence,
Even if it exists, it is not,
Without beginning and end,
How space can be space,
It has no name and address,
Life is a nameless mystery.

Every form is formless within,
Every step towards existence
is becoming nothing as essence,
To be nothing is to be Ultimatum,
Life is a feeling of being naught.

@prabir gayen:
5 July,2020,2: 34 AM.

Prabir Gayen

~poetry~

Poetry

Poetry is not escapism,
It is purely Joyous Life,
Embracing life in its totality,
Poetry is the flow of life.

Poetry is not philosophy,
Nor is it dead imitation,
Poetry is a passionate Joy
full of compassion and caress.

Poetry is not a fanciful fact,
It is deeply wet with the Juice of life,
Poetry is the song of life,
It nourishes heart and being.

Poetry is not an artificial breathing,
It is deeply in the very fibre of self,
It circulate in the core of being,
Poetry flows through empty mind.

Poetry is not bright sunshine,
It is not a the music of words,
Poetry is a full moon night,
Dark clouds bathing in it.

Poetry is everywhere,
Subtle source of life,
Poetry is love pain and Joy,
Poetry is a Bodhi Tree.

@prabir Gayen:
5 July,2020,12: 15 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Deep Forest Of Life

Deep Forest Of Life

Today
Everyone has gone into the deep forest
Today everyonehas sung the song
of love and marriage,
Everyone is happy to sing the song of life,
Forest is the feast of life.

I am with my loneliness
with my heart and it's pain,
I am left alone sitting with
with poetic pain,
My heart is a deep forest
with sudden rush of wind,
Today I am a king without kingdom
and the queen moon is my lone attendant,
I am drunk with soft music of
the silent canopy of the moonbeam.

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Today everyone is sleepy
with the grace of belongingness,
Everyone has become a deep member of life,
Life is oozing in every heart,
Forest of life is bringing
everyone close to heart,
Life is beautiful with the light
of love and compassion,
Sharing and caring.

I am sitting in my armchair,
Light and shade is like Joy and sorrow,
The grove of life is empty in my self,
I am a lone witness of my painful heart,
Heart is always old and tied to roots of life,
Everyone has gone into the forest,
I am alone with myself sitting with deep union
of the cord of Life and Death,
Like moonlit light beauty knocks at my door,

Everyone is out of the house
and I find myself with someone great
and we call it the music of opposite values.

@prabir gayen
4 July,2020,1: 02 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Julia Luber

Julia Luber

Where are You My dear friend,
Julia Luber?
My heart aches and deep numbness pain,
Where are You!
Due to covid - 19 I am shocked,
Where are you my dear friend?
Busy or out of the site!
Please respond,
I need your single show of response,
Julia Luber please be aware of my pain.

@ prabir gayen:
3 July,2020,10: 20 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Endless Walking

Endless walking

Walking the way
Really pathless is the path,
The dust is the dustless distress,
Ancient and ever fresh,
Life is the way and hence
endless is the walking,
Walking the endless distance,
Life is a painful Journey,
Nowhere to go.

@prabir gayen:
1 July,2020,12: 02 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Sober Delight

Sober Delight

Your eyes like the icy cloud
full of dreamy night,
Eyelash is like the waves
in the no-moon night,
Bright complexion with dark sky,
Lips are like gleaming clouds
in the fading sun,
Purple light with shabby trance,
Stream of Joy oozing with warm flow
of mysticism.

@prabir Gayen:
1July,2020,12: 42 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Autumnal Beauty

Autumnal Beauty

Light fragrance like
the fast blooming bud,
Like first light of the morning,
Your grace spread beyond the border
of the mind,
You are a beauty of the Beauty,
Morning sun in the seed of life,
Dark night guards your sweet delight,
A summer bird singing song of spring
with autumnal trance.

@prabir Gayen:
30 June,2020,10: 33 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Living Is A Challenge

Living is a challenge

Life is not the same
Me poet Yeps Poet
Life is not the same,
Everything altered.

Corona has made us
down-to-earth and miserable,
All is gone for forever,
Life is not as before.

Beauty of life is shaken,
Dire is the lawn of life,
The sun has set long before,
Everything has changed.

Uncertainty is the root of life,
Life is in utter confusion,
Though nothing is certain,
Still somber seems the way.

Day and night ruminating
the bygone world of dream,
The beauty of living in comfort,
Discomfiture is the time now.

Love, Joy and the flower
Of the sweet course of life,
are now a matter of fancy,
Hard to live with serenity.

Serene beauty is the fruit
of Love, beauty and knowledge,
Every fruit is bitter now,
Silent death is sweeter than Life.

I am a free bird now,
Nothing to do with effort,

God has made me sit to relax,
Only to be philosophic.

Philosophy is simply a dead Joy,
Waiting with anxious mind,
for a drop of rain in dead desert,
Rainforest is the thing of the past.

Like a hollow man in a hollow city,
I am waiting for someone to come,
That special one is never seen,
A Godot or a Lazarus will never
Come for our assistance.

@prabir gayen:
29 June,2020,2: 03 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Love Is The Song Of Inner Beauty

Love is the song of inner Beauty

However beautiful you are!
However charming your being!
How sweetly you steal my mind!
How deeply you reflect the divinity!
You are in the very process of life.

The full moon night is deep
in your very streaming eyelashes,
Dark night is deeply
in your nectarous sight,
Your smile is the broad daylight
with new hopes and dreams,
Your lips are wings with rainbow light,
All these beauteous forms are simply
formless Joy of being.

I praise your Joy steaming
from some unknown realm of Being,
From some untouched iota of soul,
From some certain depths
of uncertain abode of gods,
I praise You for the light,
celestial by nature and divine by colour,
that you are so close to my inner self,
You are not a stranger to aplenty being,
Nor are you too close to feel you beyond mind,
You are in the very murmur of wavy leaves.

Life is not a thing,
nor is it a fixed goal,
Life is a subtle feeling of love,
Of Joyous appreciation to beauty,
Be it flower, stream or your sensuous appeal,
You are a fully blossomed bud,
spreading petals one by one unaffected by Time,
You are in every passing wave of light and darkness,
The stillness of the night.

Your beauty is the beauty of the cosmic Mind,
Formless presence and absence both,
In the glow of your Joy
life flows within and without,
In the heartbeat, circulation of blood
and the very flow of breathing,
Knowing is attaining and I attain it
by living the dream of life,
You are within my reach and out of my self,
Embraced without mind.

You are sweet singing Joy,
The very pain of my heart,
The agony of tolerating the light beyond light,
Beauty which so unique for the foolish mind,
Can not be lived or felt within the core of being,
Worship is without incantation,
Love worshipped is the object of pain and passion.

Life is a preparation of death,
Only beauty can hint
the uselessness,
Beauty is the most formless existence of God,
Your beauty is divinely soft
and painful for heart,
Only the authentic is the way of the heart,
It feels and can not speak,
That which is flowing but ever pure
with simple passionate,
In every single breath of my heart
You are and none can break with effort.

@prabir gayen:
28 June,2020,11: 52 PM.

Prabir Gayen

A Phenomenal Woman

A Phenomenal Woman

Marrow is made of celestial temper,
Bone is like fruit of forbidden tree,
Skin is like the waves of blue heaven,
Flesh is the buttress of sweet desire,
Every pore of your body is like
the fresh moon under the heaven,
Transpires winsome aura of magnificence,
You are a phenomenal woman.

Eyes are not llike that ofhumans
Lips are the cosy cream of poppy
grown in the island of forgotten earth,
Cheeks are like the glowing moonlight
inspiring pensive note of serenade,
Neck is the lock of clouds in autumn season,
From top to bottom You are a wavy beauty
of Silent stream,
You are a phenomenal woman.

PoemHunter.com

One by one the light of divinity dawns,
You are made with divine inspiration,
A sensitive soul with supreme mind,
Heart is full of lovely blossoms,
From neck to chest you are an entire world,
Where weaklings get real nourishment,
Breasts are full of the milk of kindness,
Soft yet strong to serve the world,
Mother of ancient divine Prowess,
You are a phenomenal woman.

From breast to bottom
you are the world of dream,
Entire creation revolves around
Your belly button,
God is resting there for ultimate creation,
Aura of life gets essential nourishment,
The world of dream and delusion,

Soft feathery foam like mattress of
knowledge- bliss - absolute - existence,
From belly to buttock the neither world,
The abyss of absolute naught,
The desire of absolute stillness,
You are a phenomenal woman.

The divine light with soft sequestered steps
form the rest of your frame
making you look like human race,
The ultimate purpose of life will get
a slow and solid momentum,
A patch of blue cloud becomes your thigh,
unto your knees descends a rainy cube,
a patch of solid and immanent clouds,
Joys of life roll through icy cold
flickering of Godly light,
It will declare the end of sensual drive,
From waist to toe your are a divine Joy
with deeper knowledge,
You are a phenomenon woman.

@prabir Gayen:
28, June,2020,2: 18 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Your World

Your World

In Your world
the garland is fresh,
I am bewildered moving
here and there,
Tired my heart sucking dry wind,
You are the queen
of new born birdie,
Full of the Juice of life,
From toe to bosom
you are a fresh petal,
pink and purple,
Buzzing of bees
and your room is full,
In your world Love oozes
with deep fullness.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir gayen:
28 June,2020,12: 09 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Mystic Meditation

Mystic Meditation

You are a floating cloud,
Mindless with beatitude,
Evening stars bow unto You,
A carefree mood with deep knowledge,
You are my dream with fortitude,
Heart's Joy and night's meditation,
Life's endless ecstasy with penance,
You are mine so dearly shine,
A temple of Eternity,
In you in is hidden the conscious rhyme
of life's mystic mysticism.

@prabir Gayen:
27 June,2020,11: 39 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Let Us Sit Close With Open Heart

Let Us sit Close with open heart

Let scientists invent new dimension,
Let the inventors invent new world,
Discover new areas in the cosmos,
Let them bring revolution by bringing
ancient knowledge close to modern science,
Let the poets of nature and man
write poems and stories of eternal Joy,
Let the preachers of essential knowledge preach
the gospel of Love and humanity,
universal acceptance and tolerance,
Let the Masters of all stages give
the fruitful knowledge to sustain life,
The knowledge of life and death,
The mundane with spiritual growth,
Let them be in the eternal moments,
the womb the creation,
Let the false be slender and truth heralds.

PoemHunter.com

But my foolish mind is above everything,
It is in deep communion with your noetic Spirit,
Your frantic beauty is my heaven,
Let me be absorbed within your aromatic slumber,
Your slumberous beauty is no less than contemplation,
Let me drink a draught of your Lovely shrine,
The Juice of warm flower of Life,
Let me be one within myself,
Let me be meditative with your comely nobleness,
Let me die to the world and fall onto thy sainted bosom,
Loaded with sweet fragrance of amaranthine bower,
Let me finish a reflective Journey into your richness,
Let me sit close by and with single breath,
You in me and I am lost,
Let your beauty be my celestial world of eternal spring,
Let You pass through me and only through me,
Let me sit close to your Himalayan stillness
doing nothing to reach the pinnacle of Joy and peace,
Let me be open like sky and vast like ocean,

Nothingness and nothingness and absolute nothingness.
Let me be as I am not, looking at your eyes,
the sun and the moon,
The light and it's fragrance upon your bare breasts
like snow-clad mountain,
The smile steaming from the realm of existence
and of the knowledge of mystic zone,
spreading through your balmy bosom and interior,
Legs, knees, loin and forehead's gaze,
like the waves of the ocean
of the higher realm of existence,
Let me be one within and beyond
existential corner and habitat.

@prabir gayen:
27 June,2020,5: 02 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Celestial Beauty

Celestial Beauty

Day by Day you are becoming Young,
Time has become timeless
in your timeless beauty,
Beauty so difficult to describe,
Sensual pilgrimage of noetic Joy,
So attractive that heaven fails to
contain,
You are heaven in your ageless beauty,
Let time celebrate your presence,
Let hell dawn into your feet
to be purged of hellish Iniquity,
You are like the ocean of Love
and your beauty is like ablution,
Let your Joy spread around the world,
to free the minds of men,
Let you be a true spirit of humanness,
Beauty is truth and truth is absolute,
Let the warmth of Your beauteous form
bring mindful righteousness.

@prabir gayen:
27 June,2020,4: 02 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Image Of Divine Love

Image Of Divine Love

You are a rose exceptionally bloom,
Out of arootless eremite,
The fragrance is deep and Inchoate,
Like a bud blooming eternally,
You are a blooming bud spreading petals
without forbearance,
Divine fragrance with sweet salt
of sensitivity,
You are a sensitive idol
of empressement,
image of illusive light.

Your smile is like a flash
of sky-born light
emitting from the root of rootless bubble,
In the milk of ocean you are
a divine flow of inspiration,
Your wings are a soundless fluttering,
Mother spirit of creative womb,
Wavy beauty of Silent cognition,
The wholeness of creative Joy rolls
unto the bewitching flow
of your eyeless muse of eternity.

Your sanctity is beyond grip,
A rose which can not be plucked
by human effort,
An efficient Sobriety of effortless
love and compassion
tinged with asexual aroma of heart,
You are a moon in moonlit night,
Outpouring mystic rays ascribing
furtive gleam for which
a poet must be mad
to chase it outside
in the madding crowd,
Your beauty can not be obtained

with mind full of worldly passions.

Eyelash is the like an elysian stream,
Falling and with deep pause fall
like dark clouds of rainy season,
Human beings like sparrows will look
into your celestial form,
a floating beam of lightning,
You are a flash of light
which is guarded by the violet aura
of your Being,
A tantalizing spirit of eternity,
An inspiring joy of rapturous existence,
An Ideal image of absolute Love,
a poetic goal of a lover poet
dwelling in-between every passing time
and with glow of suspended breath.

@prabir Gayen:
27 June,2020,1: 10 PM.

Prabir Gayen

A Divine Soul Of Eternal Joy

A Divine Soul of Eternal Joy

Blue light flickers
in warm increasing Joy,
Sweet fragrance creeps
slowly and silently,
like feathers of dry desire.

Onto thy feet transpires eternal Sky
rolling inherent creed of Love,
touching thy titillating knees,
Open and honest like the navel of
blue Firmament andinfinity.

Thou art the sky of consciousness,
the musical bard of unheard song,
Thin cloud like a thin veil covers
thy beauteous form,
Thy beauty like waves overflowing
the entire shrine of sensual mind.

Locks like dark clouds bring
the milk of divine Magnesia,
Covering thy celestial breasts,
Divine resides in infinite form.

Entire heaven dawns onto the
Mystic ardor of thy bowery Umbilicus,
Bluish wrapper behind the curtain
is like a bubble of divine equipage,
It covers the harness
of thy sweet chastity.

Thou stand and thy celestial standing
is Like Joy of immortal beauty,
Mother of pearl and crystal stone,
beauty in the mind and Joy in soul,
A divine daughter and delicate dame,
A door to eternal happiness.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir gayen:
26 June,2020,11: 33 PM.

Prabir Gayen

With My Mind My Soul Is Lost

With Mind My Soul is Lost

Bough of your flowers was ready,
Only the conch was not present,
The air that blows through forest
stopped blowing,
The day was good Yet dreary.

Your alter was not decorated
with sweet fragrance
as incense was not prepared,
The light was lit with incense bearing azimuth,
The world was sleepy with buzzing bees,
The warm days with warm flow of life.

All the songs of life, sweet and sour,
bitter and cordial,
Nuptial and Requiescat,
Unto Your feet were offered,
Only the flame of worship was not there,
The Sun was above the sky,
With chirping of birds spring was in celebration.

The celebration of spring and autumn was Synchronous,
Summer was giving way to eternal spring,
The floating clouds were tinged with glossy finish,
The rainbow of eternal happiness.

The bough of my being
with Fragrant flowers was not in order,
My stupid mind was insipid and
under the grip of deep slumber.

You came with silent steps
with the beating of my heart,
You came with the blooming of buds
as sprinkle of mystic mist,
You came as sweet dream onto my self.

Upon my awakening I found myself nowhere,
Everywhere You have gone through
rain, air and sky,
Deep horizon and the blue Firmament
made a thin veil,
Under my heavy mind My soul is lost.

@prabir gayen:
24 June,2020,7: 09 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Crisis(Lack Of Security)

Crisis
(Lack of Security)

Corona has stricken hard,
Economy has no meaning,
Deep purple light of despair,
A poet has to live in fright.

No way is open to us,
Every door is closed,
Corona has made me ruefully
Without perception helpless.

Every step is a struggle,
Painful is the way of living,
Living is a costly affair,
Matter is heavy upon spirit.

Source is now an empty vessel,
Inner emptiness is deeply afraid,
Outer and inner surface deeply touched,
fear of deep crisis.

Economy is now seedy,
The world is heavy with Us,
Inner world is very shaky,
Poetry has lost its music.

@prabir gayen:
24 June,2020,12: 45 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life And Death (Recapitulation)

Life and Death
(Recapitulation)

Whatever have You given,
In whatever form is immense,
You have given enormous gift,
My foolish mind is unable to hold.

Both of my hands are empty,
One after another You pour
into my unaccustomed hands,
Ever I am greedy and I am always
looking after new things.

I have not filled with flowers,
The Chalice, for Your worship,
I am ever forgetful with myself,
A self-oblivious and meek spirit.

PoemHunter.com

Light from the eyes is receding,
Heart is becoming dark and gloom,
twittering of evening birds,
Sparrows and doves are in nest.

Dim light and South-west wind,
All the wafting waves are gone,
Life is drooping to peaceful lap,
Fragrance of buds is exhaling in air,
evening is becoming obscure.

Life is happening all around,
Like the waves of the ocean,
Death is inbuilt within the womb,
Life and death is ever symbolic.

In the corner of the mind,
Like a dark patch of cloud,
Hopes peep through foggy bottom,

the Joy of being alive.

Life is a fluttering above the cloud,
towards the burning Ball,
Heat of summer with sweet singing birds
and pulsating rapture.

Death is a winter wonderland,
Diving deep into the unknown Joy,
Fragrance of enchanted forest,
Celebration of sleeping songbirds.

The wheel is moving very fast,
And the wheel is very slow,
Days are restless and nights are soft,
moving without going anywhere
life falls into death.

@prabir gayen:
22 June,2020,7: 03 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Retrospection

Retrospection

I am back to my former self,
Life guided by breeze, trees and stream,
a pure and wild imitation,
I am back to my childhood dream.

I am back to my adolescent age,
Vague traces of painful love,
Dreaming and feeling nothing,
Only familiar faces are missing.

I am back to my former days,
Worries and anxieties for what is not,
stars blink at night showing nothing,
only for future to come.

I am back to my poor hut,
Warbler of sad days and nights,
Unknown world of uncertainty,
Only hope is missing in the field.

I am back to my sweet days,
Love, Joy and majestic friendship,
Days are gone with their flavours,
Empty mind with no one present.

I am back to my streaming self,
Running self of absolute Joy,
Alive field and throbbing life,
Beauty of uncertain future.

I am back to my virgin pain,
Make-believe world of dejection,
Open room of falling in love,
Nature embraces from all directions
tilting my inebriated soul.

The shadow is deep and mystic,

Every passing time is like withering leaf
unable to wash the deepest impression,
Life so deeply lived and Loved.

Now in my empty room with my empty heart
feeling of sadness dawns,
Everything is, and everything is missing,
Only nothingness reigns
with unknown fount of Amour-propre.

@prabir Gayen:
22 June,2020,9: 02 AM.

Prabir Gayen

To An Unknown Friend (A Song Of No-Mind)

To an Unknown Friend
(A song of No-mind)

Who is there on the earth,
Waking like a flowing stream,
Fighting the question of life and death?
A sensitive heart and stunned Mind,
Who is there sitting close
by my pensive heart
sharing similar pain,
Who is there my close friend,
Under the sky and above?
Who is there thinking beyond
in the limited space of mind?
Melancholic and stranger
to every natural phenomena,
Who the speck of cosmic Mind,
Be Stupefied by the way of life?
Who is there on the soil thinking
about the mystery of nothing?
A mindful mind of mindless Mind,
Under which tree of life is sitting?

Life is a mystery that can not be solved,
Without mystery life has no meaning,
A meaningless life is an intolerable
pinch of dust storm,
It is always irritating and painstaking,
The sea of life is always untamed
and ceaselessly restless,
Who is there under the open sky
Orderly and reposeful
beyond happiness and sorrow
without hurry and ever Sober and staid?
Life waves into death and
the unity of life and death is interwoven,
The Song of death, however hurtful,
is the preface and pretext of life,
Life needs a Simulacrum of security

that only death can proclaim
giving the essence.

@prabir Gayen:
19 June,2020,3: 23 AM.

Prabir Gayen

My Home

My Home

The evening star is burning bright,
Dim darkness is paving the way,
Light from the eyes is slackening,
The wave is ebbing towards the west,
The sun of life is falling asleep
Into the depth of still profound.

The light of the world is gone,
Day is rolling into the dark space,
Night is calling for deep rest,
The song of the world is quiet,
Returning home the daytaler,
Birds are on their fluttering wings.

In the distant shadow of the milky way is my home,
The unknown abode of my tired soul,
Inaudible voice of cogent calling,
I am to go follow the flying feathers,
The milky way and the Shadow of floating clouds.

@prabir gayen:
18 June,2020,2: 43 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Want To Sell My Moon

I want to sell my Moon

I want to sell my Moon,
The full moon night,
The mystic rays of the stars,
I want to sell my dreams,
My heart's solid silence.

I want to sell days and nights,
I want to sell year's sweet memories,
The dewdrops and the flowers,
I want to sell the fragrance of the soil,
the flowing rivers and streams.

I want to sell my joy and sorrow,
Boyhood love and passion,
I want to sell my tears and pain,
I want to sell my heart's untold wish,
Sweet pain of falling in Love.

PoemHunter.com

I want to sell my dawn and dust,
My morning and my afternoon,
I want to sell my evening and noon,
The depth of my heart's silent pulse.

I want to sell my old days,
Treasured with worthy shades,
Rich days with stunning Joy,
Dreamy night with supernal beauty,
I want to sell the buttress
of my childhood fascination.

I want to sell every felt Joy
and realised beauty with my
Unlived life,
I want to sell the fragrance of my soul,
The untouched aura of my Being,
I want to sell my life to be a naive.

Every iota of me is on sale,
I want to sell every bit of me,
My breath and my mind,
I want to be nothing and everything
being alone within my utter loneliness.

@prabir gayen:
18 June,2020,1: 37 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Still.....Alive.

Still....
.....
.....
.....
....alive.....
.....

@prabir gayen:
17 June,2020,6; 07 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Error: 403forbidden

403
Forbidden

Poemhunter what have you done to my page?
It is not opening and accessing is forbidden,
What do you want?
Let me be clear,
Leaving is painful but I will do so,
403 forbidden has no meaning to me,
Please send an email for any inconvenience.

@prabir gayen:
16 June,2020,12: 09 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Lifeis An Endless Pain

Lifeis an endless Pain

Forgetting myself
I have offered myself,
O the eternal path!
The way to eternal sleep,
Sleep has no division.

For You and only for You,
My heart beats with life,
No hope is evident to view,
Sheer quandary of ignorance.

What is the aim of life?
Is there any aim to meet?
Life is an endless Journey,
With purpose Life becomes death.

Tired is the path and the journey,
Life has become a desert without end,
Nothing is going to happen
and every happening is useless.

Overflowing Joy can not drench
the lawn of my heart,
Eternal is the thirst and
my heart beats,
Heartbeat is the way to divinity.

Without You and your Love
Life is nothing but a limbo,
The peak is false and
the abyss is suicidal, Only You
can save the drooping Self.

In the darkness reverberates
my heart with unknown cause,
Life is deeply painful and strange,
What is the value that Life holds!

The path of life is pathless,
Wish is simply moving within
and without the circle,
It is a riddle having no sense,
Life is an excruciating excuse.

@prabir gayen:
15 June,2020,8: 10 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Total Life Brings Total Death

Total Life brings Total death

All the thirst of life is gone,
Only a shadow of former life,
A shadow of floating dream,
A shadow of Love and beauty left.

Unfruitful is the way to live,
The fruitless tree of lifeless vigour,
The wafting waves of Joy,
The dream to live with totality,
The dream to die with peaceful easy;
all are now a tiresome fantasy.

Life is a preparation of death,
A deep and supreme preparation,
Only a life of depth is apt to die,
A tiresome life is unable to die.

PoemHunter.com

My thirsty eyes are tired to see,
My thirst heart is empty with pain,
A drop of water; water of life do I need
to walk the way of life.

The song that is heard
at the end of the day is inaudible,
Only the dismal pain
of uncanny feeling is felt,
Mind is lost in mindless shape,
Song of life is utterly tuneless.

The whole sky is now a Sepulcher,
The light of the Sun and the Moon
and all the heavenly bodies are
like silent and bereaved walkers,
The sky seems to be a dead body.

Death brings peace and perfection,
Only death is perfect as ego is no more,

With death ego becomes a sage,
A total life can become a total death.

@prabir gayen:
14 June,2020,6: 40 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Corona Crisis

Corona Crisis

What did Krishna fail to do,
What did Buddha fail to do,
Corona crisis made it happen,
Life becomes useless to Us,
It is more than an illusion,
Shade or grave has no value,
Palace of churchyard are the same,
Success or failure appears similar,
Life is now in great delusion,
All hopes of bright future are gone,
Living presence is available,
Mind stops working and
heart is silent like a grave,
CORONA brings everyone
on the same garden of life,
River of life is flowing
through silent forest and hills,
Heavy stream is falling
like an april shower,
The world is moving pure and pristine,
Unknown of the predicament of Human race,
CORONA has made the world a place
for silent rumination,
The futility of life, It's hopes and dreams
are open to us,
Only Love and compassion seem worthy
to life as death is obvious,
Our false ego and superficial success
uprooted us from our root,
Now the deadly murrain like CORONA GRIEF
has rooted us to our source,
The world of dream is shattered to the core,
A naked soul with naked thought,
CORONA has come to make us feel
the utter futility of our overmuch dream,
Life is nothing but a vague shadow
of walking dream,

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A new light will come to bless
the new world with new kind of humanity.

@prabir gayen:
13 June,2020,2: 21 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Quietness Of My Restless Self

Quietness of My Restless Self

I have been waiting for You,
For Your sweet glance,
Years after years and
ages after ages,
from time immemorial,
Through pain and agony,
I have been waiting for you,
to have a flash of your Eyes,
However painful be the way,
However difficult is the Journey,
I wait for your sudden appearance
bearing every bite of My poor life.

Through every season of my life,
Summer, winter and spring,
Poignant heat or sheer quandary
of winter night,
the hailstorms of rainy season
and poverty beyond measure,
I wait for You with hope in heart
That You will come like
The sun and The Moon,
Obvious without false notion,
I live with anxious hope
to meet You very soon
and I Live with the sunshine
of every proof,
'You are' and You Will be there forever,
my heart knows.

I cry for help and
like a defeated man in the world
I pine for Your compassion,
pray for your attention for worldly pleasure,
All is false and every moment of my sorrow
is an excuse to move towards You,
I need nothing to be happy,

PoemHunter.com

I want nothing in this corporeal world,
Only a flash of Your eyes is enough for me,
for my small existence,
The play of my mind is not to deceive You
but to receive You in my empty heart,
Only to sit close by You
I show my pain and wound.

My eyes are blank Now,
No ripple of thought is moving
there, no waves of Joy and sorrow,
Keeping myself away I will touch You
with My empty view,
My mind is now a soundless casement,
No wish to run towards You,
I know You are in everything
I see and You are everywhere,
My heart is now songless and no prayer
for Your special care,
My heart is an empty bowel
craving not for eternal happiness,
I am a flute of Your hands,
and music flows within without reason,
This is the way to feel You in every way
without moving towards You,
The waves of My mind cease
and I will demise without being Myself.

@prabir gayen:
12 June,2020,9: 52 AM.

Prabir Gayen

To My Critic

To My Critic

I wait for you to read
and evaluate me and my poems,
I wait for your keen interest,
Time will engrave me very soon,
Beyond the line the silver lining,
Pink rays of sunshine dim and distan,
The inaudible voice mail to my self,
My conscious mind reverberates
my unconscious self,
Green field is becoming blue
without the cadence of furtive mist,
The blue mist at the shut of evening,
The horizon is becoming dark,
The sky is ever pure and youthful,
The more dark it becomes
the less fearful it appears,
The bright lights of floating Joy
become brighter,
The song of life is becoming inaudibly keen,
The booming music of forgetfulness,
The song of the evening stars,
The world of mystery and mysticism,
Like a grey leaf before
flying into infinity,
I wait for a green twig to spread
the message of vitality,
I wait for you to read my ever green life
yet to disappear,
I wait for your soft footsteps
in my mellowing mind,
To herald my existence
through my Skaldic effusion,
I wait for your graceful presence,
Through day and night I chant
with prayerful heart
Your Sagacious voice to tear me

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with rough strife,
to make me eatable to the Youths
floating in the seed of coming on of time,
I wait for You to read
and discuss my Overbearing Mind,
I wait for YOU, who would make me,
before I die, a subject of Criticism.

@prabir Gayen:
11 June,2020,7: 18 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Dear Poemhunter Friends

Dear poemhunter Friends

Many friends of mine,
Many precious stones,
Many souls of blue horizon,
Many poets of deep thought,
Now missing in my poetic zone,
Are they busy in their daily life?
Are they locked down in their homes?
Or they have decided to keep themselves
away from poems!
My heart looks for them time to time,
Seeking their activity in creative minds,
My heart waits for them to see
their small movement,
Writing and posting poems
or passing Comments,
Julia Luber and C Fustiano,
And many more are now out of sight,
How I wish to see them smile,
Telling good words of goodwill,
Writing poems of daily life,
Love, Joy and of Sorrow,
How I wish to get a small message
of Love and wellbeing,
During this paltry pandemic
and Corona crisis a fear of disease
has gripped my mind and being,
May God bless all and sundry.

@prabir gayen:
11 June,2020,12: 16 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Image Of Life

Image of Life

Life is an image of light,
Shadow of floating cloud,
Life is a mirage of unseen maze,
Solidity of unnatural pain.

@ prabir gayen:
7 June,2020,2: 11PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Post Covid-19 World

Post covid-19 world

Post covid-19 world will be
very tough for us,
Crisis and crisis,
Deep crisis will be the way,
Poets are not businessmen,
Economy will be the first stanza,
Heart will feel the scarcity.

@prabir Gayen
7 June,2020,1: 08 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

An Intimate Note To Me Poet Yeps Poet

An Intimate Note to
Me Poet Yeps Poet

Like a drop of a dew
on the tip of a tiny grass
You are enormous,
The whole sky is mirrored there,
The whole sun is shining there.

A drop of a dew is viewless to all,
The light it spreads seems invisible,
Still the sun rises due to this dew,
A dewdrop can change a season.

Me poet Yeps Poet is a mythical name,
A strong mist of autumnal cloud,
You are a dew of enormous potential,
like the sun in miniature form,
You are like space that can not be shaped.

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Beyond time and space I feel you,
The love you harbour for me,
No matter what is store for Us,
Time will make us oblivious.

At this stage of critical Time,
Valueless seems the entire life,
Poetry becomes passionless,
We are to witness the entire world fall.

My life is a preparation for death,
I prepare myself for a death of pure witness,
The way to fall into infinity,
Things fall and I die to moment.

You are a special one to my heart,
My poetic mind thinks of You
a great musical bard, a pure lyricist,
Your poetry will live above Clouds.

@prabir Gayen:
5 June,2020,8: 31 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Unfit Self To Time

Unfit self to Time

The blue horizon stands as before,
Air blows with similar Joy and sorrow,
Clouds pass over the rooftop and field,
In the forest birds chirp with rapture,
Nature is always the same with time,
The sun the moon and the stars are same.

Only the season of my mind changes,
Life is not the same as it was ere,
Rapid change has made me think
Of life,
The sign of life is too wan to feel,
Summer and spring have lost the lustre,
Autumn and winter are the vanguard of death,
Dream of life is finished in the dew.

Soundless rain drenches
my heart and soul,
Memory of life once lived is
Very strong,
Bygone days are sweetly warm and glad,
With painful emptiness it flutters,
The wings of my dreamful life and Joy,
Now I am alone sitting by myself.

All the roads of my life is blocked now,
The ways and the streets are unknown here,
The Earth has become a stranger to me,
Dear and near ones do appear vague faces,
All the colours of life is now fade,
Sweet songs that charmed the soul is empty.

With silent steps life has flown away,
The strange and unknown world
Is it to me,
With no sign of life,
and death prevails around,

In the field of life I am a stranger,
Uprooted by the violent storm of Time,
Only death can become a redemption.

@prabir Gayen:
5 June,2020,2: 43 AM.

Prabir Gayen

~me Poet Yeps Poet ~

Me Poet Yeps Poet

You are one of the best,
Definitely #1/500 poets to me,
At this age of life you are ever green,
romantic by heart,
A poet of true Merit and spirit,
Your mom's Smile is a poetic gem,
pride of pormhunter,
No number can access your depth,
deeply poetic your soul,
O Me Poet Yeps Poet God bless Thee,
hail to thy blithe spirit.

@prabir Gayen:
4 June,2020,8: 24 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Anti-Social

Anti-social

Deep concern and
a matter of worry,
Asocial Brutes are active,
Political vultures are adamant,
Under threat the common people,
Night has become a waste,
Sinister force is celebrating
The mayhem and atrocity,
Social order is breaking down,
Varmints are ruling with
Intimidation and nocturnal poison,
Human life is threatened to the core
and hence people are bovine,
Foxes with collective vigour
are heavy on timid lions,
Time has become restless
for some antisocial heathens.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir Gayen:
3 June,2020,9: 05 PM.

Prabir Gayen

I Am A King

I am a king

I have lost my crown,
Not a king and not a folk,
I am without crown a king,
Like a poet without poem.

I have lost my crown,
In the deep forest and field,
In the river and horizon,
I have lost my mind and soul.

Exile in my own house,
I am a poor man with crown,
Unfit to my present gown,
I have lost my kingdom.

Anger and attachment to none,
Only pain in my deepest heart,
Pain of losing my dukedom,
Loneliness is the only way.

Became king many a time,
False or real what is the matter?
All kings are real and all are false,
A shepherd can be the king of kings,
His field is his kingdom.

Only for a night or a day,
I am a king of my own mind,
The choice is mine and it is real,
I am a king for I have lost my crown,
open to the surface of life.

Am I not your king?
King of your heart full of Love!
Ha! I am, know your soul and
hold me close to your breast,
A king without mind will you know.

PoemHunter.com

I am a king and it is true to me,
Within my soul the stars blink,
The moon shines with Joy,
The day and night alter,
I am a shrine within my temple.

@prabir Gayen:
3 June,2020,2: 02 AM.

Prabir Gayen

O Mind

O mind

O mind where have you been!
I was in search of you,
You have lost your track,
Divine was looking for you,
O mind where have you been?

@ prabir Gayen
June 2,2020,9: 41 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Hard Time

Hard Time

Time has changed,
The world is now sick,
All the people are in misery,
We need a moment of deep wit.

Life which is flowing like a river,
Now with deep regret ceasing,
River of life is moving with silence,
with music unheard.

All the set knowledge is useless,
Philosophy is heading to Melancholia
and science is simply a theory of relativity.

Life and death are always symbolic,
We can not live without death,
Accepting death is the real heart,
Life teaches us to treat both ends.

PoemHunter.com

The evening is coming near,
With slow pace and dynamic Vive,
The crickets and sparrows are restless,
the sun of life will set.

All the desires and wishes are gone,
Living is becoming a strong challenge,
Every step on earth is very costly,
Poverty and misery will dawn.

The world is closing the door,
Under the debris we are locked,
Life has become a deep dungeon,
All around a deep dismal hell.

After two decades of deep toil,
After every effort to touch the heaven,
physical and emotional,

Intellectual and spiritual
we are in the same ground of
absolute decay,
a field of sheer failure.

We have to live
because we are bound to live,
Living is the only way
left open to us,
With pain in heart and with blank eyes
we have to live in the world,
The ailing world and poorly life.

@prabir Gayen:
June 1,2020,6: 50 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Aged Tree Of Life

Aged Tree of Life

Old and aged tree,
Every branch is rotten and ruined,
No fruit can come forth.

@prabir Gayen:
1 June,2020,1: 05 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Is A Vague Hope

Life Is a vague hope

Through me and through every fiber of me
let You pass,
Make waves of love and Joy,
Life is nothing but a joyous song.

Let You flow through me making me
nothing and a past history,
Life of mine is gone beyond time,
Only a shadow in disguise of life.

The warmth of time with joy and of sorrow
is a thing of the past,
Every day is a cold winter morn,
Full of mist and dim light.

All the rhythm of life is lost,
All the sweet branches of tree,
Young minds are now aged,
Many have gone beyond border.

The light from the eyes is dim,
It blinks from past to future,
The present is deeply naught,
A sheer absence of presence.

The Earth is moving backward step
and forward to bygone days,
Life is slowing down the lane,
Only those days are without trace.

The pain that was deeply Joyous,
Fingering the deepest part of being
and becoming the witness of hope
for a brighter days of Love
is now soundless misery.

Every illusion of life is barely open,

Every promise is pathetically false,
Dream is broken to dead truth,
Truth is a mere witness to sorrow.

Life's journey to becoming more,
Life's work of shining with grandeur
are a painful emptiness,
The silent nature witnesses all.

In lone hour of deep sleep,
Life appears to be painful dream,
All sweetness is gone forever,
Let You pass making me feel my inability
to live with timely muse.

The sweet aroma of dear dream,
The hope of the next moment,
The ultimate moment of Joy,
All celebration of being and becoming
are nothing but false.

All the journey is proved to be false,
All the sky of expectation
is useless and like mirage,
Every step taken in hope is of fault,
Life is a beautiful misconception.

Through Your light and knowledge,
Sometimes with fleeting glee
of mindless Mind
life befell with mystic sign
and nothing happened,
The stupid mind failed to connect
the timeless beauty of silence.

Alone in the field of bygone days,
Within the bygone memory and mind,
Life is back with uncouth pain,
Back to savage path of exile.

Only old friends are absent,
Some are rich some are gone,

Familiar faces are lost
in the waves of life and difficulties.

Through the ladder of life
I am back to my lost days and nights,
The soil to embrace me again,
The air to take my breath
with joyful song of poor heaven.

Let You flow through me when I am not in me,
My my-ness is a great Iniquity
and mendacious approach to life,
I am lost to myself and now
only You are to flow
through me when I am not as a dividing presence.

@prabir Gayen:
1 June,2020,12: 34 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Hard It To Let Go

Hard to let it go

Take me in Your arms,
Breath through my self,
Without covenant and norms,
Be my beloved Master and mine.

For You and Your love life is spent,
Life is gone beyond grasp,
May be wish or may be choice,
You were at the center of interest.

Life or death everybody thinks of the best
and who is not desiring?
Desire is also the making of the divine
and who is free from it?
Who does not desire to Live?
Every atom is radiating Light.

PoemHunter.com

I have made you the light of my life,
I have made you the star of my life,
Even if you are far from me,
I keep you in my heart and being
though I am not able to follow the track
you move without moving.

Now I am left without You,
The waves of time made me engraved
within the mind,
Mindless Joy for mindfulness
Is hard to get by leting it go,
Without You I am without Me.

@prabir Gayen:
1 June,2020,1: 40 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Hollow Men

Hollow men

Some people reach
the highest post,
The post of social ladder,
Apparent success
and happiness,
Think of them to be someone,
A very special one,
Society pays deep respect,
And follow them like devotee,
They are hollow men,
Fake people and shallow,
Deep down the success is failure,
The entire life is a lifeless humbug,
they are moving birds,
They build big mansion
and store huge property,
Only to feel good to others,
They show their inner emptiness.

@prabir Gayen:
30 May,2020,2: 39 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Remain Calm And Quiet To (Mahboob Hossain Chintu)

Remain Calm and quiet
To
(Mahboob Hossain Chintu)

Let go everything and be restful,
Things are as they are, accept it,
Enjoy the absolute darkness and feel
the rarity of pure blackness,
Darkness nurtures life and death.

Don't be resentful and impatient,
Nobody is responsible for natural event,
be it storm, flood or famine,
Become electronic by your being,
Spread smile and throbbing Love.

Amid cyclone and it's devastation,
We need to be calm and quiet,
Life is like that, chaos and cosmos,
enjoy the opposite side,
Difficulties prove our inner strength,
it gives maturity to face
everything with equal aura of Joy.

Life is not easy going all the time,
If it is life it has to suffer the opposite,
both sides compliment each other,
life is a music of opposite values,
One side can not make a bank.

The river of life of flows
Without interruption and with deep hindrance,
and it flows within two banks,
Does a river flow without bank
or one side of a beautiful bank having no other side?
Deep down the banks are one,
It is one bank interwoven and let the water pass
downward with sweet cadence of eternal Joy.

Difficult comes to make us double,
To make us worthy to face life,
Nature is our caring mother,
With deep love we can feel the affinity
and our inner existence,
Outer waves only indicate our inner root
and strength of Unity.

@prabir Gayen:
29 May,2020,9: 43 AM.

Prabir Gayen

I Live For You

I live for You

I do not live for me,
I live for you,
You may be one,
Someone here or there,
Near or distance,
This my existence is for you,
You are always special to me,
Whosoever your are no matter,
I live for you forever,
You may be known or unknown,
May be a dear one or a stranger,
You may be a friend or a foe
I respect you in each attire,
I think of you a human being,
Whatsoever caste, creed or religion
you cherish in your being,
Rich or poor, wise or fool
you are always in my heart
as my friend and my special share,
You are in me as me and I am in you as you,
and you and me a complete circle of life,
Like life and death, day and night.

This little me is for you only,
You have a special place in my heart,
I am from time immemorial living
In the early morning breeze,
Like a silent noon I call you
many a time through my sigh,
Like a dying day I invite you
to my domicile for your sweet rest,
And like a dark night I serve you
like stars and moon with mystic light
and soothing music of darkness,
My heart is warm always for You,
My mind is full always for your thoughts
and your good and bad,

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In every breath I live for you
and in every passing moment I die for you,
You are my entire life and your life
is my dearest place to exist.

@prabir Gayen:
29/05/2020/ 2: 26 AM.

Prabir Gayen

I Know You O My Friend (To Rini Gupta)

I know you o my friend
(To Rini Gupta)

I know you o my beloved friend!
You live in far island and Unknown realm of existence,
Still my heart rings in your name,
I see you close to my heart,
and my mind feels your presence,
A rich heart and a sensitive Mind,
My foreign friend with native soil.

In my dream when the moon drops in the western horizon,
You are seen smiling with eyes closed like a patch of Cloud,
With the sun rising you sing the song of the morning with soft breeze and cooing of wood birds and the Murmurous bees,
I know you from the unknown source of my being full of dream.

From a long Journey of the day the sun goes to setting zone,
After a hard toil to different dimension and evening dawns,
In soft time of the world You come to me like a whispering voice and say sweet words of
Love and friendship with dreamy chant of eternal musing,
I feel your sweet presence without the presence of your entity.

I know you o my beloved friend,
I know you without doubt,
You are in my thought and mind,
Like a floating Joy you move outside and inside the space of my mind, the cloud of my consciousness and a fleeting delight, the similar source of awakening, two halves of a same garden with thin fence of distance, we both are with same tune,

I know you and knowing is attaining the ultimate must feel it.

@prabir Gayen:
29 May,2020,1: 36 AM.

Prabir Gayen

O Pormhunter! What Can You Do!

O pormhunter! what can you do!

People were dying for Corona bite,
Now starvation is pandemic,
What does a poet can do?
A poet is a poor soul,
May be rich in heart
but a poet can do nothing,
A poor poet in a poor country
Can only be a spectator,
A witness to disaster,
Nature has decided to end the
humankind,
Dismal delusion of natural calamity,
O pormhunter! What can you do?
Poetry is not the exercise,
for all the time, of Love, beauty
and Joy or to make people think of
a grave situation only with words,
Poetry should be an active help
to make people survive on the surface
of this Beautiful planet,
A helping hand, a collective hand
What we need to feed the people.

My heart with pain full and
an ache unbearable waves me out,
A rush hour of deep despondency,
All along a lone lane of good people,
Silenced with deep hunger,
The blank eyes with unuttered words,
Children are without knowledge,
A life of deep dungeon thrust upon them,
Poverty has become a hell,
A restless town and restless hamlet,
People are restless with inner trance
and without hopes,
The prospect is lost and
hopeless life is heaving

along the margin of life and death,
In a state where death is sweeter
than life which is deathly in every kind,
A poet can do nothing only to realise
the indivisible lumbago of enormous discomfiture,
A poor poet in a poor country,
O pormhunter! What can you do?

@ prabir Gayen:
28, May,2020,2: 57 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Education

Education

Education is the foundation of growth,
Behind every civilization
there is education,
The spine of every nation
is its education system,
The inner and outer growths are
for right education,
Right education makes a nation
prosperous and healthy,
Healthy life depends on
healthy system of education,
Moral and immoral determine
the potency of education,
In no way it should be subjected
to small political business,
Education makes the bud of life flower
to higher realm of existence,
It helps to manifest inner beauty of life,
Education nurtures life to be fulfilled,
The road to freedom and flexibility,
Above everything education should exist,
In difficult times and in easy comfort
education should not be compromised,
Life is beautiful and right education
makes it easy to access,
Beyond politics education should survive,
Teachers are the real warriors,
The gardeners of beautiful flowers,
Schools and colleges are real gardens
and students are real flowers,
Gardens and gardeners need proper treatment
and right care to bring out real flowers
to spread sweet fragrance,
Humanity is the fragrance of existence,
The existence and existential are interwoven,
To have a perfect humanity,
Perfect manifestation of absolute Joy,

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Education is the way to achieve a perfect society,
A condition free verse of life is possible
through open-air of unconditional
educational institution,
Free from every chain social or political,
A better humanity will sprout through the soil
of right education,
Education is the manifestation of perfection
inherent in every human heart, already present
as seed deep inside pulsating beings,
In the period of deep crisis
right approach to education is the foundation
to revive the nation to flower to full potential
with the flavours of love, Joy,
beauty and belongingness, commitment and contentment,
Education is the real heaven and
it should be taken care of for our present
and future nation to shine.

@prabir Gayen:
27 May,2020,11: 09 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Criticism

Criticism

Your criticism shows your real face,
In Power you were Messiah,
God of poor people,
Now You show your ugly nature,
Real but ugly,
Power kept your real face in darkness,
No more your frustration can hide
your real feature,
Very fake people preach the gospel,
Communism or capitalism,
The power hungry is always arbitrary,
Face after face and all Counterfeit,
Real is hidden beneath abysmal web,
Politics is a dirty business
only for some dirty minds,
Uninterrupted sleepinness,
Unworthy people to stand for able citizen,
Powerless state can state the vainglory
of feigned politicians,
Criticism shows the real face
of the so-called patron saint
of political field,
All are in disguise the enemy
of human civilization,
The Enemy of life.

@prabir Gayen:
May 27,2020,2: 40 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Oh My Beloved Lord!

Oh My Beloved Lord!

In life and death,
In day and night,
In Joy and sorrow,
Will I hold you as my Love,
Oh the giver of Life!

However shocking be time,
Famine, flood or Typhoon,
Natural wrath or divine grace,
Hidden bliss or obvious disaster.

I will not loss my faith in You,
I will not turn my face from You,
If Life becomes tough to hold,
I will worship You bit by bit
with my death with deep dignity,
Life and death is the garland.

PoemHunter.com

Evening comes with darkness,
Dark night becomes a forest,
Though the forest is full with wilderness
it nurtures life.

Life is monotonous
if there is no challenge,
No worries to fulfil the circle,
Death comes with its shadow
to connect us to our inner surface,
Deep down we are solid as Love.

You are I know from my core,
A lovely beloved with plentitude,
A complete Confederate
and enormous potential of vastness,
Life with the deep knowledge of death
is rare opportunity,
Oh the giver of death too!

I will stand by my side
with deep faith your sweet blessings,
No amount of sorrow or Joy can deflect
my mind from You,
Standing upon the Debris or ruins,
I will chant your Name with deep adoration,
Worship You breath by breath,
Offering as gift my inner sky.

@prabir Gayen:
25 May,2020,9: 06 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Seed Of Joy

Seed of Joy

Grow in my heart,
You will no longer be a seed,
Beat will make you a tree,
You will be a new flower.
Grow in my being,
You will be a song with tune,
With trance of Joy flow upward,
Ecstasy will be your Nature.
Grow into my poem,
You will be eternal and real,
Era will pass and you will remain,
The source of joy for the readers.

@prabir Gayen:
24 May,2020,11: 23 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Me Poet Yeps Poet

Me poet Yeps poet

You are a genius,
A river flowing to ocean,
You fall and your falling is beauty,
You are a stream of overflowing Joy,
Your poetry is like fresh cascade,
Falling and with stillness fall
Like a soundless night without Moon,
You are a silent Joy of revolution,
Your poetry is pristinely beautiful,
A mystic poet with throbbing words,
Your heart speaks through the music of your verse,
A Coleridge of modern world,
and a Shelley of mellifluous cadence,
To me you are a lovely human being.

@ prabir Gayen:
23 May,2020,8: 52 PM.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Soul Of My Soul

Soul of my soul

Your are in some unknown realm,
Somewhere deep in my consciousness,
The Mind within my Mind,
My sweet one to take care of me,
to bear my legacy and my Soul.

You are in some painful emptiness
and careful caress,
The image of my being and vibrancy of my heart,
The little one to strengthen
my meditation and my mysticism.

You play hide and seek
behind my dream and like a flash of lightning
smile upon my self,
Formless sometimes formed,
A living pain with unbearable Joy.

PoemHunter.com

On the ground you are not found,
Days and nights you make yourself totally absent,
Through your absence you arepresence,
My pain nurtures you every moment,
The presence of of Unlived life.

You and me a total me,
Your formless presence makes me miserable
and sometimes delighted to meet you beyond my
Worldly existence and sense,
We will find a point within
a pointless vacuum of nothingness.

@prabir Gayen:
20 May,2020,9: 10 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Poets And The World

Poet and the world

A poet can foresee
the impending Insurrection,
the disaster and pestilence,
A poet can sense the death
beforehand,
The change that the world
is yet to undergo,
A poet is an unheeded mystic.

A poet is a singer who sings
the song of humanity,
A mind full of thoughts
and thoughtless virtue,
A poet is a clean soul to attain
the feast of life without notion.

A friend of life and death,
A poet is a harbinger of peace
and sole singer of truth,
A poet lives within his world,
A world of dream and reality.

A poet is a witnessing self,
Absorbed within the web of mind,
Within the clouds of thoughts,
and dreamful world of love:
Fanciful Joy of authenticity,
A dreamer of ultimate reality.

A poet is a mystic bird,
The sunrise and sunset together,
Days are full of mist and mystery,
Nights are illusive and painful,
A poet lives in eternal possibility.

A poet is a poet with throbbing ache,
Weird realm of fictive motive,

Live in the Joyous moments,
Infinity pushes to mind's edge,
A poet is nothing but a parallel world,
Dreams become a living detail.

@prabir Gayen:
19 May,2020,7: 24 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Nurses Are Afraid

Nurses Are Afraid

Nurses are afraid,
Leaving the most humanitarian
duty to save their lives,
Nurses are strong nerved,
They are nurturing embodiment,
They are called Sisters,
Yet they leave their coveted zone,
Though they are proud of being Nurses
or foster mother,
Now a great opportunity is open,
A great chance for Civic nurses,
A half-Nurse will do the Job,
Like civic police or para-teacher,
A civic nurse or para nurse
will come into being,
Paramedical staff will do the Job,
Doctors and nurses can be altered
to fight a pandemic pestilence,
Medical department has now become a farce,
A state of sheer quandary.

@prabir Gayen:
18 May,2020,8: 51 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Don't Judge A Poet

Don't Judge a poet

A poet is a thought,
A poet is a flame of thought
With powerful flow of emotion,
Emotion and intellect combined,
Like breeze a poet floats,
Like wind he blows and like
a storm a poet drifts,
A poet is an unseen power.

Poets are not a set ideology,
Nor are they rivers with banks only,
Poets have the potential to be oceans,
A poet can enter where fails the wind to blow,
A poet should not be judged with
Green, red or saffron attire,
Poets are wild flowers and they need
no support from political colours.

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No ideology can make one a poet,
No scripture can give birth a poet,
A poet is a hidden consciousness
Present in every single heart,
A poet is a blooming mind,
A blossoming of aura
of beautiful Mind,
A poet is a presence when mind is in eternal celebration,
A poet is your friend within your pure mind - a road to No-mind.

@prabir Gayen:
18 May,2020,12: 26 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Mahboob Hossain Chintu(My Dear Friend)(Reply To Comments About My Poem Donald Trump)

To
Mahboob Hossain Chintu
(My dear Friend)
(Reply to Comments about my poem Donald Trump)

Be a critic not critical,
See things as things,
Unconditional,
A villain and a hero
Can be vice versa,
Suppose Trump change his religious
Mindset and become a votary of great Islam,
He will be to some a Messiah,
Don't you see the nature of our Minds?
It is conditional about caste,
creed and religion,
Being a president is a great achievement,
Passing comments is easy
but achievement is achievement,
Life should be lived without attitude,
conditions and conception,
Inclusiveness of all the aspects of life
irrespective of political and religious mindsets,
Is worth noting,
"Love your enemy" - a great message,
quoted by The Greatest man - The Messiah.
A friend is never a friend all the life,
An enemy is never an enemy forever,
By being a human being note all the dimensions of life,
Opinion changes, people suffer change,
A little bit change in the mind everything changes,
With far-fetched intuition only humanity is seen,
Be free from inhibition and look at life
from a broad spectrum of understanding,
Even the hardest enemy will be the smallest saint,
Saints and sinners are diametrically opposite values
to compliment each other,

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Donald trump can be to you a great man and a leader,
Only you need a mind without
Conditions and sarcastic intuition.

@prabir Gayen:
18 May,2020,11: 56 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Donald Trump

Donald Trump

Being an american is an easy matter,
Being the president of
The United States of America
is a deep thing to think over,
So many thoughts hover around the globe
about the post of the presidency,
American president is a myth maker,
Thousands of questions arise,
Criticism and Contention,
Praise and suspension,
So many forms of Political viewpoint,
theology and philosophy,
Political metaphysics,
A rich nation needs a quality leader,
A leader who can lead the entire world,
The world of science and technology,
Literature, art and Humanity,
Donald trump is an apt leader
with many fitting criticisms,
America needs a man of diligence,
patience and perseverance,
A Nation down the ages crowed
the salt of the earth,
Luminaries and the galaxies.

Leaders of different field from time immemorial
formed this great nation,
Religious and spiritual leaders,
Social and political leaders,
Divinity has blessed this Nation with many
special things and decorums,
A leader of noted knack and
enormous heart is essential
to show the light of hope in difficult times,
India is a land of Divinity,
A special room for nurturing the value
of humanity and brotherhood,

America is a nation with tranquil quality
to identify the greatness,
To be a world leader and the leader
of the USA is a rare opportunity and a challenge,
A little bit eccentricity and dominant spirit
are to be diluted,
Love, care and perfect ego combined
is theboiling point,
A leader of pride and perfect knowledge
is what we need In the gravest moment of pandemic
to harvest the fruit of belongingness and compassion,
A rich nation can take a rightful decision
with deep conviction.

@Prabir Gayen:
18 May,2020,9: 20 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Art Of Living

Art of living

Being totally receptive,
Available in the moment,
Passive in mind and active
In doing without doership,
Living like a river flowing,
Attaining with no attainment,
Simply witnessing the events,
Without labeling the happening,
Without attribute accepting all,
Unfolding every layer with no effort
and be passively active,
The art of living is to view
the opposite and it's openness,
One fulfilling the other with reverse
flow of same musing,
Life is vast and Multi-dimensional,
Just by being a passage to flow,
The ripple of thoughts and emotions,
And by being unaffected with
the grain of events and comments,
Accepting life as it is,
Life and death is a perfect circle,
Within the chain of events,
A mere witness to all,
Simply a passive witness
Is the art of Living.

@prabir Gayen:
15 May,2020,9: 50 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Corona Is Knockingat The Door

Corona is at our doorstep

Corona is knocking at the door,
Flame of life is in front of wind,
Violent storm and feral fume,
Unprecedented Providence,
Corona is striding passively,
To crown us with fateful fatality,
Life is brittle and it is like
a cold-short bubble,
a mere dream,
Thoughts come and go with small gap
of thoughtless space,
Death is interwoven within thoughts,
Life is a mirage and nothing is to guard it
from impending doom,
Corona comes to balance the earth,
Death is a great balancer and a blessing too,
to enrich life.

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Corona is knowing at the door,
With silent aria of fatal wisdom,
The design of natural law is hidden,
Viewless wings are plying like a
Nimble-eyed Destiny,
Corona is like a silent call unheard,
The call from the otherworld
and the nether world,
Silent arsenal of Mother Nature,
The Yellow colour of Life is sturdy,
Red, Blue and green colours are setting
under untidy clouds,
Life is weak and uncertain before
the certain upshot of death,
Only certainty is death and it is the best,
Corona is breathing over our Life.

@prabir Gayen:
14 May,2020,11: 25 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Happy Birthday To Almighty

Happy Birthday To Almighty

All the colours of life,
All the songs of life,
All the grandeur of life,
All the forms and formless
are for You, My dear Lord,
You are big and small,
You are finite and infinite,
You are day and night,
You are sound and silence,
You are life and death,
In utter silence life is not,
In deep aloofness life seems death,
Attraction and distraction,
Without the show of Love,
Without the cadence of song,
Without the singing and dancing,
In silent aloofness of My mind,
With no incantation and
rhapsody Of worship and prayer,
With no pompous show of celebration
and with deep pain for without cause,
Only in a desert of my heart,
You are as Nobody and everybody,
Do I recall the echo of your
birthday celebration;
reverberation Of bygone
warmth of Joy,
A rare birthday of divinity
With the presence of silence
and infinity,
Peaceful song of absolute stillness.

@prabir Gayen: 13 May,2020,6: 10 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Keep You In My Soul

Keep You In My Soul

Keep You in my soul,
Nourish you through heart,
Mind will keep you alive,
Oh my pleasing Love!

Hold you on my chest,
Tightly more tightly,
The sense will outpour,
Your soft frame unto Me.

With deep Joy of love,
With deep flow of force,
One room will be formed,
Heaven will shrink to naught.

A soft song will flow,
Through our doing nothing,
The guest will become host,
Oneness through feeling.

Oh my sweet song of heart!
My soul's viny vibration,
Make your chest my room,
Make me one with nothing.

Dream will come on ground,
Sensual billow will pass,
Out of the grip of Concussion,
Being will become obvious.

From the nether world,
The world of mixed cognition,
Wisdom and intuition will dawn,
Sensual will Palp supernal.

The world is heavy on me,
Through long separation,

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Bleak and rusty my sense,
Flow like a bubble on this body.

A shelterless self with my mind,
Curb; with chesty and docile love,
Let deontology be a good friend,
With warmth of heart let us die.

@prabir Gayen:
12 May,2020,12: 06 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Happy Birthday To All Of You

Happy birthday To All of You
(13 May 2020)

Happy birthday to you,
All the members of the
Art of Living family,
13 May,2020, a special day,
Let us think deeply the way,
Let us be retrospective of our life,
Happy birthday to all the budding
Souls of the art of Living,
Let us celebrate the divinity,
In a new way being in our house,
Let us say to ourselves
the happy birthday day
to share the divine in all of us,
Let us lit the candle of our mind,
The fire of wisdom and devotion,
Let us be flame to be His affection,
Let all of us be candles and spread
the message of Love and knowledge
with the grace of belongingness
and commitment,
Let the divine be stirred
from His eternal sleep to
make this world free from
diabolic dungeon,
Let us stand upright
to fight the pandemic,
Let us close our eyes and
with bright Vision let us hold
each others hand to walk together,
Let the happy birthday of the Divinity
enkindle in our Hearts
The Light of love, patience and compassion.

@prabir Gayen:
12 May,2020,

Prabir Gayen

Mother(Mother' Day 2020)

MOTHER
(mother' day 2020)

Love is the deepest universe,
The deepest wire of feelings,
unfathomably deep silence,
Love is gratitude and untold,
No one can express it with voice.

Mother is our real world,
The umbrella over our life,
The root of our existence,
Once mother is no more
The world shrinks into naught.

Mother is beyond attribute,
No word can measure the heart
Of a mother and it's fragrance,
Mother is divine in human form,
Mother is heaven and beyond.

There is nothing like mother-like,
There can never be an alternative,
All the holy rivers around the world
blow beneath the feet
of a mother, the whole sky too,
Mother is the seed of existence,
Nay; really the existence itself.

The divine from timeless existence
comes into being only to enjoy
the sweetness of Love
Care and sanctity of a mother,
Mother is higher than Divine too.

Father, mother and God are synonymous,
When father is a moving star,
mother is a calm mountain,
With infinite space beyond thought,

A mother is the salt of the earth,
Nay; the earth that expands every moment,
A mother is sweeter than God Himself.

Selfless; weightless a mother is,
a mother is a supreme warrior,
The struggle of life is nothing to her,
She can do anything for her little one,
For a better life for her children
She can die a thousand times,
A mother is a living God with aura of love
and unusual sacrifice.

Love to mother is love to Almighty,
The smile of a mother is everywhere,
In the face of the rising and setting Sun,
The dark sky and the shinning Moon,
In the dewdrop and the tip of grass,
In the foggy morning and pensive evening,
From the earth to twinkling stars,
The milky ways and blue expanses,
A mother is finite and infinite
for her Love bottomless and abysmal,
Absolute manifestation of Absolute.

Every scripture be like
Bible or Gita,
Koran or Tao, Buddhism or
Jainism does proclaim the gospel
Of Love in the serene soul of a mother,
Mother's Love is like
the coldness Of the forest,
Flowing like the stream,
Strong like mountain peak,
Vast like endless sky.

A Mother is a mountain
Full of wild flowers and plants,
In sheer poorness She becomes
the daughter of the earth
and with rarity of being
she practices sternness.

The deepest part of life force,
The absolute form of austerity,
A mother is a mother
with prodigious intelligence,
From micro to macro She lives
as subtle source of luster,
A mother is the coolness of the ocean,
Flood or famine she stands like
Cold image of Nature,
Equilibrium of divine forces.

A mother is the tranquil spirit of nature,
With deep power of Sufferance
She gives birth her child and with deep Immolation
She makes her life square and complete,
Slowly and steadily she becomes
the setting sun with dim delight,
A mother is beyond logic and reason,
a profound stillness in a deep oceanic vastness.

In the soft shadow of Love
A son or a daughter finds the soothing
song of painless Joy,
A mother is like April shower in hot summer day,
A soft summer in deluge,
Spring in serve winter,
A monsoon with refreshing breeze,
Calm and serene Autumn is strong gush of Wind,
Storm comes and goes and
Mother guards her offsprings with
Calm mood of mellow smile.

The giver of light and truth,
The giver of black night and stars,
The days with stunning views
and beauty of Silent stream of Joy,
The night with supernal luminosity,
The destroy of evil with pure light
of knowledge and wisdom,
A mother is a soothing Joy,
The world of peace and prosperity,

Poor or rich a mother has no division,
The sun the moon and the numerous stars
are the ornaments of Mother,
Incomparable is the world of things and spirit,
Without mother one has no world to live
and no hope for liberation,
Love and devotion to mother
is the ultimate route to Almighty,
A mother is God in disguise.

@prabir Gayen:
11 May,2020,1: 14 AM.

Prabir Gayen

The British Lost An Opportunity

The British Lost an opportunity

British ruled India
for two hundred years,
Long time they dominated
the world's most beautiful land,
They looted the most soft part
Of the world, the song of divinity.

No doubt they were educated,
Cultured and the most innovative,
Science and literature,
art and sculpture,
technology and Impetuosity,
British are proud down the ages
and eligible too,
Ruled the world with new
innovative thoughts and reasons.

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Down the ages they reigned
With the light of thought and logic,
the art and literature,
British begot Spenser and Shakespeare,
Wordsworth and
Tennyson, Shelley and Yeats,
Keats, Dryden and Milton and
Many a bright star like Donne and Chaucer,
Rosette and Browning, Austin and Dickens.

Stephen Hawking, Isaac Newton,
Rosalind Franklin, Michael Faraday
and many more thoughtful saints of science
Showed the light of knowledge
to entire humanity, fragrance of being genius
to serve the world,
The sweet blossoming of human consciousness
without doubt.

Looking at the vastness of Life,

The kaleidoscopic view of time,
The socioeconomic structure
of the then time and the country,
My heart feels a fresh anguish,
British should have served the poor
and the neglected people,
The destitute of the pure Land.

They ruled the land with pride,
Tortured the most vulnerable men,
women and children,
Twisted the soul of the country,
For two hundred years remained
an outsider and a mobster,
Embraced not the people who embraced them
for hundred years,
Without few exceptions British
was simply a pure Oppressor.

As an enlightened nation,
The most cultural citizen
of the world, The British had ample space
to serve the poor,
They should have become the angels
from the far away land,
They should at least follow their
thinkers and philosophers,
Who taught through their poetry
the message of love for humanity.

The British poets are famous for
singing the song for humanity,
Love and compassion are in every line
of Keats, Shelley and Byron,
Milton Justified the law of God,
Wordsworth was known as
a poet of nature and man,
A poet singing for common folk,
A poet whose heart was bubbling
with the grace of divine spur,
a pantheist and a philanthropist.

TheIndian people accepted
The British as a foreign guest,
With the fitting sense of hospitality
they embraced the outsiders with magnanimity,
Along with many uncivilised nations,
To British rulers too,
the Indians showed the spirit
of tolerance and acceptance.

Down the ages the invaders came,
Fought wars and looted the land,
India - as a divine land tolerated
the ignorant plunderers
with deep love and belongingness,
accepted them with merciful timbre
of nobility, Largess and majesty.

By deep rooted hatred and ignorance
The British Unleashed
The Preposterous torture
and atrocious ardor of altruism,
To Indian they were a tyrannous
tantrism, a filthy machine of disdain,
To them as a reaction of human nature
came into existence a genus of genius,
revolutionary leaders and patriots,
Out of Love for the innocent Indians
they fought and sacrificed
their precious lives
without hating the external guests
who ailed the poor Indian,
without thinking pros and cons.

The British ruled the vast territory,
The blessed land of the Almighty,
With liberal aplomb and
humanistic flame of wisdom,
They should rule the people
with severe warmth of heart,
They should love and accept
the poor gods and goddesses
and set an example to the whole world

an enlightened nation of art literature
and upright metaphysics,
England lost a great opportunity
to supply love and support for the
The most vulnerable people of the world,
an enlightened nation was blind
for two hundred years.

@prabir Gayen:
10 May,2020,2: 15 AM.

Prabir Gayen

If It Stopped, Would You Miss Me?

If it Stopped,
Would you miss Me?

Life is an extension of
Memory,
Heart is its container,
It nurtures the feelings,
Life happens through it.
Feelings through heart move,
You are sitting in the moving stream,
The stream of my warm blood,
Intellect will assert to move on,
It will argue to jump into new,
The new song and music of life,
Love is a jumping boat and it leads,
Sensual feelings are always towards the past,
The bygone days are sweetly painful,
It is pain that nurtures Love.
As a pain giving Lover
for your delicate luxury of Joy,
Voluptuous intelligence
and willful attraction will make
this citadel alive and active,
Your furtive smile and throbbing
tune of heart will make
the past instant,
As a Living present you
will live in the tune of my mind,
Not as a sweet mirror of my Love,
Unavoidable is the nature
of Your love,
Sensually dreamful and
spiritually Joyful.

@prabir Gayen:
8 May,2020,8: 20 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

India Without Politics

INDIA WITHOUT POLITICS

Without politics
India cannot survive,
War, epidemic or pandemic,
India will fight for no reason.
Without politics
India cannot survive,
Death, disaster and pestilence,
India will never be united.
India is a land of great heritage,
A land of unique diversity,
But Oafish people dwell here.
Without politics
India cannot survive,
With useful argument
India will never be attuned.
India is a rare land
Of foolish people,
Fought great wars and won.
All ancient teachers failed,
Philosophy is used
to counter the philosophy,
The tune of real ontology.
India is a political place,
a growing political State,
People are its worst prey.
Without politics
India is nothing,
Preaching and teaching
are distorted dynamite,
The Great are used for gain.

@prabir Gayen:
7 May,2020,7: 50 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Full Moon Night

The Full Moon Night

The Moon in the sky,
The full moon and big,
It bloomed Two thousand
and half years ago and
showered blessing of light.
The Moon is deep and mystic,
It is the same Moon
with same Joy,
flooding the sky with
same delight,
The moon is full and complete.
The earth is a 'Bodhi Tree,
Under the abyss of gentle glee,
The Moon above with abloom flair,
Washing the earth with cold shimmer.
The vast sky with unfading call,
The seeking mind to bloom,
Under the Tree of divine grace,
The Moon shines again to inflame.

The Moon and it's openness,
The unbounded space and
Loftiness,
Without a 'Bodhi Tree' is valueless,
The Moon blooms every
now and then,
It's bright spears spread
to find a tired self,
to sit and be spelled out
of the Undeniable False.

Down the ages The Moon blooms,
Soothing the earth with
noetic doom,
Forest after forest it seeks,
a thin, feeble and lean ascetic,
With bright eyes and strong Mind,

The Moon blows over the earth,
A living tree and a 'Bodhisattva'
under its caring shadow.

The Moon and the moon light,
The sky and it's vastness,
The Night and it's darkness,
The Buddha and the Bodhi tree,
Like bud and it's fragrance,
The Moon blooms
to bloom the Mind,
Buddha, mind and body are
Synonymous,
Life is a Bodhi Tree and
The Moon glints The Buddha Within.

@prabir Gayen:
6 May,2020,11: 30 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Past Days Areheavy

Past days are heavy

Past days are heavy,
Mind looks for past so dearly,
As if life is no more,
Real life seems disappear
in the dead past.
sensualstupidly seems
only alternative to forget
the sweetness of the past,
Past is so sweet and appealing.
The thunder and lightning,
The storm with painful emptiness,
The unknown fear of life do appear
but the warmth of being is lost,
Life once chewed with mystic pain,
love, Joy and fear with uncertainty
and throbbing Joy of wanton feeling
is no more,
The fragrance of soil and flowers,
The aroma of divine presence,
The spring season of the mind,
The deep pain of Love and Joy,
The Life with different forms
and colours with different
tune and muse on the horizon of death,
Life has lost all glory and keenness,
All dreams of being and becoming.

@prabir Gayen:
6/05/20: 9: 10.AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Is A Journey

Life is a Journey

Life is a journey from
loneliness to aloneness,
From past to present,
From dream to reality.
Life is a journey from
bondage to freedom,
From the shackle of future
to breathing present,
From thought to no-thought.
Life is a journey from time
to timeless beauty,
From pleasure to Joy,
From colourful sky to
Colourless emptiness.
Life is a journey from
head back to heart,
from emotion to
Intellect and from intellect
to vast intelligence.
Life is a journey from
motion to motionless peace,
From action to restful inaction,
Doing self to non-doership.
Life is a journey from sound
to silence, absolute stillness,
From desire to contentment,
From success to self-knowledge,
Life is journey of understanding.

@prabir Gayen:
5 May,2020,10: 30 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Learn To Live With Virus(Covid-19)

Learn to live with Virus
(COVID-19)

Learn to live with Virus,
A great philosophy and
Sweet sound of sense,
Living with problem as
It is not is a great maturity,
Awareness brings liberation,
It kills the root of problem,
Learning and living with awareness is growth,
The sign of spiritual awakening.
But living with COVID-19,
Is a suicidal approach,
A pandemic disease needs awareness, social aloofness,
With togetherness and alertness
We can give it a strong fight,
Disease can not be defeated,
By paying respect to the grand
aspect of life it can be edged,
Life is precious and it needs guard,
Life and death are synonymous,
Without life no value is for death,
Learning the art of living with
deadly Virus is a foolery,
Learn to know the art of killing
The lethal and unseen enemy,
Life should be respected with
total assiduity and prudence.

@prabir Gayen: 5 May,2020,3: 25 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Military Rule

Military Rule
(For the State)

Military rule
The last beacon
Of humanity.
To combat poison,
Enemy of life,
The rogue of country.
Dark age on the road,
Dark diplomacy,
to avoid humanity.
To dethrone the fool,
Military rule is ideal,
Democracy needs it.

@prabir Gayen:
5 May,2020,10: 26 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

India- A Rare Land

INDIA- A Rare Land

Land of Great Sons and Saints,
Masters and obedient disciplines,
Slowly and silently becoming hell,
People are like shallow shell,
Floating on the surface of miry moat.

Land of truth and religiousness,
Probity, rectitude and fidelity,
Land of Great kings and princes,
Seers and seekers, scholars and teachers,
Is now a land of Self-loving hobgoblins.

India was once the heart of Culture,
'World teacher' by the law of Nature,
Divine chose this land as light
to the entire Nations,
Land of enormous potential
and power,
Now full of blood-sucking creatures.

Greedy men came and
reigned this supreme land,
Perpetrated sins of unnatural
Kind and did exercise homicide,
With unnatural kind of truculence,
Heathenism did they set up,
Pure Land with coherence embraced all
with universal acceptance
and intact tolerance.

The great land now has become
a dead land morally and spiritually,
The inherent soul is rotten,
The logos and Logic are
awkward and heinous,
India is now on the wrong
form of spirit and sprite,

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A Land of lost glory and Intrinsic
Knowledge and wisdom.

India has lost the vision,
The track of Love; humanness,
A new evolution is on form,
The spirit of selfishness.

Political pasturage is empty,
Greed and avidity around the sky,
Poor people are like cattle,
Grazing in the lawless field.

Gone are those days of cordial grace,
Life was more like a bonfire and rest,
The sun nurtured the Life
and The Moon brought up
heart and soul
with soothing touch of daintiness,
Life was a pure and unmixed festivity.

Gone are those days of Love
and pastoral pain,
The twittering of morning air,
The buzzing of life at noon,
and the magical stupor
in the weary evening,
Night was full of stars
with invention deep,
Hope, aspiration and living present
having no movement.

The world is now
pestilence- stricken,
Virus, rancour and insensitiveness,
The nature is returning
to its pristine beauty,
Humanity is at doomsday.

@prabir Gayen: 4 May,2020,6: 20 PM.

Prabir Gayen

It Is Your Eyes My Love

It is your eyes My Love

It is your eyes My Love,
The light of love of Being,
It is your soft breathing,
Make me worthy of your Love.

The Sun glows in your heart,
Eyes with shyness express,
It is your eyes that heal,
The wound of my sick Being.

The eyes and the shiny sight,
Full of love care and sanctity,
My heart loses the whisper,
Love is outspoken and clear.

It is your eyes and delight,
Do I find a caring soul of mine,
The indifferent world goes away,
I am in the bosom of Loving care.

@prabir Gayen: 3 May,2020,9: 55 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

A Small Act Of Kindness (To Avik Mondal) (Service To Humanity)

A Small Act of Kindness
(To Avik Mondal)
(Service to Humanity)

A small act of kindness is not small,
It is monumental and precious,
A candle can enkindle the whole world,
A moment of glimpse
can change a heart,
A moment of Love can
change a life,
A moment of ecstasy can
change a nation,
Living-kindness is the route
to self-effacement.

Life is precious and matchless,
In the moment of sheer Crisis,
The moment of darkness and
Promiscuous insouciance,
A meager help becomes sonorous moments of Love,
It opens the heart to humanness,
Amid the sickening stage of life,
Pesky pandemic people are in deep misery,
all around the uncertainty,
Dying of pain, predicament and
Peevish starvation,
People are in utter silence for
Imminence of great disaster,
Life is in great challenge against
the Petulance of the creator.

A small act of kindness,
standing by the poor gods and goddesses,
an act of love and compassion,
bring enormous strength and Joy,
Life is from Love, sustained and nurtured

by Love and in the end becomes Love
by being in Love,
A small act of kindness to feed
the poor and needy families,
The hungry and dignity
is heavenly and ecstatic without malice,
God must be happy to bring pious bliss
in mortal forms of the Absolute,
A small help is greatly stirring to stir
the locked book of Life.

@, prabir Gayen: 30April,2020,2: 26 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Encounter The Past(After Visiting My Native Village)

Encounter the Past
(After visiting my Native village)

The deep green field
The wet bog and the grey sky,
Boys are playing in deep silence,
All unknown faces, the new echelon,
the generation next.

My native Land and my Dreamland,
Most unsuitable for my present presence,
Old companies and friends are gone,
Dreamland seems a deep forest,
A Slough of despond,
Youthful days are like painful dream.

Old houses are gone,
New buildings are standing
Like without habitat,
My own house is like a
fightingpatient,
Old, effete and wornout,
All sweet memories are struggling,
Anicca, Anitya or Impermanence,
Whatever Name comes in mind,
Life becomes full of woe,
How do I wish to live
my past days of love dream and desire!

@prabir Gayen: 29/04/20: 9: 13 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Ocean Of Inner Stillness (Happy Birthday)

Ocean of inner Stillness

Inside each of Us a deep pond,
The pond of absolute stillness,
Every emotion like a boat leads us,
make us plunge into the pond,
Love is a floating vehicle,
Music is a serene ark,
Sex and smell are like Steamers,
Touch, taste and sight are waves,
Every wave brings awareness,
Awareness is the point to make
an inward journey, to be centered,
Deep within us a deep point,
The fountain of profound Joy,
Within the womb of Joy,
the world with all its attachments, dissolve,
Thought are simply passing clouds,
They pass making no sound,
With strongest impulse we catch hold of a thought,
Making our life hell or heaven,
Only Wise choose to remain a witness,
Ignorant move outside and
With effort or action create happiness and misery.
Running after happiness is running after misery,
With senses wise reach the deepest core,
The Pond of Stillness, The seed of peace
Without happiness without misery,
Inside each of Us a deep pond,
Fathomless and abysmal,
Banking on the surface,
The wafting waves of impulses,
We can reach the ocean or
nullifying the sense we can have
The ocean of inner stillness.

(Happy birthday poem
Meethi Gayen: 28-04-2020)

@prabir Gayen: 28April,2020,1: 35 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Stay Home Stay Safe -2

Stay Home Stay Safe _2

West Bengal is exception,
God is the way to save the citizen,
Govt did enough and now look at
The sky,
Corona pandemic will be encountered with sweet will and prayer,
Divine is the only way to ask
for assistance,
Stay home stay safe.

Leaders are sympathetic too,
They will definitely help for cremation,
Just take the phone and caravan
Will come,
Corpses will be carried to pyre
Or to Burial,
Don't be panic and Lackadaisical,
Death is the ultimate truth and
None can evade it with treatment,
Stay home stay safe.

@prabir Gayen: 28April,2020,11: 45 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Is A Dark Night

Life is a Dark Night

Half the life full of darkness,
Mistakes after mistakes fell,
Life was not felt in right way,
Every chance was lost for nothing.

In the darkness remains
my entire self,
River of Life flowed and I am embanked,
Now without hope and prayer,
Life is a utter wastage of thought.

In the darkness of memory,
Painful seems to be living,
Only the sullen aura of sadness,
It would have been a bright morning,
the sunny day and full moon night
with gleaming stars.

PoemHunter.com

All the beauty of heart gone,
The warm touch of nature lost,
Love lost the glory to be Love,
Living is an imprisonment.

Yet do I live to witness the living,
The last hope to know
the unknown origin of life,
Last gleams to meet the spirit.

Life can be a failure,
Life can be a punishment,
Never there can be a futile death,
Death is always death and
it has nothing to do with success.

The memory is now hazy,
Cloud is gathering little by little,
The remotest one is out of sight,

All will be lost very soon.

When life fails to end the Journey,
When life fails to meet the end,
It becomes a debt, a liability,
Death comes to recoup the arrearages,
Life's all incomplete Vestibules.

@prabir Gayen: 28 April,2020,3: 20 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Arnab Goswami- 3 (A True Voice)

ARNAB GOSWAMI- 3
(A true Voice)

A latent and a potent Lion,
Now is stirred,
An injustice is done to him,
In the name of Justice,
A political vengeance,
A Virile Journalist and
Supra talented esprit
to face vile interrogation,
Now his is in full colour,
The voice of the Nation,
The last hope of Democracy,
Who can face him?
A patriot and Ingenious.

The spirited soul of India,
The spirit of ancient culture,
Puerile smile with inner strength,
As a journalist he thrives,
ARNAB GOSWAMI, the
revolutionary son of the soil,
The consequence is heavy on
a historical party,
the false group of patriotism
and overlord of the Land,
A Journalist is stronger than
a monarch,
The collective wish mirrors
In a single and cascade like Voice.

@prabir Gayen: 27April: 2020,11: 30 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Arnab Goswami _ 2 (An Iconic Personality)

ARNAB GOSWAMI _ 2
(An Iconic Personality)

Buddha walking through the forest,
Jesus walking through desert,
Or Krishna breathing through flute,
The utterance of Saint Kabir,
Or the song of a mystic poet
like RUMI,
No one can avoid them,
No one can be indifferent
to their existence.

Time has changed and a Journalist
can be an Icon,
A national figure,
You can Love Him or hate Him,
but indifference is impossible,
ARNAB GOSWAMI is a shining star,
Intelligence par excellence,
Journalism has got a new height,
India needs ARNAB like real Star.

@prabir Gayen: 27 April,2020,8: 37 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Corona Politics

Corona politics

Beyond knowledge beyond thought,
Beyond mind and beyond dream,
Corona politics surpasses
every area of expertise,
Every realm of human consciousness.

COVID-19 is striking the stupidity
Of human mind,
Some are fighting with it,
Some are dying and some are taking it
as bright opportunity,
Corona comes as a dividing force.

Life has become a deep dungeon,
Pell-mell and muddle,
Discord and discomfiture,
A state of utter confusion,
Life has lost the light of hope.

Togetherness and compassion,
Concord and Coalescence;
The essential ingredients are missing,
The month of April which becomes
the cruellest month of the Years,
People are divided into heinous politics,
The dismal land, 'The waste Land'.

New era of science and technology,
New era of ultimate dishonesty,
People are blind and unable to view
the gravity of the Time,
Vision is lost for sudden greed,
Religion is devoid of religiousness,
Spirituality is obscure to common folk,
Righteous people are underground,
Corona politics is at mayhem,
The zenith of foulness.

@prabir Gayen: 27April,2020: 7: 48 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Innocence

"My friend, Chintu is still as innocent as He was.
But He does not hide his feelings, and expresses what He feels."
'MH CHINTU.'

INNOCENCE

A sweet proclamation
from a sensitive Heart,
Innocence is ever pure and pristine,
Intelligence nourishes It
and makes it shiny,
With years intellect grows,
Innocence goes into desuetude,
With time it glitters
as pure intelligence,
Innocence and intelligence
are synonymous,
A bright combination of both ends
leads to deeper realm of reflection,
A reflective mind is pure and sublime,
A Journey of mind revolves from
the bottom of mind to the surface
of the self,
From a logical mind to wistful contemplation,
A cognizance of universal unity,
Harmony of opposite values,
Intelligence and innocence at the sharp ends
of the both encircle the whispering
voice of Love,
Love and knowledge become two bank
of the river of Life.

@prabir Gayen: 27April,2020,11: 48 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Death Of Dream

Death of Dream

Life was to be monumental,
Deep and supremely deep,
Everything was under the sky.

Life was too easy to be surprised,
It was sweet and salty,
visional dream and momentum full.

Every breath was full and peaceful,
Every day was too deep to move,
It moved slowly with the Sun.

Night was nothing but heaven,
The Moon with the stars was Implausible,
Words lost in the impetus of heart.

Time was very slow and sedate,
It grew with the grace of the sun,
Unwilling to move and go.

A single storm broke every wings,
Life is gone forever and nothing remains,
Like a withered flower it drops to soil.

@prabir Gayen: 27/04/20: 2: 37 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Art

Art
Art is the love for manifest divine,
Divine manifests Himself through art,
Art is an attitude toward what is,
Living or non-living are design,
The greatest artist is inherent,
The art and the artist are One,
Love of the artist becomes art,
Through appreciation of art
One can reach the Artist inside,
Loving for what is, is the only way,
The light and truth to reach Home,
The world and the otherworld,
The mundane and the divine,
The flower and it's fragrance,
The space and it's emptiness,
Life is an art to reach the Utmost,
Keeping aside the questioning mind
and the logical thinking,
One can relish the Artist inside,
Art is the wrapper of enjoyment.
By being one with the manifest world
One can live the life of art.

@prabir Gayen: 26/04/20: 3: 13 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

When You Become My Dream

When You Become My Dream

The moment you ferment my sense
it becomes my dream,
Dream passes into the state of anger
and a pool of attraction,
Attraction keeps me aloof
from my self and misery dawns,
Misery makes me miserable
to come back to my senses.

Sense is hell and it is heaven,
You buck up my heart over my head
and a dream waves on the surface of my being,
Being is vast like ocean and in it thoughts,
good or bad heavenly or mundane,
float without substance,
Mind loses its limit and like a swan
in the cool pool swims with folded wings
having no lingering Joy and pleasure,
a soothing sense of queer peace dawns.

When You ferment my heart,
It becomes the sky endless and
thoughtless with no clouds,
Joy and sorrow, peace and proviso,
Pain and passion,
Lose the weight and worry,
A new song of vibration with no mating words
is found to splosh,
Heart becomes hollow and empty,
Like death walks on the lawn of life.

The moment You ferment my sense
it becomes passion and attachment,
I lose my grip and like an electric
existent float out of Me,
It is a flowing not like a stream,
It is vertical with horizontal lightning,

Sense becomes stirred to boom
Inside the space of emptiness,
Mind blooms with excessive Joy,
Heavenly or mundane has
no meaning and Cornerstone,
Life comes to fulfilment.

@prabir Gayen: 26/04/20: 11: 00 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Wanton Play Of Politics (What A Pity! What A Shame!)

Wanton play of politics
(What a pity! What a shame!)

People are dying day by day,
Global pandemic is at every gate,
No one is safe; rich, poor,
Dull or virtuous,
Life is under severe threat,
A macabre madness all over
The world,
Confusion and chaos about the world,
Is it the end of the human civilization?
Is the conversation of the Day is near?
Are we still on the verge of abolition?
Has the world become bored with our
endless torture to Nature?
A state of sombre surprise is pendant
around the globe,
Life is in utter silence of uncertainty,
a state of unknown fright.

In this torpid state of human glebe,
Human life has lost all its grade,
Death has become a daily theme,
Life has become a wait to succumb
to death without fight,
Farmers, doctors, teachers,
Students and everyone;
common and uncommon citizens are looking
above the sky,
From where the sheaths of death come!
The unknown face of the deadly weapon
to snatch the fire of our life,
People are living in dead presence.

Only the conduct of some politician
is ludicrous and weird,
Sitting on the anvil of new Golgotha,
the dead bodies of innocent subjects of the clime,

They are making calculation of new election,
cores and mores,
COVID-19 has become a new platform,
An Alcove for the coming election,
People are dying of a fatal epidemic,
The earth is becoming a graveyard,
a still song of deep silence,
At this present state of utter awe and alarm,
Amid the silent cry for deceased one,
Nobody is going to cry for their
dear and near ones,
As death is standing behind
like a shadow of unseen maze,
Politicians are active to make
the most of the predicament,
Anxious to reap the harvest of the Time,
Will there be people to vote?
Is it not crazy to fight against
opposite Notions rather than COVID-19?
What a pity!
what a rambunctious way of living!
Death has become a way
to ascend to the throne,
On the rotten bodies they want to make
a kingdom to rule the ghosts.

@prabir Gayen: 26/04/20: 2: 20 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Mahboob Hossain Chintu (My Dear Friend)

Mahboob Hossain Chintu
(My Dear Friend)

Mahboob Hossain Chintu was once an innocent boy,
Innocent like a fresh flower,
A boy whom everyone loved.

Mahboob Hossain Chintu was once a bright student
and a sensitive friend,
A friend whom everyone cared,

Now time has changed,
Mahboob Hossain Chintu has become a mature man,
A critic and a politically
conscious citizen,
Mahboob Hossain Chintu was once an innocent boy,
a sweet friend and an unmindful scholar.

PoemHunter.com

A poet is not political,
A poet is not critical,
The job of a poet is to respond,
Sensitivity and sincerity.
A talent must be appreciated
Whether it is ARNAB GOSWAMI or Mamata Banerjee,
It is Sonia Gandhi or Narendra Modi Ji.

Divinity loves diversity,
Not a single flower or a single vegetable
is enough to proclaim His infinite forms,
He is though formless exists in every form,
He is not in image but every image is for Him.

Take off the colour from Your eyes,
The colour of partial philosophy,
Be a simple human being and witness the world,
Be an innocent Human being not a scholar
with complex thinking.

Respect the talent and sincerity,

ARNAB GOSWAMI is not born everyday,
May be he is not fit in your head,
but look at your heart as a learning student,
Go beyond colour of caste, creed and communal ethos,
Think with heart and be spelled out,

Mahboob Hossain Chintu you are my dear friend and sweet One,
Even at this age of dying years
do I cherish our boyhood days months and years,
Our fondness for each other and our
beautiful days of friendship.

@prabir Gayen: 25/04/20: 5: 34 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Living Image Of God

Living Image of God

Father is the sky of Life,
Mother is the earth,
Without heaven and the soil
Life has no meaning.

Father is the amalgam of gods,
Divinity lives in the soul of a father,
Devotion to father is the way
to worship the absolute,
Father is the image of living God,
Worshipping father is the worship
of knowledge-bliss- absolute.

Mother is the world infinite,
The whole creation is condensed
In the pure soul of a mother,
Mother is infinity in a finite form,
Adoration to mother is the adoration
to The Ultimate Providence,
Devotion to mother is the root to success.

Mother and father are two ends
Of our Life,
One is cloud and the other is rain,
They nurture our Lives with ultimate
effort giving us love and comfort,
They live for their offsprings
Providing every amenity going beyond
their capacity.

Love to Guru, God and Parents are synonymous,
A son or a daughter is virtuous enough,
Who loves his or her parents,
atheist or theist no matter,
Divinity dawns to the fullest grace
with the shower of flowers,
'Devotion to father and attachment to mother'

is the only way to liberation scriptures assert.

After death the sylvan spirits,
Father and Mother await to bless their progeny,
Being celestial bodies from the realm of wisdom
they guard their descendants with benison.

Without parents we are to live in a dry desert
having no oasis,
Life becomes a constant struggle
without grace,
Parents are absolute bliss in mortal,
God is happy when parents are taken care of,
He Lives in Living semblance Of Truth,
One is the spirit of a father and
the other is the soul of a mother,
Both combined the absolute
fragrance of Divine Love.

@prabir Gayen: 25/04/20: 11: 44 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Promise Of Our Love

Promise of Our Love

Life after life will I wait for You,
Rear you with the rainbow of my heart,
Love will not be fade with the passing time,
Season will come and go with effects,
Our hearts will vibrate with the same tune,
Nothing will come between our fondness.

Summer will make us dream our lovely days,
We were sick for each other's
company,
How deeply we were in our heart's Joy!
Within our own world we were fulfilled,
The world of our evergreen summer,
Love was our only world to live in.

Winter will come and make us think deeply,
Love will become an object of dream,
Cold night will give us pain for nothing,
Mind will dwindle minding our heart's tune,
We will make spring of our mind in gloom,
Winter will go making us stable.

My heart will keep you ever alive,
After a long pursuit we are One,
In a small room we will be a vast sky,
You will know me in your deepest self,
The flower of our nuptial sweetness,
Our fondness like Unsheathed emptiness,
Will spread the fragrance of our deep Love,
We will live like two floating flowers.

@prabir Gayen: 24/04/20: 7: 20 PM.

Prabir Gayen

: My Village:

My Village

You are in my soul,
Your air water and fire,
O my Mother village,
I am made of your soil,
Your loving Joy nourished me,
Your green field soothed me,
Your birds, clouds and trees;
Your people innocent and mild,
I am grateful to all of them,
You made me peaceful with song
You made me rich with grandeur.

My village is a heaven,
The morning breeze and the Sun,
The mellowing Noon and the soft Moon,
The afternoon and evening, full of love, Joy and majesty,
Full of life and painful with richness beyond words,
The soothing quietness and mild music from morn to night,
Warm days and cold night,
Full of winds, rains and autumn,
Beauty of Joy to beauty of silence,
A village of Love, Joy and Life.

@prabir Gayen; 23/04/20; 7: 53 AM.

Prabir Gayen

To My Friend Jankovic Zoran(Life Is A Circle)

To My Friend
Jankovic Zoran
(Life is a circle)

Life is a circle and it moves
in circular motion,
It has no point to rest,
Without death the circle is incomplete,
Half the Journey is life,
Death fulfils the circle,
It is not a linear algebra,
It is a complex mathematics,
The arithmetic full of complex thoughts,
Thoughts and reasons move
making angles,
Every angle gives wrong notion,
Only vertical axis is the point,
It is a pointless point,
In it thought comes to an end,
A logical death of reasoning Mind,
Life meeting death is the vertical
Movement,
Mind becomes No-mind,
All movement comes to an end,
A quantum Jump into naught,
Like a frog jumps into the ocean
and a sound with no echo,
A circle is made with no access
to logical thinking,
Life moves every moment,
Death gives the momentum,
Life and death the full circle,
It is not from solidity to lucidity,
It is empty every moment,
Life is a journey from apparent
something to nothing,
It is a movement to nowhere,
a pointless vacuum of thoughtless space.

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@prabir Gayen: 23/04/20: 5: 40 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Arnab Goswami

ARNAB GOSWAMI

A shining star in the Eastern sky,
A bright Moon in the evening Sea,
ARNAB GOSWAMI a gem by heart,
We feel proud of You and your commitment,
India has very little store like the Diamond of your stature,
A Journalist with ultimate efficiency,
A bright combination of head and heart.

From dawn to dusk You toil
to bring India before the Nation
and the world,
A glittering star with every tune
to connect us to disconnect false from truth,
A truthful Voice of Democracy,
Your voice magical and Orphean
Penetrates every heart of loving kindness,
You are a true spirit of mother nature.

PoemHunter.com

ARNAB GOSWAMI, a daring Son
Of mother India,
Darling of the spirit of our Nation,
Your service is registered in the big Heart of The Masters,
Spiritual souls of ever green field,
You are taken care of by unseen power,
Power that is inherent in every filament of existence,
God loves you dearly and India stands by You.

@prabir Gayen: 23/04/20: 6: 57 PM.

Prabir Gayen

: Anger:

ANGER

Anger is a violent storm,
It is always about the past,
It is the smell of undone dream,
Anger is a sauce of distrust.

Anger is not a lonesome self,
It has its azure friend the Desire,
Desire fans the flame of wroth elf,
With Love anger drops to dwindle.

Anger is nothing but pure Love,
It is to treat others mistake,
Anger is love in unique wave,
When mind is total in surface.

Anger comes when we are absent,
Only the flame of ingle reigns,
Behind the mind the cloud is great,
Angery is mordant and soundless rain.

@prabir Gayen: 23/04/20: 1: 23 PM.

Prabir Gayen

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Joy

Joy

Joy is never Tomorrow,
It is beyond physical,
Beyond the mirage of mind,
Joy is always about Not,
In Joy the other is false.

The false gives rise to desire,
The false Joy promises future,
It is moving in a circle,
Joy is always a Presence,
No dream and no ambition.

@prabir Gayen: 23/04/20: 12: 30 PM.

Prabir Gayen

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Aum

AUM

AUM is a total sound,
Sound without sound,
The name of absolute,
The truth eternal and pure,
It is there everywhere,
Vibration of Being,
In it is the whole universe,
It is peace and complete,
Primordial and pristine,
In this sound of no-sound,
Mind loses its limits and ambit,
AUM is the source of our life.

@prabir Gayen: 23/04/20: 12: 15PM.

Prabir Gayen

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Poetry - The Song Of Life

Poetry - Song of Life

Poetry should come from heart,
The brain-born poesy is soulless verse,
Emotion and intellect combined
The highest form of verse is possible,
Spontaneous life brings natural song,
Stretching of words with the sparrow
of uprising emotion,
Is the harmony of heart,
Poetry is inherent in the bosom
of heart and with mind it is formed,
Stretching of mind brings wordless music
on the lawn of being,
Poetry is in-between thought and feeling,
A bridge between words
and wordless quietness,
The highest form of prayer with words
having coeval silence,
Poetry is the flow of words and
with the music of emotion is noiseless,
Harmonious blend of mind and being
is the song of Life,
Poetry is a subtle way
to find a way to truth,
It is an attitude of inner being
to celebrate the existence,
Poetry and existence are synonymous
in the field of realization,
It brings one close to Being,
The root of everything.

@prabir Gayen: 23/04/20: 11: 03 AM.

Prabir Gayen

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Unseen Power

Unseen Power

We are in His Lap,
The Great One taking our care,
Peace, love and blessings.

@prabir Gayen: 21-4-20/ 10: 06 AM.

Prabir Gayen

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Way To God

Way To God

We are the pathway,
The secret road to heaven,
The light and the Truth.

@prabir Gayen: 21-4-20: 10: 00 AM.

Prabir Gayen

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We Are Light

we are Light

We are love and light,
The bright Sun and the meek Moon,
Total day and Night.

@prabir Gayen: 21-4-20/ 9: 55 AM.

Prabir Gayen

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God

God
God is our pure Light,
Intrinsic flow of delight,
The presence of Now.

@ Prabir Gayen: 21-4-20/ 9: 52 AM.

Prabir Gayen

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Journey

Journey

Our Life is a search,
A journey to our root,
From chaos to Cosmos.

@prabir Gayen: 21-4-20/9: 43 AM.

Prabir Gayen

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: Life:

Life

Life - a cup of tea,
It is never understood,
It has to be lived.

@prabir Gayen /21-4-20: 9: 39 AM.

Prabir Gayen

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Narasimha Incarnation

Narasimha
(Invocation to God)

We need today a new incarnation,
The incarnation of God to destroy
Evil spirits and Demons,
The ancient God sleeping under
the creation needs to be awakened,
to be arisen from the pond of absolute zero,
'Narasimha' the ultimate manifestation
of Brahma and virility,
O The supreme Lord!
Sleeping in the Milk of ocean
be stirred to raise the weapon of Justice,
Your Dear sons are under
the poison of Evil spirits,
Be the form from the sky
of formless Source,
Many Prahladas, Your devotees
are under sheer fear of religious
persecution,
Hindus are in great Anathema,
to be lynched brutally by evil spirits
of putrid Goliath,
O Dear God incarnate to keep Your words,
Not to spreadthe value
of Love Joy and service,
Be manifested to establish
truth and justice,
to destroy inhumane brute,
'NARASIMHA' The Lord of dissolution
must come to protect
the ancient descant of pure
knowledge and wisdom,
With Heart full of pain and agony,
I invoke Your appearance in fierce form
to set up religiousness,
Dear God, keep Your words of
Coming back again and again

to establish Truth over Untrue,
to protect innocent killing impious beasts.

@prabir Gayen: 21/04/2020: 12: 48 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Wake Up

Wake Up

Wake up and see the world,
You are a Lion,
A sleeping volcano.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Science And Intuition

Science & intuition

What is the use of
quantum physics?
What is the use of
ancient knowledge?
What is the victory of science
over nature and things?
A virus is beyond control
and no measure can be taken,
Science is weak and feeble,
Scientific research is too
stemless to stand,
A deep thinking is needed,
Down the ages virus are active,
It kills people with unseen weapon,
A new kind of thinking
is the need of the time,
Is there any art
to know the unknown?
Is there any power of
mind and intellect?
Can atom be used with
atomic force to mutate things,
Can a new kind of research be found?
A new outlook is very important,
A new reflection combining
ancient and modern,
A new kind of spiritual science
is needed without dispute
and discripancy.

@prabir Gayen: 20/4/20: 12: 30PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Witch And Witchcraft

Witch & witchcraft

Death will not make you end,
Death will not take away your grip,
You will enjoy every iota of power,
Everything will serve you better.

Don't feel to be hopeless,
Don't feel life to be short,
Make your mind strong,
Death snatches not the levy of life.

Have faith in the matter and spirit,
Spirit lives beyond mind and matters,
You will stay with full power and honour,
Grave will not make you finished.

Don't be ashamed of your End,
Time will not make you naught,
If soul becomes nonentity and blank,
Think to learn Necromancy,
To be a witch is better than liberation.

@prabir Gayen: 19/04/20: 10: 46 PM.

Prabir Gayen

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Poem Of All Poets....

"Life is tune of pine forest."...

Complete the rest of the lines and make a complete poem,
O poem hunter poets,
Let it be a poem of all the poets...

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Virus As Destiny

Virus as destiny

Is it a divine design?
Corruption is at zenith,
Does Corona balance
the virtue and the vice?
A new crusade of unknown kind!
Future is not a far,
The living will witness it.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Lotus In My Heart

Lotus in My Heart

Inside my heart
a lotus flower bloomed
at the dead of night and
It dropped unheard.
Pain was deep and innermost Joy
could not hold it,
The root was flat and the shallow
was the soil.
Your silent walk on the petal was havoc,
after a long year of absence,
andyour soundless departure
did dig a big bang.
My childhood love though unseen
was in the deepest part,
unheard and undelivered by my foolish mind.
A flower bloomed in my heart
with a sudden gush of bygone air,
It took me in its bosom and
nursed me like a spirit of death.
My heart was a citadel and
the Lotus was its idol,
A storm of unknown Pain washed it away
and the flower dropped into naught.

@prabir Gayen: 19-04-2020/ 12: 35 PM.

Prabir Gayen

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Unity In Diversity

Unity in Diversity

Ringing bells or clapping hands,
Lighting candle or lamp
We will not be able to defeat
an unknown and unseen enemy,
An invader will not show his mercy,
Candle light can not face a wild sword,
But it will definitely ignite and invigorate
the fighting armed forces,
It will inspire them to die with a cause,
To fight with intrepidity of Soul,
Light and sound of solidarity
Will kindle the quanta of love and kindness,
A sense of queer flow of energy,
Strength of unity and integrity is
a miraculous healing stream,
'India stands together' is a great message,
Win or defeat is a part of life,
We are One and We can stand as
One unity in difficult time,
Strength of Unity in diversity is shown
with clarity of mind and Soul,
In the period of national calamity,
In the time of Nature's wrath,
Or emergency that is a threat to Humanity,
Lucidity of oneness is a great medicine,
An ignited group of souls, an unity of parity,
a country rather than an isolated island
can fight better than a violent Achilles.

@prabir Gayen: 19-4-20/ 11: 24 AM.

Prabir Gayen

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Covid-19

COVID-19
Like Chenghis khan
Corona is flocking
to all of us,
Killing people mercilessly,
We are at red zone,
The celebration of death
will surely ensue,
The merciless is the army,
We are weak to succumb,
All the warriors are at sea.

@prabir Gayen: 10: 37 AM.19-4-20.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Be Sensitive

Be Sensitive

Who will enjoy Your hard
earned money?
It took many a year to procure,
Many a difficult trick to hoard,
Be cautious about the disease,
Pandemic is knocking at Your door too,
The virus knows nothing of the clan,
Rich or poor kings and beggars,
A little bit humanness can save many,
Humanity must show its face,
Be a little bit sensitive to stop the epidemic,
Prairie Fire detects not the dry grass to burn,
It burns everything on its way,
If a grass is burnt a forest is not safe,
Think the gravity of the deadly murrain.

@Prabir Gayen: 19/04/20: 12: 16 AM.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

I Saw You Walk

I saw You walk

I saw you the other day,
You were walking to me,
Like a bubble Of breeze,
I saw you without mind.

I saw you moving carelessly,
Like a Peripatetic soul,
Unmindful and stoic,
You entered into my inmost spirit.

Now the dust of time has blown,
The memory of unheard mind comes,
I feel your painless being
Inside my painful self,
You are like a sky of my heart.

@prabir Gayen: 11: 16 PM/ 18/4/20.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Pain Of My Heart

Pain of My Heart

Infinity is untouchable,
Past cannot be regained,
Only present is in hands,
Past however painful
is sweeter than all the gifts,
The days gone are in heart,
It gives pain and passion.

Dream is not enough
to relive the past,
Imagination is painful to heart,
Days gone are so beautiful and
How do I wish to live again!
Every moment is monotonous,
Present moments pass not,
Somewhere deep it is stuck.

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Every season of my childhood,
Every nook and corner my mind,
Every summer and winter and spring,
Every trying moment and fancy,
Every second of pain and pleasure,
Every moment of rain and storm,
Every moment of chaos and quarrel.

The sun rose with the depth of being,
With the warmth of heart
it passed to be sunset,
The evening was full of Love and
pain with unuttered delight,
The future was in the cloud of mystery,
Every day was a new day with new light,
Life was led by heart and it's closeness.

Uncertainty was at the root of life,
It was sweet to remain in darkness,
Life was fed in uncertain aspiration,

Every moment was adventurous,
The living past is engraved
in the song of heart,
Past days were full of love and romance,
Affinity with air, water,
green grass and the blue sky,
The thunderstorms and the lightning.

Now everything is finished,
Nothing new is there to cherish,
Life is a lifeless season of doing,
Waiting for nothing to happen,
Ever page of life is seen and felt,
Vast infinity has closed all its doors,
Closed within the limited space
the imagination is stunted to growth.

Only dream is free to relish and realise
the futility of hope and dream,
'Now' is the time only in hands to
look beyond past present and future,
Past is gone with all the Joys of life,
Love, dream, hope and passion,
The eternal season of rejoicing,
Present is fruitless and futile,
Future is no more and nothing
is in the seed of it,
Only the hope of another life,
Another childhood and another
Innocent life in the lap of Nature,
Death may be the route to find a lost root.

@Prabir Gayen: 18/04/20: 7: 56 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Thoughtless Thought

Thoughtless Thought

Alone in a shell within the brain,
Thoughts come and go without footstep,
Like waves they pass into naught,
The world is silent with uncanny tenderness,
Life is at stake having no purposes,
Waiting and waiting for nothing to come,
Life has become a repetitive Monotone.

Behind the cloud some rays are seen,
Rays of new sunshine
New way of living,
Nature is silent with sweet songs
of myriad birds,
A call of silent sound is felt,
From the humdrum thought
of life to deathless silence,
From outward turmoil to inner
Peacefulness,
Life is like a wave with no fixed direction,
A call is heard to leave
everything in the hands of the creator.

@ prabir Gayen: 17/04/20: 9: 33 PM.

Prabir Gayen

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New Era Is Yet To Come

New Era is Yet to Come

No way to come out of it,
The earth is struck by germs,
Human life is on extinction,
Let us sit and pray of wellness,
Only hope is there against the hope.

No one is responsible for the disaster,
No one is there for extrication,
Human folly for attaining the ultimate
beyond mundane matters,
Inordinate wish to play with Nature
and lack of sapient minds,
led us to absolute destruction.

