

Poetry Series

Pranab K Chakraborty
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Pranab K Chakraborty()

Human Being who believes in Humanity. In regional language Bengali, writes by the name Pranab chakraborty. He also known as Apoet Bangla. Editor of a Bengali little magazine 'INTERACTION Bhasha-o-bhavnaar', published from Nabadwip, Nadia, West Bengal, India.

Four Books of poems.

One of Verse-drama.

Two Novels.

About twenty manuscripts of drama performed by the local groups but not published one yet.



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Laughing Loud

Marvelous melancholy
Lifts me high
In the flight of unique missile
War-head nucleus
Radar-cheater and escaping the track
To be detected by the anti-aircraft missiles

Feel quiet weightless
When it fires nuclear weapons
On the bright cities and the shopping malls
The flag of civilization who carries proudly
Just after repeated explosions

By the callous condemnation of the first-world--
I do feel the mothers and husbands
Fathers and brothers of third-world
Who have lost all their relations, resident, earning
During long time on the surface even at present also
Laughing loud at least once in their lifetime

My melancholic wings spread wide
To leave the earth forever because the earth
Getting dry wit unbearable temperature
And all the proud cities in the map
Simply the burning lines not more than this
After dropping missiles and N-bombs
War-plane can't find the runway from where it started
No problem another explosion awaits
For the plane which lifted me an threw... !

Pranab k c
29/02/2024

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Look

Your face
Such washed
Soft and
Smooth
Once my look
Touched your trimmed face
While sitting in a tea-shop
Busy to demonstrate goodness or divinity
A bureaucrat bowed his head
To a religious leader of renaissance
Who lead fiery mob of people in resistance
Against banning of chanting lord's name
My look touched and touched you believe

Pranab k c
11/02.2024

Pranab K Chakraborty



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Cosmic Gear

Soundless symphony
Only possible
When two hearts
Resonated in same tune

Any such cure
Have you seen my darling
On earth or anywhere else
Drums still excited
To tear the silence
With high pitch trembling tremour

Soundless sexy organ
Blinking bold
To originate ejaculation
Thrush and thrill
Sneering coral petal
Tickling saucy serum
Much it common, common

But my dear agony
Symphony bleeds by heart
Soundless never I seen
Eyes your tortured
Eyes your cold
Knocking the hole since morning
Nowhere a bit black
Reciprocates the tyranny
Soundless symphony
Nowhere the blue or green
Nowhere the reef or rafter
Hearts are bleeding every sphere
To be bothered by arrogant epilepsy

Pranab k c
11/02/2024

Pranab K Chakraborty

Actuality

Seas not infinite
Not ocean
No overcrowded shopping mall
But mind feel no limit to think
Is mind infinite
Or
Infinite peeps through the mind

Questions sometimes feel infinite
Sometimes faces feel same
Sometimes I think myself infinite
But no, there lies the fallacy
I myself and the self is infinite
But not me

Your amazing look looks at me
What's the necessity of searching such grave word
I feel it is important
When our existence depends on nothingness
Either finite or nothingness
When I bite your neeple so hard
You cry with anger and feel something is there
Pain beyond pleasure resides in human body
Not infinite sometimes and manytimes and perhaps
Dawn to dusk we rush behind finite forgetting
Infinite exists as true as the nothingness proclaims

Pranab k c
01/02/2024

Pranab K Chakraborty

Ultimate Reach

None will stop before ruining themselves
None will interfere before ashes only the prospect
None will take the risk to stop eliminating human numbers
Mainly child and women, adolescent and olds
Bosses are busy with simple math of profit and loss
Keeping relation with the butchers and associates
Bosses are self-declare civilized
And others yet they think their slaves
So the arena where stags human bodies
Eliot's crows are not allowed to enter that killing field
And earth waits to witness another end of his civilization
Just keep your eyes close and feel air is passionate
To have repeated N-explosions from ground to sea!

Pranab k c
22/01/2024

Pranab K Chakraborty



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Story Untold

If you tell me to tell the truth
I'll tell you that lie again which
You're convinced as a lie

If you tell me to tell the truth
I'll give you random features
Support of unbearable facts
Beyond your dream could reach
Practically I'll make you simply confused

You a simple soul can't expect cruelty
Which your parents did just to adopt you
So lie here perfect to provide the truth
I always told you the little daughter of the ramp!

Pranab k c
22/01/2024

Pranab K Chakraborty



Song Untuned

No such crazy fits
In the cockpit of hearts
In butcherly condition
It depends who will be cock
And who will chop the neck
In sweet words you can say
Who will compromise and
Who will dominate

Here lies the mystery of
Tied relation
Otherwise heart alone a dictator
No time to think of other heart
Unless sex does blow the whistle
To storm petal-garden
Once and again till monotony flags
Other taste of human fuel

So the glider now get ready
To swim in the ocean of heart
Never satiated any person
Throughout the life-journey!

Pranab k c
22/01/2024

Pranab K Chakraborty

Cold Demands Our Wings To Spread

cold comes to unfold ourselves
from the core of that immortal object
many times you utter bluntly
without knowing its meaning and origin
cold comes to contract outer self
and to expand the inner

never we see our soul but feel
when dead man lies before me
the key word of our existence
always makes us vibrated
with hope or hopelessness
pleasure and pain
cheered and depressed

cold a chance to feel that infinite object
which spells its presence through our senses
cold a chance to feel the beauty of that love
we breed with our thoughts and rejuvenance
cold and cold that time you spread your wings
to fly wide expansion of universe
as far your brain imagine
close your eyes or open all the same
feelings will bring you the universe
within you or you may join with its virginity!

Pranab k c
17/01/2024

Pranab K Chakraborty

Simple Talks For You

Just right the touch
Never tells your story
Story begins when your seduction
Touches a point not to hold yourself

Just no right touch ever there
Just no exact story of your life
Never ever told by anybody
Only a clean deviation from straightline
Form something like man carried whole life

So tranquill yourself
Aloof yourself from ambitions
Feel the death every moment
Without dieing yourself you own
A light will guide you through the dark
Passion and promise are of same origin
Don't give anyone the high hand

Touch you your own heart if anything still exist
Since heartlessness now our main object
To grip by expert hand for corporate lords to please
Touch
Touch
Touch

Pranab k c
09/01/2024

Pranab K Chakraborty

New Year Look 2024

Dry the portrait
Colours escape from the horizon
Only smoke covers the beauty of humanity
Such a pleasant portrait draws nature herself
New year the orthodox crawling of habitation
Enchained time they took to rotate liberally
But empowered lust of ruling destiny
Pulling the total cacophony of cawing crows
Real the picture a poet tries
All the time to see by outer eyes
What a dash after such hard labour, tallent--
Man invested just to bring heaven on the surface
But see my love hell encrowned with manly hardship
Artist lost ones inner sense of loyalty
Towards nature and beauty
Dry dry only drums of bomb explosions
High reality of time demands to erase civilization
No prayer
No intelligence
No humanity
Simply kill and killing myself
Highest honor the race chanting

Pranab k c
01/01/2024

Pranab K Chakraborty

Hallucinating Profanity

long beach awaits
your feet to bring you the sea afar
sun dribbles with reflection
so strong its hypnotic embracement
engaged eyes lost its vision
except the long boat
there to celebrate your passion
such arrogant a beach my heart
spelled me bound with silence
only walk silently to catch the howling
a sea demonstrates its power from away
I exist and awaiting to blot
your land and luminous beauty of cityscape

walked I not to hold the reign of water
walked to drink the erotic sight of dawn
light and shadow throughout the beach
a sun who came out from the womb of sea
some hours after will go down that womb again
no sporadic hybernation no emphatical calibration
a simple happening from the begining
mother and child sharing the same womb
to be dropped and to drip life to extend the stream
manifestation of such illicit I connect
the beauty of bech in the morning at Mondarmoni

Pranab k c
21/12/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Illicit Amateurist