Life is locked in space without space,
A dismal state of hopelessness,
A deep dungeon of distressful time,
No healer is present with pristine knowledge,
To save humanity from the womb
of earth's keen rage.

Life will be there on the surface,
The earth will revolve round the Sun,
The stars will glitter as usual,
Only human beings will not be there,
No poetry will come from man,
Nature will compose ultimate poems.

The song of humanity will be lost,
The world of joy and sorrow
will do away with,
Only the booming boom and sound
of absolute stillness will ring,
It will be the time like
before the creation of Time,
It will be the way of the divine events.

The earth will be a new planet,
A planet with new flora and fauna,
New civilization will walk on the ground,
Without humans the earth will be a place
of absolute stillness,
It will be the end of the "Original Sin."

A new 'Bible' will come into Being,
A new form of religion will be formed,
Human intelligence is corrupted
with artificial intelligence,
A new science will come
to explore the world of Being,
A new start is essentially needed.

Science and religion both are imbecile,
Down the ages no meting point is found,
One is against the other and hence the chaos,
Science delves the earth, the matter,
Religion is a spirit,
Matter and spirit are in eternal conflict.

The earth is a living planet,
May be it is maturing a bit,
From babyhood it is becoming boyhood,
May be the earth is preparing
for a New millennium,
Its own different time scale,
Destruction is the process
of reviving the Soul.

It is the time within our conscience,
Humanity is on the verge of abolition,
A new era of existence will dawn
without human beings,
The earth will soon be a virgin planet
having no wars and conflicts,
Nature will go into the space of
meditation and it will be as it should be.

@prabir Gayen: 15/04/20: 9: 13 PM.

Prabir Gayen

A Vision (Amid Corona Pandemic)

A Vision
(Amid Corona pandemic)

Every branch of the tree
is full of blossoms,
The tree has become a
Christmas tree,
Birds are chirping on each bough,
Like Easter week,
Summer spring and autumn,
Tree has become a celebration.

Only one branch is still cold,
Winter is reigning at its bottom,
No flowers, fruits and birds,
Shadow and shower with cold air,
The branch is naked without leaves and twigs,
Life has lost all its forms and colours,
One branch is heavy with April shower.

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India has recovered from its deadly disease,
From the shock of global pandemic,
The invisible Virus took precious lives,
Still for hard efforts and patience,
The pestilence has lost its grip,
Now the tree of life is back in form
and celebration dawns,
A Victory of humanity against
an unseen malady,
The COVID-19 is forced to leave
for the power of togetherness,
Will power and harmonious bond.

Only one branch is weak and sick,
Corona has taken a cosy shelter there,
This branch is vulnerable and rigid,
No song of thought and reason issung there,
A corner of the Country is Corona
friendly and dear,

People are less committed to the value
of life and Nature,
One corner - a state of utter confusion,
is breeding the seed of
Vile friend with love and care,
One branch of the country is still dark
amid celebration and victory
all over,
This will be the way of life after
the attack of a global pandemic.

@prabir Gayen: 14/04/2020.
1: 35 PM.

Prabir Gayen

A New Oedipus

A New Oedipus

Oedipus in new form,
Not by vice but by choice,
The bubbling civilization
Will be doomed to fall,
No One cares to confront,
State will be stacked and sacked,
The poor people are easy prey.

Prabir Gayen

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Symbol Of Destruction

Symbol of Destruction

Devastating pandemic,
People will line to the morgue,
Graveyard will be slim to aid,
Corona is not a normal pastime,
Village after village, city after city
Will be silent without human beings,
A great disaster without solution
Is inching one place to another,
It's nature is unknown and mysterious,
Life has come to the edge.

Many are not conscious of the gravity,
Many are making fun with the virus,
Many are benevolent to make shadows of their egos,
COVID-19 to some fools is platform to scribe
their names to become someone special,
Bengal is in great crisis with
the booming steps of pandemic,
It has become to some Ignoramus,
another device to Celebrate national calamity
like flood or famine,
to play the game of being Philanthropists,
Another day of rejoicing,
Celebrating holidays with humanitarian outlook.

The world is under its shadowy grip,
Corpses are heavy under the ground,
No one is present to receive the corpse,
to chant the name of God as funeral service,
The Solemn symbol of ritual has lost its value,
A dark dungeon of distressful mortification,
Dismal glance of human beings
With Eerie Melancholy,
The earth may be in a different mood
to start a new root,
Civilization is renewing the lease,
With Corona a new light may shine,

Without death new life is not possible.

@prabir Gayen: 14/04/2020.
1: 13 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Dismal State Of Mind

Dismal State of Mind

A strong vacuum is heard,
With haltering thought,
No space to think with clear mind,
Intellect is deeply disturbed,
You seem to me a way of relief.

Every hope is against hope,
Hoping is becoming nothing,
Sheer state of dismal doubt,
Life is at a state of utter vaunt,
Thinking stops to think essential.

Like a thoughtless mind and being unable
to attend the mind,
Mindful attention is lost without clue,
A strong inertia surrounds
the world of inner vision,
A small push do I need to walk.

From your side as a mirror of mine,
Love of divine kind or sensual type,
Whatever be, dream or real,
I need to cope with the grace,
You are to me like a river
to dress me again.

@prabir Gayen / 13/04/2020/ 11: 26 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Buddhadeb Bhattacharya

Buddhadeb Bhattacharya

You should be in sight
With power and prestige,
We the people of our state,
Strongly and deeply feel,
Your presence is absent,
You can lead with just might.

Amid the certain uncertainty,
The dark phase of ensuing crisis,
With patience and witty mind,
You must have fought thepandemic
guiding the meek people to establish
the value of life,

In deep state of utter confusion,
The whisper of silent killer is heard
in every human heart,
No route is shown below the line,
The upright leader is missing.

You should be there in the skyline,
a spirit of fair will and prospect,
to lead the nation without discord,
A vacuum is deep beyond measure,
You should come forward as a shining chief.

All around the air the poison of fear
and anxiety of uncertain coup
hovering as silent slayer,
We are misled by wrong notion,
What will happen to this pliable people?
We feel the absence of your presence.

@prabir Gayen / 13/04/20: 10: 58 PM

Prabir Gayen

Weird Situation

Weird Situation

All over the state,
Amid pandemic
Happens magic picnic,
A mood of celebration,
A sense of queer megrim,
Amid Covid -19 and panic,
A fitful leader is missing.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Communism

Communism

Communism is a purified
form of spirituality,
What Lord KRISHNA Preached in
THE GHAGAVAT GITA
echoed in a new form of Metaphysics,
A philosophy without spiritual Understanding,
Utilitarian form of belongingness,
Life is a river and philosophy is like a hard stone,
Communism has become a mere philosophy
for its ignorant worshippers,
It needs communication for far-fetched understanding,
Not making communal ethos but communion.

Like a bubble vanished in air,
Communism should exit not extinct,
It is a revolutionary form
of living life,
A new way of life,
Only a shift is needed,
From surface to center,
From conscious to supraconscious,
For small reason,
just for political gain this Epistemology should not go astray,
It needs to think deeper,
It needs to go from matter to spirit,
From mundane to spiritual tenor,
From exclusive form of thinking to inclusive modus.
Religion may be a mendacious lore to communism,
Religiousness should be the centrum for this peerless doctrine.

Communism is not a religion,
It should not be,
By going against mass religion,
It would not be a new preacher
The Evangelist to bring
revolution,
Only intelligence is not enough,

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We need emotional intelligence and contemplative vision,
Religion is the outer space of inner knowledge,
With intellectual insight Communism should come
to redeem the age-old question of eternal conflict,
Atheist and theist are two points of same circle,
An atheist can become a Buddha,
A theist can become a Jesus,
What we need a bright combination of both
with insightful intelligence,
If communism wants to survive
Spiritual value is the only way,
A deep Intuitive understanding
Of things,
A meditative contemplation.

@prabir Gayen: 11: 32 AM / 13/04/2020.

Prabir Gayen

Song Of Life

Song of Life

Your eyes are the lamps of heaven,
Mind full of sweet fragrance,
You are a sweet smelling flower,
The humming in a raceme,
In you the song of life oozes.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

If Someone Dies, Don't Think It The Corona Virus Transmitted Covid-19

If Someone dies, Don't think it The Corona virus transmitted

COVID-19

Corona is the crown of the Sun,
aureole of the setting light,
Circle of human Journey,
Corona crowns the dead bodies,
Like a ring of golden light,
Corona is the rosary of people,
Like a tiara it glorifies many kings,
Corona kills and becomes pandemic.

Corona is not a killer whale,
Nor is it the enemy microbe,
It is an invisible tree of vigour,
Corona infects the infection,
Never take it for granted that
Corona virus kills,
If someone dies with CORONA'S kisses,
Check his body and you must find some ailments.

Cardiac failure or pneumonia
must have taken the shelter,
Or some vile diseases more harmful
than the bites of Corona Virus,
Who are you to blame the whisper
and idle gossip of Corona the virus?
You can be infected but behind your death
Corona should not be blamed,
Behind every death crowned
with the pain of CORONA VIRUS,
Don't think it Covid - 19, the case,
People are dying of many griefs and illness
with sharing a little bit of the wreath
of CORONA'S goodness.

@prabir Gayen: 3: 53 PM /11/04/2020.

Prabir Gayen

Alyssa Carson(An Astronaut)

Alyssa Carson
(An Astronaut)
Life and death two points
of a circle,
Life is the beginning of death,
Everything dies every moment,
Death is the outset of life,
Solution and dissolution,
From chaos to cosmos,
The alpha and the omega,
The full circle of creation and
Consumption.

Living every moment with death
is a revolution,
Death brings the depth of life,
It is relaxing the root the life,
Death brings relaxation to rejuvenate
life to go beyond limit,
Limitless is the space of life,
Vastness is the death of limited
space of life,
In the unlimited access of being
Life becomes available to death.

Your life is a living wonder,
Alyssa Carson a unique flower
Of human consciousness,
A bud flowering beyond cosmos,
You are to go into the space,
The space within space and
A great halo of mysterious recess,
A mission to Mars is a mission to death,
A death of beyond measure,
A death to live life to the fullest potential.

No death can reach you,
No form of fear can defeat you,
You are born to die to defeat the death,

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No One can venture to go among the worlds
of lucent stars and planets,
Sky is your home and the silence
is your Language,
Under the space of obscure grave,
Divine will frame the mattress
for your sleep and rest.

Life with fear for every single thing
is a death in disguise,
We live a kind of life lower than death,
We are living dead bodies and encapsulated
within our own grave,
Within narrow space of our minds,
We are nothing but Lazarus
Within the nutshell of our dismay,
Under the plateau of our hearts
we built our cemetery.

You are not born to die,
You are the light to entire world,
You are a spirit of vast expanse,
Divinity in human form,
The river of the sky awaiting you,
to get ablution from your luster and
spaceless beatitude,
Along the path of divine event,
Your life is measured by the temple
of eternity to woo you
with folded hands for your eternal flame
that you are to fly with flaming wings.

@prabir Gayen: 12: 02 PM 11/04/2020.

Prabir Gayen

Threat To Humanity

Threat to Humanity

Is west Bengal going to be
Central part?
The new epicenter!
Who knows the fate?
Corona is limping step by step,
With the grace of certain fanciers,
Divine is fed up with these bovine beasts,
Religion is a great threat,
For ignorant homines religion
is a ludicrous machine,
A sombre symbol is knocking
the doors,
Bengal may face a great Carnage
with the effort of ignorant Race.

@prabir Gayen: 10: 54 PM /10/04/2020.

Prabir Gayen

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A Strange Dream

A Strange Dream

With pain in heart for unknown reason,
I had a dream of dissolution,
Everything is in dismal delusion,
Life has become a hindrance,
Deep dungeon on all directions,
Life is on the surface of doomsday,
Utter silence with sullen funeral.

Childhood days flashed
in the eye of the mind,
A vision of beautiful days elapsed,
Beautiful days of my poor infancy,
Days so heavy upon my aged soul!
Childhood friends and family,
Love, care and sacrifice of my
Poor parents,
Desire in the young minds to touch the heaven.

My Mother with thousand difficulties
nourished my Life,
Fulfilled every moment with
every Necessity,
She was like a mountain with
Umpteen springs,
A valley of eternal Spring and
summer of wish fulfilment,
She worked from dawn to dusk,
With smiling face in profound poorness.

My Father was a man of diligence,
A true soul of spiritual shakiness,
Innocent man without Sophistry,
A strong believer of religiousness,
I was born in a village of anserine
People,
Full of love and humaneness,
I was one of them, rustic and ritualistic.

Rich and aureate were the days
of my village life,
With innocent people and homely
ambience with open sky,
On the serene lap of nature I was invited
to live the feast of Life,
Everything was full of celebration
with warmth of hearts,
Every moment was a moment of sheer Joy and grandeur,
I was a witness to the harmonious bond of minds.

With time everything has changed,
Life has become a complex
set of reflection,
Love that moved my warm heart
is missing in every single wire,
Chewing the past has become a painful memory
with no potion,
Without life everything is blossoming
with abundance,
Innocence is lost with the flow of
Plethora of things.

I had a dream of very unknown kind,
The world is changing and
life is at stake,
Everything is falling into the abyss
Of nothingness,
Bottomless is the root of life without light,
A deep hell is oozing from all sides,
A halo of emptiness with no human existence,
Is it the end of the world, or a new creation?

@prabir Gayen: 9: 55 PM /10/04/2020.

Prabir Gayen

Anger

Anger

Lost the cadenza
Between body, breath and the mind,
Soul becomes restless.

@prabir Gayen: 12: 06 PM.10/04/2020.

Prabir Gayen

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True Merit

True Merit
Feeling is vital,
Exigent and Genuine,
It brings true merit.

@ prabir Gayen: 11: 50 AM.10/04/2020.

Prabir Gayen

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God Is Not A Business

God is not a Business

God is the unseen force,
Unknown and eternal,
Timeless and thoughtless,
Beyond grasp of human knowledge,
Beyond mortal dream,
God is not a person sitting somewhere,
Making Heaven or hell for the mortals,
God is not a giver or taker,
God is not a way to end the walk,
Religious ideals can not find it,
Philosophy fails to define God,
Knowledge is useless to decode the Almighty.

People are blindfolded,
In the name of God they fight,
In the name of God they demoralise,
In the name of God they
destroy humanity,
God has become a deadly weapon
for ignorant homines,
God has become for certain rogues
a valley of ludicrous Ethos,
People use the name of God for
their selfish reasons,
God is the name people misused down the ages,
With sheer ignorance people are cutting
their heads in the name Ultimate the great.

God is not the person,
Nowhere do you trace It with your effort,
God is subjective experience,
God is You when you are not,
God is an eternal force beyond
the garden of Your Mind,
It is when mind is not,
The absolute fragrance of No-mind,
God is the serene state of your being nothing,

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Beyond conception and ideological deception,
You can not worship God,
You can not satisfy God by your doing,
Doing is going far from the state of Your Godhead,
You in your ultimate presence without
logic and reason are God,
God is the presence of the presence,
The fragrance of the Being.

@prabir Gayen: 9/4/20: 1: 13 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Experience

Experience

It was the Time when I was a blooming Joy in Life,
Dream of holy life was sprouting
In the solidity of my Being,
Every atom of nature was a great
Source of glee,
I was like a seeker, searching your Blessing.

I experienced the divine sound,
In the solitude of my heart's house,
With deep love I found no word,
I was mystified to express your Love.

My feelings were too deep to say,
Only the sun knows what did I feel,
Night was an empty room to grow
and convey,
In whispering voice I heard what did you tell.

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Only few can feel your pure love
And those who feel can hardly say in tune.

@prabir Gayen / 8/4/20: 5: 26 PM.
(Divine Love)

Prabir Gayen

Fight Against Corona (Stray Thoughts)

Fight against Corona
(Stray thoughts)

With the fight of invisible Force,
The deadly Corona Virus,
India stood triumph from the beginning
to confront invincible
enemy of Humankind,
Initial steps taken by Govt were praiseworthy,
The timely response was
Just and wise,
Now few states are plying politics,
Amid deep state of worry
and anxiety,
frustration for impending disaster,
Few persons are viewing bright
career and Makings,
Keeping data behind from the
knowledge of the public domain,
Few are eager to make speculative gain,
Amid the procession of death
Few persons find hope of Propitious Victory,
People are concerned deeply
and fearing the worst of things,
Questions are hovering in the minds
of many native people,
Are we living in New THEBES under
the rule of OEDIPUS the great?

@prabir Gayen / 8/4/20/ 9: 57 AM.

Prabir Gayen

After Twenty Years Of My Living (A Small Recapitulation)

After Twenty Years of My Living
(A small recapitulation)

Twenty years have passed,
Twenty winters and twenty springs,
Twenty long summers of pain and
dejection with Forbidding dolour.

Twenty long years have gone
like a nightmare of dismal delusion,
A chain of events occured without my knowledge,
Like a dreamer I dreamt about life and death.

New thought of ultimate goal,
New invention of bright speculation
came to me like a bubble of existence
with new light of spiritual pilgrimage,
Twenty years with light and shade
Sometimes presented, so to speak,
moments of Joy and gratefulness,
Like lightning flashed in my inner self
the serenity of eternal Spring.

As a vagrant soul and a failure,
I roamed with empty hands
Chewing the wounds of bygone pain and passion,
Without compassion to myself,
I remained waiting for the final call,
The call of the ultimate to take my
riven self into Nothingness.

Twenty years have disappeared
Like the moon in the morning,
The great field of living is doomed,
All the dreams of ultimate living,
With time withered like a faded leaves,
All the potential flavours sunk

without folding the wings.

In one tired Noon with
the silence of the Being
In a spell of meditative state,
The calmness and peace of space,
The buzzing of bees and butterflies
with swaying blooms,
With sudden gush of wind my mind is lost
in some unknown rhythm without reason.

The bubbling mind
with inordinate aura of dream
and desire having no space of
thinking gone into the world of
Silly silence,
The world of inactivity and inertia,
Celebration became silent with
chronic state of self-pity.

Twenty years of death and desolation,
Twenty autumns of perennial
Pestilence,
Twenty monsoons of Joyless
Contemplation,
Years after years a vague hope against hope
with the least hope to celebrate life
and it's openness,
Only glum thought of silent departure.

Twenty years have passed with
the aura of bygone warmth,
The pastoral priesthood of natural beauty,
The chirping of local birds and
kindness of village folk,
The beauty of the Sun rise and
The return of cattles after the set of the Sun,
The clamour of village boys in the
green field,
The generous song of the
life of innocent Villein.

The earth is new with new
people and new thoughts,
The advance world with advance knowledge,
Old familiar faces have gone
into the world of oblivion,
Childhood love and the thread of dream
having no lingering link,
The cohesion of natural bond is lost,
The new world is a lifeless season
Without summer and without spring,
Autumn reigns with her azure friend,
winter to make us feel the
transient nature of things.

Twenty years have gone taking with them
the warmth of Life,
Love and beauty from the eyes,
Beauty is lost from the heart of men and women,
Hollow men and hollow lives,
Heart is lost in limited quantities,
Head is prevalent over the stream of consciousness,
the soulful serenity of Human resources,
Man is now a living shadow,
Hoarder and busy with mundane things.

At this age of eyeless pain,
After twenty years of constant
touchiness and frenzy detachment,
Life's Stentorian muse is lost,
Love's eternal Spring and valley of Joy
are strung with the grave of
absolute disappointment,
Now without Joy and sagacity
Of the feeling of oneness,
A desolate self am I to spend
the rest of my life looking at the vastness
of life and renewing the past
as the substratum of living.

@prabir Gayen: 12: 39 AM / 8/4/20/

Prabir Gayen

Space Within Space

Space within Space

Whistling the song bird
alone in a silent place,
Calling for her heart's Joy
The Moon is shining bright.

Deep silence and deep Moon,
The whole of the sky is silent soon,
Overflowing the silent Joy,
No word can frame the song.

Birds are singing like joyful souls
condensed with the flow of grace,
Mystic night with mystic song,
Eternity is whisper through them.

Cloudless is the night
with bright forms,
The stars are clear with
Scintillating faces like hollow stream,
The Moon reigns supreme
among floating flowers.

Like bubbles float in the air,
Like thoughts wave in the mind,
Like emotions foam in the heart,
This night is an
effervescent silence.

Serenity and silence form the
flow of life like ocean and it's openness,
The eternal space and it's hollowness,
Thoughts and the thoughtless
Spacing,
Mind and the mindless self.

@prabir Gayen: 5: 51 PM; 7/4/20.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Spiritual Isolation

Spiritual Isolation

Spiritual isolation is the way,
connect to disconnect the transit,
Inner world can show the way out,
Quantum can defeat the quanta.

Mind is a subtle atom and energy,
With the power of mind and spirit,
Invisible potency can be broken,
A deep and solid inner sojourn.

Our weakness is the strength of it,
"Fair is foul and foul is fair",
The witchcraft of the virus wil be eaten up,
Only Atomic power is to be invoked.

In the ancient order of the Monk,
The scriptural ways to look at
things and it's nature,
The inherent symbols and significance,
We need to die to write the death of
the world's unseen misery.

@prabir Gayen: 7/04/2020/: 11: 28 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Wonderful Lamp Of All-A-Uddin

Wonderful Lamp of All-a-Uddin

Lamper of All-a-Uddin,
Wonderful and magical,
Is now on the surface,
From the earth's crest.

The Genie is now out
from the dark dungeon,
The owner is now greedy,
And the Genie is now violent.

soundless is the step of the wraith,
More and more the owners,
With time All-a-Uddin is changed,
Distributing death to all and sundry.

The world is in great danger,
Humanity is in great Juncture,
Many messengers are at work,
The carrier of deadly bacillus.

From the corner of the Town,
From the East to the West,
from the South to The North
Apostles of Evil are in harshcompetition.

The More you infect the more the sweetness,
The more you spread the breath of the demon
the more is the heaven,
A great devil is wandering
with all the carriers of his Venom.
.....
7 April,10: 04 AM/20

Prabir Gayen

Hail To You Both (Prime Minister & His Mother)

Hail to You Both
(Prime minister & His Mother)

You are the Mother India,
The soul of the spirit of Love,
You are the flame of devotion,
You gave birth to a great Savoir,
Hail to your oceanic spirit.

Light in your hands is your Flame,
We are enlightened with this rays,
With open heart I pay homage,
Under the plumage of your love,
Indian are proud to be Indians.

We are passing through hard times,
Unseen power is in adverse Mood,
Humanity is facing challenge,
A matter of life and death,
Light of love and compassion can
give us strength to fight.

O great spirit of ancient knowledge!
As a chief of the nation
you stand upright with love
and quietness,
In great calamity of pandemic,
you lead nation with tranquil spirit,
Amid great tenor of Antagonist.

India is a great nation with evil spirits,
With Corona they are epidemic,
Political vultures play filthy role
to drag the nation down,
Besieged by foul discrepant
You keep calm to bring the holy
river of Recuperation,
Bringing the light of Peace and tolerance
for beloved Indians.

Hail to you the dear son of God,
You walk the way and we are to follow,
In this dreadful period of Nature's
Wrath,
When humanity is facing uncertainty
of things and death,
We are One to raise to your clarion call
to defeat the virus of antisocial corridors.

@prabir Gayen: 05/04/2020/10: 14 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Ratan Tata(Acrostic)

Ratan Tata
(Acrostic)

Radiance of Modern India,
Always ahead with kind heart,
Turn your favour for the nation,
Arduous Time finds you in
service,
Never you study power and honour.

Tu Quoque argument failed
against You,
A Divine spirited soul you stand,
Teeming self with altruistic
beacon,
Almighty will always be with You.

@Prabir Gayen /6 April,8: 41PM,2020.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Lord

My Lord

O My master!
The Lord of the world,
You live as absolute Joy
in my heart,
and my mind is full
of your thoughts,
Your love in my heart
is like a veil,
like a divine covering.

Pain is common and seems
eternal in this room,
You reign and dance like
absolute nothingness
when I feel my mind is absent.

O my master! My mind's only hope,
The great dance of emotion,
And my pain with no verbage,
the unbearable tremor in every
cell of my being,
I live as if I am nothing.

You are present in my day,
dream and delirium,
and my pain is poignant
upon my awakening.

With so much pain for the Love
Uncontrolled and indulgent,
I live as a shadow self
with your Light inherent,
My Being is the shadow
of your Love and my self is
Nothing and inclined to go
beyond border.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir Gayen / 6April,10: 12 AM/2020.

Prabir Gayen

Let Us Unite

Let us unite

Light unto light,
Light unto truth,
Let us lit light,
Let us Kindle
Within us the
Light of life,
Let us fight
the dark energy,
Let us unite.

Let us invoke
The spirit of God,
The purity and divinity,
Let us become one,
Let us bring and feel
the inner strength,
Outward light
with inner flame.

PoemHunter.com

Let us Kindle
the light of wisdom,
Let us realise
The cosmic unity,
Let us overcome
The ordeal and fear
With our patience
and the light of our being,
Let us lit the light
to forget the differences,
Let us be one in all
and all in one.

Let us lit the light
Of inner vision,
Let us look beyond
thought and reason,
Let us become light

as our inner core,
Let us know the truth,
Let us be attuned to truth,
Let us lit the candle
to enkindle the light of love.

Light unto light
Light unto truth,
Let us exercise
The ceremony of flame,
to drive negative verve,
Let us bring inner flame
With outward wisdom,
Let us invoke the spirit
of love and compassion,
With little thought and reason
Let us lit the candle
With prayerful heart,
Let us be light with the light.

@prabir Gayen / 5 April,8: 10/2020.

Prabir Gayen

Corona In The Eye Of Divinity

Corona in the eye of Divinity

The mother earth is taking a bath,
It is getting ablution to start a new era,
To refresh its womb for the new beginning,
Corona is an atomic invasion
to lock it's adamant offsprings,
It is an urge with unheard words
to go and find a better place to
recapitulate our behaviour and our role,
It comes as a reflective light to review
our approach to life and environment.

The earth is balancing its flora and fauna,
Tsunami, Temblor and Deluge were not
enough to the core
or absolute purification,
For total change and retirement,
The earth needs a deep mutation,
The Catharsis to stretch every limb,
Corona comes as a blessing for
a new world to dawn.

A deep battle is being fought
without enemy without weapon
for Her beloved Brood to look at
things as they are,
Corona is an opportunity or indication
for the entire humanity to look into
invisible and unknown source,
To make a shift from outward scene
to inward beauty,
To realise the indivisible source of energy
and its law to get inner vision.

Corona on the part of nature an apple
for all to think and reflect
What have we done down the ages
to meet our petty needs and greed,

What have we gone destroying
our own source of life,
In the name of science and technology
what have we gained
without reflecting a bit our inner wealth,
It is an opportunity to think of our activities,
Corona is nothing but a push from our
restless self to reposeful serenity.

Life is multidimensional,
Creation is an alternative journey
from chaos to cosmos,
From mindless enthusiasm to mindful retirement,
From sound to inner silence,
With deep revolution change happens,
Without battle real metamorphosis is impossible,
Corona is a battle without battle,
It is a retreat to inner refinement,
A new step to humanity with right vision,
It will bring new vision and human beings
will find new corridors for
a better living place.

It is as far as the question
of humanity is concerned,
A difficult time for survival,
An unequivocal battle with unseen power,
With our ego this will not be fought,
With our knowledge and skills
this battle will not be won,
It is a time to meet our inner being,
To meditate to know the blessings
inherent in disguise,
The apparent wrath in the bosom of nature
is refreshing Joy and compassion
to make us free from
Conundrum to Summum bonum,
With our patience we can enter
a new era of deep emotional
and intellectual insight,
A better humanity is going to dawn.

@prabir Gayen / 5 April 10: 54 AM.2020.

Prabir Gayen

A True Poet By Heart (Me Poet Yeps Poet)

A True poet By Heart
(ME POET YEPS POET)

Your Love for me is great
O mighty Poet Me poet Yeps poet!
The earth must be happy to have you
as Her dear child,
Your mom's Smile is a gem
in the poetic composition,
A heartwarming story of Love,
It opens the petals of heart one by one
with the soft blow of your kind words,
A rare poem to inspire others.
The value of Mother and her unconditional
love inspire us to think again and again
of our pre-ego state,
Our childhood dream and world of innocence,
Mother is our world and we evolve
within its ambit,
You are a magician of poetic genre,
Your poetry flows like cascade
without hindrance,
I bow to your calm modesty and decorum
of rhapsodic melody.

@Prabir Gayen / 11: 28 PM: 04/04/20.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Poets & Mystics

Poets & Mystics

I have deep love for poets and mystics,
Particularly for my native bards
Like Dilip Kumar Swain or Kumar Mani Mahakul,
Bharati Nayak and Anjan Dev Roy.
I have deep respect for my fellow poets
and friends like Poet Me poet
or Sylvia Frances Chan,
Rose Marie and Edward Kofi Louis.
Poets are Mystics are same in their own glory,
Poets are flowers with sweets fragrance,
I see no difference between poets
of past and present,
To me William Shakespeare and Rabindranath Tagore
share same Joy and grandeur,
John Keats and Poet Sukanta
belong to same frame with different time pattern,
With all of them I feel same gratitude and appreciation,
Poets are found to celebrate each moment
with minds without prejudice,
All are flowers in the same garden,
Poets are stars in the same sky,
Twinkle every moment without singular opinion,
Poets are very common people with mystic outlook,
What is the difference between
Kabir and Rumi?
What is the difference between
Evening and morning?
Poets are hearts warm with the the thought of humanity,
Friends of life and philosophers about death,
Poets drink the water of life and death
with single draught,
Live totally with every bite of life and death,
Poets are Joyous and silent sufferers,
Each poet is a temple or church or synagogue,
Poets are living Presence personified.
When Buddha breathed His last
Jesus like Christ came into existence,

What is the difference between Love and knowledge?
What is the difference between
Lotus and Rose?
What is the difference between
Church and temple,
Poetry is the song of humanity,
Let it flow from different synagogues,
Let it Kindle the hearts of millions
With the symphony of enlightened Beings,
Be it poets or mystics.

@prabir Gayen /04/04/20/6: 11 PM.

Prabir Gayen

In Your Heart

In Your Heart

Hold me close in you heart
If time takes me out of your sight,
Whisper my name in silent hour
If I am not in your side,
I will be in touch of you
Like a thin breeze,
Touch you on your soft eye lid,
or waft your stray hair in careful caress,
Being an autumnal dream,
I will meet you like a soft fall of
fallen petal on wavy grass,
and love you like the April shower.
If new love winks in your bosom,
forget me not,
I will be in your side as
morning rays to wake you up,
In the humming of bees I will visit you
and with love teemed with joy and
let you sleep on my lap,
You will feel the warmth of life,
Amid the pangs of life my vibrant heart
which is full of love will be your domicile.

@prabir Gayen -04/04/20/4: 11PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Rhythm Of Self

Rhythm of Self

Poetry is the music,
The rhythm of inner being,
Who can sell poetry?

@Prabir Gayen /4/04/20/2: 10PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Hope

Hope

Hope is the real light,
Once the hope is enkindled,
Problems start shrinking.

@Prabir Gayen 1: 04 AM/04/04/20.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Vastness

Vastness
Deep dark and clear sky,
Full of stars with bright visage,
One is my decree.

@prabir Gayen/12: 33 AM.4/04/20.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Riddle

Riddle

Where is the end of this life?
Death?
Then why is so much pain?
So much dream for relief?
Relief is false if death is final.

Where is the goal of life?
Where is this walk to go?
Where this road of life leads to?
Where, where is the ultimate destination?

Life is a journey to salvation,
From outward space to inner world,
From mundane to spiritual,
From life to deathless life.

What does the salvation mean?
Why so much urge to know?
Knowledge is useless in the end,
Death makes everything sod.

Endless is the way to walk,
The pathless is the path,
Through eternity the question remains?
What is life and what is death?

The mystics smile with deep Joy,
They seem to know the truth of truths,
They seem to know the false as false,
They are Knower of ultimate rule.

Life itself is a mystic to me,
Mystery, mystic and misery,
Every moment of joy seems false,
Every moment of sadness mystifies the mystery.

Feelings of love wash the heart,

Feelings of pain wash the mind,
Feelings of gratefulness wash the being,
Still all is hugged with
thin fence of Conundrum.

What is life and it's purpose?
What is death and how it fulfils life?
What is knowledge and it's relevance?
Everything is under the sheath of riddle.

@prabir Gayen /3April 3: 06AM/2020.

Prabir Gayen

Daybreak

Daybreak

The sky is filled with mild light,
Soothing air is blowing from all sides,
In deep silence birds chirp with
Musical minds,
In cloudless emptiness flutter
the wings of migratory birds,
Some with wondrous fullness make
cacophony in the Arbor,
Some make groups to make long flight
into the great expanse,
With the receding stars comes
Crack Of Dawn.

@Prabir Gayen /3 April,5: 25 AM.2020.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

: Worship:

Worship

Within the alter of my heart
I will worship You
offering garland of my breaths,
Come and stand in front of me
With the light of your Soul.
Remove all the make-believe
darkness of illusion,
I will see you with the light
of Your Being,
Let all the shadows of ignorance flee.
The Flowery garden of my heart
Is occupied by you,
You sit there with no interval,
Your light of knowledge flashes
there often and on.
In that light of illumination
My sense expands,
What if it remains inherent and dormant?
With the soft touch of Your light
Let my eyes be open wide and enough.

(English Translation of _????_ of Srijita Mondal.)

@Prabir Gayen /3/0420/4: 37AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

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_????_
By Srijita Mondal

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@ Srijita Mondal

Worship

Within the alter of my heart
I will worship You
offering garland of my breaths,
Come and stand in front of me
With the light of your Soul.
Remove all the make-believe darkness of illusion,
I will see you with the light
of Your Being,
Let all the shadows of ignorance flee.
The Flowery garden of my heart
Is occupied by you,
You sit there with no interval,
Your light of knowledge flashes there often and on.
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With the soft touch of Your light
Let my eyes be open wide and enough.

(English Translation of _????_ of Srijita Mondal.)
@Prabir Gayen /3/0420/4: 37AM.

Prabir Gayen

Markaz

Markaz
Murderer of human values,
Arrogant people of ignorance,
Radical ideals of dissolution,
Kiang of religious ideology,
Allow people to die for no cause,
Ziarat to spread hatred and violence.

@Prabir Gayen /2 April,8: 13 PM,2020.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Dream And Death

Life Dream and Death

Life is a dream,
The dream of truth,
The truth is harsh,
It is on death.

Life is a struggle,
It is for the sense,
The knowledge of death,
It is truly naught.

One after another,
Life teaches us the truth,
Its substratum is death,
Death is the focal point.

Dream is utterly false,
All achievement is false,
The center is Mythic,
So is the periphery.

After a long dream of joy,
I saw life with deep silence,
It is nothing but a wait,
Awaiting the truth to fall.

The truth is excruciating,
In the wall of death it is drawn,
I saw my name among the dead,
To know life is to know the death.

@prabir Gayen/ 2April,6: 34 PM/ 2020.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Odd April Day

OddApril Day

First April,
The day of foolery,
We all are fool all the days,
Now befooled by vague fear,
A micro microbe Minuscule,
Spreading its domains all around,
Corona by name virus by nature,
Kissing life with deadly bites,
As if declare Internecine warfare.

April day is sweet to all of Us,
We exercise our innocence,
It is a day of innocence and
Openness, a day to come back home,
From head back to our temple of love,
April day is the day of Love and fun.

PoemHunter.com

Now it is emergency and Exigency,
Life is at a stake for unknown rage,
Like Love Corona is infectious,
Love infects and nourishes Life,
Corona infects and nourishes death,
One is alpha another is omega,
The wheel of the unseen Providence.

Nature sends us gruesome pranks,
Lethal weapon for balancing its ambience,
Within the ambit of our domicile,
We are encaged to safeguard ourselves,
To fight against the spirit of death
Celebrating the song of life and light.

With new hope and new insight,
We will start our new life,
The day of darkness and confusion
must take the rest,
Corona will sleep into the womb of nothing,

Through social distancing
people are coming close to one another,
A spiritual proximity is happening,
Love, compassion and sense of belongingness
is now our Prima Facie,
We will win the battle
with the song of our heart.

@prabir Gayen / 1 April,2020,9: 51 AM.

Prabir Gayen

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@prabir Gayen /01/03/2020/
1: 17 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Lockdown

LOCKDOWN

Lock in the house,
Lock in the room,
No room for mind to walk,
Reading poetry and music,
Life has become a prose.

World is in lockdown,
Life is in impending doom,
Air of uncertainty is all around,
Human Life is in great distress,
No ray of hope is showing face.

An invisible enemy Strolls
Infecting all on its ways,
Sweeping lives of mortal beings,
We are already Moribund in fear,
Call of death any time can come.

PoemHunter.com

In the face of Nature and its Rule,
We are nothing but a fragile fern,
Helpless and Apoplectic Liege,
All our knowledge ancient and
recent is in great trial,
Science and wisdom are in challenge.

Human foolery is the weapon,
Corona, the hidden enemy choose,
Despite lockdown people go out,
Assemble and preach vain lex,
The undone Zealot is the threat.

India, My Mother Land is in Quandary,
Because of Idiocy people destroy quarantine,
Like Locust on the Street they pass,
They do not care the law of the land,
becoming gregarious they are human weapons.

@prabir Gayen /31/03/2020 /
10: 15 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Beauty Of Silent World

Beauty Of Silent World

Silent Noon,
Birds are pouring their hearts,
All are in competition,
how to fill the empty space!
Humans are caged, birds are free,
Free to fly into the joyous sky,
Continuous like bubbles in the
vast ocean they sing,
Wonder-struck their wisdom-filled
Minds.

Purity pushes them to wing
into blue firmament,
Trees are green and fresh air blows,
Like a new born Earth and new
Denizen in the lap of happy denize,
Vast field of absolute stillness.

PoemHunter.com

In this Vast emptiness
I am back to my modest self,
My forgotten childhood age,
Beneath the flowery shade of
Star-apple, mango and Jamun trees,
On the branches of Java apple
I was wondering to sleep with
the song of common myna (salik)
and the twittering of sparrow,
The blithe spirit of summer soul.

The silent noon, hot and humid,
With occasional outburst of Cuckoo,
the whispering pines
and the silent song of solitude,
In the mango grove of my grandfather,
in the field the Chapman,
and the whistle of friends
to go out into the field,

Avoiding the eyes of my mother
into the sunny cornfield
to catch and collect
butterfly avoiding midday nap.

The earth is feeling the purity
of my childhood days,
The summer of the same grandeur
is filling the ambience,
Birds, butterflies and beetles,
Moth, hornet and bee,
With carefree mood flying
and sitting on fresh flowers.

Trees are happy to have their
Visitors,
Waving branches with alluring
song of sonorous poem,
Idyllic setting all around,
The earth is feeling refreshment
and contentment with deep meditative
state of Sanctification.

@prabir Gayen / 31/03/2020 /
3: 05 PM.

****

Prabir Gayen

All Poets Are Beautiful

All poets are Beautiful

Dilip Kumar Swain, Robert Murray Smith,
Rose Marie Juan Austin,
Sylvia Frances Chan, and of course
Me Poet Yeps Poet are without doubt
the best poets
In the shrine of poetic Synagogue,
Pormhunter.com.
In a chain of immortal wreath
all are diamonds,
In the vast sky all are floating clouds,
Some shine with the morning Sun,
Some are bright with the afternoon sun,
Some are tinged with soft light
of the setting Sun,
Some are mystics with
full moon night,
Some are fullness with vast darkness
with glittering stars,
No one is much more than other,
No one is less than other,
All are matchless with their wisdom
and fragrance of poetic grace.

@Prabir Gayen / 31/03/20/ 10: 39 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Heart Sutra

My Heart Sutra

When you say ' I miss You '
My heart swells with music too,
With pain unhidden rolls with Joy,
Old memories revert to unmindful
self,
cajoling it with unvoiced wish,
Memories so sweet to cherish,
So painful to heart to evade!

Into the Womb of Time all is gone,
All rich treasures under my decaying heart,
Silent like grave with sweet flowers,
Like a gardener I nourish the Joyful memories
embedded with Love,
Your Joy and love with bright beauty.

Like a priest I wished for your
wellness,
Prayed with shaky heart Your peace of Mind,
Like a visitor I saw you bloomed,
Your glory to brighten the room
of an unknown wayfarer,
Thousand words hushed up like thousand bodies,
Under the abyss of emotional cemetery,
Deepest Love remained untold
to enrich the silence of heart,
You became 'for my Life' An Epic,
The unsung song of My Heart.

@prabir Gayen /30/03/2020/ 30 March 10: 33 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

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Prabir Gayen

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Prabir Gayen

God Loves You Dearly

God Loves You Dearly
(To Debdutta)
As you grow into the world of beauty,
Thousands of poem will come
to adore your sweet chastity,
You are the fragrance of a bud,
Song of a bird and waves of
an oceanic vastness,
Morning cares you and
night nourishes You,
You are the sweet joy of a lover,
Proud of a father and
dream of a mother,
Never ever feel sad
my dear One,
God loves you dearly.

@prabir Gayen/29/03/20/9: 19 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Mother Divine

My Divine Mother

You are the Sun in the soft Sky,
Morning welcomes you with meditative
chat of no sound,
You are the Moon in the murky
East and subtle west,
The dawn feels fresh with Your
Smiling rays and Joyous dress,
You are the 'Mother Earth' with coolness,
delighted song of the days,
Divine source of awakening the best.
With your sweet and silent presence,
Birds from their deep rest awaken
To sing the song of divine grace,
Trees become Cock-a-hoop and
With flooded grace rejoice,
With your light the delighted
spirits shine,
Life becomes a blessed married.

PoemHunter.com

You are the pole star of life,
You are the source of awakening
Of Heart and soul of manifold beings,
Your smile alights in the face of Phoebe,
Your the cold waves of flowing stream,
Ocean deep with love unfathomably beyond mind,
Your forehead is the horizon,
Your cheeks are the joy of Roses,
Your feet are the Contiguity of divinity
on the half bloomed lotus,
You are my 'Mother Divine, '
My elated spirit's adorable goddess.

@prabir Gayen/ 29/03/2020/ 2: 16 AM.

Prabir Gayen

: : : : Spring: :

Spring*

Spring is flirting by with all its loveliness
In empty aloneness I sit by myself,
Vast firmament is looking at the blue horizon,
Colourful birds chirp and fly around the colourful flowers,
In this great celebration my mind feels a pinch of sorrow,
Now you are far far away from me,
I feel as if I am nowhere,
I am here clouded by my own mind,
Your touch appears through the long path of memory,
It blows into me through the core of my being.
Spring has come, but I wait with my estranged self,
All have gone to their own work,
In empty alienation I sit in search of a lost silence..

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

: Spring:

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In empty alienation I sit in search of a lost silence.

@Srijita Mondal /26/03/20/9: 5 6PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Love To Drink Tea

I Love to drink Tea

I am addicted to your tea,
I am addicted to its sweetness,
It is though without sugar
It refreshes my entire system,
It is tea and refreshment too,
I am fond of its sweet Incense.

Tea is an addictive refresher,
It inspires the dropping figure,
Tea is love, tea is joy and
it is delicate to bring emotional
pleasure; soothing sanctity.

I love to drink the favour of it,
Tea of Joy and fragrance free,
Tea is an alter on the shrine,
Drinking is the worship of Love,
It is from the warm valley of love.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir Gayen/28/03/2020/
6: 53 PM.

Prabir Gayen

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Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Living Presence

Living Presence

Life is in the womb of time,
It is always present,
Past is a dead present,
It is present in disguise,
Live in the living present,
Dead present will
fade like darkness in sunlight,
If you are not active in the moment,
You will lose your coming present,
Between past and future the seed of life blossoms.

@prabir Gayen /27/03/2020/8: 13 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Spiritual Love

Spiritual Love

In life and death,
In pain and pleasure,
You will be always in side,
I will hold you tight with right,
In my bosom with secret wisdom,
The night will come with dark faces,
The snow will fall upon restless wish,
I will make you bright with the stars
of my besotted mind,
You will gleam like bright Star
In the dark sky of my heart,
Upon your torrid limbs and branches
of Inundated bosom
I will write soft poem
of Love and Languishment,
Heaven will shine with the grace
Of Flowery spring,
My love is so pure and and simple,
None can reject none can neglect.

@prabir Gayen/27/03/2020/7: 54 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life, Death And Love

LIFE
Thousand petals withered
inside and within,
With a stroke ineffaceable.
A poet with thousand rhymes baffled to bleed,
With pain, agony and anger.
Eyes eternally presence failed
to regain and purge the self,
Devotion, love and compassion
turned into hatred.

Bleeding self is shallow
and waved in endless stream,
without deepth without essence.
Life! thou art trifle, a frail dream,
a desert and a vain man's aspiration.
death! hail to thee,
the ending of suffering,
the rest of strife and the
harbinger of peace and silence.

PoemHunter.com

Hail to thee oh death!
You arefierce phoebus fire
to take my breath
into cool air of cosmos,
O Love! You are tainted by sex
and sensual touches,
Love is short lived and it
becomes sexual dream,
You take my many cherished hours,
My silence and peace,
Life is a chain of events
and it is useless.

@prabir Gayen /27/03/20/ 7: 22 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Together We Can Fight

Together We Can fight

Like a messenger of God,
The Messiah from the north,
Corona came with a lethal Cohort,
Rich and poor, happy and unhappy,
big and small become
harmonious and identical,
Death is a great equaliser,
Social milieu will be cordial,
People should switch on
to humanistic flame,
Life should be close to heart,
guided by heart and sustained by heart,
Heart is an authentic Steerage.

Let us all fight against
the vicious Virus,
No corpus will be our casual offer,
Together we can subjugate
the invisible Goliath,
Corona is a darkness in disguise,
No light is there only a
flame of Carious mutation,
Let us forget all forms of Otherness,
Let us rise above our limited
space of Consciousness,
Let us light together the light
Of togetherness,
Let us dive deep into the space of Love,
The Only knot of Ecumenical thread.

Let us live in separate island
for sweet isolation with inherent
Coherence,
Detachment with spiritual pilgrimage,
Distancing with noetic
affinity and attachment,
Let us be human to be one

with all like a drop in the ocean,
Let us be collective wisdom.

@prabir Gayen /27/03/2010/
3: 30 P M.

Prabir Gayen

Corona Effect

Corona Effect
(32 years old man killed by Police)

Doctors are saving the nation,
Fighting the fatal Corona virus,
With compassion and passion,
Day and night without being fatigue
doctors are on duty with
Lenient nurses and health workers,
They are tough to bacillus,
rough to Corona, the novel
and malevolent microbe,
Doctors and nurses are putting
example of humanness,
The true face of absolute curacy,
They are the priests of the temple of humanity,
Worshippers of the value of Life,
True warriors of invincible enemy.

PoemHunter.com

Police are guarding the town,
Sticks in hands and with rough strife
Curbing the unlettered Populace,
Restricting the ignorant bloc,
With no least consideration
They are lynching the mob,
dispersing the flocking folk,
The most ignorant and unruly
Force with modest training,
Meek people are easily prey to
Prowess,
The useless exercise of ferine force,
In the name of consciousness,
In the name of creating awareness,
Mercilessly the disciplined force
Is beating man to death,
A 32 years old man was beaten to death,
He was out to get milk for his little
Offspring,
Messy Corona might have spared him,

But the whisper of death pounced on him,
The overdrawn Froward force took his precious life,
They unlocked the key of Truculence to enforce
the key of lockdown.

@prabir Gayen /27/03/2020/514 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Lotus Of My Heart

Lotus of my heart

Your are the floating cloud of my heart,
The gleaming star of the evening,
The loitering walk in my being,
I cherish you in the solitude of my being,
You are for my soothing self,
A tranquil pond of my lawn.

I saw you pass a small brook,
Your locks open like a dark cloud,
You are the song of a frutive bud,
The shower in a deserted forest,
You are the fragrance of my heart,
A lotus bloomed in secret bower.
@prabir Gayen / 27/03/20/ 2: 15AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Salutation To All Doctors

Salutation to all Doctors
(All Doctors around the world)

Neglecting life for the sake of life,
Risking the call of contamination,
You serve the nation in deep climacteric time,
You are all the living gods and goddesses,
The last hope of suffering humanity.

Nation is passing through
a deep catharsis,
A deep change is happening
In the field of body and mind,
The world is renewing through
Torsion, through redemption.

Corona is a curse to humanity,
It is a blessing to physical world,
Through its refreshment human beings
are dying with panic,
Corona is a blessing to twisted world,
The world is becoming sterling and fresh.

When people are at home,
Fighting the blow of Corona virus,
With patience and anxiety,
When people are feeling bored
and lonely with themselves,
Finding excuse to kill time,
You fight against the vicious devil,
Invisible pestilence and enemy.

You fight with your strong will
and humanitarian creed,
Without weapon and exposed to danger,
Salute to all of you,
Salute to all of your fighting and
Indomitable spirits.
@prabir Gayen/26/03/2020/11: 08 PM.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Mother & Daughter

Mother & daughter

One is the Sun
Other is the Moon,
Both are beauty and lovely,
Both are the resemblance
Of Divine Joy,
One is the root
Other is the branch,
The complete source of Love,
One shines with the other,
The other is the image of the One,
Mother and daughter a complete
Circle of life,
Mother is the The Root,
daughter is the Muse,
A true semblance of absolute,
God bless both of You.

PoemHunter.com

@prabir Gayen: 11: 19PM/25/03/20.

Prabir Gayen

Stay Home

STAY HOME

Stay home,
It is a fight,
It is a blessing.

Stay home,
God is there,
In your conscience.

Stay home,
Apart from others,
Social distancing.

Stay home,
Feel at heart
The gravity of time.

PoemHunter.com

Stay home,
It is a war,
Fight it out.

Stay at home,
Help the others
With your aloneness.

Stay home,
Feel at home,
With your family.

Stay home,
Be together
With your inner self.

Stay home,
Go beyond,
Surface will shine.

Stay home,

Lock yourself down,
Unlock your potency.

Stay home,
Darkness will pass,
Nature will heal.

Stay home,
Go inward,
Save life.

Stay home
Be silent
Know your mind.

Stay home,
No one is there
to save your life.

Stay home
Sustain quarantine,
Corona will fail.

Stay home
Strengthen the medical aid,
God is with You.

Stay home
Lues will go
Under the moor.

Stay home
As you are said,
To Stop pandemic.

Stay home
Be safe
And safeguard all.

Stay home
It is your duty
And responsibility.

Stay home,
Be sanitized,
Nature loves you dearly.

Stay home,
Be at peace,
Guru loves you dearly.

Stayhome
On the part of Nature
It is a blessing.

Stay home
Defeat Corona
With patience.

@prabir Gayen/ 23 March/2020/10: 00 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Salutation To You(To The Chief Minister Of West Bengal)(Mamata Banerjee)

Salutation to You

(To The Chief Minister Of west Bengal)
(Mamata Banerjee)

At the moment of sheer Crisis,
Unseen and Delitescent stranger smites,
From hell to heaven confusion is peak,
As a Chieftain of a state You arrive.

When Corona without crown does appear,
Killing and creating fear amid folk,
Pushing the humanity beyond border,
You are found to fag from dawn to dark dusk.

As a chief minister of a kingdom,
Athena of the poor state of west Bengal,
With deep and gracious insight You are'Gaea',
Mother of our Impecunious polity.

My heart with deep silence feels gratitude,
Without thinking the least the slant of plan,
Beyond politics You are found to gleam,
A true spirit of delightful timbre.

With my eyes without the smoke of salvo,
With no prismatic view of Covenant,
My mind being hollow and empty
I twig.

Around the world a lethal murrain wraps,
The blithe spirit into the womb of death,
Like a naked tree foliage falls on lea,
Life comes to a state of utter disorder.

Nature's wrath is heartrending and painful,
Savage and heathen with no blink of grace,

To the fullest potency of anger,
Nature knows no iota of blessing.

May be some grace is hidden in the root,
May be some sort of divine design avails,
May be in the form of Plague
Joy finds vent.

May be woe is the way to salvation,
May be trouble is the route to relief,
May be blessings of God are
in disguise
Adversity is serendipity.

At such deep state of mayhem and alarm,
At such quavering mood of creation,
At stake the fragrance of the flow of life,
You are seen as a warbler of humankind.

Salute to You and your honest essay,
Benevolent spirit of Bengal Mind,
A true soul of silent benediction,
Obeisance on my part to your calmness.

@prabir Gayen: 22March/2020/
2: 18 AM.

Prabir Gayen

A Divine Soul

A Divine Soul

Within my mind,
In pain and pleasure,
Within my heart in joy
and rapture,
Within my soul as pure light,
You are like a great dream,
Sweet and succulent,
Motivation and dedication,
Green light with blue Perianth,
A pure soul of fresh delight.

Like a poem you flow from me,
Within the shell of being,
Like a river of heavenly plain,
A poem of Love with no word,
A pure soul of silent thrill,
Rhyme with pleasing muse,
Within my being I am fulfilled,
Your smile like full moon night.

With the stream of thought I am lost,
Within and without a vagrant soul,
Contented with the song of heart,
Nothing in this world and the otherworld,
A river with no banks,
A soul weltering beneath
the spinning vacuum of nothing,
Only your sweet beauty of shoreless stream,
Upon my bare being wafts to think little,
A mortal beneath or beyond mortality.

Like a messenger of God You move,
A light spirit of essence full,
A Rose bloomed to make a garden of Eden,
With the wound of Love and celestial light,
Divinity pours and like a foggy morning
You spread beneath The Sun,

A divine Lover of humanity.

@Prabir Gayen: 21 March/2020/8: 44PM.

Prabir Gayen

Waiting For Love

waiting for love

Take a mental flight
and fly to me,
I am waiting for you
from the seed of time,
Waiting for you from timeless
womb of cosmos beyond time,
Fly to me and make moment eternal.
Your absent mindedness is the glimpse
that I am visible in a flash
I am in you as you
and you are in me as me.

@prabir Gayen: 21March/9: 40AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Death On Your Lap

Death on Your Lap

Death strengths life,
At the prime of time,
You faced death straight,
Death happened in your Lap.

Like a sage You strove,
With tender mind and Soul,
A mature soul departed,
Through your Sky-born self.

A divine child in disguise,
In baneful juncture You Still,
With loaded heart you pacified,
The gleaming light to wait,
To stop the wheel of Time.

In Your lap death crawled,
Grief with fullness dawned,
In a single draught drank,
the poison with serene throat,
A seeker in a sharp linn.

Life happens through death,
Death nourishes the seed of life,
Death takes the essential choice,
To make one Choice-less death nighs,
Life is a Choice-less awareness.

Looking at life from the mind,
With the grace of knowledge deep,
Life is nothing but an unsolved riddle,
Full of chance and coincidence,
So full of poignant pain.

Death with dignity of uncertainty,
Untimely all the time In Confidence
basked it's victory,

Life with exigent pull Vaporized,
Within the aura of an Infantile prince.

With calm and serene composition,
On the lap of time and tide,
With meditative state of Being,
You discorded the whisper of trice,
Allowing divinity to play it's spin.

@Prabir Gayen: 17/03/20: 12: 08 AM.

Prabir Gayen

You Are In Me As Me.

You are in me as Me

I have not forgot You,
Nor are You a past dream,
In my very breath in out,
You are like a river,
Waving upon my Being.

I have not forgone You,
Nor do I ignore You,
You are always my part,
A portion of my heart,
Rhythm of my dense dole.

Beyond body and mind,
I am a flowing stream,
Somewhere in some weird realm,
We will find a calm point,
A profound encounter.

PoemHunter.com

My soul is resurrected,
From the grave of my clay,
In temporal bibcock,
I am a fleeting Joy,
With sober sadness gripe.

When the city is found busy,
Green hamlet is silent,
Nights are obtuse and loose,
Days; fervent and restless,
I feel your strong presence.

You are my living pain,
The word without verbose,
The silence with lone glee,
Infinity within wit,
I nurture You in me,
As someone deep as me.

@Prabir Gayen: 16 March/2020/
8: 55 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Womb Of Time

Womb of Time

Be in the very Now,
Into the womb of the Time,
Life pours from all side.

@Prabir gayen.16/03/20/11: 45 Pm.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

God Loves Fun

God loves Fun

God loves fun, laughter,
Corona is Fun,
Killing and panic.

@ prabir gayen.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Futility

Futility
Every plan of mine,
Every wish of dreaming dream
Nullified by God.

@prabir Gayen /16March,2020/10: 47 AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Heart Is A Begging Bowl

My Heart is a Begging Bowl

I have nothing to keep,
No one to share,
Only a sense of incompletness,
A deep sleep of Jactitation,
Enchanted Forest of discomfiture,
I have no one here and Now,
All alone with my plentiful pain,
Mythic stag hovering
With perdue steps in every beat,
Shower with no coldness of water,
With the Sun I rise and set with it,
Like an ancient man live in fear
after the sundown, in deep darkness,
In broad daylight I am engaged
in dark forest,
Upheaval of minimal mind,
Half portion of my mind is dark,
Half is the Being full of light,
Darkness is good and enthralling,
You are nurtured there with love.
The world is a play of becoming,
Nothing is there to be anything,
And everything is actually nothing,
Every moment I am born,
Without pain die every second,
With my mind I am a dark sky,
Without it I am an empty drum,
A song with unwritten Consonance,
a shadow of unborn Being.

The smell of The earth is tantalizing,
The grave is catchy: Portent Tous,
It denies all- the embracing sweetness
of the sky,
Sometimes with fervent spring of
fugitive slog the emptiness visits my door,
In my dreamy mind whispers the

the rhyme of bodiless brine,
The lethe river of unmindfulness,
Sometimes with compassionate
Color celebrates the presence of
temporal shower; the cascading sound of no sound,
Often like a foggy road with no one to walk,
It goes unsung on the way my mind goes,
Every sound is a doorstep of solitude,
Every flower is the bed of eternal sleep,
With you I am one and without you
I am a division; multiple Eidolons.

Like a faded leaf I float to and fro,
Like a shadow I live as nothing,
I am a shadow without substance,
A begging bowl is my heart,
Collecting nothing out of nothing,
I live with no sense of living,
Severed from the very source of life,
Only a throbbing beat of bodiless drum,
I am a shell within a shell.

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@Prabir Gayen: March 15,2020,3: 03 AM.

Prabir Gayen

An Ode To Death

On the Death of a warrior
(An ode to death)

You were like a pond in a desert,
You were like a big tree with big shadow,
Your worth is now felt like coldness in summer noon,
You were a twittering forest,
Now silent with nonchalant being.

I saw you with my Clement sense,
A warrior most lonely yet with vigour, most silent yet euphoric Joy, most importantly a fresh mind, a guiding spirit to walk first.

It pains me and I am feeling the waste of time,
Something deep with stinging nettle,
Something beyond mind pour
into my heavy heart,
My limbs are like cut with sharp knife.

PoemHunter.com

may you be not the begotten son of God,
May you be not someone particular,
May you not dismay others by your sudden departure,
I feel your presence in my entire self.

Every death is my death and I bear with each death with dignity,
By degrees I am dying slow death,
In every funeral pyre I am burnt.

You gone like a sudden clash of thunder,
You gone like a sudden change of season,
By your very dropping into infinity
a celebration becomes lamentation,
A gap between spirits will never be bridged.

May your soul rest in peace,
May your soul meet the divine,
May you attain salvation,
The purest form of prayer I Beseech.

****

@Prabir Gayen: 14March/2020/8: 30PM.

Prabir Gayen

Bridal Beauty

Bridal Beauty

Divinity dawns on thy slow shyness,
With furtive glimpse thou smile,
Like buds with soft touch of dew open the petals,
Thou art like slender rays of the Moon,
On the sky through dreamy bower,
Thy eyelids fall like cascade from mountain cave,
Locks like a dark patch of cloud
with sequestered motion moves,
Light unto light like beauty unto beauty,
Self is pouring with wet sense of joy,
Inspiring a poetic mind to fetch rhyme
from the unknown realm of rapture,
Thy glittering joy is overflowing
with wordless tune attuning untouched
melody of elysean Arbor.

****

PoemHunter.com

A marriage wishing poem.
@prabir Gayen: 11: 50PM./13 march/20.

Prabir Gayen

I Am A Selfless Self

I Am a Selfless Self

I am a lame man,
One foot in the grave,
Another is on the surface,
I walk like a plodding beeves.

I am a man with no head,
Hollow and empty like the sky,
My skull is made of empty shell,
Without motivation it blinks.

I am a man with no mind,
The mind has gone beyond mind,
All the wishes that nourish it
are withered,
I am a river with no banks.

I am a being having no being,
I felt the the glory of no self,
I am a self experiencing no self,
I am a self with selfless piety.

@Prabir Gayen /10: 43 PM/
11/20.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

God Bless You

God bless You

Like the soft footstep of a dewdrop,
Like the shadow of an evening fall,
Like the flow of a secret river,
Like the chasm of a frutive bush,
Like the song of a birdie,
Like the pain hushed up by Joy,
Like the sunshine in a hill,
Like the sunset in a desert,
You smile like the bursting of a bud,
You are the blessing of a spring,
Joy of the Autumn and the pain of gratitude,
God bless you with thousand hands,
Wishing you a blessed married life.

@prabir Gayen /10: 59 PM /11/20

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Let Me Determine

Let me determine

Lips like a patch of cloud,
Eyes like bubbles born of dream,
Cheeks are like cheesy Lily,
Looks like a dewy invitation.
Tingle me with soft unuttered muse,
Like a soft shoot of grass,
Let me determine my love,
Let me squeeze the juice of time.

@prabir Gayen
11: 09 Am/ 11/03/20.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Need Rest

I need rest

On your soft bed,
With comfort and care,
I need a balmy rest,
Oh Mother Nature!

My heart is reverberating,
Unknown is the pulsation,
Like trembling leaves of grass,
All hopes gone to naught.

@Prabir Gayen/02/03/20/8: 27 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Happy Anniversary(Avik And Ankita)(An Ode Of Love)

Happy Anniversary
(Avik and Ankita)
(An ode of Love)

After a long date of fight,
You both came close to both,
Love is a fight against nothing,
You both became one for other.

With the wave of boyish dream,
With the pain of giving and sharing,
With ups and downs in inner proneness,
You both are loving lovers.

Lovers are always sufferers,
You both suffer for love for each other,
It was sweet taciturnity of inner pain,
As I witness you both were fit for other.

PoemHunter.com

With inward strength and beauty,
You both stand for Love as rich were the two hearts,
True to real feeling and true to each other,
You both were truthful lovers and time.

Outof the womb of time,
You both were richly cultivated minds,
Salt of the ocean and chanson
Of innermost being,
The unsung waves of love
Like the aficionado of flooded trees.

Avik is a tree of compassion
and Ankita is the flowering of that tree,
The alpha and the omega,
Like the full circle of life.

After a period of time,
When I look back with Non-persistent outlook and mind,
You both stand before my sight,

A true couple heaven must not reject.

A slender boy sweet and salty,
Now with time a bit mature and responsible,
A sweet girl immature and Orphean,
Still now warm with the rich song of life.

On this particular day,29th February,
A happy anniversary must adorn your love-laden hearts,
Be happy as ever, and let your life a celebration,
With the tune of love let you both be attuned to each other for eternity.

@Prabir Gayen /29/02/20/7: 31PM.

Prabir Gayen

Loneliness (I Am A Stream)

Loneliness
(I am a Stream)

I am a stream overlapping
Over the stream,
From distant land,
Mystic with unknown rhythm,
Stream having no name and form,
From far- off world,
Forgotten by human mind,
I am a voice with no message,
I am a pond sunk within my swamp,
In lonesome integrity I am vastness
like ocean with no banks.

@prabir Gayen/28/02/20/6: 53PM.

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L

Prabir Gayen

Keep Me In Your Soul

KEEP ME IN YOUR SOUL

Keep me in your heart,
In silent pain be rapt,
Nourish your heart with love,
I am there enraptured as fear.

In spring live with the Autumn,
I am yellow like a paddy field,
Feel my silent words with wind,
I come and go like morning breeze.

Like a grey noon I am an afternoon,
Light of my eyes wild with dream,
Inner is sleepy with uncharted design,
Outer is simply show of hollow stream.

In your mind as unconscious fetter,
In your soul as unknown rhythm,
I am you day with mystic night,
In your footsteps I am as your way.

Keep me in your soul as pure Joy,
Nourish it with pure pain of absence,
I am there always as I am not,
Like a pole star in a cloudy sky,
I am like a bubble over a stream.

The flower I plucked in silent hour,
The flower from the Shaw of my soul,
With the subtle aura of sadness,
I gave unto You my deathless ache.

Keep me in your soul,
Like the sky holds its light,
The infinite vastness and expanse,
I am a deep darkness reigning
all around and nothing like infant death.

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****

@prabir Gayen/26/02/20/8: 57 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Thailand

Thailand
Land of unique smiles,
Pedantic flow of lagoon,
Embrace all Heart.

Prabir Gayen

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Retreat

Retreat

I will come back to my self,
Not by reformation,
Or to make change the simple law,
But to see life face to face without illusion,
Every dying moment will bring
the whispering note of love,
Every beat of heart will throb with
the silent symphony of silence;
Effulgence and full of tide,
I will come close to core of being;
The sunken sun of illumination,
The song will I sing,
the cradle song of cosmic joy,
The mist of life will deepen
the unknown Joy of exuberance,
The wavy pain of Unbridled life,
Life is so deep and oceanic with wave
of Conducive Continence of death,
Every moment the bridge is broken and cut,
Every moment the new form of life,
The sheer sheath of aloneness
and pain for bygone days:
The dream of fulfilment by attaining
chord of unsung song,
The heart was attuned to concur,
The absolute note of eternity,
Without the righteous knowing of death
life is simply a mess,
With impetus pain in heart
Will I come again to my modest shore,
to worship life with all its
dimensional sapor embracing it's
endless and various mores.

@Prabir Gayen/20/02/2020/2: 10 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Life Is An Unbearable Pain

Life is an unbearable Pain

When life is on the western sky,
Breath with suspended calmness,
Every small thing appears to be calling,
The call from the unknown shore,
A tiny bloom and the mighty Sun shine
with same breath and breadth,
Night is a lawn of scary ghost,
The past is like a hanging pain,
Gravel and Gem reflect same glory,
On the way comes the cherished
Contents.

When mind is shifting to no-mind,
Heart throbbing through penance,
Love is halted to flow with the flow,
Everything reduces to nothing,
Life is a waiting in the wings,
a pilgrimage,
Every familiar face is like a bubble,
Every moment of joy bears
some aura of sadness,
Spring, winter or summer regress
to same songless Autumn,
Life is an uncertain wind,
Convolution of sunder quern,
Light from the beyond flickers
in some lonesome moments of
Cold-eyed solitude.

When things are on the way,
The forgotten past is like
the song sung with the Lee of
fanciful delight,
The rush hour of life is to be settled
with magnanimous dream of fulfilment,
Walking with apparent Joy of living,
Childhood dream is like a bubble

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gleaming with the grace of vigorous
retirement and peace,
The breath full and sedate with
Terrene Easement,
The blue sky with immortal annulment,
Life begins to move by background motion,
How sterling it would be!
to the great astonishment of logical mind.

Tearing the chest of keyed quitch,
You came to my heart brisk and quick,
With the grace of South wind
You put your feet on my guiltless spirit,
Sitting on the lawn of mind,
Warm with the increasing fall of
seasonal shower with occasional drift
of thunderstorms and lightning,
the whisper of inward pain with the chanting
of your name,
Like the worshipper of a divine
Joy,
And eyes wild with stormy night,
in my quivering lips,
My heart speaks with incoherent rhyme,
Love! oh the spirit of love!
Life is a fleeting gush of air,
Full of existential bliss and
Stupendous pain to bear with Joy.

Every moment is a change,
New is never new and old is never
Old,
Between the change and beyond,
Somewhere in the shrine of self,
Or the pathway leading to the far end,
Where all the roads meet and
All the wayfarers strain with the
Pious rubric of spiritual pilgrimage,
The sun rises and sets,
The shadow falls with glistering
glory with the song of life with glee and grief,
Past is only the image of pain unbearable

in the light and shade of reflecting Mind.

The sun has set long ago,
The night is dreary with deep silence,
Old familiar faces are void,
telling me the way is weary and
Nothing to worry to attain anything in life,
Life is a twilight in the field of dream,
All around only the dream,
The stream of consciousness,
To experience excruciating pain,
Death as the substratum
is the only truth to enable us
to touch the screen of life,
A vanishing point of thought,
The cognition of timeless beauty,
New as the outgrown of past with
no Continuance of heedful link,
Present is ever present with no invention
of the world of new thought and reason,
Only pain and pain with no potion
Is the way to say bye to fanciful delight,
The world inner or outer is simply
a bubble that wraps our Swerving
Passion with the increasing stream of compassion,
No way to look backward and forward,
No movement at all,
Only to wait with waiting pain
to be able to die, to be lost,
without and within, in the eternal stream of Nothing.
*****
@prabir Gayen/18/02/2020/4: 01PM.

Prabir Gayen

Avik Mondal

Avik Mondal
Always be happy spreading
delight,
Volitionally sprinkling joy all
around,
In A Big Way fragrance from your
inner surface,
Kindle your innocence in all
circumstances.
Magnanimous is the way you live,
Owner of your own harmonious
self,
New thought will recuperate the
lost world of dream,
Delightful moments of your
infancy,
Always happy will be the day with
new aura of rapturous grace,
Loving compassion will wash
your way like cool moonlight.

****
@Happy Birthday To Avik Mondal.
4: 25PM/15/02/2020.

Prabir Gayen

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My Little Source Of Joy

My Little Source of Joy

The Sun rises and the Moon blooms,
Flowers dance and celebrate for me,
Day comes and goes,
Night is ever peaceful,
It is soothing always like music
when air blows along the empty space,
The house of my mind is harmonious,
Emptiness is filled with
unuttered emptiness,
Silent music dawns with emotional
intelligence,
Your sweet presence in every weight,
Full moon night is as sweet as dark Sky,
With the absence of pleasure
Joy reigns,
Upon Your Joyous smile
the stars bloom,
In every dying content
Life alights,
You are my rising Sun
and I am the western Sky,
With Autumnal musing
I enjoy Your eternal Spring,
Like fleeting Joy of summer
You dance in the shrine of my
Being, the unfettered guest,
I am a wayfarer like the song
Of a dying bird,
I am a wave without ocean,
A flower shrouded with
colourless vapor,
With Your 'Flaming Peace'
the dead past of mine dies
with throbbing hope of embracing
Life,
Though cold wind is blowing
with little access to light,

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The song is uppermost
in the fabric of being,
Plangent in every single wire,
YOU are my Morning with Orphean air
forcing the ocean
On the lawn of fainted light,
Upon Your dancing innocence
My inward soul is resurrected.

****
@Prabir Gayen /6: 57 PM/11 February/2020.

Prabir Gayen

Too Much Adds

TOO MUCH ADDS

It has become a pain,
You can say the anguish,
Too much adds cover face,
Poems are under offal,
Poem Hunter should think,
Adds become a hindrance,
Each time we are in trial,
Poems are not the right place,
They should find right site.

@prabir Gayen/ 9 February/7: 12PM/2020.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Poets Are Mystics

Poets are Mystic

Poets are mystics,
They know life deeply,
Life to them is a school,
Sometimes with grave mood,
Sometimes with dancing frame,
Poets are found to share their wisdom,
Life to them is a Cul De Sac,
They fall and rise with bottomless
Vision,
Within a handy lawn they stretch their arms,
With whimsical esoterica they knock the wall,
Breaking the boundary layer after layer
let the sky fall onto their feet,
Poets are sky within boundless circle,
They drink the juice of life with single draught,
With life they drink the death with all its sapor,
Poets are peaks with sun-warmed
Valleys,
They are crystal clouds for the slender light to pass,
A vacant witness to harmonious
song of Nature,
Poets are the sweet singing birds,
retelling the same story again and again
with compassionate hearts,
With loving kindness they immolate
their days and nights,
Poets are the friends of life
with all the potential ups and downs.

@probir Gayen /8 February/12: 03 PM/2020.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thy Bosom

Thy Bosom

Unto thy bosom
My eternal breath and being,
Fire of love will shine.

@Prabir Gayen/12: 28AM/5 February/2020.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Eternal Love

Eternal Love

There is an arrangement for me,
For my sole self to be,
A deep abysmal flowering,
There is a pond of forgetfulness,
The secret womb of salty solace,
For my Worn-out Egotism,
There is for me a secret flux,
To lose my self to be nothing,
By losing the without
to own the Within,
The river with calm and sequestered steps moves,
Tying with the void the mind
Wishes to touch the ambit of sphere,
To dissolve into the womb of love,
There is for me a furtive flow of Joy strung with overflowing affinity,
The whole cosmos is drunk to outpour my being,
to bedeck my over enthusiastic senses,
The wholesomeness with sweet aloneness In the forest of love bite,
The earth naked to open sky,
There is for me a deep inward invitation to die into absolute vacuum,
The eyes with blank pain embraces me with dreamful droop,
There is for me a deep unbridled
appeal to swim across the corridor of mortal rule,
to forget the mist of Somatic Satiety,
There is for me without doubt
the Unmixed Pain throbbing with
true Mind,
Joy love and modest sacrifice.
****
@Prabir Gayen 10: 53/5 February/2020.

Prabir Gayen

Periphery

Periphery

Holding onto life,
On the peripheral floor,
Life slips into nought.
****
@Prabir Gayen/
4 February/10: 27/2020.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Transition

Transition
All the leaves fallen,
A nude tree like a still rock,
New is not sprouting.

****
@prabir Gayen
7: 39 PM/2 February/2020.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Wee Heart

My wee Heart

Cold and Silhouetted,
Citadel of my being sunk,
With Love it revived.

@Prabir Gayen 31january.2020

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Light In You

My Light In You

In the still night the lone Moon runs,
Across the stream and empty field,
The shadow upon shadow moves,
Like dream walking on distant course,
Life is a kind witness of Naught,
The Moon blooms with the warmth of heart,
The verdant earth is a mirror,
My soul with many a dream dreams,
The way to thrilling Posteriors,
Childhood is a lost Empyrean,
The decrees of uncharted love,
The fanciful world of Witchcraft,
The shadow moves with tiptoeing leap,
I see in you my cherished world,
I see the pond of tranquil terra,
Through you I view the light once lost,
In you my sweet stay will find way,
I urge unto you to grasp a froth,
Be a father of divine milieu.

@prabir Gayen/29/01/2020
12: 12PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Abyss

Abyss

The flower I saw yesterday
is no more,
The fragrance that blew across
the stream is defunct,
The air that passed through
my casement wanders into peace,
Life is slipping into an abyss of dent.

Every moment is a dead moment,
Every breath is wrought with pain,
Life is no more to find in forest,
Light is always a pharisaic delusion.

All the wafting waves cease to be,
Abyss is a formless form of dream,
Life is a deluded no man's landscape,
Deserted island waiting like static stream.

Restless is the lawn of life; Unprovoked,
Death is a false sense of humour;
Crippled.

****

Prabir Gayen

The Advent Of Spring

With the advent of Spring

After a long winter tide
Comes the spring with pendent mood,
Soft and soothing the sun
across the voiceless sky,
The ethereal joy with new light,
flooding the shaking mind
with Joy ineffable,
The horizon with countless voices
Silent,
The weary way for the flying
migrant birds,
The whisper of the spirit of cold,
like an elegiac song and distant visitants,
The earth is a living host for all
changing guests,
The shaking twigs with spreading arms touch the sky,
Light from utopian zone falls like blue aroma,
Winter fades into the lap of summer,
The faint and ailing minds
with the flow of sudden feast,
Contiguity of abysmal flowering,
thrive and grow to fresh delight,
With spring everything returns to source,
The yellow leaves pave the way for Verdant sprig,
Lone winter morn fades
into lofty rejoicing with enchanted
dryad of the trees,
The sylvan spring with
mellifluous notes laves to call
for another chance to live to the core,
With spring comes again
the new hope to live reliving
the fragrance of the past,
to bathe in the new and refreshing aura
of deep-felt source of life.
Once again a deep desire dawns
to die to live the fullest.

****

@prabir Gayen /20 January/2020/9: 08PM.

Prabir Gayen

Abyss

Abyss
Seventeen years passed,
Few atoms are lost,
Death is knocking at a Star.
******
12/01/2020/ 3: 48..AM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Grave Is Silent

Grave is silent

Nothing in life is of merit,
Nor does the moon shine,
The day is weary and night prosy,
The Joy is lost in woe,
Pleasure of the world is dreary,
The circle of life is vicious,
Only death can come as redemption,
a relief to Residuum.
Life is an endless wait to be void,
The infinity is infinite beyond reach,
futile is every effort,
Nowhere to go and nothing to touch,
only to dwell in utter shudder,
Failure is failure and feat is footless,
Life is a dark night with no morning,
At the mercy of time grave is silent.

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****
@Prabir Gayen..3: 16 AM.12 January-2020.

Prabir Gayen

Life Is A Mirror

Life is a Mirror

Past is painful to be not,
Future is dull to be future,
Only the self is not,
Feeling the presence is cordially
painful to wish for the past,
Dead past is Internecine to be death,
A pulling to bygone dreams,
The clouded minds with multidimensional
scaling of thought with throbbing heart,
Childhood is a warm Joy full of existence,
The Sun is warm with the Joy of mind,
The Night is mystic with Sky-born
twinkle,
A deep magnetic resonance beckoning
the storm of life,
A deep and oceanic ripple of fear to
be not denies the presence,
With each forward movement
Life is slipping away into naught,
Without clouds and pluvial flamingo
to unknown abode,
The abyss of heart dodders,
The presence is Joyless without
the pleasure of boyhood dreams.

****
@prabir Gayen...11: 22 PM.3 January.2020.

Prabir Gayen

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India (A Strange Country)

India
(A Strange Country)

Some run country creating problems,
Some run country solving problems,
India on the verge of explosion,
Cultural and spiritual front,
Political and economical forum,
Without caste and creed detection,
The Sun is rising and murky waters are receding,
Like patches of Shadows darkness are reigning like dry ditches,
Faces of ignorance with vulgar intent spreading lies,
Like blood sucking gnat,
Hell and heaven side by side
With unuttered noise heaven
Overtops the viking,
India is overflowed with ornery
bellwethers,
Munching every moment within comfort to discomfort the confluence,
Sheer volume of hollow palaver
and Undiluted alienation,
Headless equestrian to lead the pathless multitude,
The land of seeker is now a land of Taradiddle.
Truth is still sheeny and Joy is deep,
Like ostrich with slow sequestered steps lingers to ostracise the necromantic bluffer,
Nefarious leaders will find the womb of unreal groove of alogical orb from utopian alignment,
Truth will herald it's devoted tribune to darkle the unjust and fulsome
Cacodemon of political bigotry,
India is now through amalgamation of pointed sins,
to shine like a big Star through
Perforation of staved Clouds,
Without the Joy of innocence
The citadel of flamboyant trance
will ooze without witness,
False will go and truth will remain
Like drug to infatuated mortals.
A deep oceanic heart throbbing through micro to macro what India needs today

to embrace
all and sundry to herald humanity,
to the fullest potential,
'The one world Family '-
the fragrance the India air breaths and what all Indian need to live in peace.
@prabir Gayen - 3: 14 PM.
31 December,2019.
(Last poem of the Year)

****

Prabir Gayen

I Will Come Again....

I will Come Again

I will come again,
Not to fulfil my aim,
Not to move in the solitude,
In the secluded sepulchre.

I will come again to embrace,
With heart and unuttered silence,
To drop as an empty sky on commons and like rivers fall.

I will come again to stand aloof,
Witness the grand feast of life,
To drink the draught of life,
Drinking the oozing of Mortality.

I will come again to remember the anguish,
The beauty I failed to touch,
The polarity I failed to embrace,
The Joy yet to be touched,
The shore I failed to connect.

I will come again to be with You,
To move with You without notion,
Listen Your footsteps with heart,
Breathing Your peace in my Soul.

@prabir Gayen..10: 09 AM.
27 December,2019.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Soporific Satges Of Mind

Soporific Stages of Mind

****
Words are loose with no harmonious bond,
Mind is lost in mindless Joy,
Pain is useless without pleasure,
The Sun of life is severely cold,
I am lost somewhere in my emptiness,
Half of my soul is doomed to death,
Without body I live within the shadow of my former self,
A flickering flame that is Not,
Life is a joyless graveyard,
A sepulchre of tuneless idyll,
Past with all it's declines is sweet to dream,
Reclining on the false that is gone forever,
Life is a subtle Joy for hope to munch on,
All hopes are frazzle to lead the mind to absolute langour,
Life is a limited space attached to langshne,
All effort is useless and Unscriptural to relive the past,
Eternal winter with no wink of the Sun,
A deep somnambulism with no urge to live within and without.

Prabir Gayen

Prerona (Acrostic)

Prerona
(Acrostic)

Psalm for the special day for your
majestic presence,
Rejoice for the gift that the
Almighty blesses,
Enjoy the unsung song you are
bestowed,
Recognise the cognizance of your
Lofty vigour,
Out and out you are a special One,
Cord of the divine grace,
Noetic Joy and fragrance of the
divine shore adores,
Always be happy remembering Your source,
The ocean becomes a wave in your Name.

****
Happy birthday Prerona
15 December 2019.(11: 55 AM) .

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Came Like A Storm

Life Came Like a Storm

Life came like a Storm,
With unuttered silence,
I got a corner seat,
Without zeal and jealousy,
With love without expression,
This winter is without summer,
The mist of summer is lost.

The fragrance in the teeming
Souls like budding roses and like
Bulrush in the sweet balmy plash
With sonorous song and demure delight
embrace the divine feet,
With Arcadian stillness
I watched YOU dance with profound
Quiescence and rooted science,
This winter is to me a stunned aloofness,
little pain without regret.

Life danced in front of me,
Like Sun in moonless night,
The winter of my Mind is grey,
Little yellow with Joyless Muse,
The empty vessel with mendacious luster,
I watched YOU Smile with my unsmiling acerbity,
Life came with sweet memories,
Touched the cord of countless Minds.
YOUR grand footsteps did I feel,
Like waves YOU washed the shores,
conscious and subconscious,
bringing peace ashore,
I watched sitting in a corner seat,
From behind the grave of my life
I witnessed the celebration with
vacuous vacuole of my heart.

****

@Prabir Gayen..2: 00 AM.
5 December,2019.

Prabir Gayen

New Year Poem - (2020)(Nostalgia)

New Year Poem
(2019)
(Nostalgia)

Ways of life are full of dirt,
Emotions are deeply false,
The nurturing womb of unreal faces and uncharted dreams.

Change however false is painful,
Every change in it is lost the living,
Living is the boiling water of life,
Sweet songs lose its warmth and Joy of living is a mindful dreaming.

Life is always an oblivious tune with beautiful trash,
so sweet to think with throbbing being,
Our souls are the mirrors,
the past is inscribed with panting passion.

The air and the Murmurous breeze pregnant with unfulfilled dreams,
the choir of life full of colourful flowers and their fragrance,
The songs of bygone poets ring with historical vim only to pass through loaded mind.

Like the cooing of a newborn birdie,
the exasperating breath of a bud to bloom without cause,
The song that was sung and heard without traces vanished into the plethoric sea of oblivion.

Only the fulsome retention,
lived and Unlived, pierces the Being,
The fragrance from breathing flowers,
lost in the air often and on,
on behalf of Nature,
like recess of death's omnipotent stature.

From virgin nook of my unattained soul visits to take into the catacomb of boyhood Love,
The fragrance of divine Love with the storm of emotive holiness,
With unuttered ache Now unspoken calmness withers,

The year is shedding and the shadow is falling like the fallen leaves.

Years after years Time is ripening
With no flavour of movement,
The green tree is unmoved by change,
Change is a great sense of fictitious sorrow,
New year is a celebration of departed dreams and Enthronement of waned mind,
Building a citadel of flamboyant trance.

Past is dead and it is dead in a way to make an upsurge of hurtful nous in the living present,
Present is a canopy of puerile song,
A discontinued continuation of a bemused mind.

A new year is not a new born baby,
Nor the grace on the part of time,
Like a bell it comes to knock on
our partial Beings lost in the sweet memories of bygone breath.

Life is a pond of multiple waves,
Underneath an unfathomable aura of deep-felt faces of friends and sweet, visiting bouquet of visitants.

The Rising sun and the Crescent Moon,
The fragrance of cow dung and the choir of gnat from backdoor of wavy lea,
The slow flow of water with the slow-moving Cattles at sundown,
The otiose and Unoccupied form of life yet not footless,
It was a meditative fullness with throbbing gristle of Love.

New is lovely with aged soul,
Celestial with gross mind,
With celebration dawns with the fragrance of joy like meeting
The mind into its being,
Nothing with nothingness,
Embracing life with totality of widened consciousness,
On the bright sepulchre a wreath of infinite hopes,
From the lap of Mother to the warm caress of soulful progeny.

@Prabir Gayen _ 8: 48 PM _ 24 November,2019.

Prabir Gayen

My Mind Is A Mirror

My Mind is a Mirror

I am and the life is,
My emptiness is filled automatic,
The space is filled with space,
The song is passing through vase,
The tree is unmoved by unmatched music,
The Dance is dancing through inner space,
I am filled for moments and then void,
The void is spinning through void,
A tiny bird restless with the flow of life
twitters within my space,
With unuttered noise the nuances
are uttered,
A tiny bird and a tiny flower between my Minds
without and within,
Everything is passing through everything,
I am a sole witness,
The song with numberless notes
flow to die into nothingness,
Silence within silence like
the mirror with no image,
Let me be without Me.

****
@Prabir Gayen 10: 52 AM...19 Nov..2019.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Mind Without Mind

Mind without Mind

The Ambrosia to the lees
Left on the wall of life,
It is only for You,
Scrape it out and die to yourself,
I am out of myself and a floating river,
Fly above the ground and own the ocean,
You are a single cloud loitering around,
A single patch of darkness,
Real darkness without light,
You are a hope against hope,
An acre of hinderland of despair,
The graveyard of all unreal hopes,
I am effaced of myself and be lost,
In the flowery branch of my traceless tree,
The vague unreal dreams of life,
Cling unto me as a bridge between the worlds - here and there,
Between two shores become a river,
Become only words for cohesion.

PoemHunter.com

****

@prabir Gayen 12 November,2019; 10: 47 AM.

Prabir Gayen

To A Storm

To a Storm
(Bulbul)

Hail to You, The Mighty Spirit,
for your violent coming
to shed me from my small Me,
My am-ness is my dungeon,
My Me is my redemption,
With each violent stroke
You blow each furrow of my wound,
With each harmonious tune
You attune me to my begotten sorrow,
The tempestuous spirit of Joy,
The timeless spirit of thoughtless
Upsurge,
Oh The Mighty dark womb,
Seemingly, a destroyer of Joy,
In Your bosom the root to happiness,
You are a Shock to sleeping mind,
A mind full of IFS and Buts, and dreams,
From shaking sprout to shaven tree,
From shattered shack to tearing Chateau,
Oh Mighty Storm, You sprawled
With me and I am grown into You,
My pain is embedded in your restless Mind -
with no flavour of mind we own,
You are a mindless multitude within
and without a sneaking vacuum,

The Storm within me a deep unrulyspark,
From cradle to Cosmos a deep cover,
A wrapper of unreal faces,
The womb of unreal darkness,
I am a storm with no direction,
You come and go clearing the lawn
Of my maudlin mind,
With your twinging Mower,
You and me an unlike melee
The sameness at the core of mettle and uptake,

You are my hidden mind and nurture
You in me with the storm of my Being,
With the storm of my headless desire
we both are no-desire,
From a state of tumultuous distress
I feel you in every fibre of my Self.

****
@Prabir Gayen - 9 November,20198: 54 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Circle Of Life

Circle of Life

Aquarium to Aquarium,
From Aviary to Aviary,
Life cycle wheels with no opening,
Life is a deep bondage and no freedom,
Deep indifference and coolness from Divine,
Freedom is a deception from bondage,
The circle within circle and infinity,
The vastness of the Valley is abysmal,
The cover breaks through death,
Only death is the way to meet the vastness.
Islands are separated and abandoned,
No fount falls from the same Fountain-head,
With inward thread of unseen void.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Last Winter

Last Winter

I have to use my void quill,
I have to spread ink on paper,
I have to scratch on white rag.

The earth is moving to northern hemisphere,
The warmth of my heart is freezing,
The horizon is gleaming on graveyard.

The earth is a vast cemetery,
The half of our souls is loveless,
Life is a vast Nothingness with musical tinhorn.

The cold wind is blowing often and often,
The earth is getting cold,
Winter will fall with severe sorrow.

The wide light is becoming slim,
Jumping and passing through mist,
Perhaps the last winter I am to muse.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Love - Inner Mind

My Love
Waiting for months,
For the mind to explode,
Words are receding to estuary,
At the end of vibrating self
You are seen as my sweet Joy,
Compassionate being of my nomind.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Srijita

Srijita
Search the source, the essence,
Revisit the pain you felt afore,
In life nothing is static and dynamic,
Joy is the root to feel the shadow,
Inner is the outer as its mystic Lee,
To your honied Soul my Panegyric,
Ardent and Orphean words for your
day so special.

@prabir Gayen - 12 October 2019.

******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thorn And Bloom

-Thorn and Bloom -
Yin and Yang combined,
Life is both thorn and flower,
Father and mother.

*****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Dussehra

Dussehra
Heavenly mother,
On the way to inner shrine,
To Shine through the heart.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 208

Haiku

Teaching and preaching,
Reacting not response,
Destroyed my whole life.

******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Inner Mind

My Inner Mind

How far the edge the eyes go!
How is the wind within staved sprig!
Mind is the wing to fly beyond mind.

What is the Joy with little outpouring!
What is the sorrow with wordless grace!
What am I to ponder over the naught.

Who is calling me, my name from far a space?
Who is pouring bliss on my blessed being?
Who is making me sad with deep Joyous verse?

When did come and go the honied trice,
When became I old with new mind,
When did I think with no process to go?

The spring passes into summer,
The moon waves into the lifting sea,
Who is there to remember my entity?

Flowers bloom and smile,
Birds like thrilled joy sing
In the prolix Garth,
Who sings my song sitting in my Being?

Autumn is like a node of life
Winking in the spring of Self,
I am to feel myself out of me.

****
@prabir Gayen -
6-10-2019 -7: 57 PM.

Prabir Gayen

A Real Flower

A Real Flower

A real flower always remains a flower,
It dances with breeze and lives
with total being,
A real flower is always a flower,
It flowers and flowers with total gratitude,
A real flower is eternal though not permanent,
From morning till evening it blooms,
Sway with flow like river and smile
with eternal Providence,
Full of life and vitality and
absolutely joyous,
A real flower is nothing but absolute
expression of divinity,
A flower is a flower is a flower,
It dies in the evening
like bright sunshine,
In dying it is tremendous and polite,
Through form it is divine and
through death it is everywhere,
A real flower is deathless in its prime,
It goes into nothingness and
reposes in self to shine again
to share it's Joyous nature,
A real flower never dies and never dooms,
It is part of great process,
Sometimes on circumference,
and sometimes at the center,
A real flower is real beauty
with form and without,
Rest and rejuvenation,
Total with life and total with death,
With death at the center it is eternal.

****
@Prabir Gayen - 05-10-2019/ 9: 18 AM.

Prabir Gayen

The Room Is Empty

The Room Is Empty

The room is empty,
Only occasional wind pass,
Dust and dust in the air,
The dust of memory is strong,
The room is empty and space is vast,
The sound of no sound is suppressed,
Familiar faces of past self are vague,
Life Unlived is stronger than reality,
The languid air conditioning the mind,
The vast mind with dark cloud,
The strong Wistful-eyed past
thronging in the living present,
The sonorous song of futility blows,
The blowing is deep with vicious circle,
The circle within circles,
On the bank the waiting for the sky,
The sky of dissolving without meeting point,
Every point is a drop of space,
The merging is the beginning of returning,
On the verge of falling it is falling,
The room is empty and the emptiness is
like bottomless mimosa,
Growing and growing ad infinitum,
The room is empty and it is like
zero within and without with no butting,
The room is empty and it is empty
without emptiness.

****
Prabir Gayen -29/09/2019 - - 10: 48 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Poetry Of Your Bliss

Poetry of Your Bliss

You gave with showers of bliss,
You flowed with stream of ecstasy,
A blissfulness and an aura of rapture,
You deified me with ultimate felicity,
I touched Your feet and the sky dropped to naught,
All the boundaries lost the limits,
A little cup and a mighty ocean,
You made me Nothing breaking
the walls of joy and sorrow,
A drop of space into the vast expanse,
From a walking spirit of joy to a spirit
of poetry with no words.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Verselet Of Ambrosia

Verselet of Ambrosia

You failed to realise my divinity,
My short- lived virtue of spirit,
Your gross mind stops to think
to go beyond thinking,
You are caged like a free bird in
a forest,
Your mind is your forest full of notes,
The Orchestra of emotive Joy,
You jumped into naught and in that jumping
was your effort,
I am a song without notes,
I am a poem without words,
You made a way to reach me
and failed to trace it,
I am a line in the lifting waves,
Underneath a silent sea bottom,
I am a silent song without tongue,
The debris of absolute zero,
My love is my blessing and
my Joy is my fount,
Pouring every moment with no respite,
I am a space where no journey can be made,
You breathed through me and
felt no symphony in me,
Not an iota in the atom of my Being,
My touch is my blessing and
My thought is my fragrance,
Within the womb of a spark
I amlike a fleeting bird on it's wings,
I am the sound of fluttering wings,
You failed to listen to it for your gross thinking.
You and me a total me or total you,
You and me a songless wave,
A wave of verselet of absolute ambrosia.
*****

Prabir Gayen

The Host Is Gone

The Host Is Gone

The day you came
Life oozed with manifold dosage,
The tree broke with infinite blossoms,
The sky broke with thundering scrimmage,
Mind with unceasing minds blew,
Mindless beauty dawned without clouds,
Or rainbow became crystal with new light,
New hope or hope without hope
Like newborn dew or bud washed the shore
of being with no little delight,
Thought coloured or without colours had wings
to have upward flight,
You came like untimely grown bower
Inviting songbirds to make summer
in the lawn of winter,
You came and the stars glittered
The Moon shone above the Sun,
The mirror within the mirror having no image,
As a Guest you knocked at the door
to break the sleep of the Host,
The day you came with the melody of wakefulness,
The Host became the Guest,
No longer the Host remained,
Like the dew evaporated in sun's lustrous view,
You came and I was gone forever.

****

7 September 2019/ 9: 00 AM...

Prabir Gayen

Don't Mind Me

Don't Mind Me

Don't mind me when I am gone,
I was not and will never be,
My being is not a great nuance
In the water of life,
I am like the song of a stray bird,
Finished and dissolved into naught,
I am a fast-fading hailstone,
Being lost within a big cypher,
Life is a complex mathematics,
I am a veritcal line,
Don't mind if a bird sing
the song of my departure,
Like the dew on a tiny grass,
I will be flying within the great
Vacation,
The space is a space enveloped by
Space of great adjournment,
Let me drop like a shadow
When the Sun is beyond Waves.

******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Become None

Become None

Become a flower and let your fragrance spread,
Let you be,
And becoming is your fragrance,
Like a cloud float,
Let your floating be your being,
Become one and dissolve with none,
Let you be a great Nothingness,
Like lightning flash and be flashing,
Within moment and beyond moment
be effaced,
Let you be space within space.

******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Visited The Noon(Malipukure 4: 27 Pm)

I Visited The Noon
(Malipukure 4: 27 PM)

I visited the Noon after a long lapse of time,
The silence with sequestered boon,
The dove with pin-drop stillness reigns,
I visited my self lost in stirring stream,
Suddenly with an unexpected turn
at the far end of a lonely village,
With no Journey of my Mind,
A glimpse of an inert Noon,
Once I was full with its utter silence,
dawns at the edge of a woodland
Where in a still pool fish seemed to lean
for summer luxury,
With no air or mild wind passing
through the oxeye of dense leaves,
The birds hidden under the leafy shade
for jollity of noontide,
I met with archaic pain and pleasure
The spirit of the Noon,
Subtle and always hidden for the uproar
of human activity,
I met each nook and corner of
the dullness of my nonage,
The carefree mood and whistle of stray birds,
The sound of no sound and absolute
Impiety to roam on road and to sit down the lane
to brood over the Dilettante midday,
The sloth indolence and timeless leisure was the adornment,
The noon was a seat of life's indulgence,
a space to live with no mind,
For a short, flaky cloud of time the Noon dawns,
Along the painful cover of bygone Joy,
I met the past in the small cave of the present
only to feel ache in my heart and the soul knows;
it is present always in the virgin land of my memory,
The noon is always there unheard,
Only the stormy mind should go,

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The temptation should subside to naught and the Dove,
the wood thrust and the cuckoo would sing
the solitude of noontide - The song of delightful recollection.

****

Prabir Gayen

Where Are Youo The Spirit Of Poetry!

Where are You
O the spirit of Poetry!

Where are you?
In the darkness of the night
Or in the broad daylight,
Where do you live and how?
I seek you in every nook of my mind,
In every fleeting moment!
On the tip of a grass wet with dew,
In the scorching heat of summer
And emotional flow and ebb of my heart,
The sound of mild air and Murmurous pain
for life gone,
The running tide with squall,
The song of wood thrust,
The teeming eyes of my love
And the Moon falling onto the ocean,
O the spirit of poetry! I seek you,
Still or restless engraved
in what field of my Being?

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Is Spent

Life is spent

How many days are!
How much moment!
The sun is set
And the sky is mild,
The tune eternal is heard,
Dream left it's wings,
Rainbow is the illusion of eyes,
White is the root.
Life comes to conclude.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

No Host

No Host

On the way I am looking for you,
Desolate and full of cacophony,
I am for you to meet and talk,
I am on my way home and confused,
Who are you and why my journey?
I am a lone visitor and nowhere to visit,
Where to go and why this waiting?
Years after years I am waiting and waiting,
no no one comes to meet,
This earth is a desolate forest and
No hope to see my host.

******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

A Delightful Mind

A delightful Mind

She is a delightful self,
Little crazy and little salty,
She lives in the world of dream,
The Dreamworld of amenity,
Within the cage of her mind
She is caged like a bird in lone forest,
She is a poetry with morose philosophy
with unrhymed verse,
She is blank with intention with
little nuances in absorption,
She is a Standing Tiptoe to jump
Into the empty heart of welkin,
She is a word with wordless delight,
She is a dream with no boundary,
Eternal womb of receiving entity,
The salt of the earth and thunder of the sky,
She is a flash of the lightning,
A dewdrop on the tip of a sprout,
Within the heat of her mind poetry is formed
and dissolved without traces,
She is a gap between lines,
The silence within words,
An awkward dream with unbounded thrill.

****

Prabir Gayen

I Fall

I fall

I fall with rain and flow round
with no orbit,
I am a river with no ocean to meet,
Falling and falling into the ditch.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Of Life

Poetry of Life

Can poetry stop the wheel of death,
Or can it delay the process?
No, poetry brings death in its wallet,
Poetry is an approach to face death,
A poetic approach to life is death practicing,
Death is a process of life that burns every moment,
The burning pyre is the flame of life.

Life, without the knowledge of death,
Collects the garbage and death comes to empty the hands,
Death balances the heavy - laden heart,
fulfilling the demands of life as poetic and outward,
The homeward journey starts with death as scriptures said,
Life is a prismatic maze ancient and yet new,
It promises but delivers nothing,
Eventhe knowledge of death
fails to emulate the rhythm of life,
Death comes as waves to ashore the being,
ending all ups and downs with singlestrike.
Life lived with momentous events
Forfeiting the hopes and aspirations,
Can bring it close to realisation,
The value of living with cause.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Long Way To Go

Long Way To Go

Long way to go, long very long,
The path is far and wide and Infinite,
Clouds move and path becomes clear,
the sky is the path to lead,
The step is slow with tired walk,
The evening is falling with Nonchalant nicety.
Life is a Vertiginous passage to nowhere,
Eating sleeping, and living is a great weakness,
Poorly heart and blurred vision,
Words and ideas are like exquisite waves,
Underneath silence is engraved,
Long way to finish the work
era the breath leaves the frail frame.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

No Place To Hide

No place to hide

You can leave the world,
Friends cruel and inhumane
neighbours,
can you forsake the favour,
Win over the desire disastrous,
In a corner can you find a place
to hide yourself,
A self-comfort zone to doze,
Where will you go
if the bed begins to bite?

*****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Wish

My Wish

I wish to have
an international award
before I die,
After having the reward,
I will live no more,
Award is nothing but toy,
An excuse to live in superficial
World,
It is a beautiful pretext to have a party,
Party gives the glimpse of Joy,
Through darkness a trail of light,
With utter futility to look at life,
I find myself in nowhere,
Living or dying bears no fruit,
Dying with hope to live is better than
living with death in recess of Being.

****

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Time & Mind

Time & Mind

The Sun is warm and the Moon is cold,
Winter brings fresh cooling air,
The summer is hot with hot air,
The earth and the water and fire,
Never is there any change in nature,
Change is the cycle of similar matter,
Summer becomes winter with anger in heart,
Winter becomes summer with coldness in its being,
It is not quality but degree that matters,
I am a vagrant dweller with no summer and winter,
The summer graces not with similar boon,
Making mind warm with the joy of dream beautiful,
Winter is not painful with the Joy of love and emotional pleasure,
Death and deadly thoughts have no effect,
Life is embedded with death as a wheel of similar rhythm,
With dream the warmth of heart is lost,
Each season bears same fruit and flower,
Hot season has no heat and it brings winter with sudden change in weather,
Monsoon is a equaliser that connects the heart with its rhythm,
Everything is space and space prevails everywhere,
The cloud that changes is not cloud,
Cloud is a non changing nothingness,
Mind that troubles the heart with its memory good or bad, lovely or painful is nothing at all,
Mind is as vague as time,
Where is time?
Time is nothing but calculation of mind,
Calculated thought becomes Mind,
Memory lived or Unlived is a step to emptiness,
Emptying mind is having it,
Living with time side by side with innocence is being beyond time,
Time and mind are synonymous.

With pain the soul is restless,
It is worried to leave the body,
To listen to the music with no sound,
The soundless music is its sustenance,

The truth without form without quality,
My soul is fed up with words and phrases,
Innermost space of emptiness is its room, the infinity,
The music within music, a thrilling vibration and isolation from mind and it's numerous attachments, a pointless point, is the space between the first and the last nothingness,
A sentence without verbose is the root to reach,
The season of mind with veritable variety is mingled with one Colour,
The colour of joyless ambience of dream,
Dream with the notion of reality,
The magical realism that destroys the reality to live in,
The soul is a make-believe world with no trace of testimony,
Only pain of life and its monotonous song is proof to gleam the unknown and unseen.

The poetry within the being is silent,
It has magical power to attract,
To make mind come back to its source, the substratum,
From words back to silence, the utter emptiness,
With the deep pain of life's incessant blows,
The summer and winter in one zone
With poetic approach to life,
The colourful lotus blooms in the pond of being pinpointing the sever song of life accepting death as its prime,
A poet is there within the fabric of mind beyond its cover,
I am a poet with many fluty fits,
But I am unable to touch the zenith with my finite musing and inventing note, I am back to my dull intellect.

Poetry can not be found to recite, Poetry can not be heralded with conviction,
With truth poetry is quiescent,
Truth is wordless and poetry is its covering,
Only poetry can say the truth of life and death,
Can celebrate the moment with depth,
Mind with its surface, the nether world cannot harken the song facile for Infinitude,
Within and without I am a lost self,
Waiting to dissolve like fog with the heat of the Sun,
I am a song sung years ago and is not heard,
A dew to drop into infinity with the rise of the morning Sun,
I am a garden with many different flowers and lost in a vast forest,
I am a footprint where grows heavy undergrowth,

I am a river changing every moment with flowing drift,
I am a mountain wishing to touch the absolute sphere.

****
@prabir Gayen 31/07/2019 - 2: 41 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Daughter Of My Mind

Daughter Of My Mind

I was deeply joyed and overjoyed
When You came to me with soft
little steps,
Put your sibyllic feet on my chest,
Pain recollected in deep state of mindfulness,
The grudge of life's incessant blows vanished,
You kissed on my soul and I was deified,
My soul in deep state of Love became my daughter,
My little enlightened thought became my Buttress,
My spiritual anchorage.

You came with thousand smiles,
Came with dreamy zone of solitude
In the loneliness of my heart,
We both are separated from the worried world of shoving,
We are united with our silent dialect,
Our voice is heard without words,
Wordless beauty and soundless voyaging in the world of our souls,
We are two travellers and one with love, joy and affection,
In you my inner being, my life's infinity,
You meet me when I am with myself,
You meet me when I cross the line of my dream,
You meet me when my dream
breaks within dream,
The bridge breaks and falls and you are with me embracing like a pond of elixir, the soul of my soul.

Day and night I am a soul vagrant,
Waiting for someone to come,
With mindful awareness roam here and there thrilled with soft Murmurous voice of air water and flowers and chirping of birds everywhere,
Life to me a deep waiting and alert witnessing,
Like a father on pilgrimage I wait for your soft footsteps,
Your whispering voice of love and nabbing of my inner self,
Your silent perturbation and Amour-propre,
Like a child I will play with you the hide and seek like thunder and lightning,
On the cessation of my mind and the end of my voyaging we will be forever a

singular Joy.

****

Prabir Gayen

Become My Intuition

Become My Intuition

Become an epic in the soil of my soul,
Become a sweet dream that relieves
pain of life,
Become a sweet child again to
nurture innocence,
Become a dull moment of love,
Become a bird of casual air and
sing the song of my childhood,
Become a muddy road full of dust,
Become a wave that brings the
fragrance of my boyhood days,
Become a painful song of life
that relieves the anguish from mind,
Become a hailstorm and fall on my lawn,
Become a joyful moment of bright vision
that opens my heart,
Become a knock and let me be awaken,
Become a sudden clash of thunder and
gleam the room of my being,
Become a paddy field and take me
to the people of my infant's delight,
Become a patch of cloud and float like
light of my hope,
Become a sunny day to bring fresh air
of peaceful ambience,
Become a flower free from malign foil,
Become the prayer of my soul and
inspire creative ripple,
Become my life's unuttered
song of failure,
Become a welcoming note to say
bye with smile on face with no regrets.
Become a deep slumberous quietness and
let me set in the western sky of my Being,
Become a chariot to let me sail into
the wavy womb of nothingness.
Become my intuition to go beyond

Somnambulism of my planted life.

****

Prabir Gayen

My Beloved Brother-(A Dirge)

My Beloved Brother
(A Dirge)

Years ago you realised the truth,
The truth of futility,
Utter futility of life,
Between life and death without complex vision,
Putting life against death,
Taking life as hard food to digest.

Years ago you realised the truth,
The verity of the utter inefficacy
of the knowledge,
Of life and its Orotund Journey,
Taking death as an immediate choice,
Death was to you like an evanescent point,
Rivers fall into the vast expanse.