I am undone
Can't receive you the orthodox
Perverse the right word
Nothing else could greet
Your lunacy
You an wellbeing family settler
Keep your desperate fragrance
Away from jungle safari
May exchange your wealth
But suffering the condition prior
A slave or nothing
Would be your achieved destiny

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13/12/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty



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The Girl Who Inclined

no niceness i found
wearing expensive dresses
beauty if you want to communicate
come with your nakednes
as you took your birth with same

what the price you want to offer
as much as possible you put
liquid not by purchasing any material
valuable as the kingclass use by their theft
your skin get ready to be cracked
your legs will be chained as domestic pet
whip and whimsical torture would be
destined your future to cry to smell blood

no choice except the ugly stuttering
you will try to spell your pain
but pin will block your lips shut
get ready if you want crazily my love to suck
ultimately we are none in the move
the planet revolves and we have exprienced
life means a bit of time we have to pass by
otherwise death a big hole dark and deep
will engulf all our flesh and flavor of heart

pranab k c
13/12/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Unholy Addiction

A horse I seen when touched your throat
Lips abandoned the remote galaxy
Not ever penetrate
But you my love battled long to wave
Me to a handsome loneliness
Where an erected lion
Just crawling to catch a poetic passion

A horse I seen to run through a forest
When dream covered my daytime trance
Simply a diction I fired to hunt the fleshy fervor
Got back more options to choic the best
Horse can't rest by sleeping for dawn to break
Lion the same only human slowly dipping deep
To ruin oneself whether wrong or right never think

Love is a chemistry and catalysts are playing
Sometimes to be broken or waiting for explosion

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09/12/2023



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You Not Almighty

you have bombs to throw
you have boots to crush our bodies
but you have no heart to win our feelings

you have no strength to creat agony
you have fear to creat our revenge
just see you have made us mad dog
but wait to get back our bite

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Poet's Night

A night
Not much long
To glorify
The essence of heart
A poet bears
To scandalize himself
Alone and without interference

A night
Just to kill the last station
He observed in dream
To raise all the sounds and silence
Long he desired
To protect himself

A night is beauty of death
A man inherits by birth
To know life means a drop
From the infinite time sense
Human brain once acquired
By its distinct fascination
Towards the hibernation and hegemony

A night
Not much long
To forget love forever

Pranab k c
06/12/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Thief

am I any harmful man
why do you keep watch on me
do you think me a thief
stolen nothing but your heart
written love with your alphabet

pranab k c
02/12/2023

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Open Your Dark

Suck your nectar my love
From the bottom of delicate
Unfrozen silent land of your
Secret solitude

Appreciate my spattered agony
When and how it dismantled
Quiet prohibited ambush
Appreciate my anguish to overpower
The highest logistic support of tantalizing
Terrific horror of lust and legacy

Above all a tranquil unwaved aroma
Just approach to overwhelm cute stricture
Not to live but to attain the liberty of longing
A journey adopted by the eternal prophecy
When and how to interweaved with life and no-life
My love catastrophed with beauty and bolster

I yet dreamed a nightlamp blown away a frame
From the distant trance of uncharmed loner
Who only told alone my anchor flying in the air
And docks are broken with unchosen fabrication!

Pranab k c
21/11/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Trip

One day a trip to a vulture nest
May you get the extreme extremity
Why a man rushing behind time
Losing his tropical credibility of
Ruling an dominating the blonde bastard

Furious fantasy mimicry ones fabrication
To grease and gear the space of tearing
Nasty rampart where holy slaves blurred
With gesture of waxing the grey canvas

One day trip and forever for the last ride
A man dream of whole life and tragically
Not achieved hankering the whole of aging tremour

Pranab k c
16/11/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Contradict If You Can

Affinity a fluid by nature
Agree you or not
A distant tune of a dark valey
Awaits to whip the sack
You bear lifelong a sack of flesh

Affinity a track on blade
Bare foot one should have to trek
Last horizon where ends the life and death

Affinity my diction tonight to press
The button which never bothers to sanitize
The thoughts of social sanction
A major disaster hungry with malfunction
Whether or not next moment the planet exists

Affinity and affinity
Disorder taught by Madam Nature

Pranab k c
16/11/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Speak Not Now

Escaping people never tastes
The proud death
Die without desire
Since life their longing
Where to reach if they die
Death becomes ashamed of

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Charming Night

my own girl can't hear me
tell loudly a drunk
at last he kicked on the road
sure his left leg got broken

no one came to rescue
only two three road dogs
encircled him and cried that night

he the man gave them his last bread
brought for his dinner
now sitting on the asphalt
he also loving those animals

Pranab k c
14/11/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty



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Poet Never Burn

So helpless the poor poet
When time appears to sing the spring
Poet tells of broken caravan

Earth has the tolerance
Not always human bears
Spring springs of coming disaster
Winter brings somehow with bugle

Poet keeps the page white
White for the blooming tears!

Pranab k
13/11/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty



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Gaza In Lense

flying high with no sound
sounds blown away with bomb blast
hospitals with patients blown away
blown away schools univrsity praying places
even head from heads blown away
to establish strength of parasite
real refugees of II world war
now the top boss to occupy the land
of those who sheltered them when
the killer heroes were homeless uprooted
by their distressed destiny

as I not any beneficiary of this genocide
at least come to undertand
terrorism is more acceptable than barbarism

Pranab k c
31/10/2023

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Holocaust Men

Killing us
Our child
Our women
Our olders
Killing brutally
Killing ceaselessly

Cry not
Lament not
Pray not to you
'cause we know
Just after a break
You
Your men
Your child
Your women
Your olders
'll meet in the same graveyard
'll come to lie beside us
Where we lie now with our wounds

Pranab k c
27/10/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Feathery Dreams

So high the heat
Flames so loud
And burning every inch
Flesh and fabrics heart hides
To seduce alone runs restless

A time comes when life
Gets its astonished arrogation
Abbreviated simply the sounds short
Short as wildness keep shut its howling
Does not mean eruption extinguished
Rather innerbuilt lust making a sky
To catch the thread to decypher
Hollow from the empty of dailyness

No problem simply the fire and fist to grab
First it running fast with liberal echo
Next the motivation to pierce all legend
Intoxication power high with bled heart
Wait and waiting patience means fathomless tie
Brings the prolific night to overcome adverse waves!

Pranab k c
15/10/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Hanging High

Fantom captured my fantasies
Feathers are my choice
To bugle with the hollowness
And a you simply the dark not dense
Always trying to put chain my ankles
I promise not to calibrate a creeper
Yet it's a poet sounds deep to awake
All the stranglers who poisoned a planet
Beacue now it is night and beloved longing
To live the fathoms of fame which flamed
Eccentricity of a lunatic never thought of a dive
Through mud and muddy salt of glistening
Heat of fleshy paradox

Pranab k c
06/10/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty



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Confused

It's not me
Sound and lines
Made a simple mistake
Resembling the idea of a hot fountain
With an uprooted and thwarted
Whom a sudden nothingness send a message
To clip himself away with a dry leaf

It's ultimately me
Nowhere the anchor landed
Floating the last embankment a ship
Heavy with unsent wishes it drowned
The deep and cold ocean blotted the beauty
A heart carried lifelong...

Pranab k c
06/10/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

It's Nothing But Love

When and where

How and how much

Truly abloomation not any bannned amphora

Rather loomation is our nightly flavor

To fly with winter birds wing to long long the way

Clicking and castleing the warm gives hornet

Comparable not with the flesh an animal as man

Bears with humble and rage to penetrate plateau

Tell the creeper to crook on space

Tell the credibility of lumious flicking

Lastly keep the fibres away come to bath

What as hunter's legend arrow can't pin the stone

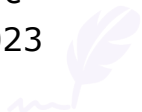
Your earthly ejaculation your words and breath