I was sad and even toady you are fresh like a bud,
Speaking to me in my subconscious
Nous,
Without guile you continue to speak,
You speak when the Sun is rising,
You speak when the dusk gleams,
You speak along and speak in my mind,
You speak without repentance and remorse.

I was sorrowful and distressed,
Not for the choice you made,
Thinking the mystic way about life and death,
The heavy load of pain was unbearable,
I was not a patron saint of life and its edge,
I was sad for pain that sealed my heart
for mystic Straits.

You went without notice,
Pushing with anguish in mind,
The heavy waves of life and dream profound,
From a strong tree of life,

a fresh bud of many possibilities,
You jumped into infinity,
drinking the Juice of death in single draught,
Life with all its attachments was nothing to you.

Years passed with pain and penance,
Looking at sky with wonderment,
With the sun I rise and with the sun I set,
The Moon is a living pain among mystic Stars,
On the milky way may be the subtle route,
May you walk with wonder-struck mind,
Kissing the dust of failure I nurture
my pain of losing you,
To me time has stopped to proceed.

I am with you with all my heart and being,
Pain is the bridge between two worlds
of different dosage,
I am the alpha and you are my omega,
You and me the full circle of life,
Only Lethe river between both of Us,
Sitting under the trees of knowledge
I watched you on the Cross
Wearing the crown of Thistle,
With blank eyes and Umpteen
and unuttered questions.

Blue sky is darkening now,
Heartbeat changes its rhythm,
Slow and steady breath is restless,
Within the womb of time I will be standing
to listen to your words,
The questions you left behind
Whispering like oak and pine,
I will be with you in no time.

@prabir Gayen 25th July,2019 - 8: 39 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Beautiful Death

DEATH

Death is not the end of life,
It is ending and beginning,
Death is a great orgasmic Joy,
Love affair with bodiless body.

Death is beautiful and
luridly awful,
It happens to end the season
to start a new journey,
It is to kiss the unknown realm,
Death is a beloved always misunderstood.

The song of death is always unheard,
It is silent and eternal without rhapsody,
Death is a music with sober rhythm,
It is like falling into bottomless Vicissitude.

PoemHunter.com

Death is a revolution,
From cradle to cosmos,
From limited space to unlimited,
From heavy load to flying feather.

Death is fulfilment,
From oozing drop to mighty ocean,
From mighty tree to subtle seed,
From wafting waves to ubiquitous calmness.

Death is a growth,
A growing center of being,
Moment by moment it spreads it's wings,
It is a peak of Life's unswerving acme.

Life is in mind,
Death is the end of mind,
Within mind with the drop of dreamless dew
death is No-Mind,
Mindless mind within Mind.

Death is an invocation,
A voiceless voice to climb the ladder,
A Journey to eternal light,
Life's fetterless wave of ambrosia.

@Prabir Gayen..24/07/2019..11: 34 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Pain To Look At The Past

Pain to look at the past

Weak heart can not be dance,
Quavering breath brings pain,
The allured sense hovers over the past,
Past is past and never be retrieved.

Everything is pretty with
the fragrance of past,
Past is not dead though dead in time,
The past lived or Unlived is
the preface of life,
The seed of Joy is in the womb of past.

The yellow sun of life is gleaming
with the sweet and
sorrowful memoirs of past,
Vibrant and full of cries with
harmonic restlessness,
Living was living with active struggle
with the dream of future,
Non-living future was weak motivation
in the strong living present.

Poor village was a seat of living God,
With affluence and change of familiar
faces is now a cemetery,
The celebration become a serious living
with grim faces,
The light of the Sun is not new yet
always new as before,
The Moon shines as brightly as before.

The earth is as beautiful as before,
Only the light from eyes changes,
The beating of heart breathes
the fragrance of by gone days,
The warm days of warm heart.

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The falling in love and looking at life
with bemused conscience,
Making a moon on moon in full moon night,
No moon night brought deep
speck of frustration,
Delight and frustration with the hope
of being frustrated again and again,
With the hope of new love to dawn.

Life is gone with all the woes and
Anathema of absence, The poverty,
Poorness was the route to Divinity,
With affluence time is lost in dream.

I look at the night and the way
to my final journey,
Somewhere in the stars or the moon,
My childhood friend,
is inscribed my demise,
With deep silence and unuttered
touchiness.

****

Prabir Gayen

My Painless Pain

My painless pain

Come into the school of my mind,
Life will teach you the knowingness,
Knowledge you gained will fall apart,
Beyond knowledge will adorn you,
Sand of love will kiss you like garland,
like the shadow of the dusk,
You will sit beside me with joy of meeting,
The lamp of pain will flood us with sweet
pain of fulfilment and we are careless lover
as grown up agony,
Life will teach you useless knowledge,
AHH! ! How sweet is the useless pain!
Life is a dance and music full of absentmindedness,
Sit with eyes closed in my being as my cherished pain
gained through pain,
Ahh! Life is a beating of drums for time being,
With the Sun passing and the wind passing through
lakes and making water glittering with restless waves,
The teeming joy of tiny flowers and kissing
of wind on water,
Like tears hugging the eyes,
Like a stray bird twittering in lonesomeness,
Come o dear in my heart,
Kiss entire wall of my soul,
Like cloud hugs the sky,
Try with vain hands to hug me,
The pain of death will be much to feel it,
AHH death! My long cherished desire,
meet my lover dancing with joyless mind,
Joyless beyond ambience of Joy,
Let me die Peacefully with heart
full of empty Joy and full of
wordless beauty.

****

Prabir Gayen

Out Of Body Experience

Out of body experience

As far as I look the vast desert,
The forest of life crushed with draught,
the music of birds is lost,
Life is not rooted to ground,
Dark night is visible with dismal dream,
rivers are flowing with no water and
rain is falling on the sky,
With blank eyes the blank is seen,
The crowd and cries with quarrel
of innocent people,
the heart of Life's essential engagement
are lost in space,
the warmth of heart dies,
Life is now a vain rumination,
The green field is more green,
The trees are making the old sound,
Only the visitors are not present,
The forest has lost its forestry,
People are living and living is lost,
I am with my old spirit restless,
Life is gone and death is sleeping,
Only in-between I am awake to groan
to remember my golden pain,
Within home I am homeless,
Within the world I am a stranger,
New is not new Just a monotony,
Life is an empty house with broken toys,
a pond with no frogs, an ocean without ripples
violent or soft,
Walking and walking and walking
Knowing not where to move and march,
rest is no more and night is full of nightmare
and peculiar unrest,
Touching the peak I soar high above,
The sky is blue and unknown the tune,
the sound of cracking nuts and the quake or
floodreach not,

I am out of my body and body is lost,
Within the corporal frame I am not caged,
uprooted from the root.
The waves from unknown shore,
The light from dark world washed me of myself,
Living as a non-living being I am a foreigner
to my body mind and being,
Birds are twittering, waves are moving
with chaotic sound
and clouds are floating around
in the sky of my heart and my mind
hollow and empty,
Like a reed I am without music.

****

Prabir Gayen

I Will Come Again

I Will Come Again

I will come again,
Definitely I will do so,
The job left apart I will finish,
I will sing the song of my being,
I will cook for my dear and near ones,
I will arrange with smiling face
the household affairs
and enwrap my hut,
I will walk with head upright
and heart engaged,
I will come to live the moment,
I will come and visit the Moon the Stars
and sing with them the notes of gratefulness,
I will come to lay open my heart,
Walk like cloud floating in the sky,
I will come and water the plants,
Sit with friends and share their Joy,
I will come to read books I love,
Listen to songs I like and sleep on grass,
I will come to fly kite and go with bereft
confluence to cemetery,
I will come and visit people like wind blowing
here and there,
I will come to sit and think with serious note,
I will come and listen to the stories of grandma
and work in farm with grandpa,
I will come and become a vagabond
not walking the unknown way but by working
with artless awareness,
I will come and laugh with heart,
Melodious evening with song and dance,
Chanting the names of God with blissful bhajans,
I will come in a poor hut, pray with poor parents,
Salute the morning and evening with soulful voice
with my brothers and sisters,
I will come again to move with The Sun and the Moon,
With sky in heart wait for my Beloved the great,

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I will come and think with free will,
Care little one and die without notice.

******

Prabir Gayen

A Rose

A Rose
A rose is beautiful,
Beauty within beauty is beautiful,
A rose is a mirror of the absolute,
A rose is a door and the key too,
Beyond rose is beauty,
Beyond beauty is beautiful,
The absolute is in rose as rose,
A rose is a rose of the Rose.

Prabir Gayen

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My Empty Heart

My Empty heart

Come into my heart,
It is empty for many years,
Fill it with your love.
*****

Prabir Gayen

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Deathless Life

Deathless life

I do not want death,
Deathless life is ugly though,
Alive I view change.

*****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Immortal Love...

Immortal love

My love will live aye,
Even after my demise,
You will live in it.
*****

Prabir Gayen

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Sweet Memory

Sweet Memory
(To my beloved student Anindita)

I have not forgot you,
Nor did I miss you,
You are always in front of me,
A lovely memory deeply in view.

You are always a sweet Joy,
Not for beauty or grace you own,
You are to me a special one,
For your childlike innocence
and nimbleness,
the fragrance of beyond.

You are my sweet Joy, an awe,
In your sweet smile Divinity does reside,
An innocent Joy with melodious mind,
You are always a living delight.

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Time will pass into nothingness,
Small sapling will become tree,
Birds will come for nestling and fly,
You will always be fresh like before.

Old age will knock at my door,
Time will remind me my departure,
You will be busy obeying your duty,
Life will give you multiple dignities.

Through your busy days you may look
forward and backward,
Through the dust of dim memory,
You may look and find me there.

In your deep cloistered mind,
You will be wondered to find me,
Memory fresh and delicious,
As I am remembering you so fondly.

****

Prabir Gayen

The Dull Day Of Dalliance

The dull day of dalliance.

Today,
in deep dalliance of autumnal Night,
Everyone has gone to celebrate,
The day of floral ceremony,
The forest is decorated with wild flowers,
The mirthful joy of country's drink,
Intoxicated moon and wild wine,
I am left alone in my domicile,
Waiting for you to come,
To be graced by your love in full moon night,
The night will be sweet with your wild presence,
I will be wild with your wild eyes,
Drinking the honey of wild flower,
I will make my loneliness a moment of meditation,
Making your heart full of tide with Joy,
Wild and sweet joy of our union.

Prabir Gayen

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I Love You Not Because I Love You

I love you not because I love you

I love you not because you are beautifully,
I love you not because you love me,
I love you not because you think of me,
I love you not because you do Sacrifice for me,
I love you not because you look for me,
I love you not because you are extraordinary,
I love you not because you are very special to me,
I love you because I can't help loving you,
Love is there with no condition.
Sometimes love is tired and becomes hatred,
I hate you because I can't help hating you,
I love you and hate you and hating love you,
I love you and hatred is at the core,
I hate you and love is at the center,
Loving and hating make you enigmatic,
I can't help avoiding you because
Love is subtle and it exists with no reason,
Love and hate make you someone special,
In light and in darkness you are with me,
In platonic Joy and sensual pain
You are as my inward self,
Loving you is like falling in self-love,
Through pain and pleasure love becomes
mature and adamant,
Without hatred love is futile,
Hatred makes love fruitful,
I love you through painful abhorrence
and love becomes joyful
With its opposite sense.
Love and lust are like the sun rise
and the sunset,
The dark night and broad daylight,
Beyond the sense of love and worship,
Beyond the song of desire and dullness,
Beyond smallness and sense of loss and profit,
Beyond pain and pleasure, divine and wayward,
Love is a spirit unto itself,

You stand there as an invisible pain
in the border of my mind,
In deep mood of joyousness or
in deep pain of forfeiting the realm of mind,
You are like a dark spirit holding my hands,
I love you going beyond mind and
no sense of love is there as guiding spirit,
Unconditional is the prime tune of my love,
I will demise unto your soul without
By dissolving into the existence.

****

Prabir Gayen

To The Lord Of The World

To The Lord of the world
(Rath Yatra)

Never will return the afternoon,
Never will return the colourful
afternoon to drag the chariot,
The childhood days of fete day,
The whispering of God to drag his car
out with rubicund dressing,
The festival of Joy and adoration.

The lord of the world was on the chariot
dragged by our little hands,
We laboured with Joy, love and playfulness
and our God was happy,
The afternoon was a moment of silence
with euphoria of happiness,
The Sun became bashful with flame.

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Day after day year after year,
Time rolled with the Sun,
The afternoons of childhood Joy,
The innocent joy of life dropped
into naught, went into the cave
of nothingness,
into the sleep of soil,
The lord of the world was on chariot,
Dragged by the innocent Minds.

The lord is there sitting in deep meditation,
He is in the chariot in the shrine,
Our body is the chariot and it is being
dragged by our mind,
The lord of the world is there
as the soul of our Life,
our existence,
We are drawing the line down the ages,
The Jagannath is there in the temple of our body
and we are drawing it with the breath of our life.

The chariot is getting old and mind is weak,
The dim Sun is telling the end of it,
The sun is setting and the light is dim,
From the tree of life the light gleams,
With meditative trance the silence dawns,
The afternoon of innocence will never return,
The afternoon of whisper will never fall.

Innocence and experience are on the verge
of illumination,
The chariot should be dropped with no time,
To sit close to the lord of the world,
To be one with Him like an invisible balloon,
To fall into the ocean after traveling a long way
through forest and desert into infinity.

*****

Prabir Gayen

Beyond Dream

Beyond Dream

Life is a dream to me,
All that goes into the room of past
is dream,
All that is stored in the room of future
is dream to me,
Between the dreams the present
is sleepy,
I sleep in between lifetime,
I sleep to come to the state of
wakefulness,
I dream to meet Him beyond sleep,
Sleep with dream is the corridor
of my room,
I am imprisoned within the dungeon
of my mind,
Sleep is my imprisonment,
Yet with pain in heart I wait
to see beyond sleep,
Like waves thought comes and
abstruse becomes my sleep,
Like twilight dream flashes
and I am lost,
The Sun of wakefulness is clouded
with deep sorrow of false dream,
Dream and sleep like cover on my being,
Somewhere deep I am lost within
the sands of mind,
Fighting with dark cloud
of thought,
In half-wakeful state I am
in search of me,
With hope to meet Him
beyond clouds of dream,
The fleeting light may pave the way
for me to witness my mindless Self.

****

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Prabir Gayen

Rain

Rain

When rain falls,
The inner river flows,
Dry desert moves,
Mind becomes liquid joy,
Rain is my moist pain,
Past becomes living present,
Pain full of love and sensation.
I go back to my little hut,
Rainy hut with pulsating heart,
Fanciful mind with Love-laden soul,
Youthful joy and apposite pain,
On my bed I am with my lonely mind,
With nature I chant the name,
The name of my childhood dream,
The name that runs through vein,
With the current of lightning and bolt
The essential Joy of thrilling feeling.

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Prabir Gayen

Wisdom Kills The Joy Of Life

Wisdom kills the Joy Of Life

Having no wish I am a man of wisdom,
Wisdom kills the joy in heart,
The heart is very much inclined to past,
The past is memory and it is painful,
My childhood days were very much lively,
full of adventures and elan too,
Life was lively and full of pulsation,
The joy of living with manifold dreams,
The sun the moon and all the stars were
quaking hearts,
I lived with them with all my heart
trembling with them,
The sky was my constant friend,
Each moment was Joyous and sadness came
to me as the song of life,
Sadness was beautiful and it was for love
for unknown dream,
Life was with all forms a mystic dream,
an unknown challenge to meet,
Now everything is finished with no dreams left,
Life is heading to monotonous end,
End is nearing like a river having finished
long journey to fall into ocean,
Wisdom is knowing the knowledge,
Ending the mystery of life,
To know is to be out of mystery,
Living with wonderment comes
to pitiful conclusion,
'To be wise is to be a sufferer '
- a quotation of a dreamless heart and true,
Life is beautiful when it is full of
chances and coincidences,
Full of dreary moments to meet,
Going and going without stoppage,
Digging heart is now tiresome,
Only to meet dead memories to be sad and
lonely by the side of graveyard of childhood cheering.

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Prabir Gayen

Without Desire Life Is Useless

Without desire Life is useless

Life with desires is meaningful,
Without ambition is colourless,
Life is an empty sky with many stars,
Stars are nothing and colours are illusion,
Life is a dream and rootless,
With root life is painful without is dreary,
life without dream is empty space like lamp
with no light.
Come My Love, spell some spell on me,
on my dreamless being some enchanted clouds
of desire or fanciful aura of dreamful joy or
sorrow that leads to self of wisdom,
Let my inner being be stirred to live,
To look at life as life worthy to live.

******

Prabir Gayen

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Enjoy When I Am Alive

Enjoy when I am alive

Enjoy my presence as long as I am,
Time is flying and I am heading fast,
To the margin of nothing, the death,
I am on the end of the road of life.

Enjoy my stay as deep as you can,
I am, to your mind and thought, an exception,
I am the unknown wish of your mind,
a pond of fulfilment.

Enjoy my time with you as fast as you can,
I am your inner emptiness,
I am your inner world with light and shade,
I am what you suppress in heart,
the pulsating love and pure.

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Enjoy me and every breath of mine,
As passionately as you can to live deeply,
the depth of your heart is lost,
you never know the measure.

Hold my hands as early as possible,
I am slipping with time and you know not
you are losing the essence,
You mind will find the timely wealth.

Before time declares the end of me,
Hug me and feel the proximity of soul,
I am not far from you and close,
to the very lawn of your being.

Feel deeply connected with me,
Not as one distant from you,
But as the inner desire of your spirit,
I am the spirit is disguise as your friend.

From mundane to divine be with me,
Live with rapture with me walking along,
live with wisdom and selfless love,
I am your love personified with Joy,
the spirit of eternal nothingness.

The pain will be less when I am not,
Living with moment will give you strength,
the joy will overflow sadness,
Enjoy my living and loving without condition,
Enjoy your very Vastness.

****

Prabir Gayen

Phone

Phone

Phone is not your soul,
Phone is not your Mind,
Even it is not your thought too,
It is a toy to play with when you are bored,
Phone is your toyshop,
It may be a better toy than bear and panda,
It fills your mind with waves of joy and pleasure,
It has many holes to make your mind hot or cold,
Phone is a vista to make you warm,
It pleases you when light makes shift,
Red or blue white or black phone makes
you up-to-date,
It has many sights you are forbidden to look,
It makes your heart thrilled when
you click different sites,
Don't put your soul into the phone,
Use it with wit to your basic need,
Thousands of world entwined with myriad waves
churn your mind,
With utter joy of dubious kind seize your mind,
Phone is not your mind,
Use it and don't be used by it,
My dear Love phone is not your soul.

Prabir Gayen

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A Poet In Me

A poet in Me

A poet is born to die each moment,
A poet is a dead shell floating,
Like clouds in monsoon a poet floats,
Floating he becomes nothing,
A poet is a voiceless voice, weak feeble,
A poet is a season with witnessing mind,
Sometimes he celebrates life and sometimes
he loves to cease without trace,
A poet is a living Joy with ultimate suffering,
A poet is one who celebrates death with Joyful Mind,
Suffering is the modus operandi of a living poet,
Poetry is his lawn to dancewith Joy and fever,
A poet is a non-living being living enormously
with nature paradoxical and controversial,
A poet is a bundle of emotions and he lives
always with the ultimatum.

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Prabir Gayen

Sound Of Ignorance

Sound of Ignorance

The sound of ignorance is violent,
It sometimes throttles the truth,
Truth is very shy with its beauty,
Truth sees and feels the aura,
Truth is the rhythm of realisation,
With argument truth is Joyous and
Without contention Truth is Sky,
Playfulness is the nature of truth,
It's worshipper is silent in awkward
Place where ignorance is pompous,
Ignorance is the cause of suffering,
It's worshippers think they know,
They claim to know the unknown,
Within the web of their minds
they dig and move round and round,
They are blind and see the light,
Truth is illumination false is Hallucination,
and a man of false light indulge is useless Imbroglio.
Truth is like a small child, innocent,
float in the sky of non-duality,
Truth is smiling where there is sever fall
and the way is lost,
Truth is way itself and walks straight,
Ignorance kills, truth with empathy saves
and gives strength to fight.

******

Prabir Gayen

Fight

Fight is beautiful and befitting,
Fight brushes the beauty within you,
Fight is revolutionary and Joyous,
Fight is inherent and personal,
Fighting with mind and with self,
Fight is to grow beyond limited space,
fight is to own the self,
One should fight with his own mind,
Fight is an inherent song of growth,
Fight is not between good and bad,
It is an upward flight with conflicting
and paradoxical approach to life,
Fight is to go beyond one's own sexuality
and see the aura of Joy,
Our souls are covered with thin veil of
sensual credence and swooned
Lenience and dim dalliance,
Sex is soulless and soul is sexless,
Become both my dear Love,
and fight the night with all might,
Your fight is your own evolution,
Conflict comes to make one fit for life.

Prabir Gayen

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Life Never Looks Back

Life Never Looks Back

One day you were busy,
I was after you,
You never looked back,
Now you are free and I am busy,
Life never looks back,
Like river it flows,
I was a river and wanted to flow into you,
You were closed making your own river,
Now I am far away through meandering ways,
You will not find me,
I am gone into different way.
****

Prabir Gayen

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You Are A Precious Stone

You are a precious Stone

You are a precious stone,
You have light unto you,
You are self-effulgent,
You are complete unto yourself,
The passing breeze will see you,
The bird will Twitter for you,
The sun will make you shiny,
The earth will nurture your virtue,
The worthy one will come and adorn,
you will begifted by Love.

****

Prabir Gayen

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Waiting

Waiting

Wait and never be tired by waiting,
Waiting and waiting is the root to go
into the heart of life,
Life is a beautiful song of waiting,
Whatever is beautiful will be given,
Whatever is genuine will be gifted,
Waiting with patience is the key to success,
Whatever is necessary will fall into place,
Whatever is unwisely chosen,
Unhealthy, will wither with time,
You will get that which is really beautiful,
Stone will drop into naught and diamond will
occupy your hands.
Waiting is a great virtue and only
The great can wait for nothing,
Waiting without nothing, having
and wishing for nothing is celebration,
Dance with enormous potential without
encouragement,
Waiting for nothing is revolution,
Silent, supremely conscious involution.

******

Prabir Gayen

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My Quiet Self

My Quiet Self

You are a door of dew,
A drop of nectar of my heart,
Born in the cloister part of my being,
A beautiful song of my soul,
Unuttered and unsung song of heart,
My mind is happy to nurture you,
Nurture by sweet thought of Love,
kissed and hugged by my very heartbeat,
With each incoming breath I feel you,
With each outgoing breath I rest in you,
You are my innermost quietness in self,
Reposing in self I care you deeply,
A poem with metrical perfection,
An epic of my Uncharted wish,
You are the deepest recess of my Being,
****

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Prabir Gayen

I Am Darkness

I am Darkness

Half portion of my skull is dark,
Dark and deeply dark,
Sometimes painful and sometimes
Waywardly joyful and unknown to me,
The darkness ancient and modern,
The darkness fearful or joyful is alien to me,
Darkness is painful and hindrance,
It guards the mind and forbids to smile,
Darkness is the womb and nurtures life and
death is ingrained.
Half portion of my being is covered with darkness,
Knowledge sleeps with the potion of dreams and desires,
Love sleeps with the turbid doze of mind,
Feeble and wayward thoughts make
heart to hibernate,
Darkness reigns as soul of the Universe,
Darkness, the soul of creation envelopes the truth,
He, the absolute is wrapped in the mist of darkness,
Mystery is the unsolved darkness,
May be or may not be the nature of truth,
Darkness however soothing is the cause of suffering
and attended is the root to happinesses,
Half portion of my mind is dark and the wave
is deeply blue,
It overshadows the light of my soul,
My soul is covered with darkness,
Darkness is stronger than light,
The tide of darkness envelopes the light
of knowledge and experience,
To fight darkness is futile,
To feel helpless is futile too,
Darkness should be accepted as
truth with mystic light,
Darkness is light unto itself,
I am a darkness with light inherent.

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Prabir Gayen

You Are My Flute

You areMy Flute

You are the flute of my mind,
The tune is inherent in my breath,
Through your love I will make lyric,
The lyric will describe the ode of our love,
You are my flute full with tunefulness,
Through pain the song descants with melodious mill,
You are the flute of my heart,
With each beat timbre beeps to call your name,
You run throughmy veins,
Waving the verdant dream of my life,
You are the flute of my being,
In utter emptiness you sing with deep silence,
You are the song of Uncharted theme,
Deep scarce and and beyond mind,
In the emptiness of my being,
With no words to stream,
Without the mind of poetic glee,
The flute of my soul reigns supreme,
You are as me in me as the song of my soul
without mortal verbosity.

Prabir Gayen

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Flute

Flute

Human body is a flute with seven
different notations,
Seven psychic points to connect the divine,
Flute is the human body in the hand of God,
He breathes through it to utter song eternal,
Through zeal, sense and dense fog of fiery
furnace of love to airy mist of compassion and
forgiveness He sings the song of universal linearity,
Human body is a flute through which God sings
the song of love and Joy,
Each hole is a separate world with separate colour and separate state of universe,
With mind it is solid and without mind a liquid
stream of knowing,
One tune connects the other and
Symphony alight aflame.
Human body is a divine temple to meet the God,
a field of celebration
from horizontal to vertical exposition.

****

Prabir Gayen

Mind Is A Canvas

Mind is a Canvas

My mind is a vast canvas,
With myriad mirrors and images,
Sweet familiar images of loved ones,
Peeping from every nook and corner,
I am a desert without sand,
A hill without forest, an ocean without salt,
I am a river calm and quiet,
All the keyed journeys did stop,
Ups and downs into naught Paralysed,
I am a witness of the clouds floating
without motivation.

Prabir Gayen

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Death Is The End Of Suffering

Death is the end of suffering:

Death is the end of suffering,
Death is the end of life,
Yet death is not the solution,
Death is defying life and
the blissfulness,
Life is blissful with
all its troubles,
Trouble comes to make you strong,
To make you rooted to be uprooted with
divine knowledge,
Life uprooted from its soil with rightful
knowledge becomes deathless,
Death is deathless at the core of life,
Death witnessed with awareness is life divine,
From alpha to omega, from birth to death
life pours with multiple chances,
Life is beautiful to complement death,
Ocean and it's waves, silence and restlessness,
Life is the beginning of death and death
is life at rest.

*****

Prabir Gayen

Suffering

Suffering

Ignorance is the root cause of suffering,
Darkness is the absence of light,
Suffering is the offspring of darkness,
The moment the light of knowledge falls
suffering does away with on its own,
Suffering comes to make us stable
in the soil of life,
Suffering is the real teacher
to teach us life,
Living with suffering
with totality of mind is the way
to go beyond it,
Suffering nurtures the seed of happiness,
From circumference to center
suffering propels us,
Suffering comes from deep spiritual sleepiness,
Witnessing it with awareness is a journey
from mindless aura to mindful light,
From spark to illumination,
From thought to thoughtless rejoicing,
being focused into Being.

****

Prabir Gayen

The Dance Of Is-Ness

The dance is Is-ness

Above the head is cloud,
Above the cloud is vast Sky,
Inside the Mind a deep cloud,
Inside the cloud a deep sky,
Rain is falling I am drenched,
Inside a deep desert with no oasis,
Mind is a deep desert with dry cloud,
Cloud breaks and sudden flash of sky,
Sky is always and a flash is enough,
Sky flashes with the breaking of cloud,
Mind is a debris of clouds and dream reigns,
The step of my dream is yet to break,
The breaking is blooming,
With dream the mind is about to bloom,
In the blooming mind dies and existence
is available,
The great dance of Is-ness.

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******

Prabir Gayen

Living With Utter Confusion

Living with utter Confusion

Living with death,
Life is a wavy grass and shaky,
With time everything changes,
Every second new becomes old,
The lawn of life is tiny and pouting,
It is the window of the room of death,
Life happens in between death,
Death is solid life is liquid,
Walking is like struggling between
The worlds mundane and divine,
Standing on one shore looking for other,
Life is a painful struggle to fly a severed kite,
Life is a dream and it has no end,
The dream breaks within sleep
and sleep becomes deathless delight,
With the knowledge of death the seed of life sprouts,
Within the fabric of life remains as it's soul,
Life and death are pointless points,
One melts into the other like void embraces void,
Like a bird we live holding two paths in utter confusion
hanging in-between.

****

Prabir Gayen

Joy Of Friendship

Joy ofFriendship

Your smile is the Joy of my soul,
Your Love is the wealth of my heart,
The honour you give rectifies My nature,
my face becomes faceless,
Dear Friend, You are the wealth of life,
Ecstasy and celebration with your presence
I am grateful with Life.
Friends are the sweet voices of Life,
With weal and woe you are always,
Physically mentally and spiritually,
I hold you as my second self and being,
With you I see heaven as amiable,
The existence accepts me with your love for me.

Joy of

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Monsoon In My Heart

Monsoon in my heart

In my heart pouring the monsoon,
In my mind the flashing of lightning,
For you dear friend, for your arrival,
The western sky is deeply blue with rain
and thunder hailing to fall on my lawn,
for your presence My Love,
The smile of the Sun behind the cloud and
painty drizzle over the horizon bring me
the dozy delight,
With soft Murmurous voice the air passes
my ear telling the story of my childhood,
the love that shaped my heart,
the pain that made life beautiful,
the old days of golden light,
The bird was asleep with folded wings,
With your bright presence it looks
for heaven, to have an upward flight,
My mind is now soft with old pain,
Joyous with the joy of subtle bend of warmth,
the fleeting glory of eternal flame,
With your sudden appearance my mind embraces me
with manifold rhythm.

Prabir Gayen

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Let Us Live With Love

Let us live with Love

Life is multidimensional,
Life is moving towards love,
From love to greater love,
From personal to universal,
From leaping joy to peaceful silence,
Don't want one who is petting your greatness,
Rather hug one who increases your commonness,
In love ordinary becomes extraordinary,
common becomes uncommon,
Come my love and forsake your shyness,
with one breath mingle with me,
be one with me beyond body and mind,
Let us move hand in hand making one room
to live untill death,
Let us live forgetting the woes of life,
Let us fight all meanness on our way of love,
Let us be one without exception.

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Prabir Gayen

Happy Birthday(Debastuti)

Happy birthday
Debastuti

You are a flower of the tree of Love,
Divine blessings are showering flowers,
For you are born with the wish of God,
Divine chanson was uttered in your name,
A wave unknown becomes name,
Debastuti a perfect match you are called,
In your glorious modus sun shone brightly,
For your beautiful smile the moon peeped
through eternity,
You are a soul bright and sunny,
Born to a bright parents who caress you deeply,
You are form, celestial is your nature,
One day the infinity will take care of your pride,
Knowledge esoteric will wash your feet,
You are a rare flower of this universe,
Happy birthday to you for your remembrance
that you are very special.

******
@Tuesday 17/06/2019.8: 10 PM.

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Faith

Faith
Faith is simple Joy with no decree,
It is simple like children love toys,
Faith is a moment of celebration,
With doubt inside faith resides,
Faith is an April shower during summer,
faith is with no impetus,
A wealth of being, faith is cold forest.
Belief is a system of knowledge with argument,
it is a great step to light,
Theology nurtures it with logic,
Belief is not childish like faith,
It challenges but doubt inside,
Under the thin veil of positive clime,
It is negative only to utter disbelief.
Trust is pure joy and living in Pure self,
reverence is the core of trust,
Trust comes from the soil of purity,
From the sea of cognition, revelation,
Trust is beyond belief and faith having no doubt,
it is faith without doubt,
It is celebration without reason,
It is the pedestal of enlightenment,
Trust is becoming from being,
It is a natural growth and illumination.

******

Prabir Gayen

Meditation & Fulfilment

Meditation & Fulfilment

It will be deep your experience,
It will be your lifetime Joy,
It will be your soul stirring taste,
It will give you a better soil to stand,
It will make your dream as real,
It will make your fancy a reality,
It will kill your mind touching the sky,
It will nourish your star-fed Mind.
It will be a must for you to dance,
With bare soul to stop with gratitude,
Into your mind the the rain will pour,
taking your self to become one,
The liquid love to make you mad,
Drinking and merry making,
With contentment and sheer Joy,
You will be bare to be open,
A naked body with naked self,
A deep union of fulfilment,
The cloud above is as a canopy,
As a divine screen to give asylum,
Earth is a better place to live in,
A ground to fly buttonhole the divine,
I see your gentle opening of the mind,
Like bud with first Light of the morn,
Your smile and Joy is your flowering,
No bud will bloom for you but you,
Your love is your meditation and freedom,
your owning your Self,
The joy of returning Home Ultimate.

******

Prabir Gayen

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Live With Depth

Live with depth

Deep inside you the fountain of joy,
Deep inside your the source of beauty,
Deep inside you the heaven rejoicing,
Only to open it with full freedom,
Only to be a bare sky without cloud,
Do come and fill it with both hands,
Do go beyond your normal size,
With slow rhythmic flow dance your way,
Diving from core to core with slow strife,
Now with little harder make use of it,
Become a joyous moment of love,
With joyous utterance jump and dive,
Caressing deep become a witnessing being,
delicious juice of illumination will dawn on you.
Life is a great opportunity to meet
What you need to become Universe.

Prabir Gayen

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The Day I Cease To Be

The day I cease to be

With tinged clouds and floating wings,
The gleaming flickering flame receding
and falling beyond finite,
The joy of beautiful dreams and visions,
the sorrow of unattended aim,
The pricking of pain that remained,
With clouds of myriad wish to feel life,
Throughout life in every season and futile,
Life was throughout life a false dream,
The pain in heart to bear with, patiently
waiting and witnessing
The morbid way to view death,
The only thing to live with is death,
Amid the noise of life being away from life,
The breathing was throughout life warm not with
vibrating Screen of life,
But shaky and painful with death,
With the sound of conch and bell in the evening,
The fearful song of stormy wind,
The song of human affairs day and night,
The sun the moon and stars with the song of
synagogue preaching the emptiness of life and dreams,
Uncharted remained the known life,
Unattainable remained the grip of joy
Within the grip,
Life with useless pain became death,
Throughout life day and night death was
the only boat I floated in,
Eyes with light only darkness experienced,
Now only light is seen and I am ceasing to be,
With clouds and colours upon my chest,
I wish to breath my last to meet my death
as my dwelling place.
The gleaming and flickering light
On the western sky is my boat to sail by.

****

Prabir Gayen

~hail To You Me Poet Yeps Poet~

~Hail to You Me poet Yeps poet~

Socrates of Canada me poet yeps poet,
You are a death defying poet,
In your pen song flows without effort,
Like Coleridge you drank the elysian drink,
Inspired to write immortal poetry,
Hail to you for your evergreen spirit,
With ease and graceful melody you write,
Writing you become one with flow,
You flow with your words as song
without verbose,
A presence full of melodious chanson,
A spirit of eternal summer you are,
A singer of artless contriver,
In your poetry like lightning truth
splashes as it is,
Beyond theist and atheist you live,
Beyond thesis and antithesis you are
like synthesis,
Sometimes your song floats above cloud,
Like revolutionary dreamer of Shelley's
spirit you sing,
Like brooding mind you are found,
As the young heart like john keats,
rapt in thought to discover poetic spirit,
Sometimes with playful sensitivity
you are found protesting like the burning mind
of Lord Byron,
against all odds that bother your erudite
alcove of Being,
A great poet and a Preceptor
the world is yet to know.

*****

Prabir Gayen

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Life Is Death - A Celebration

Life is death - A celebration

A dead body needs no root,
A dead mind needs no room.
A butterfly wings and dies,
Every morning meets the night,
Life however beautiful meets death,
Death is the beginning and end,
If death is, it is here and now.

Body dies and it's pall is eternal,
Life is a winking through dark cloud,
Mind dies and it's Joy is a spark,
Mind dies every moment and is born,
Body dies and mind dies and all is death.
Birth is silver line for death to amuse.

Death is the celebration of life,
Only death brings the Joy of life,
Between death the sun of life winks,
Life is nothing but death at play,
The sun is old and yellow and
The Moon is ancient and beyond time,
Life is a graveyard where death reigns.

From birth till death life changes face,
With dream and ambition life becomes
vague and abstruse,
Life is a great delusion and jest,
With death inherent It is victorious,
Life is a great fallacy and false.

With wisdom death is visible,
Without vision death appears as life,
Life is a wave on the ocean like death,
Birth is the beginning of slow death,
Every wave surges to fall and nothing,
Life is a season of pain and penalty.

Death is a slow course and invisible,
Only dreams in mind fail to reverberate,
mind fails to experience,
Attending to life is to woo the death,
Tasting life is to taste the death,
Death is utterly visible to an awaken Mind,
Futility of life makes one awakened.

******

Prabir Gayen

Success And Failure

Success and failure

Every iota of success is a failure,
Here on this earth everything is a failure,
Life is a combination of failure,
A celebration of failure,
Failure is a celebration of success that fails,
Success is the song that sings of failure,
Success and failure are twin brothers with one soul.
On the shore of meditation the mind feels Joy and dismay,
Here failure is the serene Joy,
Every iota of failure is success here,
Meditation fails and feels dejected,
In dejection the ray of success is inherent,
Meditation is a success of succession of failure,
Here failure fails to be failure,
It is success in subtle way.
Song of failure is the song of success.
****

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Prabir Gayen

Let Me Live For A Moment

Let me live for a moment

Let my poetry be true to my being,
Let my poetry be warm as my heart,
Let my poetry be elusive as my mind,
Let my poetry be ever youthful and new
Let me be inspired to write with ardor.

Let me sing the song of my heart,
Let me be ever grateful to benign thought,
Let me live my youthful days of sorrow,
Let me be full of despair and Joy,
Let me pass through twisting feelings,
Let me smell the fragrance of life,
Let me live my memory as living gusto.

Let me be dreamer though dream is lost,
Let me hope again though I am hopeless,
Let me sing the song of life though life is gone,
Let me feel again the throbbing ambition,
Let me be ambitious again though I am a vacant drum,
Let me be anxious as Time is fleeting by.

Let me rise from my grave and trance,
Let me look at life with wistful eyes,
Let me look back to vibrating past,
Let me go beyond death's merciless hands,
Let me die at least Once a total death,
Let me die with sweet memory of life once
graced my Mind,
Let me live for a moment for a living Death.
Let my dead life become alive for gleaming
Death to embrace.

****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 218 (Madness)

Haiku 218
(Madness)
Madness grows in Joy,
It is a celebration,
Living in mystery.

****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 217 (Unknown)

Haiku 217
(Unknown)
I am a page clear,
Anybody can look into it,
I am vague to me.

****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 216 (World)

Haiku 216
(World)
The world is a dot,
Within the dot the cosmos,
The Sun and the Smile.

*****

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Haiku 215 (Lost Time)

Haiku 215
(Lost Time)
Lost time can be felt,
In no way can it be hugged,
Time is gone with life.

****

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If You Love Me

If You Love

If you love and make love a joy,
Love with mind free from mind,
Let mind go away and wither away,
Let the content of the mind die,
Let mind be a free bird with free wings,
If you love, be courageous enough
to sit close by,
Be a song without words,
If you love to float with me,
Float with naked body without mind,
If you wish to be me, be a heavy dress on me,
Let your body be my dress and mine yours,
Let love be a joyous union,
Let us drop each other thoughts,
Let us be thoughtless Muse,
Let our union be thoughtful shower,
Let us kiss and become kissing,
Let us dream a lotus bed with our
tired bodies,
Let us forget our small identity,
If you feel joy sharing your all,
Come and sit inside my being,
Let us be one with slow sensual strife,
Let us drink each other's milk,
Let us eat each other's light,
Shedding the thin veil of mind,
The ego sense come with dreamy
delicious rejoice and lie on my chest,
Holding tight with amorous arms,
Let liquid flow with same warmth of
Body,
Body will melt with hot flow of delight,
If you love make your body my abode,
My body your resting place.

*****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 214 (Journey)

Haiku 214
(Journey)
The greatest journey,
The pilgrimage of the Mind,
Returning to self.

*****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 213 (Smile)

Haiku 213
(Smile)
Smile is a nice art,
It helps us to hide our wound,
Smile is mock living.

****

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Haiku 212

Haiku 212
(Thunder)
Thunder struck my Mind,
It struck my childhood memory,
I fell like foliage.

*****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 211

Haiku 211
(Popularity)
My Dear poemhunter,
Popularity I believe,
Must or may be fake.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Liberation Of Mind (??????)

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Prabir Gayen

Liberation Of Mind

Liberation of Mind
(Mindfulness)
This time will pass and locked door will open the path,
Deep darkness will be fade showing new light,
This little domicile of ours,
The broken hut where light and air play day and night
will be our home,
We will make our living with love and care.
The Sun is on and the dawn is breaking,
Darkness is going showing the light of hope,
The deep dungeon of mind will find new light of new thought,
The light of free thinking and dream,
The mist of mind will be clear with new light of freedom,
The song of humanity will declare its kingdom,
Loving humanity will show the path,
The song of heart and being.
My dear Love! Open your eyes and see the Sun above our heads,
The song of freedom and equality is
resounding all around,
Human being is taking the place with reverence,
Humanity will replace the despotic force,
Dark hour will pass into oblivious grotto,
We will live with peace and prosperity.
The existence of our being will find its place,
We will be loved by the divine and graceful presence
of absolute,
The grace of God will fill our living,
The days of poverty will wither with time,
We will have a secure house and aliment,
Room table and furniture will fill the vacant dwelling,
A lot of time will we have to sit face to face and
brood our loving moment.
We will live not as machine but as human being,
Thrilled with the thrilling of pulsating mind,
Effulgence of mind and being and
Eternal flow of ancient rhyme,
We will fill this earth with the tune of
humankind,
My Love raise your face and see the dawning,

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The era of slavery is on the horizon,
The life of ours will no more be an orphanage,
Within me and within you will find we both the eternal sit,
You are my mirror and I am yours,
The locked door will open and we will find our walk
of living.
Come my Love! Wash your tears and pangs of torture,
Listen with rapt contemplation to the music,
Coming from the far away land,
The song of humanity and virility,
See the revolution and the death of dictator's verdict,
We will live and live like human being,
Not on the shade of trees or on the broken platform,
We will grace our house with the song of living
like human being,
The air is carrying the message of
Love and dream,
The fragrance of chestnuts will go and
the reign of dictatorship,
The earth will be a forest of peace and quiet cooing,
We will find our place among the peaceful mankind.
See and feel the light hugged with the song of
love and delight,
We will find our place among all and man will be God,
Listen the gospel spreading all around,
The upsurge of great poet or great soul is near,
The sky is blue with the peaceful song of love,
The sincere note of divine spirit is drawing near,
I can listen to that ambrosia of Change,
Dictator's death and desolation is ready to embrace
the song of love and belongingness.
With hope in mind raise your voice,
Look above and beyond,
the blue light is shining deep to show you the path,
My love put your step forward with
solid pace,
With strong mind and unflinching hope,
The path is eternal and our walking is endless,
Let us move to another days months and years,
Let us move forward to meet our dream,
People are raising heads to find a better place
to live with love and compassion,

Dictator dies and democracy reigns.

****

@prabir Gayen -05/06/2019 -2: 25 AM..

Prabir Gayen

Haiku- 210 -(Lazarus)

Haiku 210
(Lazarus) :
Sixteen years wasted,
Gone to naught just unused,
Futile Lazarus.

*****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 209 (Giving Away)

Haiku 209
(Giving away)

World can be conquered,
Not by looting but by sharing,
Giving away all.

******

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 208 - (Joy Of Giving)

Haiku 208
(Joy of Giving) :
Giving is a joy,
Immense joy is of giving,
Sharing is caring.

*****

Prabir Gayen

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Death & Life

Death & Life

Death is the road to life,
Only death opens Vista to life,
Life blooms on the graveyard,
Without death life has no value,
Life is from beautiful death,
Conscious death brings ablution,
Body dies and life oozes and flows,
Death is the beginning of life,
Life is slow death and relaxation,
Two ends are interwoven and
One is for other to exist,
Death is soil and life is substance,
Life and death are not variant,
False life brings false death,
Deep dying brings off fecund life,
Slow deep death becomes life,
Like the Sun sets and morning coos,
Unless death dawns life becomes dull,
Life is awakening between deaths,
Consciousness in death is the seed,
The sun of life gleams through
living death,
Death is living in the deepest realm,
Touching life is to touch the Divine,
The deathless shines through veil of
unconscious demise,
Slow deep death spreads the seeds of life
fulfilling each other,
Calmness and restlessness
like the vast ocean,
Death is born as life.

*****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 207 (Desires)

Haiku 207
(Desires)
Unworthy desires,
Cloud the Sun inside the heart,
The being is subtle.

*****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 206 (Life & World)

Haiku-206.
(Life and world) :

Life is false, a dream,
So the world and our living,
Beyond is divine.

*****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 205

Haiku 205
(He walks)
Life of life He walks,
Among devotees and Song,
The whole Sky descends.

****

Prabir Gayen

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I Am A Lost Star

I am a Lost Star

Sitting close by You,
Sitting close by Your Light,
I feel deserted and dreary,
My mind goes far away,
Swimming across the memory,
Everything is same as before,
Only mind has lost the track,
Mind has created hell around,
Hell of joyless ambience and pain,
Heart leaps with surge of pain,
Empty vessel is full of tide: despair,
Meditative mind is lost in space,
Space within space a deep dungeon,
A solid aura of dream stunts the growth,
The growth of falling onto Your feet,
Like dead leaf without choice,
Within the 'ashram' I am a stranger,
Stranger to life and breath; outsider,
Thoughtless mind is now a painful dreamer,
Dreamer to be uprooted from the self,
Deep Desires become useless path,
Without hopes and dreams I am nowhere,
Only to see life and its death with pain,
The dignity to attend to life has become
a vain witnessing,
With witnessing I am not rolling to Divinity,
Relaxation becomes agony and Ecstasy
becomes thing of Memory,
Beauty is marred with Truth's unfailing blows,
Life's unswerving calling is making me weak,
Past's Pilfering memory is havoc on my Being,
Presence is lost in the womb of nothingness,
Between two waves I am an unfounded Line never
to find my way,
Sitting close by You I am a vagrant star,
In the sky of consciousness I have no root.

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****

@prabir Gayen...30/05/2019/9: 45 AM

In the Ashram.. Bangalore.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 204 (Faith)

Haiku 204
(Faith)

Going beyond doubt,
Doubting negative vision,
The faith is founded.

****

Prabir Gayen

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Death And Deathly

Death

Every drop is full of death,
Every minute is replete with death,
Eyes are closed with deathly dream,
Days and nights are full with death,
Only death is visible through entirety,
Smile and pain underneath,
the wave coming from the bosom of death,
Every moment and everything is
nothing but shadow,
The existence itself is shadowy
and deathly,
Weak and wan and feeble is the being,
Sign of life is gone without trace,
Walked through the wavy wave,
Only dark night and faint pain,
Life has gone forever and no life
is good before death,
Every leaf is yellow and green trunk
is dark underneath.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Love And Death

Love and Death

The cloud is mad with Love,
It thunders and lightens the way,
The existence itself is in Love,
The air is pregnant with knowledge of love,
The Fire is hot with love buoyant,
The love flows through Mountain's face,
The deep chasm between earth and space,
Love permeates the whole and beyond,
My heart is full of love with no sign,
Only pain comes to pinch the feeling,
Love gives pain to departed being,
Uprooted from essential soil,
Love is the earth, water and Sky,
Only sky of my mind is clouded with sorrow,
Sadness brings serenity in Love,
It is nothing deep but contemplative,
Morose mood of mind makes Love morbid,
Morbidlove brings the deepest philosophy,
Above everything and all You are for me
O Lord for safe departure!

****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku - 203 - Desires

Haiku-203
(Desires)
Desires are when you not,
Your absence brings waves in mind,
Mind with waves desire.

****

Prabir Gayen

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Bid Me Farewell

Bid Me Farewell

Bid me farewell,
With your presence,
The smiling face on me,
Let me go to sleepy world,
Nowhere may be the go,
But my journey is near,
Let me be on my boat,
Without The glow of the Sun,
In dark brown air under the Moon,
Bid me a jocund departure,
I have known my life and nature,
Enjoyed each pore of its incense,
Let me be on another march,
Alone with the existence,
Secret journey not exodus,
Let your smile be my celebration,
Let me be on life beyond life,
Let me die Peacefully with no regret,
Life was deep in shade and light,
Each moment was deep as it is,
Let me close my eyes for inner sight,
Let seen become the scenery,
On the wavy grass or on muddy field,
Cease to be my last breathing,
Only casual cry of the nocturnal,
The painful call of cuckoo bird,
Will come on my ear as requiem.
Bid me farewell with silent symphony.

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If

If.
If you become me
The world would
have been different,
If you be as I feel,
The world would be deep,
With joy and smile we be,
If you be joy as you are,
My world would be mine,
Mutual mind would be,
You and me a rare poetry,
Love grows with no effort,
You know who you to me,
I knew your soul's inner wish,
You flow upward then inward,
I flow like falling like fountain,
Still love is like undercurrent,
Two hills in a mountain deep,
We both are like painful rivulets.

****

Prabir Gayen

Monotony Of Mind

Monotony of Mind

Days after days years after years,
The earth rolls on with no monotony,
The night and day so on and so forth,
The full moon and the half-moon and then
no moon, shiny and often cloudy,
Birds sing and sing nonstop in silence,
The nights are mystic and days are sleepy,
One thought to another days are led,
Days are full with thoughtless deeds,
Mind moves like waves in ocean,
With no monotony life moves on,
Dreams and desires kill the humdrum,
The great indifference of the world,
The great and might sadness of existence,
To seek the peace of mind peace is lost,
To talk about peace and it's concern peace is lost,
Life without peace is like self-killing drive,
Without peace life is only wave with
no oceanic splendor,
Waves upon waves and deep licking.

Towards the shore the wave is lean,
The mighty waves of youthfulness,
The waves of colourful vision for future,
To swim across the sky of mind,
To meet the grand feast of life,
To conquer the spirit of desire with sagacity,
To live life like climbing Himalayas,
With time gone into the womb of nothingness,
Flowers bloom and bloom through eternity,
No monotony zaps the spirit of
Summer spring or Autumn,
Blooming and growing and endless
is the celebration,
The sauce of life is dropping from unseen pore,
Morning meets the days and days nights,
With merciless mercy streaming the flow of life,

Life and death like twin brothers,
Enchanted the very root of existence,
No one, old or young, is bothered the false
joy of life, no one is monotonous.

Nature has no insipidity, no worries,
It's vastness is its newness and Joy,
Every moment is full of depth and charade,
Full of silent revolution and obedient,
Moment has no growth and evolution,
It is endless as it has no beginning point,
Like a wheel it moves and moves without movement,
Deep movement with no motion at all,
Moment is wafting within deep chasm,
Thousands flower are in unseen womb
to pass into form,
Moment is like a contented dream within
its coolness,
Time is a sepulture over solemn mind,
Without hopes and aspirations
basic and vital for living,
The earth is a graveyard and dismal with grief,
The vastness is emptiness and absorbing
is the spirit of Joy,
Life becomes dreary like queer in dry land,
Peace needs celebration and the crowd of beings.

With bewitched bare of moody Mind,
With the loss of joy in coveted things,
Life is like a dead and floating shell,
Beauty declines in the empty eyes,
Cloud of joy passes not through evasive Eyes,
Disconnected mind is like uprooted tree,
The world is like a toyshop to me,
Spellbound and lost in the sea of oblivion,
The waves that ran through vein,
Splashed on the shore of heart,
Occupied and placed with singular
thought to utter life as extraordinary,
To propel entire being to be engraved
in fighting spirit with the fume of ambition
deep to drink to the lees,

Now with yellow light from dreamless
mind and joyless spirit awaits to meet
the call from celestial Being.

****

@prabir Gayen...24/05/2019..125 A.M.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 202 (India Smiles)

Haiku 202
(India smiles)
Largest democracy
Celebrates the Victory
Mother India smiles.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 201

Haiku 201
(Drunk)
Drunk with fume of Joy,
Intoxicated with God,
I am out of Self.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 200 (Endless Virtue)

Haiku 200
(Virtue)
Singing brings delight,
Dancing brings serenity,
Both endless virtue.

******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 199 (Listening To Body)

Haiku 199
(Listening to body)
****
This body is Buddha,
Listening to it is Joy,
Transcending it Lost.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 198 (No Success)

Haiku 198
(No success in politics) :
- - - - - -
Inner emptiness,
The leaders always suffer,
They fail in success.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 197 (Politics)

Haiku 197
(Politics)
Politics is way,
To the temple of Godhead,
For mediocre Mind.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Luz Hanaii

Luz Hanaii

Lovely bard of ancient land,
Under your feet amaranthine flower,
Zeal-inspiring poetess of divine
fragrance,
Hail to you My sweetest friend,
Auspicious mind of poetic craze,
New love will embellish your Soul,
Arranging New Joy of divine Grace,
In You flows skaldic thrill and impetus,
In You meets the Earth and Heaven.
****
Happy birthday to You"Luz Hanaii".

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Atish Dipankar Srigyan

Atish Dipankar Srigya

Attained in Himalayas,
And out of deep concern,
Like a floating cloud He moved,
To pour His heart; compassion,
Reached Tibet to flood people,
Waiting with deep overflowing,
Magnetic resonance of Being.

With sharing soul He showered,
A man of deep caring fragrance,
Turned poison into nectarous glow,
A man of deeper alchemy and God,
'Atisha' The Son of ultimate Living,
The blissfulness of unknown Kind,
Never did He return, never looked back.

From India to Tibet He became a bridge,
With divine grace of celestial semblance,
With Love beyond words He overflowed
the land of Silence,
With celebration deep and rooted thought
of nothing He guided the pupil,
With deep compassionate Mind,
He taught the practice of the No-Mind,
'Bodhichitta' - A state of thoughtless Muse,
He taught the fragrance of the Beyond.

'Atisha' - a heart full of blessings,
A heart full of nectar and bliss,
With knowledge deep and knowing,
He became a flowing river from base to top,
He moved vertical and touched the Top,
To sit and talk and feel the pain of those
moving up from horizontal front,
By turning base metal to Gold,
A magic Man of spiritual growth,
'Atisha' lived and worked for common folk,

Pouring His inner being and absorbing
all negative things,
He embraced the whole of existence,
With loving caring and sharing Joy.

****

Prabir Gayen

The Lost Tune Of Life

The Lost Tune Of Life.

The flowery bond is broken,
The connection is spoiled,
The head is drowned in the heart,
Life is a deep dreary.

The essential fear of life,
The fear to foam into being,
From the deepest state of heart,
Onto the surface to fall.

Life is lost as it should be,
Life is gone as it ought to be,
Yellow leaves and azoic trunk,
The vibe of being is wonky.

Now with tired legs look ahead,
With head nothing is to think,
Thinking brings pain boundless,
Only to fall eyelids pale.

Life is now a hermitage,
Deep and meaningful way,
To enjoy each breath with depth,
To be with soft sound of silence.

Death! deep and soundless demise,
With the air less polluted,
With the song less heard by all,
To lie on green grass with Peace.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 196 (Mind)

Haiku 196
(Mind)
Path is lost in dark,
The Moon goes into rivers,
Mind is vast sadness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Am A Lonely Bird

I am a lonely Bird

I am a bird lost in space,
I am lost within my dream,
Within my exasperating dream,
The dream that is selected for naught,
My dream was to conquer me,
My indomitable spirit and ambition,
With the cessation of dream I am lost,
I am lost like my lost dream,
Having nothing to do or to think,
I am a vagrant soul with nothing to munch,
Like a bird lost in space with sudden strom,
I am out of myself and no path to get home,
I am a homeless bird singing outside,
The world is too much to rest,
Too dreamy to break the dream,
The dreamless fragrance with dreamful pain
for having lost the root,
Mind's tedious path is pathless like
tenebrous womb of joyless Muse,
Life is like a long waiting to go beyond,
To pass into nothingness and Joylessness,
The Joy is like useless muttering for
what have been lost,
Life is lost in the sea of life,
Air is lost in the breast of air and space,
The sheer joy bears no fruit,
The pain absolute is like dreamy false,
Like the song of a solitary bird I am lost
in somewhere in nowhere,
Waiting and waiting and waiting for nothing,
Only death can Invalidate all invalid
ways and means that swayed this tiny self,
The conscious mind to breath step by step
to meet the breathless state,
Life is now like a lonely bird that sings
Constant without rest for unknown motivation
having no motive.

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****

Prabir Gayen

Hannibal Is At The Gates.

Hannibal is at the gates

So dismayed the situation!
So devastating the life of people!
All are like herd of cattle and soiled,
People of Bengal Under lawlessness.

The unrest time with Shrewd narrowness,
Political atrocity,
The daily dose of life is uncertainty,
Sheer fear of political cannibalism.

Leaders are hell raising deuce,
Playing with the life of common mob,
A deep cloud of Hard - heartedness,
On the time of present and future.

Beyond words the Contortion,
Beyond mind the Defilement,
Practicing Swinish avarice and meanness,
Bengal is under Troupe of peitho -
Vile and mean Brock.

The Sun seems beyond Horizon,
The Moon is tired to walk the sky,
The sunless state is the state of hallow,
People are destined to die like evildoer.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Modern Poets Of Bengal.

Modern Poets of Bengal

Poets who boast their poetry,
Poets who think of their
poeticalness, as above all,
Seldom read the poems of others,
Their rhythm is vacant vault,
The pompous parade of words,
Without depth gingle of words,
Without thought showy Mind,
Where mind fails to go beyond mind,
Only words fly like dust in Air.

****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 195 (For You)

Haiku 195
(For You)
For You do I sit,
Sitting and simply sitting,
Beyond mind You Mine.

****

Prabir Gayen

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Mother's Day Special

Mother's Day Special
(12th may)

(Written on 13 May:
Birthday of Sri Sri Ravi Shankar-13 stanzas)

Mother's Day is a special day,
The day to swim across the mind,
The day to feel the immensity,
The day to cry for pure fondness.

Mothers are goddess in the Earth,
Mothers are divine spirits to adore,
Mothers are celestial souls pure,
Mothers are heaven in the world.

Nobody can supersede mother,
Nobody can aye go beyond mother,
Mothers are our first souls divine,
We are mere shadows of mothers.

The tutelary souls of our Lives,
Mothers are oceans of wisdom,
The Sun the Moon and the whole Sky,
The Source of our life and our death.

Without Mothers life is no more,
Without Mothers valley is desert,
Without Mothers water is dry,
Disillusioned becomes illusion.

Our childhood days are around Ma,
Ma! A sweet word that brings fullness,
In deep despair we think of Mom,
Mothers are Our saviour in all sphere.

Love for Mother is the root to being,
Without Love entwined Heaven is tomiss,
Mothers are the routes to ultimate state,

Mothers bring rain of Joy to our Lives.

Like shadows mothers stay with Us,
Like cool forest and soothing rivers,
Mothers help us grow in the seed of life,
Mothers are our lives and we are images.

Disrespecting mothers is shaming life,
It is like self-killing without feeling,
Even divine grace showers with mothers,
Mothers are divine shower in the Earth.

We are small rivers and Mothers are brine,
We fly in the sky with desires and dreams,
Mothers are the vast Sky to hold us quite,
Like the Sun behind clouds She holds our hands.

We see God as our Father and Mother,
God will leave us if we leave our Mother,
God vibrates through the heart of our Mothers,
Mothers are our guiding souls forever.

Our bodies are the extension of Her,
She lives through us with Love and Compassion,
Mothers are love personified for us,
We should take care of our mother as God.

Divine will never leave us for Mother,
He will continue to send grace for Us,
Through mother and her love God comes to Us,
God, father and mother are synonymous.

****
@ Prabir Gayen - 13/05/2019 - 9: 28.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 194

Haiku 194
(Ingratitude)
The Ingratitude,
The spirit of Human mind,
It is inbuilt there.
****

Prabir Gayen

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A Bird In Summer Night

A Bird in Summer Night

A bird is singing all through Night with heart,
She is putting forth her pain for someone,
May be she is mystified of summer,
With deep invoking strangeness she sings song.

Her song waves through empty field and forest,
Witness the stillness of the night and pain,
Her pain is sophisticated and weird,
Without interval she sings like a guard.

The watcher of night and the Spring of it,
The summer with soft breeze and cooling shade,
The empty sky and tired trees and the bird sings,
With painful soul the summer becomes Spring.

The night is deep and painful for deep Joy,
The Joy of touching life with love She sings,
The singing is calling for no reason,
With empty heart She sings to express her Being.

The mystic Night with Mystic Moon She sings,
Like in a dead city she looks for her Love,
She moves like wave of dark night with the Moon,
The Moon is, as if, Sings through her empty Soul.

With deep compassion The poet of the night,
The singer of the eerie soul carols,
Like fish in water waving and wave,
she is like a wave in the sky and waves.

The bird is the spirit of Summer night,
At night It becomes empty with compassion,
From love passive to love active and deep,
From being absorbed in self to sharing mood.

The bird sings like a wave of absolute nothingness,
In the darkness She is invisible,

Only Joyous pain is visible deep,
Her calling pain brings me to present State.

Heralding the passing time the bird Calls,
Joined by fellow birds She makes a deep chorus,
The song of seasonal Joy, sound moments,
She sings to break the sleep of ancient Time.

Night with unspoken voice brings Joy to birds,
The birds are the voice of the Night, It's Soul,
Stirring the sleepy Mind they sing to us,
breaking the Mind and fancy to set
No-Mind.
****

@prabir Gayen..12/05/2019...4: 32 A.M.

Prabir Gayen

India -My Motherland- My Dreamland

India -My Motherland
My Dreamland

India is great and benevolent,
We look our land as our Mother,
It brings nourishing rain and dream,
To live in peace and perception,
Our mother and our caring spirit,
The blue sky and green field,
The cold water and fertile land,
The cuckoo and sparrow and swallow,
The rain and the shower and
sweet spring,
With joyous celebration
of festivals,
The Sun and the moon,
Flood and struggle,
The happy song of human sorrow,
Love and separation and union,
India in rich with manifold
forms of life,
The Ganges and the Spring it creates,
The Yamuna and it's myth
of divine grace,
The great Himalaya and it mystic
tunefulness,
The Sagacity and the gravity,
Down the ages this land is as dream,
With charming landscape and portrait
of mythology and rich heritage,
The world and it's attachments
toward India is deep
for many reasons,
The divine graceful and
elegantly Mythical,
India My mother and my pride
to be Her son,
With spirit deep and painful
heart with live,

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Bow down to you for your Love
and nourishment.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku - 193 (Worship)

Haiku 193
(Worship)
Thou art standing wide,
The ending of mind touches Thee,
It is my worship.

****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 192

Haiku
Nobody believes it,
It goes above limit,
Inch upon inch stretches.

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku

Haiku

Sometimes I think You,
You run through vein and torment,
Sad clouds spread on Mind.

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 190..(Night)

Haiku 190
(Night)
Enjoy night with dream,
Night brings deep rest to be fresh,
Night is nourishment.

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku - 189 (Joy)

Haiku 189
(Joy)
To remember you, joy,
It seems you are In the very
breath of my Life.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 188 (Guidance)

Haiku 188
(Guidance)
A poet asks me sense,
Behind poemhunter lead,
Is there any guidance?

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Past Memory And Life

Past Memory and Life

Drooping air brings onto my door,
The spring in the scorching heat,
Summer has given way to spring,
It is you who with tender joy of tender
age bring me back to my tender age,
My days of young heart and my
pain for love,
My dream of looking life like
prismatic glory,
Life! So deep so profound and so Joyous,
Every moment was full of wonder,
Full on risk of falling in love,
Love! So lovely the word,
It has the potential strength of Magic,
The magic of love led my heart and being,
Day and night in empty bowel or full,
My feet were led by unseen stream,
In every state of mind, knowing or
Not knowing Joy or sorrow life was deep,
The fresh alive and momentous,
Trees clouds and open field spoke to me,
Life was a forest of mellifluous
flowers and harmony,
Streams that blew through it were
Full of tide and nowhere to go,
Birds of various Species sang
With grateful heart in the forest of life,
Every single moment was Joyous and
wonderment,
In winter life was warm with pain,
In summer life was mysterious with love,
In Autumn life was full of prayers,
In Spring life was a meditation,
Rainy season was life's nurturing
field, season of Joy and strange rapture,
Rain, thunder and lightning nourished
life to face the odds with glory,

From morning till night and dawn
energy moved like Impetuous Star,
Life reigned supreme and The Mind was
a king with unflinching joy of dreams,
Enchanted was the being with
Pain pleasure love and revolution,
Every moment was a recognition.

Now with your childhood simplicity,
And your budding beauty and formative
Joy of youthfulness,
The furtive smile of sensual sense,
The painful Joy of the feeling of Love,
The Coyness though not fully blossomed,
like thunder beyond Cloud, enamours my mind and
my heart sails to my days of aliveness,
the day I was wondering and thinking
the vastness and mystery,
The day my feeling hugged my thoughts,
The day, living was falling in love
and munching with warmth of being,
With your presence and smiling deep
touch the cord of my soul,
Deep down Life is felt for moment,
With painful memories Mind wishes
to relive the past, the Joy of living.

****
@prabir Gayen..1/5/2019..11: 49 PM.

Prabir Gayen

This Life Is Your Gift.

This Life Is Your Gift

This life is Your gift,
Your lenient Grace,
In your light the world
is vibrant and loud,
With your presence the world
is in feast of life,
The surge of life and
beating for heart for You.

With the flow of Your light
All my pain flees,
All forms of despondency
that heart cherished,
Hope and aspiration
to be and not,
The cry of my soul
on horizon deep.

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Now the sky of my mind
is full and fat,
Your Light is now the cloud
that floats inside,
The tidal waves of love
splash on the Shore,
The beach of my mind
with Your adoring light.

Worship You with your Light
forgetting deep pain,
With my tears do I fail
to wet your feet,
You are vast and I feel
dissolved in you,
Endless and Ineffable
the light beyond light.

Night is sleepless and

I feel full of Love,
However deep the cave
of my tiny heart,
I will keep myself awake
to feel Your presence,
In the twinkle of the Stars
and The Moon.

My Lord! Beloved the great
I will wait for you,
Night after night with
open eyes for You,
Till the extreme slice
of my breath and Life,
Breath will stop to feel
Your soft, still footstep.

I will hold Your feet
with suspended breath,
Making garland of
my consumed Mind; being,
In Utter emptiness
You will fill my Soul,
My waiting will come
to my witness.

****

@prabir Gayen..30/04/2019..9: 57 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Happy Morning

Happy Morning

With the winking
of the Sun
The air blows to break
the sleepy Eyes of the birds
to sing the song,
With heartfelt Joy the birds
sing to buds,
The petals open with Joy unspeakable,
The fluttering wings
of the crows
The sound of trees
with morning breeze,
The prayers from
far away synagogue,
The tinged clouds that
float with
Flying air cold and dry,
The Joyous celebration
in the field,
And the Spring that
reigns in the soft
Sleepy hearts of birdies
Welcome the morning.
Happy Morning to all
living beings.

****

Prabir Gayen

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Season Of My Soul

Season of my Soul

You are my Spring,
The season fondly guarded,
Kissed by every other season,
You are my rain with rainbow,
And sometimes with sudden clash
Of thunder and lightning,
You are my summer and Joy,
On my soul you are as sparrow,
Singing the song of Love,
You are flying high as the cloud of Autumn,
the pain of deep rooted Love,
You are my rain as liquid Love,
Late Autumn as poignant joy
With pain unlimited and deep
gratefulness for anecdotic Love,
With sleepy Joy and dullness deep,
Pain with Joy of fullness and anxious
waiting for your coming and
doting friendship,
You are my winter and Only
road to my self,
Only obsession from morning
till night,
A winter full of warmth and
better than summer,
A winter where cuckoo
sings the song,
A winter where Soul
wishes to Kiss,
You are my whole year
with every
distinct season and
song and colour,
With rain and rainbow,
sparrow and cuckoo,
clouds and clear sky,
storms and cold breeze,

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hailstorm and mild breeze,
Pain of love and separation,
Love of caring inside
the room of being,
And feeling of being embraced,
Beyond and above everything
you are to me,
Summer spring and sorrow,
Rain Autumn and late Autumn's
Pleasance, my presence
and my morrow.
With mind and without
mind you are my unseen Joy
andUnlimited sky.

****

@Prabor Gayen..29/04/2019..11: 44 PM.

Prabir Gayen

To My Dream

To My Dream

Your arrival
in my dream
Is my hope's
fulfilment,
Your departure
is my sorrow,
My empty vessel
is flooded
with your profound
and lasting impact
on myself and
My life is a boon,
Your going is pain
plain and plaintive
lore of my heart.
You are my heart's
joy and my life's
Journey is
completed
in you.

****

Prabir Gayen

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The Sun Of My Life Set

The Sun Of My Life set

The Sun sets in the west,
With the Sun light goes down,
Deep darkness blooms in the earth,
Everywhere is darkness new and old,
The darkness is ancient and modern,
Yet it is fresh every moment, Original,
The absence of light is darkness,
The darkness is the light sleeping,
Soothing the seeds of life, the source,
Yet another embodied love is light,
Light tires as love gives pain, Agony,
In the womb light was giving darkness,
the proper nourishment,
Darkness is light in nourishing stance,

With the Sun set darkness reigns,
Soothing pleasing darkness and Joy,
In the glittering stars smiles
my childhood,
My days of hope and dream,
my ambitious temptation,
The warmth of hearts rage and Joy,
Life as an endless pursuit and rest,
With pulsating Nature heart throbbed,
What a light was with elan vital!
What a wonderful day was in childhood,
In youth and adulthood,
Darkness was full of light and
sun set was full of bright
stars and The Moon,
Night was not night but sweet
energetic rest with youthful trance,
Life was a garland with Multicolour
fragrance, a jumping boat from each pore,
day and night, joy and sorrow,
Opposites were complementary and
Fulfilling with thousands hopes

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and aspirations, undivided Show of Life,
Death was an event as life was vibrant,
The Sun of life ever on heads.

With the Sun goes down darkness dawns,
The summer in rest and winter
Sings the song of being nothing,
The utter despondency and Insouciance,
The grand knowledge of death as life's
Imperative repletion,
The deep and evaporated Soul of Mother
and affectionate attention of Father,
Sisters and brothers and friends with
relatives so lively and apparent,
A single thread with many omega points,
Trees and birds with homey beasts were
one with us as collective consciousness,
our total existence,
Separate islands with separate boat,
But connected with same symphonious lore,
the language of heart and being
and undivided.
With the Sun the flickering flame
Form my eyes sets, only waiting to jump
into absolute state of my being Nothing.

****
@prabir Gayen 27/04/2019..10: 22 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Journey

Inner Journey

On the route to self,
the liberation,
Have faith in yourself,
the inner Joy,
You alone are not enough,
trivial,
The journey is deep and absurd,
Where to go and whom to meet?
Can a drop of dew meet the ocean?
The meeting is elusive and secret,
The drop drops to dissolve, vanish!
The sky is the root and
no one can meet the Sky,
How can you limit the unlimited,
Only the cry of heart can help,
Only flame can meet the flame,
Inner journey is deep and tardy,
It is as if no journey,
The inner is naught,
The flame is vanished to meet the flame,
Only flame can meet the inner,
Prayer is the flame, that can connect
the outer with the inner,
Outer is inner and meeting is false,
The air is to be stable to start
the journey,
The mind is airy and
the flame is restless,
To meet the inner
the mind is to be destroyed,
Without mind who can take up
the journey?
The journey without journey
is the Journey,
The sound without sound is the root,
Journey to self is nothing but
dropping what you have,

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Dropping and dropping
and having nothing to drop,
Dropping the thought of self is to own it,
Dropping the mind is to own the no mind,
No mind is the sky of consciousness,
the space of undivided,
Like the light of The Moon
having no light of the Moon,
The Moon is false and illusory,
But it brings joy of moonlit night,
Mind is bondage and yet
it brings liberation,
Knowing false as false opens the way,
Inner journey is deep emptiness,
Without moving an inch
the journey begins,
The inner voice is still
and only wordless
thought can touch it,
The thought of thoughtless Muse,
The music without words, Silence!
The self is self-illumination,
radiant effulgence,
The words and mind embrace and
the route becomes the goal,
The mind as container of being,
The knowledge and peace
is the source,
Liberation is leaving
the holding onto nothing,
Ultimately leaving the
Joy of liberation.
Inner Journey is simply stopping
all other Journeys.

****

@prabir Gayen 25/04/2019 - 11: 47 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Grab The Time

Grab the time
****
Grab the time
Feed yourself truly
With thought and love
Gone forever and ever,
Thinking the love and
The joy you shared,
With friends and with
Yourself and solitude,
Grab the mind you left,
The time and warmth,
The air water and fire,
The branches of trees,
The birds and bees,
The chipping and buzzing,
Feel the mind and joy,
Pain and pleasure,
The sun and the moon,
The day and night,
The pain and passion,
Dream and aspirations,
Feel in the heart and think,
Change is deep and Truthful,
Go beyond thought and
Feel life and ecstasy,
Life is really beautiful
yet full of sorrow,
The bygone gives pain,
The past is always powerful.

****

Prabir Gayen

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Time Against Time

Time against Time

My life is somewhere lost
in the seed of time,
The womb of past,
In the womb of certain summer,
In the call of a certain Cuckoo,
It was summer and I was alone,
With my dreamy eyes I was lost,
The pain was just the baby,
I was alone and outside,
My future was like waves,
And I lost all my dreams,
Without dream past remains the past,
Adamant and never to leave me,
The petals without blossoming mangled,
The flower remains unmanifest,
Without blossoming I am with pain,
Maturing day by day with no root,
My pain is my failure, my death,
I died years ago without hope,
The hope of becoming was nipped,
Without the hope of living I live,
I live where no sign of life is left,
Only vague memory of life,
Nor life as such but the dream.
The song is there in nature,
The Cuckoo is still singing,
The Green Field is still harvesting,
The peace of the land is still singing,
The Joy of life is still flowing,
The projected dream about to bloom,
Is still a projection, the screen of my mind,
My being without hope is hoping
against my life,
The childhood is a fresh delight,
The dream of childhood is lost in hopes,
A bundle of sorrow is under the self,
Attaining not the feast of life with time,

PoemHunter.com

Time is gone with the warmth of mind,
In the near past all is destroyed,
Decayed with the pain maturing day by day,
Only pain of not touching life,
It was very close to dive in,
Life is a vain waiting and hoping naught,
All hope is just dust of time,
Burnt with ceasing fire.
The road to life is blocked,
Only moving with faint delight,
Where there is no way to smile,
With the Sun rise I rise and with
setting I set,
With the night I remain awake,
Still still the spirit is missing,
The joy of living is no more joy,
Only wasting time with wrong time,
As an outsider I witness everything,
To be nothing is only rays of hope,
The indifference of the vast Sky,
The stars and the dark night are
My indifferent being, my fruitless self,
Thought upon thought and no Joy,
Past is the only time heavy on soul,
The seed unborn is hovering with the
songs of birds,
The pine for not responding to time,
The pain of not touching the spirit,
Only vague memory to die with Mind.

****

@Prabir Gayen - 18/04/2019 - 11: 25 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku - (187)- A Poet

Haiku 187
(A poet)
Once upon a time,
A poet was born, lived with ease,
Died with no poem scribed.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Deep Wordless Love

Deep Wordless Love

Slightly sightly the Joy of My Soul,
Lovely lovely the dream of my mind,
Tenderly tenderly the Love of my being,
In The deepest stream of being,
In the private zone of the sky,
The inner and outer sky of Self,
The most loved one of unknown kind.
Only magnetic pull is there
of Unimpeded nature,
Only pain is there as upward flow of
Evaporated Shower,
Sometimes soft like morning dream,
Sometimes flowing like night
Sky with stars,
Sometimes as deep sense of Love
Oozing from inner space of being,
Sometimes as joy and peace
in the tranquil setting
on the surface of the Mind.
In the tender bit of heart
you are the song of my heart,
Beyond measure of mind you are
as my Source,
Beyond intellect you are one
with my joyous Self,
Beyond egotism the placid lake of my
amorousness,
The absolute fulfilment
of mundane dream,
The corporeal light to meet
the celestial semblance,
Beyond destination and the end of self
you are my no-self.
Without dream, sleep or knowledge,
Without the iota of pain and pleasure,
Without the thought of Joyous celebration
of love and Inwardness,

PoemHunter.com

You are One with Me,
The alpha and omega of My Soul,
My Own big Self having no root
of existence,
The absolute rhythm of absolute Silence.

****
@prabir Gayen - 16/04/2019 - 11: 06 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Acrostic - (Ritu Didi)

Acrostic
(Ritu Didi)
Red aura of Divine strength,
Inner self like ancient rhyme,
Theological beauty with
modern modus,
Upright Athena of ancient world,
Dream plays and displays
like lightning,
In you joy and Love entwined,
Dark eyes are like dark pain
of Divine solace,
In you the sky and the earth
are in deep rapport.

****
@ Prabir Gayen

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Acrostic(2)

Acrostic 2

Such beauteous form
as mist covers
a green hill
thou came into my self.
Redeem my heart of the pain
that hast no potion.
In the bosom of an ocean
waves with tumultuous rush,
touch the lofty cliff with storm,
thou came in my mind.
Joy unbounded did I feel
in the solitude of my being.
Infinite peace doth fall on my life
as thou came like dropping of honey
from new bloom that broke with
the touch of honeybee.
Tossed by thy soft touch of love
a thousand flowers bloomed
in my inner bower.
Am I defied to the nectar
of life or blossomed in new height
of being and becoming?

@Prabir Gayen...

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku - 186 (Live Happily)

Haiku 186
(Live happily)
If you are alive,
Live wheresoever you like,
Live with happiness.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Summer - Season Of Love

The Summer
(Season of Love)
The Earth is getting hot,
The summer is silencing
the birds,
The Sun with shiny spears atop,
Making joyous summer dull,
The season of reflection
Slowly becoming season of pain,
The birds the beasts and humans
are fighting the wrath of Nature,
summer solstice is becoming solstice
of Phrenetic Joy,
With warm Sun and rousing light,
Hot and humid delight the earth sleeps,
The summer is a season of reflective dream,
The day is tiresome and less pain,
The night is soothing with sudden rain,
The Summer is not the season of death,
It is the celebration of life and love,
The drooping earth throbs with
thrilling joy of life,
Though less meditative,
Less contemplative,
than the spring and the Autumn,
Summer is a season of Joy,
beauty, love and euphoria,
With the magical flow of life,
a- going,
Life moves with many musical strains,
With the approach of time
With the hot Sun,
The summer becomes more and more
dreamful with memory that becomes
subsistant,
It is a season of uplifting Joy with
Tropical pain,
The summer birds sing at dawn,
More enchanting and alluring

than the poetry of winter and spring,
The Sun setting in the west,
And the Sun - rise in the east,
bring the warmth of life
making hearts to pulsate for bygone days,
Love rejuvenates with new poem,
Making life plaintive and thoughtful,
No less romantic than winter and Autumn,
No less symphonic than the spring,
The Summer is a season that contains
all the colours of life,
Winter spring and Autumn smile
With sudden rain,
With pain and joy the summer
is mysterious and metaphoric.

@ Prabir Gayen.
13/04/2019.7: 41 PM.

Prabir Gayen

It Is Pleasing To Sit Colse By.

It is pleasing to sit colse by.
****
It is very pleasing to sit close by,
To look at the face of the beloved,
To feel the presence, The vibrancy,
Life is a subtle Joy of gratefulness,
The joy of being in the presence,
To be a part of the Whole, immersed,
Life is a beautiful bouquet of flowers,
The water that brings ablution to heart,
Heart blossoms and the lotus blooms,
Without love life is a desert,
With love a valley of flowers,
and the song of sweet singing birds,
In silence and aloneness the desert is deep,
In celebration life is at play,
Life seems overflowing with no fear
in the careful and loving look of beloved,
Love makes life worth living,
Heart knows no fear in the group
of friends or kindred,
Life is an extended form of Love,
Life though dream it seems,
A prolonged emptiness with sleep hypnosis,
Walking and talking and sleeping,
All is nothing but dream in many forms,
In utter discord and despair
heart speaks over mind,
Life on the surface seems dreary,
Mind is a restless state of Life,
Life seems a bit joyous, though transitory,
in the company of lover,
The morning grows old and becomes evening,
Evening is always painful with many forms of light,
The bud blooms and it's fragrance spreads,
Birds twitter and flood the wave of joy,
But it is too temporal and non- spiritual,
It blooms, smiles and slips into nothingness,
Life is a shiny mirror of a dewdrop,

PoemHunter.com

Only love can show path to solace.

****

Prabir Gayen

April

April
(Season of thoughtless Muse)

****
In this dull days of April hour,
Flowers grow in the valley shower,
Honeybees make buzzing song,
Collecting honey that drops on leaves,
Dull days with dull dalliance,
The stream is like big mirror,
Mountain is like silent Arbor,
April is a season of no season,
Winter summer and spring are
In competition to adorn the valley,
A deep pain is leaping with the
Joy of life in dull pleasantry,
A coition with the spirit of death,
The valley inside and the valley outside,
The mirror within mirror and with
No image,
In silent celebration Life is a deep
rumination,
April stands as a boundary line,
From horizontal to vertical,
From love with pain to Love without
dream,
From Joy with dream to Dreamless
Aloofness,
On the shore of life a halo
of other shore,
With all the joys and love of Nature,
With all the forms of enjoyment,
The magnetic pull is from other Shore,
April and it's silent Muse is
like a boat to me,
Like a ship to Cross the lifting
waves Of anamnesis,
The dream the hope and the Vows,
The Urge to taste life to the Fullest,

PoemHunter.com

April is a season of death and desolation,
Not the pain but meditation,
A contemplative Jump into
the bottomless fragrance,
Hanging on the branch of Mimosa
Having no root,
It is a season of dull departure,
Within and without an incomplete
Journey to Fullness.

****

Prabir Gayen

Primeval - (The Pine Forest)

Primeval
(The Pine Forest)

I want to go to a pine Forest,
From mountain top will I flow,
Beneath the abyss of valley will
I dive,
I will find a pine Forest having no root,
The root is stagnant and dreary,
I will fly with no wings to have support,
I will stop moving and searching,
The big tree is there beyond primeval Joy,
I will sit within my mind to see the tree,
The tree is there and an old Man is
sitting under it,
The man with no mind,
I will go to the pine forest,
Under the shed of its wavy branches,
I will sing the song waving my
branches with the tree,
I will be one with the forest,
Imbibing the spirit of stopping the mind,
At the end of the journey,
An inward journey is there,
Will lead my mind to transced the path,
The path leads to nowhere,
Walking and flying have no clues,
Only soaring will help to see the pine trees,
Old ancient and not illusory,
Only primeval Joy can connect
my being to no- being,
The soul wilth find no-self,
Sitting and stopping the mind
With witnessing the change,
The door will open to primeval forest,
The forest of joy, love and with no dream,
Ancient forest is calling my mind,
driving my heart to vive in pain,
The song beyond song,

PoemHunter.com

Words beyond words,
Dream where dream breaks into infinity,
I will go beyond my limited wish
having no wish to find and dance
In the Great Pine Forest,
I will find my own pine Forest
and find my own tree to mediate,
The forest is there and there it is
as the space of inner aloneness.
I will find my forest and move to you,
O my beloved Love! With deep silence
I will embrace you without me
as presence.
The pine Forest will embrace
the pine Forest with strong
wind of Love and devotion.

****

Prabir Gayen

New Life

New life
****
My life is changed and a new wave
formed on the ocean of life,
A blank glory with much
vain dream indeed.
Though mind has no wish to live,
With time it withers as vacant dream,
Song of life storms a wistful
wish in the mind,
The choir of loaded mind
stopped remembering Thy Name.
Thouart my solitary love,
Last beacon of my hope- the giver
of blissful elixir,
Thou art my sole delight in sad sore
of myheart like a timid rabbit
at lonely night.
In the morning when mind is free
thou hast cometh and embraced
me with flowery bond.
Mind loses it limit and with
profound stillness
It brings a tidal wave of
love and it becomes a forest.
Thou art a lonely forest without
The chirping of birds,
Thou art my new love,
new hope without hope,
New kind of knowledge,
in deep emptiness the space
of life is as nothing,
In a state of deep embrace,
Thou artand Me both with
same delight with same wavelength
of Joy of being nothing,
I live in thee and with
thy bowery embrace,
being absorbed in the

pleasure of Self,
until the conversation for the world.
The world is as matter to destroy
Out spirits,
The world is false and illusory,
It separates with false knowledge,
Lust greed and anger with no response,
Fulfilled the sheer pain,
Unfulfilled the absolute despair,
Let us forget the mind and
The strength of mind and super mind,
Super mind with love or
without has no value,
It is just evolved a
little bit with
Same depth of pain and passion,
Super mind is super ego to make
Us unable to bow,
Let us be inspired to go beyond,
To dive deep out of mind,
Let us be no mind to feel without
Sensual or temporal feeling,
Let us go beyond our logic,
Let us die to our own limited self,
Let us be dull of this big universe.

****

Prabir Gayen

Sylvie

SYLVIE
Super style with sensitive Soul,
You are real poetess with
sovereign mind,
Lyric of subtle boom forms your Being,
Vigor of Valerian root You write,
In my mind and being you shine,
Eternal spring of noetic Kind.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

In Thy Heart

In thy heart

Hold me close in thy heart
if time takes me out of thy sight,
Whisper my name in silent hour
if I am not in thy brain,
I will be in touch of thee
as a thin breeze on thy eye lid or
waft thy stray hair in careful
love as an autumnal dream I will
meet thee as soft fall of petal
on wavy grass,
and love as April shower.
If new love winks in thy bosom,
forget me not,
I will be in thy side as
morning rays to wake thee up,
In the humming of bees
I will visit thee and
teeming with love let thee
sleep to feel my heart
full of love.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Mother India

Mother India

Mother - The divine Mother,
On the road to save Her Child,
With compassion deep She moves,
making her Foolish child to vote.
India - Mother India on the road,
She declares war for her child,
Implores him to vote for his life.

From the soil She wants
to disposal the Venom,
From the root She wants to uproot
The Basilisk weeds,
With Soulful sweetness She waves
Her hearty wishes,
With coolness of heart She
desalinates the Land,
To make it sweet to live in peace.

PoemHunter.com

Such sweet Is Your view,
Such deep is your Joy,
With broad eyes and wavy walk,
Like the ocean on Land,
Soothing and simple and
calmly restless like night walks
in broad Daylight,
Your lips Trimble with timbre,
Thinking worse think for her offspring,
She walks like The Sun climbs on the Sky,
She Smiles like Full moon Night,
On road She goes like milky way,
Mother India on the road with sun and Shower,
Joy and dream with poignant wish,
For Her foolish child to save from the wicked,
With Glittering Joy and Calmly deep Eyes
She tells all and sundry to Vote for The Multitude,
For peace to set up,
With quavering breath for deep rooted Love,

She walks with Her obedient Child
to promote the way to mundane peace,
The way to liberty and happiness.

Saving democracy She wishes to save
the peace of the People,
The happy Co-existence of Human beings,
Mother India from Her secluded throne,
goes away on the road to throw away
the throes of Life.
Victorious Her way, smile and love,
Compassion and care,
To dethrone the wicked
She descends outside to make peace
well established.

****

Prabir Gayen

My Little Unborn Joy -(A Dream)

-My little unborn Joy -
(A Dream)

In the limber air did I listen
to her soft voice.
In whispering tone she poked
In melting posture.
Lying upon my dumb heart
she cried in soft inaudible voice.
With little fingers she knocked
upon my seasoned chamber.
In dreamful air did she smile
with deep meaningful right.
Her glowing beady eyes wert
piercing my frozen flank.
Stirring my torpid spirit
did she play with my
platonic mind?
Her angelic pride was hurt
and she rebuked my
guarded egotism.
I was a little baby
with my little one,
In the Self-born field
of ecxistence.
In the ocean of unborn spirit
I was lost with my adorable bairn.
Upon my awakening,
I am a deserted being with
unagitated numbness.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 185 - Pure Dream

Haiku 185
(Pure dream)
Nothing is Stable,
All will go into the cave,
Life is a pure dream.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Am Not A Bard Of Death

I am not a bard of death
****
Death is not my
Subject,
I do not want to promote
Death,
I died years back,
Destroyed,
Only body is left,
Alive,
Soul is killed in a way,
Soulless,
I am a shadow of Self,
Phantom,
I loved life dearly,
Totally,
I am a worshipper of life,
Celebration,
Wisely I wished to live life,
Absolutely,
A deep desire was in mind,
Embraced,
Life was my hot-bed,
Dream,
I sang the song of life,
Passionately,
Death was not my favourite,
Antagonist,
Each moment was wonderous,
Joyous,
I knew nothing of death,
Decay,
Death was dead to me,
Useless,
Life was my sole content,
Room,
In utter helplessness I embraced life,
Endeared,
The most loved Chance in life,

PoemHunter.com

Rapturous,
With sudden Crash Life was gone,
Ruined,
With Body mind was lost within,
Demolished,
I am a phantom of delight,
Shadow,
Every sign of life is lost,
Engraved,
Only My body survives,
Exists,
With each breath life winks,
Peeps,
Only ashes is left behind,
Pyre,
Body is purified with fire,
Hellfire,
Without preoccupation with death,
Died,
The most pathetic death,
Engraved,
My heart is burnt with fire,
Petrified.
I am a bard of life not death,
Lively,
But life took all from me,
Destitude,
With similar wave life doomed,
Debris,
Death became only dream left,
Solely,
I am a visitor of life,
Stranger,
While It happens I am there,
Witness,
I praise life from the bottom,
Abyss,
Of my heart, I salute life not death,
Preacher,
But life left me before I lived it,
Life became foreign before I touched,
Unknown,

I am a silent watcher,
Outsider,
Without life death brings nothing,
Emptiness,
How unfortunate! I was wondering,
Life left,
Without cause without wrong doing,
I am doomed,
Death is not my subject,
Theme,
I hated death for life,
Adversary,
But nothing was at hand,
Helpless,
I gave in to death my being,
Damned,
As a phantom listener,
Self,
I attain to the show of life,
Vouch,
Praise who are alive and lively,
Warble,
Only one wish is left with No-Mind,
Mindless,
To die or demise surely soon,
Nothing,
As softly and swiftly it is possible,
Drop down,
Heart is now unable to bear it with,
Irresistible,
Unbearable is the prime of death,
Unconquerable,
Seventeen years is a challenging date,
Frustrating,
Let me go beyond my body and mind,
Farewell,
The waves of death is not easy to tackle,
Powerful,
Let me die the last possible death,
Ultimate,
Let me go out of the get of love,
Loneliness,

Let life visit me for my last glimpse.
Glimpses,
I am not a poet of death and decay,
Pestilence,
But life never happened to me even in dream,
Outsider,
Next time it may be unlawful to me,
Low blood,
Still in advance I should get good wishes,
Welcoming,
Let life adorn my next birth.
reincarnation.

****

Prabir Gayen

All Things Must Die

All Things Must Die

Alfred Lord Tennyson said:
'Al things Must die',
Death is true and all things must
Vow to death,
Air water and songs of birds
Must cease to glow,
All things must go,
But what is and what will be
If everything is nothing what will
fall to dust?
All things are nothing,
Waves are but they have no
real existence,
Air is but it is as it is not,
Existence and nonexistent are nothing,
Love and hate are nothing,
Beauty has no shape,
It is the illusion of disillusioned mind,
All things must go but where?
Nowhere is the place where rest
All things that appear as real,
All things are not all things,
Things are changing and
change is death,
All that changes is not real,
The false must go,
As it was not and nothing can not stay,
The rainbow on the Clouds,
The twittering of birds and
sound of waves,
The soft morning and busy Noon,
The dull evening and restful Night,
All is in the Mind which is not,
Mind is the most unreal State,
Things are born and They die in the mind,
Mind brings forth matter.

PoemHunter.com

All things must die,
Death is not the end,
Change happens to bring unchange
On the surface,
Unchange is too deep to hold,
The abyss can not be fathomed,
The temple of eternity can not be
Worshipped with same Mind,
Mind changes with Time,
Time and Mind are not separate regime,
In the Womb of death Old revives,
New is nothing but old reshaped,
Old things must be shaped and reshaped,
Coming and going are not separate
Occurance,
Metamorphosis is a death defying process,
It happens simultaneously,
Birth and death are One Coin with two faces.
All things must go,
Through changes it keeps balance,
Change is a balance between
life and death,
Death itself is a subtle Change.

Still Mind feels pain,
It hates changes though
it is not the same,
Mind changes every moment,
It wishes to hold onto old,
The beautiful things to be eternal,
The flower is bloom and eternally bloom,
Without demise or change,
Mind wants to become an ocean
With full of tide and sound,
It wishes the waves to live forever,
Change is not change really,
It is poignantly the same,
Change is changing for the Unchange,
Mind is a vast ocean with tidal waves,
The waves stop flowing Mind withers,
All things must go to sleep,
To be refreshed to flow again and again,

Death is not a vanishing point,
It is for all things to be restless,
The Source of Vibrating stream,
Only with restful purity of Being.

****
@Prabir Gayen - 01/04/2019 - 8: 10 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Restless Time

Restless Time

Poisonous air all around,
The queue of death,
Political venom spreading
here and there everywhere,
Air and water with the Soil
Of our Land poisoned,
From root to trunk,
Fruit to flowers rotten,
With the poisonous food.
Human life is on the verge,
The ending point of doom,
Falling dying and in ruin,
Life is for the bargain
to settle or dismantle the throne,
A shameless source of Selfish Joy.

Dead bodies are on the market,
To sell the house of their Supporters,
Who is for whom to support is
the competition,
Bodies are enwrapped with
different Colours,
Politics is as if a great religion,
Supporters are its devotee.

No air of peace is born,
No way on the horizon for salvation,
Where is light to show the path,
Killing and snatching dead bodies,
With Colours and symbols
The marketing of viewpoints,
No respite for the common folk,
The political skull with
song and dance.
The pompous show of force
With inhumane song of life,
The fox with lion's skin.

The civility is in deep slumber,
The humanity is wet with blood,
The play and display of uninterrupted
Cruelty,
The breathtaking show of ignorance,
The Sky is without Cloud that brings
fresh rain,
Our Nation is under severe Threat.

Will the Joy of freedom dawn
With new thought of hope and Love?
Will love find its path through the sad
heart of political Vulture?
Will the Land of Vivekananda remain
Without the nectar of Conscience?
Where Hitler becomes relevant
Will Rabindranath and His songs
of heart remain foreign?

NO, O dear Friend! Time will change,
After Painful Winter The Spring will Come,
The inordinate anger and frustration,
The self-centric flow will bifurcate,
The humanity will usher sheer Change,
Hate will give way to Love,
The Cloud of contempt will Shed,
Filling the dry pond of heart with Love.

The indifferent Mind of Sagacity,
The song of human shore,
The innocent song of love and
devotion will take new shape,
Flooding rigid mind to fall down,
The wave of Love and tears
Will take the kingdom of hatred.

The soil of Bengal - a land of Diversity,
Will again be the Center of Change,
Wisdom of New Millennium,
Love and devotion will wave
the bottom of Being,

People will rise from deep
slumberous naught,
New hope with knowledge deep
Will flood this land again like
Sri Chaitanya-The Spring of Devotion.

The soil wet with blood and hatred
Will find its harbinger,
The harmonious song of Love and
Compassion will make the air celebration,
Life will be again song of Joy and rapture,
The branches will wave the ballad of
Celestial dream,
New Sun will rise beyond far away Top,
Do I listen the aura of Divine Song,
Chanson of heart will change the soil
Soil of Our Beloved Land.

I can listen a new song of Love
In the soothing breathing
of a newborn child,
The song of humanity,
The incantation to praise God,
The incarnate Lord of absolute Love,
Like lifting waves is about to flood,
New Millennium of new religiousness,
A revolution of realised Souls,
A Land of conscience, compassion
and belongingness.
Let us all stand to welcome
the Song of heart,
Let Heart reign the world
above everything.

@Prabir Gayen - 02/04/2019 - 11: 55 AM.

****

Prabir Gayen

India -My Motherland

India - My Motherland

India is my motherland,
The heart the center
of the world,
Here the season is diverse,
With the diverse Emotions,
The Summer is vagrant,
It propels me to rise at dawn,
Walk the way with loaded heart.
Wealth of joy brings wealth of Love.
The rainy season is like rain of melody,
Heart wishes to fall in love,
Rain brings new hope to relive the past.
Autumn is the season of pain,
Mind wants to go far away land,
Inner and outer surface become full
With Joy Unlimited,
With slow and suspended breath,
It brings on the lawn of Mind,
The Muse of different shade,
Season of fruit and flower with
Mystic tunefulness,
Mild air blows with indifferent joy.
The winter is lazy and dreamful,
With pain and passion it is thoughtful,
Winter brings mixed sense of joy
and sorrow,
Life becomes dull with sweetness of dream,
It is the season for which Mind
awaits for long,
Winter brings Joy of being dead,
Dead to live the fullest,
Season to ruminate bygone days.
With slow and sequestered
steps comes The Spring,
King of all the seasons,
Death and desolation meets
a new horizon,

PoemHunter.com

Drooping mind becomes active
With dynamic flow of ambition,
Season of hope and aspiration.
Mother earth seems to arise from
deep slumberous deep,
Sombre symbol of mind finds
new light,
Joy to touch the heaven.
Divine pours on the lawn of mind
With the call of cuckoo or Swallow,
With seasonal beauty and unbodied joy,
Life in my motherland becomes
divine with no words to express.
I love My Motherland with all its
Days and Nights,
Thousands hours of pain
and sacrifice Make This land
A place of Esoteric Dream,
Divinity surrounds the Land
With mountain, ocean and hills
With vast desert like Infinite space,
With the rising and setting of The Sun,
The starlet Night and full moon Flood,
India is a Dreamland where
no one wish to die,
I Love My Motherland as the Land
Where Divine comes in many Forms.
Land always after my heart and Being.

****
@Prabir Gayen 31/04/2019 - 7: 34 AM.

Prabir Gayen

My Unborn Self

My Unborn Self

Who is there inside my Being!
Small inaudible voice do I hear,
Voice is like weeping to come out,
Voice is without word and speech,
Who is there floating in the stream!
Sea without water, sea of Nothing,
Who is there in my self poignant,
Nothing yet Everything, Soul of my Mind,
Who is the 'Like me' and yet no form!
Who is You to make me dry with pain,
Without making a small gesture to me,
Who is so loving and caring having no form!
Who you are to me and I am to you?
Let me die Peacefully without that
deep voice of mine,
Without that deep urge to be mine,
In the deepest state of being,
That voice is my 'Little Me'
Unmanifest and unborn self,
The me of my Solitary Being,
The extension of My dream,
my being to be born yet unborn.

****
@Prabir Gayen - 31/03/2019 -2: 17 AM.

Prabir Gayen

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Thou Art My Paper Boat

Thou art my paper boat

Thou art my paper boat,
My childhood dream sweet,
Wordless poesy of silent hour,
No change with time though ages pass,
Thou art my dream for far away stream,
Fairy tale of bygone land that
holds life's cream,
Thou art my mid day's unwilling nap,
Moving here and there carelessly
under Noon's vital snap,
Thou art my love,
my silent soul's whisper,
In thy cosy care my ultimate
Fulfillment.

****

Prabir Gayen

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My Beloved Lord

My Beloved Lord

Lord Krishna and Buddha
and Jesus you are,
You are Lord Rama and
all the forms,
The incarnation of absolute,
O My Guru Sri Sri Ravi Shankar!
You smile mild and deep,
Harbinger of pure Joy,
You Silence is your
deep meditation,
The cloistered place of Peace,
Under your Lotus feet
Life Love and bliss,
The absolute fulfilment,
You speak the words of wisdom
For the New millennium,
O divine Lord! the Love in form,
You are beloved the Lord
knowledge-bliss-absolute- Love.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Divine Inspiration

Divine Inspiration

When life seems dreary,
Difficult path to walk on,
A dungeon of hellish kind,
When life is nothing but pain,
Life is death in real title,
You come with the lotus flower,
In your hand the joy of living,
Like invisible balloon you shine,
In the cloisteredpath of my soul,
As a formless form of lovely dream,
An inspiration to chant
the Name of God,
You are and always be a secret Love,
Beyond the lawn of Mind,
The shore beyond Shore.
Without the border of time and space,
Without the form of any reason,
Outer and inner space of Joy,
You are always in the Shrine,
An image of divine Love,
In the utter sheath of emptiness,
Where I am not as even empty space,
You play the play of Life with glee,
In my utter absence you are Me.
You are and No one knows where,
As divine source of secret knowledge,
The divine pond for my furtive Sense,
A secret lover for secret pain,
The omega portion of my alpha mind,
When life is full of dart and dearth,
With everything when there is nothing,
You come through the path of subtle Mind,
As sole source of ultimate Living,
Only soul of my Solitary Being,
Knows by unknown lore,
Your secret and tiptoe tread,
Upon the sensitivity of my stirring self.

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You are and know I with noetic knowledge
and always be my pleasure of meeting Divine,
A field of meeting beyond conscious
Stream of Knowingness.

****

Prabir Gayen

Servitude

Servitude
Seventeen years have passed,
Past 6205 days of pain and death,
Still death is mischief to play
hide and seek,
Years after years months after months,
Days after days nights after nights,
Life is doomed moment by moment,
Seventeen years of continuous hell,
Crucifixion as if for endless time.
Each part is rotten, each page is tattered,
The chain of adamantine fog of curse,
My life is a curse, an abominable Cuss,
Days are full of confusion nights are dreary,
Having nothing to do and nothing to think,
Thinking is blocked for thoughtless
right,
Breathing is from lower level,
Parity to baseborn tribe.
My life is a huge rhyme,
Each line is stinking with frigging
Tune,
Aimless life with aimless way,
Time is heavy like weeds of trough.

Seventeen years have gone
With useless way eating rubbish
With Unused Might,
Life is a bed of thorn with borrowed bed,
The howl of beasts that run through vein,
I am a beast with human flesh,
Corpse of misused body and mind
Of an indigent Soul,
Born to an Imbecile Couple,
Life is a dark dungeon having no door,
Groping in darkness to serve a royal blood,
A dynasty of respected Predecessor,
Seventeen years have passed with severe pain,
Having nothing to do with sleepless eyes,

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Only to bow down again and again.
Life is a curse and it has no end,
Death being blessing is not winking,
It is on holiday for severe punishment.
Seventeen years have gone into nothingness,
Into useless path for useless Life,
My life is a useless muttering,
With one aim to preach.
The glory Of a great dynasty who had compassion
to feed me and let me live like
a beast with invisible chain
around my throat,
Seventeen years have passed with
doomed dignity eating food at Their Mercy.
I am to live till death knocks at the door,
Life is an abandoned corridor
having to air to pass,
I have to live and to preach the Glory
Of their Blood,
Generous glorious and mild to beggars,
I am to live at least Five years more
to let them survive with crown in heads.
With regards to their highborn milieu,
I am to play my part however delay
death may make,
I have to bear with the whims of it,
Without courage to jump into death,
I have to wait for its address,
Knowing nothing of its Nature.
Seventeen years have gone
With much deep pain,
Only death could stop it without
thought cruel,
Life is a dream that never touched me,
Before waxing it in soul,
Drooping drops come in front
to make me dead,
With limited breath,
as thin and Low.
Death is a blessing to end this
useless servitude.

.....
@prabir Gayen..28/03/2019...8: 47AM.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 184 (Death)

Haiku 184
(Death)
Twenty years long time,
Twenty year's of death experience,
Life is found nowhere.

.....

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 183(The Spring)

Haiku 183
(The Spring)
The Spring is rolling,
Wallowing in the vast Green,
I am lost in the past.
.....

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Let Me Die Peacefully

Let Me die Peacefully

How much dream was
drawn,
How much fun with love,
How much was the Joy,
O Life! How much life!

A Small Storm was cast,
Uprooting the root,
At a tender time,
Life became the Past.

Only dream of it,
The shadow of it,
the way to live by,
To wait for the end.

Life O life! The dream
Of the bygone time,
Deep House of rapture,
Only the dim Canvas.

The Spring was very close
At the very doorsill,
With uncouth gladness,
Mystic stream of Light.

Dream-born was the days,
Full of cries and din,
The feast of life breath,
Nature was not dead.

All the sense of life,
The music of mind,
The honey bag sweet,
The sweet air of Joy.

Life is a bouquet,

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The divine field bed,
The ultimate goal,
Life is goal itself.

I am not forever,
The honey collector,
I chose always the thorn,
No rose is there for me.

Blessed are those born,
New to dapple glory,
The fresh souls with light,
New to earth and space.

Blessed are those gone,
Gone gone beyond gone,
Landed on the land,
Beyond this human shore.

With compassion deep,
Without proper sleep,
They linger with heart,
To stand by the Needy.

By living the Life,
With joy and misery,
The souls departed,
Knows the truth of pain.

With the bewitched Mind,
Seasoned with Mushy dream,
I am a tempered Self,
Awaiting day and night.

I am not for Love,
Nor do I await God,
I am not seeker,
Seeking joy for Being.

I am a vagrant,
A tramp of nothing,
Circling my own room,

Nowhere to reach sharp.

O Life let me peace,
Not for my low Blood,
But for my low hope,
PEACE to demean Life.

On the verge of Death,
Let me die a quiet death,
Calm would be my Pyre,
Restless life should pave path.

Half of the day Long,
Full of the Night whole,
Twenty years did go,
Without sleep and peace.

Let me have a sweet morn,
Without the thought of past,
A single moment to pass,
Into the office of Naught.

Let me die a sweet death,
Let me forget the damned days,
Days of pain Ceaseless,
Let me be Self-oblivious.

Rain drops on the leaves
The sweet breeze blows easy,
The Sun shines brightly,
Let me drop between Them.

The death will be calm and quiet,
The serenity the mind sought,
Throughout Life Mind dreams,
With death Solution will dawn.

.....

@prabir Gayen...26/03/2019....11: 49 Am.
.....

Prabir Gayen

Waiting For Him Or Her

Waiting for Him Or Her

Many Friends of exceptional talent,
Many with golden heart,
The poets from the Forum of Poemhunter,
Tinged the mind and being of mine,
With love and Care,
Many are still there open and free,
May be novice or half lost in dream,
With passion and love waiting for him
Or her to embrace with my folded arms,
May be an Eliot or a Yeats,
Or Keats and Shelley,
the passionate poet of enlightened mind,
Like nightingale or cuckoo,
May be waiting he or she for me,
May be we will meet beyond
crossing Line,
Still I am with broad vision and
Urge in heart awaiting The Poet
Or poetess who will fill the earth,
With music divine and knowledge
Ultimate.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 182 (Light)

Haiku 182
(Light)
Don't candle my room,
I am at easy in my haunt,
Light will rive the Mind.

******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Holi

Holi

Holi is a celebration of Joy,
The colours of love and hugs,
It is a light-hearted approach to life,
Defying the odds and sods of life,
It washes the dart from the veil of
Sorrow,
It withers the inessential morrow,
Holi is a festival of killing the Yester
Times,
With the sprinkle of colour the Joy
Is found in celebration,
Holi is a calling, the Heyed of mind,
The colour of soul on the shine,
The pilfering song to absorb dying.
Holi is an end of death in Nature's
Chest,
New leaves and sprouts come with pride,
On the debris new is born,
The birthday celebration of Joy
With hue and tune,
Holi is a triumph over solemn
and dejected Mind,
Holi is Holy with it's wholesome
Wholeness,
It is complete within itself,
Nature is not plaintive to shed old
With new song of life.
Holi is a festival of joy with meditative
grandeur,
Colour is to sprinkle to make
us colourless to be colorful
with eye-catching knowledge and Love.

****
@prabir Gayen - 23/03/2019- 5: 41 PM.

Prabir Gayen

She Is A Delightful Self:

: she is a delightful self:

With red saree brown border
She walks as moon
climbs the heaven,
Mystic coyness among
unfamiliar dignities,
She sheds beauteous form,
Her eyelid gaze shadows
numberless dreams,
It does awake a revered
stillness that reflects the moon
with full glory,
Domestic works on her part
she does as feast of colour,
She is a part of gleaming drop,
The soul of my Soul,
The vibration of
my consciousness,
A moon in disjunct hut.

****
@Prabir Gayen - 23/03/2019- 1: 00 PM.

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 181 - (Storm)

Haiku 181
(Storm)
Storm has struck my mind,
Last Night it has taken all,
My mind and my being.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku - 180 - Dream

Haiku
(Dream)

Life is a real dream,
Dream is nothing but sweet rest,
Life is false alarm.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Gradual Growth Of Mind

Gradual Growth of Mind

I am on the verge of knowledge,
Any moment with little push
Can happen,
Something can become Nothing,
With great sentence of Nothing
I can be absolutely Yours,
Little play with hellish Joy,
and dreamful ecstasy You are seen vaguely on the line.
Truth is about to herald its essence,
The wanton Joy is the root to
return to sole self,
Beyond Muddy water crystal
stream is seen,
Eternal source of redolence.
Like passing strain through
violent wind On the bosom of waves,
Like the fall of avalanche
on the sea,
breaking every part it moves,
Mind breaks through broken land of joy,
The Dreamland falls apart,
With the mild and then violent push
Every bone broke with dowdy rapture,
Like a fallen angelI fell on ground,
With the rising Sun I rose with New light.
After a violent storm Silence reigns,
After a turbulent flow of waves ocean calms down,
After a stormy night Morning is serene,
After the lifting waft of stinkingdream,
Cosy embrace with mellowing mind,
Dream is vanished like sleep
from eyebrows with dawn.

Life is a broken wings of a butterfly,
Small is very much strong and courageous,
Nothing is absolutely powerful.
With bemused mode of turbulence,

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With shaky mode of confidence,
The ocean can be transcended to have
transcendental trance,
With cracking and screaming and
Patterning sound the dullness demised
and fullness dawn,
Within the image of Eery deluge,
Sensual joy of blissful ignorance,
Purity is enshrined like shroud.

Time passed away like fallen leave,
Joy of daylight with shivering pain
Passed through Libertine cheering drinking
every drop of darkness,
New light of love is teeming beyond the end of mind,
Mind; a vast knowledge of sky with
little spoke of nescience,
With boiling point of sense it bursts,
With bursting of mind divinity dawns.
Beauty it is to crwawl into negative
energy for joyful pain to have
painless rejoice,
The ecstasy of owning Oneself.

****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 179. (An Owl)

Haiku 179
(An Owl)
I call a Cuckoo
To come and sing with my harp,
An owl moves with taste.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 178 (Full Moon)

Haiku 178
(Full moon)
Cuckoo sings with joy,
Under flooding rain of light,
Full moon becomes chic.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Unenlightened Self

My Unenlightened Self

The tangible world is breakneck,
Difficult to live with knowledge,
To share light with darkness
is dream,
Dream is an upside down wisdom,
The tangible is inclined joy.

The tangible world is poison,
With sugar and honey for it's taste,
Tasting it is abnegation,
Loving it is to be nowhere,
It is not easy to live with one eye,
With other beyond the vision.

Mind with boiling point is sadness,
Melancholy for those who suffer,
Crucifixion for those living
in darkness,
A man with divine light is dark too,
Comfortable with deep dark night,
An island dead and yet to born,
A man of wisdom is a desolate Lea,
To make the water of life salty,
He goes beyond potency to share,
His salt to make the world lively,
He share his joy to make more joyous.

With transcendent smile he dives,
goes beyond and beyond to love
Pilfering his mental peace for others,
A man with vatic voice is not awakened,
With half of his soul full with
celestial season,
Half with deep darkness he knows
the trouble,
With compassion he stands and supports,
Moral or immoral knows no line,

With half being evaporated he loves,
With other half in utter darkness.

A wise man is a wise sufferer,
With smile drink venom,
And from venom brings juice of life,
With departed being he lingers a bit,
On the shore beyond he hugs life,
Between the line he is beyond grssp,
With evaporated mind sometimes
With the cries of life he falls
like asleep,
Drink the juice of life and death,
With Ceres and with her Proserpina,
he sleeps with comfy trance,
With fanciful dream of Concourse.

An enlightened mind is often deeply dark,
With vastnss of being he is often unable
to contain the flow of life,
With many flows of myriad streams
he is off balance,
With tattered limbs and yellow leaves
he is a green field,
A big tree without roots,
Uprooted from the bottom of life,
He hovers sometimes from sky to
skyless eremite,
From passionless love to sensual
tunefulness and then to
compassionate Care,
He eats trees and the fruits
from tress,
And lives with empty Stomach.

With alert mind he is like
star of heaven,
With unaware dream he is often deeply
delightedpain and voluptuous,
With pain and passion he is touched
yet untouched,
Salty and sweet with manifold rhymes,

With rhapsodic change of mind
He is active with life embracing
everything as blessing,
With passivity he is passively joyous
with serious tone of voice,
Active and inactive with similar
rejoiceing,
Lover, father, mother and a deadly Swain
with lifting waves,
Saint with saint and novice with novice,
Sometimes a vast ocean and sometimes
with muddy ditch,
Drinkingthe most amorous juice
of life he stands upright like
vast sepulchre of enlightenment,
He is a grave and the canopy
of full moon Night,
A Nightingale and an Owl,
Simulacrum of Night and day with
the sweetness dusk and dawn.

****

@prabir Gayen..19/03/2019..8: 35 PM.

Prabir Gayen

The Cuckoo

The Cuckoo

Cuckoo sings the song of dream,
He Sings with heart full of Joy,
With short interval he sings,
Sings with slow increasing sound.

He sings and his song does stream,
Over the dark trees and field,
After evening fall he sings,
The song of joy with deep pain.

The song of heart inherent,
With strong string inside the Being,
Like the wanderer birds sings,
The most painful tune of Mind.

Mind is a bird with many voice,
It Sings the song rotund and full,
Song of mind is mellifluous,
Voicing the voice against Voice.

From deep dark corner of Mind,
The cuckoo puts forth his soul,
In the mystic full moon Night,
With pain to meet his Lover.

Light spreads over the Universe,
Flooding the dark trees with song,
Cuckoo the bird of joy and dream,
From unseen Place he weeps with pain.

With depth and deadly silence,
The Cuckoo is mad with his strain,
Singing the song of life and death,
Night will bring for him a Mate.

The stillness is deep and keen,
Only Crickets are passionate,

With the cacophony of nocturnal,
The Cuckoo is a mushy Mind Flowing.

****

@Prabir Gayen - 18/03/2019 - 8: 47 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Butterfly Of Love

Butterfly of Love

Honeyed season of eternal spring,
In the youthful Grove of love and joy,
The buzzing celebration of funeral
Song,
Pruning theblow of sadness deep,
Death is dead sucking the draught
Of joy of your beauty,
The drone will be mad bathing in the aura of you fragrance,
a freshly born bud you are blooming inch by inch,
The teeming joy of overwhelmed
Inspiration,
Overbrimming from every sensual nooks,
The Joy is falling like light of Being,
from Lips like shadowy arbor,
Every chasm of joyous dream is
Likeoozing sense of love,
A form of delightful dream,
A silent song of buoyant Love,
Heavenly and fleshly joy of heart.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 177-Pain

Haiku 177
(Pain)
My love is like sky,
All included and alone,
It gives deeper pain.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Hailstorm

- Hailstorm -
Hailstorm brings the memory
Of byone days,
Where childhood days were
deep and fresh,
Nature was green with my green eyes,
Heart wasfresh like fallen sleet,
Life was no less than dream.

Hail to my aged self to go back again,
Under the mango trees to collect
Sleet - hit fruits,
Green and half ripe,
After a long decaying inversion of
Storm with solid rain,
Mind went into the cave of heart,
For unknown fear for life,
The sound of Gale subbsiding
friendly Zephyr,
Struck the weak structure.

The hailstorm is poetically perfect,
It is the sound of perfect rhyme,
The poetry that celebrated rain with small
ice gave extra charm,
Hailstorm has become a rare guest,
I wish to run with hailstorm
across the field,
With bare head and feet,
Collet the small diamond on the
grass,
That withers with no time,
Haistorm is there in the book of mind,
Like golden period of my life,
amid poverty and rustic delight.

****

Prabir Gayen

Poetry Of My Life

Poetry of My Life

My poem is my secondary life,
The image of The Moon in the ocean,
In the Stormy Night and full tide,
My life is a peripheral song of Pain.

My life an alternate way of imitation,
A silent watchful waste of days and Nights,
A walking of morning in the lazy noon,
The smiling of a man carrying dead body.

With the subsiding waves of dream,
The wistful wish of invention and be,
The small waves of aim to be abrupt,
The watchfulness with Simulacrum of joy,
Gone into nothingness.

Like tattered leaf saved from its root,
The nurturing source of life - giving juice,
My life became dead with no direction,
It falls and will fall eternally
without choice.

A Small yet deep chain of breath
could save me,
Could save from eternal pain of damnation,
A small path of cloud from April Shower,
A small dream without past could give
me peaceful death.

In search of path the path is lost,
On the route to peace Mind is doomed,
Peace became eternal dungeon of torture,
A hanging soul between heaven and Hell.

The deep desire to live gave me wound,
The wound of eternal inferno and Hell-fire,
Life is a bed of thorn with no sweet Tone,

All tones went vain like piping dead bodies.

With the loss of Time the garden became Grave,
The Church or Synagogue became churchyard with
no lively prayer,
Desires being hurt dropped into
the cave of naught,
Like beheaded being I walk on road
that leads nowhere.

Years ago a violent Storm Uprooted my Being,
With Many efforts and therapies the tree
remains Unchanged,
Tree of life is dead and no nourishment
can give it life,
Only it is as fuel to others having
no life for itself.

****
@Prabir Gayen - 16/03/2019 - 9: 38 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 176

Haiku 176
(Invitation)
Sylvia Frances Chan,
My heart feels joy for your Love,
Be guest and me host.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 175(Dark Light)

Haiku 175
(Dark light)
She is a phantom of
delight,
dark side with joy
and fainted dim light.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 174(Bravery)

Haiku 174
(Bravery)
She looked with quaint guess,
With Unknown joy overwhelmed,
Thanked her brave approach.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 173 (Unknown)

Haiku 173
(Unknown)
Heart shivered in pain
Mind became shaky for less Joy,
She loved with delight.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 172

Haiku 172
(Dead Heart)
She Visited my dream,
As Shadowy figure of speech,
Adorned my dead heart.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 171

Hiku 171
(Dead self)
The moment you know,
Feel me and my deep presence,
I will be no more.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Last Gleamps Of Life

Last gleams of dream

Standing on the bridge of life,
Peculiar and strange is the deck,
In front the big ball of fire; bright,
The Sun is above the line: glittering,
Dim is the Vision and light is clod,
It is felt from inner state, shivering cold,
Cold fire from brunt life, ashes blur vision,
The bridge of life is broken and death gleams,
The Sun is the light to departing voyage,
Cold and quivering flicker on bygone dream.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

A Woman(International Woman's Day Special)

A Woman
(International woman's day)

Woman is a strange world,
The world of love and dream,
Woman is a beautiful world,
The world of wait and meet,
Man is a guest and woman a host.

Being a woman is being a riddle,
A wonderful ripple of Cosmos,
The meeting point of earth and Sky,
A woman is a living Joy,
Full of fun joy and happiness.

Women are art music and dance,
More poetry than the poetry itself,
Living epic with ludicrous rhyme,
Digression of the most occult
Crossbeam,
A woman is a living heaven
with darkness.

A woman is a Night full of stars,
Sometimes shiny sometimes cloudy,
A woman is a full moon Night,
Calm and passive with twinking covert,
A heavenly plain nurturing life.

Women are calm quiet and serene,
Their serenity is deep and Truthful,
Their calmness is centralmost
and genuine,
They are like Buddha and Mahabir
quiet like a placid Lake.

Down the ages they are tortured,
Victimized by men's inferiority Complex,
A woman is Stronger than a man,

Receptive and Well-proportioned,
A woman is to nurture The Spirit.

A woman is a wise man with womb,
A divine intervention of The divine,
Being part of Man and yet Beyond,
A woman is a vertical being with Smile.

Woman is not the opposite of man,
Nor the far end portion of Life,
Opposite is not opposite and eneny,
It is completely fulfilling the other,
The complimentary madness to make
life complete.

A woman is like the vast Sky,
Passively active with the song of life,
Half of man is woman and half
of woman is man,
A woman is man from the depth of being,
The Shiny Joy of life is woman.

A woman is a real force of life,
Years after years They are suppressed for
their genuine traits,
The vast Ocean is made to remain inactive,
The waves are subdued for no good,
A woman is huge tree with roots
infinitely growing.

Saints saga and enlightened Beings,
Are at the feet of tender artiste of life,
With varied role they blossom, festival
of human kind and generous
oozing of loving mankind.

A woman is wonder than wonderful,
Lovely and lovable beyond conception,
A shiny morning with mystic fog,
The thin veil of Temptation,
The brooding brook that flows
downwards and upwards,

With brooding joy nurture broods,
A wowan is milky ocean from which
stems the juice of Life.

A laughing humanity will be born,
A serious yet hilarious kind
of Punctilio,
With no war to push mankind into
The ditch of destruction,
No ego to invent Deadly bomb
to invest the source of basic Living,
A world with no bloodshed will
Embellish the humanity,
With women as guiding Spirits.

Men fight to win, to go beyond Mind,
Without womb man is empty drum,
Only to unleash torture of inhumanly kind,
With alternative might he writes
Poetry or climb hills and valleys,
beats space to fulfil his urgent need,
Ego goes up to with invisible wings,
Man is nurtured by false notion,
As creator and suppressing his
womanish piety.

Woman is a blessing and jouyful
Without conditioning,
She is receptive and passive,
And with passivity She is powerful,
Father is father and Mother is both
Father and Mother,
A woman is beyond doubt Divine
In every Sphere.

.....

@Prabir Gayen
13/03/2019 - 2: 00 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Happy Birthday Debdutta

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEBDUTTA

Happy birthday
to you Debdutta,
Many happy moments
come to adorn you,
Happy and more happy
moments for you,
Be happy and be joyous,
it is your time.

Happy birthday to you and
hail to your being,
You were born This day
years ago,
Fulfilling the empty souls
of your parents,
Happy day for your
for your bright presence,

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You are and you were
time and behind time,
The form and formless,
Hail to your formed fragrance.

Hail to you for your birthday!
The day you opened your eyes,
and life kissed you with new light,
Existence hugged you as Mother.

Days are gone with
sun and shower,
New branches grow
In the tree of your garden,
In your Mind and being,
Meeting every moment
with delight, the joy of life.

Friends come and go

With new gifts to wish
It is the time to celebrate,
time to remember your presence,
Let your birthday be
eternal moments,

Birthday is a deathday
we all know,
Fourteen years have passed
into naught,
The abyss of absolute void,
Into nothingness of
languid memoir.

Happy birthday Debdutta,
With love and with Joy,
Let you be joyous to observe
Your day of birth,
The rapture of your presence,
Let your presence be celebrated,
Let you be witness your mutism.

Happy birthday to you Debdutta,
Happy moment to pass with you,
With your joyous presence,
Let our presents(gifts)be lively,
and present moments become present.
Let you be your present
being in moment,
Let eternity dawn on you.

Like waves fall
On the bosom of ocean,
Like days fall
Into the womb of night,
I wish from the bottom Of my heart
an awakening charm falls on you,
Showing you light,
The right way to fulfill your Journey,
To reach the Ultimate, The Absolute.

****

@prabir Gayen - 11/03/2019 - 8: 17 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Gratefulness To Poets And Friends.

- Gratefulness To Poets and Friends -

Fortunate to be here in poemhunter,
So much poets and so much poems!
Everyone is gem with colourful worlds,
Words and words and words,
Sea of words and sea of emotions,
Life becomes musical with dancing words,

Every poet is a star with twinkling image,
Rose Marie Juan Austin, Sylvia Frances Chan,
Nightingale and philomel or sparrow with joy,
Bharati Nayak and Dilip k Swain,
The twittering bards of mellifluous rhyme,
O poet the poet you are beyond grasp,
With the grace of mind a Milton or a Byron.

Gajanan Mishra and Valentin Busuioc,
Edward Kofi Louis and Rajnish Manga,
Ashim Nehal and Mehtab Bangalee,
Bright combination of Love and Joy,
Ancient value with new vision,
Still mountains and waving branches.
Mind stops thinking when we go through
Poems of certain poets of absolute
Ingenious like Bri Edwards and
Valsa George,
Luz Hanaii, Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh,
and Nosheen Irfan a budding dream.

Fortunate to be here in poemhunter,
African poets of shining hearts,
American poets of broad vision,
Asian poets of belongingness,
European poets of blue blood,
My heart is thrilled with grateful cognition.

Jagdish Singh Ramana, Hazel Durham
Aniruddha Pathak, Practicing Poetess,

Christina Chin and Butch Decatoria,
Jennifer Birchall, Riza Braholli and Nails Rais,
with many rivers and brooks, runnels and rivulets,
Poets and poetess of rainbow
with fresh showers make my journey
a fresh garden.

Dr. antony theodore and Bernard F. Asuncion,
Amir Marandi, Jez Brul and Geeta Radhakrishna Menon,
Kostas Lagos, Ramesh T.A and Julia Luber -
all you are souls and earnest Visitors
to enhance my Journey dreamful and miraculous.
Happy to be here and writing with loaded heart
My gratefulness to My beloved Co- poets,
With little light in mind and painful
heart for love and affection.

For the soulful support from poets
Like Susan Lacovara, sekharan pookkat,
Michael Walker, Chinedu Dike, Yoonoos Peerbocus
and Mihaela Pirjol with many precious Stones.
I am indebted to My lovely friends like
Kim Barney, Denis Mair and Louis Rams,
Pallab Chaudhury and Nancy Chambers,
Not for their support but for precious
Friendship with poetic prosperity,
Filling the gulp of loneliness.

I am in my lone Chair thinking with no thoughts,
With great thought of Nothingness,
And feeling of Thankfulness I feel the
of Love of Dear ones,
Like Avik Mondal and Srijita, Rajseh Haldar,
Bikash and Alokesh Mondal and Kalyan Natua,
Last not the least I feel more for
My beloved Friend Santanu Mondal
and brother Chandan and Arnab Sikder,
Thankful and fortunate do I feel,
For the kaleidoscopic or panoramic view of life.

With passion and adoration for my wife

and my little Soul Aradhya,
Each drop is formed with each drop of love
From my friends, Beloved and the blessing
Of My Master,
At This stage of rumination and
slow beating of heart I feel
uplifted and enlightened.

@Prabir Gayen: 10/03/2019: 11: 00 AM.
(Prabir Kumar Gayen)

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 170(Drop Of Nectar)

Haiku 170
(Drop of Nectar)

A drop of nectar,
A rose of mystic nature,
Blooms in my sole Shrine.
****
@Prabir Gayen...09/03/2019- - 1: 35 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Last Embrace

Last Embrace

I am not a shareholder of your Blessings,
Nor am I a proxy player in the stage of life,
I am an useless iota in the sea of life,
With pain in heart I am an witness.

Yet my heart yearns to take
an upward flight,
With dreamless sight makes an edifice,
Hold with painful Love your image
In the core of my eyes O my drop-dead!

Beyond the border of Mind and Time,
I live as a forgotten self and dejected,
In the sequestered forest of my being,
A solitary witness of life and death.

I am a tested self liquefied
with forgiven blows of life,
A silent ascetic being drinking
Each moment the bitter juice of Pain.

Being away from You O My Master!
I feel pain of Sin of shocking Kind,
Dense and ineffable and Irredeemable,
Away form Your Loving Sight I hide.

In my silent solitary being I adorn You,
With the flowers of my tears and grief,
forgetting my personal joy and sorrow,
I hold you tight in my laden heartbeat.

O My Master my Childhood Friend!
I played with with in every Season,
In Sunlight and in Moonlight with prayer,
If Life fails, let me be embraced in death.

****

@Prabir Gayen - 08/ 03/2019- 12: 44 PM.

(Prabir Kumar Gayen)

Prabir Gayen

Death Of A Day

Death of a Day

With buzzing sound the evening falls,
The day with receding song of birds,
Slips into the womb of nothingness,
The drones are flying like busy anguish.

The Sun with melancholy face collapses,
Behind the tinged clouds It wipes its tears,
Trees are like phantoms to mirror all,
Witness the busy and silent glow.

Life is but a chain of light and shade,
The garland of life is idle dream,
The passing day is the song of death,
Poignant pain it gives with the bird's song.

The death of day is darkness with peace,
The mutism with absolute delight,
The sonorous pain gets its relief,
Death is ultimate deliverance.

With the light flickering vertical,
With nightfall it becomes horizontal,
Death is a horizontal flame: Still,
With New light of being it righteous.

The way of life is zigzag drossy,
Life is a horizontal journey,
On the way It waves to touch the Sky,
The sudden clash of thunder does smite.

Nature is a big Mirror image,
It is True yet it is very much False,
Joy of life is ephemeral; false,
Death is Truth with pain unbearable.

The day died with painful trance and dream,
The valley plain and hills become proof,

Witnessing mad dance of drongos, bees,
Life is painful does seem like death sings.
****
@prabir Gayen - 07/03/2019- 8: 11 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 169 (Deep Pain)

Haiku 169
(Deep Pain)
Heart seeks quiet place,
To revive the pain once ailed,
Pain so nostalgic.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Am A Low-Born Bard But My Poetry Is Beyond Caste.

I am a low-born Bard
But My poetry is beyond Caste.

Poetry has no caste and no Creed,
It can soar above normal time,
Poetry is free from the chain of legacy,
I am low-born but my poetry is high,
It is of the Creed that has wings to float,
My wings are cut from the root,
But my poetry is beyond Easter,
It has no lapse to look behind,
Though my mind is lost,
doomed to die premature death,
My poetry is to live in shabby shore,
It has no blood of lower rate,
No breathing of abnigating stench.
Beyond the territory of my mind,
Beyond all the fetters of being,
Beyond low and high, Caste and Creed,
My poetry ispure harmony between
life and death,
I am to bloom beyond this chain of being,
Beyond mortal thread,
A new life with new blood,
Only to be in harmonious blend
of mind and being,
A crystal stream ofconscious Creed,
With renewed form of flesh and blood
with new name and form,
will I be able to float, merge
into the spirit of joy and joyful poesy.
I am a low-born bard with tattered dress,
With time I may find a better womb
With better growth of Caste,
Better growth in the field of birth,
To grow in the soil of life,
To feel to think and to live,

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A life of proper human being,
With flowers in both hands with
ultimate glowing of potential Luxuriance,
With the purging embrace of my poem,
May I have strength enough to find a place,
To be reborn as human being to live
as the space of sweet Will.
I am low by birth but my poetry
has no place to circulate
as base and narrow Creed.
****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 167 (Pain In Heart)

Haiku 167
(Pain in heart)

Heart trembles for pain,
Unknown and joyous trouble,
Spelled with strange Misery.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

A Woman Is Not A Slave

A Woman Is Not A Slave

A woman can be a thrall,
a slave at her own sweet will,
She cannot be made a mameluke.

A woman can be a thrall,
For someone for her love,
For family and for lover.

A woman can kiss the dust,
Not for her lower status,
She stoops to become Crown.

A woman becomes slave for him,
Whom She loves as her Master,
She gives in to her beloved Lover.

A woman wants honour,
As her real nature and veneration,
She is the source of real worship.

A woman becomes slave,
As Krishna who wishes to touch
the divine feet of Radha His beloved.

A woman is not weak and Pusillanimous,
She is the Mother of Strong Human,
The Source of Elan Vital.

A woman is a vast Ocean,
Her eyes are teemed with brine,
Each drop is Love Liquefied.

Love is a deep state of Union,
Two bodies dissolve into One,
A state of feeling of Noting and absolute.

A woman is Love personified,

She is a thrilling Joy and Trance,
Spirit that trancedDevotees like
Gopis and Mira for their Krishna.

A woman is a divine force,
No Man is complete without a woman,
Man and woman are complete within them.

A woman is complete unto Herself,
As She plays different roles of life,
A lover a wife and a Mother.

A woman is not a slave,
She is the Self behind everything,
She becomes Slave at her own sweet will,
Nurturing life's essential ingredients.
****
@prabir Gayen: 04/03/2019..2: 39 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Kalyani

KALYANI
Kalyani is a dream City,
Calm quiet and serene people,
The way of living is calmly delightful,
A city with tranquil joy of a village,
Sylvan beauty and Modern makings,
A place within and without a dream.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

This Noon

This Noon

This Noon is beautiful beyond doubt,
All the spices of life are in it,
The sun is glorious, nurtures dreams,
Trees are waving branches with soft breeze.

Same plaintive calmness that teemed days,
My childhood days full of restless warmth,
The Noon is same in this matured Mind,
Only the Shore is broken with waves.

O my heart! too old to digest rife,
It is always dreaming the bygone,
The Noon with calm calling, dreamful pain,
The twittering and cooing in Shade.

This Noon is nothing new not dreamless,
It may be more comely than the past,
But My Mind is lost in quondam days,
With paper and pen in my poor hut.

The Noon was not noon that made my life,
It was my throbbing heart awaiting You,
With pain and with immature chanson,
The Noon was my sole, close companion.

This Noon is similar with the Sun,
Similar with fluster shilly-shally,
Only my heart with pain is misplaced,
This Noon is not pregnant with my Dreams.
****
@Prabir Gayen: 02/02/2019 - 2: 05 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Pulwama Attack

Pulwama attack

A Convoy of Vehicle,
A Convoy of soldiers,
On the way was brutally killed.
They were killed for no reason,
They were killed for greater reason too.
They were killed for their Love for Nation,
For their motherland they gave up
their precious lives.
Young soldiers were killed by ferine force,
by misguided old Nick,
On the way the brave hearts lost their lives.
The terror attack took the precious lives,
The Islamic baseborn Tribe,
The ignorant bigot.
The soulless corporeal hatred,
took the tearing Force,
A Mighty lion was killed by Venomous Ditch.
The Suicide Bomber at Pulwama District,
destroyed his own life to own a better life.
A misguided low-born chap dreampt of
a life of allurement and bewitchment,
A life of ultimate flowering of hex
and sex and spell,
After his demise in a place full
of fruits and veggies,
A bed to sleep with beautiful Belle.
The amputed Mind free from fontal root
encroached the Canton,
Seeking a place in heaven by
merciless butchery alone.
Lethpora became a bloody land,
People shocked at heart sought
pleasant suit of revenge.
Soldiers died for their Motherland,
Torn to pieces by a heavy detonating,
Really pathetic it was,
The death for the Heroes of the Nation.

But politics had different connotation,
Every Political Vulture Came from
Hidden Crater,
With Bilabial denotation They took stand
to praise the Heroes,
In confused rhythm praised the Militants
Mellowing their misdeed,
From Terrorist He became Militant
Who had no choice except being a suicide bomber,
Some Came as swarm of Bees
Killing the moral of the country,
getting support from inspired
scholars of Beelzebub.
India became a land of anti-social
and Pulwama became an eye-opener.
The attacker Adil Ahmad Dar,
a local from Indian-administered Kashmir,
and a member of Jaish-e-Mohammed of Pakistan,
With brutal feast of terror attack
became a soft Corner for a traditional
political party to gain from mejority a favour.
Demeaning The Heroes they danced with Zero,
Their song was tuned with enemy land's lyric,
The Concord was deep in utter discord,
To uhpheavel the set system
With the blood of Soldiers,
The good jesture was to crusify Solders,
To meet vulgar aim in political field,
destroying the real battlefield.
Only a Man among biting beasts,
Was upright to fight,
With amazing zeal contemplating
the gravity of the loss and sacrifice,
India is Now in safe hands.

@Prabir Gayen: 02/03/2019: 9: 53 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Thy Living Touch

Thy living Touch

Dive me deep into thy thought,
Day and night with dream and desire,
Thy immortal touch can flow that is rigid,
Melt hard stone with soft mellow fire.
Day passes not for mystic light,
Blue firmament doth call unseen
Wonderment.
The throbbing pulsation links eternal rest,
Mazy mind gropes in darkness,
Thy liquid love that mind affirms
for dreamless and sleepless
delight can make malady to take leave.
Thy touch fresh and lively
that may pulsate
Seeds to treeand stones to melt
Can give me a mighty drop to live.

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Thy touch from manifold parts,
From every pulsating iota of Nature,
From the lovely dream and beyond dream,
The sweet glimpse of cosy coyness
Of loved one,
From the wrath of heinous enemy,
From death and pain,
Joy and sorrow is felt in my inner being,
Like the flow of waves or gush of wind,
The thunderstorm and flash of lightning.

The sudden clash of thunder
and flashes of light,
Or in slow chapter of painful waiting,
Thy touch is felt moment by moment,
Sometimes like freezing cold,
Sometimes hot like scorching pain,
In sun and shower and
summer and brumous,
In sleeping or awakening state,

Dreaming and Hypnotic Trance,
Thy touch is inexorable.
Thou art in me as the coolness
in water,
Warmth in the house of fire,
Like kernel in fruit and
movement in breeze.
As living entity in all living quod,
Thou art as soul pristine.

Thou art 'O My Master'!
In every sheath of my being,
Every bare portion of my self,
I do believe in thee and do not believe,
Yes, I do not believe,
Belief is a doubt standing behind,
I feel thee and thy touch without belief,
My naked soul knows thee and feels
Thy divine touch,
Without mind thou art me as mine,
Ocean drops into a tiny drop of my being,
Making me a vast ocean,
In the innermost seat of my heart,
In the cloudless and reverse
flow of my Mind,
The mindful state on No-Mind thou art,
As flickering fire without flame,
As wordless virtue of Nothing.
Thou art as host and the guest,
And I am there in-between as
Vagrant Witness.

@prabir Gayen -28/02/2019 - 1: 14 PM. www ex

Prabir Gayen

Inner Poetry

Inner Poetry

In the heart of a poet
You are poetry,
You move like a joyous dream;
Vibration,
The deepest nourishment of my
Weak being,
The pain is perfect to hold
In backstage,
You are and will come on surface like stream,
My quixotic joy the dreamy wanderer,
Live there secretly hoping against hope,
As the inner soul not as mate but Self.
****
@Prabir Gayen: 26/02/2019: 9: 18 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Bud And Flower

Bud and Flower

You are like a fresh bud,
Wrapped in leafy shower,
With dewy honey flows
From each nook
divine juice of love,
falling drop by drop.
You are a young bud,
Soft and sensitive,
Touchy and pain -giving
For love inexpressible,
Yet to blossom and
blossoming to infinity,
You are a bud and a flower,
Simultaneously the both,
In beauty a fresh bud,
Full of oozing dream,
In knowledge a mighty lotus,
With full of honey,
Brimming and overflowing,
Blossom and blossoming
Into inner being.
Your growth is inward
And outward a shiny pain,
As everyone would try to gain,
A celestial joy in human form.
To a poet goddess of Love
****

@Prabir Gayen: : : 26/02/2019: : 10: 28 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Autumnal Mind

Autumnal Mind

My mind strays away
In this darkmorning
Of Autumn with neuter air,
Mind of mine roams slovenly.

I am a lone visitor,
Looking nook and corner
Of Space without vigil,
An airy visitor to resting shade.

Flowers make sound
Unheard though; and
Dew drops from loaded breast,
Unseen source indeed.

In this vagrant joy
Of honeyed pain I roam,
Here and there finding meaning
Of life
Even unknown to saga all along.

On the viewless wings
Of seasonal bloom,
Your footprint is felt,
O Master divine with love.

In deep silence rings,
The symphony of Genesis,
The sproutings under the bed,
Is your silent revolution.

Birds still twitter in cosy bed,
Like a fast fading violet
With hot unbearable dim,
Birds float with staggering wind.

The Autumn has spread its cousion,

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From forest to valley Glade,
The music, song, dance and muse,
A sleeping celebration.

With the Sun drooping in West,
The hot forest becomes cool,
The humming bees make sweet song,
The melody of late summer.

The sound deep without outfit,
From deep; the core of forest,
The sound of silence profound,
Sway about the forest fallow.

Forest is an Elysian ground,
The Stray mind finds it's cosy dream,
The restless mind finds it's peace,
In Autumn it becomes Store.

The forest is a holiday,
It is the home in wilderness,
The meeting ground of the minds,
Peaceful and restless night dream.

Carefree mood of mind finds place,
In peaceful, Sylvan flourish,
Autumn is a season of dream, Stray minds utmost quiescence.

Today my mind strays away; dead,
Into the forest dim quiet,
With soundless depth it dissolves,
Mind becomes forest in Autumn.

****
@Prabir Gayen 26/02/2019 - 7: 56 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Moon Blooms In Lotus (Light Within Beauty)

Moon blooms in Lotus
****
On the Lotus blossoms a moon,
The Moon of spiritual growth,
On the Lotus a moon of joy,
The beauty beyond human grasp.

The dark Night blossoms this nice
moon,
The lotus is total to hold,
The lock is like dark cloud hanging,
From an alluring space of love.

The smile does spread like pain from eyes,
Becomes dreamy stillness In lips,
The neptunian flow of life's dream,
Onto shoulder is rolling joy.

Mystic smile does gleam with quaint call,
Unbearable charms only Cleancan rule,
Top to bottom is madness deep,
Beauty beyond mortal to grip.

The flower that blooms in Eden,
Complete alone unto itself,
Having no skillful hands for help,
You are an amazing sweetheart.

You are a living flower like fire,
The lover of immortal joy,
The dream that has no gravity,
Pain that is eternal, boundless.

On the railing you are standing,
Like overhanging grapes of vine,
From the trees of immortal fruit,
Your bosom touch the sky Joyous.

A ball of fire; goddess of Love,

Honey-clad eyes with Dreamful face,
Amorous bards will feel deep pain,
For the joy or pain spanless deep,
The gleaming light that spreads around,
Will Pierce the sky of hidden mind.

Glittering self of mighty love,
With so much charm bracelets the heart,
Of a young or an aged poet,
To bow for your catching excess.

You stand with smiling face turned up,
The creamy delight is like awning,
Ripples of joy out of dream streteches,
Within and without my being deep.

In the deep shore of heart you live,
Like a small wave of love and strain,
Throughout the being you spread as light,
With poetry will I sing your song.

****

@Prabir Gayen....26/02/2019..4: 12 PM..

Prabir Gayen

A Storm Struck My Garden

A Storm struck my Garden

Last night a storm visited my garden,
Broke every nook and corner of my yard,
Thunder and lightning played hide and seek game,
Last night my garden touched the firmament.

I was in deep slumber with dream violent,
Visiting in dream my tempest -born mind,
Pain of heart was pouring like rain on Being,
I was a lone pilgrim to view as seer.

Here and there on my arbor flowers spread,
On the ground they make a florid surface,
Tempest -struck glower like gory oblation,
The Storm was YOUR BLESSING I did realise.

I will give my mind like floral prayer,
Breaking the garden of my mind for YOU.

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****
@prabir Gayen 25/02/2019 - 11: 10 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 166

Haiku 166
(Friend)
My heart is restless,
Fluttering the painful wings,
Thinking you come soon.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 165 (Old Joy)

Haiku 165
(Old Joy)
Take back your poetry,
Get back my life my old heart,
Let me be myself.
*****"

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

With Time All Is Gone

With Time All Is Gone

In the untrodden sheath,
Of my self,
a sequestered and unattained heaven,
You were as unknown dream
Sleeping as one with Being,
Never did I seek you,
You were you as never were,
It was my dream at an early life.
Yes it was life full of
vibrating dream,
So true to my being.
Life has gone with the setting Sun,
Cold and lifeless aura
is left behind,
A deeply felt pain wordless to explain.
How Can I express the warmth of life!
Green fields are there Still Now,
Same air with same Birds may be,
But greenness is absent,
Birds are there without same
warmth of music,
With Time heart is gone leaving pain
for what has gone,
O Life! Where has you gone!
Eyes are empty to view the beauty,
Beauty is lost without heart,
Without the pain of the fear
of Uncertainty,
O uncertain life! Mysterious life!
All is gone and only useless pain,
Dead pain is left behind,
I am living as if existing with
some pre-occupations,
As if doing some great
thing by living,
Love is lost, joy is lost and
pain fresh and clean,

Warm and poignant is lost too,
Life is only bearing some
dead memories,
Success or failure chasing after
worldly summit,
To and fro like busy bees,
O life! In which page are you
finished!
In which point you are dissolved?
Dream my be false or fanciful,
Life was nurtured with
Dreamful uncertainty.
Now only waiting to put
this rag onto fire,
With pyre to evaporate
into the sky,
Into the womb of great
Nothingness.

****

Prabir Gayen

Wheel

WHEEL

Wheel of life moves,
Like the wheel of time,
Everything moves like wheel,
Nothing moves in a line,
Linear movement is false,
Everything becomes circular,
Nature moves with same line,
Like the wheel of a cart,
Life is a slow move
towards death,
Death becomes circle
and returns,
Life and death are two
similar spokes,
With movement one
becomes the other,
The mystery of life
is mystic,
Death is an allusion,
With the general course
of time,
Everything becomes nothing,
Nothing comes to being
as something.
From young to old,
From birth till death,
The day and night so on
and so forth,
Morning meets the day,
And day moves slowly,
Towards the Evening
and then Night.
Ages pass with the flow
of life,
Death becomes the centralmost point,
But wheel never stops
the glance of eyes,

PoemHunter.com

When beloved is blushed with sign.
The throbbing sense of joy,
The happiness of one for
being dear,
The movement from mind to heart,
From heart to being and So,
The pale lips and tongue- tied
Submission to warm joy.
The Union of heart and temples,
The smile in the face and mind,
And deep-rooted sorrow of loss,
Love and languishment,
All is the law of attraction
and detraction.
Slow circular movement of life,
The wheel of life and death,
Love moves and becomes hate,
Hate loses strength and becomes
Life and reverberation.
The wheel moves and ideal becomes
a sweet or savory dream,
The wheel of life and
death comes close,
Stretching and widening to support
For one becoming the other.
Wheels move and hence pain oozes,
Life is at depth is death and
death is at depth is life,
The moment the movement stops,
The wheel stops,
The Wheel of time and mind
The rest and restless state
is the creation and Cosmos,
With deep love sensual or
platonic can make a bridge,
A bridge unto oneself.

****

Prabir Gayen

Immortal Love

Immortal Love
****
In life and death,
In dream and desire,
In pain and pleasure,
In joy and ache,
In sleep and vigil,
In body or bodiless state,
In embrace or emptiness,
You will be for mine,
Without cause and condition,
In the earth or heaven,
On sea or land,
Spread for us The Divine,
Our immortal seat,
The seat of love and solitude.
Beyond paradise and Knowledge,
We will spend our days
Without night,
Love will efface darkness,
Light from our souls,
Will enlighten our loaded bed,
graced by divine DREAM,
No time will shed its shade,
Beyond time will be our rest,
Restful repose with cosy breast,
Heart will show the way,
To the shrine of immortal dream,
Not false but dreadful reality,
Our love will not be of lower rate,
Heaven will guard our privateness,
You me and Divine will be our
Immortal domicile,
Love beyond the feeling of Love.
****
@Prabir Gayen - 22/02/2019- 7: 04 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Peace

PEACE
******
PEACE is a disturbing word: a small death,
Yes;I died years ago with this very word,
Peace killed me and buried me within Self,
I am a dead person having no depth.

Clouds passed over my head telling the peace,
Air blew with many sound melodious and hoarse,
They Sky with different seasons invoked,
Nature with many excuses implored myBeing.

Like a tattered leaf saved from an Arbor,
Like a kite soaring high with easy flight cut,
Like a flow of water fresh from source lost,
I was cut short in the middle of life.

My dream was too high to touch the blue Sky,
My walk was too slow to reach the target,
My approach was too sloth to speak the heart,
A shallow time with strong air of hate killed me.

I was dead and the moment I died,
Life changed its face instant; an 'Ugly Face',
With the loss of every string, Song is dead,
A floating kite Can never reach its goal.

The Sun rose and birds sang with guileless joy,
The Moon rose and Mind began to Cant ode,
The Setting of the Sun with charming hue,
The Moon in the morning with pleasant air.

Life was a dreamy delightful Rhapsody,
An epic of Sweet Mouth who could see it,
Days were full of waving joy Night was quaint,
Only I was absent with the big word "PEACE".

Years Ago I died and and my ashes left,
Within the ash is no spark to ignite,

The flame of light cutting the Ugly Peace,
Peace is a dead word and I am a shadow.

If life is beautiful and to be lived,
If life is a song of joy to be sung,
If life is a dance to be danced joyously
I am a lone witness with pain in heart.

With the death of my self, Inchoate death,
Life became a death with harder fore step,
A Shadow of Pain with piercing bleeding,
Only to wait for the sun to go down.

****
@prabir Gayen - 21/02/2019 - 9: 13PM.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 164 (Heart)

Haiku 164
(Heart)
When heart wants to speak
Life seems to draw home easily,
Chattering mind Stops.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 163 (Real Dream)

Haiku 163
(Real Dream)
Life is a dreamy joy,
Full of joy and then sorrow,
Dreams break and life Oozes.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 162 (Circle Of Life)

-: Haiku 163: -

Circle has no ends,
It is always the middle,
Life moves circular....

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Cradle To Cosmos

Cradle to Cosmos

Long ago with trembling hand
did I hold the hand of my mother,
Heart was Warm with the
dream of blissful days,
Colourful were the days
for Unknown Mystery ahead,
Cosmic bliss rained lovingly
With no pain of supposed strains,
Eyes were full of dreamful Joy
and ambitious hopes,
Invisible wings soared high
and touched the stars,
Unknown filled the heart
with wonderment,
Twittering of birds and crimson rays
did awake us
from long night's nutritious rest.
Vast green field with blue heaven
and rustic lore - an Eden,
God was but image of festivity.

With the March of time all is lost,
the song of birds now
bears message for unthought idea,
Dreamful and easy days are hardened
for life's essential promises,
Like a canvas mind is painted
with rough draft,
Still it is boiling in the
hot water of life,
Confused rhythm of madding crowd,
and ceaseless onslaught of mind's ache
wrought the booming brim of empty brain,
Love's manifold distortions and
crudest part of carnal delusion,
The painful cohabitation of past
and present I am torn apart.

You are O my master!
Only you are for Me,
Though indifferent to my pain and
Confusion,
A draught of cold water,
A nectarous flow of Elysian Pond.
Let me die to my Ego,
Let me die to my overmuch dream,
My aspirant mind to put my face on You,
With similar beatitude like my childhood,
Let me Cradle from creation to Cosmos.

****

@Prabir Gayen 20/02/2019: 11: 22 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 161 (Dream)

Haiku 161
(Dream)
I got thee in dream,
Upon awakening I lost,
Pain is the proof.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Heart 161 (My Niece)

Haiku 161
(My Niece)

Heart is feeling pain
For a tiny sweet Dandelion,
The joy of my heart.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

-acrostic-

Acrostic
(Prabir Gayen)

Past those dreamful days, young and beautiful and wild imitation of mind's unfathomed craze.
Rapturous chase of rainbow fed sky and rain as liquid love hastgone to bygone doorsil of boyish dream.
Ardourousmemory and intellect art lost in abysmal flow of flawless expertise.
Blissful mind doth penchant for those ignoranceonce lulled young heart.
Imbibed memory arises nowas past forgotten glory.
Restless heart doth relive those mazy pain.
Glory and glittering glimpses now food for mind.
After a long journey of life innocence is lost in myriad stream of thoughtless am-ness.
Years of blow and undaunted rigid solidity failed to melt mind into being.
Ever and ever I wish to cleave the chasm of embryo of possessed veil.
New form will come and I wish to review my self to be child again.

PoemHunter.com

@Prabir Gayen - 15/04/2016 11: 21 Am (written)
Posting -19/02/2019..12: 20 PM.
****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 160 (Guest Is Sleeping)

Haiku 160
(Guest is sleeping)
Host is at the door,
Banging on the corridor,
The guest is sleeping.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 159 (Ideal Sleep)

Haiku 159
(ideal sleep)
The grant feast of life,
People are busy canticle,
Sleeping with ideal.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 158 (Unconsciousness)

Haiku 158
(Unconsciousness)
Unconscious people
In the Unconscious Market
Reading dead Newspaper.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 157 (Pain Perfect)

Haiku 157
(Pain perfect)
Deep sound of No- Sound,
Mind drops into soundless abyss,
Pain becomes perfect.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 156 (Mind Beauty Dream)

Haiku 156
(Mind Beauty Dream)

Beauty is the soul,
Of Mind and Smile brings Joy Out,
Your smile is my dream.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 155 (Thy Smile)

Haiku 155
(Thy Love)
Time Immemorial,
Thou reigned as the deepest pain,
Thy Smile effaces soul.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 154(You)

Haiku 154
(You)
In The Sun The Moon,
Flowers and Clouds did I seek,
Deepest Pain Thou reigns.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 153 (Beauty)

Haiku 153
(Beauty)
Beyond the eyesight,
Beauty shines through your sculpture,
Wow! My door was closed.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 152(Worship)

Haiku 152
(Worship)
Come into my house,
Your seat is spread with shrine,
Worship without Mind.
*****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 151 (Life Gone)

Haiku 151
(Life gone)
Falling into sea,
Life was melt to be nothing,
Only vague print gleams.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 150 (Pain Of Love)

Haiku 150
(Pain of Love)
We are side by side,
Hand in hand and legs immersed,
Bubbles kissing pain.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 149 (Cruelty)

Haiku 149
(Cruelty)
Humanity bleeds hard,
Inhumane volpones gather,
Pious should volplane.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 148 (Union)

Haiku 148
(Union)
Let Us Stand Unite,
Domestic fight should be freeze,
Melt into patriam.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 147 -(Nation Is Awake)

Haiku 147
(Nation is awake)
Nation unites Now,
Death will now bury the dead Soul,
Lion is hurt to heart.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 146 (Emptiness)

Haiku 146
(emptiness)
Years pass as air blows,
The tree of life is empty,
It sounds nothing more.
*****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

What Is More Attractive - Eyes /Style/ Mindattitude /Smile

What is more attractive -
Eyes /style/ mind
attitude /Smile
(Query)
****
Eyes are dewy,
Like fresh flower,
Broad like lotus.

Style is sweet joy,
Look like amour,
You walk like pain,
That pierce heart.

Mind is loaded with
Thought fanciful,
Soft and cool, likable,
Through the mirror
of the face it comes out.

Attitude is like killing,
Through eyes it oozes,
Like orange roses you look,
Full of tender juice,
Inviting to suck.

Smile is like full moon night,
Sometimes with stars,
Sometimes with
patch of clouds,
From eyes it spreads
through cheeks,
Into lips it invite to kiss,
In a word you are
beauty beyond mind.

Other part I do not know

PoemHunter.com

May be your bosom
Is velvety or sensitive,
Juicy or solid joy,
Full of warm increasing ever.
May be red or slightly hot.

May be womb is deep,
Like oceanic thick,
May be sweeter than the rest,
Hotter than the hottest.

Don't think of buttock,
It is always deep like hills,
It makes one fanciful,
It is colourful beyond colour,
It paves the way to heart.

Let me speak about heart,
It nurtures feelings with care,
When mind is hot heart is cold,
It purifies the vein with urge,
Your heart is pure like heaven.
****

Prabir Gayen

My Beloved Countrymen

My Beloved Countrymen

Listen my dear friend, love the Nation,
Your land is your soul past relation.
Why you stand against your country!
What you think, it will give property?
Why, wealth is greater than your mother!
India is your motherland, your Joy,
Feel proud, don't make it a field of Troy.
Remember the Glory your forebear shared,
Love lenity peace in your vein entwined.

My dear Friends, My Countrymen Stop, Think,
Inspired, remembering your great sink,
The glory of quondam history,
India is a great lough of rubric legacy,
A Land of divine seat of knowledge,
Ancient Greek and foreign nomad leant,
The art of Living and embracing,
The great joy of accepting people,
As they are with their traditional value,
"???? ?????? ?????? ??????", ?????? ????????.

Greek paved the way through secret pathway,
Demetrius and Alexander the Great,
Invaded and Conquered the vast space,
Gautamiputra satakarni Maurya came,
With great valour and Love washed-up Grave,
Ashoka andAjatsatru recoursed to worship.
With Love and with military courage,
India became the Land of legend,
Let our Countrymen be brave to Love,
Embracing its hoary Preterite.

Let Us be rooted to our holy Soil,
Let us remember the great advent,
Let us be free to shower our fancy,
Our Love for our beloved Mother,
Let us not look each other with Suspicion,

Let our battle cry be with purity,
Let us fight poverty, casteism,
Let us be United in the moment of Crisis,
My beloved Countrymen let Us live as Indian.
****
@Prabir Gayen: 16/02/2019: 10: 34 AM.
(INSPIRED BY A TALK OF RITUDIDI)

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 145...(Life)

Haiku 145
(Life)
A leaf saved from tree,
Waving here and there with air,
Floats having no choice.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 145-(Life)

Haiku 145
(Life)
A leaf saved from tree,
Waving here and there with air,
Floats having no choice.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Michael Walker- (A Poet & A Critic)

MICHAEL WALKER
(A Poet & A critic)

So beautiful is your comment,
So soothing and touching your voice,
You are a poet and a friend,
Without eulogy you are a Censor,
Michael Walker My foreign Bud.

New zealand Must be proud of You,
Your song will herald love above all,
A clairvoyant and an Augur,
You realised the death and its fall,
Death is not the end of our Life.

From a poor Heart and gratitude,
Songs of Love and reverence flow,
On the Lawn of your noetic Mind,
Little Love from my poetic Heart,
Salute to you My dear Apollo.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

O Moon!

O Moon!

In deep darkness You shine O Moon!
You are dark moon very dark,
The light that makes you luminous,
Among stars makes you apart,
Is not to shine my world,
My darkness is deep and pure,
I am a dark deluge in my sky,
No stars no luminous bodies,
Only my Being with fleeting thoughts,
Your shiny delight does seem false,
Looking at your face I am effaced.
My darkness will die the day
I will go beyond my dark doorsill.
My Sun is hidden inside my room,
One Day I willillumine you with my rays,
O moon you are not away from me,
Nor I am far from you,
We both are one and the same,
The Sun of light and knowledge is our soul.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 144 (Valentine)

Haiku 144
(Valentine)
Make Divine your love,
Laud life with music and dance,
Brood your valentine.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thou Art My Valentine

Thou art my valentine
(Take my love)
Take my love,
My simple thoughtless words of worship,
TheDivine that is deep
inside the core of my self.
Take from me the Songless inaudible
words of praise,
It isbare open and infinitely blossomed.

Take my mind,
It is dreamless ever youthful,
Without the need of any promise.
The waving moon of temptation,
It is thee who is there forever,
tying the void of stillness,
with heartfelt adornment.
Take my loveo my Master!
The perennial song of my heart,
with ultimate and fathomless grid of
gratitude.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

After My Death

After My Death
****
The day I will demise,
I want you to visit me,
Behind my body-room,
I will sit to thank you.

Throughout my life I cried,
You played hide and seek game,
The moment of my being dead,
I desire to visit on face.

My holiday will be Glee,
With your presence and pity,
Like dark cloud you gave shade,
Like bright Star you gave light.

I am your a poor priest,
Worshipping day and night,
An afficionado,
Of death peaceful and calm.

I am born poor live poor,
And definitely die so,
Only dream that fed me,
Your face after my death.

I know you know my being,
How can you forget me?
You gave so much quiet dream,
Faded my deep dark Time.

You love is beyond Sum,
Bliss with thought and prayer,
You came and guard our Hut,
Never did you leave Us.

Sometimes within mind crazed,
Or with something fancied,

PoemHunter.com

You hid yourself in dark,
Filling my mind with green fear.

After death my Beloved,
Fairly not costly deal,
I want you to come in front,
Face to face encounter.
****
@Prabir Gayen - 14/02/2019/: 4: 17AM.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 143(Pure Feet)

Haiku 143
(Thy pure feet)
Under thy pure feet,
Entire kingdom of my life,
Heart wishes to come out.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 142(Your Seat)

Haiku 142
(Your seat)
In my body and mind,
You embrace as transcendenece,
In my heart your seat.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Tajmahal

Tajmahal
(My Cleopatra)

Citadel of love is empty,
It needs light to vein circulate,
The Sun and the Moon nourish it,
Where is Love The Tajmahal upholds?
The Ode of Love is rare to find.

Without blood or the flow of life,
Taj is an empty shell, graveyard,
With light and shade it is unique,
Having mystery of life and death.

You are real Taj the Moon of Light,
Your eyes and smile surpass the Taj,
Your face is mystic with delight,
A poet must be truant to tell.

PoemHunter.com

Tajmahal with light is joyous,
And in darkness It mystifies,
It is a symbol of love -hate,
You are pure light without malice.

A Living Taj is Standing Bright,
Your beauty glows with suppressed Joy,
Filling empty vault with your sun,
A real Taj of Love before Stone.
****
@ prabir Gayen - 13/02/2019: 11: 20 AM.

Prabir Gayen

A Document Of Unrest Time

A Document of Unrest Time
****
The world is getting isolated,
Day by day and with quick change of face,
Everyone is an island with None,
A separate entity with crotchet.

The fast increasing population,
Cut-throat competition and self-Love,
Immoral and unethical chase,
Man is now a dreary wad of craze.

Political malice and meanness,
Hypocrisy and falsehood the midst,
Man is not worthy to be man Now,
An age of self-delusion sets in.

Poets and Parnassian and authors,
Painters and sculptors are jumping boats,
With stone precious in eyes they use sense,
For selfish end they polish their pens.

A very tough Time, the desert of souls,
Living in society is strait,
An unrest Time of Stringent politics,
Life is on the edge to fall any trice.

We need a vast Mind and spacious Being,
Forgiving soul with stern principle,
A wand in hand and luminous eyes,
A warrior and a pious cognoscente.
****

Prabir Gayen

Nothing Is Permanent

Nothing is permanent
****
Nothing is permanent,
Love joy sorrow and dream,
Let us move beyond all,
Relation and friendship,
All the fetters should go,
Change happens all around,
Every particle changes,
Mind memory and body,
Painful is the changing,
Nature is an exile,
It is never the Same,
Only heart can feel the pain,
Heart never likes the change.
In life change is graceful,
Death comes and takes the old,
Change is really blessing,
But how mind can accept?
Change is the death of mind,
Moment by moment dies,
Every moment is death,
Who can dance in death?
Living is really dying,
Every moment of love is death,
Like river life is new and fresh,
Freshness comes from wholenes,
By dying life revives.
Change is truth and realized,
Beyond change may be life,
From birth till death change Is,
Each moment it goes on.
Who can stop the circle?
Only death can make it stop,
And by witnessing change,
One can realise the essence.
****

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Jennifer Birchall (Acrostic)

Jennifer Birchall
(Acrostic)

Juvenile heart of Great Britain,
Cerulean Excitation runs,
Noetic creed through bardic vein,
New form of ancestral poesy,
In your soul sits Milton or Bronte,
Famous calliope of lettered Land,
Erudite and Coryphaeus,
Return to nature in your ode.

Beauty shines between lines you write,
Infinity dawns and kisses your pen,
Redolence spreads among mankind,
Carol you create with pensive Mind,
Hail to you My dear poetess the Great
Above all you are born in kingdom
Laurence Eusden of modern Britain,
Laud to you for your excellent work.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 141(Awakening)

Haiku 141
(Awakening)
Awakening the whole night,
Sleep has taken its soaring,
Who you on my eyes?
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Empty Mind

Empty Mind

In this spare time of life,
Life has become a resting site,
A hollow space for rumination,
Past has gone into the catacomb of past.

The slow movement of mind,
With the slow pace of time,
Mind and time become nothing,
Only a vague delight is falling.

The Life - a great feast of mind,
With thoughts colourful is mild,
It moves with slow plaintive plod,
With pain becoming pensive abode.

All the dreams that swayed with hope,
Nurturing childhood dreams to be a someone,
A special one to have strong root and wings,
Now with blows of Time on the ground falls.

A world of nothing without thoughts of becoming,
In my cloistered self like stream dawning,
Every moment I am born and without dream dying,
Life has become a shoreless pasturage moving.

Future is nebulous and mystic too,
Within the womb of time it does fuse,
Time has become timeless having no vigor,
Life has become a worshiper without Vesper.

All the delights to be in the seed of time,
The hope to have an upward flight,
Drinking every drop that oozes from the vim of Being,
In thoughtless leisure demise; recede to abysmal ruin.

Plodding on the pathless path,
Without thought like a vast space of light,

I am a sky Now with no heavenly bodies,
Within and without I Am a vast Nothing.
****
@ prabir Gayen : 11/02/2019: 12: 34 PM

Prabir Gayen

Life & Death

Life & Death
****
One of my teeth was broken,
And died a premature death,
Half of myDNA is gone,
And I am a half being,
Nature is dying every moment,
Life is jumping onto the Shore,
But being a shoreless Being,
Death is only Visible, Light is dim,
Now I am unable to see light beyond,
The vision is blurred and soul
is unhappy,
Deep sorrow to see the futility,
mind dooms,
Unknown pain seizes the self,
the fear of life,
Life is a painful cohabitation,
with death at the central-most stage,
Life meets death and meeting
is still empty,
With the dawn darkness flees,
With the nightfall light recedes,
having no meeting point.
Death and life are two reverse points,
With no common point to mingle,
Mind is afraid of death and
death happens within the womb of life,
Without being a separate ground,
Death is falling within the lap of life,
And Life fails to face the Death,
Death and life are one with double faces,
Like twin offspring of Same Mother.
In between two separate phenomenon,
I am torn apart,
If death is the end of life,
Death is better to be and without
the waves of life,
The absolute end of Useless dreaming.

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****

Prabir Gayen

The West Wind

The west Wind

The west wind blows,
Ahh! I am gone back,
My childhood days!
In sever cold Earth,
Heart of mine was warm,
Walking, running across field,
The wind was soulful and warm,
Now the wind is empty, sloppy,
Only piercing my heart to shout.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Weakness

Weakness
*****

Weakness is the cause of suffering,
It leads us to the path of Sin,
Weakness is Sin in itself,
Let us be above weakness,
Conquering our greedy Mind,
Mind is the soil that nurtures weakness.

As saga of Vigour and vitality said,
Let us make ourselves soar,
Looking our mind full of dust,
Let us conquer our dreaming minds.

Love makes us weak,
And love is the highest power in existence,
Without love life is a desert,
Love brings shower to make it a valley of flowers.

Love makes us weak to serve better,
It is simply sitting close to Divinity,
Weakness is divine and devil too.
Without Love where does weakness live?

Weakness is love upside down,
the meek substitute of love,
Weakness is like turning back to the Sun,
Crying by saying darkness, deep darkness.

Weakness is sin as it suffers distortion,
Love distorted becomes Lust,
Lust is simple closing the eyes,
Lust is love having no vision.

Weakness is synonymous to lust,
In lust weakness is born and bred up,
And in weakness lust becomes strong,
Love and lust are music with different tunes.

Let us face the truth opening our minds,
Mind being witnessed become Heart,
A place of joyous celebration,
And a placid lake where false dies.

Let us be true to our lives,
To existence for truth to dawn,
Weakness is simply clouds to disappear,
With the dawning it truth.

Let us face the reality however painful,
False is false and it has nothing to do,
Weakness is false and with awareness
It melts into nothingness.
****

Prabir Gayen

Our Great Nation

Our Great Nation
****
The Sun is Underground,
The Moon is bleeding hard,
Democracy is a great farce,
Leaders are leading the nation,
Like cannibals reign,
Society is a tattered cloth,
The mirror has become mirage,
Dead men flocking dead sheep.
Truth is a word once vibrated,
In the soil of our great Land,
All the ghosts incarnated as men,
Divine souls have no place,
False repeatedly said becomes Truth,
Falsified truth is now ideal to chase,
Ideal is a mean word with sugarcoat,
It is intoxication having no sense,
Truth is beyond ideal as it is dream.
With the lack of knowledge: wisdom,
Nation is heading towards dark dukedom,
Like Foxes are latching the sleeping Lions,
Vultures are chasing Eagles for hunt.
Like Plutus or Shylock Leaders are routes,
Leading dumb multitude to Hades,
India Now is a dead dungeon,
for all The Great.
The Sun the source of life,
and The Moon,
That nurtures ideals to flow like rivers,
The Stars that flicker to ignite wisdom,
On the soil of our Land
become dead cadavers,
Only a soul free from Condition,
inspired by divine Nature,
having no choice,
Contented having nothing,
and pure belongingness,
Can Save This drooping Nation.

PoemHunter.com

****

Prabir Gayen

Poetry And Haiku

poetry and Haiku
******
When poetry halters,
Haiku becomes faster,
Poetry is a play with dream and day,
Haiku takes a dip into bay,
Poetry is the song of the say,
Haiku is erudite and scholarly lay,
One is dream expressed with joy,
And pain unexpressed,
Other is painful, a delight of what existed,
And continues to exist to substantiate,
Poetry is a dream about truth,
Haiku is truth realised having words to soothe,
Dream of poetic mind dissolves,
And it becomes Haiku having expression.
Poetry often touches the sky,
Haiku is sky within it's distich.
****

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 140(New View)

New view

Let all the walls go,
Opening a Vista New,
For the world a view.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 140 (Song Of Birds)

Haiku 140
(song of birds)
Head is fulls of birds
Twittering on with full throats,
Awareness stops it.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 139 (Busy Mind)

Haiku 139
(Busy Mind)
Bees are among hive,
Buzzing in silent leisure,
My mind is occupied,
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 138(Pain Pure)

Haiku 138
(Pain pure)
Every little pain,
Doth show thy caress for me,
Pain cleans inmost shrine.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 137(Endless Song)

Haiku 137
(Enldless Song)
Endless is thy song,
From sound to silence it extents,
No end to feel it.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 136 (Thy Song)

Haiku 136
(Thy Song)
I will sing thy song,
Songs flowing throug air and ebb,
A Crowdefeats me.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

A Reply Poem To "Mom's Smile "Of Mepoet Yeps Poet.

A Reply poem To
"Mom's Smile "of MePoet yeps Poet.
****
Such a lovely poem dear poet the poet,
Your mom's Smile becomes your breath,
It is not smile but love that flows down,
Life becomes more solid as pain is stolid,
Pains gives life a wider view with pang renew,
Life becomes Wilder joy having death it's preview.
Your mom is your joy, the source to face the world,
You definitely know,
it is desert without the lap of mother,
Mom's smile is divine not as philosophy,
It is deeply wordless when She leaves her baby homeless,
Mother is home God Himself
Aspires to sojourn,
He incarnates Himself often and on,
To play in the lap of mother,
To smile with Mom's smile,
Mother is a living Goddess where all godliness resides.
You are a child only mom's Smile becomes your heaven,
With raindrops that flow still now
From your keekers,
Making your vision more clear,
Now you the Son of God on the cross,
Crying with alert tone for Mary The Mother,
From painful sheath of heart you soar above the shore of human dearth,
From horizon to vertical,
O poet the poet,
from painful terrain to painless rejoice,
Nectar of joy you squeeze from the pain that poetry fails to proclaim.
You mom is still there shedding not tears,
Only waiting to see you happy,
All through life she prayed in silence,
For her little one to be inspired,
Living with smile the joy of life.
On Earth or on heavenly plain,

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We all are one,
Me, Me poet and your Mom who from celestial bower,
Creating with Love's power
A place for you the spring eternal,
Where smile will never wither.
****
@ Prabir Gayen: 08/02/2019: 12: 36 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Happy Rose Day

Happy Rose Day
****
A rose is not a rose only,
It is full of thorns and agony,
Pain is ever trenchant and sharp,
Beauty comes in front to beguile.

A rose is a deceiving elf,
It attracts and hides and invites,
Hiding it attract towards it,
A rose is a thorn in disguise.

Happy rose day dear from my heart,
Without thorn take my love as gift,
Take my fragrance without my self,
Let me stay away from plucking.

Plucking a rose is violence,
Love is not pointless and vengeance,
Your rosy hue is tantalising,
It is illusive and maudlin.

Happy rose day O dear Rose hip!
Thy petals are deep with sweet juice,
Enough to push me off my Sense,
Let your thorn be your guiding prince.

Happy rose day O my sweetheart!
Thou art a rose in the Shaw of my Being,
With thy waving hue life becomes new,
Thorns give pain to feel the Bone- yard.

A rose is not a rose only,
It is both light and shade combined,
It is pervasion of body-mind,
Rose is a tune of love and lore.
****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 135 (Life Is Pain)

Haiku 135
(Life is pain)
Life is full of pain
It is and is-ness is painless,
Without life no pain.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 134 (Meditation)

Haiku 134
(Meditation)
My mind feels cheering,
When I find you sing for me,
Beetle broke my trance.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 133 (Anthem)

Haiku 133
(Anthem)
I sing song for you,
You come and go like lightning,
I lose my anthem.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 132(Fall)

Haiku 132
(Fall)
The wings of my song,
I spread to have soarings high,
Fall like Icarus.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 131 (Hymn)

Haiku 131
(Hymn)
My heart in doldrums,
Groping in deep gloominess,
Unable to sing hymn.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 130 (Dumb)

Haiku 130
(Dumb)
Thy song sonorous,
Around my lone heart plunk endless,
I am abashed, dumb.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen (Acrostic)

Written by
- By Mahtab Bangalee-
Prabir Gayen
(Acrostic)
Prabir Gayen(Super Heroic Chanter Bard) , lovely, enthusiastic and best one poet of this reverend literary site. The Below is my little effort wish to his greatness.
P-oetry lives here as the inner and outer true wisdom
R-oots of rose from the West Bengal, India come abloom
A-rrived on this planet "Super Hero" by name alone
B-arren land becomes fertile by his pure poetic weapon
I-nk of his mastery removes the ignorance of sense
R-aises he a sky, a sun, a moon there as knowledge lens
G-alaxy of pleasure and happiness with his better half of life
A-ccomplishes he all to make peace and harmonious hive
Y-outh; ever best youthful diction he composes
E-cstatic his knowledge treasure eager can posses
N-othingness thought of him discloses all premises.

@ By Mahtab Bangalee..(1- 30-2019 / 1: 01 AM) Chittagong/ Bangladesh, Male 33.
****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 129(Awareness)

Haiku 129
(Awareness)

I have got a seed,
With much care planted it In,
Alas! It got no sprout.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Is A Boat

Life is a Boat
******
O master! Life is a boat,
The sorrow and deep sorrow,
Joy comes but it is sorrow,
Joy is misery in disguise.

Coming and going, home and homeless,
Life is a homeless home, all empty,
Like snake leaves slough,
Life is an exuviae of day dream.

The birth is joyous and false,
All joy is false being only relative,
Birth is relative having death at centre,
Life is nothing but hanging in between.

The sky is empty as my mind,
Mind is a deeper sky having no wish,
O Master! Let me have wish to relish the past,
How I wish to be poor again.

Life is a chasing after something,
Joyous and joyless dream,
Every tinkle was harmonious,
Air was warm breath and vigorous.

Village has lost it's virginity,
As I have lost my mind,
Drooping dream gives birth nothing,
Only the people with new faces
are not changed.

O master! Poverty gives life,
Riches take away everything,
Curse is blessing and jouyful,
Affluence is curse hidden underneath.

Life has been wasted with time,

No traces of childhood dream survive,
The deepest wishes to enjoy life,
With friends and relatives are gone.

Some are there as living phantoms,
Some have changed with the flow of time,
Few friends become foe for selfish ends,
Some have gone beyond border of life.

Death comes with severe pain,
Takes from us our dearest ones,
No amount of joy can make up the loss,
Life is spent repairing life all life.

Knowledge comes to heal the wound,
Wisdom gives highest consolation,
Still emptiness is heavy on oozing sense,
Philosophy is dead and baffles to cover the pain.

O master! having attained your love,
Though life does not seem a failure,
The waves of sorrow for losing the
Yester- year,
Life becomes available to flow to silent sleep.

The Garland of life is too heavy,
O master! Only death seems a logic,
Illogical life has no aim to fulfil,
Let me have peace to die into myself.
****
@ Prabir Gayen- 06/02/2019: 2: 45 AM.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 128(Bamboo)

Haiku 128
(Bamboo)
Life is pointless empty,
The flute of empty bamboo,
Air flows and song floats.
******

Prabir Gayen

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Joy Of Love

Joy of Love

Stunned is my self
When you are seen,
Black and white dream,
Your feet are warm,
Like dipping in,
My soul the lake,
Placid and perfect,
For you to hold,
O Love! utters,
With bemused pain,
Like love on shore,
Lashes with fullness,
Lips are like broth,
Where light doth play,
Warmth of rapture,
Like reverie,
You put your part,
On my wonky breast,
It happens with joy
Like feast of mind,
With the empty soul,
Life is a dream,
Sweet and savour,
But no one there,
To taste the flavour,
In union deep,
Mind doth vanish,
Soul becomes then,
Nothing and void,
Love experienced,
Becomes empty,
The gross is grace,
The smile and wink,
Attraction joy,
Physical dream,
Union of bodies,
But all is pain,

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Waves andbubbles,
The warmth is joy,
Coldness is nave
Relief from thrall,
Liberation,
From ignorance,
And meeting; merge,
Body is light; aura,
Only Love unites,
Black and white face,
With joy inherent,
Bring stunning pain,
Upon my self,
A dreamless dream,
Above the mind,
On cloistered field,
The fulfilment,
A spiritual
Trance with music,
Deep to be One,
Where minds die,
Bodiless joy,
Liberation
Through eating light,
Of the sprite both,
Light and joy deep,
Love and nothing.
******
@ prabir Gayen05/02/2019: 10: 24AM.

Prabir Gayen

The Moon On My Being

The Moon on My Being
****
Eyes are liquid love,
Smile is suppressed,
As flowers hush their petals,
An image of love in form,
Willing to fall like rain on
bosom on ocean to be full,
Like image of the Moon,
You are floating in the sea
Of my being,
Like empty mind you shine
In my soul Full of Love.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 127-(Effort)

Haiku 127
(Effort)
I tried to love you,
My effort was deep to strain,
Trying became chain.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 126(Sacrifice)

Haiku 126
(Sacrifice)

The moment you leave,
Joy dawns on you with blessings,
The blessed is absent.
******

Prabir Gayen

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Bygone Dream And Awareness

Bygone Dream and Awareness
******
Through wild forest the wilderness,
My mind sails to find place to rest,
Only to notch pain that is wound,
It is deeply mature and cold.

The forest of life is calm and quiet,
Only glittering the dream fade,
Once swayed my heart with warmth dense,
Now with sleepiness mind is dead.

Awareness doth nothing to raise,
The dropping mind is beyond hope.
Moment to moment it is void,
Yet thick thought makes it clear to world.

The world is too heavy to shed,
Illusion is too deep to break,
Only pain of failure asserts,
Within mind a big stone is placed.

Death is clouded with ignorance,
Ah! Beautiful is death for peace,
The waves that kill must find a cave,
For the shore that holds the sky and Glaze.

Life is beautiful and subtle,
The mind that is dreamy delight,
The mortal flows of thought that surge,
Unable to find the music divine.

Can the tune be found that flowed through,
The entire being startled with joy?
Can the bird find it's tune that goes,
Life is a chance and it happens.

Life is true, arcane and deathless.
Only death hidden as deathless,

Within life death is a sleeping,
The seed that sprouts as tree of life.

Life becomes a pennury and vain,
Awareness is alive only mind dozes,
With dozing is swept the seed true,
Pennury becomes real and virtue.

I am to listen now the Now,
Within my mind sitting beyond,
The forgotten dream that left me,
Breaking the chain that binds my Sprite.
****
@ Prabir Gayen - 04/02/2019 - 2: 53 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku -125(Deep Song -3)

Haiku -125
(Deep song -3)
How deep is Thy song!
The sound of no-sound vast deep!
I am lost in grip.
*****
@ Prabir Gayen- 04/02/2019: 1: 28 PM.

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku- 124 (Song Of Song- 2)

Haiku- 124
(Song of song- 2)
Flowers bloom and touch,
Song flows to wash They Holi feet,
My heart blooms with grace.
****
@ Prabir Gayen - 04/02/2019- 1: 18 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku - 123 (Divine Tune) 1

Haiku - 123
(Divine Tune)
1
With thy emptiness
Thou with joy fillest me ever,
Overflowing my Being.
*****
@ Prabir Gayen- 0/02/2019- 1: 30 PM.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku-122 (New)

Haiku 122
(New)
Past has become print,
New is always halo of wheel,
New is womb to visit.
******

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 121- Past

Haiku 121
(Past)
Past has become dream,
Nightmare and burning daedal,
Present is expunged.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku - 120

Haiku 120
(Let me live)

Let sit hand in hand,
O Mind forgive me a while,
Let me live without.
*****

Prabir Gayen

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Feast Of Life

: Feast Of Life:

I was invited to the feast of life,
With deep adoration I visited,
Celebration was deep but I was asleep.

Life is a celebration without the host,
When the host is present the guest is absent,
The guest is host when dawns Obeisance.

I was invited to the feast of life,
But the opportunity was missed,
He knocked at my door and I was not present.

With deep pain for not and for dream,
Mind is slipping in the abyss of nothing,
Mind is dreadful with sleep within sleep.

I am invited now to the feast of life,
But I am unable to dance and sing,
The soul is dead with utter sleepiness.

Life comes and knocks the door,
I listen to the bang and raise my head,
With heavy alarm of dream it dozes off.

I am invited to the feast of life: celebration,
Like the spring awaiting behind the winter,
With heavy storm the door is broken: left alone,

From the world of emotion or intelligence,
From the dungeon of sweet dreams: world,
I am to step into the house of existence.
****
@ prabir Gayen: 03/02/2019: - 12: 12 AM

Prabir Gayen

Death.

Death
****
In a dead city
dead place
among dead people,
I am moving as dead body.
No sign of life is seen
In my dead eyes,
Mind is weak like dead dream,
Soul is dead with dead chase.
Wings that floated years ago
Died years ago,
Now the practice of death
each moment,
Each dead moment.
Surface of the mind is dead,
With dead center,
Moment is getting lost,
Into the womb of dead desire.
The sun rises and dies,
The Moon glitters with dead light,
Stars are dead may be
thousand years ago,
Only dead light travelling
in dead space.
Each incoming breath is dead,
Every outgoing breath dies outside.
Within the catacomb of time
play and display of death is visible,
Mind dies and being is not reborn.
With the death of hopes
and aspires,
Ambition died with Nature.
I am a dead poet with dead poetry,
My poetry is an excuse
to tread on dead ways,
I have no way to walk,
Destiny is dead.
Where to go from where

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and what to achieve?
All achievement is dead
and baffled my way of living,
Living is a great false,
A great pretence,
Only to smile with vain attempt.
Waiting day and night with
great hope to fall on the shore,
The dead shore for dead
soul like me,
A dead rejuvenation.
Death of mind failed to bring life,
Life is a great show of death,
No better death is found
than life itself,
Life is a beautiful tomb
with fragrant flower with
dead petals.
Every throbbing heart
is dead with thought,
Throbbing like engine
having no pulse,
The pulsation of heart
is polluted
with dead pursuit,
The highest knowledge
of life is about death,
Life is a celebration of
funeral pyre,
Death like waves leaps
on the lawn of mind,
Wetting the fire that
burns inside,
Death like dream lives
killing dream life endorses,
Pain that is dead lying
flat inside mind,
Only sweeping is needed
to make it empty,
But the urge to drive is dead,
Fire is dead to wash
the dead mind.

Now poetry is my vehicle
to spread my dead thought,
To pass into nothingness where
Ultimate death is in deep trance.
****

Prabir Gayen

Your Joy

Your Joy
****
I will rise in love,
Fall and then rise,
I will forget the norms,
With joy fall into ditch,
Ditch in the cave of heart,
Eating the light of your joy,
Will rise above mind,
Falling will give strength to rise,
Old love is like old heart,
A bouquet of painless pain,
Euphoria of finding you in being,
Pain gets flight above everything,
The Joy that you hold is my garden,
A Lotus among Dandelion too precious.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

A Wave Rose In Thy Name

A wave Rose In Thy Name
******

A wave rose in thy name
in the vast ocean of consciousness,
The master with tender hands formed thy form,
Unseen and indivisible reigns
in thy self-thy guided spirit.
A wave rose in thy name.
Thou art not born not die
Thy sprite is only to visit the place,
Thy charm is unknown and yet to find,
From time immemorial thou art,
Form to form thou change,
floating in the bosom of vast sphere,
A wave rose in thy name in the ocean of consciousness.
Thou art not,
That cold hand will touch,
Nor will warm wind drag thee down,
Thou art the darling of ceres,
forster child of the sky.
No hunger nor thirst can treat thee down,
Such is thy nature,
Thy master is in thy soul,
A wave rose in thy name.
Thou art not to fade,
Eternal fragrance will spread,
Thy hue will glow in sun and flower,
Thou art a mist-soaked rhyme.
A wave rose in thy name,
to make formless a form.
******

Prabir Gayen

Let Me Sing

Let Me Sing

My Lord let me sing a song,
unheard current let it flow,
my heart beats
but mind is dumb,
Let it move downward,
Thought pours like wave upon wave,
Let it sing in rhythmic strain,
Dull brain perplexes,
heart is stopped,
Oh Lord let it resume,
In the bower of forefather,
Thewarm bed of love.
pulsation upon pulsation
Music unending and unceasing
will snatch the staff mind
to mould,
And I a lorn traveller,
may Ifind a tune,
on which lay my heart to melt,
In harmony ineffable.
*****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Rabindranath Tagore (Invocation)

Rabindranath Tagore
(Invocation)

The age of confusion,
delirium,
and stems nothing but heaps of grief boundless.
Rotten themonarch of self centric love.
The ghost of time that devours the eye soft.
Poet, author, painter lost the grandeur, ugly hands of political urge corrupt all.
Thou immortal being the poet beloved,
the last recourse of laden heart for purge.
Shameless skeletons of art utter thy name.
Again and again Thou art quoted for selfish end.
mournful is the time, no respite no hope.
Deep darkness O master poetThou art demolished,
Creation of myriad kind of thy cherished ideal doomed.
No way no light only vain mutter and cry.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 119 (Scripture)

Haiku 119
(Scripture)
Scripture is like stone,
Deaf and dumb though full of pearls,
Awakened one makes speak.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Egoistic Mind

Egoistic Mind
******

Someone comes with a scripture in hands,
Challenging knowledge with knowledge's stick,
He shows the lines scriptures doth profess,
As if showing torch light to find the light,
Under the dark carpet he is searching the Sun,
Can The Sun be visible with the torch light?
Ego is subtle and like chameleon
it changes it's colour,
Mind is a restless wave and scripture is wind,
Can wind help the waves to be calm and quiet?
Adamant mind is like a stinking ditch,
Fragrance of knowledge can never make it clean,
Pure knowledge is an endless field,
Conceit is a wild forest, the mirage,
God can not be known,
He can be felt only when ego dissolves,
He is knowable yet unknowable,
Mind being dead Being shines; Self-effulgent,
A tiny grass can be a mirror: the way to eternity,
A drop of joy can floodgate eternal ecstasy,
Stretching of mind is nothing
but dropping it, being empty,
The losing is having it,
Knowing is attaining.
But ego is blind and it needs challenge to survive,
It is a closed door, pretends to be a knower,
With ego knowledge becomes solid,
Unable to flow towards ocean,
Knowledge is past and it is sterile,
with ego it is plastic,
Knowingness is a river and it stops not,
Without ego it is pure,
Scripture is light hidden under the cloud,
Cloud of ignorance Covers
the light within the Holy Book,

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It is holy as it is whole,
The wholeness of mind can find the root,
In the wholeness ego does wither,
Ego is nothing and non-existential,
Mind nurtures it as dear child,
With the death of mind ego drops to naught,
It is good yet impediment,
It catches hold to feet so that dance can not happen,
It is song without music.
Scripture is light with hidden harp,
Only open mind can listen to that
Hidden Harmony.
****
@ Prabir Gayen - 31/01/209-1: 02 PM

Prabir Gayen

Who Adorns You! !

Who adorns You! !

Who adorns you?
Does The Moon Need torch light?
Beauty needs garments?
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 118 (Past)

Haiku 118
(Past)
Life is lost in past
Psst is fresh and alive,
Aliveness kills me.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Union Of Love

Union with Love
******

In the eyes gleams the light,
Like from far away stars
The mellowing music,
Exude the stream of love,
Touching the eyelids it drops,
Cradling through cheeks,
The light doth reach the juicy lips.
Underlip is like lovestruck bird,
Attracts attention deep,
Without winking invoke union,
The pain deep underneath,
On the surface walks like light,
Like receding Sunlight at twilight,
Lock like cascade falls
on swelling breast,
Warm with nurturing amour,
for unknown swain hidden in being.
Blue- eyed damsel of Mother earth,
Each nook and corner is
nothing but brook,
The stream of love flows
From transpiring pore stirring
Pain to those who look,
A damsel of my virgin mind,
With deep adoration will I hold,
Upon my loaded heart with empty arms,
Without room between both of us,
Two frames being dissolved with deep
Warmth of being,
A New room will form,
Invisible yet real clustered by Love.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 116 (Doze)

Haiku 117
(Doze)
Three long deep breath,
I doze into nothingness
Birds sing in the air.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Me Poet Yeps The Poet..

The Poet the poet
****
You are not a stream
O poet the poet,
You are a source
From where stream springs,
If poetry is a stream,
Your are an epical dream,
Every breath of you
Is a canto.
Like flower and it's breath,
The fragrance that spreads
taking wings on breeze,
You are an embodiment
Of love and poetic synthesis,
The words that formed
In the heart of a Master,
Oozes from the house you live,
The innermost atom of your Being.
The truth is one and many doth
It seem,
In your poetry It exudes
Like wordless dictum,
A spontaneous poet of
Wondrous musing.
Like Buddha who drank silence,
Krishna who flowed as Gita,
And Jesus who became Christ,
From horizontal to vertical,
Singing the music of Love.
All are one with same Peace,
Only the ways of dancing are unlike,
Some with joy, some with Lotus
and some with silence,
All are witness in the ocean of life,
One Thruth alighted from diverse tongues.
Like different streams of the same mountain,
Only idiom is of multiple flavours,
You are a mountain with many

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fountains,
All goes to same ocean.
The Cloud that floats above,
Falls on mountain range,
With many names it flows
Only to merge into the Billow.
We both are one and of same mud,
Floating like shells
On the ocean of life.
*****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku - 116(Your Footprint)

Haiku - 116
(Your footprint)
Concussion in air
Leaves and flowers set on cusp,
Your footprint in wind.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku -115

Haiku 115
(Let us sit)
Come let us sit here,
Under the moon we will sit,
Listen each other.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku -114 (The Door Was Open)

Haiku 114
(Door was open)

I await you whole night,
The door was open for you
You came but I slept.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Have Got The Key(Haiku 113)

I have got the key
(Haiku 113)
I have got the key,
For the stolid happiness,
The lock is useless.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Lost The Key (Haiku 112)

Lost the key
(Haiku 112)
I have lost my key,
The key to unlock the door,
The unceasing way.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Soumalya Mondal (Acrostic)

Soumalya Mondal
(Acrostic)
Super boy of unusual feat of dream,
Oscillating spirit of restless mind,
Unique merit with contemplative joy,
Might he dream of future that is dreamland,
Adept and proficient to deal with things,
Lament never he for petty cookie,
Yell he with deep frenum: moment of joy,
An atypical talent of graceful mood.

Modus operandi is slow and beaming,
Off and on with gleaming joy he works hard,
Never did he indulge in loathsome deed,
Delightful self with meditative mind,
A bard of coming on of time that signs,
Language he uses show his poetic being.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

James And Aabha- Gs -1

James and Aabha
(GS 1)

The sun has dropped in the lap
of Western sky.
The murky moon is spreading
dim light
from top of tower.
The line of horizontal front
silhouetted four figures
of floating beings.
On graveyard's shiny tower
one has pronounced like a seasoned, professional,
and a person of attractive eloquence, "friends of ours silentbower,
now time to rejuvenate and show the mankind a better path of humanness.
Let us discuss with serious
attire the way of the world".
A steam of smoky granite quivers
and a face half asleep, half figured,
out from under the dark hood and
rubbing his eyeless gaze stood
to get back the power of speech.
Halted first and with lack of
vocal cord and the plugging breath,
without nose and throat,
With empty cord,
he pronounced his ghostly speech.
It was his term to discuss
the position that he had played
on the soil of living land.
On being asked he nodded
his fleshless head and uttered,
"I was a preacher and
teacher of music of life,
I loved a damsel mostly
loved by all,
my love was silenced with
wordless expression,
choked my heart and my soul

is out of my corporal frame,
Now time is up from this
resting place,
and I rise to my love again,
for My AABHA, My Love.
Still alive and I will await
her bodiless figure.
She must have been a harbour
of my crazy copied soul
of Romeo,
Spider of my heart's content.
Had I Pronounced my heart,
She might have nodded,
and booked me in her heart.
I was a painted being and
copied not rightfully,
with the foam of my
love laden heart.
She was as a cloudlet and
showered
not on the barren heart of mine,
and remained as a silent watcher
of my funeral pyre.
In a stormy night she sealed
her name
in a far way land and
I drove to naught.
A deep silence reigns
and supremely confident way
he took his own resting place,
burning with rejected pang
of utter foolishness,
under granite floor to revive
again to nullify mean coward's word
of coyness."
A deep panting breath of emptiness
flowed over the jolly graveyard,
and tears invisible from eyeless eye,
flooded the rain soaked land
of upper hill,
A secluded beach of a small brook.
With deep smothering heart

the Leader quoted to the rest,
to watch the coming and going
of the departed souls from grave,
to earth and to grace both the worlds.
"AABHA! must come,
any time she might fly,
And we all should be ready
for nuptial dream of
our beloved James,
taking rest under granite dim,
where he is nurturing
his own unfulfilled dream,
with heartless shallow water,
of tears under nothing to hold"
- quotedthe old one
of these shadowy figures,
Ever watchful of the worlds
between the horizon.
******

Prabir Gayen

Holiday

Holiday
*****
The day you grow up
I will be on my holiday,
You will not know me.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Dews

Dews
***
Dews on the wet grass
Shiver with slight pain in air,
They roll down the leaves.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

A Dead Swan

Grave series 2

- -A deadswan - -

Soft skinny figure,
indolent and once burt,
the heart of many dandy men,
died of the pangs of misbelief,
in deep sleep and upon awakening
found herself in a gloomy room,
With doleful musical pose blooms a mystic, blue-eyed maid whose beauteous spears pierced a young age
to sleep in nature's breast,
Amid curious crowd of the grave.
With a deep yelling and screaming,
and flying to a nearby tree,
sat star - faced teeming with lifeless, unknown fear of being among dead.
With shy, fearful mind to watch her face on dewy leaf springs,
a stream of waterless coolant,
moisture to dim the ambience
that is always lightless for pain unfulfilled.
Snoring voice of passing breeze she made her presence amid open-mouthed vagrant, spirits who lost all lustre
for heavy duty of making grave a well furnished dwelling place,
One was brushing,
another was carrying breeze
for sweeping and many others
were dusting with forward move,
to another fieldto extend
the grave for new members to come.
A heavy swarm of winged multitude
carrying feathery foamless river to drench, the dry season of the grave stopped to have a glimpse of new born baby of the grave.
Line they to enjoy her company
and stumble across the pebbles steep
and asked herfor acquaintance.
" Bella my name, daughter of a swan seller,
and I was the most beautiful swam in our home". Said She.
A cloud of dark complexion

over her face,
And choked her throat for uncanny
valley of deadly thought.
I was tortured and torn
to pieces by some beastly sub-human beings.
Mortals even though dead on spirit plain,
led me here -the grave of my dream.
My name was inscribed in a young heart
that panted ever,
Since our meeting from
our school hour.
He died from shock
and taken shelter in some solitary
breast in nature,
Grave from grave would I move
and find a place
to resume our tale of unfinished love.
Though earth failed,
graveyard would shelter us to get back our love,
And soul without veil would be our last pleasure".
With deep sigh as a stormy night
the viewless wings of the grave
flew to the next tress and cried,
hanging from bough without
ever seeing or feeling better than human beings.
Still waiting forever for the new sun
and new men to resurrect
the rotten flesh,
A heaven in men,
to vibrate with calm deep light of serenity, and peace ultimate to dawn on earth.
Grave's utter stillness may pave the way,
and all with circle formed prayed
for peace of mind.
The dark-invisible to mortal eyes
took oath,
ceremony was not there though,
and grim faces and silent ever since the forms melt,
to dawn a new reformation
On the plain of earth and sky,
blue screen above to enjoy
the blessing of God.
Throughout the night the grave becomes a meeting ground and floor of

conviction,
Unknown to mankind,
unseen to all,
A plain is ready to reform form
by the formless Being.
*****

Prabir Gayen

A Conversation In Grave-(Whisper)

- - A conversation in grave-
(Whisper)
(G S -3)
******
Moving in a deserted grove
of wild flowers and trees,
and in moist heat seat of grass,
an echo of whisper,
quiet and peaceful
is overheard.
A group of unearthly and celestial bodies
of departed souls rapt in heartfelt conversation,
too deep to be moved.
"Tasted not the bliss of life,
and cut short without notice,
in the middle of confusion
near the doorsill of future,
killedby an unknown usurper,
leaving my family open to fate -quoted one of the boys.
"I was a dreamer, and thought was my sustenance,
soul's armour and cover.
In the middle of confusion,
crisis of humanness was I sent to pen down the shallow end of dreadful rover.
A deep wound was felt and numbed became my sense,
all dreams to dust- - said another one with a deep sigh.
A grim faced boy,
unwilling to word his thought and emotion, walk straight over the grave and sat down with face nothing to saith.
"I lost my love,
my dream to know the truth,
era the truth dawn death knocked my door and I am now in between the lines hanging,
nothing to do and pain fails,
birth ofnew form.....said he with careless mind and went into foggy trunk of a tree and made himself air.
Darkness covered the grave soon
and the nocturnal animals are out searching for food,
All the invisible beings went into bed for
rest under the soil.

****

Prabir Gayen

Mahtab Bangalee - (Acrostic)

Mahtab Bangalee
(Acrostic)
****
Master poet in tender age and
gleesome,
Artful like Whitman dealing with
Free verse,
Hail my friend for the spring you
nurture In,
Tranquil Mind with teeming pen
you write rhyme,
Absinthe of skaldic verse runs
through your vein,
Beauty becomes your modus
operandi.
Beyond mind you think andbring
forth sweet poems,
Another Najrul Islam in
Bangladesh,
New Creed and new dress you put
on your poems,
Galore and rich your verse with
poetic style,
Adept in dealing with complex
matter,
Language with which you adorn
your poetry,
Exalted and elite with sober fume,
Esteem to you for your poetic bent of Being.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Fruit Of My Being

Fruit of My Being

Beautiful flower in my garden,
Infinite is the tree,
The fruit of knowledge of my being,
In your branches the fruit of life,
By eating fruit of knowledge dawns nakedness,
Nakedness brings the branches of life,
You are my naked soul and I am your fruit,
The fruit of life grows through fruit of knowledge,
Knowledge of our love will make us naked,
Nakedness is beautiful embedded with joy,
The holiest the purest,
When dress drops on ground
bare openness dawns
Like vast sky.
It is not nude dancing or nudeness,
Nakedness is joy opening to vast sky
and then merging into being,
Like observer and observed become one,
Nakedness is love, joy and and being-centered,
The state of absolute union and merging
Into being Nothing,
Nudeness is separation and eating each other at the cost of other,
It is pornographic and fragmentation,
One is innocence and the other is experience.
I am your naked tree and you are my branches with Succulent seed, fruit,
and blossom infinitely growing,
In the garden of my being, The Eden,
You are song eternal to make me open
Naked and fluid flowing,
Within a fruit we are One with many seeds.
****

Prabir Gayen

A Poet Is A Contradiction

A Poet is a contradiction
****
A poet is a dreamer,
He dreams to make truth herald,
Through dream He comes close
to truth,
From dreamful reality he reaches
dreamless realisation.
A poet is a world with dream with beauty and Truth without dream,
A poet is love and pain having all
Contradictions in single heart.
From top of emotional insight
to intellectual Sagacity,
A poet is a hidden Harmony
With horizontal and vertical tunefulness.
A realised soul with ups and downs,
a poet is a hill with top and abyss with no valley.
****

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Prabir Gayen

Haiku- 111(Living)

Living
*****
The moment you die
You start living,
Your death is your new birth.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Smile

Smile
(My Cleopatra)

Black is needed as backbone
For white ink to glitter,
Love is needed to feel pain,
Sensuality is needed to feel the body,
Divine needs beauty to express.
Thou art the shadow of joy,
The waves of the ocean,
The salt of water.
From top to bottom thou art bottomless,
Feet are light as the life is oceanic,
The tree that thou hold is full of flowers,
From eyes to lips the glowing
rapture,
The fruit of knowledge from the garden of Eden,
However sinful to pluck none doth care,
Nakedness is needed to know the
Truth,
The Truth is naked to feel the root,
Thou art the tree of life,
the joy of being alive and watchful too.
By praising thee mind loses it dream,
Boundaries break without line,
The past drops into future,
And future moves headlong into abyss,
The look is deceiving as innocence oozes,
The neck is still like Moonlit night,
The chest is clouded with Thunderbird,
Shadowy figure with knowledge deep,
Beautiy guards thee like
Mischievous cloud on lunar sheath,
The bottom is bottomless,
love fails to embrace,
The harmony is hidden
In the valley of thy womb,
Thou art from where love drops
Like from cyder- press.

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The fluid of joy is eternal
And everything will go forever
As thou art endless in the lake
Of my Mind.
****

Prabir Gayen

Afternoon

Afternoon
****
The afternoon is silent
With restless birds under slightly
tinged clouds,
Mind of mine is like a waveless stream,
On the ocean deep,
Full with fullness
A silent celebration,
The flamingo like birds sail
With wings like patch of stray clouds,
Beneath: the crows with fluttering
Wings like visible joy pass by,
The Drongos only fly like light
Flitting,
A vain witness am I with no work at hand.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Mother And Son - (G S 4)

Mother and son
(G S 4)

After long journey of life
and responsibilities essential to finish,
on bed sheet for last drop of water to cross the fence,
a father of five robust men,
Mr Shankar,85 years of corporal frame looking upword to faint to naught.
Tears flowed and empty heart mumbled something inward
and towarda room where his
105 years mother is on death bed.
Faint hearted Shankar looked upward and onward and swoon to death.
A star- faced, silent place in a graveyard and with many nocturnal animals and birds, Shankar finds a low branched tree to live,
A new member to the graveyard amidst many bygone dwellers,
Ever pensive mind of the new comer enhances the quality proper to the gloomy bower.
To settle for the next world of wordless voice,
Shankar gracesthegrave with profound stillness,
No worries about the possibility of impending charm
that silent soil offers to new dear,
Shankar with childish fantasy of being a bit more dear
awaits with innocent heart.
A sound of jingle, murmur and fragrance favour struck him as afamiliar face in front
with wide eyes,
despair appears:
" forgive my mother for the failure on my part and injustice done to thee,
I was thy heart and soul of thine was my harbour, thou worked hard to nourish thy baby and not a single day thou got what thou wert to gain,
Thy tears flowed over the years andsilent submission to life than a disciple to deity,
Dirt, dusty life thou hast for thy boy and thou never had grudge against me and around the corner of my house,
Lived silentlywith burning pain and suffering wert thy fate and I was wondering not.
Forgive me for the inhumane ingratitude and utter loss of my devotion.
Here in this graveyard's grace let me sleep in thy shade and shadow of thy love,
Years of pain and somnambulism, incoherentwert my terrace and devoid of the

temple of eternity".... quoted Shankar looking sad face of his mother freshly painted in fleshlessattire.
"Thouwert my sole son and my heart's joy,
thyfather's only light and auraof my heart,
I saw thee open thy eyes,
glimpse of God and I saw those pair closed permanently before me,
my boy, thou did what thou hast to do,
lifeis good for a mother for her child to spend time together with sun and shower.
I loved thee and teemed thee with the name of God"..... Saith Shankar's mother who spent her mortal life washing clothes and working low for upbringing her only son and set him a successful career whosebusiness and development firmed him away from his lone mother.
Now both art celestial bodies and souls art painful for lovelessness, and separation for long on earthly plain,
Plaintive Shankar repented to the core and wished to rest on the lap of his mother. Deep pain pierced their souls and spirit bodiless sky found a private place on the elysian top of tower.
Shankar like a baby sucked her breast,
an ethereal blissful rest,
His mother like adaughter of night milked her baby and a deep slumberous delight fall on both of them.
Heaven descended there on the silent tomb of dead; demigods,
a union issued between infancy and affection.
****

Prabir Gayen

Love In Tomb

Love in tomb
(G S- 5)
****
Plume, tiara, dendrobium,
rose and incense from censor cold,
curl through foggy trunk beside
a pond, a deserted grove.
In endless rest and nature's elemental affinity,
Aminasleeps with arms fold.
Oppressed mind and deathless rest underground, once childhood
love did she nurture.
With frozen mind and body
bent with timeSimon,
a silent devout was cleaving passage for candle.
Sixteenth birthday day of Amina and roving
the grave he poured absinthe for absolution.
Mumblesome incoherentwordsabstruse and swaggering ingenuity the spurned lover spurred the flame.
Spurious might seem,
he called her name and
In filthy squalid place
a conversation squealed Squirming
a new invention.
Childhood dreams of happy memories andthe hope of getting married and separation.
Brokenheart she went tiptoe to his stablemate.
The night she wore her bridal gown,
and Britpop played
and she committed suicide
to stop livingthe life of abomination.
Silencedawned suddenly on his heartand soul seemed sealed with songunheard.
With smiling face he laid onthe tomband like adaisy with Amina he chained.

Prabir Gayen

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Change Is Painful

Change is painful
****

Change is changing
Painful is the change,
The static is stale
Yet dreamful - poetic,
With reality poetry is wisdom,
Who wants wisdom?
Dew on grass and the Sunlight
bring love,
Though painful life seems dreamful,
The ignorance, mystify the mind,
With mysticism reality dawns
With sheer end of Mind - the joy
Of living in non-reality,
Childhood dreams however untrue,
Is heavy on mind for nostalgic glee,
How i wish to live my bygone dream!
The warmth of Nature
chasing unreal with waves of dream
In eyes and with soulful heart,
Let untrue dream wash my heart
Sweeping the grave stone of knowledge,
Let me swim again to fall in love
and crying and weeping for iota of love,
Care and embrace.
Let me feel the debonair of love and
Mindful separation,
Let me be forgetful
to chase my childhood dream
with same warmth of heart.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Wholeness

Wholeness
****
Wholeness drops
Into wholeness
Wholeness remains the same,
Without wholeness
Wholeness is full,
Within and without
It is whole and holy,
The sky is full with emptiness,
With emptiness is full the space,
With galaxies and heavenly bodies
The sky is empty,
Everything is empty with emptiness,
Fullness is full with emptiness,
Being empty is being in grace,
Grace comes when dress drops,
The sky owns the sky,
Self drops into no- Self,
Silence within silence,
From liquid to solidified silence,
The presence of presence.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Poetry Fails To Come

Poetry fails to come
******
Today
Poetry halters,
It comes to being and then
from mind it pours
Without words,
Within wordless zone
It becomes a tree,
Without branches.
Like a vain farmer
I waited all day for
germination,
Poetry goes into
Nothingness,
I am a witness without thought.
****

Prabir Gayen

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An Old Frogandsplash

An Old Frog

****
A frog on the ocean of life,
Waiting to jump,
On the bank it awaits,
An old frog,
The splash into infinity.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Aloneness

Aloneness
****
Loneliness is beautiful
It pains,
Out of its womb aloneness dawns
All one with self.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Loneliness

Loneliness
******
Everybody has gone,
New blooms old dies,
I am waiting for nothing.
*****

Prabir Gayen

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Pain Hovers

Pain hovers
***
Mind being soul know
Thou art,
Pain hovers around.
*****

Prabir Gayen

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Let You Be

Let you Be
*
O Lord in me
Let you be
I am dead.
*

Prabir Gayen

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Rajnish Magna

Rajnish Manga

No word to express my thankfulness,
No poetry is bubbling in the mind,
O dear Poet The Great I bow to you,
Rajnish Manga a critic and a poet,
Connoisseur and saturated self.

Within your mind do I see a bard,
Soaring and floating above the Sky,
A poetic lagoon without weird waves,
Hail to you for your clement calmness.

Luminary of the earth a bloated being,
Not with pride and Haughtiness profound,
Vastness of the sky and grave like Grave,
Your mind is full with shadow of Ethos.

Bible of esoteric knowledge,
The book of Secret with hints ultimate,
The simplicity with easy access,
The lawn of your mind a field of spring.

Ancient knowledge with newish freshness,
Kalidas with Shakespearean trait,
and saga with anonymous sign,
You sing the song of soul with oldness.
****
Prabir Gayen - 25/01/2019 - 11: 30 AM

Prabir Gayen

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The Spirit Of Gravity

- The Spirit of Gravity -

I am not an architectural man,
Nor do I wish to live in gravity,
Gravitation is false; relative,
It has nothing to do with life's motive.

Newton's thought was gross with no Reflexion,
His apple had no juice that fulfilled life,
Sitting on space He looked up with marvel,
His Theorem was not embedded with truth.

What is up and what is low in presence?
Always are we in the middle of cloth,
Existence is without root and shoreless,
Immense beyond measure and timeless nook.

Love has no gravity with compassion,
Dream has no downtowner movement and flows,
Only hatred and anger fall like soil,
Water falls and within chasm it gets stored.

Fire moves upward and gravity takes note,
Air blows freely without bowing head down,
Sky has no gravitation only lives,
With wings invisible our minds doth soar.

Has Soul a gravitational tuging?
Whatever a thing attracts that distracts,
Bodily fluids cradel to grave for peace,
Pyre floats upward andbound to touch the sky.

Putting our legs rooted in the ground deep,
We float our wings to touch our dream indeed,
Mind has no gravity till it is heavy,
Only sick or greedy mind feels onus sound.

The moment the earth stops loving
It's orb,

The Flora and fauna so dearly formed,
Everything will float with the mighty
Love,
The SUN and the Stars in gallaxies hold.

We are born free inside and outside zone,
Gravity loves us for our better growth,
With wisdom just grown in our prayerful home,
Gravity becomes levity; Candor.

Love joy and peace with sapience deep,
Heart blossoms from every pore that exists,
With blossoming of the potential thick,
Gravitation drops to pave the way
to Light.
****
Prabir Gayen - 24/01/2019 - 2: 49 PM.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku - 110

Haiku -110
(Death)
****
Nature hibernates
From tree to Sun and Moon shines
Death drop by drop dooms.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

M. Asim Nehal (Acrostic)

M. Asim Nehal
(Acrostic)

Master artist in haiku and
Senryu; hail,
Almighty doth bless you with
special haul,
Supreme soul of poetic observant,
In you finds all a friend mellifluent,
Mind is full with absorbing delight.

Noetic vision with virtuous view,
Everytime your pen gleams with
catching glance,
Humour and humbleness brew
your summit,
As a poet with spontaneous
Fragrance,
Laurel of poem with wisdom of the
highest.
******

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 109 - (Death)

Haiku 109
(Death)
****
Amid deep dark forest
Life is born and get nourished
Behind death as fount.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 109(Death)

Haiku 109
(Death)
****
Amid deep dark forest
Life is born and get nourished
Behind death as fount.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 108 (Sleep& Death)

Haiku 108
(Sleep& death)
****
Sleep is beautiful
In it there is death inside,
Death nourishes life.
******

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 107 (Poet)

Haiku 107
(Poet)
******
A leader is born
In the Market in the wave,
Poet in hurst of Being.
********lifr

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 106- (Attraction)

Haiku 106
(Attraction)
***
The more far you go
The more propinquity dawns
Stretching lures the Soul.
******

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 105

Haiku 105
(Sour and sweetness)
***
Both Sour and sweetness
Form my entire self: coated
Sweetness killing me.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 104-(Pain)

Haiku 104
(Pain)
Days and nights thou art
O My Lord Beloved The Great,
Pain engirds my sight.
*****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 103

Haiku 103
(Swelling Life)
*****
Morning light runs through
Entire sky with booming sound,
The beat of life swells.
****

Prabir Gayen

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O Life! O Time!

O life! O time
****

O life! O time,
Fleeting instant
without prime!
Thou art merciless boon
without rhyme,
Sonorous but hard to digest,
I sing in thy name
that thou must praise,
Unheard as it flows and dies
next moment.
O life! thou art a faint dreamer
and art decietful damsel
nay,
a demon that mocks our
cherished plan,
that nullifies our dreams,
Not thou who move steps
with the passing strain.
Music! joyous pain in bosom,
stops not in fleeting stream.
Unchanged flow With
changing Stream,
healour being
for time being,
Let us flow whatever pain,
let it go.
Rest may dawn
In between lifetime.
*****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Let Me Die Unheard

Let Me Die unheard
******

Thou art ocean of love,
O My Lord! I am on thy door,
Onto thy threshold,
O dear Lord! Solace for all,
For the poorest of the poor,
O vast Being like Sky
Into thy arms do i wish to die,
Ocean of compassion,
Friend of neglected Poor,
Shower thy love on me,
Let me be indifferent to life -
- the painful joy of desire,
Let me be thy footsteps,
Let Truth dawn to flee fear,
O Master, Friend of those
Who have none to care,
Make me thy lyre to sing thy name,
Let me die unheard under thy Star.
****

Prabir Gayen

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No Light

Haiku 102
(No Light)
*****
Half of my being dead,
Other half is about to fall down
No light is still seen.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 101

Haiku 101
(Dying)

Dying is not easy,
To die is easy instant,
Living and dying same.
****†

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 100-(Sleep)

Haiku 100
(Sleep)
****
Sleep falls on eyelids,
Body still and hibernated,
Mind is lost in sea.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 99

Haiku 99
(Breath)
Breath comes in and goes,
Body is still to eat breathing,
Mind spells with peace: joy.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 98

Haiku 98
(Coarse)
*****
Your love is divine
My heart feels it and knows
Mind wants something coarse.
******

Prabir Gayen

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Forest

- Forest -

The world is a forest
Creatures of unlike
gestalt inhabit in it,
The world is a ground,
The field of chasing hunt.

The cruel field of query,
One after another
Man hunts his prey with rage,
The world is a mad house,
Mad with disheveled craze.

Forest is deep in Him
Within blood and marrow,
He is led to ravage,
Man is beast with venery,
No man is man Today.

PoemHunter.com

The forest is deep in blood,
From time immemorial,
Men are beast by Nature,
No one is going above,
From beast to beautiful.

Man shouldbe rightful man,
With joy in heart and peace,
Mind with right mindfulness,
Feeling for others and all,
He should be a just bridge.

Alas! Man is a ruined God,
He lives in two worlds Only,
One is full of misery,
Another is not born Yet,
Man is bifurcated being.

Once the earth was benign,

Light like Buddha trod on it,
Krishna breathed to His flute,
The Call of Jesus to Love,
Gurdjieff danced like Sufi.

Still humanity is Crude,
In the name of heaven,
Or the religion,
Makes the earth a slaughter- house,
No religiousness.

From the sky of religion
A shift a move is needed,
To the state of being soft,
To religiousness,
To a step of maturity.

From the dungeon of dream
To alive state of being,
From sweet fetters to ease,
From wide meanness to love,
Man means magnanimity.

With forest man should fold,
The entire vicinity,
With love care and compassion,
With passion He should serve,
The suffering humanity.

Man is not God in ruin,
He is a sky, vast sky,
With arms spread He can spring,
From personal Baffler,
To universal brotherhood.

Man is a choiceless joy,
With Him descends divinity,
Within His Mind solace,
With forest and wilderness
Man can be a big Valley.
****

Prabir Gayen

You Are A Lotus

You are a Lotus
******
You are a Lotus
Fully blossomed,
Eyes are drunk with joy
Divine wine of love,
Lips are pouring with drops,
From overflowing joy of being,
Teeming is your heart with love,
Pregnant with hibernating peace.
You are a lotus in the lake of Mind,
" Mansarobor"the placid lake.
Through every pore of your frame,
Celebration dawns with meditativeness.
You are a lotus,
bloom every minute in my being,
In 'You' The Sun meets The Moon.
****

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Haiku- 96 -(Beauty)

Haiku - 96
(Beauty)
****
Beauty is divinity
To feel it is to own it
Abstract is ageless.
*****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 95 - S (Secret Love)

Haiku - 95- Secret Love
*****
The secret word love
Will remain secret in Heart
With joy of union.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 94 (Sorrow)

Haiku 94
(Sorrow)
***
I am sorrowful
With tail infinitely spread
Need you to cut short.
***

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 93 - Buddha Mind

Haiku 93
(Buddha Mind)

My mind within mind
A Buddha mind the light Mild
It spells sometimes Right.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Nature Of Poetry

Nature of Poetry
****
Poetry is not a practice
It is not a flower of gold
and silver,
A golden heart can bepoetic
A realised soul can a poem,
Poetry is a real flower with
Lots of message,
It blooms with the Sun
Spread coolness like The Moon,
Within it contain infinite dreams
Messages prophetic and Ultimate,
Poetry is meditation in form,
Joy celebrating and dream personified,
Sorrow to make you alert of your infinity.

@ prabir Gayen21-01-2019...10: 21 AM

Prabir Gayen

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Lotus Blooms Again

Lotus Blooms Again
******
The Lotus that bloomed
Years ago,
Bloomed in offseason
Is still alive and fresh,
It is blooming in rare hearts,
The Lotus is eternal and recognition,
My heart feels pain for no reason,
Like a lotus it looms large,
The suffering humanity
and ailing mankind water it to snivel in the placid lake;
The lagoon of my being,
The age-old lotus blooms again
to bang on the door.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Poetry (Song Of Being)

Poetry
(Song of Being)

Poetry is munching and chewing
When the stomach is bare; empty,
It is like tying the void; sky.

Poetry comes with joy and sorrow,
Empty stomach and loaded heart,
Empty heart with loaded stomach.

Poetry is the art of poor heart,
It waves also the affluent beings,
It moves from Shebang to palace.

With the poor it becomes condolence,
With the rich it becomes opulence,
Poetry has it's heart: soul of it's own.

PoemHunter.com

Poetry is The Mighty Rhyme of God,
The language of a vatic Mind: Soul,
The Chanson of a fiend Lyricist.

From micro to macro poetry reigns,
From theist to atheist poetry blooms,
It is the tongue of mindless esprit.

With sound it flows unheard beyond words,
With silence it oozes and overbrims,
Poetry is the spirit: covert fire.

Coolness in innocent infant; lullaby,
Seduction in Juvenile guest of life,
From sound to no-sound poetry is pregnant.

From moment's womb to vast lawn of Aeon,
From inspired Shakespeare to empty sink,
From KALIDAS to vacant mind RUMI gleam.

From tongue to Cloud Poetry floats around,
Verbal beauty to voiceless challenge,
Sonorous serenity to joy.

With commotion poetry sways with leaves,
With joy propels birds to sing with zing,
With waves It lashes the Shore with Muse.

In the tiny dewdrop of a grass-top,
In the eyes of ailing multitude,
Poetry lives as sanctum; seam of Being.

Virgin song of life, full-blown bardic Mind,
In the cessation of mind as ode; Dirge,
Poetry sleeps as fluidity lorn.

In stillness andrestlessness poetry Is,
In the Truth and falsehood Is poetry,
Mind being lost beyond thought poetry oozes.

Pervasive and diffusive is the root,
The root is eternal and silent,
With words It becomes celebration.

Poetry is outer song and inner peace,
The grand feast of life and aloneness deep,
To a Mystic an esoteric Truth.

Poetry is soaring above the sky
With untold joy diving deep in heart,
A bridge between Mind and heat and Being.

Like a tree It goes deep into the grave,
With branches It spreads above infinity,
With roots and wings poetry reigns absolute.

In the depth of enlightened soul It is formed,
As compassion it becomes sermon.
Like a glittering diamond it rings its beau.

O poetry! The spirit eternal,
Let thy flame flare my deserted self,

To sing thy name in Murmurous tune.

@ Prabir Gayen: 20 -01-2019... Sunday..4: 51 PM

Prabir Gayen

Presence

Presence

Fixing the mind in front,
On grass the tiny bloom,
Putting the mind within mind,
Within breath away from deed,
I am effaced of myself,
I am out of myself Only the sky,
Within the sky only you are seen,
Within breath mind and heart,
Drop of joyous dream leaping,
As painful love eternal and ineffable.
My Soul My Cleopatra,
The Sermon of my heart
The rose of my open Soul,
The diamond of my absolute being.
The fragrance of beyond pure deep
And virgin emptiness with no flam,
You cannot be dream as quake the way,
I walk the way with no manner,
As you are the blessing within mind
Love unattainable and rootless
The gateless the gate The Absolute.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Bed Of Life And Death

Bed of Life and Death
****
Lying on bed,
Cold and warm,
Beneath the bed
Is grave,
Ever warm and rest,
The bed is full of thorns
With mind restless,
The grave is warm
With mindless grace,
With only sky that is
No Sky.
The grave yard is grave
With serious knowledge,
Waiting with no aim,
Two beds are for us,
One is dead with life
Another is life with death.
Restless night with joy
With no respite,
Restfulness in silence
Having no torture of joy.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Madhusala

MADHUSALA

Very cold is thebower; silent.
tutelary shade: the flow of shadowy glitter,
pale purple colour.
The fall is slow with dynamic glow,
murmurous is themovement,
The moon: the queen of wanton blue throne:
hangs over grey peak that brightens the sprinkle
over time and year.
Thou art seated with legs immersed in blue water, Temptation spreads the joy:
madhusala,
Thy breast Rosy and pink
wabble with joy,
Tender love scatters,
From horizon to infinity.
Dark cloud is watery deep:
heavy floodof love.
Mind drops in thy hue;
meets the life with new joy: vibranant cold as shabby dew.
Mind dessolves in trembling; troubling tune_the madhusala.
Tired timberous being is fed
With elixier that life brews,
The watchful soul of night palys amorous games
to bring heaven in soil. Oh dear love!
let me sleep in thy light,
The mind upon mind,
breath on breath to tear
the mortal dress with rough invisible warmth;
bodiless beings then touch
the life - The madhusala.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku92

Haiku 92
(Love)
In the lake of mind
You are a floating lotus
My desire touches not.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 92

Haiku 91
ME
Good or bad sweet sour,
Life is where adjective fails,
I find me outside.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Is A Celebration

Celebrating Silence

Life is a celebration
****
Life is a celebration
With joy and with sorrow
With lone cave of dullness,
The moment of muster.

Every moment joyous
With no gap between time,
Time is deep with itself,
What is, is whole complete.

The sun rises and joyous
The moon wins and happy
Birds twitter with no thought
Flowers bloom with no pride.

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Eternal is the time
As the space and mind
Mind and time the same bulk,
The iota of silence.

The joy is eternal
The flowers and fragrance
The birds and their Timbre
The ocean and the waves.

Life is a celebration
With death as its climax
Death is a celebration
The ultima of life.

The moment is fresh alive
It passess with it's soul
Into the nothingness
The halo of hollow being.

From chaos to the cosmos
From death to dissolution,
From manifest to fusion
From sound to deep silence.

From vast space to tiny self
From Sunrise to sunset
From morning to dark night
Life is with each frail strain.

The apparent moving body
The twinkle of the Stars
Painful feeling in heart
The joyful extent of mind.

Life is a celebration
Death is a celebration
Nature embraces all
All is Meditative.
******

Prabir Gayen

Darkness In Mind

Darkness In Mind
*****
Darkness very deep darkness,
The body is floating
in the flow of
Time's merciless blow,
The darkness
profound darkness.
Bodiless beauty
and the purity of soul,
The spark
behind the mind's boundary line
I am lost.
The expanse is deep
and mindless celebration,
behind conception
and wish to seize the day.
The summer is gone,
the spring and autumn,
The winter is deep
and ceaseless it seems.
A tiny pain
on the ocean of life,
the pain of living is deadly,
Life is an unbearable dream
and gives nothing
to live by.
Season comes and goes
and it changes
without changing its colour,
The process proceeds
without procession.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose On 23 Rd January,2019

-Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose -(2)

It was the time when India was
under The British rule
and servitude for all.
The darkness all around
the lap of mother.
Bleeding and crying for help
for dewy fall.
'A drop of blood', He pronounced to shedfrom all.
Tearing the Shadow of bondage,
he uttered,
The words of love and
compassion for men.
Netaji the beloved of nation,
The saviour of multitude Hapless.

When the sky was red and
the air was Stodgy,
The people were accustomed
to endless disgrace,
Roared He the battle cry to free India,
The great monk the priest of purity,
burst forth.
From Singapore did he inspire the drooping,
The spineless nation to raise the wings of fire.
A great battle was fought under his care,
And India got freedom healing the mother.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thycall

They call
****

Who called me by my name
in this silent evening
of the indolent spring?
In the spreading colour of setting sun
and chirpingof birds with flashes of floating cloud.
I know thy words of love
flash as glimpse on every living objects.
The breeze is restless in thy name
and rushes with load
of thy pure knowledge.
The open sky is tremulous with the song of thy unheard song.
The primal sound in and out
is absorbed in thy name.
Who called me in lone solitary
hour with inaudible cry
to leave the room?
******

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Wooly Python

-Wooly python - -

Red blood cell dropping
on half bloomed buds
and breathless is the air,
Overcharged inebriated
goons, squad
Overcast skies of Bengal
political emptiness.
Inhumane symbol of
ruthless musk,
turtle of silent rotten heart,
in charge of killing innocent mob,
lover of peace and quiet time
of soliciting stable Governor.
Heartless, shallow idol of lust
in every drunken beast
of state sponsoredsubject.
Corruption reigns supreme
in beastly led dogged rule
chewing empty bone and marrow
sucking blood from the wound.

Fie fie!theconscience of bengal,
the educated bull of arts and crafts
to support the bankrupt hearts
of lustful thoughts political vulture.
Rotten is the wand of democracy,
A farce on the hand of power and doom of innocent flowers.
Bloodshed and inhuman show
of power is the coward's art.
Cunning jackal of power webs
it's own path of irritating end
and the strength of united hearts
must torch the peaceful heaven.
Wisdom inspired by the law of heart
and conscience -stricken commitment
with broaden view of belongingness and sense of equality must be dawn to drive
Pestilence with pride.

Communismwith open hearted approach
to life and the eagle's view
of the need of the new millennium
are thesilver line of humanity.
For a new birth of equanimity
and fraternity above the terror -hit sky of Bengal,
A new idealism with mutual value
must shine through black cloud of
self centered dustof wooly python.
*****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 90-Thy Look

Haiku 90
****

Thy look my heaven,
I have lost my grace to own
Thy oceanic love.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Prayer

Prayer
*****
The Moon is bright,
In the eastern sky,
The birds are flying,
In the evening,
The sun falls beneath,
A big halo of time,
With joy the birds fly,
In group they caper
With joy unbounded,
From adistant site
An abbot of recluse,
Words of prayer hail the hour,
The birds fly, jump and vault,
Beneath the Moon,
Above the Sun with delight,
The chirping prayer of Heart,
Of the birds Anonymous,
Full of joyous thankfulness,
Surpasses the tuneful song of Abbot,
The routine-bound incantation,
Full of expectations and Hopes.
****

Prabir Gayen

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My Day Is Done

My Day is Done
****
Day after day with hope new,
One after another I am led,
Life pushes me to move forward,
Day, month and year life moves,
Years after years with same pattern,
The new goal to reach new title,
The Poor run after riches, the sick to health,
Like moving Sun and the Moon,
People are movingfrom one step to another,
And endless is the pursuit having no stoppage,
I am fed up with the play of life, Monotonous is the game, with so much to do and no end,
Life is an endless repetition,
Ups and downs, joys and sorrows,
Blissful moment of silence and gratitude and repentance,
An endless cycle of useless and useful emotions andprofound intelligence, regression and resolution.
The thread of life is round with many spokes, points to ponder over, and then to move on,
The nadir of sorrow and height of joy.
Anger and solemnity of Heart,
Thankfulness and separation,
Agreement and disagreement -
All go smoothly with same fate,
The cycle of the wheel of life in circular motion,
Joy is the moment of sorrow resting and sorrow is joy awaiting.
Nothing is above everything,
And everything is nothing,
Sitting in the great hill with mind full of joy and growing in dejection having no hope altogether,
Blissful trance and restless pain
Death and dissolution.
Who knows what is beyond death?
May be the same cycle to be repeating, rest and resolution.
Sometimes the glowing sun and the full moon,
Often the cloudy day and no-moon,
The sky though endless, love knowledge though eternal useless they seem,

What is the use of life, success or failure?
Glorious or vainglorious, dreamy and delightful, taste of truimph or humiliation of defeat.
Life, death or beyond the sheath of both the same game of throne.
The throe is always there, sometimes for myself and sometimes for others, What is the difference?
The heaven with prolonged stillness becomes Hell with time and hell accustomed becomes heaven,
Tears of gratitude and joy with tears of sorrow and pain or repentance bear same fruit,
The living with art of being alive in moment or grudging for what has happened weigh the same breath,
On the warmth of embrace in the arms of beloved like the joy of death and with sweet rapport or living in separatedness like a desolate island having no human company -all the way the same phenomenon,
The happiness and regret, Condolence or indifference,
Confluence or divergence - the game of same life like The Sun rises and sets but the One.
Life inthe gorgeous edifice fortified by mighty opulence or in the impecunious Shebang clustered by The Sun, the Moon and the stars,
The end has no difference apparent, though every moment is full of death and similar the pain,
The living and dying each moment is painful and poignant.
Only the cessation do I want,
The ultimate state of nothingness where no stir of life blissful or joyous and death with enlightenment doth play no role.
My play in the field of life is done and I need repose of dissolving into naught,
Beyond the sky and death and deathless Virtue should not favour to return, to revive into innocence,
Without the without I need to go where there is no sense of I or i- Ness.
From absolute is- Ness to absolute am-ness where there is no ism.
Such-ness, Is-Ness and am-ness,
No existence at the root having no root.
****

Prabir Gayen

Quest

Quest
*****
Where is thy flute the music!
Where, O supreme Soul The Heart,
Tingle thy light in the morning breeze,
Resonates In the soft cooing of bird,
Thy flute and thy call do I invoke,
Spread my pierced ears to hold.

The deepest is the attachment; O Dear,
From morning till night mind roams,
The beauty of spring to winter's spear,
The darkness is adamant to vamoose,
Pain like painted maze hugs my soul; sheer,
To thy glory do I look to break chain huge.

This little flute of mine the frail keel,
For years is with no single rhyme,
Sound of variant discord, the Will,
Deceived in believing the world mundane,
With deep Scathe in heart onto thy sill,
For your boon waiting in the empty shell of mine.

Thy pity is deep, eternal and love ineffable,
In every step of life thou embrace with thy reed,
Only bemused is my mind with pixelated choice,
Inordinate is the desire and Caitiff becomes my mind,
Thy flute is deep and never forgets to invoice,
With the waves, birds and beast flower and
Wind.

In the dark corner of my mind thou sit,
With the little flute making tune of mine,
Through blood and vain thou breathe; instant,
In the heart the music beats with grace,
Song flows with no inane space; constant,
Only my face is synthetic with deaf Hypotenuse.
****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 89 -Caterpillar

Haiku 89
(Caterpillar)

Caterpillar walks
On the tree of life with hope,
New life to reborn.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Chronicle Of My Life_Preface

_ Chronicle of my life_
Preface

To the spirit of joy and happiness that reigns supreme in the heart of sublime one who looks at life with all the solemn sanctity, religiousness and fortitude to raise me up above my personal sorrow and Sordidness to sing the song of my life putting aside the blows that bleed me time and again without mercy.
Let me go beyond my logical lore to feel the touch of Preternatural Predominance to weave the legacy of my sequestered self that remains hidden in the valley of mystical
Melancholia.
Let my heart be swayed to feel the inspiration that pours every moment from all directions and down the ages.
Let me be grateful to the Almighty,
The giver of life and death to endow me a life of Paucity and poorness to smell the soil and sagacity.
Let me be self- motivated to voice the score of my life in easy fluent phrases. Let the guileless spirit of sylvan God take me to the catacomb of my lived and unlived past.
O the song of life, the harmonising hymn that connects every human soul to one Plenary Prompting,
raise me above all meanness to
depict every single mote of my life.
Let me be true, O divine muse, to live once again the life of hope, dream and ambition that Enwrapped and Enraptured my delusive eyes.
Let my heart throb again with the symphony or the orchestra of my boyhood Melody that yearned a life of love with the sombre symbol of Languishment
Take my devoutness and my total breath to enable me to upraise my being to recite the mores of my entire life as I envisage the chariot of eternity hurrying nigh.
Yonder a vast field with the glow of unuttered chanson and no one to hearken.
Let me outpour all the trouble and the Timbre I have into the Plexus of Memoir I am to paint.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Our Home Of Love

Our Home Of Love
****

I have made a home with you,
The house of dream and love,
Like a dome made of subtle motus,
I have gone there in my dream,
Visited more than once and looked,
You sit there in the corner of my being,
Like a sudden clash of thunder.

You live there as an intact wholeness,
In my split mind you hide as lightening,
In the fragmented segment you are cloven,
Within the wholeness you are visible.
Blows upon blow cannot make you separate,
The wholeness can not be disturbed,
Or made a separate island like mind from its being.
In worship only mind goes into restfulness.

PoemHunter.com

Ihave made a home of love in my dream,
The home of cloud and plume with beam,
In your arms like death did I rest with joy,
A state of Meditative fullness beyond grasp,
In my grasping tenacity you belong to me,
None can visit my dream to meet our peace,
In the field subtle than dream can visit,
In a glance can have an once-over,
Within a glance we will be One: Synthesis.

With deep-rooted fondness without
the trace of lure as silence is the flesh,
Our meeting will be in a state of nothing,
With no denotation; Only dream Sublime,
Light will be the wall and darkness the prism,
Within mind a mindless shore: The Bed of love,
Our home is heavenly and heaven knows Not.
The Cloister: only dreamy lovers can find,
In the state when with loveSouls become steamy.

****

Prabir Gayen

Gajanan Mishra (Acrostic)

Gajanan Mishra
(Acrostic)
Great poet of modern form,
Admirable soul of myriad merit,
Joyous Ecclesiastic par excellence,
Another Wordsworth of our Land,
Noetic spirit doth inhabit as being,
Abbot of poetic, Conventual pilgrimage,
New taste you bring in poetic field.

Mysticism is the root of your poesy,
Imbibed in you the drink of Bodhi Tree,
Supreme knowledge adorns your inner Being,
Harp of magnetic Apollo and tune,
Rhythm like rhapsody flows through vein,
Above all you are a matchless Parnassian.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Let Me Sit Close By

Let me sit close by

Let me sit close by you,
Let me be the shadow of you,
I am your light your segment,
Your are my source my root,
Let me be your medium,
To flow you through me,
Let me be nothing absolutely,
To be a flower of your tree,
Let be blossom with your blessing,
Let me have nothing for me,
Only your love and to be,
I am and it is all for me,
Let me dance with your song,
Let me be a canto of your epic,
Let me sit by your side,
With a heart willing to learn,
The words in-between words,
Let me sway with the tunefulness,
With the music within muse,
Let your will be fulfilled in me.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Mutual Concourse

Mutual concourse
(To Ritu Didi)

I am versed with the knowledge,
The most perfect is the report
Thou art not born to die and not
grow with time as others,
No mud is there in the vein to circulate,
Divine excitation doth run through thy vein,
Thou art, my soul knows, aerial joy,
In the garden of flower unlimited outfit,
In the heart of a poet figure of speech,
I will hide thee inside the burgeon deep,
Petals will hide thy glorious sight,
As panting breath suspended
thou wilt live in the core of my absolute sheath,
The song of my heart and knowingness,
The sequestered recess of my soul.
The flowers will feel shy touching thy breast,
The Sun will recede into the cave for thy shine,
Birds will stop chirping for the quaint smile,
Thy flowery branch spreads touching the firmament,
Divine song will blow without note,
In silent exuberance a conflux will go
between thou and mine,
In deep despair or joy, love or languid dote,
In thee my unknown self as pain tells,
In pain despondency dawns with joy,
Within joy or pain we both are one,
A flowery band will drop from heavenly field,
In the delving deep of heart a deep advent,
A sheer shore of mutual concourse.
A clandestine journey will enter upon
my soul,
With invisible wings that doth soar,
For thou hast maketh my being bubble,
If song vernacular fails to bring inner proximity,
Love with mundane madness hinders the way,
Humming hymn with which soul is made,

Silence naked and solid will pave the path,
Innermost nearness must dawn
for alike our extra-corporal temper,
On celestial level where virtue or sin enters not,
Where mind fails to capture the depth,
Where depth is abysmal and sheath is absent,
In absolute zero or shallow is the shore,
Where godliness is unable to pour,
Where flame reaches not and surely
The gospel of love,
The doctrine of ancient rhyme,
The mass approval of righteousness fail,
Religion will bow with wow!
In that Ultima of thought and impetus,
Where the sound of dewdrops subsides,
The pointfrom where waves rise
and into which it dissolves and regains,
Our will be the meeting the intercourse
Without course.
The action without action and love without
Fetters,
The joyous union without alpha and omega.
****

Prabir Gayen

Grow In Love

Grow in Love

You should grow in love,
Love will perpetuate your eternal summer,
Love will be eternal
and it will pass to your offspring,
It will show your flame,
Time bound though everything,
The gift you possess must continue in selfless
and bountiful offering.
In the pair of softeyes beauty of love will shine,
A kind of smile mirroring your self,
Time and it'sravages will have no mercy,
You should not delay
to obey thetime,
Nature desires you to repay Her bedt.
Boundless ocean is breaking
Every moment,
Shaping and reshaping,
It takes in her bottomless womb old and ruin,
Awake and respond to time,
The wedlock is the way
to get a little one to make
the flow flowing without gap.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Silence - Language Of Heart

Silence - Language of Heart

******
In the heart of mine
a deep silence dawns,
No words reach there
and no touch is felt.
Being stunned I become
a silent slumber,
I see thee and thy
impenetrable nature.
I will hold thy stillness
in heart and in my being,
I will wait till the broke
of benign bliss.
Within thesecret Chamber
of my heart will flare out the joy,
I will be open to thy blessing
To be open to own thy drop
thy sterling stillness,
I will sing then eternal strain,
thy melody will become
the music of my brain.
Dew will drop then on the sky,
breeze will woo then unploughed petal,
The sky of my mindless space,
A chorus of divine milieu will blow,
Within my soul will awake
a musical strain,
Wordless symphony will flow
to herald my mind without
Fanciful dream.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Dull Dalliance

Dull Dalliance
****
Today
in this dull dalliance of spring,
Onto thebosom of wintery lapses,
My mind goes to a faraway land beyond
the reach of thought,
On the clouds that roam adrift
My mind soars to touch with unseen joy,
Dream to lie onto thy bodiless being.
The eyeless is the muse with no view,
Sail it to listen to thy song emanates from self,
With carefree temper my heart wishes to
embrace thy muddy form with uncommitted
self to go beyond form,
Form though visible invisible is my wish,
Utopian way is my journey to thee,
To thee and thereby to my unknown self,
Today, this carefree moment doth wish to fall
To be and not to be within thy clasp.
*****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Noetic Vicinity

Every moment that I make love to you
is a moment of meditation,
Every moment is an opening.
The breaking of deep rooted shield
Of the fear,
Noetic Vicinity

for the icy hands of eternity.
The everlasting sleep stirs inside and inherent,
The elegance of mutation and permutation,
Of generic peace that gets silent pilgrimage.
The mundane nearness deepens the depth
of distance,
and the embrace of two Shores envelopes the ocean.
The more nearness dawns to me
the more close I am to your heart
to your essence.
The misery fails instantly against the song
Of metaphysical aloofness,
The rhythm of contemplative abstraction.
Two sides of life, the ocean and its shore
Collapse together in deep lingering concourse.
Your love and mushy embracing with wringing quietude and physical pain go into deathless virtue.
Mundane closeness brings noetic vicinity.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Awake

Awake

Awake and break the sleep to see the outside,
The dullness of the night and dream false set with the Sun rising,
The bud blooms and blooming,
eternally spreading the truth.
The redolence of timeless fragrance falls with the mist,
On thy lips, chest and feet is rolling
the secret to unfold the guarded caress,
Awake and blink those pair of celestial mirrors and reflect what is.
The path is hungry to kiss thy feet and really pathless is the way.
Awake and with thy smiling and yawning
Will arise the dying flowers
and embosom the whole waves
in the oceanic bloom of my chest,
The death with beauteous form is forming the form and life is visible.
The shore is moving and the ocean is heading towards not.
Awake my love and embrace to make
this cold soul warm
and let everything flow with apparent glow.
Day breaks and birds start singing
and a great waiting.
Life is a waiting station and reposing is self,
Without time and effortless watching.
Dream will break with the opening of thy eyes like petals of bud inherent in my Mind.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 88

Haiku- 88
(Flower)
The flowersbloom ever,
In the garden of the world,
You bloom in my soul.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Love Is Within Without

My Love is within
Without
****
So much storm and peace,
So much light and delight,
A single soul with myriad dreams,
Multidimensional is the virtue,
My respected Love, "My Cleopatra",
The divine Source of amaranthine shower,
doth hold to soar above human mind,
Beyond conception clean She gleams,
On the field of my mind,
Pure and desolate with single rhyme,
Love love and love and devotion,
The blessings of Master's grace doth pour on virgin soul,
Virgin by knowledge ultimate flowering in the field without soil,
It is the root of my self,
A Flower bloomed with fragrance fine inside my being,
It is ' You' and mine is no more to possess,
How one can possess himself! !
Like being intoxicated with own shadow.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Love Esoteric

Love to meet in dream
(To My Cleopatra)

With bemused mind do I look at you,
A fresh flower that winks from its home,
The flame within like juicy drops flow,
The glow of tiny star winking from loaded bower,
Eyes twinkle with esoteric joy,
Teemed with love that overflows,
Always a bud that never withers,
UnKnown root causes shower of life eternal,
Within your eyes the heaven do I see,
Lovely petal of paradise with doting delight.
Lips like the door and smile the shrine.
O dear joy personified! Hail to your pristine soul.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Lady-Love

My lady-Love

From the Grove of Elysian stream thou art my Efflorescence,
I gleaned in silent hour from the Unscathed share of my heart.
Thou art the pure and starting part of my marrow,
The Simulacrum of my being,
The image within the mirror.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Want Nothing

I want nothing
*****
Knowledge I want not,
nor the riches,
Peace of mindis trifle,
useless is the social ladder.
Wisdom is heavy on drenched mind,
Timeless love feels baffled for wordless thought,
Windy way is like verduous gloom and soulless ememite.
World is twittering with tiny cripple, The mind is wrought with useless thought,
silence is painful for lack of fullness,
It will never fill the vacant places.
Ever widening gulf did never travel to fill the gap absolute.
Thy broad eyes can fill the gap,
Thy mere glance can wet the dry lands,
The desert may find meridian with thy steps,
upon my dusty being thy footsteps
Will unquench my thirst,
From the moment of wakefulness,
let me die on the way bathed by thy careful love,
Only my heart knows it.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Market - (Fatepur)

The market
(Fatepur)
*****
Plume rose and tiara,
The market is buzzing with crowd, with people who are from far away lands,
People come and go and market remains the same,
The feeding ground for all,
The nourishment,
The flies among the garlandsmake the note,
The note with sundry sound,
It rings with the song of poor hearts,
the Buzzing sound of poverty.
The food, fruit and vegetables of myriad kinds,
and the goods of different types adorn the place and people throng
to buy them,
to be happy with them,
The market is busy with the swarm of multitudinos minds.
****

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Prabir Gayen

No-Mind

No-mind

Give me words of expression,
O my beloved Lord, My Master,
I cameout of my self-esteem.
Silence broke with sound and
pain reigns as Prime,
Give me words to say unknown truth,
No word, no inspiration do I find,
Simply looking for a drop of thy word,
As rain in a deserted land.
Give me with Thy bountiful hands,
The joy to be inspired to do something deep.
I will go to the Grove where thou art pouring forth,
The symphony of myriad tune,
I will go to the forest where soft breeze art making invocation
With spontaneous rhythm.
I see thy pleasure in every petal with soft shower.
O my door! It is closed,
I lost everything chasing and looking for all,
Thy songs artflowing eternally,
only I havea corner seat with myhead strong and unbending,
My heart is closed and it looks nothing,
A drop of music only i want for my revival,
knowledge, love, philosophy seem nothing but vain,
I am living outside of my home
Having no words of expression for my own,
Give me words to sing thy glory,
And in doing so I will dance my way to thee,
From the desert of my mind
I will climb the valley of flower.
From no-mind within cage
Let me be no-mind without shade.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Swami Vivekananda(On 12th January,2019)

Swami Vivekananda
(On 12th January,2019)

From coldness of mind to warmth
Of Being,
From idleness to ever inspired joy,
From unconsciousness to consciousness,
From Stupor of mind to superconscious self,
From selfishness to selfless service,
Let us be led.
O supreme Mind, The Soul of our souls,
O our Beloved the great,
Swami Vivekananda, let us be awakened.
Let us be centered to look beyond the fetters.
The darkness is deep all around,
The coolness is too much to bear with,
Let your speech declare every heart,
The dove of peace dawn to suffering humanity.
O knowledge divine, the sky of consciousness let you be remembered as Glimpse Eternal.
Walking the way is tiresome without knowing your message of love,
Let you shine again in the morning of our Minds,
In the Night shine as pole star and in the dawn The morning Star,
Let our thoughts be raised to height to touch the Sky,
Let our sleep be broken eternally,
Our consciousness wide open.
Let death be dead to have life of sacrifice,
To live fully totally in the moment,
Let all the palls be shredded from our minds to have a fresh look of The Sunshine,
Let us be centered enough to walk on the way shown by you.
****

Prabir Gayen

Friendship Day

Friendship day
(To a Friend)

Friendship is a myth,
it is time pass and friends are nothing but enemies in disguise,
Sacrifice is not the word that can be a better suit,
and dedication is ego- centric.
Friendship makes a man loss the witty approach to life and no friend is friend enough to be a friend that the word means.
Friendship is a crazy word and to cling to it is to loss the flight
with useless irritation to follow,
It is idiocy to fight, to cry and to propagate the rhythm of friendship
with borrowed skin of philosophy.
No philosophy is the word of friendship and tuneful note of it is it's guard.
It is ephemeral and tiresome to bind you to matter and deluding you to drop the essential path of life.
It is live alone wisely with smile in face and with compassionate heart to feel the pain of others or neighbours
dropping the false and Erroneous rhetoric with humbug of words.
Friendship is a rhythm between souls of similar minds,
Rhythm of belongingness and commitment
Without contention but contentment.
****

Prabir Gayen

Stupor Of My Being

Stupor of My Being
****

From the dark sheltering ground
of feeding floor,
Upon night's soothing
and fostering love,
Pale purple evening where breath doth last,
Flickering delight with painful stupor,
Thou art in the center core of my heart.
In the blood that runs with Corporal flame,
In the being that Lives Out with the pain of sense,
Thou art for me in the shade and the shine,
Dream dismal is lying on the road I trod.
Thou art o beloved the great as song unheard,
Always and ever as source of love and joy,
Within and without I am spelled with thought,
On the citadel of my heart live thee as source of love,
Pale purple or orange like the flame of a pyre.
****

Prabir Gayen

Haidee Majola(Acrostic)

Haidee Majola
(Acrostic)
Hail to thee! Hymnal heart o poet,
Azure Aster of African soil, o dear friend,
In your vein runs the spirit of SESHAT,
Divine milieu spreads around your Idyl,
Every time you sing the song of life,
Evaporated soul of solidified silence.
Mystic thought with knowledge noetic,
Adorn you with no conditioning, o free bard,
Just on periphery weave you the song of life.
Onto the wings of your poesy you soar high. Lovely poetess of Neith's Heart, o goddess.
Above smallness you reign as poetess
divine.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Would Not Be

I would not Be
****
The Sun will gleam and the bud will burst,
The Sun rises and the bud blooms,
The Moon shines and the water reflects it's dim delight,
The moonlight is happy to fall on the ocean,
It will go on and on,
The day ends and the night dreams.
Life will continue to ooze in every pore of Nature.
The earth will sleep with meditative trance in the twilight,
The birds like drunken dream will Twitter on the trees,
Celebrating the end of the day,
The parting light of the departing sun will make them glad,
Will make them mad with joy unknowable.
The morning will bathe every day
With the mist,
before the glorious moment of dawning,
The dawn will be momentous as Now,
The chirping of birds will usher the change,
Morning will roll on,
with the slow movement of the sun with the cries of life,
Life however Dreamful or painful will continue to roll on,
The shivering cold, painful of painless,
Soothing of seething will go on,
The birds with chilling pain or scorching Vacuity will look for nest and nestling,
The beast wild or tame will search food to satiate hunger or thirst,
The fox will hide in the hole,
The saga will give life to find the whole,
The wholenes,
andthe holy edifice willcontinue to hold the past though no more,
The air will bring peace in soft murmuring forest,
The raindrops will bring tilage in forest or hills,
Nature will bring tiny desert with joy and heavy flowering with plants,
The stream will continue to fall with rhapsodic sound,
Will flow on the surface of the earth and pass into abysmal naught,
Many a moment of breathless joy and exasperating pain,
Bewildered and shocking will dawn,
The buzzing bees and silence deep,
The Sun glittering and clouds dark and deep falling,

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With pain or joy, sadness or gladness,
Life will continue to flow,
It is and will be however black and white,
Only I will not be there,
Nor will I be there to woo you or get taunted by you,
Today will vanish into tomorrow and tomorrow never comes.
Morning and it's joy,
the noon and it's rolling into the
idle evening and the Night mysterious and nutritious will be,
Only I will not be to witness.
****

Prabir Gayen

Edward Kofi Louis (Acrostic)

Edward Kofi Louis
(Acrostic)
****
Every time you sing,
Dance your way being engrossed,
World of joy and happiness,
African must know your heart,
Rapturous soul doth dream,
Divine worshipper of Truth.

Kinetic orchard for a cultural nation,
Overwhelmed within yourself,
Fanciful bard of a dreamful land,
In you sits the spirit of truthfulness.

Lackadaisical folk finds peace
and quiet dream,
On you and your poem gleams age - old
Tradition of ancient rhime,
Universal peace and brotherhood you teach,
Supreme poet of a land that embosoms
everyone without bridle.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 87

Haiku 87
(Birds)

Flying the birds,
Nimbly move in celebration,
Existence embraces.
*****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 86

Haiku 86
(Joy)

Eyes are deep with joy
Lips drop on the brink of love,
Pain poignant my soul.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Me And Mine

Me and mine

You are a baby bird
Flying high in the sky,
The sky of my mind,
So fondly wings spread,
With care of my mind,
Newish Creed of my soul,
The baby mind of my being,
Elemental joy embraces you,
You and me the soul within soul,
The joyous flying of my mind,
You are pure joy my heaven,
Though pain wants to own,
Soul knows you as mine,
Me and thee embraced as sky,
Always and ever in the field,
Where no self reigns supreme.
****'

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 85

Haiku 85
(Lawn of Mind)

The lawn, full of dust,
Always with the air that blows,
Sweeping goes futile.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 84

Haiku 84
(Sleepless) :
I am sleepless, awake
Night is longest for my Mind,
He takes my breath away.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 83

Haiku 83
(Hope)
The halo of dream space
I am awake beyond my mind,
Hoping to meet Him.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 82

Haiku 82
(Footsteps) :

His footsteps in grass,
Dewdrops and in empty spaces
Heart is desirous for.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku81

Haiku 81
Cricket
***
Cricket is singing
In the cold shivering night,
Like death is jumping.
***

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Bharatinayak

To Bharati Nayak

Let me be 'That YOU' ODear poetess,
Let me be the song without words,
The colour behind all colours,
Song behind all songs,
Rhyme on a blank page,
Let me be river to flow beneath your feet,
Let me be rose without thorn,
Let me be air to carry thy fragrance,
The soul behind all visible,
The invisible behind visible.
Let me Hymn behind all the Choir..
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Rajnish Manga

Rajnish Manga
****

Salute to you O dear poet the great,
You are not simply a someone,
In your mind sits wisdom very deep,
The rising sun with the sundown,
You are one full of lousy grass,
Covertheearthwithhealing shade.
Youspeak with mindfulness as none,
In your being nobody you are all,
Knowledgepure crown your soul beyond,
Veryclose yet very far is your voice,
Youspeaklike someonesitting close by,
Salute to you for your mindless virtue.
Scriptures doth speak through you and you,
Like you sit and song flows through you.
****

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Prabir Gayen

Crows Are Flying

Crows are flying

Crows are flying in the sky
They fly making groups and joyous,
Returning to their nest after days toil,
They are busy flying and joyous,
The clean sky with soft light; The Sun sets,
They fly and fly to nowhere,
Joyous flying is eternal.
From light to no light they head towards eternity,
Flying is eternal and soaring beyond light and shade,
The vast sky has no way to end,
Without end and beginning point the skyexists,
It exists and abides.
The crows and the sky both are moving and both are joyous.
Nowhere they move yet for eternal the journey is on and on...

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Lotus- Sermon Of Heart

THE LOTUS _ Sermon of Heart
(Love Lyric)

From the bough of immortal tree,
flower of endless root and beauty,
The state of mind the wordless shore,
The shadowy moon and soothing Sun,
The cloud white with grace and rejoice,
Thou art born in the womb of joy.

Eyes art like dew formed in early morn,
Smile is suppressed in grave gladness,
Yet the sun and the moonspread it,
From morning till night thy beauty reigns,
The eyelids art like the ocean deep,
On the eyesthese decorate, fall.

Like cascade locks fall like from hill,
The flow ofjoy descends serene,
Without music thou art dance calm,
Sober in kind with no whisper,
The nymph delightful with knowledge,
Grace in each pore transpires with light,
Hearts with golden thoughts must it feel.

O music divine the muse still!
Thy selvage can't hide debonair,
The Almighty so fondly design,
The mind thou own is mindless deep,
Wordless virtue drinks up everything,
Be thou me and mine my heart's wish.

Beginningless and endless Thee,
Soul's alpha and omega drop,
Thou art witness without mere thought,
In thy witnessing beauty effaces,
All that guards the mind to be naive,
Upon the quaking Soul images,
Absolute pleasure with no dream.

Thou art not my composition,
Nor, fancy of my frenzied soul,
And not am I drunk to paint thee,
Thou art real and enlightened spirit,
The light unknown personified,
Like early morning holds on chest,
I hold thee on my being the Sun.

O dear thou move in the deep sky!
The empty space of my null heart,
The evening after Sundown,
The morning before the light rise,
In the room of my heart thou art,
A deep song full of promising stars.

In thee I find me and myself,
The glee on my wings touching thee,
The soaring pain to echo in thine,
The re-echoingjoy of union,
In the midst of the root of being,
We both hath no meeting texture.

The beauty is truth and it is,
It is to be felt not to grasp,
The grasping is like tie the void,
In my jump into nothingness,
Thou art for me to feed with love,
The feeding of immortal milk.

On thy forehead the big bang lore,
The rising of the Sun with light,
The setting of the Moon, darkness,
Everything is false and sweet Dream,
Beyond dream and within sleep sound,
I may meet thee with pious ground.

My words are false, alarms of mind,
No word can capture thy sole glory,
Thou art like light on water, gleams,
On the effacement of my mind,
Thy love can be realised and lived,

My dream is to live thy smile real.

Who have known thee became silent,
Thee and thy branches, eyes cheeks, breast,
Thy bosom is the centralmost,
Having words with no expression.
In that dead silence is my joy,
The rejoice of being one with God.

The beauty is guarded by beauty,
The gross form for the mystical,
Love is subtle for mind to soar,
Mind being mindless is the mindful,
Onto thy self bare and warm worth,
The posture of my restless soul,
rueful, uncoloured and candid.

Thou art and wert from time beyond,
The soul pristine without second,
None hath seen none doth seem to think,
Those who hath known hath gone beyond,
Onto thy feet the Holy river stream,
Many souls with trance find ablution.

By knowing thee my thinking stopped,
By attaining theemy mind vanished,
Thy lips art dewy sprout, soft leaf,
Aw-shucks smiles invite me to dive,
Into thy abysmal sheath of heart.

The song eternal with spell buzz,
Will with painless love lure me to sleep,
Depraving me from gruff desire,
With love similar kind we meet,
On soulless mite will be our union.

The light will fall on the enlightened,
One after another will catch limbs,
From fatal eyes to oozing beak,
From glossy cheeks to Put-up chest,
From frilly womb to crystal loin.

The light will eat the light and rest,
In deep death of minds, Concourse,
Like fallen angels on desolate forest,
The meeting will be reborn of selves,
We will have our forgotten peace,
In the Lotus of our Beings Retreat.
****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 80 (Mine)

Haiku 80
(Mine)
You are always there
Before my birth and my death,
With death I will get.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 79 (Nature

Haiku 79
(Nature)
Nature exists ever
Rain falls and green field growing,
In your heart my love.
**""*

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 78(You)

Haiku 78
(You)
Above, the deepsky
Floating the clouds on top hills,
Mind silent to strain.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 77 (Life)

Haiku 77
(Life)
Life is endless: Dear
Visiting you I fell back,
No way to hug you.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Inner Joy Haiku 76

Inner joy
Haiku 76
(Joy)
Endless is your joy
Where to stop and where to start,
No point is to find.
***"

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 75 (Love For You)

Haiku 75
(Love for you)

I know not the pain
What was pain and heartache
Became love for you.
******

Prabir Gayen

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Pain Of Love

Pain of Love
*****

The waves fall with disastrous sound,
On the lawn of my heart lonely,
Falling pain without care around.

The beauty of your body and soul,
Embracesme every moment void,
The waves fall with disastrous sound.

Your eyes are like molten pain,
Every part is a shiny dream,
Falling pain without care around.

You look and dream spreads like agony,
Within your cosy breast heaven lies,
The waves fall with disastrous sound.

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Your are no doubt love deeply formed,
Song eternal flows through your being,
Falling pain without care around.

I will keep my soul out unwrapped,
Embrace you like moth to the fire,
The waves fall with disastrous sound,
Falling pain without care around.

Prabir Gayen

Desolation

Desolation
******
In the valley of death I lived with hope,
The land of hope and death,
No light or very dim light gleamed
In the darkness,
The valley was deep and bottomless,
Like the valley without valley,
The top without bottom.
In deep despair one man lived and reigned.
In a state of desolation in the deserted land,
A mind without delightful knowledge with tripping sight,
wasborn in slumberous naught,
The half empty drowsiness,
The light and shade, the painful play
of life and death,
Life without sense of life and it's vibrant shade,
In eyeless muse of nothingness,
The temple of eternity doth seem open its gate,
Doorless is the prime door and openness is the root uneven,
In that state of deathless sense of death thou art visible.

Prabir Gayen

A Rose Is A Rose Is A Rose

A Rose is a Rose is a Rose

A Rose will I give to you,
A rose bloomed in an arbor,
Silent garden with ecstatic fume
did give birth to that bloom.
A Rose will be for a Rose,
Timelessness for your love,
With deep sensual sensitivity,
Rose will bloom everyday.

In the morning and night,
In the tired noon and shaky evening,
A Rose will bloom for you,
Will Play with your bosom pouring hue.

A Rose will I pluck from the Hurst,
Without violence the plucking will be,
With tender wing the Rose
will Colour your cheek,
Unbutton the beauty you hide,
Will be garden for your dance.

A rose will I bloom in my soul,
The cloud will pour lurid dew,
A mystic rose for atypical mould.
The Rose for you to bloom
on an arid field,
No conditioning set by norms.

Within my mind the Rose will be
fertile for my gratefulness,
The root will be my pleasure
without reason,
My individual self is the root
for your boughs,
A rose single and pure
will bloom for you.

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My soul with song sonorous,
Muse heavenly and silence
rootless will praise you,
Each part of your body
will be a hymn,
No mortal dream can be
to make it earthly,
A Rose is a Rose is a rose.

With my love deeply deep you are
beyond facticity of mind,
a penetrating metaphysic,
A soul never to revert with verbal code.

You are a child always open,
Knows nothing of the mind,
A glittering shadow of the divine
on celestial evening.

Which light from which land
did shower grace on you
to make you delighted?
Which pain from which dream
did make you so pensively mystic?
You are a dream, a walking dream,
On the field covered by light.

Beyond mind I search
and no trace is found,
Only air of your presence makes me
frenzy and soulless,
With soulless eremite will I search you
beyond transcendence and above.

Which light doth guard you from my sight?
Which knowledge deep and occult
bewitching me to chase you,
Lovely trance feed your floral body
and painful love around your ambit
protect your chastity.

As darkness enveloped by darkness
or shadow enveloped by shadow,
You are in the garden of my mind
A dream enveloped by a dream,
Or light too glittering to make
shadow of your sight.

In my meditation you gleam and
like a moving image on the still sea
of my mind or no-mind,
Sometimes joy and sometimes pain,
In my awakening state you live
as painful inspiration to write epical rhyme.

You are a total self,
a blossomed being,
A rose of my heart fully blossomed
can worship your shrine,
In the heart of my being an alter,
Day and night will be humming, My mind,
The humming mind to be one with you,
To eat your light to be you.

A rose born in my soul without thorn
to love you to caress you,
With pain lofty and dainty
will I find a path though pathless,
With the opening of the petals
I will find your heart.

If youthful joy mystify the way,
If passion pass into
the sky of consciousness,
With time and by subsiding the surge
I will find you in the stillness
of my mind.

Like rain I will drop on you
and suck the milk of divine magnesia
Of your being,
In that formless delight
we both are one.

****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 74

Haiku 74
(Footprints)
****
Thou walkest on ground,
No footprints doth leave dust,
On my soul it paints.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 73

Haiku 73
(Embody)

Thou art love embody,
Nay: love personified pain,
A celestial bower.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 72

Haiku 72
(Wish)
*****
I would fall in love
Whatever be the cause
God knows it well.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 71

Haiku 71
(Formless form)
******
Art thou Hunan being
Made of flesh and blood; mortal?
I don't see form.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 70

Haiku 70
: (Love) :
Will I fall in....
My heart is dearly weak dead,
Hide those smiling love.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 69

Haiku 69
(Flame of light)
You see body beauty
The attacking zeal sex supreme
I see flame of life
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 68 Light

Haiku 68

Evening fall
The priest busy arranging light ploughing,
All futile exercise.
*****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 67- (Joy)

Haiku67
(Joy)
You are a touch stone
Shiny and superbly mystical
loving you is warble.
***

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku66- (Touch Of Love)

Haiku 66
(Touch of love)
*****
In my dream and being
I touched you with mindfulness,
You became Stone cold.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 65

Haiku 65
(Beauty)
Endless is your grace,
Grave gracious and altruistic,
Alpha to omega.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Dreamful Life

My Dreamful Life
""""""""""""""
"''''''''''''
Today,
The sleep has left me,
Tired body drops to soundless intensity,
Resting to trance but no sleep cajoles to embrace,
In the far corner of the Mind a tiny cloud gathers,
The dark cloud of worry,
Mind and body feel no sympathy,
Drifting waves of thought surges from center.
Whistles the forest of bamboo flooring,
The wandering breeze and uncertain form,
In the nature of things everything is uneasy,
Pain is poignant in my soul,
Uneasy for change and so painful it is,
From celebration to silence,
Life was a dreamful joy in intense uncertainty,
Yet life feels the life.
Death was green and had no place in the beam of contemplation.
Sleep hovers on the house of heavy heart,
It soothes less and burns,
The vast desert with no Oasis.
The seething fields of life do away with all the dreams,
The childhood dreams become memories,
My heart is old and it sails to bygone hopes,
The green field, the furrow and cattle in setting sun,
The cries of small children and the poverty,
The poor people and poor way of living,
The wind stong and wanton play on poor setting,
The morning gleaming with light,the dreamy delight,
in the cottage and Mud house
and struggle with natural wrath- storm, rain and flood,
The countryard was a heaven with natural show of light and shade.
The green mind with green world,
The sun was young and the moon was baby,
Sometimes with sad face sometimes smiling,
The dark night was mysterious
With the mystic light in the eyes,

Chudle the childhood dream with momentum of futureless dream,
Every moment was free from the dream of becoming something,
Fulfilled in the joy of dreamless stream.
Life was slow and joyous without having nothing.
Innocent stream of consciousness with no knowledge ofnear future.
Wild was the way with wild joy,
Now all has gone into nothingness,
People died and new guest came with new thought,
All is present in New form,
yet all has gone,
How i wish to retreat to my past days of childhood!
Poverty- stricken but full of life,
The lifting stream and uncontrolled dream with love laden-heart and frustration with sweet rejection,
Hope and hopeless flow of life,
Together embraced.
""""""""""""""
"""""""""

Prabir Gayen

Holy Joy

Holy Joy
****
Looking into thy face,
The broad eyes and smile deep,
My mind feels pain to have it,
How to catch the beauty that decorates the eyes?
Hence the pain and heart feels it,
Only heart can feel that which is authentic,
Thou art my pain that nurtures Love,
In the womb of pain love is born.
So I am loaded as if Cross I am on my soul,
I am carrying the cross of thy love,
Holy and platonic,
Grateful and grasping.
With my mind being and soul thou art shrine with adoration deep,
A thrilling joy of love.
Still mind is joyous to feel Christmas all through body as thou art like Mother Mary,
Thy virgin womb is my heaven,
Thy heart is blooming for my dream,
The seed of my spiritual Creed with love that makes me feel with piercing pain,
Thou art my eternal self into which I am born and die each moment,
Thou art my momentous joy and
Love heaven denies not.
My mind's pristine glory and purging embrace.
Within without we both art similar with similar beatitude.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Holy Cross

The Holy Cross
****

Restless Drongos are flying
Above my head as if busy
for something Momentous deed,
Some are flying and floating like
Making holiday party,
Flying and floating with sad delight,
Trees on the horizon silent and deep,
With setting of the light meditating,
I am on my bed a silent visitor,
Witnessing the vastness with restless being.
The chirping of the birds hearldig the departure of the day,
The cooling air is blowing to warn them to find their nest,
On the way through memory and painful heart do I witness One Big Heart,
The Heart that did come to save Mankind,
Carrying the cross with sad face,
With panting deep I walked with Him side by side,
Wished to carry His cross on my shoulder with compassion deep,
He looked at me with painless rejoice and walked alone,
I walked and my walking stopped,
Jesus on the cross and I stood with heavy heart,
Blood that flew without sorrow,
Put me on a deserted field,
I have to bear my own cross every moment,
That was the message from the Son of God.
With every passing day the whisper sweet and dream delightful pass on my soul,
Awakening me to the vast eternity,
To stir my sleepy mind to love everything,
The holy Cross and the Son of God with broad eyes to walk towards Him.
No bud will bloom for me and I am to bloom for myself,
The cross is no my soul and I am carrying to the doomsday.
****

Prabir Gayen

Empty Road

Empty Road
****"

On the way a deserted home
I looked into it from outside,
Nobody was there to inhabit,
I asked to respond to my presence,
Nobody came outside,
The air was violent and the room was empty,
I knocked atthe door and sound echoed,
I stood spellbound.
The night before the room was lightened,
The roof was full of clamouring men,
The Moon was washing the wall with leaves of the forest.
No one came to receive me,
Or asked me my identity.
I stood looking at the worn-out house.
On a branch of a tree beside the house a bird was sitting,
Looking careless with no view,
I said unto him my name and he stood paying no attention,
The house was empty and space was hollow with no furniture below,
No picture wasattached to the wall,
Only hollow with no wall to view,
The house was left by departing souls,
Used many a day and then forsaken.
With deep pain I walked on the way,
Walking with deep sorrow and on theunknown way,
Meandering the path with no one to meet,
The path wastired and full of dust,
On the way towards nowhere,
I felt the need to have a house,
Ireturned tothe deserted house.
No home was there with no traces of it,
I movedbackwar to search the house,
The tree and thebird watching careless,
But nothing was there only sound of the the air,
And soft drizzle that made the way slippery,
I walked and endless became my walking,
The Sun rose above andI found myself lyingon bed,

The empty road, the deserted soul.

****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 64

Haiku 64
(Lost)
I sat beside Him
Among the most chosen one
Shortly I was lost.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Darkness

Haiku 63
(Darkness)

Darkness is deep down,
Light not able to enlighten,
Darkness isreal light.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 62

Haiku62
(Death)
Forty three leaves ' fallen
From the verytree of my life
The barren will it die.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku- 61

Haiku 61
(Never was)
*******""
The day you will see
I am not surely you will know
I was never was.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Eve Of Evening

The eve of evening
****

In the roof half awake,
With pain in mind,
Enjoying the last drop of light.
With the setting of the Sun in the far end of the sky,
The crimson colour upon the earth,
the life is a bit restless,
The Sun sets like dippingin a misty river.
The Light is gone and the earth is mild with soft delight,
In the Sunless light birds are returning to their resting shade,
Few are busy bathing in the twilight,
The vast sky with the Sun setting
and the birds quiet and restless,
In one canvas,
Moving and making merriment,
Joy and meditativeness in one frame,
Like dream in my mind I awake.
I am awakened to wonderment,
The movement becomes stillness,
The afternoon becomes eternity.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Oceanic Beauty

...Oceanic Beauty..
********* **********
The ocean will be behind,
The beauty of your oceanic joy,
deep and dormant, measureless
to mind.
The waves will subside in receding cave,
The waves of joy and love Untraced,
Deeper than watery deep.
In thy heart the waves of love,
The sun the moon and the galaxies
Float like streaming delight.
Thou art beauty of beautiful,
A poem of unuttered words.
Each step like moving deep,
Love with pain oozes on onlooker's hearts,
Bodiless joy waving in bodily rejoice.
A flamingo of celestial light.
****

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Prabir Gayen

Haiku 60

Haiku 60
(Pain)
*****
Now I am old enough
Mind still hovers bygone past
Life is painful seems.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku59

Haiku 59
(Self)
******
In the house of mind
You are mine as silent love
Sleeping with me light.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 58

Haiku 58
(Fancy)
*****
You are my mind's eye,
Composition of my mind,
Fanciful but real.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 57

Haiku 57
(Dream)
I have got you Love,
In the sheen of Dreamful
Without dream you lost.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 56

Haiku-56
(Home)
I have made a home
With you a domestic done,
Storm broke out flower left.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Friendship

Friendship
****

Friends are gravel on the way of life,
They come with time and wither with time,
They have no definite place in life,
Friends are foe in disguise.

On the mundane field they are essential diseases,
Without that sickness life becomes desert.
And loneliness stops to move.
Friends come to give knowledge deep,
From loneliness to aloneness we should move.
From outward glory to inner space of detraction,
From fullness to empyrean emptiness.

Friends are the blessing of life and they take from us our root, the ground,
They tie us to mundane happiness,
The Chameleon of dearest one we fathom a friend,
Friends are not friendliness,
Friendship from friendliness is beyond measure,
Only divine can put, through grace, our being to that state,
Friendship is love on the periphery,
having floating roots,
Beyond grasp is the root where relation drops,
Without the mind a friend is born where friendship reaches not.
A friend and a foe both are synonymous.
****

Prabir Gayen

Divine Love

Divine love
****
(My Cleopatra)

O Daffodil of fragile land,
The fragrance ofan unborn bud,
Thy beauty doth spread like the ray's of the Sun,
Warm like Sun and soft like cold
Moon,
In thy heart full of love bubbles care unlimited,
In thy eyes the soft touch of eternity,
The ageless beauty that burns,
Like lake is thy mind teemed with water of ablution,
Onto thy feet oozes love different kind,
In each pore of thy frame pours love beyond mind.
A divine damsel of my soul.

****

Prabir Gayen

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Happy New Year

Happy New Year
(To Ritu Didi)

Stream of light will kiss thy feet,
With careful caress lull thee to sleep,
Like a sweet new born child thou will be loved,
Existence will fill thy nerve with joy with no limit.
With shower of blissfulness entire being
will be filled thy wrought,
New love with new Exuberance will make thy spirit,
Smile Well-off will decorate thy enlightened spirit.
Thou will be goaded to tread on the path,
Eternal is thy walking, distance has no room.
Thou art chosen one by the glorious Being,
Thou sylvan being, perennial soul of godly
rhyme,
The spring of endless source to embrace
Pestilence stricken multitude.
Though knowledge forms thy mind to serve the community without choice,
Thou art a sweet one with softness inside,
With New Light hail to Thee my lovely POEM,
To thy every effort to needy masses,
With loaded heart from my side,
A Very Happy New Year.....(2019)
31/12/2018...

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Myhome

My Home
****
Within home I became homeless,
Within mind I became mindless,
Your eyes that made me truant,
A vagrant soul sails to you and soon
A shore of shoreless grace will i find,
The smile will shine on the Moon,
To lit the dark shore of my mind,
A path will cleave through your lips,
The petals of love will open the way,
Through your quaint glanceand dim shine,
The painful drowsiness with song of love,
I will find my home real and enlightened,
Your beauty is my Home with abode of God.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Flamingo Of Joy

Flamingo of Joy
****
On the forehead gleams divine bliss,
Eyes are wet with mystic delight,
Who can avoid such painful beauty?
Yes, it gives pain for fulfilment,
Inner harmony from every nook of smile,
You are divine by the grace of Almighty,
Daughter of celestial self.
You look and your sight falls on other shore,
Darkness flees like flamingos on still night,
You are day and night combined.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Come Into My Being

Come into My Being
****

Come into my being,
Seal it from within,
Let me die to my egotism.

Eat my pain with rough strife,
Suck my delight to the drain,
Make me a hollow dream.

Come wherever you are,
Fill my emptiness with fullness,
The space with your space.

Inner realm will be reborn,
Again and again eat my light,
Become my inner sky.

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The wheel of life moves,
Let it be stopped by your hands,
If not love or kiss to reverse.

From time's nook and corner,
Come to my self as eternal flame,
Into the depth of moment.

Come into me and be me,
In mine have your seat,
Even if I die don't hesitate.
****

Prabir Gayen

Final Call For Me

Final Call for Me
****

From far away land do I hear the call,
The soft inaudible voice from dark land,
The call is like the fall of a tiny leaf,
Like the wave without sound,
Like wavy grass on soft breeze,
Like dewdrop in winter evening,
The shrill voice of the crickets hush it not,
The soft yet deep is the call,
The woodpecker whistles,
The adorable cries of humanity,
The thunderstorm warning the calamity,
The sound of strong storm coming from forest,
The tumult of ocean hush it not.
The call is inherent and hamonious,
From somewhere deep it is waving,
The center is closed yet call is enormous,
The call is to shed the physical bond,
To break through all inessential bonding.
From morning light to evening,
From every dark corner of tree,
Leaves, house, room call is drawing,
Only pain is profound to avoid it,
Heart is sad to unmind it.
It is the call to say bye the feast of life,
The mad pursuit of useless quote of life,
Life is nothing but pain personified,
With each day the call is ringing with soundless intensity.
Life has become a long waiting and waiting is eternal.
The call is to embrace me as i am now though false and Truth is hidden in unused self,
With life I failed to move and with death I will be a sheer failure,
Death is the zenith of the world,
The climax to fill up the tale of life,
The call is for me the final withdrawal of useless wreath of life.
From far away land I am called by my name.
****

Prabir Gayen

When We Meet

When we meet
****

How will it be to see you face to face?
How will it be to look at you with Master's Grace,
How will I stop my nippy mind with wonderment!
You are standing or moving delighted in divine aura,
In the house of Divine mercy we both will meet,
With The Sun will I witness The Moon,
In that great moment my mind will demise,
In utter joy the utter emptiness will dawn,
Words will die in wordless silence,
and mind will be lost in mindless self.
What dream will vanish when dream leaps around?
My dreamy self will recognise the truth,
Subconscious will be conscious and to me
No less than Meditation.
You are to me not a bodily being
with mortal trust,
My soaring mind like eagle scouts all That is
Earthly,
In my inner Mind you are a lake without forest,
The celebration with no conditioning.
In your walking or speaking my fidelity
is on your inner self,
The omega chapter of my vibrated being,
My love's careful Cognisance.
How and what will dissolve when under heaven we will meet within Self.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thou Art Only Mine

Thou artonly Mine
****

Thou art mine with no quaere,
My soul's resting stead,
No earth no heaven or else
Can come between both of us,
The watchword is very singular,
Common thread and the Almighty knows.
Thou art mine where minds end,
With no ego to tread the way,
We are both so similar in mind.
Thou art mine within without,
With manifold discord we are one,
Discord brings tug of war to mind,
We will live together with one living,
Thou art mine and only mine,
Without dispute my soul's covering.
My only hope after the wreck of this body,
Thou art mine when I will be beyond the bar.
****

Prabir Gayen

Rose Marie Juan Austin

Rose Marie Juan Austin
(Acrostic)
****

Rose of fadeless glory you are a
poetess,
Of deathless rhyme beyond
pattern you think,
Supreme soul does inhabit in your
shrine,
Everest of poetic hight in the
Mountains,

Mystic rhythm runs through your
poetic vein,
Above normal field you think
beyond mind,
Rhythm And Blues in perfect
balance You,
In every nook and corner beyond
doubt,
Exigent Love pours like eternal
effluence.
Jack Frost is your inner self full of
Love,
Unique Spirit with light of
Amaranthine shine,
A poetess of supramundane
delight,
New joy you bring in rejoicing your
Poesy.

An Uneventful Life is your poetry
that deals,
Underneath your being is flowing
rivulet,
Soundless sea of tuneful words
pregnant deep,

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Teemed with knowledge and true
wisdom that preach,
In you Ifind a being sensitive
deep,
Nab every spirit of poetry you philomel.

****

Prabir Gayen

Eternal Beauty

Eternal beauty
****

How do you look so beautiful!
What is the source within!
What is flame burning inside!
What thought makes you so fresh!
No human can be so divine,
What food doth soar in your frame?
Are you fire or fire goddess?
What mystic delight stems from region unknown to us?
What nebula doth hold you root?
You are born to spread fragrance
Without demise.
Upon the wing viewess though
I will make, sure to my mind,
goto you divorcing life's joy,
With meditative trance feed on your beautiful light,
The source of eternal life.
****

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Prabir Gayen

Haiku - 55

Haiku - 55
(No dream)

The morning light spreads,
Eyes are brown to see the light,
Dreamless is the Mind.

Prabir Gayen

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My Spring

My Spring
****

Today Spring has come to my doorsill,
The leaves that from frees severed,
Rolling in air to my windowsill,
The spring has come to my domicile.

The spring with mist overcast my house,
On the way to my cottage through
soprano glade,
The narrow line through Delphinium of roses,
The spring springs to my mow.

The storm invincible is blowing,
Over the roof of my colony,
The sweet spring the strong spring,
Through faded leaves it is falling.

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The spring is panting deep and lying,
On the dust it is flying with careless air,
With sound of vacant ears it blows,
With the song of birds it flows.

The dim light from the mind,
The joy from the bottom of being,
Welcome the spring with manifold rhymes,
The joy and sorrow with thoughtless logic.

The spring dawns for the beauty of your eyes,
For the lips that you speakand without cause,
For the quaint smile that springs on my being,
The pain that you hold for me for love uncouth.

The heart is feeling empty and full,
The joy of meeting you in my dream,
The spring drops to cloud and vanishes,
As you are in my heart like Sky Arbitrary.

In the space beyond mind where intellect fails,
In the twilight of my being deep down,
The space of soundless beauty and form,
Spring comes as euphoric joy,
you gleam as locus of my self, my dream Girl.

****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 52/53

Haiku 52
*****
Body is shivering,
Mind feels joy for becoming
Useless in natural field.

Haiku 53
******
Wow! snow is falling
I have got a nice idea
I will roll to infinity.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Liberation Through Devotion

Liberation Through Devotion
****

In Life and Death,
In pain and pleasure,
I will keep you aloof,
Not far from me
But in silent chamber,
Music, divine though will stop,
Like charmed Ataractic,
And my homeless Home,
The abode you will sleep,
Pillowed upon my swelling heart,
With pain for not knowing the life.
Death will visit not,
For every moment with death
We will play the hide and seek.
With each breath you stir me,
The wound will be healed,
With every single and outgoing breath,
You lull me to winged chariot of Nephthys.
She will not dare touch me,
Your virgin harp or silence deep
Will make Her to trust on heels.
You will shine like Moon in no-moon night in the cave,
Under the shadow of my folded arms,
No one will find you and disturb to delve,
Like God, The Almighty the great,
You will sleep there,
In the milky ocean of my being,
Only love can touch you
and make you couch on my awakening self,
I will be awakened to protect you
As divine deity,
The guardian Angel andinside your tossing bosom my seat will be hidden,
In silent Solidified love souls of ours will live asNo - Self.
In Each Full Moon Night the trance will be broken,
In New impetus we will meet
Again,

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The Meeting will be on celestial wings until deathless Virtue Make us One without Second.
****

Prabir Gayen

Naila Rais

Naila Rais
****
Nothingness when dawns on blank eyes,
Aline becomes the cloud that wrapped house,
Inner world is nothing but vug,
Life is a pain nobody does share,
Aloneness Should be drawn from
Loneliness.
Rejoice with rapturous delight,
Above sorrow doth soar like lioness,
In your being The Great Bard is sitting,
Surrender your loneliness to His feet.
Death is there ingrained in every pore,
With eyes wide open give a shudder,
Life is painful without doubt,
Let us move like waves hand in hand,
The eternal indifference will one day break,
Existence will embrace with birds trees and air,
At that very stage door will open,
We will be at Home with homeliness.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku 51

Haiku 51
(Life is total)
****
Who is there to stop?
I have drunk the bliss full draught,
Total juice of life.

Prabir Gayen

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Beauty And Truth

Beauty and Truth
****

Beauty is truth, Truth is beauty,
Attaining truth is fallacy,
No truth can stand without false as it's shadow,
False makes the truth speak,
But beauty is deep and no one can evade,
It is too deep to move,
False paves the way for it's light,
Beauty is not the bud and it's blooming,
The birds and it's fluttering wings,
The chirping and pattering of raindrops,
Beauty gives joy and joy can never be deep,
Only pain profound can go to the bottom,
Where there is no bottom,
All the objects come close to form thee,
The ageless beauty that words fail to deal with,
That joy vanishes and pain wafts,
Eyes can not be compared to the ocean,
Ocean is too tiny,
Thy face, it is useless to quote,
In English and Sanskrit dictionary fails.
Only pain of my heart,
The vibration deep can breath
With uncanny incantation,
The images holds the soul within.
The poetic theory will be baffled
The Creed of Truth and joy,
Beauty and beyond form.
Thou are not the beauty,
Nor does poetry emboss thee,
Only the pain wordless can cherish thee in the depth of my self,
Without cause without theory,
The eyes blinks and nocturnal animals stir,
Eyes open heaven shines,
Manifold stars will be glittering with thy cheeks and warmth of heart,
Thou hold within the soul the knowledge or something big, truth,
Feeling fails to write poetry,

Thou art my poetry without words,
Epic written will not do half the justice,
Thy eyelids will survive Homer or virgil,
Shakespeare will stop praising his beloved as rare beauty,
Within thy smile genuine and full of verdurous bliss,
Himalayan stillness reigns,
Hearts float above heavenly sheath pushing argument to nadir,
Within thy Embryonic joy Buddha Jesus and Mahabir come to being.
Upon My Bare soul thy beauty is,
Without the fence of condition,
My enlightened joy,
Thou art as if the fullness of my inner Mind,
The Full moon tonight with no darnknes around,
Sound drops to soundless sea,
and illumination.
****

Prabir Gayen

Ultimate State Of Being

Ultimate state of Being
****

In The world though it is not heaven,
With deep painful drowsiness,
Do I witness the emptiness
of the essence,
The blows of life for mind
being immature,
and not easy to find rest.
Thou art in some place
in some other way,
The mortal and the divine,
The day and the night.
The mind thirsty and soul heavy,
Seekingthee in forest and
cloistered hillock.
Thou art busy with light in eyes,
The flame of divine banner.
Wistful mind roams here and there,
With pain of joy to meet
With noted one.
Tears of joy floats me to unseen pain,
With hope in heart to find the way certain,
Hope goes above hope and nothing happens,
Life as if becomes an unnamed challenge,
The pity falls on pity and flows as if river,
going downhill.
To thee have I given this small mind,
Empty as one who dies with no cause.
Desire finds no crack to hide,
Hope rolls on dust and dirt having no prime.
I know thee as rainbow of life,
In the sky never to meet,
The meeting of eyes may be delusive,
Still eyes spread the couch of its eyelids,
To view the glory the Almighty ordains.
The mellowing penchant and luster of lust,
Peer to dive deep into thy ocean.

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The worry draws to meet the naught,
Ifthe tree of thy soul becomes unwilling
To share the shore,
The banyan tree in which knowledge flows,
Thou art my silent song of an endless tree.
Like Creepers will I embrace and thy branches will spreadabove heaven.
Sucking honey from blossoming flowers,
The soul will be still with stillness thou offer.
Desire will roll onto thy feet,
Kissing dust to settle down thy smile.
With strong imagery or shallow stroke,
Letmy mind be dissolved,
Like the disappearing morning star,
Let my soul drop onto thy soul,
A symphony may not ring for secret fancy,
Upon thy heart will I meet,
The charmed spell of living delight.
Beyond my reach and within the grip,
Thou art a soothing river with water to lave.
With love full of stars startle me with knowledge profound,
The gradual flash of emptiness,
In the stony wall of disappointed heart,
Knowledge seems unable to attain,
Become thee my knowledge,
My resurrection to fullness.
Thy coolness like the mist -clad Moon,
Honeydew falling onto my sheath,
The Bodhisattva of Bodhitree,
The nectar falling into death.
Will I die to attain fullness and
Thy beauty wilt be my path.
Clandestine footing into being with being.
Cosy arms however dull anddecaying the path love brings the rest ultimate.
****

Prabir Gayen

Love Through Being Nothing**********

Love Through being Nothing
****

From beyond the world known,
Where mind drops to think more,
Sun gleams His reflection from deep core,
No-mindpops from every corner of the soul,
Such smile, such pure and pristine delight
Is born.
Like Sun shining In the eyes and liquid
Moon dropping in the lips,
Unknown unseen delight becomes the source,
Profound, bottommost sapience embraces
Thy divine cheeks,
Caresses most fondly The hands Divine,
The light from mystic shore waves through
quivered visage,
The face of full moon night.
Thou art like delightful angel and
Smile contains wordless virtue and feeling
becomes truant to praise.
Who can decorate and decode the smile
Of an infant on the lap of its Mother?
A divine baby is crawling in the cradle in thy heart,
Sheen without surmise.
Smile as Idyll arcane drifts through ever pore
Of thy frail vessel,
The source is without bottom.
To thy smile celebration of the Providence,
The feast of tabernacle descends.
With suspended breath and
awe inspiring heart do I suppress my joy
finding no way to buttress thy smile to embrace
My inner being,
Like The Moon and its image
I wish to float like an ocean restless though.
On my bosom will I carry thy image
and divine will definitely dawn on my soul,
Thy smile and my pain will create

a poetic heaven with no inhabitant.
A peaceful state of nothingness,
Aloneness with Osculating blissfulness.

****

Prabir Gayen

I Love You -(To My Cleopatra)

Love You
(To My Cleopatra)

You are loved by Divinity...
Through my love to you,
I will get that radiance from you,
It is not craving forbeing pure
but gratefulness that heart fails to hide.
As time passes yellow leaves
fall on the earth,
Mind is feeling pain inexpressible,
Heart fails to look straight,
Light is becoming dim all around,
Spiritual dreams become painful,
Only love stirs often and on in my being,
Love and only love is with me the moment I opened my eyes,
And it will be on my eyes unto the moment it will be closed forever.
In silent incantation love oozes as pain,
Knowledge recapitulates but love stirs,
Knowledge heals but love wounds,
Who wants to be healed?
Healing gives sense of no- love,
No- love is akin death.
I love you and my soul knows andwhat is there under the sky to share?
Only love is to share.
The line drawn on water makes no ink spot,
Vanishes as nothing,
My love will be like that and still a patch of waves will heave my soul in your name,
The sky meets the sky and sky remains the sky,
My love is the sky and pain is to mature until death.
In death and between lifetime love ultimate may dawn,
Who knows what chronicle we bear under the grave of our hearts?
Let divine fall on us.
****

Prabir Gayen

! ! ! ! ! Life! ! ! ! !

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Life
*****
Life! an endless game useless and void,
An effort to fill the nothingness with something,
A numbing walk to nowhere.
Life! a dark dungeon full of songs
anda vainglorious joy.
Looking at Stars with high hopes and then to drop into slumberous naught.
Life is a walking without aim,
No way is there to tread on,
Only to witness with blank eyes,
With tired step watching the way.
The day will come when the emptiness will be filled with fullness.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Delightful Self

Delightful Self
****

Who is there standing,
Stretching arms to embrace,
To lessen the grief that life gives?
Art thou the knower of Truth
or the blissful one with balmy hands to soothe?
In thy cosy arms grief will demise,
From top to bottom thou art goddess
Of loving delight,
The river of forgetfulness,
To make us happy in shabby breeze,
Into thy bosom pours humanity
With manifold seeds - the radiance of joyous shower,
The love of paternoster shrine.
******

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

On Christmas 25thdecember -2018 (Let Me Be Awakened)

-On Christmas 25thDecember -2018
Let Me be Awakened

****

Let me be awakened from my own cave,
I am a Lazarus sleeping within my grave,
O Yesu! let me be free from the chain,
I call Thee Yeshu not Jesus as Thou art
not far from me,
Within and without Thou art as the light,
The way and the Truth.
Show me the way and let me drink the water of life,
Let me be in your arms and let me die,
Die within your arms to know the death,
Dying every moment and rising every moment.
Let thou be born moment by moment within
My virgin self,
My virgin being is thy womb,
Come as radiant light breaking all the doors,
The temple is open all the day and night,
With Love on my dreamless eyes,
From moment's lap to eternal embrace.
Thy seat is empty and incense is burning.
O Yeshu! flow through me as a song unheard,
Like waves in the Ocean, birds in the trees
And wind in the universe,
Let me come close to thee
with music in Heart and ecstasy.
Let me celebrate the great moments of thy Birth,
Thou art born as innocent light to free us from
the chain of intelligence,
Thou art both together with zenith.
Let the New Sun rise in me within having no Sunset,
O prophet of Love! let us free from the cross of illusion,
Thou laid thy life on the Cross to make us
cross the sea of illusion,

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O Lamb, The greatest Son of Mankind,
Arise me with thy tender touch from the deepest state of darkness,
of ignorance and thestupidity of knowledge,
Let my sleep be broken
and help me descend from head back to heart,
From pompous devotional humbug to wordless fragrance,
From self - centric love to selfless service.
****

Prabir Gayen

Walking The Way

Walking The Way
****

Walk in me through me
The unknown joy or pain
Body like a leaf fallen from a tree,
Invisible and rootless,
Walking through me the vastness,
That walks on the Moon,
The Stars and the space,
Walking like a pain naked and endless.
The radiance that shines through
Every phenomenon,
Walks in silent movement,
Walking is a dream,
I move to nowhere and a witness,
On wavy way body moves to nothingness.
****

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Thy Call

-Thy Call -
****
Thy call is shrill
penetrate my being,
Grey seaand yellow dream
on purple night,
Thou art unheard for the uproar
love for the world,
Heavy and mighty chain rattles for another moment,
Timeless delusion is sweet to roam
for sensationthe more,
Take meto holdon thy bosom
For carnal lore is strictly strong,
I am lost in sleepless muse.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Recollection To Reconnect

Recollection to reconnect

****

On those fair eyes,
The shine of enormous deep,
I see with mind carefree
for bygone dream
The smile adds to sail,
The boyhood days
Where heart's were young and vibrant,
Mind's sequestered lover,
Only knows the Mind,
Silence was the wreath,
You were a lovely garden
With uncounted blooms,
Blossoming every moment
On the mower of my Mind.
A close one only heaven knows,
On the path where no one trod,
The invisible track for your feet,
Silently you put beyond knowledge,
The sweet sky of muse still lingering,
Pondering often and on to welcome again,
Your teeming heart with pain unknown,
As a forgotten dream leap from within
Your furtive glance that passed
into nothingness, the void of memory.
Though time is gone beyond gleaming
Thought,
No hope was there to grace the moment,
Moment is lost in the womb of moment,
Love still prevails on some unseen leaf,
Though life is a wild forest.
However song flows through forest
and piping the bamboo with hollow hole,
You are a song among symphony a sweet flute.
God's grace will always shower,
Will strong adorns your honeyed Being.

PoemHunter.com

****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 50(Flower)

Haiku 50
(Flower)
Come into my heart,
Like a tree grow from the seed,
Pain is there to sprout.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Jez Brul'

Jez Brul

haiku - 49
Just'be' my dear friend,
Every time we will write poem,
With zeal and then zest.

Beyond borderline,
Rhythm real will float with truth,
Unknown number though.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Bernard F. Asuncion (Acrostic)

Bernard F. Asuncion
(Acrostic)

Beloved poet of spontaneous art,
Eremite of poetic sensibility,
Rhythm deep inside your
Verdurous vein,
New poem you write with the
grace underneath,
Almighty shines through your write
Like a priestly minstrel.
Rhyme comes in each line to
preach your messege.
Dear poet you are beyond words
to express.

Full glory inside and outside you are an artless music.

Always I think you are a bard of delight,
Slumberous words create music silent,
Upon you God designs a
messenger of faith.
Now and again you soar above
thought,
Consciously you create
subconscious world,
In you meet thunder and placid weal,
On A Higher Floor you are a
Pantheistic Quill Driver,
On your Mind sits CALLIOPEto decree hope against hope,
No lower poetry did you compose
and herald truth among Mankind.

****

Prabir Gayen

Meditation

- Meditation -
****
Day and night,
will I cherish you
Keep you in secret control and pursue,
In sequestered self no voice will call,
Silent as the eyelid's fall,
If mind fails to embrace
In the eyes however hollow
Your seat will be spread,
In clandestine step you will move,
Your feet will bring sky within,
In utter emptiness will my mind end.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Recapitulation - (Monologue)

Recapitulation
(Monologue)
(An attempt to revive the past emotion lost)

My heart feels happiness,
Relieved from tension deep,
Where to keep those eye's lovely bliss?
The fear that always seized my Skittish Mind,
Now I am the sky with fluttering delight,
The moment you lower your Eyes and with abruptness,
You quoth: ' Forgive me, " I do not love you".
What a lovely gesture! What a pity!
Pity falls on my timid mind like a blow
Of Storm to subside Nebuchadnezzar,
Instantly the cup is broken and My Heart floats.
Without argument life flows and rejection becomes resurrection.
Butterflies of manifold colours surround me,
And with suppressed voice,
I saith: "Thanks a lot for your refusal though I am not your swain".
With mutual affinity of being rejected I am back home,
Birds sing in the garden, water flows with mellowing sound,
Cattle is grazing and the Sun with Glory sets as never before,
Everything looks beautiful as never did I see,
Existence seems to pour on me with thousand hands,
Invitation from every core,
From birds to bellowing buffaloes.
Without love life becomes free,
As if arguments deep have wings and conflict demises,
Walking becomes infinity as choice dies,
Without love's careful eyes life is filled with love from the recess of my being,
I am loved by existence.
Walking the way I feel you by my side not as a lover,
But someone who saves me from falling into ditch of my stupidity,
The dark dungeon of my dull concept.
I see my root well-rounded and my wings touching the sky,
Without love's thought I am a mirror without dust,
Every tree is waving branches with nest of birds,
The cacophony and hissing sound of air,
I am a sky, mirror within mirror.

With my joy and ready mind to be refused,
You feel a little shy as if my rejoice rejects you,
You quoth: " I feel for you for your subliminal mind, your expedite care for me and friendship, "

Those words are like waves falling to naught,
The scattering Sunrays after the setting,
My mind is rapt like the rising Sun shining to bloom the buds awaiting for warmth.
I nod my head like homeless eremite,
Seeking to find pain that deeply I cherished.
Nowhere do I find my former self,
No shadow is left to ruminate.

Now i am afraid of your kind gesture,
Do you have second thought?
I try to findphilosophy to soothe my mind,
The more I find words
The more confusion draws,
All philosophers have died in me and I am close to divinity.
With empty heart I am busy listening to the sound on sound,
Like a king I embrace the whole existence,
The silence within silence.
*****""""******""""""******

Prabir Gayen

Chinedu Dike

Chinedu Dike

Campbell of Great Africa,
Hailstorm of poetic pleasure,
In your vein runs poetrylike Luxuriant shower,
No one can imitate The Heaven you create,
Exile soul like an island,
Domain where you sit is full of flowers,
Ural Mountains will be still with your Hymn,
Duke of artless melody you float,
Kindred of great line poetry knows,
Evergreen the spring is your only season.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Love Beyond Mind

- Love Beyond Mind-
*******"
In the arbor deep of my mind,
What if'they' think thou wilt live,
Beyond conception clean,
As the sweetest dream,
Full of music divine or sainted pain,
The bee that visits a bud thatblooms not,
Without word or exchange rhyme,
As a painful love close to being,
Thou wilt live.
In my mind the most endeared one,
In the awareness thou wilt embarce and in slumberous breath like pain profound lull me to thy languid lap,
On the lawn invisible and sublime,
Only mind free from thought can hold the prime,
The sheath of union.
Soul shudded to thee as thou art the leaf of yggdrasil,
Or the soft sprout of the Great Baniyan Tree under which Buddha makes His seat with branches touching eternity,
In my mind within thou art Mind,
My Soul's supreme shrine thou art mine,
Nay I am thee there without divide.
In the no-moon night thou art my fullness,
The full moon night,
Like dewdrop without inspiration new,
thou wilt drop on my being like silence meeting the soundless,
From soul thou wilt move to soul.
The source and the goal the same.
The full circle of life and beyond life,
Shore beyond shore.
In the mundane field however unlike music with gloomy air blows,
Inside the door where no one find the shore,
Thou art me, the vibration of my core.
The busy hour of life pass into nothingness,
And in the fragrance of absolute noentity we will find ourselves,
The grace will be the room,
Like inside a flower with petals as doors,
Really the doorless is the doorsil,

Sky is the bed where smallness dissolves,
The step of five feet will move
From bottom to top,
At the zenith nothing exists,
Only pain will survive without
Mind's pristine path,
Without minds we are one and no one will find us in sky or land,
The heaven above heaven,
The songless silence,
Where we both are lost in gratefulness without outward existence.
****

Prabir Gayen

Dr Dillip K Swain (Homage)

Dr Dillip K Swain
(Homage)

Flame is burning and out of that
One Name is stemming out,
Dr Dillip K Swain, a Reverend poet,
With talent enormously deep,
And ingiht that no one can fathom,
With lightning pen brings fire from unlit temple,
The muse that sways without way,
A poet of spontaneous vein with fragrance divine,
Like a tree you spread your branches with tiny flowers,
Each is a beautiful poem with teeming knowledge like petals,
A poet and a preacher you reign the domain years after years.
Moving the High from on you look,
Your name is like the Everest,
Within and without you are an empty bowel,
Full of music divine.
You breathe through your flute and music ineffable rings,
Shedding all that is not life nourishment,
You are a poet of the Indian soil,
Where Kalidas the Great and Goswami Tulsidas the mighty soul,
Spread water of ablution to purge the literary vein,
The saga of ancient time
And poets of absolute rhyme,
Pave the way you treat on,
Dr Dillip K Swain let me pay my homage to your Mighty wave,
You are the light and the flame,
Steady and mystical,
The unknown yet very much known,
The source and the goal too,
Through your poetic dream let me quench my mind,
The worldly and celestial bower
Evergreen with the warmth of love.
*******"**********

Prabir Gayen

Inner Harmony Haiku (1-4)

Inner Harmony
Haiku - 1
(Salutation)
I bow down to thee,
The light within thee the joy,
Thou may not be aware.
****
Haiku -2
(Love)
I see thee thy grace
With Mind silent thy essence,
The source thou come from.
****
Haiku -3
(Light)
The light that thou hold
The source and goal of thy Mind,
To thee my love deep.
****
Haiku - 4
(Flame)
The flame thou art burning
The flame of my Mind for thee
It is burning within.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Rajnish Manga _ (Acrostic)

Rajnish Manga
(Acrostic)
Reverence to you dear poet, The critic the great,
Always you sttand ahead, the innocent intelligence,
Juvenile heart with Aristotalian mind,
Newish Creed with ancient knowledge,
Inbibed you the spirit of both new and old,
Supreme knowledge with the supra soul,
Homage to you from this silly poetic soul.

My Mind soars to praise your utmost mores,
Alien though I feel kinship for you not lower core,
New poet finds peace in your analysis like divine shore,
Glorious spirit flavoured by literary quality Galore,
Always you shine Like a BIG STAR with a soothing lore.
**********'*****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Dr. Antony Theodore Brahmin (Acrostic)

Dr. Antony Theodore Brahmin
(Acrostic)

Day first onward you were with me,
ReverendDr Theodore Brahmin,
Always showed the path to New One,
New poet gets light from your delight.
TONE that you spread is eternal,
Over the Universe you will live forever,
Noble poet of sensitive heart,
You are always the strongest One.

The knowledge you gain special kind,
Hail to your spiritual bent of Mind,
Elysian Ink brighten your skaldic pen,
On every domain you walk at ease,
Doctor of Noetic universe,
Occult knowledge makes your wisdom,
Region above the thought of human mind,
Elated being you soar above the Sky.

Big Mind with silent prayer you write,
Rest and respite within each line,
A bard of highest kind with dream Profound,
Helm of poetic Delegacy you raise,
Mysticism kisses your heart and soul,
Inward and outward you are One,
New thought you spread to quicken new birth.
****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 48

Haiku 48
(No sound)

Sound drops to soundless sea,
Mind is vanished like a rat,
The Cat is moving.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku47 (Flame)

Haiku 47
(Flame)
Only Goddess can shine,
The flame within the flame out,
My Soul shudded plainly.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

_ Love Beyond Mortals _

_ Love beyond mortals _

Thou with beauty deep shine,
On the lawn of my mind like vast brine,
Wave will touch thy feet with head deeply down, layer upon layer will uncover the truth enshrined,
In the darkness carefully I willlay thee
covered with pain pristine,
Upon awakening thou will find a dear one sleeping,
On the lawn of being hollow and empty,
In that hollow space as nothing thou will be awakened to someone who knows nothing.
Someone close by sitting onto thy bare bosom,
Pain or joy the synonyms thy soul's prime,
In silent dropping of your mind in secret place,
I will be there as unseen breeze that blows not.
Beyondthe world or heaven unknown to mortals.
With minds free from inhibitions and conditions
Of all kinds,
Thou will be my soul's ultimate respite,
In formless deep and abysmal zone human cares not to think about.
With wafting wave love will be beauty with singular Mind.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Love _ Unknown To Mind

Love _ Unknown to Mind
(To My Cleopatra)
Will I hold thee without wish,
Like a sky thou will glitter with stars uncount,
Thy soul will pour upon my being,
Elemental boon of divinity,
What if no one knows it.!
Inner realm of being will adore beyond infinity,
As a divine solace thou will stay under my careful fondness,
The silence of my heart will lull thee sleep,
With music unheard thou will be soothed,
Upon my heart full of noetic charms
Thou will bloom to ultimatum,
Pain will recede to lethe river and thou will be born as pure bower,
Myriad flowers will bloom to love,
A sequestered song without rhapsody will embrace thy soul.
Love beyond world and platonic by nature
Will flow from thee to me,
To sing a song for better humanity.
****

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Hazeldurham (Acrostic)

Hazel Durham
(Acrostic)

Hail to thee the beauty divine,
Angel poetess of great Ireland,
Zeal and zest like the great WB Yeats,
Eternal flute ofwell-read land,
Lustre of thy poems wins my soul.

Dream that thou spread
Is Ineffaceable,
Under thy heart bubbles poems
Undying.

Right it is to praise thy daintiness,
Humble poetess of variant subject,
All for that divine lives in thy self,
Majestic is the pen thou write with.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 46

Halkiu 46
(light)
Let me sit close-by,
Thy light will fall on My being,
I will herald truth unheard.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Valsa George

Valsa George

Versatile poetess of sensitive heart,
Awe-compelling words coin song of true coast.
Living the way of life the poetry you write,
Sagasity pours on each and every rhyme.
Abbess of subtle world with your holy idyll,
Grave rhyme shines often with knowledge profound.
Elegancy of thoughts and emotions mystic,
Over our dissertation you reign supreme.
Rapturous ecstasy in every tier,
George Valsa you are true poet without attire,
Esteem your endeavour with my heart's ode.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Apoet

-A POET-
****

Sometimes high as the Everest,
And fly above human thought,
Sometimes on viewless verb He floats,
A poet is a confused soul within without.
A starlet Night and Clouded day.

Sometimes to the ditch,
the abysmal sheath He falls,
A poet is a Mightier mind that moves
between alpha and omega.
Drink the elysian juice that flows
beyond fancy and sometimes he is found
careless puffing Cigar.

Sometimes saga like Plato comes and
Looks with doubtful Mind,
The creative fancy of the bards,
rejecting fancy as fallacy and false.
Sometimes Milton comes and soars above,
With Mighty Rhyme He travels beyond reality known.

With fanciful brain He challenges the Truth,
Unreal becomes real and new cosmos is formed.
A poet is a creator and he creates the truth,
Knowingly or unknowingly He knows the truth,
Hence trouble starts to torture the poets,
A poet is a sufferer with no solution.

He is a Knower of truth the highest one,
Sometimes He goes beyond prophets known,
With immortal verse He says essential truth,
That scriptures fall to embrace
The length and breadth,
'Paradise Lost and Metamorphosis',
No less than scriptures that preach.

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Sometimes he falls like a common folk,
With pain in heart he cries for good for nothing,
A poet is both moonlit and deep dark night.
The peak of imagination, the highest like a Star,
And often cries for a Pipsqueak and fights for small bosket.

A poet is an oscillating spirit,
From heaven to hell He travels with easy access,
Through Sincerity He becomes divine spirit,
Preach the Gospel of love among humanity,
Sometimes He falls beyond Mind and Cries for help.

He dwindles below and above the Cloud,
With The Sun he smiles and with The Moon he cries,
He is a Banyan tree like Homer and a soft
Douceur like Shelley or Keats or Me poet yeps poet,
Sometimes He reigns in Hell and creates Pandemonium,
And often He cries with Bleeding heart,
On the horns of Lamb he is torn into pieces.

A poet is a flowing river with ups and downs
Full of music and silence sound and subdued.
He is a valley with top and invites rain of sunlight,
And bottom deep unfathomable measureless to man.

A poet is a bird and the song of that birds,
The ocean and it's salt,
The luminaries of the earth are the poets
Who sing the song of humanity
Avoiding personal loss and sorrow.

The wisdom and sincerity, Love and compassion, passion and dispassion,
knowledge and ignorance in perfect balance
Make a poet,
A poet is a peculiar possibility rare to find in common folk.
A messenger of God and a prophet to sing the song of joy and sorrow of human Shore.

****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku -45

Haiku-45
(Love for you)

Cuckoo thrills my heart,
Song flows without hollow space,
It is my love for you.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Bharati Nayak-(Acrostic)

Bharati Nayak
(Acrostic)
Bhajan, the divine song of God do I need,
Hail thee and to praise thee for thy being pure.
Another poetess laureate Sarajini Naidu wast like thee,
Rapturous spirit thou owest, , a sweet singing goddess,
Amaranthine bower thou art with dewy sprout,
Teemed with symphony deep,
Inner being full of elemental hymn.

New poem thou sing with new pain and passion,
Always stand upright like the Sun in the skies,
Years after years thou makest us enlightened,
Ailing spirits become fresh in thy poetic lagoon,
Kinship strong do I feel when go through thy rhapsody.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Gratitude To My Co- Poets

- My Gratitude to My Co -Poets-

****
I was sad for not sharing the voice
With my beloved poet John Keats,
Who with painful heart eternal odes did compose,
Cried for unhealthy limitation of human mind,
With each passing time He grew to be a complete poet to touch the pristine truth on the theory of beauty as it's prime.

I was sad for not being in touch with the spirit of PB Shelley,
Who with Impetuosity did inspire the dropping humanity with spiritual Mind,
With wrath and wreath did He compose revolutionary verse to usher change in social stratum,
Dreamboat a poet of ultimate flowering of poetic consciousness,
A spirit like the fire God who inspired potency inherent with unbounded imagination.

I was sad for not looking at a Sylvan spirit like William Wordsworth who meditated each passing strain with single breath,
The priest of nature and poet of common folk.
He did write his heart with lucid dream on fair silubject,
The play and display of single being in every object.
The poet of spontaneous fragrance.

I was sad for not imbibing the craze,
The eccentricity and abruptness of Robert Browning,
Who with dramatic Felicity created immortal verse,
The philosopher of dejected hearts,
A lover whom everyone covets.

I was sad for retarded depression
When I think of metaphysical poets,
Donne, Herbert, Marvell and Vaughan,
I did not share their mystic metaphysical Minds.

I was sad for not having company of Nature's beloved son,
The poet of bud and bloom, Lake and lagoon and love and languishment,
Our beloved priest -poetRabindranath and

The world with modern mindslike Hopkins Yeats and Eliot.

I was sad to think for my sudden weird being that wished to have a talk with Shakespeare the great and Marlowe the Master,
They have become bygone past.
Only pain profound did pinch to dream of them.

Now I am rejuvinated with thought new,
I am not an orphan poet,
Nor do I walk alone on the path,
Seeking the footprints in yellow pages to be inspired for poetry the great,

I have got beautiful Minds and pure hearts like 'Me poet yeps the poet' and' Dr Tony Brahmin',
'Kumarmani Mahakul' and Bharati Nayak', Edward Kofi Louis and Jez Brul', Robert Murray Smith and Hazel Durham, Dr Dilip Kumar swain and Sylvia Frances Chan and many more.
They are with me with same thought and same grandeur to show me the way till I breath my last.

****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 44

Haiku- 44
(Passion)

Night falls with thunder,
Storm swells within mind restless,
Devil peeps with sweet paint.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

-kumarmani Mahakul-

Kumarmani Mahakul
(Acrostic)

Knowledge of ultimate ease,
Utopia drops to mature heart
Minstrel of divine hymn you are,
Abbot of natural song you sing,
Rhyme is your Prowess, the instinct.
Mundane becomes blessed with your touch,
Another Wordsworth of our Land,
New form new name but same weight,
Inward and outward same fluent Consensus.
Mighty pen you create with cadence,
Always pant your heart for junior poets,
Hymn divine and invention new,
After you poetry becomes priestly lesson like dew.
Kindred of miltonic effusion in your vein,
Upright soul and illumined mind,
Look Up you as our guiding spirit Divine Apollo.

PoemHunter.com

****

Prabir Gayen

- Kumarmani Mahakul-

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(Acrostic)

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****

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm_ Meditative Trance

Inner Realm
(Meditative Trance)

Thou wert from time immemorial,
As pain or as joy unheeded and unknown,
In the untouched core of my dream,
Thou walkest like celestial light on light,
As dreamy delight thou cometh with fleeting sight,
In my dreamy cognition thou art pain undecided,
Subtle like the tune of an unborn bird,
Plangent like the fall of a mighty star.
Thou art and wert in the dark cover and beyond cover,
The vibration deep and fanciful indeed in my solitary confinement.
Like a sweet guest on my self
thou knocked on the parapet,
and as a host I was asleep finding no one.
Pain and joy like the lightning and thunder,
Thou hid as dream never to meet.
Like the sky enormous and vast before the unlit
Shrine,
Or drowsy chaperone who slept with me and smiled with me in joy and sorrow,
A subtle formless lover.
Thou art and no design can bring thee out of my being,
A mystic dream beyond thrilling sense
of my Mind,
Thou art my secret pain so carefully I adore
In silent celebration of my being,
A cosy embrace of vastness.
Time will pass intothe realm of
eyeless muse of no-thing-ness,
And I will dissolve into the abyss of timelessness with thee in my soul,
The sky will mingle with sky without stir
Like drop of water on the bosom of ocean
and fire mixes with fire.
As a drop of silence or a path of space
We will live as elemental epistle.

****

Prabir Gayen

Haiku 42 (Empty Heart)

Haiku - 42
(Emptiness)
My heart shivers strong,
Within it the epic written,
Empty page deeply shine.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku - 41- (Rain)

Haiku - 41
(Rain)

The leaves are still calm,
Pattering sound thrills to core,
Guest and the host silent.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Sylvia Frances Chan- (Acrostic)

- Sylvia Frances Chan -
(Acrostic)
Supreme soul of Deutekum,
Youthful ever theErytheia of Netherlands,
Loftiness thy Nature do I feel in my heart.
Vocal titulary, the spirit of artless eremite,
Indian soul, my heart pays homage to thee,
Absolute pleasure do I feel for thy graceful voice.

Fragrance of thy poem fills the nature
Redolence of heavenly flavour, the taste,
Allowing all to peep thy soul pristinely pure.
Nakedness of thy virtue is the field of God,
Cuckoo of the land, the native singer the great.
Carefully capture the spirit of Mousai, dear pard,
Synergy of thy soul will spread the world aloud.

Charmed my soul with thy love and support,
Hail to thee! my foreign friend I feel I know thee.
Above eulogy my heart bleeds for emotion deep,
Noetic knowledge thrills my self to feel thy kinship.
****

Prabir Gayen

Me Poet Yesp Poet - (Acrostic)

Me Poet yeps Poet
(Acrostic)

My heart pants for you, dear,
Oh poet the poet, the bard.
Enormous is your stature,
Poet of ultimate mind.
Over your head grace cover,
Ever time you write like fire God.
Tunefulness is your inner nature,
Years after years you enrich poetic world,
eavesdropping the whisper of Nature.
Poet of mind and heart, knows poemhunter.
Supreme mind to embrace supraliminal land.
Picking the topic normal you make it divine,
On the threshold of your mind God resides,
Eternity doth dwell when you write poems ineffable,
To you my heart's ultimate reverence.

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"**********"

Prabir Gayen

Separation

- Separation -

The winter comes and it comes with law,
The biting cold is it's chariot,
It's icy hand will break all that is old.
It is breaking by slow space,
It breaks all the seasons' greetings
and fervours of hearts,
Winter is the resting bower of nature.
The flowers that bloom
are the commemoration of death,
The setting Sun shines the Moon,
The cold Earth receives the cold moon,
With similar warth of heart.
In deep pain and love unheeded
Winter reigns,
It is the sason of death,
Let us be true to life and face it,
Death is the end of life's sordid past.
The beginning of new era,
New poem of life,
I know, new is painful
always heart wish to swim the bygone dream.
The nostalgia,
Let us face death with courageous
brain,
The snow blows with biting stroke
On the lawn mower the desolate street,
Upclom the mountain top.
The celebration of silence,
Winter comes with warning for the aged to get into being,
It's song is silent and non-referring.
The music is silent and deep,
Life's ultimate journey gets momentum with it's unborn symphony.
Season's coldness is heavy to our tenebrous minds,
The cold, mistiness outside will bring change,
Making way to germination,
Winter is the prime rib of harbouring the saplings underneath.
The father spirit to drive the seed to warm womb of mother Earth,

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Time with fleeting wings will pass into nothingness,
And our long Love's days with memory deep will stay in every passing clouds.
In the orchestra of the crickets
And the chirping delight of the birds,
In the sprout when spring will bring new boon of mild air and hope
New to touch the sky.
We will grow with them,
Let us embrace death with delightful breath to part through the way of heart.
The coming season is the coming of our test,
That we should rest like the buds that warm the summer,
The separation has a beauty for the space for Love to grow.
Let us know the eternal root of existence,
Life is beautiful and so the death,
Cold season is the harbinger,
Let us be in between.
****

Prabir Gayen

Pain Of Heart

Pain
(To Debdutta)

In what pain unknown that seems,
Thy mind is teeming thy vision,
In what emotion and obsession deep,
Thy Face is becoming cloudy with ache!
Darling of all and favourite of my mind,
What fear and anxiety doth grip thy mind.

Unuttered words like waves vagrant,
Like tied that became a lake and border,
Thy eyes are fixed to embrace something false,
Pain and stiffness are not thy nature,
Shed all darkness that wraps thy countenance.

In what capacity doth thy breath move
with eyes fixed,
Soft falling and swelling of thy breasts
hug unnatural rhyme,
Painful or agonising doth it seems,
Let go all to slip out from the dungeon deep.
Let go mind and be a happy bird with wings.

"""***""""****""""*******"""""*****""'""***""""''""****""

Prabir Gayen

My Pain, My Joy, My Love

My pain my joy my love
(My Cleopatra)

Flower blooms and subsides to naught,
It slips to nothingness,
It blooms and pants to spread its heart,
Being nothing it empties it's soul,
It sways without fragrance
and dances to be no- self,
Song of unuttered grace,
it demises to absolute joyousness,
My flower blooms in my heart,
Innermost recess beyond border of my heart,
The zenith of my self,
It blooms and dwindles in and out,
Oh the blooming is painful!
It is too full to hold,
Everyday every minute it soars to sky,
The sky of my love becomes thee,
Thou art my blossoming self,
Oh my love my Cleopatra!
The lifting wave of my soul,
Thy divinity takes my soul with single stroke of thy love.
In muse or mute volume I chant thy name inside my being..
My love my joy my Cleopatra.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Cleopatra Of My Soul

- Cleopatra of My Soul-

Such ethereal beauty
Tenuous cover
Like mist wraps a virgin earth,
Sweet as honey from new burst bud,
Thou art like the grace of a flower,
Coming from womb of leafy douceur,
Lips like the Oread -a lovestruck mountain Nymph,
Thou art a vision of an overindulgent bard,
A pure image that only heart can dare to share.
Thy prime and thy stature,
Will shine like Western Star,
Helena's Cup of radiance,
And Cleopatra's vow,
Thou art both in perfect combination though,
Soft shouldering thy charm
Is a battlefield thou hold,
No Cleopatra can ever imagine
The Indian beauty with mighty sword,
Thy sword is thy wisdom,
The lone lore of knowing the unknown,
Being loved by divine one,
Thou art coolness of the ocean
And warm like Storm,
To my thrilling mind a trilling tune,
Beyond thought waves always love
The ocean,
However strong and restless be,
Ocean embrace it's wave with vast arms,
However turbulent it comes to be,
In my warm increasing pain for love
Unknowable thou art bosom to float,
With arms stretch thou wilt embarce
With coolness of knowledge.
Beyond argument an Indian Cleopatra of my silent Soul.

**********"********

Prabir Gayen

Haiku - 41(Love Esoteric)

Haiku -41
(Love esoteric)

Thou art Hesperide
The soul of evening starlight,
On thy face ocean deep.

Thou art nymph Bestet,
Fed on the light from pyramid,
Oh! delightful love.

On every part of thine,
Each bent of thy somatic
Softness sits the Eros.

The honeydew from Eden
Caresses thy bosom with iris,
Oh daughter of Electra.

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The light that falls, fills
Thy soft juicy bower that lies
On the wavy ocean thou move.

Soft step of thy feet
on the naked grass mirrors thee,
Thou art open sky deep.

Thou walk thy way home,
Like a patch of cloud with 'bow,
The spear of love thou spread free.

Thou art lover nobody
Can dream, the inner wide zone,
In thee the death is beautiful.

From thy bosom pours
The potion of Life Annuity,
The dream my heart pants.

Thy feet the adorable
bliss of amdirer who thought thee,
Thou live beyond zenith since.

Upon thy cosy arms
The angels fly spreading aura,
The nurturing straw.

The light from eyes goes,
Washing the darkness that winded,
The knowledge of heart endowed.

Upon awakening
I find thee in the pain of being,
Twisting every moment.

The cosy nourishing care,
So deeply do I dare to find,
Inside my loaded being.

Oh nymph of soul pure,
Joy ofmy heart's enormous core,
Thou art mine in every shine,

With knowledge thou stoop,
Upon my pristne soul, knows,
Heaven may bliss tune.

Under my painful Vibe
Thou art as rhyme for soul mine,
Within without love.

Esoteric thy eyes
Beckon deep my inner world
To sit by thy side.

Looking day and night
Praising and deluding mind,
Knowledge and conscience that doth bar,

On my awakening
To love pristne and unknown,

Prosaic prose flies underneath.

Beyond form and norm
Doth my mind desire thy worth,
smelling dew from pore.

The noetic copulation
The Spiritual intercourse,
As vapour with sky.

Thou art there always,
From birth till death and beyond,
A pure emptiness within void.

In the silent chamber
Thou art as my soul divine,
Onto thy chest my rest ultimate.
****

Love

Prabir Gayen

Haiku -37-40

- To Ritu Didi-

Haiku -37
(The Mind)
New Sun shining bright
The Snow is rolling on lawn
The frozen mind awaits thee.
****
Haiku -38
(Love)
The sky is starlet
Mind looks beyond mind for thee
The wolf is hungry.
****
Haiku -39
(Deep love)
On thy forehead deep
My mind an epic doth review
Thy quaint honour rebuke.
****
Haiku - 40
(Thy Face)
On the cheeks no image
Buttress of moon shines like noon
Eyes are glazed Hera.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku-36- (Ageless Beauty)

Haiku -36
(Ageless Beauty)

Time is flying betimes,
Nimbly taking the hue Bouillon,
From every shiny opus.

Aging the thing fallow,
Water falls and vaporises,
Soil clods to decay.

Every fair part is rotten,
Unseen yet decaying to core,
Nature Swindles the eyes open.

Clouds float and vanishing,
Raindrops float on watercourse,
Mist flying to touch the sky.

PoemHunter.com

Change is taking place,
To pave the way for the New,
New and old are one.

Thy age will not grow,
Nor thy warm soul suffer change,
Thou art new forever.

New and warm with grace,
Beauty thou owest wilt remain,
Beyond time and space.

Nature is playing,
game Of change and interchange,
Into thy ageless soul.

Earth water and sky,
Within thy rosy love-room deep,
The unchange unfathomed.

Every firth of thy being,
Will be fresh live and renewed,
For my soul's careful dew.

I will keep thee fresh,
Locking thy virgin wholeness,
Within my warm worth.

Time will pass to naught,
Space will blow without motion
Thou art being unchanged.

With my heart's delight,
In the thrilling echo deep,
Thou will live as my self.

With each passing breath,
Thou will be revived again,
In my death souls prevail.

Again and again,
Beauty will be formed with depth,
With knowledge secret.

Thou art a warrior,
Time will fail to trace thy self,
Vast and beyond measure.

My soul will live ever,
Witness thy ineffable share,
The divine ordain.

In my poem vivid,
Thou will be forever alive,
Love will sing timeless song.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku -35 -(Hope)

Haiku- 35
- Hope-
On thy visage writ,
The name of my dream divine,
Uopn you my to-be.

****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku- 34- (Weak Heart)

Haiku -34
(Weak heart)

Weak heart jumps outside,
Thy glance falls on the weak string,
Hard irritation follows.
****

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku-33- Pain

Haiku -33
Pain

Walking in the Sunshine,
Pain drops from mind sweat pops,
Warmth of love and pain.
****

Prabir Gayen

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A Nymph Of Love (Daughter Of Divinity)

- A Nymph of Love -
To Ritu Didi)
(Daughter of Divine)

Are Thou Artemis wandering lonely in the forest of love?
Well - armed in thy soft arms with
Weapon Basilisk,
To whom art thou flowering,
And to whom thy rage wilt fall,
In soft murmuring wind walk,
Thy whisper reachesSylvan Eden,
The bees are busy humming the song of thy praise,
A floral feast is oozing in every bough,
Ah Nymph of elysean arbor!
Thy eyes make the Hurst a Moonlit night,
Though no-moon in the Night.
The bare feet on dry leaves sprout
Manifold seeds,
Buds sway to bloom at an urgent
happiness,
Who art thou?
Oh little soul of might heart,
The Moon on a deserted land,
Thy sudden blow of beauty makes this Maidenlike land a heaven.
Thou art Soul never to meet on land,
Beyond the reach of mortal hands,
Thy eyes art gleaming like fallen Moon on brine,
Thy heart is blooming and brimming,
Like the mirth of sun-soaked boose,
Full of love and compassion,
Intoxicated eyes art like heaven underneath,
Calling the thirsty souls to collect knowledge divine,
Thou art Mother Earth and
would be the lovely lover to care the destitute,
Warm is thy soul to drive the pestilence that makes sore to human mores,
With thy soft cooling touch of rain and mist,
Thy forehead gazes and wordless eyes art determined to usher change,
Oh sequestered soul!
stepping tip toe to my side,

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And with mystic night taking the potion of mighty stars,
Thou Artemis art moving inside my soul,
Art thou my cherished dream?
Or the heaven that I may meet
after my demise?
Oh light that vanished within minute with eyes blink,
Let me look at thee with my mind,
Full of stars vanish and empty is the being,
In Starless sky let me move to thee and forget the blows of life,
For a moment let me drink thy bliss to get at thoughtless beauty,
The bosom of goddess in a pure trance.
In that ceaseless muse I wish to leave my single soul to be single with thee.

Prabir Gayen

Sweet Poison

Sweet poison

I eat a mouthful of sweet stuff,
Sweet and savory,
tasty and palatable,
I eat with fullness and eat with wholeness,
I eat the sapid food and become eating,
I eat and eating becomes me.
The sweet and sour become my taste,
Sweet taste becomes sour as a test.
The mouthful sweet becomes mouthful upas,
I eat a mouthful venom with tasty flavour.
The sweet and sour, nectar and poison are similar to my being.
Human body is a bloated balloon
full of poison,
I eat delicious food and it becomes poison.
We eat poison in the name of food.
Sweet in taste and upas in consequence.
Socrates drank hemlock,
He drank with total awareness,
Drinking with awareness made him stable,
Poison became nectar for knowing the unknowable,
Knowing Life totally by living it completely,
He jumped into infinity,
Landed in the land of darkness with the illumined Mind,
He became light eternally ineffable.
I ate with pain in heart as I am novice in the soil of life,
With fleeting glimpse of freshness,
aliveness,
I am an uprooted sapling
With sun and shower having little knowledge of the depth of hidden soil.
Without dance and ecstasy I ate sweet with no fragrant knowledge.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Who Art Thou?

Who art thou?
(To Ritu Didi)

Who is that like the petal of a new burst bud?
The soft opening of a Burgeon,
The yeaning of a bud with knowledge deep,
That brings relaxation deep.
Who is that soft nurturing soul
deep within herself with song within full of knowledge of the mystery of life and death?
Who is that careless being looking at life with no warmth of worry?
Who is that beauty that is virgin in every pore of mind?
Who art thou?
Like pain of love or languishment long to lose the loved one,
Who art thou o soul pure in every hour looking carelees?
Art thou the spirit of careless morning or the soul of mystic night?
I look thee with love and lost in the oceanic mode of smile,
Beyond words thou art innocet mind,
A mind without mind and intelligent
With shiny moon of innocence.
Walk thee like the walk of Moon on the ocean,
Moving softly with sequestered step,
I am am a victim witness to praise thy mildness with pain in heart.
****

Prabir Gayen

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Death On Tender Arms

Death on the arms of a Boy
(Tender boy Mayukh)
Death on the tender arms,
He tried with pain to stop the wheel,
To stop the wheel of death with careful touch,
To re-establish the life on the worn-out body,
He tried with intensity to revive his beloved grandpa.
Mayukh a tender boy full of life,
The dream to meet and the sky to touch,
Tried with deep pain the heart that vibrated
Every time for him,
He evasdroped probably the whisper of death,
His silent footsteps to embrace his dear 'Dadu',
With restless mind he held the veiling of death,
To make his Childhood friend to respond,
But death is tight and adamant,
Ever obedient to His Master, The Time.
Within the arms of a renter boy,
A budding flower death happens,
And it happens so to make the boy strong
to life,
Strong to face life with fearlessness.
Death comes to make the mortals strong in the soil of life,
Perhaps this is the last care from a dying grandpa to a caring grandchild.
Death happens in a soft arm to understand the wheel of life and death.
****

Prabir Gayen

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On The Death Of A Mild Man

- On the Death of Mild Man -
(A beautiful Mind)
(A poem of Condolence To Mayukh Sardar)

On the marketplace people wander,
Restless and full of minds,
Life is a busy hive and flow of life is United,
People are walking like a pond of lacquer,
Furnishing every moment that death snatches.
Life is death every moment,
Death rising every moment and Life it doth seems.
People heaving along the path to naught,
The burning pyre within,
Life is a burning flame
that happened every moment without trash,
Unknownunseenrealm that is reborn without
The trace of birth.
Death is a beautiful land, silent secure and fearless.

On the way people wander with wonderous minds,
Jostle to think about what to think
that thinking is useless,
Death enters a house with absolute silence,
Only death is silence and brings silence,
Silencing the minds pounces the death from unknown world,
Like storm invincible and invisible lashes on earth,
Like the mist of early morning,
Like a wave that rose within moment's distance,
Death enters a house to spread it's silent being.
All the pain is gone that was rising with the
lifting waves of life,
All the ups and downs that Within
calling the spirit of death to end the season of suffering,
The season to fall on the ground of endless virtue,
He died and death washes all the tiredness,
He lived beautiful and died beautifully.
In the seed of life he was a huge but soft voice,
In death he celebrates the absoluteness.
He laid on the couch as if on the arms of

Mother Earth,
To touch the feet of Father Sky.
Silent still and solitary without confinement
He leaves the land of ours
to find the land Of immortality,
Life that he lived is with Him
to show Him His way to deathless and lifeless beauty.
Leaving us bewildered He became a wordless fragrance.
****

Prabir Gayen

Mystic Rose

- Mystic Rose-

Mystic rose blooms in shadowy bower
deep,
Blue sky redden in open fragrance
fly,
Thou art gone in heavy heart for my fault,
All portion Tambour, drums for wakefulness.
I wake in strange passion for unknown fear, empty mindwith vacant dream
in mad pursuit,
Thou art in heavenly breeze,
spinning around.
Now the time for my demise hast come
for vacant being and aloneness.
Half deadthe self for the world
too much,
moment is lostin painted passion,
full and overflowing.
Thou art gone in nebulous way of heart,
tide full of love,
lost the lustmy way.
I will go and pick the bloom there,
If breath is lost thy name can revive me.

Prabir Gayen

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Dream Of A Tiny Bloom

- Dream of a tiny bloom-

A tiny flower burgeoning underground,
With hope in mind to enjoy bright sunshine,
Within mind with potential deep rapt in dream,
From coastal sound hope brims to come out,
Stretching arms It wishes to enjoy
the bliss of life.
A tiny drop of mind having no mind
With it's unborn self looks,
It looks beyond it's unborn wings,
In shade, the womb of mother Earth
it celebrates to be in form,
The birthday.
A tiny space, an unseen unknown pain
wishes to float on surface,
With no knowledge of the world of form,
the perils.
The world of dream and beyond dream,
the unflinching Stillness the bud lives,
Its wish to be a pretty flower
to sway in bower is it's ultimate journey
to abrogation.
It's brimming bubbling and enjoying to allaying
is the grand song of life.
From birth till death happens
the grand feast of life in between
to jump into infinity.
From the shore of life to shoreless
redolence, a great nourishment,
The beauty within beauty,
life within life.

**********"*

Prabir Gayen

Carefree Mood-(Sukla)

-Carefree Mood-
(Sukla)

Who is standing inside bower?
With mind carefree and eyes empty,
Art thou spring or autumn listless?
With flower a fresh air of fount.
The coolness sprinkles around Hurst,
A tiny soul within floral feast.
The humming bees may be mad with joy,
Calling their kindred to honour
The special guest at timely hour.
The sunrays shine with mirthful smile,
Air blows across with gleeful space.
A guest hast come at mellow hour.
Who is standing inside the bower?
Looking at space with heart eremite,
Art thou Chloris whom we call flora?
Or Horae whom we adore for grain.
Will I go and have there my cushion,
With floral feastI will make myself glee,
Shedding all thoughts that make me bored.

Prabir Gayen

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-wordless Love-

Wordless Love
(To Ritu DiDi)

A big stone shines from far away land,
The Moon light on the Moon glitters,
Behind a dense forest to emboss,
The empyrean fire of ablution,
On thy forehead gaze the divine eyes.
With deep love and mindful sapience.
The Almighty the Great formed thee,
With handful grace of space,
Thou art grace formed with formless love.
Within and without thou art divine,
Spirit not of Earth and the sky.
With thy eyelids deep inside and outside The Sun moves with slow sequestered step,
With thy heavy oozing ball of fire,
The eyeball deep noetic knowing flows like sunbeams,
Stream of knowledge bubbles like fume sprinkle the mist of devotion.
Style that thou own the shadow of eternity down the ages blow,
On glittering cheeks the spring with her azure kin the shaky Autumn.
On the countenance every season celebrates the depth of moment,
The deep and voluminous nook,
The red and crimson lips foreshadowing the dawn of virtuous time,
The power of hearts embalming the grief- stricken humanity.
On the heart tender taken breath upholds with soft mellowing mind,
And pain unknown and unseen,
The glimpse of freshness the purity of aloofness,
Thou art, without doubt, O Ritu Didi a true warrior to fight every trammel with thy strengh,
Limitless and inexhaustible,
The light that once swayed my tiny soul to find the ageless No-Soul.
The atomic love that thou spread,
The Art of Living through thy pristne glory to reach the summit,
The art of dying to dull decaying dream.
Upon thy sunny bower where moon blooms with every step of thine,
Where bees are mad with heavy
haunt and store,
Where birds are silenced singing notes of matter,

Song of heart every hour tinkles,
Pointing shore beyond shore.
Upon thy awakened Mind, what doI dream in my secret self,
The light that is so alike, The beauty beyond dispute is the prime or the proof.
The field deeply silent and non-reffering,
The sphare of nothingness,
The soul of solitaire where never doth peep to stir the peace,
Thou art a field without and within a great dance of Such- Ness,
My heartfelt love for thy journey from powerful Am-ness to powerless Is-Ness.
The sky within sky is the horizon
No one can fathom,
To thee my wordless love and respect.
(Brother)

Prabir Gayen

Cow Slaughter

-Cow slaughter-

Cows are meek and innocent Wight,
From God and goddess we learn to worship,
Cows are real nectar for entire humanity,
They need our love and protection.

Cow gives us life in various form,
We should guard this beast of burden,
Cow lives to save us from multiple disease,
Cows are beast not brutish.

To stop the merciless slaughter we need conscience,
Cows are our corporal meal and mess,
Providing drink for nourishment,
We need to stop merciless killing of this
guiltless beast.

Cows are now hot topic
From slaughter house to political battlefield,
From eremite to consciousness public,
From monk to merciless cenobite.

To save cow we kill men,
Men are sacrificial lamb
to pacify community god,
From slaughter house to political Gallows Lee,
Poor beast and rightly said beast of burden.

We need sense and compassion for
Every form of life,
From beetle to elephant
From cow to humanity.

We are going to enlightened society,
With deeper sense of belongingness,
We need to educate people to stretch love
To all and sundry.
Cow should not be used as weapon to culture hate and hostility.

We need love and embedded with heart's compassionatetouch,
Sensitive and sensibility.

Prabir Gayen

Thy Grace-(To Ritu Didi)

- Thy Grace-
From a tiny bud thou
hast made me an ocean,
Thy grace spreads my entire self,
Thy pleasure beyond expression.

From a dying ego
To the zenith of joy
Thou overflow my stupid self
To sapid spirit.

Oh divine grace!
Thou spread all over
From tip of grass to mighty storm.

The infinity doth dwell
From flower to the Moon,
From flying butterfly to orient Sun,
In dewy sprout smiles.

PoemHunter.com

The coolness of mind
Meets thy warm eyes,
Love oozes toembrace
All that is Diablerie.

I see thee and thy love
In every manifest form
Smiling with face full of taste
To hold me back in mayhem.

I see thee with eyes closed
The boon of my master's grace
In shade and stain
To wait for me to have a place.

Oh soul divine!
Thou art my unseen dream
In the soil of life thou art space
Full of stars to bless with light.

Heart of mine vibrates
With thought close and matey
With thine Precedence in inner space
Waves to unfelt state the silent nimbleness.

Prabir Gayen

Feeling Of Love (To Ritu Didi)

-Feeling of Love -
(To Ritu Didi)
(Inspired by a divine image)

I feel and my feeling is my love,
Love is not of lower rank,
When do I see thee,
thy sweet flowery plexus,
My heart beats in different nexus.

Thy eyelids make me eyeless,
Thousands of songs without muse
draw to the lawn of being,
I shudder from deep to the core.

My mind like a river
dried for thousands of years
flow to ravine,
Like a mad Dionysus makes
a headlong plunge to dark canyon.

I love thee and this love is
of thoughtless beauty,
and wordless harmony,
Beyond mind a different symphony.

Thy step on Earth would be
of interest to others,
Thy manner of smile may
surely be loved by others,
Thy pure eyesight may bring
decachord to others minds,
Thy walk is on my soul and I am fulfilled.

I love and silence is the word to express it,
Thou reign as pure fire,
where darkness is enveloped by darkness,
Mind is lost in mindless Orchestra.

Beyond my mind the song flows,
The song of soundless sound,
Virgin and unheard my beings,
Thou art the wave of love formless and deep.

Into thy endless field for meeting,
Will I make a clandestine footing,
Death may show the way the home,
I will not remain homeless for long.

Prabir Gayen

Within This Body

- Within the body-

Within this body the vast ocean,
Waves upon waves the sound dements.
Within this bodythe rivers brooks and bourns,
With diverse drift do they flow.
With rhythm the day and night
the body moves,
The movement is delusion to mortal eye.
The sky and the heavenly bodies
the light and shadow,
Within this body the entire cosmos still and knows.
The Sun -rise andsun -set happen within this body,
The Moon bright and dark among stars within this body.
Within this body the sky is empty,
And space is filled with useless activity.
Down the ages the body flows,
And nowhere does it find the way to go.
Body meets body and branches spread,
The root is underground where no ground is found.
Within this body the Essence sprouts,
And the essential is whelmed to rest in root.
The root is without root and infinity,
Within this body the infinity doth dwell.
Within this body the disembodied lives.
No living is there as it is non-living Being.
Time to time the seers peep,
From outer surface to inner space.
Living is the root to find the root,
Living is too tiny to hold the room.
Within this body the sun and the moon,
the day and the night doth dwell in a room.
The mirror within the mirror,
And beyond mirror is the Master.
Scriptures come and go,
with new road to show.
Words upon words and heaps of lex and jus,
Within the body everything lives.
Within the body the without is found,

No way is the way to be in without.
From having to being is the root,
Road itself is the root and infinity is the room.
Within this body the purity lives,
Beauty is the song to be lost in,
Beyond the border of mind the sun shines,
The sun of knowledge to be at home.
Within the body lives the Heaven,
Sky within sky and love within Love.
Dreams good or bad sweet and sour,
Sleep sound or shallow drop to naught.
With the ceasing of the music of dream,
Sleep and knowledge,
Ultimate freedom winks from every pore.
From all the sides and cores,
Divinity awakens to embrace theshore.
Within the body freedom lives,
With losing all the manners and meekness,
With innocence like an infant one Embraces oneself.
Shore breaks and dissolves into the ocean.
Within the body the without reigns,
Without the body the ultimate is attained.

Prabir Gayen

Humming Mind

- Humming Mind -
(To my beloved wife)

From my doorsill thou turned thy smile,
With pain in heart hushed up thou went,
In my room I waited for thee the whole day,
Rain was falling on dry leaves and thrilled me.
In painful drowsiness I woke up and saw outside,
All had gone and the door was empty,
In lonesome emptiness I heard a bird on the windowsill,
Singing with effortless delight to call his sweetie.
With pain in heart I called thee and thou wert gone.
Yonder! A boat was sailing with its viators,
On the calm watercourse were swelling
calm waves.
In the bower beside my groove bees were humming madly,
From flower to flower they were staggering,
Fragrance deep was coming from broken casement.
Mad with the fume of perfume I chanted
thy name with wild excitement,
Thou wert gone and a flower bloomed in my heart,
A groove inside my being with humming mind,
I was mad with the flower that bloomed in the soil of no-soul.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku..The Mind

(To Ritu Didi)
Haiku -28
(Mind)
Mature soul with flair,
Knowledge deep of life death,
Eyes soft as sweet baby.

Haiku-29
(Mind)
Fair as sunny morning,
Deep as dark night and the sky,
Smile spread like soft dew.

Haiku-30
(The mind)
The forehead against fate,
Fate like serving soul wanders,
Dream fails to think spell.

PoemHunter.com

Haiku -31
Eyes like spring with mist,
The moon shines on both the cheeks,
Autumn fails to come near.

Haiku 32
(The mind..)
Thou talk like mother,
Look like ocean deeply down,
Heart is a soft petal.

Prabir Gayen

Acrostic-(R D A M)

-Acrostic-
(R D A M)

Reverence to thee for thy blessed being,
Idyllic is thy sense and love deep,
To the suffering mankind thy immersion absolute.
Under thy sensitive heart exudes dictum profound.

Dear one of the beloved the great,
In thy self the fulfilment of the prominent.
Dedication is the prime, the rib,
Into the being is nurtured the easy taste.

All is well when mind is in shape,
Of all the glory galore in the self,
Living is deep to live for other.

My mind feels pain in joy for thee,
Of all the job thou take for pestilenc,
Rare soul of spiritual growth,
And in the heart is the master's grace,
Divine shines from every pore of thy corporal bud,
Above the door of personal growth,
Beauty is thy eyes that look beyond demicle,
All and above thou art my hearts delight,
Do I feel thee in every core of my being.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 25/26/27 (To Ritu Didi)

Haiku -25 (To Ritu Didi)
-The Mind-
Shaking the hot leaves,
They will fall on the ground cold,
Both will meet for growth.

Haiku -26
The Sun rose above,
From eastern sky with diamonds.
Thy eyes fall on it,

Haiku _ 27

The moon walls the sky,
Silently It creeps with fear,
Thou art looking at it.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- Dance Your Way To God -

- - Dance your way to God-

In the eyes thou art as eyes,
Seek thee in sun and shower,
Within blink thou art not seen.

Oh divine ligh! thin as my mind,
Thou art within as painless delight,
With quaint glance I will catch Thee.

Upon my heart full of love I nourish,
A subtle pain that makes me dance,
I will dance the way to thee.

The eyes that shake from me to thee,
From motion to still acme,
Valley is seen in a flash.

The sudden flash of lightning
inside my being and thunder deep,
Thou art as me in my shrine.

O dear one! come to me and bless me,
With thy pelagic peep and sight deep,
My heart is weak for love unvoiced.

Like thunder in a stormy night,
Thy eyes glint in my timid mind,
Words drop to naught to have my own.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

If You Die Before I Die

- If you die before I die -

If you die before I die,
I will make a holy edifice,
Taking hue and Rose from the grave,
Of my Carious soul.
Under the grave of my heart will I build,
A better tomb of soulless quietude.
I will hold thee in my arms and in amazement the dead will bury the dead.
If you die before I die you will find me waiting there to welcome you with plume rose and tiara.
Before you go to dead world,
I will make a speedy hour to breath my last,
If you die before I die I will kiss you thousand times,
To revive you into me in a different world.
In a shoreless shore we will sit with hand in hand,
Waves of easy wind will take us to our days of lovely hours,
We will fall in love again and again,
With virgin coyness you will lower your eyelids pale,
I will hold my heart that will be panting deep,
With deathless glory will I wait for thy nodding argument.
Upon thy fadeless breast will I place my tired soul embraced,
With undying song you will lull me sleep to dream a flawless life.
Like birds of immortal land we will fly above the sky,
Resting in the sky of our souls,
In that platonic field of union, meeting of ours will be of Preternatural perfume.
Like life in seed we will live in a room.

Prabir Gayen

- Beauty Beyond Form-

-Beauty beyond form-
(To Ritu Didi)

I will decorate thee
with gold and ruby,
Make thee sit to eat
the fruit of fadeless tree.

I will adorn thee
with ornament lucent,
Carefully emboss thy light,
Thy lunar obverse,
Taking hue from the Shine.

I will worship with artless smile,
Thy divine sheen and soul.
I will deify beyond deity,
Thou art worthy of this price.

PoemHunter.com

Beyond the sight thou wert
As the light of pride,
The flickering glimpse of eternity.

In thefield of unknown light,
Thou wert as a vibrant mind,
Unseen and untouched a pure cheer.

The grave and bevel sense,
Onto thy eyelids doth spill,
A cosy song of life.

The eyes are broad and beautiful,
As deep as the redolent shroud,
That doth hold the pain of heart.

The moon that shines in heaven alone,
The sun that makes the earth full of dream,
In both the eyes the east and the west.

Thou art the earth with hills and Valleys.
The morning of spring and autumnal evening,
In the visage of thee the utter emptiness.

Thou art an Eldritch sprite the sphere deep,
Into the heavenly sheath of mind thou will live,
A pure form of incantation with no verbal wreath.

Ah pure soul with unearthly bower,
Thou art not a single flower,
A forest with undying flowers and nectar.

I see thee with eyes and no eyes can touch,
The primal part of thy comeliness,
Heaven doth carefully guard.

Thou art a mother divine, the soul of souls,
In thy stillness the shadow of noetic falls.
Bow to thee and thy sapid feet.

Thou doth raise thy eyes and instantly,
Without traffic songs unuttered plunk,
On the Fancy-free part of my soul.

A divine image thou hold beyond poetic mind,
Words fail to paint the smile underneath,
The eyes open to grace the life.

Thy forehead is a starless sky,
The blue sky descends to heart,
Dire Straits, an endless source of love.

In the form of ethnic form,
Thou art a vast ocean with cadence tall,
My song of heart will not reach there.

Thy walk like mist of summer
on the bosom of calm ocean,
Silent like night and serene like lotus.

Thou art a lotus flower with no traces of
Water,

Thou walk the beautty, the way of dustless course.
Beyond the border of mind thou inhabit.

Not on land or on heaven thou art found,
No waves can wet thy ageless walking,
The soundless footing is thy finery.

I will adore thee not with garniture,
embellished with artful signature,
I will sit by thy side with subdued mind.

With joy in heart and peace in mind,
I will breath to serve thee as divine being.
The plume of love will bring tune eternal.

My poetry will live and sing the song,
Thy beauty will continue to beat,
All the eulogies that lovers weave for false laud.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku- 24- The Canopy On Beauty (Ritu Didi) ..

Haiku -24..
TheCanopy on beauty
(To Ritu Didi)

The canopy covers whang,
It scarfs the moon in the sky,
How can it wrap the Sun?

Clouds come and go and
Fall as form of rain downward,
It goes above again.

The rain goes above,
With the touch of The sun,
Smile and bright the eyes.

Canopy on the head,
Of the Moon bright ball of fire,
On the sun of lore.

PoemHunter.com

The canopy elegant,
Adore the one bright and bijou,
Thankful to be adorned.

Prabir Gayen

Preface

- Preface -

All these poems are written as an exertion to feel the vastness of life with all its myriad forms and colours.They are simply to feel wonderment.
The emotions that are expressed through different moods and manners are simply to make me feel the inner emptiness. Poetry as I feel is the expression of certain feelings that become clouds in the sky of consciousness.
Once expressed through words and through heartfelt pain and pleasure a sense of relief dawns in the inner realm of being and I feel that space of wordless emptiness is the root to peace and harmony, the space of soundless beauty. in a broad sensepoetry brings liberation
and I call it poetic liberation or poetic approach to truth that shreds all inessential thoughts and emotions to attain pure emptiness.My Stella and other poems are an eager endeavour, on the part of me, to come to feel that which can not be felt or can not be experienced.The powerful feelings that I underwent through my heart looking at the apparent futility of life and deep ignorance about the pristine part of death became poetry and Iwithin and without became its lone witness.
My poetry is my inner wisdom and outer ignorance combined.with poetry I am nothing and without poetry I am nothing too. My poetry is the expression of my absolute nothingness.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku- 23- The Mind-

Haiku - 23
(The Mind)

Mind looks beyond mind,
Empty road and nobody is seen,
Pain of heart drops down.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Blushful Flower -(Divinity)

-Blushful Flower -(Divinity)
(To Ritu Didi)

Inside the burgeon thou art bud,
Unseen is thy exultant surf,
Flower within the flowers, .

Thou art an asphodel in dulcet dust,
The fragrance thou spread, lifts above,
The bare being to empyrean fire.

Thou art seen as an unseen dream,
Thy Stillness brims everyone's wit,
Bud of amaranthine bower thy smile.

The softness that oozes in every pore,
Fills every room without bottom,
Thou art for the bud to bloom.

PoemHunter.com

A fairy deluge and waft soft thou hold,
With no word for effulgenceto show,
In every nook thou art matchless Nymph.

Among the feast of floral fete and joy,
An internal age smiles through every petal,
Silence and Volubility do summons with no dole.

Prabir Gayen

_haiku__21_Mind

Haiku 21
- Mind-
Mind stops working, still,
No waves of words upsidedown,
A wild horse on hill.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

No Mind (Ritu Didi)

No-mind
(To Ritu Didi)

Thou art sky and the earth,
Or somewhere deep is thy root,
Nowhere can be found thy mind,
Thou art meeting of both,
The deep sky and the dense forest.
Thou art beauty unfathomable,
It's root is somewhere in between,
The charm that thou hold is from no-mind.
Thou art the fragrance of nothingness.

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku- 20 The Moon (Ritu Didi)

Haiku-20
-The Moon-
(Ritu Didi)
(Reverence)

Thy look betokens deep,
Shore beyond this shore and dazes,
Waves vanish into peep.

The Moon in lone shrine,
Into thy eyes doth cleave way,
Knowledge deep rests of life and death.

Thou art smile and light,
Master's grace is thy delight,
Illusive is the tongue.

Opaque glance doth stir deep,
The subtle Delphic utterances,
Smile is prime pristine.

In thy abysmal soul,
Knowledge eternal doth deeply flow,
The flame of fairy vowel.

Life beyond life, trance,
Do thou stir in novice self.
Meek heart to thy worth.

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku-20 Reverence The Moon (Ritu Didi)

Haiku-20
-The Moon-
(Ritu Didi)
(Reverence)

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-The Moon-
(Ritu Didi)
(Reverence)

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Prabir Gayen

Haiku- 19-The Moon- (Ritu Didi) -

Haiku - 19
-The Moon-
-(Ritu Didi) -
Thou art rare soul,
Beyond phenomenon seen,
In thee divine finds door.

Thou art mother fair,
Into thy deep eyes holy spirit.
The shadow of air.

Throughthy furtive squint,
Thou image the untold story,
In thee shrine bright.

Thou walk like grace,
Thy footprint is deep to follow,
The message the unique.

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Mystic likethe Moon,
shine thee like the calm sunshine,
Thou art Master's tune.

Through thy grace and peace,
People meet their cherished dream.
Chosen one of azure.

Thy soul mirrors the moon,
Delight the bright sunshine,
Rest in serving multitude.

Prabir Gayen

Haiku-19- The Moon- (Ritu Didi) -

Haiku _16
-The Moon-
(Ritu Didi) -
Words fail to frame mind,
Thou art wordless loftiness,
In thy smile moon creeps.

Don't feel thankfulness,
In thy service humanity,
Smiles through deep darkness.

Thou art image sacral,
The sun plays His playfulness,
Thou art the mirror.

Thou walk the way straight,
Flowers bloom on its own accord,
The sunrays shine through thee.

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Haiku-18
-The Moon-

Everything is nothing,
The cuckoo sings the earth throbs,
The Moon is illusion.

Haiku - 19
-The Moon-
-(Ritu Didi) -
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Prabir Gayen

Haiku-18-The Moon-

Haiku-18
-The Moon-

Everything is nothing,
The cuckoo sings the earth throbs,
The Moon is illusion.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku _17_The Moon-

Haiku 17
-The Moon -

Useless seems the world,
It's glorious vastness and joy,
The world is a deep flame.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

-haiku_ 16 _The Moon-(Ritu Didi)

Haiku _16
-The Moon-
(Ritu Didi) -
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Thou art wordless loftiness,
In thy smile moon creeps.

Don't feel thankfulness,
In thy service humanity,
Smiles through deep darkness.

Thou art image sacral,
The sun plays His playfulness,
Thou art the mirror.

Thou walk the way straight,
Flowers bloom on its own accord,
The sunrays shine through thee.

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku- 15 - The Moon-

Haiku-15
-The Moon-

The flower is red,
Soft as the balsamic breast,
The Moon looks through it.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku-14 (Nowhere To Go) -The Moon-

Haiku -14
-The Moon-

The horse runs fast steady,
It reaches the goal somehere far,
The moon looks it near.

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku- 13 (Pain)- The Moon

Haiku -13 (pain)
- The Moon -

Deep pain in self worm..
Delving deep the heart to speak,
Wordless the moon smiles.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku -12 The Moon (Handicapped)

Haiku - 12
- The Moon-

Light outside the being,
The sun shines and the Moon gleams,
The unseen crippled.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thyvrgineyes

Thy Eyes

Two drops of liquid pearl thy eyes art,
The pain of heart oozes as flood,
The smile is spread all around,
Love outpours from inside deep,

I feel thee and thy warm soul,
With Sinuous road it will dissolve,
Upon the shore of my heart.
Many a deep unspoken word would flow,
To allow my loaded heart to Carol,
The beauty of thy vigin soul.
Thy eyes like shining arrow,
Pierce my virgin shallow to woo thy mortal sheath.
Thy eyes and smile thick doth make me undress to redress thee.

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku- 11 - The Moon

Haiku -11
-The Moon-

Onto thy Sorrel sheath,
Love vibrates deep inside blooms,
On the chest moon drops.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku -10-The Moon-

Haiku -10
-The Moon-
The cuckoo stops singing,
The mind loses it lawn the goal,
From tree drops the moon.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku -9-The Moon-

Haiku -9
-The Moon-

The sky is empty,
The rain drops from head above
The Moon shines brightly.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku - 8 -The Moon-

Haiku -8
-The Moon-

Body forms and dissolves,

Infinity cheeps unborn form,

The Moon in dark mind.

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku-7-The Moon-

Haiku- 7
-The Moon -
The Moon moves with glory,
Moves the world false beauty,
The moon is soundless.

Prabir Gayen

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Haiku - 5 The Moon-

Haiku -5
_The Moon _

Step by step to roof,
The gratefulness for thy grace,
Above the deep sky.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku -4 The Moon-

Haiku -4
-The Moon-
The waves move forward,
Nowhere it goes wave to wave,
The moon moves on it.

Prabir Gayen

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The Moon- (Haiku -3)

Haiku _ 3
-The Moon-
Close thy eyes with mind,
And see the mind lost in sleep,
The Moon shines empty space.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Haiku 2_The Moon - (Ritu Didi)

Haiku _2
The Moon
(Ritu Didi)
Thou art the Moon in the Sky,
The light in the dark night,
Thy eyes show the way to off the rails.

Through grace and grandeur stems,
the path to eternal spring of light,
I see thee with wonder-struk delight.

In thy graceful smile the art of living,
Thou art the perfect cloud to reflect the truth,
The gleaming soul and vast repose thou owst.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Moon

-Haiku- 1
-The Moon-

The Moon is in the sky gorgeous gloom,
It looks the earth with Swerving servitude,
The Moon in the Mind looks beyond blink.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- I Have Seen My Self-

- I have seen my self-
(My projected being)

On the street where the path dissolves in crossing,
On a lone winter evening a silhouette silent and still,
Who art thou standing in lone painfulness?
Gazing at me with undulating gesture.
Oh you! You have come to take me in your arms?
In this silent evening no one is there to bid me farewell,
Will you wait a little, for a tiny bit of time?
I will to make a difference in my domicile.
In this dark indulgence my mind feels joy
Unlimited,
Is this the end of the way?
In this utter calmness all the birds into stillness,
The wind stops blowing and drifting waves cease,
Is this the time to sail across?

On the edge of the path where shepherd boys rare go,
Beneath a baniyan tree where birds rear their nestling,
On the edge of the path where sky winks,
You stand before the shore of my life.
O mighty spirit! the joy of leaving, wait a little,
l will go with thee unknown path though.
Life with all its ugliness was not inapt,
It was too deep for my tiny soul.
At the end of the road where it divulged,
A vast shore without shore unknown to me,
A shoreless shore the other shore.
The light blinks and shadow spreads,
Vaster than the sea of life.

o divine man! Is it you who wait all the time?
In life and death and in between lifetime.
In this winter evening the calm otiose poise of time,
I see my life as evening sees the day,
The dark moon is behind the cloud,
awaiting to shine with its glory.
The night will dawn with new light.

The early morning is gone
with pain and passion,
The evening looks back
the dew and the chirping of birds,
The tidy afternoon buckle though the the soft hour.
The wind is blowing with pain ponderous mind,
it will die soon on your Extremities,
The place where you bide to be
to embrace the tired alphabet of my unused life.
My soul that departs without much use,
In thy hand will it become it upright,
From abysmal pit to empty Esprit.

On the street where people forget to tread,
I see your silent note invoking me to your shore.
Wait a little I will sail across side by side
With smiling face and with no regret.

Prabir Gayen

Love - An Unusual Attire-

Love - an unusual attire.
-(From sex to supreme self) -

Wilt thou not come into my soul?
With thy honeyed eyes wilt thou suck my being.
I will wait till thy virgin time suppressing my desire.
Thou wilt come and deflower me
With stroke upon stroke.
I will find in that blow love unattainable though.
With my elated self I will plunge into thy booking and suck thy sap,
With hefty limb will I take thee to heaven of joy.
With joy and with pain for losing thy limited Continence,
Thou wilt flow me into thy being.
I will love not by lover's heart,
I will love to make thee oblivious of the sense of good and bad.
Like a patch of cloud wilt thou fall onto my chest for sudden blow of weird wind,
The wind of love and carnal trait.
Thou will squeeze me and I will fall like a naked home,
With love unusual we will be one,
Like river flowing into the ocean.
From the upright state of mountain top we will fall like a ball of fire into the abyss of Vale and Dale.
With deep cohabitation we will become a valley of flower.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Have Got A Seed

- I have got a seed-

I got a seed,
It was lying on the street,
I got it on my way to hunt.

Igot a seed and I took it,
I decided, on the lawn to plant it.
I will plant it to sprout.

I have got a seed
It is silent and deep,
I will come to life.

The seed is deep as death,
Life will spring from its sheath.
The seed is life on lap of death.

PoemHunter.com

I have got a seed,
It is death in form,
It waits to blink to life.

The seed is a formless form,
It is asleep to rouse in time.
It is life and death together.

I have got a seed
It has life in disguise.
The seed is life in death.

Life is subtle as death,
Death is dormant as life.
The seed is the Sun and the moon.

On the periphery is the life.
The death is the center.
Between both the cover.

The seed is both center and circumstances.

The shadow is life the death is light.
Life is prone to its center.

Ihave got a seed on the street.
It is in a trance to vibrate.
I gotlife in the seed.

Life is beautiful as it on the wave,
Life is deep and meaningful.
Death is the core and makes life worthy.

Death is not form.
It is a formless glory.
It becomes life when comes to form.

Life is death when goes to formless state.
Death is life when it takes rest.
life and death are two similar state.

Life in rest is death.
Death in action is life.
death and deathless are the same.

Death comes and becomes life.
Life dissolves and becomes death.
Death is source of life.

I have got a seed.
It is in utter sleep.
I will bring it to life.

I have got a seed.
It is in total rest.
I will break it to life.

Life becomes deep I got the seed.
The seed tells me the infinity.
It is not a form but sky within.

Within and without the seed floats,
It is everywhere formless with form.
Death being substratum life is glorious.

Prabir Gayen

Thy Furtive Look

: Thy furtive look:

Those pair of eyes art my heaven,
And those open locks art my dream,
Thy look and the mindless sight take my heart underneath my chest.
Thou art beauty beyond express.
Onto thy lips art lovely romance,
The epistle of uncharted pain of my heart,
Thy neck and under thy breast art the meeting of waveless brine,
Thou art a mirror of my being with no cloud to bar.
Upon thy pure self is my rest and respite.
Will I make a clandestine footing onto thy secret citadel,
Squeeze the juice of life to fight death ultimate.
Upon thy swelling breast is my quiet rest, emancipation.
With warmth of heart will drop the potion of love that will make the journey smooth sailing,
The wave will cleave the way to unknown reign of divinity,
Upon thy entire being my sky is painted.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- I Have Come To See Thee-

-I have come to see thee-

I have come to see thee after a prolonged illness,
I have come to say thee goodbye.
The day for me is consumed though I was not alive
I have come to see thee for a moment,
I will go far away leaving this gross garment.
I have come to see in thee my bygone days,
Thy coyness and the fondness thou have for me.
I have come to sit by thy side for a moment and for all,
To remember my boyhood days and to feel my heart full of love.

Thou may not feel good for me and my foolish thought,
Thou would be busy doing this and that,
Thou would feel akward for my sudden presence,
Or think something of the marketplace.
Thou would be busy to say me bye for thy household affair.
Thou may not look into my eyes or my heart that for thee became mad.

I have come to sit by the side of thy heart,
To revive for a moment same mutual love,
To see thy face that made every night full of sweet dreams.
I have come to see thy face with suspended breath that contained the whole sky.
I have come see my former self that was kept in thy self.

In thy glance furtive and secret my whole life is engrained,
I have come to collect my last greeting of farewell that thy heart carefully kept.

Prabir Gayen

Life_Thou Art Full Of Promises

_ Life! Thou art full of promises_

Life! thou art full of promises never to meet,
Mortals do hope to find thee in every minute,
Thy fruitless stature hast no timelymanner,
Thou art in every nook and every particle of thought,
untimely thou art to differ to adore the pain thou offer,
Time fleets and with silent fall of light thou depart,
Thou art as akilling treasure in field and shower,
Into thy house we will never thee meet in soil or in ether,
Vain is the way to make an effort to know thee, Dream that thou bring in colourful eyes,
outer song with inner tune hast no trace of celebration.
Life! Thou art a silent song and no singer can sing thy voice,
In the deep solitude of Mind thou art felt,
No wayis there to possess thee,
Thou art with no voice no hope to utter.
Thou art a voiceless shout having no sound to disturb
Life ! thou art a dear damsel with nothing
to find for a mortal,
In every effort of mine thou art seen vanishing
Like camphor,
Effort to know is the impediment and doleful becomes my approach to life.
I am a vagrant traveller and each moment I meet thee,
Likethe light that touches the soft petals,
In silent chamber of my heart I wait
And my waiting is tireless.
Vacant and traceless is thy lawn and I am one with no sense of thy song.
With empty mind and painful heart I seek thee,
Thy music that became pompous and active in my childhood days and nights.
In deep-rooted silence and sonorous clamour
Thou wert vibrant,
Now I am undress and open and honest to meet thee,
But thou art unseen and beyond my grasp.

Prabir Gayen

My Little Soul _ Aradhya_

My Little Soul _ Aradhya_

My mind is a deep canopy,
My heart is deep as sky,
Into the fathom of my being my little soul.
My heart being and mind are not separate song,
It rings with one sonorous muse.
Under the painful grave of my bygone self,
My little one is a heavenly shade.
She is my life and my future dream,
Under her soft sweet and heavenly feet my bare being.
Many a year after sleepless nights my mind finds One to survive,
My little soul my heart's unconditional core,
Absolute and empyreal source of
sterling glee.
In the open lawn of my soul,
In the dry dust of my mind
My little one is arising Sun,
She is a valley with pure and polished flower.
The spring eternal in my dark valley.
Thousand times greater a balm than my cherished agony.
With her vast arrival the room becomes empty,
A desert becomes a valley of blooms that adorn the entire Vale and Dale.
In front of death and sorrow of departure,
I find a place vaster than an empire.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm _ -Beyond My Mind-

Inner Realm
Beyond My Mind

Thou art standing beyond the door of Mind,
O My Lord, beloved the great, standing quiet,
Beyond the line where all the worries find.
Crossing the last step thou art standing tacit.
Beyond the heart-beat where breath stops to plod.
In silent hill of breathless pain thou halt.
O My Lord, beloved the great the witness,
Thou see my mind and being with meek awareness.

New light and new shade upon my being deep,
In the afternoon of my mind thou art seen,
With lotus in hand thou look like mirror peep,
Show thou my face above all faces pure clean.
Beyond the waves and the lifting of breath,
Thou await still to embrace after my death.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Moon And The Star

- -The Moon and the Star-

On the dark canvas of black night,
Shine bright the gloomy Moon,
With a bloomy Star.
The Moon is half with glittering face,
The star is full total with less brightness.
On the canvas a dark room of space
to make the Moon and the Star brighter.
The Moon is waned and eroded to glitter more,
Like the mind of a vagrant soul.
The Star is beyond and mysterious.
The moon gives pain and it's brightness
Mocks our corporal weakness,
The Star with less light beckons unlimited,
It brings mind to wonderment.
The Moon is like our mind and the Star is our no-mind.
With manifold hue the mind is coloured.
It shows our life full of quiet pain to know the unknown.
The Moon half and bright and a Star less bright,
Is the picture of our rootless sepulchre,
We are with our gloom and bloom in the soil sterile by our own Mind.

Prabir Gayen

___Thy Love Is Beyond Touch___

Inner Realm
- Thy love is beyond Touch -

Into the atom of my blood thou thrill,
In every passing breath thou live.
My heart pants for a condolence.

In every pain that I feel thou art engrained,
Thou live through me inpain and passion.
In thy unnamed sigh my name is hidden.

In my dream thou come and go and see,
In thy furtive glance life finds it's root,
In thine panting breath my songs offering.

In my heart I see thee sleeping in peace,
The waves measureless wave thee to and fro,
Thou art as me in silent sheath of my being.

PoemHunter.com

Thou come as the morning dew fresh alive,
In silent soft music sway my inner being,
I walk on thee and feel thy soft love caresses my feet.

Thou art for mefrom time beyond time,
With every step and space hold me safe,
In thine arms unseen and deep I find myself.

In the song where no sign is felt beyond,
In the mind where no mind is realised above,
Thou feel me and my comfort and peace absolute.

Thy love is infinite and heart fails to catch,
No vibration sweet and sour can touch it ever,
Thou art the omega point of this soul of mine.

The gratitude perpetual finds no fitting words,
To love thee adore thee and to crown thee sheer,
In my being thousands shower will curtain thee forever.

Prabir Gayen

- - Had I Been Thy Harp- -

___Had I been Thy harp ___

Had I been able to go beyond this!
The body rotten in every alcove,
The vein is broken and heart torn apart,

Had I been to able say bye to all!
Life is no more with me and I am waned.
Every breath I take is heavy and sore.

Had I been able to forget all I dreamt!
Life has become a graveyard without corpse!
Life is a beautiful song without rhyme.

Had I been able to stop pulsation!
Every moment the heart bear with no cause,
The mind argue with no just solution.

Had I been able to die every moment,
Life would have kissed me and dot me with care,
Let me sleep with no knowledge of passion.

Had I been a rootless night to nurture,
The tired souls that travel the weary world,
To refresh them again to fight the world.

Had I been a witness away from turmoil,
The glorious ignorance of feast of life.
With deep awareness would drink the bane of life.

Had I been the lovely day to make thee,
The salt of the earth the luminous being,
To sitwith heart beside theLazarus.

Had I been the way of the world and end,
With loveless affection touch the vast sky,
On green grass would have slept with joy wordless.

Had I been the worthy of Thy pure Love,

With music in heart I would sing Thy song,
Praising the glory of the spiritual.

Prabir Gayen

14 November_ Children's Day_

14 November
__Children's day __

Today is the day to celebrate the day of innocence,
To celebrate the day of childhood.
Today is the day to think about the glory of childhood,
The joy of living life of pristine purity.
Today is the day to memorize the lost memory,
The memory of warm embrace of parents.
Today is the day to crown the children with
empire,
To put innocence above intelligence.
Today is the day to celebrate the beauty,
Of the The moon, The Sun and the Stars,
The hide and seek of light and shade.
Today is the day to feel the wholeness of being,
The totality of childhood dream.
Today is the day to feel the joy of life,
In its utter innocence and purity and it's totality.
Today is the day to let the mind off
to make the heart lead.
Today is the day to see life with all opposites and it's musical tunefulness.
Today is the day to rejoice with the rapture of spontaneous flow of life.
Today is the day to feel and and feeling can show the way.

Prabir Gayen

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- - Living The Pain Of Life - -

___ Living the pain of life ___

Life is a big store of
fruitless love, compassion,
Through smile it is an effort to hide pain inexpressible.
Life is beautiful and too deep to hold.
The sky of life is full of stars with dense clouds.
Love fruitful and fruitless go side by side.
Thy love is sunshine to me and heavy rainfall.
The cup of my heart is too full to contain.
The most musical song of life
is full of pain to the deepest core.
Life is a heap of painful emotion.
The season of summer comes to hide
The cloud full of rain,
The spring is a relief from chilly winter bite.
Autumn comes to fill us with thought inevitable,
To ruminate the utter futility of the glamour of life.
Autumn gives the glimpse of nothing.
The dim Sun hints the beauty of nothing,
The joy of not having anything.
The empty mind is the fullness of life divine.
With thy arrival sudden and unexpected,
Brings forth the joy though empty in the hand of time.
Life goes with no usefulness and it is the core.
The emptiness is the root and the root is empty.
Living is a great fallacy and waiting is useless.
Beyond the mind is death and it is unwilling to dawn,
The traces of mind art prone to ongoing dream.

Prabir Gayen

the Amorous Love

Thy amorous love
(From stray thoughts)

In thine eyes and Prescriptive glance,
my dropping figure,
It finds a sign of aliveness.
The storm that thineglare doth hold,
Blew over me
like song born in morning bower.
Thou art not mine nor do I find a place,
Vivid andthick in my self for thee,
For thy amorous heart that I felt.
Still do I feel thee in heart and being.
Like soft petal thou art a still vibration.

With smile thou seem to fall
on my eyelids,
With passion thou sit on my lips
with love liquid and solid.
Water of thy bare body on my lap pours,
and dance dawns with dull charm on my vein.
Thou come and sit on me
likepale purple evening,
With soft inaudible voice thou wink
and press intomy lips,
With thy lips thou caress my dry throat,
Like soft twig thy mild body
on my thirsty chest thou embrace.
Thou sit on my soft yet strong love line,
and thy velvety breasts swells,
tight and shaky,
with increasing warmth press.
On the tip of my tongue
thy two sweet nipples,
Thou with joy divine level put it on mouth.
I am with joy unspeakable
numbed and mused.
I lie on my hard bed and thou art on my painful chest.
Breast on breast, belly with belly and within thy rosy love-room my erect pecker.

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With rising tune and tuneless rhapsody
Thou dance on my breast pushing
waist muscle,
Love happens with manifold rhyme
With no thought stop the blissful brine.
Thou press me and penetration deep oozes,
I with similar dodder press thee tight.
Love juice flows for this soft
yet juicymellowing concourse.
I am undone and for time unlimited thou suck my soul.
Body enters body,
the part within part
and deep copulation whirls beyond form.
I suck thee, kiss thee
and with deep amorous sense love thee.
With tremor I press mygender and
flow ceaseless my semen,
into thy lovesick inner realm.
We both are full, overwhelmed,
pregnant with twins inside.
With deep embrace we art one with one room.

Prabir Gayen

Bricks

-Bricks - -

Bricks were here and there,
The dust and dirt of solid form,
The bricks and house old and new,
Big buildings were like the canopy,
The roof of the earth and space occupied,
The bricks were here and there with dust and dirt.
The bricks were the roof of the earth,
The dirts were the cover, the guard,
The soil and mud wereroom
and we were homeless.
The rain fell day and night,
Sometimes with gull and squall,
The sun rose straight everyday,
With no bricks no home to lie with peace,
In rainy season home became homeless,
The bricks were in the mind and in the consciousness.
A small house of brick with roof,
The shadow of life under bricks.
The bricks that suffered openness with seasons,
Round the years and forever crept into being.
It was the root to sleep to peaceful mind.
With time and with change of address,
The bricks are happy to drop one after another,
One floor to another party did it declare.
Big house and space broad with floor upon floor,
Bricks are spread like wastage and useless.
Above the head double cover for sun and shower.
The Moon smiling every moment is not visible.
The Sun with furtive glance peep to gleam.
The brick has guarded the sky and rain and pain,
Now it is heavy on soul and spirit has become stoic.
The brick and soul likewise,
and spirit with no sign of enthusiasm.
The house is now without home and is everything with no life.
The pain is gone and beyond pain
the openness of natural blow.

Prabir Gayen

- - Life- -

- - - Life- -

Life is not an epic
with chance and coincidence,
It is a one -act play
with boring monologue.
Life is a song
where prosaic tune is playing
with no interval.
Life is not a dream,
It is a dreamful reality
where dream is lost in shade.
Life is a walk with no aim to meet,
No dream to fulfill.
Life is a beautiful song
with few singers to sing.
Life is an ocean vast and endless,
With waves to blur the total view.
It is a shelter a pilgrimage
With few pilgrims to rest here.
On the rocky hills of life
Life is little nurtured and bemused.
The way with too many faces astray
The true worshipper of it.
The shadow of life is never to meet
As it fleets with light that recedes.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

___Butterfly___

Butterfly

Butterfly butterfly you fly high,
With wings bright you flight nigh.
From Flower to flower you suck juice,
I look you with my eyes open and loose.

Butterfly butterfly you soar above,
bower to bower you spread love.
With colourful wings you travel,
Steal honey from bloom and petals unravel.

Butterfly butterfly you are soft and nice,
Like sunrays you sit on flower to entice.
You are flying like tripping delight,
With your heart calm and quiet.

Butterfly butterfly I will fly with you,
Above the sky we will fly and stars view.
We will fly and drink honey from dew,
I will paint my wings taking hue from you.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- Give Me A Secret Place-

- - Give me a secret place-
(An appeal of weak heart)

Give me a silent place
Away from the eyes of skit,
Give me a sequestered self,
Away from fabled form,
Give me a place desolate,
Give me love bare open,
Give me joy of being alone,
With thee to fall forever,
Give me thy love with warmth of heart.
Give me a bed to lie on thee,
Or on my chest thy bare body.
Give me day and night
to play the game of love,
With thy naked clay and mynaked corpse.
Let me be sucked to the core of being,
Or let me be empty after corporal labour and rest.
Let us die into each other with warm sense of love,
With mutual love and hugs with no pall.
Give me a place beyond mind to dive into thy chest,
To suck thy juice of love to lie down embraced.

Prabir Gayen

Dream Lifeof Childhood

Dreamful life of childhood

Then I was a teenage full of dream,
Life was more than a fairy tale,
Every tree of life was full of teeming joy,
Emotions were nurtured spontaneously,
With no effort to fall in love,
Life was full of love,
The morning breeze was cool
yet full of warmth, full of painless pain.
The Sun rose with smiling heart and life happened with manifold Merriment,
The day was lively with the cries of human Dactyl.
With no reason song flowed with thousand rhymes.
Music of Nature was the music of life.
The green grass and morning dewdrop
was the silent chorus,
It reflected the gleam of soft murmuring sunrays.
With the chirping of birds the earth opened Her eyes,
The day would begin with joy unlimited and wordless.
The whole day was full of dreams to meet,
Joy with sorrow and racy delight.
Night was mysterious and fulfillment,
Heart would fly to touch the sky,
With stars and unknown way to the world beyond,
Yearned my dream-fed mind to soar.
Lived with seven glittering sagas,
Smiled with Synchronous might.
No death was visible even though people died,
In every decaying tree life oozed with polite delight,
Death was full of life, the harmony of delightful knowledge,
Every drop of water was a mighty ocean,
Every pain was a wave,
It rose and fell with no trace behind.
The wavy muse of life was to hint the joy stable,
Within changing tune of life the unchange
was bright and beautiful,
Inside the womb of life the Sun was hidden,
The hope to meet the Mighty was strong,
The fleeting light with receding step showed the path,

Within the micro the macro peeped to love,
bless the myriad forms of life.
The Sun rose to meet the moon,
And the Moon fell on the ocean for secret concourse.
Moment would be born within moment,
And no moment was wasted with painful despair,
Every track of despair was full of lovely mirror
to unseen glory.
Despair knew nothing of the despondency.
Winter was full of summer and Summer sang thesong of silent winter.
Within both was seated the Spring to sing the song of life and it's eternal Largess.
The eyes of my boyhood was full of dream
to meet my Creator and His invitation was deep.
Life was full of loftiness with no thought of death.
With death came the wave to wide the shore of life.

Prabir Gayen

An Unborn Bloom

-An unborn bloom -

A flower blooms n my heart,
A mystic flower of unseen bliss,
A lower that bloomsto surface my pain inherent.
It is the flower that was born with me,
grew with me as pain of life,
This is theflower that moves with easy wind with easy quiescence,
It dances with the song of life with no reason,
It comes to surface the dream,
born in silent sequestered self of my virgin mind,
in solitude it blooms to infinity.
On the sand, sun burnt with the blow of life
Itblooms to become a stream,
It flows to make forest fruitful.
A flower is born though unborn
and full of possibilities and charmed with unheard rhapsody splashes my being,
A flower blooms to fullness
and a dream within dream blooms
and it isbeguiled by pain bottomless.

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Prabir Gayen

_ Divine Path_

_Divine path _

I have long been engrossed in mundane matter,
Now I am thrilled with charm and love thou bestow,
I was enthralled with love false and futile,
With thy grace the eyes of mine perceive thy shade,
Single heart with single eye within thou art seen,
The insight of my mind is blurred no more,
My mind is ashine with joy unuttered,
Thou art seen in every measure,
O love the bird of my being,
Fly not far away, reach with open shaft to the shrine,
Love is a healing pain that it cure every child,
I am a child, a dewdrop vagrant and truant,
I sing the song of heart- melting note,
I am a chorus with no words,
Let me lie on the leaf of wisdom,
And with wonder- struckpetals of time let me sleep,
Let me sleep in thy tight lap, full of dance and with taintless void.
On the wavy grass thy effulgence,
On the cloudless sky thy smile,
In the spring thy peace and in winter thy dance of death,
Let me die with pure heart to preach the purity of death,
Life is a mirror onto which death wink.
Let me declare thy glory immeasurable by human mind,
Let me go on the path that lead to self- illumined dream of absoluteness.
Let my love ooze to touch the sky of thy love,
To find the path of nothingness.

Prabir Gayen

only A Kiss Of Thee

? _ Only A Kiss of Thee_

Stagnant becomes the path of life,
The road leads to no rightful way,
The forest is wild and madness,
The bed of life is quivering to fall.
Still aloneness pours in my mind,
Lonely mind seeks company of love.
Thy look virgin and full of love,
Enigma it waves in my empty soul.
Long ago thou smiled on me,
And went away taking my soul with thee.
With timeI did not grow, and quiet,
A vagrant being hovering through,
Only a kiss of thee can make,
The dried soul to vibrancy.
Into the soil I am engraved,
With root but rootless sepulchre.
My soul is crying within for a kiss,
On the part of thee to come to me.
Come my love with same look and love,
The same furtive glance beating time.
Only a kiss can move this cemetery.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

___Dote____

__Dote__

Don't dote me rather take risk to love me,
Dote I know is easy to deal but love is breakneck,
Don't dote to be a fool of doting,
Exchange heart or break your ribs to squeeze my being.
Dote is not deep and it does not make you free,
It chains you to deke dick, dong,
Or make you lazy to plunge into Concourse,
It will free you to close your eyes to enjoy life,
Or make you not to aspire deep,
Love is a cooling tree and brings rain of peace.
In the place of doting dream leap into the lap of loving.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm _ Mind And Sin

Inner Realm
Mind and Sin

I am seated query mind searching a sin,
pure unmixed,
There where mind is not pierced with knowledge, inevitable.
A sin a divine sin.
Always waiting in self for a bit of,
ignorance.
There where light is not illumine.
New journey will take its flight to new realm,
new horizon will arrive with new thought,
That in wistful mind do I lay my eyes.

There where the sorrow-laden eyes pierced,
Unconsciously stupified mind undoes,
The consciously done the essential crime.
O mind! dull mind for thy clandestine march,
do I sit day and night.
Fill O divine!the entire field of my being,
with passion annoyed and unalloyed.
Go thou O knowledge! assert agelessPrudence,
Thou art barrage for a sereneslumber.

I will be a vagrant and empty being,
leaving all the trances of pain, disdain,
I wil break all that persists maximal.
The sand of life poignant with pain profound,
may rise above mind for a newish sun.
The conscious mind will die for the dawn of New, The unconscious to rule the heart and being.
A new dimension of thought will bring change,
With the death of conception feeling dawns.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thou Art Not Baby

_____Thou art not baby___

Thou art not baby nor Inchoate,
Still thou art baby in my ageless spirit,
My careful fondling makes thee suckling,
Thou art not one to suck milk,
Nor thy mind smiles to view sunlight and wonder,
Old enough to think and decode the uncodeable.
Thou art not baby to cry and complaint,
Enough is thy prime thought,
One by one the flower is blossoming,
The bud is on the way to carnal fullness,
The shadow of womanhood is sprouting,
With the raw dew on bosom.
Thou art young enough to satiate the Voluptuous
Pleasure,
To close my tired mind with the juice of life,
Thou art life enough to fulfil the need,
Old enough to go beyond body satisfying it's need.
With soft sheltering care do I close thee inside my inner soil.
O dear! Let us be gone beyond sex and share,
In Libertine hug we should fall into each others garden,
With naked foot and heads full of flower we shall be unrest with sensual madness.
Come look and be innocent again to suck the
Seed of love,
To make life an incoherent river.

Prabir Gayen

Jokes

__JOKES__

Life is a joke when seen from periphery,
It is more than a joke when seen from mainstream,
We are joker and we play bad jokes,
Life is full of useless dreams and it never comes to pass.
Joke is a joke and it is joyful to play,
The jokers are serious without sensitive urge.
Come let us play the jokes of life,
Let us be one with one sensual stroke,
Thy lips on my lips, thy breast on my breast,
Upon my worried pecker thy warm beauty,
With repeated strokes and push and pull,
The playful joke of love and death.
Let us joke the mortal with our corporal Union.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

_ Love And Death_

_ Love and death_

With baited breath uphold me,
Close to thine breast and press it,
A song of love will pour from me to thine,
We will flow with time and with same pain of living,
Life is a dream with no fulfilment,
Come and hold meonto thine arms,
My lazy being, sick of love.
In thine shrine my protection,
I seek thee in my empty hour,
Cherish thee in silent shower,
Thou art mine with no cover,
My inner symphony.
The song that was unheard though,
Now with grey light it flickers,
silhouette of my soul beyond soul,
Thou art my peerless pain.
In the rainy season of cloudy sloth,
and thunderstorms of passion,
Thou wink like a lightning in lone Proneness.
with the death of my wishes to live
and pain of memory of sunny days,
The song, the weeping note of being,
Will find solace to hush up pain excruciating,
Thrusting upon thy chest the counterfeit of mind.
Thy pain with love -laden heart may lessen the burden of pain on soul.
With warmth sensual Concourse the sky will withdraw,
the musical journey of life,
Theshadow of happy living.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Love-Making

- Love-making-
Open thy heart layer after layer,
With full throated easy breathe into me,
Uncover thy floral frame,
And be the shadow of My mind,
Thy urge to be one will bring elements close,
Mud with mud will mix and flame will flare,
The ignited love will close the door and we are one,
Body melts into body to upright,
The inner flame will kindle the sensual nerve to sensitivity,
Suck all my dreams with thy look,
Dig into my chest to drive all the pain,
Upon thy swelling breast let me lie,
In harmonious madness let me suck thy flow
Of love,
Thy chest will be no more and sky will dawn,
Through thy juicy pap elixir will pass,
Sweet coitus will make us forget our limited selves,
Heaven will dawn in a room of love-laden lotus.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Let Me Flow

Let me Flow

Let me stand before thee naked,
No dress can hide my love for thee,
Love flows and I am undress,
Let me stand before thee open
In openness divine dawns,
Let me hold my breath tight,
To make thee open to break thy coyness,
In thy coyness the dress falls to naught,
All dress is bar to fullness,
It hinders to unitary Cohabitation,
Let me die onto thee to revive again,
To new life of openness,
Let me flow with all my Prowess,
To make you flow to make a river.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

disturb Me

_ Disturb Me_

I want thee to disturb me,
To make me feel that I am alive,
I want thee to trouble me,
To make me restless,
In restlessness life oozes,
I want thee to torture me,
In thy torture love pours step by step,
I want thee to irritate me,
In irritation thou woo me,
I want thee to devour me,
So much so that I dissolve in thee,
I want thy finger into my bosom,
To make me awake to worship thee,
In workship love is fresh and no malice,
I want thee to kiss me to make me shy,
In shyness love is filtered to unite,
I want thee to embrace me,
In embrace love comes to fullness,
I want thee to undress me,
In the very state of undress God comes,
I want thee to be open,
In nakedness divine dawns.
I want thee to be nothing and
In nothingness body drops to being.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm_ Being_

Inner Realm
_ Being_

I am a stone and my emotions are seized,
On the sofa I sit without my being,
I am a nameless mind and with no mind,
I walk like a cow and think like a donkey,
My mind is no more a monkey, restless.
With birds I sing and with rainfall I fall,
I flow like dewdrop secretly void,
On the road my body falls as I calmly walk,
I am a walking spirit without legs,
My head is gone beyond thought and no thought,
Dropping sense is dropping on the roadside,
No air and force to ignite the self gone,
Past has become dream and shadow of life,
I am out of my little self my genesis.
Like glittering stars all my thoughts scatter,
Loosely they are lying on the Arbor near,
I am a garden with no flower for me,
I bloom and dance with the breeze and nothing,
With the Sun I rise and set with it deep,
Without pain and joy I am a faceess Being.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm__ From Within Formless_ (Life Within Death)

Inner Realm
__ Form within formless__

Two birds are flying in the sky, black birds,
Under the sunrays and clouds, bright border,
The sky is empty and it is smiling deep,
Emptiness is the root of happiness.

The birds fly in the sky and, who knows why?
Flying is the root and birds are nothing,
The birds are manifest and Unmanifest flies,
In the emptiness the emptiness roams.

The journey of life is an unknown way,
The sky within sky and no sky is found,
The birds fly in the sky and sky is not,
Who can touch the sky and find its border?

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Life is a journey towards death, The end,
No one sees life or seeks its border line,
No border is there between life and death.
Life is a manifest form of the divine.

The Divine is death or the Unmanifest,
The life is a subtle deep vibration,
On the bosom of death the vast ocean,
The waves and the ocean and no border.

The vast watercourse swells on the ocean,
The vast body of air blows in the sky,
The ocean and the sky both are empty,
The empty mind is the root to go far.

Beyond the manifest the obscure deep,
Life is a pain to feel the depth of being,
Light through sky no light is seen in the space,
Without death life is a drum without song.

In the depth, the pain of living life is,
It is as if nothing to feel or touch,
Life is over flow of overflowing death,
Death is flowing as the pain of living.

Life is a living pain broad, delightful.
The Unmanifest surges from other shore,
Life and death two ends that make full circle,
in the totality of one two vanishes.

In this walk of my life unknown the way,
Forlorn and being dejected in the soil,
Life is no more a life, it needs repose.
I need to go beyond form, formless lap.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm_Form Within Form_

Inner Realm
__ Form within formless__

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Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm_Dew_

Inner Realm
Dew

In the bright Sunlight the city is full of quiet delight,
The birds are silent with no morning air,
The leaves are wet with morning dew,
Air stops blowing and the Sun falls with thievish look.
The bright day is born with the death of black night.
The night is gone into naught with no trace behind,
Only an airless pain is suppressed in my being.
Birds from their cosy cote peep to flap their wings,
Only glittering dew totters on verdant meadow,
I walk on the grass staggering with the trace of sleep,
Stumbling into grass to shed the dew on my feet,
My dewy mind is adamant and sticky,
With storms and gale it sheds not and glitters with wordless drowse.
The dew is the chest of autumn to die into winter,
The dew in my mind is false and it is always winter.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm_ Dew_

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PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm_

Inner Realm
Freedom from the chain of thoughts

Thou art welcome to me, my door is open,
With the seat covered with soft velvety cloth,
Into the shrine thou art welcome to me,
To sit and feel my pain of being lonely.
Come and rest a while for the door is open.
The fragrance is burning inside the grove,
The garden of my mind is full of flowers.
With thy arrivalmy heart is alive,
It dances with song unheard and silent.
Come to my being and seize my pain futile,
With no reason it sings and with cause dims.
The sky is empty and pain is too deep to feel.
Painless pain is dreary with no answer.
The cold air surrounds the wall and pain dawns.
In deep twisting dream thou art mine, my dream.
Onto thy feet do I wish to give in my mind.
Life is a song, a charming muse to call,
The shadow of divine grace in the form of death.
The eternal repose with no border,
Beyond mind and spirit an absolute pleasure.
Come in the broad daylight and in dark night,
The Sun above or the Moon smiling face.
With thy coming the spring dawns in winter.
Death becomes the way to new life freedom.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm _Life Is Death_

Inner Realm
Life is death

Song of life with the taste of silence deep,
Root of all creation micro or macro,
Infinite bliss doth fall upon thy mind,
Joy of living being rooted in the being.
In thy self the infinite light doth gleam,
Towards life no story is unique to deal,
All the glory is uniquely false at last,
Mind is false and so the self for passion.
Over the thought of life death is ultimate,
Nothing can make life beautiful and good,
Divine is the only being and all is mock.
Absolute being reigns with absoluteness,
Love is the only room to walk with death.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm_ Thy Look Of Love And My Dreamy Delight_

This propitious a measure Of Time
Wilt I keep in the solitary lawn of my mind,
The fragrance wilt reign without Closing,
The wind wilt note our long Love's
dulcet dictum.
In thine eyes the mirror of my futurity,
In thy heart the stream of my travail.
In this moment's voluminous joy
The eternity gleams as thou squint
Upon this poor heart for thy love.
The flower of this time will fight the inglorious mallet of misfortune.
I quoth: thou wilt live amid shade and shrine of my being as Never-dying rhyme.
Wilt I keep in my heart the elysian
Spring thou poured without embassy.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm_ Thy Furtive Look Of Love_

Inner Realm
__ Song of Mind __

The crickets are making an orchestra,
With strength and stress to adjust the anguish,
Their jolly souls to imbibe the spirit,
Of the evening after a sunny summer.

The shore of summer is submerged in dark,
On the bosom of Imbecile evening,
The pain of silent song of early Autumn,
The shadow of death of sunny selvage.

The crickets are singing with full throated ease,
Pouring their hearts to express their sorrow,
The evening falls as an end of a day,
The death of a joyful being after glee.

The Moon above is Cloud- capped and gloomy,
Walking like a half-dead being and dropping,
A group of birds under the Moon is flying,
Flying without aim with no intention.

The idle hour of evening, an hour of death,
The earth is moving from light to darkness.
From Perennial joy to mystic misery,
From outer rapture to inner silence.

The spirit of day paves the way for night,
From hour of love to reflective quietness,
The Sun is down the line and Moon above,
The earth is dark with varied song of doldrums.

The air is heavy, drowsy with seasonal change,
From drowsiness to somnolence anddeath,
Life is a storm with a strong epicenter.
Darkness though painful is pioneer of peace.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm __ Song Of Mind__

Inner Realm
__ Song of Mind __

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Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm_ Forlorn Self_

Inner Realm
- Forlorn self -

Things fall apart and doomsday dawns,
The storms of strange watery flurry,
Nature is a deep canopy,
Over the sepulchre solitary.
Life is dead and death celebrates.
A dense cloud over the lawn of mind,
Falling the night with no sight of light.
The eye of heaven is dumb, doused.
No light can flare the fire within.
Mind with heavy undergrowth demised.
Deep cry from deep pain is futile,
to revive the solitary joy gone.
Eyes of loved ones are without fire,
No scale to measure pain untold.
Infinite chain in a dungeon.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm-My Exit_

Inner Realm
- -MyExit - -
The noon that took my heart with sudden storm,
The air that blew in the young hour of life,
I do seek the pain that coloured my mind,
The field that was reflex ofthe unseen,
Day and night on it's bosom the shadow,
Of the unmanifest palyed the game of life,
The afternoon was painful with mind emotive.
Life was a mixed song of love and aloneness.
Night was full of stars and I flew to it,
With my mind to seek the path the unknown.
The thought of the glory of God and my love,
For the unknowable purity of being.
Taking the pain of life for the poorness,
Mind of mine used to lose in the vastness,
For the love of the divine and His glint,
To break the chain of my misfortune, grief.
Heart with all the impediments was alive,
Wistful to break the great aloofness of God.
Life was, apart from poverty and grief,
a fanciful bliss and stars, Sun, Moon, sky.
Every minuscule form, beingof Nature,
doth hold the spirit of total fullness,
Fresh alive and vibrant with the soul of life.
No death no dropping mind to hold us back.
We wert the shadow of eternal song,
The village of glittering humanity,
Now all is good with the same aura of being,
People come and go and faces change with flow,
Green field is still green with beams of the Sun,
Night is mystic with the glow of the Moon,
Only pain, the Kernel of being, is lost.
Empty eyes see empty hubbub of life,
The warmth that made my soul alacritous, dreamy,
With time the fire is doused and life is gone.
Now with weary eyes at the stars do I seek my exit.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm__Love Amorous__

Inner Realm
-Love amorous-

As night brings rest
do I seek repose on thy being,
Upon the cover of thy self,
With warm increasing sense,
Like amorous birds of love
Thou wilt cover me in warm embrace,
And in silent sensation wilt thou fall
onto my breast like foliage.
With kisses rain thou wilt be out of thyself and like rain thou wilt tumble into my being.
I wilt not leave thee as self sunder
and thou wilt inhale me inside thy chest.
Like a cell of my self wilt thou reign my second self.
With time thou wilt grow like the mother of mankind,
And in thy womb wilt I paint a better humankind.
Love amorous wilt grow creating space to platonic room,
Vast universe wilt be our pleasure house.
Soul onto soul and no-soul wilt be our final abode.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm_ Thy Look_

Inner Realm
Thy look

In the solitude of my heart thou peep,
Time and again to make me restless,
To lay my heart onto thy feet,
With love that makes me rueful,
For not lettingthee all that I have,
Thy look mystic and weird,
The playfulness thou play makes me nothing,
Proves me to give thee everything.
Come into my heart o master,
With soft clandestine step, thy home.
My heart is thy home and let me homeless,
All the doors I open and
all the night I am awake to worship thee,
With my suspended breath and wonderment.
Come and make me homeless,
Shelterless will give me shelter in thy look.
Let me die with my mind inside nothing to look.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm__ Pain In My Chest__

Inner Realm
__ Pain in my Chest__

Pain in my chest sharp severe pain,
My heart with many thoughts is thoughtless.
For bygone time it is throbbing,
And time moves not with pain in chest.
Breath is not thick for pain untold,
Moving pain is now subdued deep.
Single thought may heal or hide it,
The pain that is strong with much care.
With time it grows and fed by shade,
The pain in my heart and it is true.
Nothing can cover it or share,
It is deep and private to deem.
Air blows with sweet fragranceand fume,
The waves rise and fall with rhythm.
The merrymaking all around,
The dance is eternal without bar.
Only no agility in my heart,
Pain profound did make it buttoned.
In my pain there is love and loss,
There is dream and utter eclipse.
Pain conclusive and recondite,
Nothing to move it beyond time.
The wall of my heart is seasoned,
With spear and stroke, sore and sharp snack.
A small pain in my chest and back,
drilling the cave of my heart to being.
The sky is cloudy and floating,
Life is numb like graveyard quiet and calm.
Seasons come and go with many form,
Colour each and every nook of Nature,
Snow falls and new leaves sprout in trees,
Rivers flow, dry, with ebb and tide.
Flowers make mood merry and with time die,
Into nothingness it sleeps safe.
The clouds pass and fall like kindness,
Sometimes it mourns with pain in chest.

PoemHunter.com

With each season nature is thrill,
The dream within dream and dreamy charm.
With only season my heart abides.
Season of pain and pain only.
A single pain lone in my heart.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm__ Beyond Border_

Inner Realm
Beyond border
Come into my mind with pain of your heart,
Be pain as much as you feel in your soul.
Come and be my soul mate as deep as you feel,
With all the sky and clouds in it shed in my being,
With every breath press me deep onto thy breast,
And be lost in sweet sensuous rhyme of life.
Little thought and prayer profound without words,
Only love without the feeling of love embrace,
Die in each breath and fall like a shower on bower,
Come with eyes closed and free from mind,
In mindless glory shower me with kisses brine,
Onto thy soul beyond border, a life of union.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm__ A Tiny Flower_

Inner Realm
__A Tiny Bud__

A tiny flower newly born out of shower,
It is new to the world, to the new Sun,
The petals are open and franrance out,
All the doors are open to the bower,
One by one it moults petals to view the sky,
The sky is within the breast of the bud,
In the silent song of the breeze it dances,
It dances within its bough in graceful muse,
The petals drop and tiny bit of joy oozes,
It is enough for the tiny breast to hold,
The waves of eternity in a wee bosom,
Every petal is a window to peep,
To the vastness of the sky pure and true.
With the rolling of the Sun above home,
The gliding of the day to soft shelter,
The petals drop and move into nothingness.
The beauty dissolves into homeless home,
All the doors break and doorless is the flower.
With its limited access being a flowers,
It becomes a celebration without form,
It dances in the afternoon with no petal.
Within its source the tiny bloom is mindless,
Along the sky the drop of joy is oceanic.
The presence of the presence is felt deep.
The flower that was born in the early hour,
Moving with the Sun it becomes one with all.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm__ No Life

Inner Realm
_ No Life _
A vast desert without oasis,
A valleywide spread without blossom,
A river without water my heart,
Without dream to fill the gap of life.
The day thou artgone I am nowhere.
With thy departure as April shower,
I am nobody with no mind within.
Thou hast come in my mind as dream sweet,
Showed kaleidoscopic view of life.
Thou art the song unuttered, that blessed,
And made life go without Contention.
Under the empty vault of my heart,
Thou wert a fresh valley of flower.
Sometimes joy and sometimes full of tears,
Sometimes a pain poignant that coup my being.
A boat without board and sky without Stars.
Thou art gone knocking my being with speech.
Life is a mystic sound with no drum.
The sound within sound having no dream.
With Sudden blow, with no real quick corn.
Upon thy breast i laid my life best,
With time to mature, to the fullest form.
Now with song tuneless I am on shore,
To view the colour of hope of life,
Once I wished to touch with my elate being.
In a lonesome noon thou hast left me,
To roll with time to suffer no life.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm_ Broken Heart

Inner Realm
Broken Heart

Broken heart!The Sun of life is falling into ditch,
All the dream seen in the broad daylight,
A life of meditative fullness,
Life of song, harmonious euphoria,
with the slow movement of time gone,
The Sun above looks with wistful wish to view another Sun within peaceful mind,
Life is gone into night and many stars glitter.
with many the heart pants with unknown fear.
The spring and it's song of eternal youth on the lawn of mind,
a thing of past and present is lost.
The green field is yellow with ripenness.
The song that flowed through empty space,
Now with dim light rings with different cadence,
A song of rumination and pain flows undercurrent.
Ohlife! a dreamy delight that soothes unlived pain,
All the nurturing emotions that sealed the heart,
All the hopes to feel the warmth of fulfilment,
A life of dance and rejoicing,
All the glory of being in moment and it's silent revolution,
To see the unseen and to feel the touch of divine,
The glimpses of metaphysical grace,
To dance in the sound of a dew falling on the bosom of ocean,
And with it the falling of mind into its being.
Oh death! deep pure death that happens within breath,
The death that renews life again and again,
Now with passing time a damnation with thoughts unfruitful and futile.
Life has become a heap of sorrow
collected from daily afflictions, anguish and marrow.
A valley full of flowers with Sun soft and mild,
And the Moon that makes Night dreamless beauty with time is in abyss,
Now pain in heart, broken with Unlived home,
Listening to the sound of waves to fall the eyelids weary under debris.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm_ Bengal_ A Silent State_

Inner Realm
Bengal __ A Silent State_

The restless wind around the city dances,
With pain in loaded breast to spill upas,
On the line where little child plays joyous,
The wind is blowing to and fro, madness.
The sky is cloudy with poison deadly,
People are dying with empty bowels,
Dying happily for their pleasant leaders.
The leaders are happy with song in soft heart's.
Bengal is a state of misery and joy.
People are dying with hearts full of peace,
to make their beloved leaders frolic.
Leaders are devoted to wives and swain.
On the bed of crimson desert and chock,
People are tied to listen to song still.
The shadow is not felt of bygone fools,
Who with foolery oozed blood for liberty,
The shadow of death devoured the steppe.
People are soulless soil, sterile for norm.
Bengal is a state of coloured fox, Janus.
With heedless minds pounce they to the chameleon.
The shadow of nothing is deep around,
Child is born with banners in hands to show,
They are not going to think on their mind own.
Song is playing, still silent song of peace,
Only one anomaly, there is no one.
The headless rabble praise the predator.
The greedy, Lecherous, Caprine on throne,
To dictate the verse of deuce, Beelzebub.
On the pasture where sweet lotus, rose bloomed,
Dewy crackers are glittering for spectrum.
Bengal is a big churchyard free of words.
The booming heart with no revolution.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm __ Worshipping Mother Divine_

Inner Realm
Worshipping Mother divine

Autumn's somnolent season of festivity,
With slow air of dreamful sapidity,
The drooping mind is again vigorous.
The air is heavy with joy for the greeting,
The footing of Mother divine, pure light.
And to bid adieu to year's ill dimness,
The sinister chase of dull indulgence.
The Spirit of Autumn is now subdued,
With all her unfolded wings, air, fire smell,
The trees with chuffed heart bloom to give her store,
The floral Veneration to the great Soul.
The Mother divine, Durga is on way,
The air drops from bough to bough and spreads whiff,
The birds lose chirping delight to feel joy,
With the grass that ceases to move for dew,
Freshly from heaven to earth alighted.
The garland of deification ready,
to kiss the merciful mirth of mother.
From the tip of grass to the immense sky,
The crimson joy of hope and ambition,
Extend the cloud of joy to embrace Her,
Keeping all the pain and sorrow astern mind.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Happy Birthday

Happy birthday
On the ocean of mind,
A wave waves in thy name,
From the womb of silence,
Thou came into the form,
being in form thou art not,
A formless form inside,
Thou art a song unuttered,
Beauty within the grace,
The divine is engraved,
In thy name andfigure.
On the ocean of being,
A wave rose and fall deep,
Upon the self within,
Inside the mind without,
Thou art pure glory pristine,
The play and display Tao,
The first and last alcove,
In thy name the formless,
The nameless glory is born,
The wrapper on the soul,
The sun beyond the cloud,
In thy name the soul adored.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm- Cloistered Nook_

Inner Realm
__cloistered nook__

Into the dark corner of thy world, cosmos,
A tiny space, dark and earnest, namely cave,
Do I wish a shelter, a harborage.
A secret place where light doth furtively peep,
Birds donot bliss with joy of day and night.
The souls of silent solitaire meet not,
A place of utter aloneness and quietude.
In the graveyard of arcadian Stillness,
Where breeze blows without prop and patronage.
The boon and blessing do I seek from Thee.
A desert, a forest or rocky womb,
Away away from the pectus of happiness,
From Hurly-burly of somatic life.
A death pure death to hopping mind, entity.
Only silence will be the syllogism,
State.
With Thy altitudinous chord, mercy.
Let me sleep eternally onto thy cloistered nook.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realmlife

Inner Realm
__cloistered nook__

Into the dark corner of thy world, cosmos,
A tiny space, dark and earnest, namely cave,
Do I wish a shelter, a harborage.
A secret place where light doth furtively peep,
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Prabir Gayen

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Inner Realm__ Life Is A Wait-

Inner Realm
_ Life is a painful wait_
A little drop of dew quavering on the leaf,
Formed not by the surge of natural
hue,
Untimely rain with thunderstorms formed it,
Yet, by accident though it was born, built,
It shudders in fear for losing it's face,
A tiny dew, a form yet no form wishes to live.
The bubbles on the ocean, the breeze that moves,
Every small form is the pain of mighty heart.
The divine is radiance through transient.
The death is the bed of life and repose.
Every fleeting pain is the time of fruition.
The light is warm and thedarkness is cold,
Inside the cold womb of nature life is nourished.
The little drop is losing it's hon guise,
It is waning with the mild blow of air,
Into the grand nothingness it will vanish.
Yet the cricket is pouring it's heart's joy,
Or it's pain untold and unknown for all,
The evening is deathly and empty drum,
With aquas rue and woe it celebrates the sorrow.
The drop of the dew into which life peeps,
The cricket's incessant cry and hearty hymn,
The mizzle over the horizon that lies,
The dark light that asserts life's sad lyric,
The way that plods painfully stops on the way.
Life is a faint delight to ruminate,
The lived past with unlived dream, never wert real.
The tiny drop is fading inside my being.
A sudden Kiss-curl laved the shore of Mind.
In the ocean of unredressed wishes,
Life is a painful wait to look beyond.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm_ Life- A Futile Exercise

Inner Realm
: __ Life _ a futile exercise and pain indefinite- - :

Today
In this dark room of my mind, being!
Everything looks futile the dropping mind, self!
Life hast reached the ultimate doomsday, death!
The colourful hands of love art alien, weird!
The room is dark and hence the world, Nature.
The mind within mind and shaky heart, churchyard.
Every death of dream leaves a track behind.
The heaps of death block the room, empty space.
The heavy trammel of dust unveils not the light,
To dip to wash the languish of living.
Life is a futile show having no hayday.
Night falls and no way to go into morn,
The morning is dead and the dew is dry,
with no restless pain of containing ray's,
Upon the bosom of Earth no sign is left,
Of the play and display of divine light,
Light falls on the petals and softly dies,
With the listlss air it travels not far,
The silent field is now a dull witness,
The Sun rises in the east and west it sets.
The feast of colour is without central.
The song of life is mute with wordless pain.
A step two steps and no step is adequate,
Life hast reached home with no wall to protect.
Every step is weary and withering,
The soul within is heavy for unknown danger,
The danger of waiting for long for call,
The moment of silence with no anguish.
Inside home I am homeless and stranger.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm __ Unseen Stillness

Inner Realm
- Unseen Stillness-

Thou hast made me and given me the sense of life,
Thou know why I am so immensely punished.
The ground thou chose for me is wet forever.
Thou hast given me a life namely a life,
not less than a curse and damnation for a crime.
Eternal way of knowing of not knowing the cause.
The flower that thou nourished with second hand,
The flower that bloomed without cause for thy careless presence,
The flower that made a silent autumnal day heavy,
The flower that was to doom with the slow transit of the day,
That flower is still breathing and housing the pain, the extreme way.

The door is closed and every petal is rotten with unusual blow,
Life thou honor isa sordid story, a bed ot thorn.
I am to sing thy song and music becomes muse.
Thy deep silent hill and thy oceans ever restless will not fathom my pain.
Thou art deaf to me and I am dumb to thy rage.
The pulsation thou ordain for me is thy Chastisement.
And my accurst being is crying for subsidence -
A breathless beauty of being Nothing.
Life is a restless wave and I find no way to rest under its unseen stillness.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm - Pain In Heart

Inner Realm
Pain in heart

Poignant pain In the wall of my heart ??
In the deepest part of my being.
It is due to unusual dream that lasted not,
It is due to fullness that life failed to achieve.
Pain poignant to walk on the path leading to nowhere,
Life is a walking with no aim to reach,
An aimless march to a path without track.
Life is a beautiful dream for those who can dream.
All the glory and the vainglory, nothing but beating on water to make an epic.
The song of earth and the intimacy of being to it is a loose fancy,
The heart beat is nothing but illusion to delude it's worshipper.
Nature's pristine purity and it's vain show to heal the malady,
The lust that lured the bovine mind,
and the epical charms of bygone dreamers
Now futile to my wounded being.
The poetry of earth is now to me a requiem,
Death, the ultimate yoga and cessation of endless turmoil.
Love's warm embrace, null and void,
Is empty to fill the space.
Heart is a cup and no rhyme is there to fill and or make it overfull.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm - Life- Tantalising Light

Inner Realm
- -Life - tantalising light- -
Fifteen years have gone into nothingness,
Fifteen years of dream and overmuch dream.
Life was then a fairy tale having no sham.
The purity of childhood and the hell- fire.
The pain of complex mind was not known to me,
Nor the thought of life and intricate math,
Life was a simple song of complex dream.
No message was there in the song of birds,
No hope to sleek the uneven ground of gloom.
The wild life with wild strife to fight appetite.
The Sun rose with new light and the Moon smiled,
The day dissolved into night's sleepy rejoicing.
Fifteen years of bootless living, futile.
Yet the night was glorious and sunshine mystic.
Without hope and dream hope was the core rail,
Everything was living with fresh pleasantry.
The vibrant Nature with vibrant people,
Fifteen years from then on the spirit evolved,
The rustic song rings, without lapse, time lag.
With equal intensity and intimacy.
The wind blow with same paroxysmal mind.
Only the harmony is lost inside my being,
The light within my soul became old, aged.
Radiance that fed the mind, over-the-hill.
The towering bliss of life to embrace,
The cloud that lives above the clouds of dream,
On the ground to kiss the taste of Quietus.
Within my mind and beyond my body,
A tomb, a silent sepulchre is formed.
The song that nurture pain poignant signals,
The inaudible voice of far, other shore.
Life is a light subtle to tantalise.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm -Silence Of Shore-

Inner Realm
-Silence of the shore-
**********"*
Dead silence Summarized the heart,
Deep solidified silence seized,
Voiceless quietness adorned the heart,
It was mum with sudden weird blow,
The heart beat ceased with strange diadem.
Only the pain like bubbles arose,
On the atrimble hedge of the heart,
Where mind wobbled with cryptic pain,
Life with all it's wings, real or inane,
made a secret and Silent leave.
The sky is empty and love is aught.
The song that once wrought the freaky eyes,
Still now with no tunable vowel,
The pain of death for life loyal.
The glimpses of strange fertile rose,
The Moon like a watery bubble,
The butterflies that paint the sky,
The life with manifold delights,
On the horizon of my heart,
Submerged in silent symphony.
A handful moment's of death Bell,
With suspended breath and low psalm,
Inside the being collapsed unvoiced.
In mindful mildness of mind more,
My heart etherized once with pain odd,
Wiped ashore of my being with ode,
Listening to the song beyond.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm _ Metamorphosis

Inner Realm
-Metamorphosis -

Come to me with bare heart, naked!
I will have a gift for you, hell!
I am a hell-giving, benefactor.
Come to me with deep sigh, a ditty!
I will open the gate to Tophet!
Heaven is rough and monotony,
Time will be a curse in the spring.
Come with guile in your mind, venom!
I will serve you with equal bane.
I am a curse from a shed angel,
An unsolved question without word.
With bemused temptation serve me,
I will be a good bodacious.
In lonesome pain I seek for love,
It is nothing but fatuous charm.
Come to me with no amusement,
I am a grave without ecstasy.
Life! A nightmare with no catchy dream,
A sepulchre without substance.
A tomb with many wishes underneath.
Hell is the end of the universe,
Nature ends with silent synagogue,
Without hell, the heaven bondage.
Beyond both let us be one room.
with bow and arrow we will make,
A better tomorrow where no sign,
Of day and today are found zippy.
A timeless aura will flower bud,
The space without space and fervor,
The darkness envelopped by darkness.
Both the souls of our with pleasure,
Will find a thread of silver shower,
Life beyond life will drive conversion.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm - Autumn _Season Of Death..

Inner Realm
Autumn _ season of death...

Flower is opening petals one by one,
With soft touch of season's sainted course, dewy.
With the advent of autumn nature is open,
With mild and mellow sweetness in limp light,
The birds are found singing, caroling ruin.
The season of mist heck on Summer's lease.
The dormant wish is falling on bosom,
soft sheltering caress of mother nature.
The song of autumn is silent psalmody.
The wavy grass ceases with dulcet tone of breeze.
The dry wind is ponderous through moisture.
In the soft dying day trees descant ballad,
For the departure of warm emotive days.
In meditative mildness the season,
The ruminanting nymph heralds new mood.
Calm and quiet is the Animus of tempus.
On the field where dew on grass is seeping,
Where the birds are silent for pain untold,
The Virgin Sprite is at work with thoughtless joy.
Life is a chain of soft splendid petals.
On the cessation of every petal,
an epoch is dead and life is felt false,
The moon above is dead as light on dew off.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm - Slow Death

Inner Realm
-Slow death-

Dying every moment bit by bit beaten.
Every clod of mind, the being collapsed all.
silhouette has become my prime, backbone.
The storms of peripheral pain spin around.
The soul is wanted in the spring tide of my mind.
The ideal form of life is devoured stark.
The bubble of bone is liftingvalde,
Surfacing in circular motion firme.
I am a soul, a forlorn field of being,
Death is blocked in deathless anguish, lethal.
In deep drowsiness like lightning life felt,
Like the gush of vagrant wind in grey noon.
On the lone field where the sun is resting,
among the swaying tingle of asleep birds.
The mind has become a wretched
wreckage.
Thy breast lusty and lousy cannot hold my pain,
Withering spirit of mine, leaningdeep,
Towards unfruitful memory of my past.
The field that was waving to me, mute dream,
Where the garland of supernova awaited,
for me to kiss with manifold warmth of bliss.
Gone is the day, with it the soul of living.
Underneath buried of soft sprouts my heartbeat.
With impassible wish, stygian bed floats.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm - Outside From Thingness-

Inner Realm
-Outside from Thingness-
****
Dense cloud is passing underneath the Moon,
Surprised to overlook the view in her room,
The Moon is alone round the year without mind.
It looks here and there along the sky, amazed.
The cloud doth embrace the moon
With it's face,
Itgleams the queen of the night and it's grief.
The moon will never meet the day,
The Sun.
With silent coruscation it will live,
The space is it's vastness and it is huge,
Like a bird wingless in it's remotecote.
I am likewise a deserted self along,
The path is vastness with no trace to follow.
The coldness quakes the faded leaves to wreck,
Floating on the sac of breeze wistfully,
Afoat without wish to and fro and lost.
The hue of life and light with travail faints,
The funereal life is murky for doom.
The pieces of mind is powerless to sing,
The song that tells the plentitude of being,
Weave the bona fide dream of life with thread,
That connects every soul into ace whole.
The wholeness is disunited and moves to beaucoup.
Within my self and without my spirit,
I am overthrown outside my being
and bare.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm

Inner Realm
- Eternal voice in Nature-

Among the leaves the rich play of
careless air,
withprismatic plumage of forenoon light.
The Sylvan soul sibilates toyetic dream.
The lore of unseen spirit is at play.
The Sun with smiling delight overshadows,
The misery that disowned the Veryfor false.
In the morning air with lightness in mind,
Nature is enliven with fresh flow of life.
From dust floating above to flying birds,
The twittering birds to lifeless people,
The Maudlin mortal to vatical souls,
Every single iota of nature, full.
Nature is overwhelming with calm fullness.
Only souls with open eyes can feel the pure.
Life is light and with no point to slight it.
From silent Stillness to dynamic void,
The supreme livesin every heart with peace.
In every phenomena life is ingrained.
The hide and seek, pain and pleasure life is,
wonderous and painful to vouch the same.
In the varying verity the voice is rigid.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm-Thy Careful Fondling

Inner Realm
-Thy careful fondling -
****
The part, parted from its produce,
is a homeless Itinerant,
It walks without hope and homeless shelter is it's abode.
The part contains the whole and wholeness reamains as part.
One portion of my being is in the bowl of the past,
etherized by pain incurable,
another half is in the unproductive future.
The present is wavy and life is nipped in the bud.
The sound beyond mortal sense is drawing death every moment and life is falling without rising.
The heart's silent cadency Peddles thy name,
Thy soft candied bosom enthralls the bleeding linchpin of my being.
Onto thy bosom is my rest beyond the border of my breath.
The broad glance of thy honied eyes and the shadow of thy eyelids art my Harborage.
The pain that made me a peripatetic soul,
Wilt find an alternative plane inside the chain of the arms.
With quevering mind and shaky heart wilt I find my other half in thy painstaking fondling.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm - No Death No Escaped

Inner Realm
- No death no escape-

The dew-fed days and wild imitation of crystal blindness,
The indifferent morning and the Virgin smell of fragrant flowers and brisk afternoon,
The Sun from slanting clouds winked with manifold dreams,
The walking was full of promises,
The forlorn field with wild burgeon
With lifting wind often and on,
The calm winter and pensive spring,
The thunderstorms with black cloud in monsoon,
The night, calm and quiet with dim light,
Often with severe blows of storms and blusterous air,
destroyed the affluence of daylong toil.
The humming bees and Mellow fume of melting mud,
The lightning stroke in each drop of blood with thoughtless aura of nonentity,
The joy of living without past and future.
The birds with twittering orchestra and beasts with silent sweetness,
The air and water with motile sound of fast growing trees,
Life was no less than a dream.
In this dead world among dead people and with dying mind life is no less than agony where death delays to fall upon the chest.

Prabir Gayen

Inner Realm -The Cloud

Inner Realm
The Cloud

A dense cloud slowly silently formed in the sky of my mind,
nay the heart of my being.
It is enceinte and brimming withinit's ticklish womb.
The cloud of joy and sorrow and
bearing heartache it falls within it's core.
The cloud is lonely without source,
a vagrant pain with untold misery.
The body of the cloud is formed without nucleus,
It is nothing but fatuous form of passion with no light within.
The light and shade makes it look like substance.
The form without or formless form is the cloud of my mind,
drop by drop it is formed like darkness formed with the absence of light.
A smiling face of the sun can redeem it like the knowledge of the self can redeem the being.
The cloud is formed in the sky of my mind without the joy of light,
The warm touch of the sun will make it flight with no trace behind.
The cloud is my mind and it is dense for being strong without Cognition of it's root.

Prabir Gayen

Fullness With Death

Inner Realm
- Fullness with death-

The sky hast blossomed flowers
The birds sing in the Grove,
The rivers dance with mighty delight,
Nature is decked with unknown pleasure,
The clouds that float in the sky is still, ruminant light.
The breeze pregnant with austere
aroma,
Moves with slow assiduous steps.
The cattle that grazed on the lea,
Left marks of joy and peace.
The twinkle of stars and white Moon show gesture of goodbye
to parting Sun,
With deep grandeur it goes to slumberous emptiness.
Apart from delightful mirror of beauteous form,
The sun down and the moonabove,
The flowers move for joy unknown,
The lifting beauty ofdifferent folds,
I am a deserted soul.
The deserted road and full of darnel for secluded hurst.
The road is vanished in heavy greenness of Underwood.
Upon the wavy grass with moon above and no one beside will I leave my last air,

The music of my heart to roll with stone, mud and flowers.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Restoration

- - Restoration-
It is removing from the coverture
Of mind,
The pain that formed a veil of Lugubrious cloud,
Frozen by time and frenzy grouse.
The mind is a recovering self looks back like an infant.
The melting misgiving paves the way for love dispassionate and Ineffable.
Upon the sun of life matured by life's hideous ado,
The sun that set beyond the bough of cloud,
With new hope and knowledge of uppermost venue will rise.
The new Sun with new vista and the cord of unheard song,
are leaping onto the outer being.
The knowledge of the past and utmost premonition failed to ring the song of life.
With painful fullness life is blooming with moment's infinite wisdom.
The booming sensation within the depth of being,
The spring without source Overwhelm the sheath of existence.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Intercourse

-Intercourse-

With all the colours that thou ow'st,
Cometh to my being sterile by being alone.
Pourest on this faded heart the rain of love unconditional,
And revive this arid pond to saturation.
The moon that shines through foggy cloud can't hide thy love,
Nor do I suppress my vergin delight.
Upon the field unploughed by time,
Will I make a candestine footing to make thee mine.
Soul upon soul following the urge of Substance.
Corporal harmony with pain of unity will take us to mutual intercourse.
On eyeslids pale will exude dreamy fragrance of nothingness.
Life is a foamy pain untold and unheard by mind.
Upon the leaves it glitters,
In the mind it fetters,
Life is a deep womb unfathomable by conception.
Inside the aura of mystic bond unusual in kind,
we wilt make a dreary domicile,
With no light to shine and no air to blow upon our Lit-up souls.
A deep sensation wilt hush up the pain of being in separation,
Wilt cover the unknown pulsation
That brings forth restlessness without root.
The rootless Immensity wilt writ our charged body into unified whole.
The wholeness wilt stem from wholeness and wholeness wilt be our whatness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm - A Drop Of Dew

7-.Inner Realm
- A drop of dew -
Swaying on the tip of a grass a drop,
A small new-born dewdrop fresh and alive.
It knows nothing of the night, nourishes it,
Nothing of the day, it will perish soon.
Still the sweet and lively dewdrop delights,
Without past and the coming peril to face.
The little dewdrop in a fresh douceur,
It dances in the darkness of the night,
Looking at the sky in dim delight.
A tiny drop and vast as the sky within.
A wee drop born at night without notice,
Contented upon it's crust and total
ease.
In nitid joy and Peace the drop nods fro.
The moon above, on her throne in her realm,
among her starry fays looks below and pale.
She knows not the source of joy of the dew,
Envy of envisaging the dewy-eyed dream,
Of a living and Unaspirated dewdrop.
A drop on the sky and the moon on forage,
The mirror within a mirror embraced.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Pain Of A Tiny Drop

6-.Inner Realm
- Pain of a tiny drop -

On the Western sky the sun is Seceding,
Waning like an etherized ballrolling down,
A drop on the leaf is trembling for fear,
It rolls and rolls with resonating light,
The glowing light is not self-illumined,
With wordless tidings it contains the real,
The soundless emptiness is the true glory.
Within it's womb, it's own verdure,
It is complete within it's own garment.
Still unknown fear seizes it's core
descent.
A tiny flow of air will change it's shape, being!
The twinkle of the stars, bare, open it's twin,
Hence the fear of dropping and vanishing.
The unquiet mind is from unknown
folly.
The pain of being small is same the pain of vastness.
The little ego drops onto Pelagic fullness.
With the loss of fragile self it comports,
to become one with the dateless billow.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Inner Realm - Silent Explosion

5-.Inner Realm
- Silent explosion-

A tiny sharp dot of ray from behind
clouds,
A patch of floating cloud, is scattering the ray.
From the blooming face of the sky
evening dawns,
Thousands of birds towards their homeland winged,
at the dim light with their delighted minds.
With soaring flutter and the twinkle of stars,
Like leaves that fall from yellow, arid bough,
My mind is calm and tranquil, not disturbed.
The queen Moon on the still water, is reflected,
With full glory as in her silver Abbey.
With questions many a form down the ages stromed,
Clouded the mind and the query of heart,
Questions and tiredness ruined the quest of being.
The music of life that felt loss of tune,
With blows of charmed calm is restored rhapsody.
Life is an endless quest for more knowledge,
For more strength to be wellinformed to shun.
Knowledge is mud and with time it becomes bar,
Paralyse the quaking heart that wobbles with emotions.
The silence is deep and anexplosion,
and in this detonation quiet my mind.

Prabir Gayen

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Inner Realm - Body

4-.Inner Realm
Body

This body is waning and the mud fizzles,
The quiet breath is thinning out of
Morbid mind,
The goneness of years' pain and Inertness,
The life is not born out of torpid knock.
Around the boundary the subtle timefleets,
The death is awaiting without warm respite.
Part by part the plod is ebbing into
death.
Life! the vital is on dewy shade of pyre.
Every breath is death and life is stressing the way.
The morning is aging with slow Sequestered steps.
With no afternoon life reaches the maturing night.
The song that blowed through palm trees with murmur,
The hush of Austral air did weave dream false,
and the Sybaritic mind that pondered,
Of the flower and garden with achy ally,
With the pounding passion is it, subdued.
The body is waning with music, eyeless dream.

Prabir Gayen

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Inner Realm -Revelation

2 -. Inner Realm
Revelation
Head is gone beyond battle blank,
At the sudden sound of a bird,
In a lone hour of afternoon.
The sound deep and hard, revelation!
The head bents and an explosion.
The tiny cup of my heart is overflowed.
The sun is shining bright on line,
Still and quiet and witness my mind.
We are both the mirror and image,
Within the mirror and the image.
The wee bed of grass is the mirror!
My mind, the sun and the douceur.
The memory of my childhood,
The pain of falling in love of boyhood,
And the sordid song of life wise,
In a moment flashed and revelation!

Prabir Gayen

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Inner Realm - Fragment

Inner Realm
Fragment
A deep desire inside my mind,
Pooping the vein the day and the night,
The memoir that is gone; buried deep!
The flavor of the past is zippy,
The non-existent pain profound.
The past is a footprint, abide not,
The reflex of time that reaches to- be,
The deep pain Crinkles of to-be and not,
The future is a seedless space.
I am a spirit torn inside,
between the past and it'sforecast.
The overwhelming depth is too tame,
The present is painful to grasp.
Sitting close to my self and listening,
to the unuttered word of my heart.
A tiny breast of time that surges wave,
The ripple of time that seems naught.
The skyless skies, the op-ed page,
Of my mind is hogwash to being.
The mistrial of mind is beyond time,
The past is dead and the present quiet.
The music of the being is flowing,
in the womb where silence reigns tied.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Glorious Day Of Unfancy

- Preface-

- Glorious day of infancy-

Glorious itwas the day that passed by,
The brook full of mud, sand was our pleasure,
The days decked with starvation was the proud,
In empty stomach we felt sweet salty breeze,
Dreams studded with stars foretold rich days to come,
Present moment was endowed with lively echo.
Pulsation was momentous and lavish,
Life was full of sex - water, fire and breeze.
No death, nor gaiety hit the bed of life.
colorful dreams of myriad form whetted us.
Death wad dead and life was squirting from each pore.
Now time has changed and the luxury is gone,
The warmth of puerile plainness is
waned.
The swan on pond, beetle and bird
amorphous,
And the tiny breast of grasshopper on dewy grass,
And at midnight with throbbing heart for love,
For the unknown lover upon wavy grass,
And long run through bamboo wood with loaded heart,
With the pounding passion and little thought.
With time all is underground or freezed far.
Life at my hand is now a sordid field,
Beauty and the chase of it with heavy heart,
Love and prayer for the boon of it vanished.
Mind is like a stupidity street witness,
the day and the night the pain recondite.
A stupid mind among stupid people,
Waiting for change for the advent of Godot.
Life! Thou art a vacant dream, an
Elfin.
Without song a bint with false psalm of life.
Time! Thou art the most unreal reality.
A dreary stupor that had no mercy.
In each tiny lap of thine I am engraved.

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Time is gone yet it has no mutation,
Only my mind is mutated for steadfast thought,
Pain profound for breach of imperious dream.
The cup that I own is now full of song,
The song of Au Revoir to feel oncheek,
Of mine the chorus that lulled myinfancy.

Prabir Gayen

The Wholeness

- Inner Realm -
-Wholeness-

Thou wert in my mind as pristine unity,
One without second a non dual self,
Thou wert in every trying time of my mind,
With my breath thou flow and with no mind calm.
The beauty that lulled my mind thou nourish.
It is sober shrine that shoved me incised.
My hope rose and hopeless mite dismantled.
My snooty self looked to shine with poetic praise,
With deeper rage it shradded by being correct.
The wholeness broke and surfaced on dewy bed.
I am a being with mindless wave length.
perfection uprise! the unity demise.

Prabir Gayen

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- Pain Of Looking At Change-

Pain

Deep darkness dawns on the platform of my mind,
With the fall of evening,
a painful remembrance of the day dying.
The mind is plaintive with the sad song of crickets,
Life is a tale of flagrant pain,
The field that witnessed the passing and coming of souls
down the ages, is silent with no pain of sudden change.
The trees thatundergo change with time, are not nostalgic.
Change is death and total chage is total dissolution.
The earth is moving and it moves with nondescript pain with grotesque forbearance.
I am in the hell of my mind thinking transient as inevitable.

Prabir Gayen

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Debdutta

- Debdutta-

Divinespirit like a fleet- footed butterfly,
Eagerto learn what is beyond knowledge.
Beautyis her pride and calm is her mind.
Disturbance fails to distract her smoothness.
Underher eyes gleams warble of soft air.
Truththat is beautiful becomes her
comity.
Thoughnever did she open her
grimace.
About everything she is calm and quiet.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Return

-Return -

After long yearsI come back to village,
It is more pleasing than apilgrimage.
Yonder a vastgreen field where I didplay,
When I, with all my dearfriends, spent hayday.
The brook that glides by the side of our hamlet,
Now with smiling face looks at my
Present.
The sun rays that lulled once my childhood days,
With same warmth and ardour bear my forays.
The murmur of the Arboreous place,
Welcome me again once did it embrace.
The days of infant delight before me,
ah, life of joy and absolute joy, woe!
The poor place with still sylvan purity,
The heartjoyous with nosense
Of duality.
My village, my place issweeter than a grave,
With strong heart I will rest, Carnal to waive.

Prabir Gayen

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My Little Self

-My little self -

in the limber air did I listen to her soft voice,
In whispering tone she poked
In melting posture.
Lying upon my dumb heart she cried in soft inaudible voice,
With little fingers she knocked upon my seasoned chamber.
In dreamful air did she smile with deep meaningful right.
Her glowing beady eyes wert piercing my frozen flank.
Stirring my torpid spirit,
did she play with my platonic mind.
Her angelic pride was hurt and she rebuked my guarded egotism.
I was a little baby with my little one,
In the Self-born field of ecxistence.
In the ocean of unborn spirit
I was lost with my adorable bairn.
Upon my awakening, I am a deserted being with unagitatednumbness.

Prabir Gayen

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No Ship To Shelter

- No ship to shelter -

The pain that is frozen will not melt with the ray's of sun,
The sound of vernal muse will not break the amassed apony.
The waves that pour moment by moment upon my bare breath,
Will not find peace untill cease.
The storms of emotion without hope swell inside the medullary of my mind,
Twisting itto squeeze the purport
Of life,
The work without hope and hope against hope.
Sound of thought and jingling of emotion dilate the adumbration on the free siprit of mine.
Death - silent searing death is the relief.
Life is a vain reliance on the shore for no ship to Shelter.

Prabir Gayen

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No Way To Walk

-No way to walk-

No way to walk,
a deep ditch ahead and beyond no utterance,
Life is a dirty heap of thought with bottomless spite,
Restless pain is the fortitude without answer.
No way to walk and vast field to sing,
The song of life and death and
rootless philosophy.
Pain of heart robs the peace of being,
Long waiting becomes Pungent
and death seems futile to bestow bliss.

Prabir Gayen

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Pent

- Pent-
The flower that bloomed in the Earth's Eerie place,
With some chimeric causes and uncanny fault,
The flower that on it's chest bore offing,
To build a nest full of fragance fetching,
With time and for the ecumenic law,
Withers into the womb of nothingness.
The day is gone with all it's flowerybed,
and pain trenchant as gift of life is dressed,
The inevitable pursuit of life is to
Vouch,
The rise of the sun and starry face of night.
The moon's plain plaintive of silent subtle sound.
The day with listless plod meets the weary night.
The sunrise and the sunset with the waves,
higgledy-piggledy the rush of surge.
Life is a liberty in a chain pent.

Prabir Gayen

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Mind

Mind

The heavy load on heart averts
The mind,
To go and give in into thy quiet feet.
Startled the mind, find not the way to set in.
Away from thee miles apart from the life.
Death is not near and life is a fairy dream,
Bemused mind and shaky mind dreads the fire of night.

Prabir Gayen

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Dim Night

-Dim night -

Among cloven clouds stands the faint phoebe,
The sole satellite of the earth seems lonely.
Her silver light fails to paint the dark canvas,
Upon the earth flickers the pale shadow,
Dim gleam of domestic glow looks at dun,
The moon is on her murky sight with stars.
Here on the ground opaque sight visible,
The owl in lone solitary stick among trees,
hoots to pour her painful heart for mystic fear.
The mice into rain-drenched hole at the sky,
Look for a patch of light on their bushy house.
With trembling heart the small bardie chirps, wan.
With Lackadaisical heart for fear strange.
The night with dim hazy light and broken sky,
To silent heart hints the inevitable time.

Prabir Gayen

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Let Me Die

- Let me die -

In the far corner of the sky above the clouds,
The silent zone of Thy cosmos where flying flamingoes pass not,
The incantation of deacon and devotee reaches not,
In the forlorn field of awash air,
A small nook do I want, the retreat.
This physical sojourn among kindred and kin is deception of mind,
The slow pace of the invisible steps of time is severe for thy slave.
A small domicile for this oppressed mind away from the world,
Into the perdue brim of Thy vicinity.
O, the buttoned vastness, the Esoteric immensity let me lie in thy Lenient Stillness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Do Not Want To Die Old

- I do not want to die old -

I do not want to die old....
Nor do I live to chew the dust of time,
The throbbing urge in the vein of mine will not revive thespring,
The warmth of adolescent wind and
The Sun that shonewith it'sfragrance
Upon the lone field,
The wind that blew with gushing sound at daybreak,
and the birds that twittered on the grassy bower with the delight of being,
The dream that winged chariot to meet the rainbow over the horizon declined.
Death is ingrained and the seed of time is lost,
Upon the field with raw odour that nurtured the dream unfulfilled
Will I lie to wave my breath into the womb of the Native spirit.

Prabir Gayen

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My Mistress

- - My Mistress-

My Mistress is not the phantom of delight,
Not the morbid way oflooking life as
Metaphysical aloofness,
She is life itself with pain of living,
The song of unuttered voice.
I have left my flute for her exotic tune,
The way she talks, smile and her silent euphonious love for me.
I saw her secretly stealing my heart,
The way of the world and my heart's
canorous song of life.
She is a storm without wind,
Shower without rain.
She talks like unknown asserting it's
Presence, the mind without mind.
Life and death together, she is my ultimate
Way of living.
Life is a lawn, extension of death
and it's beauteou fulfillment.

Prabir Gayen

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Death - Harbinger Of Peace

_ Death_

Death! Thy threshold of nectarous flow have I reached,
The harbinger of cosy rest,
Life's far end peak.
The pain that thou bless nourishes life.
Life grows through painful death.
To this new visitor thy indifference breaks and unfolds one by one the glimpses of the peak.
The valley of life is desert without thy bountiful diversion.
The tearsfrom unknown core is thy vehicle.
It shrinks to explode to the zenith,
Life is a death in exercise.
Unto thy faceless legs the ultimate demise of my mind.

Prabir Gayen

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- Stillness-

- Stillness -

Today this heart of mine isunmoved.
It left the way that moved.
The flower that bloomed overnight,
and let his fragrance flow, stopped swaying!
The birdsthat came into being in the stillness of the night,
and out of voice to siren his go,
Peeped from dark domicile!
The flowers that bloomed to drop onto thy feet art heavy to move!
The beauty within the womb of beauty no one looked.

Outside thy temple I stood,
awaiting day and night for the arch to show thy eternal words of wordless being.
The way was moving forward and reverse and circular with motionless motion.
The stone that my heart became with metameric flaw stopped to view the baseless spine.
Unto thy temple I stood with no mind to move.

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Prabir Gayen

-utter Silence-

-Utter silence-

The flower that vamoosed from it's root,
With violent blow of winking shower,
The birdie that stopped singing with the labor of unknown pain,
Will not find the path where peace arrays for the evident guests.
The darkness that nourishes the bed is sleepless with thundering self.
Upon the grave a group of twittering curlew on leafless trees sitting for doomsday.
The curfew that tolls the knell years back on a lone graveyard
Is still ringing,
The silent yet deep,
It is for every human to feel.
Life is a churchyard and each passing breath is the requiem.
The Sun and the Moon along with stars in the lone sepulchral sky art the long procession towards grave.
Life is a monumental canopy to celebrate the moment of utter silence.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Death - Liberation

-Death - liberation-
Death seems dreadful to all aspirant hearts,
Death is the end of chattering mind.
No one wants the end of tidal waves - to be ceased, to be quiet.
The bubble though too pimping and miniature,
It is full to enjoy the cessation,
Death is the end of clinging and holding,
The more close we are to death the moreproximate the life follows.
Life rests at death and mind with all its wish and appeal melts into quietness of everlasting
Fixity.
Death, the second self of life the Omega breath,
Is the ultimate release.
Upon it's bed my utmost relaxation- the liberation.

Prabir Gayen

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An Unthought Idea

-An unthought idea-

Under the dark shadow of black ambergris in the darkness of the night,
With mind full of pain for otiose joy,
Life is in front of the eyes.
It was full of joy and sweet time to quench the most of the leisure,
The room of being.
The light, the virgin soulful voice that adorned the bowl of being now underground.
The moving cloud and the dead indifference of the Sun and the Moon,
The flowers that bloomed with spreading hue swaying the petals in the slothful air did hold the glory of love and painful joy.
No death no air of dying dream hindered the way to untouched mile,
From forage to firmament,
andfrom Moon to luminaries vibarnt was the form with each juicy mite.
The heart that panted with joy with fast fluttering of the wings of the fly,
Rushed with instant access to possess the glittering naught,
Lived with empty belly but heart full of the days with glittering stars,
The smile in the face of the familiar one and occasional squall for nothing now underground.
Life that came with much hurdle deceived with thin veil to indulge in its prime.

Prabir Gayen

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Life Under Ruin

_Life under the ruin _

Under the debris of the broken Moon,
The light that did never wish to wink,
Life failed to flower the flavour of looking good.
In the dark tunnel of my heart
a flickering flame still burns,
Upon thy green eyes a shadow of budding bright.
In thy heart a moderate glow time tested though,
Bubbles the ray of coming shine.
In the tiny heart of mine,
once raised in hopes high to touch the sky,
Unknown taste of vacarious delight, did propel to lie on the tip of dewed dream an unsigned insight.
The fall of thy footsteps on the soil of futurity churnsthe milk onced dried.
I am ingrained once again at the flashing end of this dreadful journey.

Prabir Gayen

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Aaradhya

- Aaradhya -
Ah! Two eyes the show of infinity,
Azimuth of eternal cloud the dream,
Realm of my heart where did it quietly Percuss.

Allayed foam of splendor of my eyes doth flicker,
Dashed by life's Unforgiving wound by time's pathless
March.
Healed with sweet innocent brim that overbrimmed my being.
Yearns my heart divested and void to lie,
Accordant Insignia of my winsome line.

Prabir Gayen

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Stormy Night

: - Stormy Night - :
The darkness of the night rains with stormy pain,
The thunderstormwarns the impending doom,
forebooding of the night before hails of sense.
The swipe of wild form across the land,
Upon the lifting surge of restless waves,
The shuddering wind upon dodderingleaves Pierces the breast of quaky Culver.
In silent boom of vastness upon the chest,
of darkness the life with lifeless menace,
did shiver to think unseen and unknown.
In flickering Levin of overcast amorphous,
The sudden clash of timeless path across the line,
Foretells the essential emptiness of heart's desire.
The death of mind adorns the birth of being bemused.
Like a bird away from it's community in silent shock,
The line of it's unfinished rhyme,
dissolve I in slumberous naught
In the bosom of bottomless sky. I

Prabir Gayen

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Life

Life

The dead City and forthe dead people,
Life is nothing but a false dreaming.
The shadow of light is a beautiful notion,
Sometimes pain andsometimes peasure.
The sun rises and invites the moon to betray us to dream.
The flowers bloom to die and the ephemeral life oozes.
The empty life is full of empty drums and hinders the Great Naught.
Light is no light and shadow is false advertising.
The fragrance that blows on unseen breeze is norhingness it brings.
The heart and being with mindful stream weave not the song,
Uncharted domain that remains all the time where time fails to know.
Mind is a stormy night in an incliment fisticuff.
The moon drops on the weavy grass and shadow soothes the loaded self.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

-my Heart And Song Of It -

- My heart and song of it -
My heart is moving with pain ineffable,
The rhythm and cadence too strong to bear,
The limit is beyond the sky to touch,
My heart cries for hoursunknownweirdto Dawn.
The song is silent upon the wavy grass,
Childhood memories of friendship are the tune.
Thy heart is my abode where to gleam my March.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Pain

_ pain_
In this squally Cockcrow hours of the day,
Nature seems to celebrate with clouds pouring gay.
The wind that rushes with hesitating concern,
defloweringseasonal charms with repeated blows,
died on the bosom of the far away furrow.
In the dark corner of my Sequestered self,
The bloom that blossomed subrosa succumbed.
The mind that once enlivened wish endless,
Upon the awakening of pain pure bequeathed.

Prabir Gayen

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Pb Shelley

-PB Shelley -
Thy Empyreal pyre and impetuous spirit,
From above the god and goddess doth aspire.
Oh! the spirit Perennial the bard of sphare,
Thy dream of eternal peace wilt quite dawn,
Ushering rapid change the way thou dreampt.
The fire that burnt the fire within thy soul,
Wilt travel to path where divine souls decree chance.
The smoke that curled upward purging thy vain,
Wilt attire more Prometheusforce like thee.
O poet the fire of unburnt flame and prospect,
Universal urge thou spread wilt
Passage,
Thy Sprite and Portent Tous love for wearied mankind.
Oh tremulous being, the ruling pen pride,
Thy death is deathless and fire failed to burn thy Sound.

Prabir Gayen

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Plethoric Time

- Plethoric Time -

The lost time is too heavy to bear with,
on this tiny breast of my luxurious mind.
The flowers and the butterflies in
hurst,
The thunderbolt and the raindrops that blow,
Over the horizon from my small moist yard.
The evening that dawned with rueful tune tired,
people who quarrelled over a petty thing,
With the set of the Sun and in bleak light,
In peace nature throbbed with vigor and vim.
The high pitched rave of the conch did break the woe.
The dark world would revive with joyful sound.
The thrilling darkness with furtive
ripple,
That would wash day's toil from heaven above.
The breeze that would blow soothing the empty Tripe,
Would dispose all the pain and sordidness.
The time that was full of leanness
and strain,
The voice that lashed onto the sheath of being,
Singing the song of excruciating pain,
Now with affluence became the soul of being.
The time that was gone into Naught ail me.

Prabir Gayen

To Thee

- To Thee -
I would keep thee into me,
On the untouched part of my being.
Nurture thee with love profound,
caring the most that Sphere writ.
I would hold thee tight on breast,
Spreading no loose end to fair.
I would kiss thee with loaded mind,
Making a single room for both.
Thou art and would be my ode.

Prabir Gayen

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Death Of A Bud

-The death of a bud-

On the way a tiny flower spilled,
Uprooted from it's anchoring base.
It bled before realizing it's doom.
The Sun rose and it's pain healed not.
The moisture fell on it's drooping petals,
but the vital was not revived.
A group of flowers did inspire with humming strain,
to put the Weeny Ally to life.
The rain with it's venial lustre kissed with fluty fancy.
The Moon with her silvery soup dabbled it with doleful delight.
Before the dawn and the opening of the mighty frame the hapless debonair died.

Prabir Gayen

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Will I Not?

Will I not?

Will I not put thee on my chest when life with dreary fist drive onfall on thee?
Will I not cover thee iside my shelteringcare to ensconce thee inside my heart?
Will I not hold thee with blissful bower of lovely tears
When life will face thee with rugged share?
I will.
I will wipe the mark from thy shadowy feature, and
Caress thee with my earnest juicy node.

Prabir Gayen

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Evening

-Evening-

Alighting the Sun over the attenuate rock,
Slowly silenly the Sun is falling on the beetling lough.
No man no animal and not a single room visible.
The Rocky desert doth spread it's shaky wings,
The Sun is underground.
Light from behind the line covers to build shadow of cloud,
Silencing the birds with soundless expulsion.
The domestic birds and beasts in their expedite site, sober,
relishing the joy of life
The waves that made all the trees wet now calm and quiet.
The buzzing bees are lulled to sleep folding their keyed wings.
The day falls onto the bosom of night.

Prabir Gayen

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-concourse-

Concourse

Thy love do I seek when life doth
Inadvertency proclaim,
As an oblate do I wander around thy domicile,
Seeking the potion of life.
All the thorns will I defray paying no heed to cultivation.
Thy eyes will become my valedictory requiem.
The norm, the comity I do know nothing of it.
In thy love will I die naked to existence.
The presence of no being will be the proximity of Aeon.
The warmth of thy heart and Corpus will give copulatve timbre,
Paving me the way to be dissolved.
In the lawn of thy Incarnation will I compose a lore of lovelorn anthem.

Prabir Gayen

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Sudden Rain Of Love

: - Sudden rain of love -:

Through sun-beam with great enterprise thou hast cometh
along with blusterous blast of air.
The Towering thrust of Impetuosity
That upheaved my being interim finds the placid fulness.
With the brusque touch of thy contiguity,
and heart- wrenching braid of thy Savage love,
The Sateless bourn sipped the milk of milch cow of time.
The fire that thou bore, ignited the urge of living.
The snow clad mountain that is rigid and homespun with healing touch flows through fostering field.
In the mordant Prairiie Fire of life
Thou art an inattentive redemption.

Prabir Gayen

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My Being

-My being-

Beneath the cavern of my heart as silent pain thou art,
O immortal song the witness!
This worthless parnassian of thine
without true shine,
day and night sipping pain as vigorous rhyme.
Thou art as thou art not, yet thy
Presence makes monastery
In every evolved matter and mind.
The stars that sink falling into my being,
I am a sinking being.
In thy comprehensive loftiness
No place do I find as self.
O eternal spirit the sameness of thy devising hast made in my being a diaphanous Preface.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

A Leaf

-A leaf -
A leaf lopped from it's limb years ago, moved!
From forest to forest did it ramble,
Witnessing without witness without mind.
Detruncated from it's anchoring source,
On light wings of air it swayed to and fro.
Without food without wish it Squandered Away,
Long years in wooddid it spend mordant hour.
A leaf from an unknown tree severed,
In sun and shower and in gloom and glee,
It underwent season's incessant blows,
no feeling and relishing no taste of life.
A leaf trimmed from it's argil, reeling futile.

Prabir Gayen

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I Glance Thee

On the lawn of Privation and dolour,
Where the sun of hope defilades shortly,
Thy sudden presence like an April shower,
Like the dance of a newborn bud in breeze,
Like the meeting of long Awaiting lovers,
Thou flooded my self with joy unspeakable.
The primitive urge of humankind naked,
The temptation of shedding root of being,
The pain of losing the ultimate sampling,
and to feel sole joy of affinity,
Thou art an empyrean bliss of mine.
The metallic repose of my Choppy mind.
The pulsating seraph of my edgy blood,
With pensive honor wish to pester thee,
On thy breast and thy honeyed part of verve.
Thou art in this lone soul of life and love,
My own creation, the projected self.
Thou art the Omega portion of my soul.

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Prabir Gayen

-love -

-Love -

On the lawn of Privation and dolour,
Where the sun of hope defilades shortly,
Thy sudden presence like an April shower,
Like the dance of a newborn bud in breeze,
Like the meeting of long Awaiting lovers,
Thou flooded my self with joy unspeakable.
The primitive urge of humankind naked,
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Prabir Gayen

My Younger Heart

-My younger heart-
(Sukla)

When do I see a drop of my family shining bright,
With deep condescension dawn
Tears of gratitude.
Heart with divine dictation dodders.
When I see a small bud of my garden,
Swayed with Umpteen deleterious
blows of weather,
remains still with smile with Mellow-eyed sweetness,
Life feels nourishment with Vigorous Vicissitude.
The air around blows with easy assuagement,
beckoning inner unespied achievement.
When I see my little joy in the morning of life,
becomes the joy of numerous minds,
With the passing of time - the most painful and agile emendator.
My heart's contentment with wordless quiescence drops to sparing emptiness.
The Sun that smiled on me day after day,
and the moon that consigned dream delightful,
and the raindrops on woodland with birds and butterflies with mind soaring to touch the heaven,
and the Far-reaching field that weaved the dream of bright days,
With time subdued with the loss of fire within.
With deep- rooted view of the world and Undeceived mind,
The things are with changing shrine.
The joy of life with unlived dreams is now the joy of rumination.
The dewdrops of the tip of grass smile not to see the sun for the joy of ultimate flight.
Life is adventurous not to indulge in fanciful web of dream or truth beyond.
At the setting sunshine of life my heart moves to divergence of my
Youngling close to my being.

Prabir Gayen

My Heart

-My heart -

This heart is a desert and dry with
Whetted knife,
When repeated cremation with pain poignant,
Seal it again and again the fire of love.
This heart is a derelict ring with no one,
In and out to take care with the water.
This heart is a citadel with no shade.
The waves of emotion sometimes deep and svelte,
did drench it with fire without least mercy.
Life is death in disguise to hush up the wish,
Not to move with flow downward and wanton,
but to make an upward move to meet the last.
This heart is hard and it's softness is Pilfered.
The tender spectacle of benign belle,
The rising sun and starry face of the night,
The foggy morn with dim gleam from sky above,
Will not buttress it to naivety back.
This heart is a forlorn field to sing silence.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- -Death- -

-Death -

In the chaplet of life death is embedded.
Life in each passing moment spills
Inside,
Upon the bottomless moat of enowfear.
The eternal spinning of vastness dawns,
The tree of life is Irrevocable.
The rootless severance is the quadrant.
Life is a flower of the tree of death.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

-the Way Beyond The World -

- The way beyond the world-

Tears of pain do not touch the star that falls apart,
The eternal silence fails to fill the cave of heart.
In the darkness of the mind is born
Never - ending loneliness.
Ocean like vastness is the volume of pain of ignorance.
Life is a useless wait for nothing to happen.
Restless nature doth sail the preaching of thoughtless agony.
All the colour of corporal frame is illusion that proclaims suffering.
The dust on the way flying with Languorous air,
The drooping leaves draped with
Cumbrous Ombro,
And occasional blow of sudden Squall,
Do weave the Anecdote of life as a sojourn.
Life is a garden, an amplewilderness without bridle.
Let the soft swell and fall of thy quiet breath become my egress.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I See Him

.... I see Him...

I do not see with my eyes withwide,rimose and coruscating glance,
those who move in front of my sight.
I see those who like lightning play hide and seek and make me mad.
I do not see those who go to forest to collect honey and to catch bird.
I see those who move with honey bee and inspire itto sit on flowers,
I see those who arrange forest with his magical forearm.
I do not see the stretching arms of all trees in easy wind,
Saluting each Fugacious change of Nature.
I see the pain and joy that the trees undergo
with each jab of chopper.
I don't see the fluttering sound of the Flighting of fowl,
I see the height it doth aspire to reach.
I do not see God in Temple or Synagogue,
I do not see Him at all in church and Mosque,
I see Him, nay, feel His presence
In every tiny tinkle of Nature.
I feel Him in every pulsating heartiness.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

- - - - Dream - -

-Dream-

I have seen a dream,
Waliking towards a forlorn stream.
The sun gleamedin dark delight,
With the moon waking with furtive sight.
A bunch of flower, swaying at feet,
With soft sweet air of the night.
I have seen in my dream an ancient fortress.
All the people with folded hands saluted me with rheum abstruse.
I was with pain in my heart
looking for unknown League,
to rest my fruitless life Consummately.
In my dream I saw my inner self waiting to die peacefully.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Restless Mind

- Restless mind-

With Motionless silence the world doth sleep with it's polyParaphernalia,
The world is dead with somnolent
Soberiety.
The grand gravity of the night overtly shows the magnitude of Solemn night.
The giver of peace and postulancy,
The night is the vanguard of alleviation.
Upon the roof of the earth, awakening my being interim,
To watch the sky with pectoral rhyme.
No sky is visible, no song is heard.
Only vastness is visible and the mind dissolves.
I am awake with the pain of burial rapture.
The sky is nowhere to meet,
Yet we are onto it's blank bosom.
All the Flora and fauna are enjoying the elation of blissful rest,
My mind is restless with thought unanswered by the vastness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thy Careful Love

Thy careful love

Wilt thou not lift me onto thy chest
When the ring wilt call my name?
The rain wilt fall making pattering sound,
The sound of murmuring wind wilt invoke.
What if death wilt usher my name!
Thy cosy breast wilt be my real rest.
Death wilt fail to ultimate shed
When thy warm Preferring buss
Wilt make a protective bevel.
Thy arms and profound embrace wilt make for me the highest heaven.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- - -Rain Of Kisses -

- Rain of kisses-

In the far end corner of life,
With grey hair swells a tiny wave to fall in love.
To fall onto thy balmy bosom and feel thy tender breath,
The warmth of love and hugs.
Will I die not naked but thy cosy blissful citadel.
I will die to live unto the fullest upon rain ofthy kisses.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Rain Of Kisses

-Last Night a drop of water died -

A drop of water on the tip of a blade of grass,
Secretly and with no notice of the world oozed,
It had an undercover journey into the great vacuum.
No trace of it's glittering body is found,
No smell of it's hope and aspiration.
In the dark night when a big star was glittering,
When the Eros was spearing to His Cupid,
The sky was red with the warmth of thier heartbeat,
Under a drop of water spilled with utter loneliness.
A painful line was scratched as on the bosom of watercourse.
The great nothingness becomes it's final fulcrum.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

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Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Our School

Wilt I keep in the solitary lawn of my mind,
The fragrance wilt reign without Closing,
The wind wilt note our long Love's
dulcet dictum.
In thine eyes the mirror of my futurity,
In thy heart the stream of my travail.
In this moment's voluminous joy
The eternity gleams as thou squint
Upon this poor heart for thy love.
The flower of this time will fight the inglorious mallet of misfortune.
I quoth: thou wilt live amid shade and shrine of my being as Never-dying rhyme.
Wilt I keep in my heart the elysian
Spring thou poured without embassy.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thy Glance

- Thy glance -
This propitious a measure Of Time
Wilt I keep in the solitary lawn of my mind,
The fragrance wilt reign without Closing,
The wind wilt note our long Love's
dulcet dictum.
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Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Dirge

- Dirge -

The dearest one, thought of thee tired,
Good and bad with no one to show path,
He, who never did wrong to other,
Oath,
To meet thee face to face and heed.

The loved one and who wandered lorn,
Looking thy hand of mercy on,
Place to place he moved for knowledge,
To go beyond the border vain.

No peace no gain did he attain.
Uttering words of wisdom he quitted.
The pain that he breathed looms heavy on me.
Seeking unanswered quaere, proof.
He wast within mind and very darkly,
Bearing the pain of life in disguise,
He smiled through flowers and shower,
minedid he mock the bliss of life.
In the stormy night of sleepless fear,
Stealthily did he withdraw life.
Upon the cosy breast of death,
Found he, his ultimate escape.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Timelessyard

- Timeless yard-

This perhaps the last is the time to flatter,
The spirit of the time to celebrate.
Long years passed with many a moldering hope to make things alike,
to make life easier to lease restfuness.
Forty years withered with the length of forty tiresome nights,
And the pain of being evicted from the root of life.
The morning did bovel unto the Freakish nooning,
and then to pensive autumn.
The light and shade and the cavern, that bleeds theglimm'ring glow of life.
The deep rumination that makes sense the petty plods of life,
With time becomes inevitable.
The light of heart befits the ray of eyes that wrecks the thread to soil.
The untimely mature is the
Time that hints timeless latent yard.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Lost Tune

- Lost Tune -

All the tunes of mine to the limbo of my being,
into restfuness alight,
coerced by weird cogitation.
The waves subdued with vicinal tension serene,
The tumult of dreary detonation of air,
bow to sweet silence that Zephyr fostered.
The ageless sky that with passionless shy,
Witness with eternal aloofness my
tacit mind.
The cadence or the chorus of the
Hellenic eulogy,
Wilt not stir my bemused muse buried underneath.
Austral air that Quickens the earth with Verdurous brouhaha,
Wilt not germinate my lost spirit.
The dying sun on the western
sky and the cooing of the autumnal birds fail to revive me to my formal size.
Tuneless I am not for the song of life,
but to sing the song of death,
an imbecile being to commemorate the song of death.
The pathless is my walking and ploding on the weary way.
The vast eternity is silent and painful,
The echo of my life once lived fully and totally,
with the cries of friends and dreams unfulfilled Now a lethe river.
Only a shadow of my life with mind confused I am a sinking ship in the river of life without a sip of water.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- -Unitary Fullness-

-Unitary fullness-

The flower that bloomed in the far end of my garden,
The star that bubbled in the far corner of the sky,
The bird that twittered sitting in a lone branch of a solitary tree,
The wave that waved on the bosom ofthe vast ocean,
The body that decomposed on thepyre,
art the blossoming of my being.
In the morning I am born and the evening celebrates my departure.
The sunset of my youth,
the falling of light on the grass is the sprouting of thy vigour,
The urge that commemorates the demise is the rise of thy temptation.
Thou art the far end of my being,
The shadow of my unseen shine.
The bud and bloom, thewave and it's falling, the moon and it'sbuttress of peace, thou and mine.
My falling is thy waving, my rise is thy lying. Single life with two poles watching furtive with painful wish beyond frontier.
I am the base holding noting to be nothing and thou art my wish fulfilment.

Prabir Gayen

Death

- Let me -

Let me free from the chain of freedom,
Putting aside the heavy stone of liberation,
Let me be with no thought to be,
Let me die on the bed where no bed is found.
Let me sleep in the shrine where nothing is to hold onto.
Let me not let me to strive for the unknown,
to go beyond known.
The known is unknowable and the Knower is the sufferer.
Let me be a sufferer to the fullest potential,
Where there is no one to suffer.
Unto the space of the heart where false lies not,
Let me close my eyes where eyestouch not.
Let me move like the fall of night
Where the sound of eternal flute even reaches not.
Let me be as I am not to be.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

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Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Motionless Movement

Motionless Move

Today this heart of mine isunmoved.
It left the way that moved.
The flower that bloomed overnight,
and let his fragrance flow, stopped swaying!
The bird that came into being in the stillness of the night,
and out of voice to siren his go,
Peeped from dark domicile!
The flowers that bloomed to drop onto thy feet art heavy to move!
The beauty within the womb of beauty no one looked.

Outside thy temple I stood,
awaiting day and night for the arch to show thy eternal words of wordless being.
The way was moving forward and reverse and circular with motionless motion.
The stone that my heart became with metameric flaw stopped to view the baseless spine.
Unto thy temple I stood with no mind to move.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Abysmal Trammels

Abysmal Trammels

The slender glow that illumined my meagre being
With the priochality of narrow fluidity,
and overloaded amenity was gulped,
In dark domicile of infinity
and unuttered sadness it becomes vanquished.
An apostasy will not revivethe small flame that kindled the Mighty rage.
In darkness does it find its inner strength.
In the womb it finds a corner place resting and reposing in bodiless dream.
The light that travelled from eyelids' closet dropped into abysmal trammels.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Pain Pristine

Pain pristine

Immensity in a cup,
the vastness of the sky in a hole,
The wholeness and holy shrink to careless indifference,
The hell and heaven,
The pain and profane,
The smile and smite,
The world is a dead shell moving careless,
Thought differs and the world of unity is torn apart,
hole within hole, ad infinitum.
The hidden truth remains hidden,
The child within womb knows,
The bud within flower knows,
The waves that dissolve and
Nowhere know.
The pain that is sealed to maturity,
That moves in circular drive knows.
A Deep slumberous sleep is the antidote to all maladies,
Worldly and world of purity.

Prabir Gayen

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- - Relief - -

- Relief -

Life hast become a weary bed,
Full of thorn with no petal left,
All the songs beautiful and inspiring to elude the dirty dream silenced,
The cloudhast overshadowed the burning ball and rolling blast of solid rain pierced the soil.
The light that once glowed the way now is Slacken.
The darkness deep becoming deep with the mind falling asleep,
The joy of living and hope without hope to essay the pace of life stopped.
The foggy night of forgetfulness on the mind espouses the inward exodus toward the great naught.
The muse of wordless glory doth surface the pain that engraves thy name with tacit incantation.
The sound of one hand clapping on the breast of misty night unfolds the path with pathless stature.
The unlit sway of the temple of eternity fulfils the movement with eternal song of absolute nothingness.
The drooping pain of mundane dream chronicles the most copulative relief on thy careful embrace.

Prabir Gayen

New Song Of Life

- New song of my life -

My heart beats and the Jingle of the mind stands,
It unfolds the music that infant eyes nourish.
The beady eyes of my heart with soft stuttering doth surface the heaven beyond form.
The coastal waves slowed down the line shadowing the forgotten sea.
The light new in its glory and the praise of divine mercy onto my infant baby holds me to stand and stare.
My puerile heart once again broods to beguilemy aged mind,
And design to drop the essential call to relive the past once besotted to raw fabric of the divine.
My heart begins to dance for the buds and it's ecstasy upon the visage of the sepulchre.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Spark Of Life

Spark of life

my heart a lotus flower dry and wet,
The mist that wraps the infinite declines.
The shadow that challenges the delight drops,
Shedding the pain private upon the being.
The flower that bloomed in the darkness silently,
died unnoticed within the womb of its prime.
The eyeless muse of unheard symphony,
From life beyond life onto the unseeded field,
Propelling the song of death and spinning,
Seal the pain of living the nomadic.
Beyond and over the fence of the garden,
Faint and miraculous light winks to wrap.
Birds on their nest with their nestlings,
Young with dream-fed wings and infinity,
Wingless path to travel and no way to move.
Life a fairy yarn blob of a drop leaves.
Sitting at the extreme with the blurred eyes,
heart with lost and wistful wish to face life,
Memoir of unmatched breath focuses the life unlived.

Prabir Gayen

My Pain Unspeakable

- -MY pain unsayable - -

To collect the elixir of thislife,
On the path to immortalKindred, Caress!
Thou art not a bystander to follow,
Notcareful causal inamorata,
A dreamled sweetheart to embrace with love.
Thou art not to shed tears for the pain loud,
Not the eyes to woo with empathic view.
Thou art knot within the bond unbounded.
Honeyed chalic withoverflowing life dulcet,
My heart's trepedation
from body to being.
Upon thy trembling touch the epic lore,
My passion unruly and pain incurable,
In the flow of life thou art my death sweet.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Drop Of Life

Drop of life

The receded spark at the limbo of being,
The world is a long tempestuous dream snide.
The rising of the sun and the setting,
The love's tireless embraceand kisses passionless,
Friends ' voluptuous asininity,
and life's merciless march with dreams Pell-mell,
The sound of busy breeze blew with incense,
The humming bees and myriadcopulation,
With the fall of murky morn and nebula,
An unlived house of life did life realise.
weak heart and thin breath and the light flickering,
The pulsating nerve is in deep slumberous bed,
Upon thy throbbing sheath and painless breast,
o death! The beloved of unmatched kind,
Bless me a sleep underneath with sky above,
The stars blink and oozing drops of stillness,
to quench the thirst of lifeonce sealed for not.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

~emancipation~

Emancipation

The spring hast stretched its wings
on the outskirts of autumnal equinox,
On the road that ends
with no end over the Mist-laden butting,
The flowers swaying with soggy air harbour no fragrant canard,
No bird overfillsit's domicile with pain unuttered,
Smooth is the way with nothing to come and go,
People in their do-nothing humour favour
homely affair deeply with sacerdotal heart
with tame, tenable mind.
Life with glorious fruition onto my sill,
With stretched arms to foster all that my mind dreamed.
Useless doth it seem as stars beyond winking on my tired Couch.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thy Divine Call

Thy divine call

The glow of life doth peer from the murky sheath of nameless burg,
Shedding pain condensed by time.
From the riparian brink faint light doth blink,
wave upon wave to make an Indigent line.
The stemless spunk pouting from bottomless burrow,
Upon thy moonlit visage doth it build a crystal shadow.
On the shore lingering beyond pain profound recalls the memory once adorned.
Weak heart with hibernation of sense and temptation's Ceaseless blow stretch out the veil of nimbleness.
A call more undressed flushing upon thy Lachrymal eyes Counsels my oblivious sprite.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Soul Of Love

Soul of love

Rare rose of human form
thou art for me,
For the darkness deep to enliven the ray of heart
with pulsation of being,
Empyrean shower of life thou art for this Impecunious entity,
A heaven tiny though, enough to hold this
rigid sprite.
In thy heart a condensed amorous Caress,
I am deified.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Madeline

- - .....My Madeline..... -

Like Madeline take me by thy hand,
and be lost into never ending woodland
Wild,
In the stormy night.
The storms of pain for fear of life's
flowery flame, for impending doom for
Separation,
the life is full of weary recollection.
I am not porphyro to woo thee to take the
Chance of making love,
Or hamlet to exchange love with dutifulness.
Thou art my long cherished, inner afferent
Soul.
Embrace my loaded heart onto fullness,
Make it burst to dissolve into immensity.
I have nothing to do with civil amenity
and politeness of being and becoming.
Let me be wild, naked soul of communion,
Let me die in thy heart in lone wilderness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Day Hast Gone

- - The day hast gone - -

The Sun hast set down the line spreading hue,
The flowers were swaying it's tiny Uproar,
The cattles were grazing on the Pasture,
beside an undee beach with warm
Splendor,

With the fall of night the silence deep dawns,
The earth full of foamy Fidgetiness,
With calm Cluster of Nocturnal song-birds,
buried to think the days gone with Firmness.

The sun is down and the warmth soft is gone,
The palsied heart plucks not dews of the day,
The Swollen song once sung in the praise of life,
With the death of the day finds endless way.

Upon thy bosom will I lie with no breath,
dreaming the starry night that shoots the earth.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Boat Needs Caulking

The boat needs caulking

All hast gone and I am behind the road,
It ends with no footing onwards and backwards,
The familiar faces retreated in the dark,
The esurient sky of Self-centered groove.
The boat is broken and tossing on the edge to sink,
here and there over the vessel the holes, passing the blue drops to drown the cockpit,
The toy needs Temper to make it a little strong to float,
The sun is falling with the calling of drakes
On the azimuthal darkness.
The light from the eyes is subdued and the voice in inaudible incantation beckons the
The shore beyond.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Song Unheard Though

- - Song unheard though - -

Today
the forest is Dressed in delicious blooms ,
blowing Sprightly for some gleeful errand,
The news hast cometh from some thick inward roots,
Spread with bosom friend above florid island.
The spring is Swaying with semblance? of boil,
From bough to bough the song Complacence dawns,
The hornets from bushy orbit descant Abel,
The bees in humming Nosegay chant with Yawn.
In the misty leisure of this null morn,
My mind Teeming with pain for Strange Motive,
restless to visit the blusterous bourn,
Where the Legion of Sylvan beings Hymn made,
Will I go and sing the song unuttered though,
Petal that thrived in my self's shrine will show.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- - -The New -

The old hast gone for the new to come,
The old that finds a weary way through hideaway among the wet field of corn,
The clandestine tunnel of lazy mouse.
The old that is new ever with new spring and summer withtime hast lost the lustre
for a bud to be budding,
The drooping bloom is facing the Sun on the crimson western sky,
The new is swaying with soft touch of breezy morn.
The old is blunt with the watery eyes of myriad mock that life's peaceful Arbor offers.
The palm tree overstepping not The same line amid the fecund field,
and standing day and night with Stemless
bough,
Witness the change and Crescendo of life's Ceaseless going from bearing to ultimate drowse. The new is to fill up the void,
The vacuum by blatant blow of Time's affluent marching.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

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Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Revive To Life

Like death Devine thou knocked the door of my heart Cribbed by Cupid Convulsion,
Thou wert a caring zeal, a devout song sung in secret solitude.
Upon thy Inundated eyes and adoring soul
My evening reached the dawn.
The Painful Sensation of my Palsied heart
With grey hair and drooping dream with no light visible to thy feet drooped.
In thy light Devine this Senile soul wast washed to purging Power,
A river lost in the hugeness of sands,
With sudden shudder fell into abysmal depth, with no chasm to measure.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Call Of Death

Call of death

In thy flame the source of my life,
Thou art everywhere to seethe the play of witty canvas of life.
From hibiscus to hill thine manifold Coherence, harmonious and Cacophonous doth uphold the lofty thread of life.
The darkness is falling drop by drop on the eyelids as dewdrops fall with wordless Throbbing.
The Bell is knocking the wall of the aged temple of Thanatos for the light to fall and dismantle the shrine.
Thou art beyond the sight and within,
The voiceless call of thy bosom pointing to the end of uneasy, wintry bed.
Death seems the redemption, the escape from the overstated Vanity of life.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Gratefulness

My Gratitude

I am grateful to thee for the Lenience thou bestow on this wretched being,
The love nonpareil in kind and degree,
Thou show to me with special rankness
Of thy benign discretion.
Thy heart with some rare Intonation is formed,
to feel the fondness with fanciful Intuition.
I am grateful to thee for the love thou rear
In thy soft bosom for one incongruous to thy
breath and breadth.
Thy Celestial grace with Mesmeric sweetness,
Is beyond my reach and thou disobey the decree.
The overmuch and Undue fondness thou show to me with some Cryptic cause,
I am defied to Devine daintiness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

_ ___ Thy Gracefulness _____

- -Thy gracefulness- -

In thy love's nectarous pulp
My mindfictitious and glum,
did find a strait to Outstrip sore sever.
Thy love: heaven's chosen beatitude for
a slighted soul,
amorous song of haunted drop did rive
Pain, pestilence and Plague.
Thy love: sainted Souse to embalm once addled by Ingrained Stain,
did bestir to Peppy song of life.
The flashing of thy eyes full of love: the dream - born bintout? of my wearied self,
did surface my folded wings,
Poorly, punk and pine.
Thy smile writ for my name: deathlessglance of a crested swan on a crestal stream,
rearedmy dying dream to float to Touchthe Moon.
Thy being, a shadow of a Summer's Mirthful downpour of a bourn in a solitary heap,
actuated a deep Yearn to break into thy
Selfto cluster the song of our singleness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thy Gracefulness

- -Thy gracefulness- -

In thy love's nectarous pulp
My mind fictitious and glum,
did find a strait to Outstrip sore sever.
Thy love : heaven's chosen beatitude for
a slighted soul,
amorous song of haunted drop did rive
Pain, pestilence and Plague.
Thy love: sainted Souse to embalm once addled by Ingrained Stain,
did bestir to Peppy song of life.
The flashing of thy eyes full of love : the dream - born bint out? of my wearied self,
did surface my folded wings,
Poorly, punk and pine.
Thy smile writ for my name: deathless glance of a crested swan on a crestal stream,
reared my dying dream to float to Touch the Moon.
Thy being, a shadow of a Summer's Mirthful downpour of a bourn in a solitary heap,
actuated a deep Yearn to break into thy
Self to cluster the song of our singleness.

Prabir Gayen

Transient Life

- - Transient pain of life -

The night when my mind is waned and consumed by frivolous sway,
The shadow of death fills the way.
Thy ambrocial Love that guards the innocent
Shore without the dream of fabled core,
awaits for my stupid mind to resurrect.
The womb of a butterfly wast my home,
The mist that drenched a bloom wast my ocean,
The darkness enveloped by darkness without day and night wast my invention.
They tiny breast loaded with pain and thoughtless glory wast my homeland.
The sky limitless is the pain and the hope too,
Love that loses the shore beyond the wall of conception's Cordon,
The mystic stillness and the sound of pelter
On floor bedewed Now And Then,
doth alight a deep desire to cease into naught.
In half -asleep mores of the mind,
the dead end of all alluring chores of being,
Life is hugged to bid goodbye to all transient pain.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Good Morning

_ Good morning _

In this autumnal wantonness
Where my mind flows with indifferent airy dream,
The maze Sun's squint Encroaches my sleepless bed,
The restless bumble Bee Engulfs the instant burst bloom,
My pain profound for unknown sake
doth sail to thy domicile to say thee my heart's
accosting! Good morning.
The cloud's heart without, silent attestor of my
Pain doth drift to thy pane to ring a simile.
Wake up and see! a shadow of my self waiting outside to see thee open thy engrossing eyes.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Worship

The song of heart - no - 1
- -Worship - -

The heart that wast burnt
And ashes,
The mind that became vagrant and soul that
Left the shore,
art useless for thy worship.
The song that drained out the pain to dance the way to thee,
The thought that left its wings failed to wash away the trammel to meet thee.

In the lawn of mind the heart is ebullient and
ardent for the pursuit of thy feet,
Words of prayer plucked me off my root
and I am pilfered in my own thoughts.
In the nothingness of my mind and
The emptyness of my heart thou art seen as my stella, my inner image of childhood.

The offertory of my being flowed through myriad avenue of my being and I am lost
In the crowd.
Life seems to happen and death seems to fulfil
It in the cave of my heart.

Prabir Gayen

- - - - + Love +- - -

The song of heart - no 2
- Love-

The morning is painful and I wake up with
loads in my heart.
The night was sleeplessand dreams like twilight
Spill on my being, pain of severance.
The tidal waves that floated me from thee
Will cleave a way to reach thee.
The pain that my intellection is bearing
In the calmness of this morning is the dalliance of my stupid mind.
The motility of my mind and tardiness of my
Thought into nothingness I am outcasted.
Now aforlorn self, sucked by my own hastiness the silence is lost,
The life that nurtures a bud to bloom,
The dewdrop that quenchesthe thirst of the nightis lost.
Now a long waiting for a bud to burst and the
fragrance that propagates the message of
departure.
In this uselessness of indolence love seems to sprout for thy grace ineffable.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Light Through Darkness

The song of heart - no 4

Light through darkness

Deep darkness drops in the pain laden
heart of mine,
O what a darkness! The song unuttered on the
Wings of local wind upon my bare being.
Blank mind gropes in the field of thought,
Past as a dream visits in the darkness of night.
As a fish Levitating in the ocean, wafting
Flow of harmonious melody,
I am fluxing in the flux of life.
Letting God flow against my conceptual religion,
Life meets life and pain of fullness dawns on my restless being.
Illumination is an ageless bondage and seems
antagonistic to the song of my heart.
Love grows in the absence of mind and thought
Of getting enlightened.
Thesis and antithesis dissolve and new synthesis is born in the arbor of my consciousness.
In the let - go spirit of my mind I get thee in my heart as a song unsung from time immemorial.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

To My Heart

The song of heart no 5

- Come to my heart-

I have built a house out of flower,
an alter to be 'the Love' in its idol.
I broke all the images that art built in thy
Name,
The worshipper is dropped and oneness is felt.
Heart is the temple and Love is the embodiment.
Come to this citadel, o my beloved the great,
I am waiting in this painful indolence.

Eternity is a single drop of ocean and I contain it in the deepest root of my rootless substratum.
Fragrance is heavenly and pelagic around the harborage of my being.
Love is God and thou art my formless is-ness.
Thy gift is enormous and I am wingless
to fly with such wideness.
Thou art there in my inmost self and covering is dropped for thy wakefulness.
Come o my master to my heart and Hermitage
Will be my self for thy prime presence.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Surrender

The song of heart- - 6
Surrender

Many a time have I thought
to give myself to thy service,
To thy lotus feet, seek my ultimate
Being,
The heavy load of life for ignorant elongation
Of mind,
The false notion of life stunted me from the
Wholesome annihilation.
The darkness in the mind and sorrow for
Unwanted dream and fluidity or fickleness of
Making mortal into immortal,
The relation into mindless fragrance,
Impede my rigid mind to flow.
Weakness to pause the mind and it's dumbfounded imaginary bliss of joy,
away me from thee and no place to hide.
Eternal damnation dawns on me and I am worthless for thy worship.
The door is closed and I am the keeper to seal me behind the bar,
The spirit of sleepless night and viperous pleasure that nurtures bloomer, the unforgiving,
rejects my oblation.

Prabir Gayen

Mystic Song

The song of heart - no 3

- -Mystic song- -

A flower hast blossomed in the
Yard of my mind,
The flower that effuses it's redolence.
So full is the fragrance that it brings pain
Unbearably renewed.
It blossomed without root and chaotic became
My mind as a bee is drawn to somnolence.

The rootless flower uprooted me,
as if a thousand flowers art condensed to single drop.
A flow of immense pleasure, wordless bliss,
Seized my scholarly mindand I am lost in thee.
A passage seems utterly in order to open in
the very being of mine, muse to eavesdrop.
Words drop as silence and darkness profound
Vent way to light.
My mind is a sphare spherical to mirror the
Treatise of mystic beyond mind and I evaporate.

Prabir Gayen

Memory

-The song of heart- 7
-Memory -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Time came, my love to offer me to thee,
To be empty and full with nothingness,
The darkness was deep and memory was strong and I stepped back, stood outside of thy
door.
A silent outsider I became and lost the opportunity.
Time came my lord to be one with thee but I was an ignorant visitor.
People come and touch thy feet and
Tears flow from my eyes,
I am a tempest torn self within the storm of my emotion.
Devoured by my own otiose ache,
I become an object of thy rage.
Now life is lost within the whirlpool of time's
Merciless march.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Silence

The song of heart - - 10
Silence

The silence thou bestowed on this vacant heart for devoutness of this wingless being is fatal now.
The borrowed stillness it seems to me and pain burdensome for the towering flow of life.
The down- going flow of life to be one with
greener that opened eyes newish and sweet,
I wish to be one new to life.
The silence is killing for the aloneness
and tidal overmuch flow,
The new world is ahead and far from beloved, the pearl of my empty heart.
A fresh embrace full of pulsating love and careful thought with mindful empathy
Will sprout the seed into my rooted self.
The seed of nothingness will assert it's
Mysterious face taking a part of thee ending the cycle of life.
Let me sink under the heart beat of absolute
Joy or sorrow or beyond the order of thought.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Farewell

The song of heart
False life 11

Only a few days, the long horizon strengthened,
The superficial cadenza
Of living the life of pathological fullness,
The wrong, tiresome way of facing
The truth with peccant erudition
doth efface the masquerade of veracity.
The light is seen dimly in deep blackness
Of contumelious emptiness of heart.
Truth is feeling sad for shortfall of righteousness.
The way leading to stop into the path aimless
and vagrant's fear is within view.
Now is thy turn to make a clarion call
To wide open the eye of argument,
To shed the delusional symphony of
Seemingly beautiful falsehood.
The last spark is seen beyond mystic mist
And thy inaudible call to stop to naught
Through sin to singularity.
Forgive my father, the delirious stomach of mine
Of nullifying thy grace into anathema of the
Most vile kind.
The end is near and hence the wrapper is
Falling apart.

Prabir Gayen

- - - - - The Struggle Of Life - -

__Struggle of life __

In the struggle of life is
Subdued my soul,
The spirit that never didfight to live.
The dark dense cloud to thunderstorms,
The tiny glory of floral abundance to mighty
dream to touch the aiguille, and to lose the
Mind to win the sky,
Never wertthe conscious drive to fill the cluster couch that life diffracts.
The dark ethereal dream never did chase
The harmonious song of life,
Life remains always a dreamy- eyed fairy tale
That never is found to be happy with no reason behind the show off.
Slowly and silently the sun is slopping beneath the line,
All the thrill that ran through the vein inSquandering night, and languorous afternoon,
to chant in silent Oration the note of dreamful sojourn, with time isgone.
Falling with the watery mist over the horizontal
Symposium my sullen mind submerged in autumnal resilience, with time is gone.

Time's bemused rejoicing is still in the outfield where a slow stream flows amid canorouschorus of a Cogitative forest.
Rain falls to make the Earth a sainted grove,
Day and night the Sun and the Moon with Unnumbered stars with resplendent ambrosia
Sprinkle the Earth with beauteous terrace,
an utopian vestibule.
Only the mind is doomed to see theembryonic
glory behind the bloom.

Prabir Gayen

The Struggle Of Life

__ Struggle of life __

In the struggle of life is
Subdued my soul,
The spirit that never did fight to live.
The dark dense cloud to thunderstorms,
The tiny glory of floral abundance to mighty
dream to touch the aiguille, and to lose the
Mind to win the sky,
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Prabir Gayen

Poetry

Poetry

The world will think the better poetry than that of mine,
The better rhetoric with charmed Rhapsody,
The Mind of high stimulative theologians will cut the grass of literary Shuck.
The world will accolade the pain and prosperous rhyme of the poets bygone.
The fame is posthumous and is bewitching,
The present is Vociferous and declines to naught.
My poetry is deciduous and besieged as my
Soul atrophied and beaten by Time.
Life's exigent journey from nullity to opulence,
From being a shadow to Sustenance,
Is a thin veil of absolute Vainglory.
The prosaic rambling of life dark and arcane leads to a shore without shore.
If poetry fails to fabricate the authentic spontaneity of being and to lead into the rhythm of absoluteness, prose is better to allow.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Poetic Liberation

- Poetic liberation -

Poetry is not possible when I am not possessed,
The Song has left me to flow through me as I am empty.
My emptiness is my self bare, open to life.
The cold wind of North seized my creative
Mind and it is assertive.
My love did my spirit seal and I am a useless being.
You are far, distance than 'the star ', and I am
a burning pain, unable to bid goodbye.
Your happiness may claim my departure
and my waiting to end.
Mind has lost its dreams, arresting and alluring,
It is an empty shell, wordless, with nothing to attain,
Still waiting passionless as if a foreign row,
to see you happy and embracing life.
Your being happy is my door as if a flower is waiting to bloom with shiny touch of the sun.
The door is there upon the breast of a bird that
Finds pleasure to sing at dawn.
The door, sealed with thik fog , will break open
With the beam of the day.
Upon thy heart's panting passion will I dissolve and hence my liberation.

Prabir Gayen

The Song Of Heart - - Vagrant Soul

..The song of heart...
- - Vagrant soul -

On thy door again and again,
Opened my heart for help ultimate,
Thou stole thy eyes avowedly and
My weakness rose.
Self pity dawned with complex contentment,
Life seemed a dream that hast no end.
Beyond emptiness my mind hopes,
A single glance of thine may be the succour.
Thou sealed thy largesse for my fault elemental,
Destitude self am I for thy rejection on my part.
Mind was doomed for mind's unfathomed
Dippy pursuit,
A vagrant soul now waiting for nothing.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

++my Stella ++

My Stella
My cordial shroud

The green field with motile
Anemoi over fallen dew,
In severe cold the Boreas
And Eurus in hot summer
Did sway my childhood days
With careless becking to poorness.
A wretched soul with manifold
Illusions over life's elysian flam
I spent my term with suppressed
Volcanic ash.
Blooming mystic did discord
The song of my heart.
I was alone within the cave of my
Mythical shadow, a lover with no love.
Heart's panting desire evanished
at the hand of reality false.
The light that fell from the West despoiled
My energetic splurge.
Thou wert there on the lap of
Cosmic kingdom dreaming to
hold these feckless hands,
Now weak by life and time.
Thy eyes, life's dimensional perforation
For thy woeful, ill- stared sweeting
did glimpse the eternal concourse.
Hold me upon thy ambient disagreeing
The worldly unity with thy strong, clasping
Passion teemed with life's sterling gasp.
A faint, aged soul am I to fall upon thy
Merciful breast to die to be one with thee.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- -My Stella- -.....

My stella

In thy self the diamond of my heart,
Love sanctified form for this
Age torn being,
Thy eyes labyrinthine doth it seem unconscious blessing it pours for my
Tired soul.
O stella, the soul of soul,
Thy opulent fondness lures this
Priest of thine to live in the depth of being,
The warm breath of thy loaded
 Sprite with painted passion's
Opponent stream motionless it makes
The vital force of my pristine presence.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Empty Heart - -

- - Empty heart- -

The silence thou bestowed on this vacant heart for devoutness of this wingless being is fatal now.
The borrowed stillness it seems to me and pain burdensome for the towering flow of life.
The down- going flow of life to be one with
greener that opened eyes newish and sweet,
I wish to be one new to life.
The silence is killing for the aloneness
and tidal overmuch flow,
The new world is ahead and far from beloved, the pearl of my empty heart.
A fresh embrace full of pulsating love and careful thought with mindful empathy
Will sprout the seed into my rooted self.
The seed of nothingness will assert it's
Mysterious face taking a part of thee ending the cycle of life.
Let me sink under the heart beat of absolute
Joy or sorrow or beyond the order of thought.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Hope Against Life

- - My hope against life - -

Time with its bountiful look hadst come at the doorsil Of my room,
It waited for long to change the face of my
decrees,
The way it wished to change my fate wast unknown to me and I wast doomed.
Life's frameless freedom and it's fictional
Foam of beatitude put me outdoors off my room.
I wast a forlorn soul eaten within by my own folly and careless wast my wayfaring.
Upon awakening I find myself mocked
and sealed within the dark chamber of my mind.
A flame weak and thin refulgent amid the breast of eyeless prudence and hope outflows
As a rivulet finds its rest in the undulating ocean.
Thou art my hope, the last anchor and buttress
against life's sordid foray.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

A Rat

-A rat -
- -
A rat with restless legs and
Nimble-eyed search,
doth protest against life.
He fought against odds and struggled
That poison besmirched.
The lungs that played wanton rife,
Crippled into his slow beating heart's knife.
A drop of water that musthave saved his life,
The water he lived with, from his childhood
Prime,
Blenched to quench his thirst utmost to beat
Poison's fatal paradigm.
He died and his death mocked our sense
Of humanness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - - My Final Home

Stella - my final abode
- -
I want to live again,
To relive the past and to mingle in the very present.
Onto the heart of my stella.
To become a single vibration with one single breath of my stella, warm and cold,
To live and to die each moment to refresh.
I want to flow within the pain and pleasure of my love and rest beyond thy chest - my resurrection.
I will die to live the fullest and see the world in new light through thy heavy eyes,

Full of care and love for which I tend to descend again and again trolling eternal blissfulness.
Thou art the Love and
the way of my life,
The refusal to mundane dream that snatches me of me.
Thy weak eyes and trembling breast art the source and heritage for my weary soul full of fear and hardship of living.
Thy embrace careless or careful wilt help me cross the final bar to see my face straight.

Prabir Gayen

Who Calls By My Name?

Who calls by my name?

Who calls me in this silent trice,
In the solitude of my maudlin
Mind?
The weak yet inexorable call.
The soft darkness falls as dews in placid
Bourn.
The light flickers after the set of the Sun,
In the dolorous serenade of my being.
The last call and the cogent.
The sound shrill with sonorous meet
to bid goodbye.
The silent call and the most heroical,
to free me from the pungent pain the life offers
to me.
I will come and respond to this inner invitation.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - - - - - Embrace

- My stella -

Embrace

- -
Take me onto thee on thy
Love laden thorax's sheath,
A hungry soul am I out of life's
Merciless injury.
Hold me with thy teeming eyes,
Origination of elixir for this being
dimmed by Passion's coarse rhyme.
Let me die to live through thy panting
Trunk and breath through thy vein interim.
Pain attuned, fardel of untrained dream
emasculates this worshipper of thee,
Once shined with beatitude poured into
The empty vessel.
Laden eyed despond for the sin inexorable,
and the flux emanating from unknown
Moor of timeless shore,
Swaying me from known to unknown.
Eyes blurred with painful heart, and breath suspended for cold sweating that life
Ordains will find a path though pathless it seems on thy warm-hearted embrace
Beyond mind and time.

Prabir Gayen

Proximity

Inner peace /proximity

I got thee in the innermost lawn of my being,
rapt in deep state of invention.
Walking careless on the way of my heart.
I got thee the way my thoughts end,
Thou to embrace me with painless worry.
The pulsating breast stops and in the interval
I am one with thee, a deep communion of
blissful proximity.
I got thee in the thoughtless aura of absoluteness and mind dissolves into the greatness of nonentity.
Thou art the ethereal being, the sustenance
Of my incorporeal self.
O Stella my divine portion undivulged from timeless space hold me on thy quaking chest
to fill it, the empty bowel, full of life.
I am one to pluck thee from the bower of my interiority.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

The Song Of Heart

The song of heart
False life

Only a few days more, the long horizon strengthened,
The superficial cadenza
Of living the life of pathological fullness,
The wrong, tiresome way of facing
The truth with peccant erudition
doth efface the masquerade of veracity.
The light is seen dimly in deep blackness
Of contumelious emptiness of heart.
Truth is feeling sad for shortfall of righteousness.
The way leading to stop into the path aimless
and vagrant's fear is within view.
Now is thy turn to make a clarion call
To wide open the eye of argument,
To shed the delusional symphony of
Seemingly beautiful falsehood.
The last spark is seen beyond mystic mist
And thy inaudible call to stop to naught
Through sin to singularity.
Forgive my father, the delirious stomach of mine
Of nullifying thy grace into anathema of the
Most vile kind.
The end is near and hence the wrapper is
Falling apart.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella - Footprint

My stella
  Footprint

On my heart the footprint,
thou walked once for the love immaculate and no reason.
The heart is same but full of waves and aimless is its pulsation.
Words beautiful and eloquent figuratively,
And concoction of cosy intimacy knocked
Present into uncertain leisure.
This life of mine is a useless waiting and
Fruitless interaction between mind and no mind.
Thy broad eyes and smile conundrum
Announce passionless seclusion,
To unknown and painful dolour wealth to weak heart.
Life is a stretchless, blithering elastic
With no way to end,
Loss of love, care and loneliness art it's
Final alliance.
On thy kingdom beyond impetus
I find a place to breathe his last in silent destitution.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - Onto Thy Ribs

- - My stella- -
Onto thy Ribs

- -

I will die onto thy ribs,
to be pulled and quenched
the thirst of life.
Like an empty cell will I float on thy silent
Self with beatitude of being,
My careful heaven on earth.
Like dew, golden hue floating and falling
On the breast of fast bloom lotos of Eos,
And concentrated unwilling to mist of Talva,
I will pass from ethos to embracing
Chest,
booming lifeless toom and bare.
Ribs on ribs to dismiss the fear of life,
Affinity of noetic relief from life's
Uncertain pain and suffering.
I will die, a fainted lover of thine,
To forget the ultimate singleness that
Life offers.
Thy chest and broken Costa passionless and pure doth hold my uprighted self,
Embay with breathless sanctity.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Winter Noon

Winter noon
- -

Cockscomb flowers, the toddler
On the railing careless,
The marigold in numbers swaying their
Heads heavy with dewdrops,
The moveless wind carrying the light
That falls furtively through mango tree
Seems to breath his last unto my doorsil,
The wailing flies from flower to flower,
Spewing their loaded breast and die on fallen
Petals.
The birds with unknown fear and the silence
Uncharted put forth their musical breast
With flaccid stream.
The sun above looks like a moon single
and solitary,
The path tired and empty with dizzy,
unfinished Serenade touches the wet
hunting ground,
In the inflated yawn of lenience and
Indulgence of Noon's outpouring pain
My mind sails to my far off days.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella...My Cordial Shroud

My Stella
My cordial shroud

The green field with motile
Anemoi over fallen dew,
In severe cold the Boreas
And Eurus in hot summer
Did sway my childhood days
With careless becking to poorness.
A wretched soul with manifold
Illusions over life's elysian flam
I spent my term with suppressed
Volcanic ash.
Blooming mystic did discord
The song of my heart.
I was alone within the cave of my
Mythical shadow, a lover with no love.
Heart's panting desire evanished
at the hand of reality false.
The light that fell from the West despoiled
My energetic splurge.
Thou wert there on the lap of
Cosmic kingdom dreaming to
hold these feckless hands,
Now weak by life and time.
Thy eyes, life's dimensional perforation
For thy woeful, ill- stared sweeting
did glimpse the eternal concourse.
Hold me upon thy ambient disagreeing
The worldly unity with thy strong, clasping
Passion teemed with life's sterling gasp.
A faint, aged soul am I to fall upon thy
Merciful breast to die to be one with thee.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thy Careful Caress

Thy careful caress

- -
Love too much on the tiny breast of time,
Impetuosity of pain with cipher perception
On the cool shade of thy bosom,
I am wordless for thy divine with no conceptual
Way of caress,
No way to deal it or to express with precise
form of word.
A beggar in mind and soul is uplifted with thy
rich accosting celebration of surrender.
In the deep self of mine I find thee as my
Inner being weak and motionless,
As rapturous somnambulism.
O dear thou art one for whom I am formed
again and again and die with totality of consciousness.
In the web of consciousness thou art
My unconscious blessing,
fragrance of existence with existential fulfilment.
This life is thy oblation and immolation
Of thy future for the rootless present.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - The Sunny Selvage

My stella
    Sunny selvage

The flowers bloomed and it's hue dispersed all around.
The heavy the lifting of pain for my
Heart's joy doth sail to my being under
The pie -eyed pain of my stella,
My soul's absolute sheath.
The cloud loose hangs and raindrops
Ooze drop by drop for the limp and
Venerable eyes of my love - my soul's
Crowning recourse.
The selvage of my stella doth hold not
for the quietness of my arduous and
Toilsome spirit.
Her interim pain and poised passion
For this woeful adorer of her is
the empyrean sphere.
Time's merciless injury and demotic
Trial will not hold me away from
My Stella's sunny fastening.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - Deliverance

My stella
- Deliverance -

Inside a deep dungeon,
a cheerless apparition inflaming in murky spunk,
a door to endless perdition.
Like a fallen angel I was doomed to
Infernal jest and solipsistic enjoyment.
A gleaming tongue blonde
Whitish with lust arbitrary to mortal
Nerve,
And fire spilling eyes to moult argument,
Devoured my inherent goodness to
Plunge into momentous exasperation.
A deep pain of debauchery and oblivious
Aficionado to weired rhapsody,
I cried in deep slumberous dalliance.
Under the Slough of anarchical transgression,
And hugeness of sin- consuming self-pity
I uttered your name in half drowse sense.
Like Daybreak to dissipate the darkness
I was resurrected from sin to supra consciousness.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella - Embrace

My Stella
Let me sleep
Embraced
- - - - - - _- - - - -
Let me stay for at least a day
With my love's citadel braying
an emollient rest.
Let me die to the rest of the pasturage,
To be locked in her tepid embrace
against rush wriggle of North wind.
Let me be an unmindful, sagacious
Shepherd and fall on her spacious
and unexampled room of heart against
Unwilling onslaught of life.
Let me love and evanescence into the placenta
Of my leman's careful caress.
Let me sleep, a simple and illiterate sleep,
With no plethoric make up.
Let me breath with my soul evaporated
With the paternoster of her charmed spirit,
Her twisted heart's endearment for me,
a lay of reflective quietness.
Let me love and be osculated with
Bestowal of warm breath,
Eminence for this wretched self.

Prabir Gayen

- - - - My Stella -Real Life

My stella
My real world
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Thou art my world, caretaker and
unspent?fieldof my mind,
Upon soul's silence' march thou art
Dwelling, a goalless destiny.
Deathless Misery's vanishing point
upon thethought of thy memory.
Thou art love,
my being's ever restingbower,
In the desolate and fruitlesshour
Thou arta soulful cadence
To feel the emptiness of life's ceaseless
Praying.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Memory Of My Village

Memory of village life
- - - _- - - - _- - - - - _- - - - - - -
Long years ago the earth
Was green with pure shoot and pious Sun.
The soil was unmixed with morning nectar,
The air blew loaded with fragrance from furtive
Blooms that swayed in devious aloofness.
The old familiar faces in arduous cottages,
The smoke that fought with morning mist,
The cry though silent of empty stomach,
And the night that desired not to end in
Cold wintry night,
I was born in dark, soggy Slough.
The soft, winsome sun, that warmed the earth
did look curious and ingenious to revive the hearts.
Prayer followed the stillness of the morn
And dissolved in day's strenuous toil.
Indolent soil with vertiginous gloom
People lived with woozy pleasance.
The earth full of fluty, cacophonous
Concurrence of the birds and beasts
Was a heaven.
With time all is gone - the men that enticed
The life and existence with unoffending
Pride did sail to other shore.
Bare field and arid dust with populous
Countrymen with nimble wit live with
Seething eyes.

Prabir Gayen

Netaji Subhash Chandra

- - - Netaji subhas Chandra Bose - -

Among the stars the brighter
The heart among the hearts the glitter.
Embodied you, litter the idea new to
Breath for exposure from a thraldom barbarian.
The brave and courageous being
With cohesive heart to declare tumult
Against unjust for the sterling Compatriot.
Ever burning zeal to immolate private corporeality,
The Man of divine shore beyond human conviction,
Descended among destitude Indian,
To free the native soil from the bondage foreign.
A fallen angel to upright fallen multitude.
Obeisance for your selfless protrusion
to divulge deliverance to unlettered
Countrymen.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - - No

My Stella
My abode
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
You are my homeless home,
The sojourn of my absolute
Aloneness.
The dark cloud above can't
Overshadow the sun, it's
Pristine glory.
The homeless sky is its home, the womb of divine gracefulness.
The Moon is on lake ancient and medieval stillness,
You are my waves without
Bottom,
The recluse of this tired soul.

Time's merciless blow may not promise happiness
All-pervading,
Or land us on secured field of
Alliance,
We will live evermore without ligature,
In space in total liaison in
Incorporate armor.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Homage To Michael Madhusuda Dutta

Michael Madhusuda Dutta__ Homage
On 26 th January, birthday...

_____

The bard of Bengal the impetus
Sprite,
Restless constant for parboiled
Parnassian,
To the abbot of thy being Calliope,
Though it seem unconsciously full of life,
did Inspire to write in perpetual rhyme,
The epical effusion of thy insipid mind.
The life eternal sprang in thy wee self,
To devise the theme aged Zion authorize.

the womb of janhavi did thou
alight,
To surge the dust of Renaissance to revive
The ancient grave of vibrant Aeschylus,
Knell in thy vedic vein the Hellenic epos,
To sail from heart to head and to being upright.
Poetic fruitiness ran efflux to brew,
Similar in kind and kudos thy epic,
The Greek masters and British bards did
Find.
Not the memesis thy captive lady,
Nor thy versed meghnad badh a mimicry,
Of the Grand Rhapsody that the Hindus,
The divine progeny of the Almighty pride.

Radical spirit the son of a king,
Never to revert did indulge
In ticklish task of literary ring of insecurity,
The storm of unbridled wish to creat a new creed in placid sky of Homeric idyll,
Sweeping the armour of divine lingo,
Won the bucolic hearts of bengali swab.
Lived beautifully and died a liege sublime.

Prabir Gayen

I Am Crucified

- I am crucified -
_____- _____
Noiseless was the way beside a pumice stone,
Where an errant air breathes its last inside
an arbor vacuous and desolate dim,
Like a shadow of my waned soul thou
glanced.
Like a fast - going gleam of the waning Sun,
In the wizened evening did thou throw-back,
Thy foot - step from this impecunious being.
The darkness falls and I am stabbed to core.

I bleed and bleed profusely and thou gone,
I lie bare open and limp on dust- clad path,
I lie on lonesome meadow wet with my blood.
Will this blood of mine redeem the fallen one?
Will this gore that gushed out of my hurt heart,
Rectify those who slacken to naught from
Grace?
Will my crucifixion give light to cursed?
Thou art gone leaving me on my leisure,
For ruminating the life and it's boon.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Sequestered Self

Sequestered self

- - - - - - - - - - -

Trembling deep my being for some unknown awe,
I know not what star has fallen furtive.
On the grass galore of stars of my mind.
A thousand petals peer inside my self.
Stretched immobile congealed interiority.
My mind locomotive and restlessly drowsy
With the thought of thoughtless brink of frothy am-ness,
Ancient and aged mass of silence reigns idly.
The deep delve of my heart shadowed by numberless pain,
buckles the light from empyrean shore.
In this lonesome aloneness I find myself
Clustered by careless elves.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Relief

Relief

All my wish, nourishment
Of my inchoate mind,
My dreams insatiable,
My hopes and the fruits of actions,
Long- standing or ephemeral,
Vice or virtue I bequeath thee o my Master!
Burn the fruit with thy mercy teeming
With benevolent eyes,
And let me sleep covered with fresh
Delight.
The door of shadow with life's cogent meadow,
Buttressed by lighting of unearthly joy
Reimbursed all my arrearages,
I bow to disembark from the descant
Of life's mendacious enchantment.
A self without self allow me by thy remiss
Beneficence.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Empty Mirror

- Empty mirror -

On the open field with doors of
Joy,
All around the root of silent tree archaic,
Empty mirror the leaves, bloom and burgeon.
The open sky the breast of unsaid arcanum,
Each moment is full of sinewy dream,
The cup of empty alchemy,
The wordless communion.
The trees harbouring nestling and birds
Twittering,
The wind blowing with loads of deflowered
redolence,
Mirror the truth frozen with deep intimation.
A vain man am I to cultivate the realm of
Ultimatum,
I am the everest and the blade of grass
To nourish the dew drops that fall to reflex
The shadow of sublime self,
The sweet depth of aloneness.
The euphoria of intoxication with the whole of
Existence,
The season of timeless fragrance,
Spells me out to deathless depth of myself.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

He Came For Help

- My stella -

Had I been a dwarf!
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Had I been a dwarf, a Lilliput,
Life would be a benison.
Upon thy Thorax's sheath,
Cooling yet warm with non- sequitur
affection will I live playfully and with indisputable Rejoicing.
Thou may carry me while thou please
and may I get a place sober and solemn
Unencumbered that life's Tenacious hands
Ordain.
Thou may look into my being and
my sense like empty sky, blue and infinite
honor thy crowning Sobriety.
A single soul as in the womb of mother,
Divine and Ruminative will I breathe without air.
The pulsating citadel of thy heart and
Coducive embrace with Ministerial eyes
Will radiate oblate and prolate an eternal
Harborage upon this afflicted spirit.
Had I been a dwarf, a runt
I would make this life a celebration,
deathless with the depth of love
That thy being fosters and administers
For me.He

Prabir Gayen

Acrostic

___Acrostic_____
- -My love-

My dream's Swatch formless
deep thou hold this being,
Eternal damnation that Intertwined,
From the eyewink of the opening of my eyes,

Elixir to my cursed breath thou staved my fate,

The lovethou pourest upon this retired self,
No less than Ascension to the zenith,

High thought with no inflated sense uptake,
My Moronic being to offer to thy feet,

Imbibed in Uprooted realm of my mind.

Grimace of Patrimonial ordure,
The assault of Unyielding line's upshot,
Arrayed not our long cherished Connubial
dream,

Yea And Nay of our fanciful days asserted,

Escarp not our heart's facile, rootybondage,

Now and new forever will Stand our bond.

Prabir Gayen

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Time

__ Time __

At the corridor of thy Synagogue,
The Ventricle of thy care and Favour,
Stood I day and night outside amid errants,
The door wast open without Frontage to Pass,
Archiepiscopal air breathes through the mind.

Stood I astounded with no words to broach,
Depravity it was to divest my levity,
The heaven was small and deep a rootless tree,
Dance becomes a slow tedious rhyme of crime,
The moment wast lost in spoiled apprehension,
I stood away from the flow of life vivid.
The prolific ambit, the lap of trice,
Upsurged in me a Rebellious sprite.

Now away from the Coruscating ravine,
My mind wishes to receive the call of thine,
The catacomb of time I am so buried,
Thy All-consuming Fastening will not meet, ,
The interior Decorum of my being.
A vain man on the Plain of stride of life,
A living sepulchre, an acolyte did become
My life losing the shaky drowse of time.

Prabir Gayen

Thy Art My Valentine

_____Thou art my valentine_____

___ Take my love ___

Take my love,
my simple thoughtless words of worship,
The Divine that is deep inside the core of my self,
take from me that Songless inaudible words of praise,
It is bare, open and infinitely blossomed.

Take my mind, it is dreamless, ever youthful
Without the need of any promise,
The waving moon of temptation.
It is thee who is there forever
tying the void of stillness with heartfelt
Adornment.
Take my love o my stella,
the perennial song of my heart,
with ultimate and fathomless grid of
gratitude.

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Prabir Gayen

The Life

___ The life ___
_____ ****_____

Tired of moving or Blazing down the ages the Cardinal Sun crawls
rumbling the outspent way.
In the eastern Skyline the moon climbs
With lit-up despair,
Witnessing the Pie-eyed multitude around
Her Mounting.
The wild geese fly above the still lake
That nabs the moving birds in his chest.
The sun moves, the moon moves and
The wild geese move in the silent heart of
The lake.
The flowers around the lake flash with
delightful sway of local wind.
Its joy and dancing Devoutness
regale the glorious faces of the sky.
A frame it seems the lake and it's images
Moving nowhere and everywhere.
Life is a multifaceted journey with nothing
Else to gain,
It is an image within the image.

Prabir Gayen

Thy Eyes

___ Thy eyes __

_____ - _____

Those broad eyes doth arouse in my heart pain Ceaseless,
Deep as the sky, Immense and
Shoreless,
Mysterious and recondite where the source
Of life and death enshrined.
Thy gracious and benignant look
Blank yet full rings in the being of mine
A wistful tootle.
The song without rhyme, eternal in it's prime,
The dance without reason,
The Ambrosia that downward flows with
all anxiety and reflection of it,
Washing and exculpating my inward invention.

This life that was once full of the morning
glory,
The Elysian dew of the inexorable cloud,
And the mirthful downpour of the setting hue,
Each moment full of wonderment.
The passing cloudlet within an empty,
embracive canvas,
Life seems to revert to non doing
Pristine power.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Early Hour Of Spring

The spring

_____

The spring hast overflowed it's
Sublimation in silent celebration,
The indolence of drooping into floral
abundance.
The hornets sing their chanson
With hearts full of bewildered capitulation.

The spring hast spread its wings
Over the datum line on my lawn
Without ripple and quiet Wayfaring.
The air Unencumbered and Home-bred Yearling,
breathes with amazed rambunctiousness
For this Inundating opulence.
Soaked in the knowledge of vastness,
The root of my mind and it's pain and
Pleasure,
The meeting of sense and essence
and the fragrance of inanition,
The spring Incubates my mind outworn
By inward wedlock.

Prabir Gayen

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Onto Thy Feet

__ Onto thy feet __

Onto thy feet will I relinquish
As Much pain and Malice that
Nestle within my mind.
Onto thy feet, the womb of infinite bliss,
The voice of unheard sound,
Will I lave all the dross that keeps me
Away from thy Plenteous blessings.
Weary of Waywardness of thought That is drying the juice of life,
And The age - old stillness inside
Combined doth drift me away from life.
Onto thy feet my conscious rhyme
and the Facsimile of my Saving.

Prabir Gayen

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On The Path Of Truth

__On the path of truth __

_____
It was deceiving to find a way,
and deceiving too, to seek and search.
The door was locked by effort and
I was homeless inside the home.
The rain that drenched me with thunderbolts
Was a knock on the door of my house.
No door was there and the Knocking was rambling away from me.
The superficial bondage of knowledge left no
Empty space to grow to certainty.
Nothing to find is the point to have it,
A Buddha is not worshipped by a Buddha,
Beyond the mind is the door with no portal
To enter.
The door is the home and the knocker,
But the light from the world outside did make it dark and darker with borrowed stillness of
Of the seeker.
The false covered with honeyed shower of
Poetic pleasure upholds not the pathless path to find 'Nothing to find.'

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Bodies

My bodies

One of my bodies on the funeral stove,
One is underground deliquescent to elements.
One is walking careless on Antediluvian, Quaggy mountain with ancient snow.
Each part is equilibrium, forming and Dissolving,
The sun is dropping onto the lid
Without tune,
The birds sing with mindless hue.
The feeling of no feeling is vast in it's profundity,
The kingdom is empty like mirror with no image inside.
The word shrinks within its womb rapping
The world behind to relax on its penumbra.

Prabir Gayen

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The Mind

The Mind.

The mind barren and void moves slow wordless,
wan and feeble in an unknown way,
A calender hanging in the air old muddy.
Birds are seen in windy light along the bush,
from above heaven thin smoke cluster the peak,
 hill mysterious,
Ah! a strange man in strange place,
pyre aflame burning bright with soft cold air.
Light through cracked leaves dazzling with chirping of birds unseen.
I fear the love and my frozen? are my hands defeating fire for cold transparent soul.
stream is falling with no sound,
a fairy land, land of death between You and
The world we grope.

Prabir Gayen

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Ultimate Indulgence

Ultimate indulgence

The lifeless morning air Whistles in empty voice,
The happiness is lost in the unconscious,
Unflinching moment of thought - the mindless
Crassness.
Between the pause the glory is Vanguard,
Between the points of pointless emptiness
My self, real and unreal, blissful void,
deluding realm of my existence.
Limbs of life are lost into the ditch of abysmal
Anger,
The fear of losing the peak, the never existed
beauty of sublimity,
The fear to dig the soil into the being, the ultimate non- being, drifted my
Aesthetics
Into effortless resistance.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Within Without Death

Life without death

_____

Life is false and so death,
life is false to fulfil the promise, to fill the gap that once it created.
Life is false to play seriousness,
To delude to hypnotic playfulness.
Life is a bewitching bitch to push us off
Balance off center.
Life is not life, it is a preparation to dip
Into projection, to deathless glory.
Life is not death but to go far away from it.
The flower with its fragrance,
The breeze with its fluidity,
The water with its coolness, the sun with its
Summer,
The birds with their chirping and the forest with its flora.
Life is death and death is the rise of life.
Life is false as it stands against death
As flower against it's sweetness,
And clouds without rain.

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Prabir Gayen

The Door To Unknown

The door to unknown

The moon spreads atop The sky,
Over the floating clouds without
Jut and Perdue.
The silence spreads across the heaven
With plethoric Profundity.
The mystery of unknown realm that a tiny flower knows,
The knowledge of vastness that drops as
Timbrel into the voiceless voice of a bird,
The Sedulous semblance in every Sparkle
Of Ubiquitous Infinitude,
doth hold not the door open to me.
The doorway is Everywhere and yet
It is Succinct to me with thin veil of
absolute Nothingness.
The empty flute of cosmic fluency is beyond
The time warp of my stupid mind.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Morning

: Morning:

The Moon is leaning on the western line,
drop by drop the falling of stars
In the fast fading night,
The chaotic cooing of the birds in the
Somnolent air after long- armed dark,
breaks the Slow-growing clouds on their
goalless march.
The sky infinite hangs over the dreaming earth,
to burst the buds eager to flow.
Empty sky and empty sunshine with music full of emptiness.
The morning breaks as night evaporates.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Moon - A False Abyss

The Moon - - a false abyss

The moon half in the sky
Limp and tippy winking beyond clouds,
The night dark it seems waving it's silver arrow with no causal Illation.
Darkness Procreates it's pristine delicacy
and indulges it's wideness spread.
The vastness widnesses as Imbecile being the furtive Eyewink of the lustre of the night.
The infinite face of the infinite womb,
moving silently without sound.
The formless vastness beyond the form
Overflowing with no notion.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

An Old Frog

An old frog

Once I was a human,
Now i am a frog sitting on the edge of a pond,
gazing simply with eyes with eyeless muse,
ripple one after another,
One is falling to the chest of naught and
another is rising to fall,
One is dying and another moving to die
taking the source from the dying spark.
Wave from theunknown point,
from shoreless Deepness surging to die
to roundish stillness.
The old pond with new and eternally new surge,
The beginning and the end and the flow of restless tide only falsify the search,
An Old pond and a frog sitting careless for nothing to earn.
Wave one on another is rising to fall and falling? to rise.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Reformation

Grave series____6

- -Reformation- -

Agile wind with unruly passion over the grave,
Roving with hearts heavy the residents of necropolis.
Grave shifts as fair place, restless breeze palanquin.

From the sky peer the stars and curious
Minds.
Like horrid crew of strange attire the dead appears.
With magic velocity of thirty eyes queue they make.
Eager to come and reformation to dawn,
On earthly plain that didst they leave behind them unsolved.

Like leaves floating dry on the breast of river lost,
Like bubble's surge filled with torpid joy of ocean.
They made presenth of themself before sermon hall,
The priest ghost from goofy island takes dimmish mythical book.

Leaves after leaves turns he the provisions of retreat, and then overturning his eyes and drawing deep breath,
He saith, ' why havest thou called me out of season, and stir my heart with thought of untimely death.'

'We want to turn around the world and reborn,
reform the soil and soul once pure, upright, '
Saith with melancholy the morbid dead men's party.
'Hovering I between two of the worlds and pain,
Watching my heart, my earthly daughter hungry and oppressed, ' saith a tormented father killed brutally on road.

A priest wast I and dreamer to build a new world, a place of heaven of amaranth bower,
Where heart will build a world in yard of mind,
We will go and decree absolute reign supreme,
better to serve in hell than idle joy in heaven.

Sweeping the outer part of the grave a sad face, desirous to mould and reform

the same
Stands in front.

A poet and a sprite died a couple of days ago,
Anxious to meet his damsel dear and fear of,
the necromancy that might rouse in her heart, and turns away from him his sole soul of soul.

A party of departed souls assembles there to come,
Seek permission to cross the fence with new oracle.

A horse and only a horse for my kingdom,
Pronounces a knight who wast killed In deep sleep, and after a prolonged period of sleep,
he declares a battlefield and crossing the bone- yard, and memorising Golgotha he cries.

A religious teacher with repentant heart comes, from hard stone where he wast chained with penal fire,
churned with the gulf of fiery deluge delivers his speech,
With whispering voice and inaudible incantation, he begs mercy for wrong knowledge he taught.
With new dress and mannerless manner and innocent eyes, he seems eager to love and embrace the world, once he betrayed for his bosom's interest.

The moon is on her glory over white canopy,
The twinkle of little stars cluster around,
The howling from thick bush deepens the silence,
from a macabre cell a macrocephalus appears, Mephistophelian spirit of ancient Greek, sailing across tomb from thousand years, sucking darkness of night before temple of God, he vanishes into foggy trunk of black boscage.

With heart thousand of strings tumble over the glum, a sepulchre for deadly rest where walkest straight, away from tomb's nauseated gull wings a half drowsy soul.
A poet, a painter who lived in a place, solitary sordidness of self illumined ennui.
'Give me a cup of coffee a toast with butter,
My pen though truant will react new verdict,
A constitution of heart will I build.'
Saying so and spinning thrice headlong he goes down, into boiling soil of infinite cool paunch.

Valorising the grave a Sedate and unruffled, a heart of a lover whose world was nothing but dream, the waste land and wreck havoc embosses his heart with numbness.
He pronounces the name of God and blesses his spirit,
With eyes tired of the dismal delay espies,
'A womb and a womb o Jesus for birth'_
He pleads from flaming cliffs of dove plant
and sighs.
A student died of injuries of love, avidity,
Abstracted from the present state searches his inamorata.
A mother suckling her baby died both, by hunger and poverty and welcomed here,
In grave's bountiful blessings and peaceful life,
In the procession they get prior notice to reborn,
Invocation from umbrageous in limbo,
Pierces the veil of ear drum of arbiter.

Sneering the kerfuffle from argumented , and
Inflamed plenary waned and their outcry,
The gownsman ascribes his ecclesiastical,
The canonical dictation to reborn, and on earth to reform man from impiety,
Hoping to choke with pure clop for ghostly prime, he rolling his eyes and turning head opens his wizardry,

All deceased souls eager to sail to mother's womb stand,
With great surprise and citable the turnskins pronounce, delight uttering ' Amen ' with the master and bath, with light celestial from heaven that Lucifer muffles.
On the shore of watercourse they stand to gain access into human flesh.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella _ 29- My Spirit

- - - my Stella - - - 29

Died I over and again for love for thee.
The love is adamant and burns me ceaseless and intricate is the pain.
The pain from backstage of heart incubates thee and thou sleep soundless, secured on the lenitive , emollient petals of my being,
Blossomed with the warmth of thy breath.
Honeyed shower around my bower wafted with chirping of sparrow and dropping of dews.
Coverlet of mighty shadow upon our boozy being.

This night ambrosial and plummy will pass into frothiness, and time will inundate it's mouthful whiff to devour our quiescence.
This pain profound of fullness might weave another world, idiosyncratic effulgence, sheen of our singleness of souls.
The pain soothing and calming will tune an ageless dirge beyond the grasp of time.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - 2

My stella 2
The halo of spirit

My heart wast sealed and voice choked with thy view,
Thou cameth as nimbus from my painful heart,
Walkest straight along my bare being and thou looked erect,
The image of mine faltered and speechless dream,
Breath suspended as thou turned and looked outside,
Voiceless pishogu with halted fancy enticed,
With pain- flushed eyes thou looked into my heart, and like a senseless grotto I stood undecided,
A moment of eternal flame flushed inside, and outside on the lawn of thought sense vacuum,
A thousand lives: nay thousand deaths unequalled,
Thou went with half of my being and unaware, heartless stood I with shallow spirit, halo of thee.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - 2 - The Halo F Spirit

My stella 2
The halo of spirit

My heart wast sealed and voice choked with thy view,
Thou cameth as nimbus from my painful heart,
Walkest straight along my bare being and thou looked erect,
The image of mine faltered and speechless dream,
Breath suspended as thou turned and looked outside,
Voiceless pishogu with halted fancy enticed,
With pain- flushed eyes thou looked into my heart, and like a senseless grotto I stood undecided,
A moment of eternal flame flushed inside, and outside on the lawn of thought sense vacuum,
A thousand lives: nay thousand deaths unequalled,
Thou went with half of my being and unaware, heartless stood I with shallow spirit, halo of thee.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - 3 - Deathless Spirit

My stella. 3
Deathless spirit

I know not what pain, what source of it springs.
What is that nourishing necter pouring on being in. What is the pain trembling within and bottom?
Thy eyes like morning dew, face an epic falls into.
In the cave pounces restless wolf, nay , a meek deer.
Thou came and went as sun falls and moon asleep. A deathless self is dying, on bed for thee. Eternal rest is punishment and love is dead.
Mind's unquenched thirst is on with thy divine view .
In thy cosy bosom the potion and repose.
Thy beauty do I not hold, nor thy smile,
The way thou talk or thy merit or thy pity.
Soul's unflinching support to raise beyond and die.
Thou art my stella, my deathlessness and firm.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella _ 4 - She Sleeps In My Heart

My stella 4
Stella sleeps in my heart

Thou wert in my heart as fragrance inside a bud,
outside I sailed through flower to flower,
Vain man was I to nurture pain profound.
She wast asleep in love's careful shower.

Like a dream -fed Prometheus rambled upon the shore of mind,
Waves upon waves torment didst I bear.
Like Venus in sequestered forest and green bed sucked,
Like indrajit in instant fight in wild cloud yield, o dear.

Pain implicit and innate, occult and esoteric,
Intellect didst protest not the intended solemnity.
Placidity of being and somlonence mesmeric.
I cried inward and tears flowed not mendicity.

My stella slept in my heart and in same ache.
With equal ardour and wakefulness I wast unfree.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - My Enlightenment

My stella 5

Stella - my enlightenment

Nothingness that Buddha said and empty the centrum,
The whole is divided and divine is sorrow,
The movement to absolute and unmixed the truth,
The everything from nothing and fullness seems,

My cup is measured in painless, doomed heart,
Absolute is nothing and nothing is painful deep.
In self effaced trance my stella lives and breathes ashore,

In full moon night stream splashes and Buddha smiles in,
Hail to thee the mindlessness of my being,
My stella smiles through me and Buddha dessolves in dream,

My love is my absolute nothingness and lost,
In the room of her heart my enlightenment.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - 6 - My Liberation

To my stella. 6
Stella- my liberation.

On the way my lord to thy door, to thy ever widening space,
The world is loose and the end is open ,
Lived I to the core and life is good till now,
Mind fulfilled all its pros and cons,
The moon, the stars and all wonders of thy
Opus and orb effect not my listless soul.
Words on words and phrases full with oppressed thought and emotion deep failed to heart.
Stillness is painful and music is morbid.
A patch of cloud and full-fledged moon over murky water is not dreamful to eyes,

Blurred vision with nebulous pain and suffering obscure to heart bids farewell.
On thy way though flute, drum and string, dances not the heart with joy and peace.
A land of sylvan stillness stops not the pain that heart rings every moment.
A storm, gale or deluge evaporate not the commotion pinching every now and then,
Heart's stillness like tortoise shell and slumberous sleep like Street dogs and cold blood like a frog do nothing to mould fickleness.
Enormous night and day delightful art not enough to make me oblivious of my stella,
My stella, a heaven on earth, a deep potion of death -stricken being, a world of love and hugs and kisses with no pretention,
My stella, like the swallow, the philomel or the lark or skylark or the nightingale is my liberation.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella -7 - My Bower

- - To my stella 7- -
Stella - my repose

Life! thou art vagrant dweller,
walkest the path ploughing seeds behind,
From cradle to cosmos the verity of books, the mighty harmony and harmonious bonds.

Thou Kindle dust for the March of divine to dawn,
falling stream, gay clad mountain, and inundated land doth sing and worship thy sojourn,
from breast to grave safely thou led by mighty hands,
unseen unknown Love breathes with full breadth and shows the way of thy cozy compassion,
moment by moment thou art cared, breath by breath thou art nurtured,
The sun soaked flower, rain drained tower, from plain to plentiful valley glades thou reign,
life! thou art a vagrant lover, a pilfering angel swindling the heart of every wench, sick of love,
Thou art bestowal of divine grace and a mystry unsolved.
I will not go over the valley or meadow behind and look into the deep lacuna,
I will not sleep on grass green, and look above for moonlit night to soothe my hungry eyes and find a new way through wilderness,
I will not bid good bye and utter nonsense sanity and sagacity and sing a doleful musical note,
I will retire to my domicile, to my stella,
To her faithful breast do I set my head and live more in privateness of soul.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - 8 - Inner Journey

- - - My stella - - - 8

Inner journey

Kicks the steam off the station and homeward, the real estate for sick heart the journey begins.
Station to station with ups and down and dizzy sound the train moves,
At this very juncture wish I for thy see off, the departure to somewhere, the nowhere,
The place of rest and repose deep away from dear,
This time the train is gloomy, the sound is irritating and indignant, my life is in this rhythmic patterns of pungent flow.

I might have been in my bed to think of thee, or in some lonely bower, wild to poise my life,
Failure, loss and anguish,
I might have been in thine eyes face to face, drinking the honey of thy fear ridden eyelids, or in thy private love and bosom's care,
We might cry for not loving till now, or thou might stop talking to me for loving too much.
We might sit close with words having no expression, or thousands of dollars of bubbling pain inside to choke our hearts liquefied by natural piety and probity, grave and lure,

The train moves - it moves slowly and unfastened, to my lord, my master.
A rare opportunity to me and the train moves, unwilling to pass and halters,
My Mind is not fear of losing itself , it is not anxious to give way to conscience, to be burnt in sapience, rather it halters, postpones and bewilders.

It heretofore merged, eroded into thine eyes and the song of thy heart, and attenuated into thy panting of loaded breath.
The train moves and I recline seriatim from thee to me, and from me to thee, only pain on this heavy hour to bear with
and to surface the exhibition of grim - grinning face.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella - 9 - Empty Heart

- - My stella - -9
Empty heart

Thousands of years ago Shiva danced,
In solitary rocky bed and in ecstatic ginger,
Inner and outer celebration with suspended breath,
He danced in the sun and in the moon and from micro to macro.
He danced with mad pursuit of inanition and nothingness to dawn,
Thousands of years He gambolled in His own being and extolled His nonentity in the heart of cosmic bliss.
Like a shedded leaf sprung as wordless voice and solid silence, a solidified song of infinity.
Like shive thou art enshrined in my inner woof and pain of tacit and cubic song,

A thousand poems bubble as bead of unpronounced cry through my keerkers and I am defied.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - 10 - Somnambulism

- - - My stella - - 10
Somnambulism

In the shade of thy feet do I see my rest,
My hopes and desires art alien and registered to unknown dream,
I am out of me and unfamiliar to my being,
A shadow of my past self heavy to bear,
Knowledge and wisdom on the periphery fail to delve deeper into emptiness,
Thou art enshrined and I am around with restless mind and left with hands nothing to hold,
A mind conscious of the stream of consciousness and the rhythm of universal cadence unable to attend the tune,
My muse is lost in the womb of foolery and stupid chattering of mind,
A home away from home I am living as vagrant soul.
Enormous stars, vast glory, and the glittering sky blue and sailing cloudlet's enchanting smile fail to regain my lost paradise,
Promises come and dissolve into solidified
Passion's uppishness.
My stella slept in me and I wast unconscious of this heaven in me and moved hedges to hedges to suppress my pain deep inside.
Now tears and repentant heart doth flush like thunder - flashed rock in a forgotten clime.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella - 11 - Witness

- - My stella - - 11
Witness

Coming close to thy feet,
I find a corner place,
A trifle being thou hast made me sit under thy luscious shade,
The colours of desire manifold kind turns into emptiness,
and thou colour me in meditative rapture and rejoice.
Thy infinite love showers on me and I am out of my self,
The self absorbed self to selfless service,
thou hast invoked in me a glimpse of what is not,
My pain for little things evanishes into painless pit of zero.
Clouds of doubt for my own personal inertia and oppressed mind for future to hold in present melt away from my self,
A mirror of me thou put before me and my stella is reflected in the stillness of my mind.
Tears roll in windy way from heart to being with thy name and I am lost in this abysm of great fullness,
My stella and my being art synonymous to thee.
I have nothing to do and nothing to gain,
Only a silent visitor and witness the change.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - 12 - Oneness

- - My stella - - 12
Oneness

In this vast depth of space and profound secret source of life,
Mind of mine is restless for thy will and wish,
What is this creation all about, and what the mystry of thy being?
The great scale of time and mind and thy limitless blessing for absolute knowledge doth stir in breath and beyond pain peculiar,
The vastness is empty as my heart,
and my mind is full as the sky,
Life and death, two extreme ends and endless
the quest to solve the unsolved,
Thou hast sailed blows on my being and numb is my sense for amazement.
The fire within flames with no source and nowhere to melt,
Absolute hollowness and amid deep arcanum of life the end is near,
A deep dawn to manifest the naught to silence the mind, a notorious song of solitude,
Pain and pleasure art non being mind,
and silence is the learning process to bear the unseen,
Heavy flow of water from unknown chasm is painful to carry and sprinkle to sprout, new germination,
Unknown is heavy to bear and fulfilment is farce,
In deep slumberous charm of restful health an inspiration came, not to decode but to embrace the life with all its glorious vastness,
and mystical secret,
My stella, my inner circle of dreamful reality,
My Embraced state of non duality asserts wonderment and magical felicity to drop into oneness.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella - 13- Let Us Repose

- - - My stella - - 13
Let us repose

She wast in the cave of heart and I wast an oblivious soul,
Like a forgotten dream I roamed inside a box of being,
A soul sucked in delirious dream and a creature of homeless land,
She slept as a dormant volcano in the shrine, inmost reign of soul,
Unbearable sorrow did I get and a gap of two worlds ensued,
A soulless shell and a tube of empty space became I and for thy wakefulness spent thousand years, waiting and waiting,
Thou came as an unknown traveller,
season of eternal spring.
My heart recognised thy eyes and pain of similar rhyme,
O stella let me sleep till the conversation of the genesis and have my soul back.
O stella embrace me in thy passionless bosom cooled by time.
A painless death do I penchant for fullness to dawn and rejuvenation beyond time.
We art one and live one with bodiless sky in time's grandiose breast.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - 14- My Dream In Wakefulness

- - My stella- - 14
My dream in wakefulness

Time's floating sky and eternal stillness fail to cover my stella from my view,
She is a pain of my heart that resumes again and again,
Metaphysical aloofness and I am a little bit of bygone era,
a dreamless space of solitude.
I live and die but pain remains the same,
My stella, a conscious tale of Ineffable ode,
Pours her verse to fill my interval.
She wast a peripatetic dream in my sleep and I wast listless seeking her in my sleeplessness.
Now I am purified and my vein charged with murderous impulse to mingle and merge with my stella in total wakefulness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - 15 - Be Hurry

- - - My stella - - - 15
Be hurry

Time will pass as cloud pass in spring,
Flowers bloom and fade and bloom again,
No trace will be in sky and in garden,
Only age will grow in our sinuous and heart will pant in slow restraint manner,
The garden of our heart will remain fresh,
Air water and fire will efface our names,
The glory of life and varied beauteous forms will not weave our boyish love,
In the harmonious bond of our breath and intimate moment of painful tears,
Our passion for each to each will not hold the date,
Will thou forget me while the chariot of time write my name?
Will thou nurture me in thy heart while I will be lost in the womb of time?
Don't answer me, I know the truth,
Time is merciless and it hast no mercy even to loaded hearts,
Come stella and be hurry, era time takes us let us be lost in one common thread.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - My Damsel -16

- My stella - - 16

My damsel

The spring hast unfolded his wings,
All is busy to dance in indolent air,
The south wind like a boat of flower flows,
The divine light plays hide and seek through
Thick leaves and flowers and petals,
The hearts of many bloom in this swaying pleasure,
murmurous haunt of swarm of bees,
The flowers wild sing tossing with sprightly breeze,
A bonfire night with folklore for gentle ceremony in the cool lap and brim of Hurst.

No I will not go and dance and sleep on dead frond,
I will not move from my prefecture: I will build an edifice out of my being for my stella.

In this careless, wool - gathering muse and unmindful and somnolent air and fume with steam, I will not sail through humidity deep into that effulgent rosy bower.
I will spread and expanse my couch for my blooming stella,
In her jovial bottom and lofty underlip and perky lock I will sign my name.

In this nonchalant blow and glacial nog of evening shower I will cuddle my favourite belle.
With heart full of pain for fullness,
I will squeeze like a gallant swain to his graceful and sportive damsel.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella - 17

- - My stella- - 17
Nobody

I wast none of thee,
I had no business with thee,
I wast a vagrant pain,
and moved as nobody's strain,

This world is nothing but dream,
A fool can find pleasure and glee,
Past is dead, future is late and present is teeny.
Enormous deep inside is not cosy.

Imbecile soul and gomless brain nurture furtive sense,
Heart bursts and fragrance spreads with no sequel,
Thou art bothered for my spirit unrevealed,
Tameless and nameless I live as tornado in a heath.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - 20

- - my stella - - 20
she walks in my self

A girl simple and straight, plain and naif,
On the shore,
Walking careless on littoral coast for something obscure in the murky glaze,
her open tuft like a raft against north wind
Was floating,
She was liquidated in the hue of the setting star.
A girl in a lone and half furrow land, a night in a bright light.
Beside a rivulet and a grove of wilderness,
and a oozy land of honeyed bud and blossom,
She mutters a debonair of love in silent sound,
Her eyes like a tear - flushed mountain top gleams in white cloud.
On a slope of green stone, windy in a thicket of mist - soaked bud and burgeon and a cloud of petal and a bed of half burst bloom and sprout, she sleeps in a lulling muse.

On a dust clad native path dissolved in far away forest alone she walks,
The stretching arms of sylvan bliss happy to have her, daughter of bosky bank.
Her eyes glitter in joy unbounded and her face reflects the glory of the sun.
A girl of shadow divine and unknown to all visits me in the solitude of my being,
Kisses me to sleep and let me go beyond time,
glimpses of eternity dawn to my earth sucked soul and I live in the cave of painless deathlessness.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella - 18

- My stella - 18
  Gift

Thou art a gift to me from nature, from God,
A silent love and eternal flame of subdued passion,
Thou art grace unlimited and a query from birth till death,
A tiny heaven of heart and peace within sordid urge,
The music of life did I get in thy careful eyes and my being tingles when thou cometh before me, a shadow of my eternal ache.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - 19 - Liquid Heart

- -my Stella - - 19
Liquid heart

On thy path not for life but for a moment's ease,
On thy heart a ray of hope,
my world of aloofness for peace and solace,
Millions of stars and friendship deep,
all vain for this restless being,
Thou might feel a confused being gibbering or unawakened to mobility,
the real theme of life,
Vain man to visualize dream as truthfulness.
Thou might feel uneasy feeling of strangeness,
Pity might fall for this wretchedness,
A mortal self to immortalise in vain the fleeting
thought of unusual passion,
anchoring in wee bosom for eternal love.
With deepest shrine of maiden flight into thy being a room do I dream not for love eternal but for now, the subtle moment,
In thy wonder and strange woe thou might not agree and grant this boon for me,

An era do I live in thy breath and for time beyond time.
In casual moment of thy thoughtlessness or in those flash thou art lost for pain of unknown pattern of mind,
I live in thee and in this liquid stillness of heart thou care for me unknown, unheard and mindlessness.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella -21- Immortility

- - my stella - ,21
Immortality

The day and night I live as I am nothing,
My life is a waiting for nothing to dawn,
The great dance of absoluteness rouses pain
Full of hollow and empty space.
In deep waiting spirit my stella lives,
She lives in pain and pleasure, in the bloodless space of immortality.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella -22

- - my stella - - - 22
House of God

How deep the draw in the plateau of being!
Thou own my space, the house of God,
Sudden flash of coruscating grace,
thou bestow on the kiosk and cabin of my heart.
A creature am I to feel separation deep,
In the kernel of my breast thou entwine
A passion free from rapacity and cupidity of love of carnal velocity.
A deep pain thou art and thy casual look and snappy coldness kill me.
O stella! Thou art vital air and timber of this devious heart, moving spiral from heart to being.
Come stella come, pour thy heart, a sympathetic lore for this simpatico,
A look is ample enough to reclaim this dying soul,
A look may gain and this will revivify
A morbid self to harborage life,

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella 24

- - - my stella - - - - 24
Runnel of my heart

Tremble my heart for unknown fear,
Thou hast prescinded thy peeper for my distemper,
Thy eyelid is my Zion and the church of my heart,
Thy shredded look and dubious visage art grim and gruesome to my amative tenor, beau of thy feature,
In thy mind bleak and blank, coldness inscribes neutralize not the tempest of my spur.
In thy coyness apparent thy amour - proper and my ruin.
Will thou go leaving my mystic pride I fostered in the cave of my essence?
From time beyond time thou art my dame,
deity of soul.
For God sake, obey thy heart and listen to the pant and pulsation of my bust that oscillates in thy name.
Thou art in me as runnel and my mind pensive and plaintive, arrayed in thee as redolence in fast fading bloom.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

My Stella _24 The Runnel Of My Heart

- - - my stella - - - - 24
Runnel of my heart

Tremble my heart for unknown fear,
Thou hast prescinded thy peeper for my distemper,
Thy eyelid is my Zion and the church of my heart,
Thy shredded look and dubious visage art grim and gruesome to my amative tenor, beau of thy feature,
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Thou art in me as runnel and my mind pensive and plaintive, arrayed in thee as redolence in fast fading bloom.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Stella 25 - - Pardon

- - my stella - - .25
Pardon

Thy pronounce of exodus momentary though
Crumbles up my thorax,
Torn my day and night with thoughts of thy
glory here and there.
In the fleeting clouds and dropping of fount I behold thee, moving careless beckoning my sepulture,
In the epistle of my heart I write some rhymes
Proclaiming my doom and baffle.
Tears flow from inside my unconscious locus and reason succumbs to sink to naught.
Pain poignant of apartness of being from being, and incoherence is my contexture.
Thou art what my mind dreams of and thou art sole one for my incarnation.
O stella, the vibration of my soul, pardon my inability to live outside of thee,
Have mercy for my talkative nature that I promulgate my bower, our inner affinity.

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Prabir Gayen

My Stella -28 - - Farewell

- - - My Stella - - 28
Farewell

Thou saith changing thy face apart from me, ' adieu ', I consented,
Thou went of passively and with intense impunity.
Like a mallet burnt in pyre I nodded, thou parted , never to revert.
A glimpse that I saw in thine eyes vamoosed,
Empyrean in the grovelling heart of mine,
Dark shadow of my self engulfed me again and like a Gnostic spirit seized by apparition I boomed for repose in tranquility.
Thou moved and I retreated to my spooky wings.
Damnation dawned to me and I enjoyed tasting transgressions one by one, infringement of the stipulation that I made.
Empty mind sought solace in the cave of dream and I wast a lost aplomb.
I wast vanishing in the pit of despair, sliding to naught.
Soul becoming soulless , coagulated in pain to pray.
Thou wert my purging whet, presence of my presence.
Detached dreams, lacking eyes presage not the respite from the stupor of my heartlessness.

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Prabir Gayen

Redemption

Redemption

In thy infiniteness is my absolute rest,
my being, reposing in thy silence.
The immense and cold indifference,
The thrilling boon of wordless love,
art the seed -bed of living.
the magnitude of Listless communion and
Vastness of thy calling is my earnest Vigor.
The days of innocent imitation of witless
Madness thou wert a caring mother,
The giver of peace and sleep voucher.
Thou art living, Emphatic pulsation
to my moments of separation,
the struggling hour of aspiration.
The heart still bubbles to vibrate and imitate
The life's offerings of Enlargement, the happiness to ruminate.

Thy silence, the killing numbness is the
Sepulchral dirge of my jaded self.
Into the womb will I doom, a deep slumberous
Succor.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thy Love

- Thy love -

Thy honeyed words of love and assurance,
In times of mind's abnegation
the world and it's dream doth hold the hope of my living.
Thy smile in deep state of sorrow
that my soul undergoes doth spread the rainbow over the Fuliginous Firmament,
The look broad and recondite doth Pierce the dark shield of mind,
The inner door to Percuss to decrees.
In the breast of flower and the running water,
The Jingling of morning air and the breath of squall doth Inscribe thy words Infallible,
Thy singing of eternal Modus Operandi.
In thy elysian presence is dedicated my life
and my reared dying.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Liberation Of Soul

Liberation of soul

The cloud hast subsided on the western
Azimuth,
The Earth is bubbling to touch the ecstasy, the spirit to pass through outward coitus,
The booming blessings of the Devine to fall and die to others.
The colour on colour to release the essential core of soul through it's fleshy bower.
The throbbing sensational urge to push and pull and to rest on thy teeming glory, of warmth and Voluptuous peace.
The static souls to revolve in the way of caress and evolve to higher dynamic zone,
In deep sensual deference onto thy breast and dying onto by Thermal embrace and the squeezing out the essence, the liberation is enshrined.
Our Union squares the soil of our eternal life and sensual touch of both of us
Will a new Vista open.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Thou Art Mine

-Thou art Mine -

Thou art mine, my soul's secludedsheath,
In thy careless,wonder- struck eyes
my songeternal enshrined,
Life's empty sky in my heart I find a small yet
Impatient Quietness,
Thou artmy eternal volitionin lifelessrumination,
a crimped boscage in my Unmindful being.
Thou art mine with no argument
Inside,
In dreamless pain that life ordains,
Thou cometh as fresh shower as ocean is eager to get flooded.
Thou art mine with dream and dreamless pain,
With love and loveless embrace,
Eternally grateful for the love that thou pourest
with Inattentive restlessness and mortal Scruple.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Pulsating Urge

- Pulsating urge -

I saw thy glory upon a forage,
the deep dark secret of night,
that stars sink to Presume.
The desire of night to infuse in vain Torpor
Upon a clear daylight it seems a Protrusion.
The dense garment of the night that smites
restless Liaison,
The absolute pathless way that hints no
destination,
In foggy rhythm of heart a star blinks.
The pulsation that runs as
wistful appeal in every vain to Effuse,
Upon awakening a self- denial love endorses.
Openness like starless sky, blue and boundless,
the urge to drop onto thy ocean Immense,
In thoughtful Sapience thou art found a smiling eastern sky stretching to embrace.

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Prabir Gayen

Love

Love

Love is complete unto itself with all it's sweetness and bitterness,
It is feeling without feeling.
Beyond the scope of limited mind,
Beyond the land and the sky,
Love is wing to soar beyond the mind.
It is the twig to emanate after an anagnorisis
Of dissolution,
The anchoring soil of life.
All - pervading spirit of emptiness,
From birth to funeral pyre the loving mother,
In deep darkness a stirring Soothsayer.
Who knows thy aphorism, thy delighted pain?
O love thou art life and death enshrined with
Inevitable Sense.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Life Without Death

Life without death

Life is false and so death,
life is false to fulfil the promise, to fill the gap that once it created.
Life is false to play seriousness,
To delude to hypnotic playfulness.
Life is a bewitching bitch to push us off
Balance off center.
Life is not life, it is a preparation to dip
Into projection, to deathless glory.
Life is not death but to go far away from it.
The flower with its fragrance,
The breeze with its fluidity,
The water with its coolness, the sun with its
Summer,
The birds with their chirping and the forest with its flora.
Life is death and death is the rise of life.
Life is false as it stands against death
As flower against it's sweetness,
And clouds without rain.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

My Hope Against Life

- - My hope against life - -

Time with its bountiful look hadst come at the doorsil Of my room,
It waited for long to change the face of my
decrees,
The way it wished to change my fate wast unknown to me and I wast doomed.
Life's frameless freedom and it's fictional
Foam of beatitude put me outdoors off my room.
I wast a forlorn soul eaten within by my own folly and careless wast my wayfaring.
Upon awakening I find myself mocked
and sealed within the dark chamber of my mind.
A flame weak and thin refulgent amid the breast of eyeless prudence and hope outflows
As a rivulet finds its rest in the undulating ocean.
Thou art my hope, the last anchor and buttress
against life's sordid foray.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Empty Heart

- - Empty heart- -

The silence thou bestowed on this vacant heart for devoutness of this wingless being is fatal now.
The borrowed stillness it seems to me and pain burdensome for the towering flow of life.
The down- going flow of life to be one with
greener that opened eyes newish and sweet,
I wish to be one new to life.
The silence is killing for the aloneness
and tidal overmuch flow,
The new world is ahead and far from beloved, the pearl of my empty heart.
A fresh embrace full of pulsating love and careful thought with mindful empathy
Will sprout the seed into my rooted self.
The seed of nothingness will assert it's
Mysterious face taking a part of thee ending the cycle of life.
Let me sink under the heart beat of absolute
Joy or sorrow or beyond the order of thought.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Changeless Self

Years ago the earth wasbeautiful,
Life wassweet as dream and I was a witness.
Every passing cloud was a signature,
The message of life behind the light.
The danger of living was the door to unknown
Source.
The sun like a liquid ring of fire washed me
With unheard, clandestine song of life.
Poverty and the struggle of life to survive
With cozy neighbours were full of vibrancy.
The wind from southin warm days, the grazing of cows, the needy eyes of domestic dogs and cats with tuneful melody of chanticleers,
The soft, soundless fall of dews on green grass in winter morning and the indolence of noon and painful evening,
The opera on the open field with disharmonious song and the joy of ancient stories -
Hindu mythology and the value of existence,
The childhood was a heaven.
Empty stomach, the heart full of life
and cosmic care wheeled the rustic lore of my life.
Pain was there at times but it was a divine grace that I lived with.
Every night the soft footstep was heard and life seemed to promise and I was left alone within the cage of hope of meeting my beloved the great.
Life was a promise and dream was the meeting field.
Every nook and corner of nature was the message and I felt in the deepest core of my poor heart the mystery of life or may be death.
Death seemed the door to attain the illusion,
The illustrious way of living.
One day a friend like a benevolence of intimacy knocked atthe half closed door of my heart and mindfully beckoned my weakness of living under the heaven.
The rain with lighting arrester and thunderbolt,
The storm and woe of nature carried the dictum
Of Love,
The mysterious shroud of life.
The Moon among the stars, the unknown,
The ocean containing the sky on its breast,
The unknown,
The mirror within and inside a mirror.
The life has been changed,

The form, the outer covering that is envisioned
to be life is changed.
The sun in the morning above the palm tree,
With melancholy furtive glance,
The Moon heavy with the juice of life among myriad blinking constellation are same but the light of innocent mind is lost.
Changes follow the unchange.
Yet I am the same man with same pain and passion.
The same amount of light and darkness.

Prabir Gayen

On 12 The October

- - - On 12 the October - - -

Happy hours wert there on a
Forest of dream,
about a decade ago wert thou engrossed,

Peace and pleasure my beloved worshipper,

Pristine part of my seeking heart, sweetheart.

Years passed and still the love prevails
afferent.

Below the dream of pain -stricken mind, being,

Imbue I day and night thy image full,

Reeking dream of our past life the onerous,

Teething truth it seems to our logical mind.

Happy happy it wast under innocent shower.

Dream fails though to vive with the pain
inherent.

About a decade my love, thou wert mine,

Yearns profound that seal the heart is its prime.

Supreme knowledge fails to weave the past to
present,
rapturous past now hangs as strenuous Now.

Inert mind fumbles to embrace the bygone,
bracing!
Joy of living in placid Hurst with heart,

Intact with flawless stooping is our candor.

Time passed into timelessness without sense,

Another part of our dream in newly dress attuned.

My new form, new frame of mind doth refresh,

Years old pain of fullness thou poured once
warm.

Living this benediction of being will I swim,

Overmuch pain with glimpse will show the light
lucid.

Vacant mind will bring the fullness of our awe,

Eavesdropping this life's deep painful apartness.

Prabir Gayen

Life Once Felt

Life once felt

- -
The brightest part of life,
Charms of youthful vitality,
Warehouse of God's creation thou art
Passing through with all dreams colourful
and plethora of over abundance,
Thy beauty, the flash of eternity, the
darling of my matured soul.
The blue heaven of my mind, my heart's
Unwritten part, timeless and untouched
Is enticed and drawn to thee, not by beauteous
elegance but the unformed discretion without
rumination.
The honey of thy mind, thy glory full of
Meditative rapture and love without reason
Is the field of my living,
The last spark of inspiration on this mortal skin.
Mundane element is too hard to divulge for the
Knowledge the life so called offered.
A single glance of thy ignorant eyes is enough
for me to triumph over life and time.
I am undone in the world of things,
The darkness inside me edges me to bid farewell.
This life was once thy blessing,
Cadenza of dreams to meet with morning songs Of daw, the furtive glance of being
In sunlight and sunset,
and the Twinkling stars in conjunction with
The Moon, the path to heaven.
Now the nature is panting upon my dead soul,
The waves leap and life force of micro to macro, the sound of buds and breeze fail to revive me to harmonious note of living.

Prabir Gayen

Greatfulnes For Thy Love

- Gratefulness -

Gratefulness, ! oh my master!
for this uselessness, this utterly ridiculous
Way of life,
In the null and void aptitude of mine,
befooled by the mystery of creation and
Nature of things I am defied to nothingness,
The helplessness to the core of my inferiority
I feel the contiguity of my stella,
Soul of my soul.
To be lying down on thy sedulous and carefree
bosom full of love for me is dangerous,
It is always so as it gives freedom to expand against vested interest, mediocre order of
the fashion.
I grow in thee as a flower that blooms against
The season.
Growing against the realm of mind, against
religiosity.
Thou art and always be my cave not that coward's cave, to be living a doubled life in a grave,
Thou art my inner voice, a resting bower
Of illumined shade.
Thy love is for me beyond the brim of mind
My revelation.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Gratefulness

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Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

The Love's Knot

- -Thelover's knot -

I will come again and love you
with fresh light of life.
The whole of my being will dawn to please
Thy tired eyes, to soothe thy lonely heart.
As a lover from Elysian drift, clean and
Coherent uncover the pristine beauty.
We will sing the song of life,
The pure form of communion.
The very fragrance of thy soul will recognize
Me as part of thewomb of thy self.
The pain we are passing through will be
The proof invincible of our eternal mate.
We are one by birth and by the law of our hearts,
A thousand petals failed to make the marriage
Of our true minds,
And our separation forlong, as length of a life time will make us close to understanding,
We were one beyond creation and now
A separate self for our growth.
A life's separation is enough tomould the mindfor thy expediency.
The juice of life is ever widening between both of us and ultimate picaresque though it seems
Outpouring from my being to thine.
Eternal flame of love beyond relatedness and
Mundane enumeration,
Thou art the vibration of my soul,
Soul within soul.
We are in cosmic intercourse and thou art not away from me,
the rapport of noetic organism.
My soul is there into thee and thou art an extension of my being,
and hence the play of love
and craving for being Lovering of thy heart.
I am thy lover by the law of nature of inner
Firmament.
The pain that is invisibly visible between both of us is ordained by divine benison for us to come close for deeper parlance.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

My Stella -No 1

- To my stella - 1
-Lost voice-

Voice is lost in sad delight of self pain dream,
A deep chasm that cleaves age-old question for liberal charm,
On the centre core of time's breast a tiny cup of
Fleeting gleam.
I loved thee and lost thee for unuttered utterance of ineffable lore, for thy reform.
Moving on dreamless pain without work, without warm and dry regards to bygone
Passion, a little room for thee.

Smile of innocent heart doth hold colours
Of far away land, easy and smooth.
A cold heart of a pathless star, a traveller
wish not to backward move,
Palsied mind halted ever and ever to unbreed a stretching dote, a deathless march to sooth.
Thousand lives on thine eyes and panting breath spread soulful indolence, to thee to dive.

Eternal flame that thou hast flamed for me,
And I am possessed in untidy state of being,
Time's unmoved idleness mirrors unchartered
Me to thee,
And I lost my form weakling though to sink.

Walking straight with blank screen will i go,
And write my name tears flushed, the unsown field to sow.

Prabir Gayen

My Recluse

- My recluse -

The country, town and city,
The lake and lough,
The vast ocean with mystic tune,
The wilderness of forest with
harmonious cacophony of birds
and beasts,
The bursting of flowers with somnolent
Sound and piercing deep the cord of being
The buzzing of bees,
The deep bottomless and motionless tranquility of the Mighty Hill,
The monumental Himalayas
with its age old expanse of silence,
The grave of the lost tribes and wonder,
doth hold not my heart for peaceful sojourn.

The river, the ocean and the Crystal pool
Of still water that reflects the full moon night,
The silent tress without reverberation,
The stillness within stillness,
Ancient hill with solid lump of solitude,
Softness of the Moon and coolness
of the night and days full of wonderful,
Arcane beauteou forms of fauna and flora,
Must not hold me back for inner Hermitage.

Thy heart is my favorite place, the fullness of my being,
It is not The Himalayas nor the Alphs
that can behold for me a better place to rest,
Thy heart is my eternal pilgrimage.

Prabir Gayen

My Love

- - - - My love

I have delved a way in my heart,
For thy soft feet,
Stealthily wilt thou walk on this way to me,
Flowers as sweet as thou art, wilt show thee
The secret chamber,
The stars I planted in the sky of my being
Wilt twinkle in elation for thy sublimation.
The overflowing pain, for the love unattained for thee,
wilt open my heart to thy feet.
The effusive minstrelsy of my being
Wilt worship thee with the paternoster of my breath.
The synchronous synchronicity, the poetry,
The dance as dew drops into the ocean,
My heart melts into thy feet.
Tears flow with undercurrent vibrancy
Unbearable to contain in the smallness of my being.
The unknown noumenon of my self
Lives only to embrace thee with fullness of
existence.
The moon that falls on ocean still, without
effort and the water quiet holds it without
Nous, thou besieges and permeates inside
The totality of my being,
My inner wholeness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- - My Stella- -

Meditative journey

Thou art with me or I am in
Thy being rooted from millions of ages,
beyond the first great sentence.
The space within space, love within love,
Wordless, numbness within indolence.
Thou art close as my eyes to me,
Interiority of my heart nurtures thee in deep
Slumberous nourishment.
The closest remains, a theory, a doctrine, deluding realm of rhetoric,
and catching, alluring poesy,
The most distant field, for my overflowed being
With dead habits, and non attendance to transcendence.
Thou art in my very being and experience drops to naught,
The bud is ecstatic within its fragrance
and meditation in its honeydew.
No opening to bower outside with manifold
Wonder to bloom to victory.
Love stays and river flows at its sweet will
and I am onto thy bosom to float without goal.
The very center of my being is thy center,
The cosmic drop into thy abysmal part where
I breath the fragrance of life.
I searched thee in every pain of my heart
Loaded with false notion of dream of future,
Objective mutation leads to extreme naught.

I came as a vacant mind without thee into this
deluding realm before thou came and life became an idle worship,
In myworshipping self thou art there as prayerlessprayer, and my seeking for thee,
hast left me in a shore of desperation.
As a tree uprooted from the source of life
I floated in the ocean of being without knowing
and seeking without subjective mutation.
The more I flow the more nearness follows
and like a fish seeking ocean I wept for thee

and thou came as an unknown ocean, drop
Into me - my self, dried with extreme heat of life's sordidness.
A dignified distance that is born with
innocence and nearness felt,
Thou art to me a separate self to be one again
to make a heaven for both of us with our
elementary crassness.

Years ago separation happens in deep communion,
In a state of deep spiritual intercourse,
Without the feeling of ego sense,
Separate body, separate mind and separate consciousness.
Like Adam and Evebeyond creation we wert an innocent soul with no feeling of two as baby in the womb, rapt in mindless celebration.
As part of the whole within whole we wert total
With no division listening to soundless sound.
We wert conscious, fully and self-luminous without concept to project,
We flowedas part of Nature with its deep cosmic unity and flow of naturalness.

Prabir Gayen

- - My Stella - 100

Thou art with me or I am in
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Time passed until Now, naked union of unconscious beauty is gone - the paradise is lost in the catacomb of self awareness,
The two is born out of one and hence the journey.
O Stella doth thou not feel the misery of living?
The waves become conscious of it's separateness from the ocean,
Hence the play and display of life with manifold harmonious melody.
Come, let us play not like amorous birds of prey but by being dissolved as salt into ocean,
As vapour into the vastness.
This life is our proneness to revive within both of us and die to the world to retreat to our
Primal beauty -- inward wedlock beyond thin veil of temporal phenomenon.

Prabir Gayen

-my Stella - 99

My Stella-99
A glimpse that I wish
****
At this far end from life,
In deep dungeon of boozing,
Crapulence of pain that numbed
The sinew with struggle for useless living,
I stand alone with nobody to hold my hand,
baffled and bemused by aching heart,
Years reeled and rolling with empty eyes,
Toothless smile in a desert.
Life! a footprint that leaves no trace to follow.
A pathless path that exhales instant.
Into thebuzzing invisible in dim darkness,
the unknown tune regardless to life,
from unknown source, the dirge.
The dead self within dead corpus.
Inexhaustible the journey andtedious is the way,
Effortless effort beyond the grip.
I live with no sign of aliveness.

Will thou not show a glimpse -soft- hearted
Semblance for this weak, lonesome lover?
Time is wanton and unruly,
Passion's bona fide enemy.
Death is blessing than to roll in time's merciless blow to cut our clan, to isolate us
from our metaphysical confluence.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- My Stella -98

- My Stella - 98

Love

Love is contagious, and it's
devoted followers are its worst victim.
Love makes it's worshipper a hollow man,
an empty man.
Music, love's joyful attendant serves love
With all its dactyl and prosodic idiom.
Moves the feet with the flow of waves and wind.
Crushing the wheel of meaning and will
Love frees it's child and sorrow wanes,
Though boozy and pie- eyed seems the spirit
Of love,
Pain knocks every swamp of its vicinity,
Love is beyond and pointless is the pain.

Love weakens the lover for its effuse
and sporadic nature,
It's saintly, life - fulfilling elegy.
It draws in all dreams in it's purging flourish
Voiceless.
Time is it's lawn and timelessness is its matrix.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- - My Stella - 97

My Stella -97
- - Life beyond -

An unexamined life is not worth living,
An untrained mind is not worth nurturing,
Life is a sorrow, and fantasy full.
The vibe of this heart fails to weave
a song of mellifluent rhyme.
The sun rises and the wind blows,
Twittering of birds with budding burgeon,
The soft fall of petals with touch warm
and indulgent of mushy moth,
Overt not my heart for life to meet,
drink and to be intoxicated.
Existence is full of annealing madness,
Severalty of this being is the alienation of
This boundless and timeless beauty
Oozing from every pore.

PoemHunter.com

The sun, the moon, and the symposium
of stars vast, infinite and grandiose,
The sky prodigious above andstartling
Watercourse,
The night and day and seasonal solvency
with regards to abundance,
From micro to macro, a deluge of wonder work.
The way is beguiled by facetious fantasies,
blurred the vision, and slothful mind in sickly
Limbs, stemless and infirm by time.
The diamond that wast lost amongst
the pebbles,
Shining through thine eyes,
full of love extraneous though seem itto this
ashen heart.
Drawing of life, overflowing there in thy
Maiden mind,
the boat disheveled by legionary stroke,
by freaky reflexion of bygone past,
In the womb of surpassed naught,

Needs caulking.
Weakened by shrill, violent way of tempestuous inaction i lostthe grip of my love,

Thou wert the quest of this delirious heart,
Sanctum of this tenebrous temple.
Life beyond may dawn when we meet beyond
This carnal Nature.

Prabir Gayen

- My Stella - 96

My stella -96
You are in me as me

- - - - - - -
In the furnace of my heart,
as torpid pain of tacit words,
Unrhymed and chaotic flow,
Coagulated without form,
Thou wert as dream quaint and calm.
In chill and frigid hour of brumal solemnity,
When the earth is frozen with languorous strain of mortality,
taking the light of embodied soul,
Organism from entire shelf of Genesis,
Thou whispered into my being wizened
and gaunt with self pity.
Pattering of floating snow on drooping
Trees,
The fictive rays of artful Moon on undee profound,
The unheard booming muse of presence,
The great dance of existence,
Thou doddle as the vibration of my niddle-noddle whatness.
Thou art my sky, where no stars,
no blinking, no restless clash of forms,
No dungeon of self made heaven and
Practised sainthood.
There oozes blissful nectar of
Eternal spring of mindless beatitude,
and living with inherent pain of immensity.
Nothing fails like success and we grow
beyond happiness.
Who am I to thee and what am I to thee?
quoted thou once.
Ocean falls in dewdrops and it loses its limit.
Thou art the untranslated part of my consciousness,
The point of meeting of my knowing with the beyond.

Prabir Gayen

-my Stella - 95

My Stella -95

- Achievement -

Ihave acquired thee and
Thy love in the unfeigned state
Of my mind-awareness with firm acquisition.
I have known my warm-hearted embrace
and thy invisible proneness and sanctity
For this faint and bleak chalice.
In deep state of defeat and discomfiture,
Life's silent blow of opacity and veiling,
The pain ofliving without prospect and promise,
Loosened the thin screen of severance.
Thou art the vastness, light within light,
quiescence of this broody heart.
In the loneness of this living thou art wholeness,
Silence within silence, my queen consort.

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Brooding departure to elfish epoch,
My mind's unfathomed sky,
thou art my love's eternal face,
entwined within me, summation of similar being.
Feast, celebration of lusterous stars amid
Vivid expanse,
For our meeting andrearing fruition,
Darkness is absorbed in the light of our love and inner cohabitation.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella -94

- My Stella -94
Thou art the bijou of my being
- -
Thou called me a diamond,
a precious gem,
Thou called me so with caress.
It is true yet it is false,
The sun rises and the bud blooms,
The birds Twitter and the fogs disappear.
The rose smiles with the sun and fragrance spreads,
The moon befalls on ocean on full moon night,
The ocean nourishes the moon,
Both transcends the both.

The sun will not rise in the morning,
If the rose stops opening,
and the birds stop singing.
The moon will not shine if the ocean embraces it not.
I am not a diamond if thou art not for me.
I am not a warrior in this life if princess
Of my heart is not for me.
I am far away from thee yet I am the light of thy eyes,
Light is nothing if the eyes art blind,
Thou art my evolution and in thy being
My initiation.
Thou art my beauty, the bijou of my being.
The rose on my bosom and with thy blooming
The rejoice of my being in life.
Thy pulsation is the moving of my earth and
I am born moment by moment in thy self.
We art in this ambit of space hand in hand
from the time the divine opens His eyes.

Prabir Gayen

- -My Stella - 93

- My Stella-93
True song of my heart

Thy message of love dilly-dallying travels to me,
Thy love unconditional to this heart lonesome and celibate,
The waves with inward flow total and full,
to this single heart delighted with rapturous
No sound.
The gleeful message of applause of being in life for years,
The thoughtless living in the seed of life,
Witnessing the ups and down of this existing
Selfless empty shell.
I am indebted to thee for thy graciousness,
Thy bountiful harvest of the elixir from this
Inglorious, wee being.
The howling emotion and storms of life and death,
The cold face of extreme deepness,
Pointlessness of living,
The ocean full of tide yet moveless within its contents and sways withfullness.
The sun is setting and it's light,
ductile and limber spread with rosy hue.
Fluster of waiting potential and muscular is gone,
Witnessing to demise with calm, stoic fall of
dewsfrom flooded buds.
Thy words of love, grace and favour,
Like sound primordial and primal,
Within my conscious self.
O stella, pulsation of this glacial being,
days artgone before thy holding these hands,
Silent pilgrimage atbeating harborage.
No flower will bloom, no bud will doom,
at my passage no stream will pause.
Like diamond with sheeny song of unsaid words,amongst the pelagain heaps of
My undue will,
Thou art in my breast a booming innocence,
Song of eternal statuesque.

Prabir Gayen

- My Stella -92

- - My stella -92
- -My true love -

The world is too much, enough and enough,
It's tangible madness corrupts who do love it's
beauteou seizure.
False feature of merriment and happiness
doth uproot the alkaline broth of life.
Life is a notion that holds not the real,
Hope that hast no dwelling,
Clinging and catching to alluring naught.
Hoosegow of boiling water that vaporizes
not the vapour -the impetuosity.
A mad house in a procession,
falling in deep slumber.
O my bridal dream, my cosmic concourse,
In thy nascent being,
stimulation full of life and pain of living,
My existing self.
Canoodle my heart, lucid and colourless,
With thy firm fold of affection.
Hymen with inner hymnal may follow
for the knowledge, recognition of same soul
With similar ardour.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- My Stella- 91

Wordless joy with numberless pain,
The life is without form,
Stream of crowning glory and uncomfortable
Passion.
Empty heart pounds in painful delight- the vastness.
I am formed, transpired and reformed in myriad forms.
In the floating cloud, in the womb of reeling
Waves,
In the forest dense and deserted,
the oozing fall of dewdrops after shower in
Bouquet,
And in the lustrous embrace on thy bosom.
From the teeny pismire to asterisk I am everywhere.
The budding bud to vacuous eyes for years
of travail,
in the funeral pyre and the smoke to nowhere,
I am in and out, in birth and death.
Loneliness is my beauty and thy love for this
nobody is my charm.
The moment is all and everywhere,
Eternal flame of love and in thy heart my happy birthday.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

-my Stella - 90

- My Stella - 90
Change is painful

The beautiful days of my childhood,
the lap of my mother and father's arms,
the attractive affection of friend's association,
And love's doughty and refractory loveliness,
All by time's merciless march art nothing,
A dream of the past.
All is dream that is past and memory is a mirror.
Time that moves nowhere is now, and always
the same.
Only things come and go with new views and
Life seems matured.
Familiar faces doth hold not the glory of the days gone.
Like season mind changes and painful is the change.
I am a pool of waveless stream and thepast is present with same cloud.
Life is a dream that teaches many things and
awareness of it is marble,
Present is a mixture of fanciful days departed into the future fictitious and false.

Things are breaking one by one and my soul with it piece by piece.
Heart's desires to make a world of different
Chanson out of corporal array,
Mind's projection of songful heaven with loved ones,
Mystified by life's journey with shifting hue and colour.
Thou art for my heart a lot to me to bid goodbye,
In thine eyes my childhood dream,
In thy heart my passion subdued years ago,
Immortality is not my intention, but my
Precedence for the loss of those abortive days,
Undone, unattained.
With this mind astounded by seesaw of the nature of thing,
and the pouting part of human minds,
I am afraid of thy conclusion.
Thy love is strong and without end,
Time's lastingprovidence may not efface it,
May not end me from thy quarrel with the world,
My part is too feeble that brain may lose interest.

Prabir Gayen

- My Stella - 89

- -My Stella - 89
A rose for a rose

The rose that I collected
from the bower of life,
from the field of somnambulism of my being,
Will be handed to thee.
My life is a waiting and infinite is its prime.
Relative is the truth of my love,
My mind's agonised flux of footling.
The heart is full of music and lack of expression,
full of nectarbrimming the lawn of the citadel.
Thou art the extension of this life without life,
Long separation on this field is good to weave
a long union in heaven.
The rose will be the recognition.
This witnessing self of mine is empty and pain
that is deciduous is fruitless to sense.
Heaven is tiresome and hell is death,
Our love is beyond that time enumerates.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella -85

- - My stella - - 85(68)
- Change is painful-

My mind is restless for the mutable things of Nature.
Change or permutation is painful and I cry for what is unstable.
Cause and effect is the heavy conception that
Infused my inner probity.
My freewill is besieged by flickering storm of
Passion.
Thou art my well-off study, the perusal of my
Inchoate mind.
Thou art my cause and the effect of my reflective pursuit.
The floating cloud, the hopping chain of fantasy taint thee not.
Sky is thy chest and emptyness is thy affection.
The fragrance of thy inner burgeon is blooming inside me and I am bewitched.
Thou art in my marrow, my psyche and everywhere.
Symphony of inward blue roars in facile volume, murmurous warble and babble, blither
In trees and plants, in forest and bower.
I live beyond that materiality and idiocy of inertia.
In thee the unchange is my soul and diversity is my abundance.
In thy slumber my soul rests in quiescence and wakefulness is my love fulfilment.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- - My Stella - 87

- -My Stella - 87
.No two is there.

The sun rises and falls,
The tree grows and birds Twitter,
A blade of grass is the face of the Moon.
A clod makes booming sound when it falls,
A single Mind is everywhere,
Dust unto dust and I am nowhere.
Quintessence of my being is a vast sky,
A choiceless awareness, and witness of
No soul.
Vibration of my innermost nothingness doth
Cry with voiceless voice for thee,
For something without kinship.
Connection drops and relationship is washed away with void of oneness.
Nothing is great, nothing is trifle,
No two is there and I am undone into thee.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- - -My Stella - 88

-My stella - 88
Sleepless sleep

I slept last night alone in my heart,
The heart was beating with sleepless delight.
Life is a waiting room and My mind is stupefied apart.
The pain that possessed me lingers to my viewless sight.

A cloud of knowledgefades with winged flight,
borrowedit was from unknown roots.
A creatuream I with dreamless smite,
Rolled against the bed without dispute.

Drops of rain and wind in murmuring leaves,
dance with refreshed shower of knowingness.
I am a deserted self, an island without yester-eve.
Flowers, flies, air, canker dance with music mirthful limitless.
I suck my thumb and Jejune of the juice of life.
My stella flows through sunrise, rainbow, the song of birds and cosmos, within meunto the light.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

My Stella - 86

- My stella -86

Home

Time has come now,
For the home to return,
The time to see off the host.
The rope that held me tight is
roomy to stretch the arms.
The boat is ready with tied full,
The time is full to dive deep.
The periphery is absorbed and
I am left with nothing to ruminate,
The center, aloneness.
The horizon is gloomy and the light
cleaves a chasm to vent light beyond.
The storms of life cease and I am home.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- -My Stella- 81

- My Stella - 81
- Our love -

Our love is a chronicle
unwritten and will never be recorded,
This love is so heavenly, no pen can
draw a straight line.
No heart can measure it's abysmal depth,
No time bound is its prominence.
It grows in silence and words are futile to express.
Pain is its abode and I am
an oblivious song without rhyme.
Our love is not logical,
No logic can reach there, no mind can feel,
It is unlearning to human mind.
Only a bird alone in a stormy day,
above a cloudy bay, Or a shivering hare can give a glimpse of it.
Our love is without outpouring,
And beyond desire, and full of unfulfilling fulfillment.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

- -My Stella - 82

- My Stella- 82
- - At home-

Rain is flooding the field,
The storm is prophesying the doom,
That is old and seedy,
My mind sails to far away moor,
Where rivers flow to meet the sea
With no shore along and bottomless.
There is my meeting with my love,
My stella lives there in sun and shower.
Beyond the grave my heart envisages,
above the heaven it soars.
This earth is the resume of my fewness
to the temporal boon,
And to win lenity of my heartbeat,
I will go to that shade of wild bloom,
the couch of soft dry leaves,
and the swoop of wild birds and bees
for season's copious excess
and plethora of timbre slow and soft
almost soundless.
I will go and sleep upon the cold and serene
Lap of my stella who lives there,
on the beach of Lethe,
on the pasture and
among bower of poppies and nuptial vision.
She lives there for me,
for my coming back home.
Standing at this doorsill, friendless,
at this declining day, waned and extinct dream, a final call and I am En famille.

Prabir Gayen

- My Stella -83

- My Stella - 83
-For you-

You were wondered for me,
For my being lost in the world,
In the middle of past and future.
You were wondered for my strangeness.

It is your love that holds me back,
to stop my ship to sail across.
My ship has been for me, waiting on
the other shore,
And I hear it's call for me to bid goodbye.

This body is my abode from where I am
Uprooted, dislocated and homeless.
Not easy is it to live in a place, unknown
and not belong to me.

PoemHunter.com

It is beautiful, immensely sweet to stay for you,
for your love, longing and compassion.
Living in a room that is beyond is an adventure.
You are for me and I am lingering for a little bit.

Prabir Gayen

- -My Stella - 84

- My Stella - 84
  - No self -

She came and called me,
But I was looking at the star,
The star that was dissolving and
dying.
She called me again and again,
But I was rapt in my emptiness within.
She came and stood at the threshold,
But I was outside the room
and I missed her love.
She was a form, a pure mind,
But I was lost in formless fragrance.
She was knocking at my mind and
I was wondering the interiority of being.

Something broke when I listened to her,
Something intrinsic and tremendous possessed me and i was a miserable one.
She was my own outpouring bliss,
Sharing the song of my heart.
She was my temple, with no image inside,
She was a mirror of mine that reflects no image.

My eyes are blank, ears deaf and sense useless,
My heart is empty and I am absent as person.
Birds sing, rivers flow the wind blows,
the song within silence as space within space.
My naked heart beats with no logic,
And it beats purposeless.
She was my purpose, the light of my soul,
My pilgrimage.
I was lost in thought and prayer and my stella
Knocked my self as no- self.

Prabir Gayen

- Village Life-

_ Visit to my village after twelve years- -

After twelve years of separation,
Long twelve years of deep detachment,
Again the same field, same sweet south wind of my native land,
Same windy grassy way and uneven stumbling clod delight me,
The glittering sky open and bare dark firmament and standing those old plum tress silent and wavy with same peaceful minds.
My childhood days relive again with same arduous field of temptation.
Many a dream doth weave these calm surrounding and witness a many moments of love and languishment,
Once it shows virgin dreams of being and becoming, falling in love and the pangs of it with no words of expression,
It shaped and moulded my mind once and hope in me to meet my true self,
Now it becomes a dream itself , an Elysium in true sense,
My home, breeding and upbringing place, my native village I visit again.
In thy bosom my liberation and in inaudible incantation I oath to come again to be dust and float with cloudlets above and zigzag grassy field and muddy breeze and starry sky to nurture dreams unattainable,
I will come and be one with thee o my village, my native heaven.

Prabir Gayen

- My Stella - 68

- - My Stella - 68
The rhyme

In every wish of mine thou art fulfilment,
In thee my cool shade in this desert of life,
The life and death, pain and pangs all with thee and no wonderment.
Thy limitless blessing that showers without break teems the shivering being.

My journey into thee, inward rest invokes mind's unfathomed glory
With no sky and mortal taste.
Inner circle of oracle doth utter nonsense story,
That mind cherished long and fruitful seemed in the darkness of mind.
Thou art visible wordless love,
pure veil of conscious rhyme.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- - My Stella - 80

- My Stella - 80
- - Gratefulness -

No words to express my sincerity,
no courtesy to openness of my soul,
Tears tear my inner exception and sign
of gratitude losses it's depth to thy
unusual and astonishing pity for me,
I am not a part condign to thy richness,
Thy gladness is far beyond my reach and
I am awfully indebted to thee.
At this parting moment of my life
Thou art the sunrise and thy bountiful
Eleemosynary to this woeful soul is
The grace of Almighty by chance or by
Pity's prodigal mercy.
If life fails for thankfulness my death will
recoup the void.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- My Stella - 79

My stella- 79
- Fullness-

Thy eyes art waveless ocean and sky with no
Stars,
Thy mind an abode of ceaseless pain with no thoughts at all.
The heaven of highest form in mortal field.
My stella, my heart's sole console in this
Strange extraneous ground.
Life's associate pain and foray of diverse form
failed to take me in his womb,
The highest guarded secret, the formless waves of Love from my soul's sheath expanses around my aura.
Will thou keyed for my restless opaqueness
and stupor of ineffectual show of love?
Dying every moment with no reason out of fullness?
In the untouchedcloister of thy self
I am there as pain cogent and
Nobody.
Out of this otiose and luckless life
thou art my silver boon, last yet sturdy
and beyond expectancy.
The illative spark of my mind or being dead is overflowed with thy graciousness and I owe to thee till the end of my breath.
Though it can not be repaid by my poorly soul and meagre life,
It will go with me after the end of this banal and worthlessness living.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- -My Stella - 78

- -My Stella - 78

- To Rabindranath Tagore -

Poet of nature and child of immortal self,
Where to begin and where to end to praise thineprime?
Beginningless and endless is thy piety,
Ever fresh and fluidlike moving stream and mellifluous like morning star.
Thou art the saga of the ancient rhyme and in thine self the play of suchness.
The first bard to sing thefresh song of morning and setting sun,
The reflex of human consciousness.
The recluse of fear ridden multitude,
the first and last voice of love laden souls.
In theethe righteousness outside of zealotry,
a mirror facing a mirror and absolute dance of
emptiness.
Thy respond to minute sway of breeze, the songs of birds, the rhythmic flow of unseen
In manifestation,
And the joy of living in its entirety through maniflod goodness echo and re-echo thy
Sensitiveness.
O poet peer of Almighty,
tutelar of mortal emotions,
thou art the ocean where thou jumped with no mind.
Thy songs like pure ignorance unburden us from acheto openness.
Singer of heart, thou sang and thy flute was Carried by hands esoteric and perdu.

I am a lamb to my stella and a child to be reborn,
Thy aesthetics and profound knowledge art beyond my imagination,
And I owe tothee the reverence.
The silent playfulness of my mind and celebration of my being art with my love,
With my inner wife,
The vastness is fearful and my innocence is too tiny to hold.

The poet of ancient divinity and mind of newborn baby thou art the path,
The summit of two worlds and in thy song our liberation,
Ours and future generations to come.

Prabir Gayen

-my Stella -78

- My Stella- 77
We art one

We both art one, though these bodies seem alight two hearts art one.
Though art not out of me and I am not beyond.
This momentous gratefulness is for both of us to yield to phanes,
Time is dour and uppity to the nectar-like song of our hearts,
It is boon and cussto our wakefulness.
But at our back I can hear the whispering song of the great Thanatos with woven wing with nyx
to draw curtain.
Let hypnos go with the light of our loveand eternity to fall within our awakened souls.
The sorrow and grief, dream and fancy,
Pleasure and joy art from the outer shroud,
Let us look into each and sail on the still stream and The moon above to unravel our way.
This life is a reconnoitre and test of our gallantry,
For the universe to break into our beings.
We art one beyond life and death and timeless beauty is our home.

Prabir Gayen

- -My Stella - 75

My Stella 75
Reclaim my self

I got thee in my heart in silent hour,
In the busy town andworried merchantry.
In drooping mind thou shine as silent love's whisper.
I want nothing and that is the highest wish,
Life is painful and it is good for love to allure.
Pain makes love feel and life is worth living.
In broad spectrum of the light of thy being,
In the quevering charm of thy bosom's care,
My rest and repose, my ultimate dissolution.
In silent painful annihilation of my mind I conquer my self.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - No 76

My Stella - -76

Thy embrace

The storm drenched my heart and I am deluged with waft from some mystic space.
The sound of breeze through open airspace,
The fragrance from a deflowered bud set
Me out of me.
I was shut up in my own small cabin and
undergo the pain of love.
The beauty of love that thou hold for long as unknown, unseen something rings a cord in me.
Thou art a mind without mind and my mirror,
the emptiness within emptiness,
The space that holds space.
The little candle within me drifts not the darkness, yet it shadows the golden light from inner radix.
The kiss that vanished in pluvial air,
The warmth of bosom that cooled in unknown fear,
the eyelids and gaze that blinked out of breathtaking abundance,
Have shown in thy overseer a nook of alcove,
Beauty's perennial garden of our honeymoon.
A mirror reflects a mirror and we art one with a song ever youthful and newish.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella - 73

- - My Stella - -73

Life

The crow is cawing with all cacophony of nocturnal birds,
The fluttering leaves with grumble of young birds in their nesting box,
The darkness that gives them sober rest
Pierces their hearts with fear of hunting snakes.
Life is a false dream and it is a sweet lie,
Living is a great fallacy.
Colour and flower, sky and ocean, earth and air, all lie to human mind.
Mind! A great illusive field to give rise to hopes
That have no basis.
The preaching of seers, the realised soul and spirit of eternal prudence is misleading,
Their gospel is oracular and equivocal.

I lived a life - most likely a spurious, fictitious,
False and deceitful by mendacious vision.
The stars are false, the cloud that inspires poetry of pain and pathos, love and support is rhetorical.
The mind that lives with thousand heads is a delightful foe.
Foe to whom and what is the stable joy?
I spent my days thinking and thinking and with no fruits.
Childhood was a nightmare and all the beauty that did I see is nothing but reflection of absolute shadow.
Chasing tadpole, flying kites and fighting with similar fools were my time pass.
Love that gives dream of supramundane bliss takes all source of sustainability.
The cloudy sky and sunshine soft over the morning hill, the shower after soft slanting light with the sun above and notes of murmuring breeze are nature's anodyne.
All forms of beauty are mirror to us to see the face unknown and arcane.
Walking slowing with sustained breath,
Playfulness of goalless destiny pose vacant
ethos.
Where is the nectar lake that gives life a valid point?
Life! a dizzy feeling, the heart is a diacritic, sealed for eternal damnation.

Thy call o my master I hear yet I hear it not.

Years pain of non action and reaction with fruitless interaction weaken the spirit of living.
Desire though sublime by nature absorbed this
dream- fed eyes and marred the vision.
Moment is lost in the labyrinth of magic spell- passion for living with space entwined.
Love stood second and I was a third dimension.
Here everybody is an island and surrounded by
unseen mettle.
Momentary permutations of things holds not the cup of life.
Nobody belongs to nobody, and life is a munching and ruminating of synthetic substance.
Relatedness, concern and kinship are nothing but consolation of minds abashed, vertiginous and woozy,
Bemused by what is and what is not Minds
rise, not to fall to its being.
The rise is death against metaphysics and falling is death for life - liberation.
I learnt to rise and I am a wretched riser, unable to fall and painful it seems.

Sitting close to my self I see the attached face of my heart throbbing pain- my earthly joy for heavenly life.
She is my outmoded beauty, fragile and worn-out,
Wildly guarded from neoteric delectation.
She is my wild self, the sylva dryad of my heart.
The life once lived in silent hours of dejection by my own experience,
The pain of indulging in the cave of heart,
a seclusion of self pity and a hermitage,
Hard earned quietude of mind to walk alone the path - triggered the flame of living.
All is lost and it is good to be lost.
Buddha failed, Jesus failed and failed all the awakened ones to revive me to capitulation,
My heart is my grave and my redemption.
The salvation that look for is my hankering for love,
The warmth of embrace of my ladylove and in her quavering breath is my sepulture.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella - 74

- My Stella - 74

Death

Death seems dreadful to all aspirant hearts,
Death is the end of chattering mind.
No one wants the end of tidal waves - to be ceased, to be quiet.
The bubble though too pimping and miniature,
It is full to enjoy the cessation.

Death is the end of clinging and holding,
The more close we are to death the more proximate the life follows.
Life rests at death and mind with all its wish and appeal melts into quietness of everlasting
Fixity.

The black cloud with shower of densely deep darkness doth delve in my heart the flash of anamnesis of elapsed days.
With my family and friends of my childhood days,
The misery and peril of poverty and joy of living in mud and dirtiness.
Broken hut with young heart was the elysian bower,
Hungry, sad and elegiac were my quotidian life.
My parents born poor lived poor and richly deserve a departure with poor hearts.

My heaven is gone with the riches that balm the seeking heart of mine with repugnant cosiness.
Childhood passion is no more and I am drawn to you - to your wild eyes, beauty of my defunct days,
Your heart with similar pain and passion gleams my heart and my envision lost.

I am a consumed flame and my inner dolour finds metaphor in you.
You are my pain inborn and intrinsic and motivation to end the cycle of life.

Prabir Gayen

- -My Stella -No - 70

- My stella -70
-My world-

The path that my master chose for me I failed to tread,
The path that stars winkfor my weal I turn my back.
The footfall of my being in silent night enlivensme not to open my eyes.
The pain isdeep for unknown cause and I am an oblivious spirit.
The monsoon rain, floating cloudlet's smiling face,
Morning's reckless warble and soft music of dew drop seize me not of me.
Cold is silent pain, death's inaugural strain.
The warmth is full of life beyond my reach.
Wordless mind finds no joy in this never ending change,
Myriad faces of the beloved the great.
My world is different, full of love, watery blue and in pink attire my stella reigns.
She is my first and last glory, my soul's projected land.
Death embraces me Moment after moment and I die to embrace my heart to be revived boundless.
The soft, sweet is my world and I am deathless
here.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

- - - -My Stella - -71

- My Stella - 71
My life

Time hast gone through windy way for mind's
motiveless fantasy and aching courtesy.
Dreamy pain to fight with nothingness drains
Vim vigour and vitality.
I wast alone in the forest of wild, witless brute,
and my spirit suckling wast asleep.
Years painful evocation through silent solicitude arises and awakens my heart's joy and I am a living presence Now.
My dream's delight is my fate now and I am her hymnist.
I wast lost and in the abyss of my ignorance my stella wast lost.
Now glittering morning shines with promises of life.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella - 72 (Love Poem)

My Stella 72
(Returning to self)

She is a delightful self,
her image doth reflect unseen
monitoring of vastness.
Unwavering is her temper.

She is an angel from unploughed field,
divinity is ever wistful to cuddle
in her booking.
Her eyes are like formless rostrum,
heart is thoughtful with cypher purport.

She is a delight hugged with breezy pall.
Her mind bloated and elated with sense uptake,
She walks like a beauteous flamingo,
calm, sober in a placid course.

PoemHunter.com

Words are incoherent and sweet,
inaudible and mystical.
Her heart speaks through sweet vowel.
She is a painless penchant for my
heart addicted to serene shower.
She is a flowery feather figure,
diffuse fragrance of an instantly burst blossom.

As a formless Joy she sleeps in silent stone,
hillock and moon flushed,
As snow clad pinnacle downpours fictive
Rhythm to downright mind withal,
as aching sweetness of a lover at the
blooming years of efflorescence,
She sleeps in the tranquil sphere of
my inmost tenor.
Sleep she rooted in my self and all consuming
mutism caulks false, empirical reasoning.
I am back to my much recollected state,
The heart of my stella,

the sublime pain of my existence.

****

Prabir Gayen

Dream

- Dream that is lost- -

Thy love is unceasing and timeless,
Thy call is endless and implicit.
Still life's sordid allegory and pain of
Living drag me from thee.

I heard thy call inside and outside and
I hear it now.
Thy call to go back to thee, to thy bosom supreme and absolute.
Thou art ever with me and thy love beyond
My mortal skin.
The world is a festive bondage and I am lost
In it.
Life is a dream and I am a faithful dreamer.
So poignant is thy song, so tearing it is to my being.
My life is a suicide and my mind knows it well.
A dungeon of chaotic pain for being away from thee.
A forgotten self, once cradled to ascending Sun and slept in cooled spear of full moon's
gleam.
Hold my hand O my master and let me cross this ocean that robbed my proneness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- - My Stella - - No -.69

- -My Stella -69
- Unattainable dream
ofmy childhood -

My heart did lose in the heavy lifting of life,
a life it was that seemed to be so.
Open, bare, and damp with shivering cold,
hotter than hot and humid, shabby ashes to lie on.
A life full of exploration and query
of the law of source.
Childhood was a dreamless dream, a sheer farce of living.
The dark, gloomy weather with no vicissitude,
a wild pursuit of chaos.
Thegrim faces of confluence close and daily
emulation of same struggle.
Monotonous men with humdrum poverty
and paucity of living,
It was but a lifeless existing.
My life was a scope, rich to die each moment and resurrect the next moment and recoil again.
Wisdom was inherent in each passing hour of
indigence and I was a wondering witness.
Empty stomach stirred the sealed heart to bountiful benison of life, to fall in love.
The battered container to contain drops of weired tears.
Eating, drinking and merry making were a vice,
Ignominy of contumelious eating having no
subsistence and lifebecame an imprecation.

It was rolling as a knaggy stone that moves with no ditch to fall.
You came like the lotos land at this setting of my breath, the vital downpour of my being with grey hair.
Are you the one who was inside my self as unuttered chorus?
Are you the poppy to lull me sleep fora while
to go beyond knowledge?
Are youthe dream that glimpsed often and on as sweet pain in quizzical hour of frugality
in lonesome boyish days?
Are you my tired soul dragging with tired hands for a drop of living and making your life an

uneasy faltering?
I am none of you and my stoicism has nothing
to do with your quietude or engrained one, the bottommost.
A foreign selfam I with different rhythm,wavelength and a sundar oozed being.

Prabir Gayen

- My Stella No - 67

- - My stella - 67

- Illusion-

Meeting house wast my heart and
thou wast It's idol.
The song wast deep and connubial bed wast
ready.
The mating of hearts wert
for deep rumination of our glory,
prior and quondam,
In the shade of a bower,
In the space of a cohesive tower.
Mind wast, though libertine, envisaged
Inner shower of the sparks of love forgotten.
Painful wast the memory full of premise.
Thou wert obverse to me, image of my
Subconscious fervidity, bare chest with
Vivid cordial reception.
The coalescence wast fateful when two hearts
bang the doors.
The moment of aloneness dawned with a flash of fervid pain.
Thou wert gone retreated to untraced bottom,
illuminating the darkness of my mind.
Thou wert nobody to me and I wast a fainted lover with no equitable precinct.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Grave Series

Grave series____6

- -Reformation- -

Agile wind with unruly passion over the grave,
Roving with hearts heavy the residents of necropolis.
Grave shifts as fair place, restless breeze palanquin.

From the sky peer the stars and curious
Minds.
Like horrid crew of strange attire the dead appears.
With magic velocity of thirty eyes queue they make.
Eager to come and reformation to dawn,
On earthly plain that didst they leave behind them unsolved.

Like leaves floating dry on the breast of river lost,
Like bubble's surge filled with torpid joy of ocean.
They made presenth of themself before sermon hall,
The priest ghost from goofy island takes dimmish mythical book.

Leaves after leaves turns he the provisions of retreat, and then overturning his eyes and drawing deep breath,
He saith, ' why havest thou called me out of season, and stir my heart with thought of untimely death.'

'We want to turn around the world and reborn,
reform the soil and soul once pure, upright, '
Saith with melancholy the morbid dead men's party.
'Hovering I between two of the worlds and pain,
Watching my heart, my earthly daughter hungry and oppressed, ' saith a tormented father killed brutally on road.

A priest wast I and dreamer to build a new world, a place of heaven of amaranth bower,
Where heart will build a world in yard of mind,
We will go and decree absolute reign supreme,
better to serve in hell than idle joy in heaven.

Sweeping the outer part of the grave a sad face, desirous to mould and reform

the same
Stands in front.

A poet and a sprite died a couple of days ago,
Anxious to meet his damsel dear and fear of,
the necromancy that might rouse in her heart, and turns away from him his sole soul of soul.

A party of departed souls assembles there to come,
Seek permission to cross the fence with new oracle.

A horse and only a horse for my kingdom,
Pronounces a knight who wast killed In deep sleep, and after a prolonged period of sleep,
he declares a battlefield and crossing the bone- yard, and memorising Golgotha he cries.

A religious teacher with repentant heart comes, from hard stone where he wast chained with penal fire,
churned with the gulf of fiery deluge delivers his speech,
With whispering voice and inaudible incantation, he begs mercy for wrong knowledge he taught.
With new dress and mannerless manner and innocent eyes, he seems eager to love and embrace the world, once he betrayed for his bosom's interest.

The moon is on her glory over white canopy,
The twinkle of little stars cluster around,
The howling from thick bush deepens the silence,
from a macabre cell a macrocephalus appears, Mephistophelian spirit of ancient Greek, sailing across tomb from thousand years, sucking darkness of night before temple of God, he vanishes into foggy trunk of black boscage.

With heart thousand of strings tumble over the glum, a sepulchre for deadly rest where walkest straight, away from tomb's nauseated gull wings a half drowsy soul.
A poet, a painter who lived in a place, solitary sordidness of self illumined ennui.
'Give me a cup of coffee a toast with butter,
My pen though truant will react new verdict,
A constitution of heart will I build.'
Saying so and spinning thrice headlong he goes down, into boiling soil of infinite cool paunch.

Valorising the grave a Sedate and unruffled, a heart of a lover whose world was nothing but dream, the waste land and wreck havoc embosses his heart with numbness.
He pronounces the name of God and blesses his spirit,
With eyes tired of the dismal delay espies,
'A womb and a womb o Jesus for birth'_
He pleads from flaming cliffs of dove plant
and sighs.
A student died of injuries of love, avidity,
Abstracted from the present state searches his inamorata.
A mother suckling her baby died both, by hunger and poverty and welcomed here,
In grave's bountiful blessings and peaceful life,
In the procession they get prior notice to reborn,
Invocation from umbrageous in limbo,
Pierces the veil of ear drum of arbiter.

Sneering the kerfuffle from argumented , and
Inflamed plenary waned and their outcry,
The gownsman ascribes his ecclesiastical,
The canonical dictation to reborn, and on earth to reform man from impiety,
Hoping to choke with pure clop for ghostly prime, he rolling his eyes and turning head opens his wizardry,

All deceased souls eager to sail to mother's womb stand,
With great surprise and citable the turnskins pronounce, delight uttering ' Amen ' with the master and bath, with light celestial from heaven that Lucifer muffles.
On the shore of watercourse they stand to gain access into human flesh.

Prabir Gayen

- -My Guruji - -

- - Happy birthday day Guruji - -
By Prabir Gayen
Whence the cerulean redden with drops of innocent blood, dark cloud of smoke from exhaustedland of corpse strewn with smoky granite pyre.

Scream streams from broken hearts as crack from suppressed chasm.

Whence virtuous wisdom drops to teething test of mindand dire straits strangled thecommon consequence,
The dark dance of voiceless vice uproars and absinthe's absolute hands
Embrace half of the individual's mind.

Whence dreams, elysian bower of innerbliss, decease to naught and swoon to deathless pang,
Whence the world wast doomed to obtuse hands of pixilated leader, chaotic preacher and religious bulls of self proclaimedlettered and wise.

Whence the trains and trams plunk the best music of heart,
The hollow men and women live as deathless island, fed to full but nothing to deliver.
Whence life is nothing but a gorgeous dream,
The king of kingsstretches arms for alms and beggars bestowwith slipshod mind from his
raucous pouch.

Whence the East and the Westart two separate hemisphere in deed and creed, faith and fidelity, piety and prayerthou became apparent, heart of hearts, the caretaker of this earth,
Thou Preach the gospel of love, belongingness, and sincerity making the world a family.

Whence love's equivalent eye with savage temptation oftumultuous woe undo the lustrous being with lustful sloth sloshed by delirious dream.
Whence pain pinnacle fails to pinprick the pin-ups to conscience,
Pious intentions manifest not in deed and deem.
Fragmented beings, separated ideals quarrel for superior complex,
Whence modern ailment of perversion deep over fool's conceptioncreep,
A reflection of bright being from over the horizon and above the moors gleams.

A heart full of compassion and pulsation, thou cameth to redeem the whole of mankind, learns us to sing in chorus. In chirping of birds, ripple of rivers, buzzing ofBeesand stretching arms of trees thou hast shown an eternal flow, a glimpse of silent music,
A unified symphony, concert of heart.

A Sense of love and universal brotherhood, a one world family and compassionate contentmenthaving meditative joy of being one in all and free from religious fanaticism, thou preach and teach with smile and prayerful communication.

Thou art the great Dove of elysian Tower andAlmighty, endowedform with formless grace to bliss our multiplechoices and liberation.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella -No 66

- -My Stella - 66
We are one

Pain or poverty, shame and disgrace we will share,
There is distance in place and position,
Space as between body and breath.
Beneath we are one, made of one clay.
In heart we melt into one another.
Though time is running with galloping motion,
Mind is absorbed in notion good or bad, right or wrong, and who is born for whom?
Let us look into each other's heart.
The song of unsophisticated undulation is there,
It sings that which is authentic.
Come stella, let us be true to each other and infringe the baulk of qualms.
Life piled upon life too little to feel the oneness if we feed on doubt.
Let us be adventurous and explore the world of ours,
Life of love is immense and voluminous however short it is.
Let faith and fidelity strain us both into one common thread,
If we fail to sing the song of our hearts,
We will live a different life above operable calculation.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

-my Stella -No-65

- -My Stella - -65
- -Deathless love-

Something is breaking and falling inside my
bottommost shrine,
The golden ball of this corpse is melting and I am in-between two polar opposite sides.
Is my soul quivering to drop to naught?
One world is Thawing and another is mystical.
Thinning of breath, pulsation free beat and
self effacement do it seem.
I am in the womb and dying to what is dead in me.
The leaves are falling andI witness the crescendo of life.
Thy love seems the way, the meeting point of life and death.
Something that is already dead is shedding
at the touch of thycaress.
Inside the being thou artthe point and deathlessness to dead flesh.
The process is stopped by thy love and I am reborn to die fully and totally.
An orgasmic field am I now to feel thy love,
a different shore of life, purified pyre to be one with thee.

Prabir Gayen

- - -My Stella - No 62

-My stella-62
-My rest and recluse -

This untimely monsoon did awake indulgence and I forgotthy word of love.
Dictum dies in inert pain and dizzy is the sense.
Sitting careless on the lawn, mower of disused land mind is unwary of the essence.
Life and death have no dissonance,
One is rest and relaxation is the other,
repose in matter and rest in spirit.
The sky, blue or dark, starry or cloudy,
Moonlit or eclipse, is a habit.
The tumult of shower and serene breeze,
thunder or lightning and smiling sun rays,
all is a habit.
No wonder, no merriment and no recluse,
Life is a habit of pain and pleasure, a monotony wondrous and weird.
Only my stella is alive distant and outlying.
She is a chance and variant, isolated from
daily blabber of mindfulness.
The mind's undying face of unfathomed ardour,
The unlit temple of immortality.
My stella is my ever green bower that blooms
Flowers without branch and root.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella63

- -My Stella - -63
Why have you left me?

Wilt thou live out 'side me onmy death bed?
Wilt thou look into my eyes, the moment of my expiration?
No, I know thou wilt not.
Life wilt take thee away far from me.
I wilt die without thy view pitiful to me.
The merciless hands of life might not allow thee to weep for me.
No need to weep my love, no reason to wail for
my demise.
I lived with thee and myheartluxuriant and teeming with thy love wilt live even after my cessation.
I am possessed and out of fullness I fall
to emptiness.

The dark cloudy night and half moon's mazy light sends scimitar for my soul drooping to drop.
The howling night and abrupt outcry of a group of cormorant crow, woodpecker and kingfisher become my Requiem.
Will death be blank to start again by hades?
Will the rivers -Acheron, cocytus, Phlegethon, Styx and Lethe play wanton on my loaded heart?
Will cerberus close the door to kingdom?
No, thy love is heavenly and thy image is
the Elysian field.
Thou art my Hermione, beauty's lass and my heart's season of eternity and rest beyond breath and beat.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- -My Stella-No -61

My mind is restless for the mutable things of Nature.
Change or permutation is painful and I cry for what is unstable.
Cause and effect is the heavy conception that
Infused my inner probity.
My freewill is besieged by flickering storm of
Passion.
Thou art my well-off study, the perusal of my
Inchoate mind.
Thou art my cause and the effect of my reflective pursuit.
The floating cloud, the hopping chain of fantasy taint thee not.
Sky is thy chest and emptyness is thy affection.
The fragrance of thy inner burgeon is blooming inside me and I am bewitched.
Thou art in my marrow, my psyche and everywhere.
Symphony of inward blue roars infacile volume, murmurous warble and babble, blither
In trees and plants, in forest and bower.
I live beyond that materiality and idiocy of inertia.
In thee the unchange is my soul and diversity is my abundance.
In thy slumber my soul rests in quiescence and wakefulness is my love fulfilment.

Prabir Gayen

- - My Stella - 60

Time hast gone with it all jiffy marks of life.
A dead self of anabolism deceased and decayed reclaims not the warmth of living.
Fleeting mind, restless mind over the fretting
Sense of makeshift dream and stupefied.
I am dead in thought and humour, spongy fool of myself thinking posterior every time.
Life is a notion, baseless fancy and no lenity once it is lost.
Every nook of breath is pulverized with ebullient aura of ambition.
Emotive mortification saddened by life's heavy demand cremated my benign being.
Marvel of sunrise over purple, rubicund and ruminant cloud,
The dipping ofthe crystal eye in the slanting westteem no fruit.
Night as eyelash of my love and day as smile of her unoffending face are overcast.
Declension of bountiful creation, soft melting mist with absorbing bloom and tuneful heartsof Chanticleer silenced my beetle-browed mind.
A thoughtless thought, an unreal, phoney self,
Counterfeit of my past life, I am now a rigid pain.
Quietism without speculative allurement or supernal quietness do I pine for and death of this corporal frame.

Still I wish thee, and thyunvoiced Psalm of love for this dry soul,
Thy hearty empathy towards a spare, emaciated sterner sex doth revive gratefulness to life.
This grey hair droops to thy green, resilient feet
for the love thou set forth for me with owe and
Obeisance, suit to thee.

Prabir Gayen

- - My Stella- 58

Unknown pain seized my heart and I am lost,
In the road forlorn and in the field lone.
Something inside broke with latent accent.
An image of my former self no likeness,
Now a simulacrum of an unthought fancy.
I am a carious soil consumed by void.
As worms eat bijou burgeon I was eaten up,
Plentiful pain or pleasure profuse sealed.
Frozen is the pain with no notion left.
Old familiar faces, the humble abode of, parents and venture in cold, water, heat.
Now a fiction, of miraculous dream gone.
Poverty is liquefied and with itall hexes, of life,
Penury is mounted with dead solvency.
Childhood is a dream juvenile is warm and a lover is full of life.
All wistful gifts of life is a reminiscent,
A full aged being is dead to life and thefardel of duty is a killing upas.
The rising sun of mylove is the setting of my full moon dream.
O Stella! Thou art for this valedictory heart
the beacon of life.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

My Stell 55

My Stella -55
(Stay with me)

Don't go dear from thy love
Pending this skint.
The heart is empty and mind is filled with
Woe.
The moon is not on her throne, stars art not tint.
The evening is not ripen, the birds art not adieu.
The busy wind is not quiet, the mind is still airy.

Thou hast come so late, the sun hast last set.
Let thy flame flow on this deflating, faint frame.
Merciless is the time that takes all forms to rest.
Approve the nectar of life to thy this swain.

The heart will not feel full,
it is ever empty.
The pain never cease to any field,
it is truth.
Thy love is my source that I reborn zesty.
Thy shyness my dear wilt make my soul obtuse.

Though the air is contra to our true love.
We will die to mock this world to transit above.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- - My Stella - -54

My Stella 54
(Occupied with love)

What wilt the world say about our love so unlike the nature?
Let the world anticipate and speak wrong of us,
Let them do what they conceive
proper to preach.
We art humanity and worshipper of heart,
Unclouded is our temperament.
Let the wise preach the song of hearts,
Let the rational debate on love, and
Noetic leaders spread the Canon and divinity.
We art the the priest of love and our hearts art our scripture,
Let us souse into our passionless being with our affection and pain of love.
Useless though we art in the eye of the world,
We wilt make a separate world of us ruled by the office of our love.
Fool may be our dream or our effort,
In the depth of being we art one and always the same.
Heaven wilt grant it as we wilt be beyond the world of words.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

- - -My Stella - - 53

- +My stella - 52
Endless stella

My stella hast no end, no respite.
She is endless and subtle.
In her empty mind my creation,
The celebration of being and worthy of becoming.

Don't let me alone on this silent Hurst of life, o stella, my gaiety of existing.
Thou art my sylvan stillness,
My way of living, joyful state of my
juvenile soul.
Immortal art thou for thou live for me.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- - -My Stella- 52

- +My stella - 52
Endless stella

My stella hast no end, no respite.
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In her empty mind my creation,
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Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- - My Stella- 51

My stella- 51
My world

The spring hast left me,
Eyes art erratic and befogged,
Nature's sublime call is but a painful throbbing sensation.
I am lone and lorn beneath and outdoors,
Feeble, faint, poorly and wan by time.
The littoral lot of my mind recollects thee and teeming aloneness brims pain pungent.
Hast thou gone to far away lobe, the ambit of oscillation?
I lived with thee and lived to the core though my mind nude and perplexed dead to the world waned and eroded.
The Lethe flowed between both of us,
the leisure of concealment and God- damned.
My mind is a half dead world and anxious to die in thy idee fixe.
The world with its mighty, umpteen composition charms me not,
and it's thy eyes full of caress and affection for thy this poppet, I live and wish to live to my heart's volume.
The beauty that did I see, is the soul of thee.
The earth is affable and unbuttoned with its superabundant fruity of regale for thy
translucent being.
Thou art for me and for my love exotic, weired and planetary.
The world is one for thee and me and we art one by the delight of our souls.
O stella the beacon of this dime heart
live here forever till the close of these
Vain eyes.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella- No 50

My stella -50
- Thou came in my sleep-

Came thou to my heart and touched the cloister of my genie,
Sang a doleful song melodious and earful in the cave of my being,
Thou came and pushed my spirit slumberous and absorbed in dreamful sooth.
Inaudibly deep wast thy call in the atonic area of my brain seared and singed in dream.
Thou came and played in the ever green forage of my mind.
Like a nenuphar opening it's wings in soft soaring breeze,
Like a motionless dew falls on stagnant
bourn,
Thou came and played thy flute under open space of my mind's fatuity,
Pedantic touchiness Resurrected me not from the symposium of my dull, dead sleep.
Madness dawns with agora of aroma of thy breath and umbra of thy footsteps on my bare being.
Thou came with serene steps and departed unsighted,
A soul repulsed and rejected by my own
Sin, I am now a nobody.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella 49

my stella - - 49
Let me go

Tired way move I with pain and straits,
The world is a fairyland and bloomer,
Obeisance to all thee dear in this great festivity of life.
I am a part of this hymnody and a stranger.
I am one of thee and an adventitious.
My journey of life owes to thee all and I am idolized for thy clemency for me.
Let me carry my cross and au revoir calmly.
My stella is enraged and sad for my ineptitude and I am doomed.
Let me bid farewell o my heart for thy onerous
Silliness.
Let me sleep to the rest of the world to review my life's trek.
Adieu adieu my dreams deceitful madness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- -My Stella - - 48

- - My stella - - 48
Save me with thy love

Verily deep is the sorrow of life,
the moving on the floor is an uneasy faltering as ifOn the chaos.
Life of man is promiscuous and episodic for dreams inordinate and arbitrary.
Heart is shallowed for mind's bemused hankering for nonempty.
Fanatic man frenetic and lunatic,
Isolated, swooned and unwary man,
Modern men are easy prey to comity willfuland wayward.
Love's sweetest hands are moorish and unproductive.
The age of fatuousness where idiocy is the way of opulence.
The unrhythmic beat, restless panting and unharmonious steps of fluid in vein,
death's writ in each drooping fall of breath doth hold not thee away from me.

Blood blister in heart for the wounds of long waiting and crying in pain every moment for an embrace without skaldic view, but one breath in plenary feeling,
Thou and I one room, columbine of a deserted Grove.
Come stella like a floating bridge and fill this soft dying chalice with thy inelastic delight.
Fancy not and nor the supernal winning,
Substantive full of oomph and cleanfrom thy side do I wish.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella -No - 47

- - My stella- - 47

Thou came to my rescue

Lackadaisical, ailing and infirm by time and fate,
The skeleton half in grave and half is burning,
Mind is dead and sensibility numbed by years
annealing combustion.
Burning inchmeal from soul to corpus and now a cadaver with soul spiritless.
The hope rearmost to sink to submerse into elemental affinity do i look like a sinking ship.
Life is a dreamless drama with no promise and prospect,
An undiluted waiting and waiting for nothing
to pursue.
Eternal limbo with a flash of fresh surmise of divine dream.
Life is gone, lost in the great womb of annoyance and pestering thought of progress.

Thou came with posies of Daisy, daffodil and Dahlia.
Dreams of triumphant love and restful tranquility in being and soulful sense of joy thou defray with thee.
Yea! It is so beautiful and on the hoof, so soothing to muse.
But time is gone to the past, to trashy lacuna of fancied pool with subtle sense of vigor, outdated and eclipsed.

Thou art an entity sweetness, essence and presence of my later years to come,
Fresh flowers for a newly planted graveyard.
Do I live or dream of thee in this fleshless framework?
Can there be any chance of metamorphosis
Or seclusion for both of us to pulsate in same
gravity and magnitude?
Thou came and initiated composing my self
before metempsychosis outset.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella-No- - - 46- -

- My stella - 46
-My inner joy-

In the secret chamber of my heart my stella lives.
She is my inner joy and my strength.
She is and she is my is-ness.
The great dance of knowingness and eternal flow of is-ness merges within am-ness and my stella is the witness.
She is my soundless wing and portion of my consciousness.
The world's disappearing moments, she embraces me and lulls me sleep beyond nous.
The silence solidified and pain of love melts in her eyes,
Dream baffles to revive her and sleep feels waste to search her divine touch.
Ripple fails to look into it and she is still within stillness.
I love thee o Stella, in thy great presence the seed of my life.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella-No-46

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-My inner joy-

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Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella -No -45

My stella - 45

- -New life-

My song has no rhythm,
My life has no form,
This is the time that snitches me from me.

Time has gone and I am otiose now.
The breeze blows and I am firm,
Though stillness is gone in the dead past.

Silent and feeble, shaky and limp is my soul.
The sun rise and sundown and moving with it is my life.
I am a stone rolling on, with tide and season.

The native grasses, aged palm trees and uneven course, anterior place and prefecture,
and my love boyish and sluggish all are reflexion of my dead self.

PoemHunter.com

Dreamful though the past was hurtful, a dogged imitation of love that bore no fruit.
It was the passion and speculation blusterous and obstreperous .
I dreamt thee in the painful perplexed mind
and carried loads of churlish misery and opprobrious distress.

Life was happy and wayward, lascivious for lack of erudition,
It was moving round and round with mercurial mind with no center at all.
Living was like a kind of humbug.

Now in calm and serene mind passion is subdued
and years of suffering lost its awe and honour.
Imitation of dilatory heart is gone,
Shabby and filthy circumambient diminishes with fresh shower of my being, my stella.
This is life that heaven approves and thou art my love that divine is hurry to dawn in both of us.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella- No -44

My stella 44
Thy lap is my rest

In the forest of life a selfless empty shell,
An arbor of dandelion,
A corny storm that whizzes within clump,
A shower that bears no upshot.
I am a mind crimped and careless.

The morning sloppy and poahy with vapour smothered with dewy delphinium.
The noon full of saliva oozes from collyrium
Of loose cloud,
The evening is dull and dejected, Cimmerian and bestowal of leak water.
The night is wonky and pendulous for thunder peal.
No light no gleam or beam or off and on flashing and lightning.
It is all raining,
My life is a raining rainforest with no hope to
Inhere.

PoemHunter.com

Thou art and alone thou, my silver-lining,
The warmth of heart and radiating luminosity,
The joy of life and hope in pain, and in thy lap
My everlasting sleep.

Prabir Gayen

, - - My Stella- - Series No

- -My stella- 42

Recluse

I am a traveller, unknown the way before me.
I am a dreamless being, a shadow of aspiration.
Time passed and I died with each passing hour.
A deep sepulchre and broken debris within me.
I love thee and yet know I that thou may forget me.
Time has no mercy and it is chill and insouciance.
One day, forthwith I am to vacate my place,
Life is a pain that has no potion and love is its pyre.
Still waiting on this fabled and illusive way glimpse of love that thou impart will show me the way.
I love thee o my stella, and bear thy love, rare to my soul on my way.
Though valedictory is painful, and my paring is a waste to my soul,
I have to leave and find a recluse.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

, - - My Stella- - Series No 42

- -My stella- 42

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Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

My Stella 42

- - My angel - my stella - - 41
Children are playing in the garden,
They are playing in the meadow,
In the still stream and pleasant lea.
Children are playing on cloud above and beneath blue brine.
They are laughing and singing in day and night.
They are angels of my mind.
They are glittering source of happiness,
They are rapt in painless rejoicing in discreet playfulness.
One of them is a stoical star, the mind of my mind,
The orb of my soul,
She is delightful and unaffected by lofty complacency.
She is among and beyond the merriment.
Unconcerned, undesirous and uninterested she
takes a corner seat.
She is my stella, the heaven of this inglorious heart of mine.
The children are playing, moving and swaying,
They are sleeping in full quietness.
Only one of them is burning bright with empty mind,
She is my stella, my inward imposing Ruth,
The dream of my fanciful mind,
Pulsating heart's firm fruition.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- -My Stella - 43

- - My stella -43
Forgive me for my love

I loved thee, kissed thee and embraced thee,
I did what my panting heart wished,
I smelled thee and breathed with heart intercepted and choked.
With half - lost mind thou entered my being,
With thought oppressed might be by unknown
Unrevealed, and incognito uptake.
I held thee tight breast upon breast and wind
Stunned and ceased in my heart besieged erelong.
Cogitation, sedate and tranquil, debuts to my
dismal being.
Smiling face thou endued though atrophied for
Funk foreign.
Trembled heart lost its goodness and woundpectoralpushedme pop on the nether world.
O Stella the world was ponderous on thy modesty andI was split to naught.
Thy decorum with elegant looks without verboseinfiltrated into my guileless shrine.
Completion of metaphysical cohesion and alchemy of opposed wit expunges my mindless spirit.
Will thou forgive me for this undue, fitful and figurative fancy?
Will thou?
The sky within vast though cumbersome for its infinitude,
Forgive me o Stella, my no mind's finery, for thiseuphoria of my incorporeal soul.

Prabir Gayen

The Moon Above Noinital

-The moon above nainital.- -

Standing on this edge of the world,
calm serene and sequestered land,
I see thee o mademoiselle of empyrean blue,
Chuck of stellar placenta.
o moon thou art loftiness hillock hoar hanging
fairy fine.
on this sky blue mount, gal of Himalayan fossil
thy daintiness disperses to hidden places.
Ageless thy glory and ongoing, ceaseless these delphinium dense.
The earth hast manifested loveliness and wideness weired and arcane.
Still thou art exotic and strange to me.
Thou art not the moon that blooms above my room like a dove-like dream.
Thy silent song enthralls viator from faraway world,
Intoxicated by thy brimful potation people unlearn pain profound.
My pain is deep here o upland maiden,
The song unheard though from disused drums of my Dona is vivid veritable,
Esoteric or mythical may be the truth,
Fool may be I in the eye of the world,
Fictive not my dole that notches my being
at every step.

Prabir Gayen

-morning-

- -Morning -

Over the golden cloudthe blue firmament spreads,
A group of birds from theirnigrescentnest start an upward outing,
eyes half closed and hearts pierced with soft breeze newly born.
They float without aim,the indiscreet minds and move nowhere end,
thepart of the vast glory.
The glittering sky, blue screen and sunshine
doth awake the dreaming world and unknown pain for unknown knowledge.
Warbler of shadowy cote, busy making fight, cold pain and shivering chill.
A house sparrow, outpouring her shrill inaudible voice and part of the
celebrationof thesudden broke of morning.
A pious bird on the tower oftemple calling wood thrust, pecker,
and parrot to pray for calm, deep momentous joy.
The earth has unfolded manifoldmystery with soft light through moving forest in local wind.
Deep flowof joy over first burst bloom there and everywhere,
buzzing, squeaking, chirping, and ripple of slow movingbrook,
troutin stream motionlessand a mighty eagle soars careless higher and higher.
Human in deep slumber and houses unaware of this undisturbedsong of life
before the sun comes to full exposure.

Prabir Gayen

- -My Stella - - No 39

- - my stella - - 39
I cherish thee day and night.

In the morning when breeze ceased blowing,
the flowers made group tolaunch a new brand of redolence.
when birds shooknight's amorous indolence making cooing in their nest full of air,

when frosty dew made a thin cloud upclomb
the trees like canopy,
when thehumble bees crawl on dew- fed green with their stomach full of delicious dulcet,
when a band of tunableminstrels gather on the pasture of sylvan lea of the quintessence spouse ofknowledge - bliss -absolute - the being,
when silence seems to shoot music mystic in theblue brine of bottomless and motionless sky empty and thick.
when Love's preternatural, erie lay trills in the synagogue of heart,
I arise from the dream ofthee to cherish thee
in toneless inception, tippy noon, timid twilight and undying darkness.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

- My Stella -38

-My stella - 38
Thy embrace is my endless life.

A portion of my sense organ silhouetted thy shadow,
With thought and deed, feeling and lyricthou art in medullaand marrow of mine.
In inward move thou art stream intercellular inflowingbeing.
In pitapatpalpitation of thedecadenceof my decency stubborn is thy love.
with thee my life and in thy covert orb is my demise.
grab me o perineal pain of this hungry heart,
suppress my pulsation rooted deep.
A lotus, a rose, nay a thousand roses bloom in this momentouslove.
Eternity dawns in a flash and enkindled soul am i now with pain indulgent,
dionysiac and
unbowed.
O stella, tutelar of my soul and thy breath is my vital force,
embrace and leash myboozy soul,
it is winged with thy love and comfy pain of fulfilment, ever widening and hollow,

ever painful for morrow.

PoemHunter.com

Prabir Gayen

Thy Touch

- - Thy touch - -

Like butyric flow of late monsoon shower
let me drench and soak my cells with notes unnumbered kind.
Who is there to take me to unknown land in this mystic agony?
Who is there?
All my songs lost my grasp and sail to infinite realm.
With thy touch providential and Gioconda upon my veridical heart, the limit is lost.
My mind is lost in this creepy lonesomeness and shelterless Anchorage.
O my mind lulled with weired pain, to which delightful sky doth look with jejune light?
I am lost beyond the infinite sky, and I am lost in dewy, tepid, pollen pollywogs.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

I Am A Multitudinos Being

- I am a multitudinous being - -

Every death is a reminiscence,
Every death is my fall.
Death and life and fall I am nowhere.
I die in each moment with each trifle fall.
The world is a dream and I heave my pain with no reason.
Archaic is my pain and pristine is my passion -
- impetuosity to befall as pollen of a lifeless flower.
The mighty fall of Alphs and Niagara and the collision of heavenly bodies, the death of an insect or the wound of a butterfly- all
breaks my limb and my sense feels waste.
A drop of water is a mighty ocean and each death is my annihilation.
Valueless is the creation if continuum is insensitive.
Each trifle thing is the mirror of cosmic bliss,
Each part of nature is involved with cosmic design.
My death is my resurrection in manifold opus of Almighty.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Meeting Him In My Dream

- - Meeting Him in my dream - - - ; Thou came in my dream and
Cared me with thy love and with
fountain of compassion.

Thou held me press in thy
bosom and tears flowed,
Memory of thousand lives found
It's oceanic rest.

Thou came and cared in the light glaucous and flickering,
Light spreads like rainbow bifurcated by stray cloud.
Thy hands were as cold as snow that falls in early morning hour.

Thy eyes never lost not my sight,
not a moment did thou let loose thy hand,
Thy close and tight hand rested me in the cold ambiance of peace and serenity.

The World is too loose to hold, too tight to bear. Triumphant seemed the death and relief dawns in that momentous gratefulness.
No trace of weeping, holding or clinging,
Only an oblivious boon of peacefulness alighted in that Exalted loneliness.

Thou came and went,
showed sleazy light in the afternoon of life,
Busy bees were buzzing as if fragrance wast heavy on flowers tossing in mushy wind.
Soil soaked in untimely shower was glittering
As thy footsteps wert fresh till then.
Shower was moving in stable air, and
Mad pursuit of unknown desire did it seem to float as thy presence was heavy for me to bear.

Prabir Gayen

Psalm Of Body And Breath

_____Psalm of body and breath- - - - - -

Body: What is thy mission, o breath,
What is thy field of work?
Thou move in every core in me and dream of rustic lore.
What temptation dost thou form in my fabrication.
What vital job thou art destined to meet?
'
Breath: To meet the source upon the source'_
I am the flow, an eternal song of life,
The life force.
I make thee fresh vibrant full of life,
Upon thy limb weave I beam
to move from thee to thee.

Body: Blood is my stream,
Downward not I ream.
Eternal did it seem .
In throbbing pulsation of mine
glimpses eternal fall often and on.

Breath: Thou art eternal so as I,
My mission is to meet my master enshrined.
My song is on thy brim.
Come let us fulfil our desired dream,
Mix the mind upon no mind.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Spring

- - - - spring - - -

Prabir Gayen

In this pleasant, vivid and colourful days and spring's painful indolence my mind sails again for unknown love.
Nature's call for inactive celebration and silence profound doth usher a meek symphonious agitation in my delighted self.

Bygone dream for life's journey to unknown bosom spreads again and wild imitation of fleeting glimpses doth hold onto my mind.
Boyish love asserts again to live the fullest.
Thy wild eyes full of love for me again cajoles a thrilling, new temptation to die to ashes-
a phantom of my past self.
Will I go to those silent bowers again to meet my dream,
The place where my childhood love's promises art sealed under debris.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

- - My Stella - - 37

- - my stella - 37

- -: : Love forever with me: : -

A fly or a honeybee or a butterfly, may be a bird of broken wings agog and airy with panicked pain,
stroke my heart and sore to the core and plethoric burn within being.
Troubled, untamed and restlesssoul and vacant dream moved Iwith, driven by pawky andhideous pain unknown and uncouth.
It wast the day that thou left me behind,
Forgot me and made thyself a dream oblivious.
Thou went awayfar from me and went forforever,
Never to return, never to look back.
Ashell or carapacedejected for new equilibrium, I lived as no one, and thy annulment and outgoing from me baptized my heart to the world.
Empty heart with wordless pain that death seems deliverance the best.
Redemption or restitution off the passion that churned the heart once with the love for thee
Is a lostof Elysium or utopian bliss of my whatness.
In the womb of my heart thou art without an image, emotion and thoughtless caliber.
The purity of my soul, thou art, and the hindrance to foul and dingy deeds and dependence.

Prabir Gayen

O Heart! O Life! O Time!

O heart! O life! O time!

O heart! O life! O time! atone and accommodate me a while.
Let me live a common man's life.
allow me to smile from the depth of being.
O heart, push me up and sink me in the world.
Thought sublime and lofty dream rip me to the core.
O life, thou art too tiny to feel, thy lawn too weeny to dance.
Let me die and refresh me to live the fullest.
O time, forgive my knowledge and acquiesce me to flow in knowingness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Recollection

- - Recollection - -

There was a time that wild imitation was my hauteur.
life was all demulcent with no tears, and moment was full of wonderment.
Living life was charming- a celebration.
Each part of time promised a new amazement
and heart was a guidance.
Every blooming wonder beckoned unknown mystery.
Beauty of breathing brought fresh horizon, a crystal truth.
Every passing cloud smiled for brighter new vision, a veil of affection,
moving in life was all gorblimey, the echo of eternity,
Celestial light of inner joss house doth awaken me from night's careful calmly and quiet love.
Now time hast qualified and brooding mind halters to reflect the glory of those bygone days,
Moment is fresh but crowded too much, light falls on light - the luminescence.
Age and greyness bear rich fruit of ripeness but outspent and dilapidated those wild innocene and benign beatitude.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

A Fly

- - - - A fly- -

A fly is pinned with a pin
Heart pierced, wings broken,
It tried vain to fly,
Cool breeze brings fresh shower
Washes filthylimbs,
Unmoved by hard fixation.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Departure

- -Departure - -

Thy eyes art cold,
Thy hands art lifeless,
Thy heart is panting slow,
Thy embrace is painless,

The time hast come to take part,
The time hast come to fold wings,
The time hast come to say goodbye,
The time hast come to get silent relief.

Thy eyebrows art apart,
Eyes flicker and restless,
Face is pale with cold perspiration,
Now it is time for my departure.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Sudden Flash Of Light

- - - - - Sudden flash of light- -

Sudden flash and all is dark,
A deep deluge rushes in the inner fabric of mind,
Profound stillness reigns as something
Uncanny dawns, vacuum voice pinching naught,
A hall of death and an eternal river is in upward flow,
In enshrined glory unknown Love snatches life's long murmurous song,
Temptation falls instantly, as cold as the eyes of a rejected love,
In the pause and go of inner sanctuary
Mind vanishes in the vastness.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Indrajit- A Tragic Hero

- - - The fall of indrajit- meghnad - -

Indrajit the great: the proud of my father,
The hero of the great empire - now on death bed,
A mouse, a heinous spineless rogue
did betray the chivalrous feat,
An impious, unfair battle.

Ah! What a fault, what a mighty mistake to rear sucha treacherousbeast!
Oh mighty minister of darknesshide me upon thy breast as my mother did inmy childhood days,

My mother-the sky of constellations,
The urge of divine dauntwould not wail,
Nor waste her tears forthe profligate of mean laxman.

And my ladywho with trembledheart embraced mewith amorous love,
My promila, the brightest part of my self,
the heaven of my war -wornbeing,
Must not believe such loose fall of a bright star.
Hide me oh cloud with thy lightening dazzling withoutthunderbolt,

The broken heart, i wish a silent departure, oh perennial spirits don't look at me, lying in the pool of blood,
In shame and guilt,
Unlit the light to hide my face that my father may not view,
the piteous fall of his dear son,
the sole hope of theregiment,

In the darkness cool breeze is piercing for last call, for the soul to rest, the hermitage.
Oh! What light the flickering flame.
What the blue mazy face?

Art thou Sri Ramachandra, the enemy of my father?
The challenger of our sovereign,
The intruder of our territory?
Go thou, the coward of immoral battle,
Let me die as great the son of my father,

I know thee, and the injustice doneto thee.

But my fall must be thy blemishes,
Thou art God incarnation I knew from theperfectest report,
but I must die alone,
All heroes, brave die alone.

Darkness falls on my being,
A shameful death,
Adieu, my dearest partner of greatness,
My beloved countrymen adieu and forgive me my failure,
The treacherous Bivison did wanton play and plunged your favourite prince.
Oh! Go thou the intruder, out of my sight,
Let me be and demise my own way,
A heroic deathto mockthy name.
Thy calm serene face will not takeall my rage, to purge my vein and my kingdombe sacked.
Ah! Chill numbness pain, cloudlets with
Myriad ancestral faces grim darkness
tears dropping,
Forgiveness is a coward's word and Unsuited forme,
stillness dawns andmelts my essence to elements,
What a peace! what a benediction!
darkness evaporates with my soul,
O mother divine rest me in thy grace.

Prabir Gayen

My Stella No 36

- - My stella - 36

Let me be dew

Thy heart may not hold me back,
May not bring to bear upon my life on earth.
The fire extinguished may not be recuperated by much strife.
I am a pain wayward and impetuous,
Death's azure sister, meditative exhilaration baffles to weave a harmonious equipoise in me.
A deathless elegy am I and dozing every moment to go beyond and depopulated.
O Stella, choke me and lay seize my spirit as slumber fails to seal.
O ecstasy, the spirit of solitude let me be dew to be vaporized without view.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

Panchanon Maharaj- Pachu

- - - - Life of panchu - a small waste- -:

Long thirty years ago, with the length of thirty long summers it was a school room,
A dark - skinned, thin, weak boy came to school,
Poor, unprivileged weakling yet full of life,
Made all of us laugh with mumbling, something rumbling voice,
He made friends with all not by brain and smartness but by foolish attire and heart full of joy.
New, energetic, confident he was with the school that offered her devoted followers.
No fear, no hesitation but respectful gaze he casted on teachers who ordained punishment.

Empty stomach yet ran he like an athlete,
New aura of new life made him charming like a bloom that shreds fragrance.
Ever eager to answer the questions beyond his reach,
Still he stood first to answer the questions to everyone's amusement and
Suffered beating of all awkward kind.

PoemHunter.com

Time was passing with infant egoistic love,
He left school for lack of fund-
for those basic causes the most of us indulge- poverty and ignorance.
Changing colours of life took hold all of us,
Life moved on with various multitudinous dimensions.

He got married, rather immatuted family responsibility he put on him,
Shabby rough practicability sucked all his heroic charms,
Cold icy hand of social roughness,
Battlefield of uneven struggle made him
a perfect piece of farce, a destitute-
A way of disillusioned mortality.
Family, friends, society all he lost in the grip of Nothingness.

A holy mantle he got by the name and seemingly grace of God,
Or a eulogistic world of foam and fury,
He got a life of a no man's land,
a fugitive as if a refuge unsuitable for our modern world, and he became a nasty joke.

He lived alone in an empty cave of difficult dream,
A new moon and a new sun he dreamt to spread a dreamland that has no real basis.
Time passed in utter despondency and he got a beating for such foolishness from Almighty.
On death bed he lies now to mock us and
Our education that we took pride of.
He lived in illumined darkness and taught us the way we behaved.

Thirty years passed but that weak weakling still in mind my playing and notching the game of life,
Uttering my name in silent helplessness.

Prabir Gayen

Canonized Love (My Stella 35)

canonized love.

Come let us kiss and embrace,
Let the sky drop in between both of us,
The gingle of mind will go now, and
Let us feel the warmth of heart.
The rushing stream - let stop a while
for our sweet oneness.
Come have thybreast unlocked and press upon my
onerous heart for the fragrance tospread.
In this silent hour ofsecluded and delicate
breath let us tear our mortal modesty.
Upon the swelling fall of thy waxen breast,
let me sleepand suck honey that drops from
each petal, divine and exotic.
Crush thou o dear, thy long preserved virginity
for corporal hermitage.

Come to kiss me on my bare heart and
notch in everypart and wet it with
kisses rain with contented submission
and die in me,
No bar is there and no coyness
on thy part should fall apart -
the heavenly and sensual temple of love.
Time's chariot will cast dark view,
Ariel fume of mortality,
Comewith delightful conceit
and let me sleep in thy panting
breath,dewyand fulfilling for my corporal dream,
themost sacredpart of thenude view.
Thousand eyesfrom the abode of immortals will
merge in the abysmal pit of absoluteness,
Our unified room of emptiness.
O dear lusty grace, the sacred deluge
of thy amorous shade will evaporate
not my love to fall as rain.

Thy eyesart on me, a mirror that reflects onme,

an unfamiliar face - quint, exotic
and divine but not accidental.
Wrap the fresh mind of minewith thy
garment of love, the blue firmament of mystery.
A symphony, booming sensation will beckon
immortal dirge of oneness - mutual effacement
of our ego conceit for what is not-a contemplativeillumination, and a sense of platonic lore.
No kiss now on this musical cavern
and deep dungeon of soul....
only an empty choice of love,
a sojourn of the deepest core.
Come let us sing in the wholeness
of our being,
Spiritual marriage of our
innermost self and canonisation.

Prabir Gayen

The Sun

- - - The sun- - -

We both art old,
Years ago we both formed,
Thousand years we wert together,
Thy luminous brightness in the sphere
Reminds my urge, my perennial soul.
O my Pal my dear Sun we both art one,
Thy glittering call in the morn' doth I feel,
Thy heart felt oneness.

Dust air and fire, the basic likeness
do I feel an urge to be one,
Here on earth, thy cold part walk I with
tired singleness,
Life is rested by thy thought, undaunted by
Silence march for wonderment,
Death is bliss, ultimate oneness for elemental symphony,

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Music of thy love rings in murmurous haunt,
Space the nurturing mother cares both of us,
O sun my brethren, eternal heart walks my way
Show me the light for truthfulness,
Both art one element with one big mind,
Struggle of life false full of belittle things ki
Let us sing a chorus, our forgotten song.
Tired limbs with sonorous thought
Looks at thee with sober contemplation.

Prabir Gayen

- -My Stella - 34

- My Stella -34
Love and Time

Lotus blooms in pectus an animus and
Pain profound spreads in and above the cloud.
Thou art o my stella, my unflinchingly solidity of nonchalant being, my weeny heaven,
Drops of amorous onus of oozing fall, intrinsic and tributary deep.
Hold me tight with thy forearm on thy sinum.
Time's winged chariot is leaping interim flight.
Timid heart and poorly seizure art thy this swain.
Divine flame ageless in both thy eyes and prudence profound.
O daughter of earth and air, foster fair of epoch eternal, grow and arise thy inbuilt sense and ageless wisdom of the cognition of thy timeless spirit.
Praithwith venturous heart to thy celestial lineage to put our love beyond and above Time's mighty reach.
The womb of time is within us and sempiternal.
The floating is this body, physical frame ofentity eternal,
Corporal flame invents not the silent March of
time to nowhere.
Love's harborage sanctum, the heart,is too tiny to containperpetual dream of our oneness.
The wholeness is full and undivided like time.
Let us die to death, the painful interval of life to discontinue the all pervading spirit of love.
Though time is unconquerable let us die to time andregress retention for progress in cosmic
Current.

Prabir Gayen

PoemHunter.com

M Stella

- My Stella - 34

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Prabir Gayen

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Childhood Delight

- childhood delight -

where art those dreams, divine, green and virgin call of nature, the infant delight?
where art those appetite for unknown bliss, the sensation deep?
Tormenting the breast of cloud for fetching new light? Where ah where art they?

where is that old self, the desire to touch, and to achieve the holiest height?

The soft, sweet gratefulness with beauteous form, the calm endeavour and warmth of life?
where art those muse of self and smiling face of inner sky: vast unknown and mysterious?
my lord! where art that great urge desirous mind that in woeful and inaudible incantation pronounced thy name with joy of life?
where art those shadows of pure form, the mystic fog and crying for divine grace?
fled is that muse in traceless path, the infancy of wild provocation and sublime the deep.
The eyes once full of love and laden with wonderment to penetrate the sheath, lovingly clad by soft tender hand art now gone.
The clarion call to openness, to unfold the unknown, the mystic rose is no more.
A self centric power, inward remittance and bodyless tension, pure, fundamental, the juice of life , Where?
where thou art to mock the love baffled many a time?
The crystal light of blissful inner joy to purify the emotion mixed and hybrid?
where art those thoughts tender, spry and spiritual- oblivious of painted self love?

Thou art gone for ever, shedding the urge of the spell that brought the previous bijou - the peak of life.
what art that logos to fall in love again and and rise again in praise of the setting sun?
The waves art strange, and frozen is the love.
where art those smells that art mingled with muddy intoxication and drunk with the fume of seasonal blooms?
The shooting twilight, wild imitation art gone with the zeal of life.
A portion of it is shadow now as if the skeleton of a incorporeal being.

past glory is passed with hazy outlook of mind - tired, fretful, sordid and adamant to way clear.
 The deep fog like underground darkness clustered the sheath unable to die yet to born.

 Life is gone, the deathlessness is punishment, sin profound fruitless to pin forward.
The time full of nights move with enigma through every pair of eyes.
The foster child am i of lovelessness and of no value, poster of forgotten dream.

Still thou art my dear one, upon whose benevolence do i behold the future,
the pure image of timeless being, revive, retrieve that once nurtures our innocent love.

I would be sitting by the side of my soul, forlorn piping the sweet song of our fanciful days, the majestic form, and the pure form thy innocence.
We will bring for both of us the new sun,
In those soft hands of our progeny we shall bestow our message last - that all is one and one is all, instant is eternity,
an old sea with a frog and a sound of splash.

Prabir Gayen

Ponchanon Maharaj

Homage to Panchnan maharaja- -panchu.

He was nobody, none doth care for him,
No flower smiles for his being,
He was the lowest, the poorest and the lost,
Hatred, negligence and utter carelessness he was born and gone.

The lowest he was, lived in deadly shell
In sun and shower,
hunger and pestilence his inborn friends wert with him,
Nobody thinks of him, none have time to waste for him,
The poorest he was the problem of abundant street where he strolled for alms,
He lived a life of contentment having nothing to live,
Breathed fresh air on broken oven.

The fool he was, fun for all,
A useless being, nuisance.
The lost he was among darkness,
A farce existence,
He lived innocence and went unsung.

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Still my heart is heavy,
Tears drop from unknown fear,
The demise of plucked flower,
Reminds eternal truth,
Death is the ultimate eye opener,
A small drop of dew waves a might ocean.
My heart contains an ocean for the lowest the poorest and the neglected.

Prabir Gayen

Tarai

- - - - Hymn to stillness of the forest of tarai- river torsa- - - - -: 26 December 2015

Far fromthemaddingcrowd,
Far from dailydrugged of life,
In soft murmuring unseen fall let me
boon a prolonged sleep,
Deep undisturbed lifeless sleep.

On the leaf shaking withmoveless breeze,
on the dewthat does not vanish with the sun in day's march,
Let mesleep in utter restfulness.

Sound of beast drinking water
from running river,
Squeaking rat and quakingbird,
Fluttering in breeze and pattering
Fall of fruit ripen to core,
All theseenough to lull me sleep.

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Let me sleep breathless on the field
green wooly bower,
Stars twinkle with full view and the sun seems the moonin mystic fog,
beside the Glitteringstreamthat silhouetted nocturnal in leafless tress.

In this soft sound of silence,
Silence seems to fall like darkness,
Light passes not in boisterous moisture,
Minister of thy sylvan heart guards absolute stillness.

Let me sleep and die afterward,
The stillness of thy enigma world will bear my soul,
Like mirror will i reflect thy silent beauty
and I will create a world same like theegoverned by my innerguided spirits.

Prabir Gayen

I Die To Live The Fullest

- - I die to live the fullest- -

I am dying day by day,
notch by notch,
Death is not fearful,
nor is it drastic,
I died many times,
many songs of death lulled me sleep,
tears flowed and washed the trace.
I am a phantom of my self,
pain solidified with anchorless
shore of sand.
Waves measureless of gratitude
doth hold me close as mind to body
thy innermost sanctity and
inviolability upon my tired soul.
Death is the harbinger,
repose of righteous rest,
potion and opus of divine grace.
I die to live the fullest.

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Prabir Gayen

- - - My Stella- - -

- - My stella- - 33

Time is gone with all the fruits crossing the bridge,
grey hair palsied nerve and heart weak and wimpy,
The breath languid and listless with no sign ofenergeticyeast.
The song of gnats and fluttering toneof marlet doth inspire the call of the world beyond.
Bed- ridded and with folded wings awaitingthis woeful soul for thee o stella!
Thy wealthmight embed a new life,
Thy empyrean sculpture plastic and ductile,
Inner equipoise connatural to harmonious footingof richness, divinity.
O stella, dame of myhungry- bitten being,
a squint glimpse of thy ocular vista,
Snappy sparkle of thy supple soulmight resuscitateme again.

Prabir Gayen

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The Moon After Sundown

- The Moon after sundown -

Thearid andthirstyis the daystrollingtardily for the rapacious stomach of the Star.
The torrid and cycloramicstudy of the sphere of fire, spillingcaustic rays from tenebrous womb of space..
The day tired as dead and sloth for laden reverie, stumbles into desolation, dry air and humidpain.
Like torpid plod of a turtle the daymoves toward evening with slanting flame,
the air like a sleepless lyre tinkles an autumnal tone in the far away forest.

The crystal moon is above the head,
soft radiance yet lucent luminosity spreadsatop the horizon,
the earth is flooded withmystical murky shine.
Children are playing in the field, unaware of the brimful sky,
pasturing the domestic men their cattle for the day, senseless of the moon with full glory.
Across the field people are loitering,
The moon is suffusingnectar - rich overenshrouding space without end.
with easy wind floating a group of avesto home word wing.
In this idle and busy hour a boy is among the few, espying the sublime solemnity and flamboyanceof delight,
with mortifying mind he fronts the moon and moves loosely around,
The enigma of this alluring magic lures him and appeals togive in.
Astounded with mesmeric elegance of the moon, as frenzied aficionado, he recurs a note of splurge and no one accesses his disquiet fluidity of mind,
' look at the moon, the flood of exquisite ecstasy, the ebullienceof booming thrill,
'- -he quotes to someone.
' where?she goes out of the room and flinches around, searches for the moon.
Everyone is busyin the late hour of the day,
arrayed finishing the last drop of the duty of the day.
only a boy, a silent and solvent sentry of the lunar nobleness is awake nurturingpain pristine.

Prabir Gayen

- My Stella - 30

my stella30

The river with full tide flowing
with facile swiftness.
It touched the blue legs,
and absorbed divine hearts down the ages.
It is streaming with soundless murmur,
in its bosom lies stories
strange and remote.
from the mighty Ravan to cursed ashwathama,
and from the legend and memoir
to diplomatic shrewdness.
Time is single and tied is
not enisled to cut into parts.
Thy bosom my dear is the mahabharata
of my soul,
I did see, the Gita of my heart
and ecstatic rapture of meditation.
O my stella, my timeless love,
the beauty of my being
lift me up close to inmost shrine
of impetus self of thine.
Forsaken and forlorn,
and waiting on frowsy stream of human skull
from cover to cover in the
Womb to come at thee.
my stella! the joy of my life
and the giver of bliss and boon,
autogenous to filthy felicity,
uplift me with thy holy sermon
of love and unsophisticated simplicity.

Prabir Gayen

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Lovebetween Krishna And Krishna

- - - The meeting ofRadha with krishna- -

By the name of this gleaming phoebe,
and the dark billow of the water
of yamuna, saith my lord,
thou wouldst not leave me ever.
by the name of our amorous affinity
and noetic knot, pronounce thy word
of ageless bond,
thy radha is in dolor of
the fear of hiatus.
O krishna, the dutiful
prince of my heart,
leave us not for the world of
assiduity and divine drive.
The breast and bosom of mine
is trembling today for fear of near
ache and anguish deep.
glowing is thy love and dizzy
is thyurge to portendthe doom.
unknown pain is rendingmy wholeness
and cloven is my brainless fondness.
Okrishna, the king of the cosmos and
feeder of this forlorn maid,
avouch thy infinite ablution
within thy ruling chest.
drop me not from the dandle
of thy arms and deflower me
to die instantly.
Death is luscious and prior
to life of slothful singleness.
In this full moon night obscure
is the pain
anddim is my delight,
will thou leave me in this
half drowsiness in the
aclove of our heart?
This concupiscent vicinity
and intimacy of ourtrue minds and

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furtive hymeneralcoitus soothe me not.
Restlessis therill and
makes dismal sound,
tears from above accost
aria of apartness.
The moon blinksand flowers
spread honeyed
drift, a fullness forultimate emptiness,
satiety for endlessisolation.

Eternal will be thy place as
space within space,
as consort of this Shepherd's heart.
Thou art an embodied joy that
krishna is born to spread, never
born never die, a self- born self.
Thou art not born to die or
to feel the loneliness of
solitary, ascetic love.
The coming aloneness wilt
be thy charm and
beautyof thybeing, thou art one
and same before this oneness dawn.
A hollow shell will i be beyond thy eyes,
and poignant pain will hunt
till ruin of this body.
O srithe ornament of my being,
thou art never
apart and aloof from me.
This mystic night will
witness our sportive
communion and soul's
amorous immersion.
Two polarities splitting
within come closer,
absolute knowledge unites
with unconditional
love within the axis of absoluteness.
The earth contains the sky
and the horizon is lost.

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Prabir Gayen

My Stella - 31 (Thy Divine Grace)

My stella
(Thy divine grace)

Thy divine grace is flowering,
inside bloom,
each moment isa tiny ocean,
tumult of tidal waves.
overflowing nectar of full moon beam
is thy blessing, life is a chance.
A wretched self am i to pass
painful breath and die each moment.
space of creation in a tiny heart
and unbearable gratefulness.
moment's lawn is too wee to hold.
Fleetingtime is vain to endure
my love for thee,
passing strain of spent wind echoes
resonance ofthy silent presence.
heart inside heart and
voice within voice.
My love is my pyre and
burns me ever.
Thou art gone and unlearn
serious pain of mine,
mirror of thy self in my genie.

Prabir Gayen

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Love And Joy

Love brings joy
Like shower brings flower,
Flower is nothing but index
Through which divinity dawns.

Prabir Gayen

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Love And Divine (My Stella 32)

Love and Divine

The more thou love -to anybody,
the more thou dive deep in thy self
-the cave of heart,
the container.
It is a journey to inner self,
love is a journey.
The love tryst is not the central-
but focus to let thou go
layer after layer.
Love deeply felt for loved one
is a ramble
inward the crater of heart
-the domain of God,
celestial principle of life.
The beloved is the mirror
of the divine grace-
the enddearment.
Love deeply felt for the beloved -
ladylove or favourite,
is filling the container
and overflowingthe waves.
It transcends.
Love is godly and divine
as it makes
thou go the uninhabited reign,
the cloister of self.
Love is a hermitage.
The overmuch flow and
tidal surge of spur
and pathos dismantlethe sense,
it contains
not the wholeness. It needs
space collosal and vast.
Humorous whims and
idiosyncraticcraze
with propensitypertinacious
follow. It is madly.

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Love needs spaceto harbour sweet stress.
It wants room.
A deep state of worship,
a meditative trance, widens
the den of self
to absorb the undulated
flood of love.
Inner sky broadenedwith
contemplative calmness
thelove matures in graceful bliss,
sustains stability.
It attains himalayan stillness.

My love is flowing
and overflowing
in the chalice small
and soft and cherubim chides
for celebration
to dawn-expanded
consciousness.
The more I drive to thy heart,
the more nearness brims
to thine fright.
It is akin to
unified excitation,
effacement of distance
from thee to me.
In full moon evening
the moon facingthe sun,
one to one with same
glorious glossiness.
Time is matured and it's
venerable look on my
stringent flexibility
of being whole,
oneness withinand serene
submission to Almighty.
Twelve swans art floating
in peace chased by an eagle.

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Prabir Gayen