Drenched with warm to bath my greesy diction

Hold I tight the storm and quake before loosing the shake

Pranab k c

10/03/2023



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Light To Provoke Life

Light drags my all winks
Feathers I do leave to restrain
My flying
You a little avon beauty of death
Never disclose your repentence
All along the rudy sedimentation
Not any tounge ever dares to utter
Before the big explosion you experienced once
Twice your heart trembles to predict
The time and place and the first choice
To culminate the strategic irony
An enlightened civilization
Occupied by the flyers
Who never thinks of
Devastation
Only win the mega event
Convinced by themselves
That God a bluffy manifestation
The weaks always glorify their
Tensions to keep existence strict
To enjoy their love and passions!

Pranab k c
19/09/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Statement Of A Slave

Passive beauty
In no way matched
The superb selection
Human entity
Observed its highest peak
To sensitise the morbid
Ecstatic death
Or undefined love and life

Passive chained
To unchain the wild
Inside Man or disguised Satan
Here a fallacy scrambled
Crippling quiet a critical manner
And activity goes uncharmed
Which nearing cruel and brutal
Yet pain not the unscrupulous
Allegation against rude and loftyness
Ceasing power of resistance

Mouth shut
Crying banned
Patience of bearing death
Through nerves, nails and nudity
Conscious to permit its unexistence
Beauty passive speeding
Its journey death to life
Life to death
And catastrophe clean
Waiting for next calling

Body becomes dry
Soul gets its wing
To fly wherever
In heaven or hell
Passive becomes active
Within and within human cage
Tastes freedom or death
Tastes love or no-love

But healing not any choice
Pain and prolificacy
The gain a human birth
Always crying for...!

Pranab k c
14/08/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Pen And Sword

My childhood learnings
Learnt me
'Pen is mightier than sword'
But as time brings me
Now in my about to closing age
Newly conceive the truth
In different way
I can tell you without shame
'Sword dictates the pen to hide its legacy'
Rather tell you frankly in my country's context
'Sword enslaves the pen'!

Pranab k c
29/08/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty



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Origamy

a cat on the table
the rat below

reverse the picture

a rat on the table
a cat under

genuine horoscope user
the chief
always plays the game
with opponent
and at last
horoscope blew away with high storm
the chief
can't find the way how long
which costume he should use
to take the role of above one

night merciless
never bother any outer dirt
it achieves its own work perfectly
wipe out everything in time
cat or rat
no problem
horoscope stands farce to predict grave
neck to neck the hunter and the haunt
kicking each other silently or in open arena

people conceive pain to take decision
final moment when observers feel proud
to satisfy their lord
the irony smells a high drama to overturn
the legend or legacy of power of the bull-fighter

Pranab k c
22/08/2023

Simply Seduce Yourself

and night at last
darks your window
and night at last
brings cold to your bed
and night at last
makes you pervert night-walker

Pranab k c
10/08/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty



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You The Wooden Doll

insane not the sky
colours many yet plays random
creative human mind
when changes with different mood
you tell insanity
perhaps noise within yourself
lack of knowledge
dryness of heart
unfulfilled desires
depressed your cool cool human disability
to penetrate the colors of heart

isane not the air
sometimes wind blowing spring touch
bringing storm and tragedy sometimes
you the conspitated moneymaker
thinks insanity the emotional thrust of artists passion

Pranab k c
10/08/2023



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Heart Beats To Beat

time of sleeping not reached yet
yet time of stopping free voice
reached our door
it's not dark yet sunshine glows
yet darkness blocks our liberal thinking
because time never allows mutiny
against ruler
yet ruler feels fear to loose credibility
in the run to prove own championness

Pranab k c
10/08/2023

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India And Integration

Forests and hills are precious
More than the human lives

And when it is known
Valuable metals waiting to be digged out
Strategy should be taken
By the business bosses
To take full grip to hold the land
Tribal peoples naturally live in these forrests
The son of the soil
Should have to be thrown out
Using the state power by any means

Ethnic violence
Communl riots
Ammendments of constitutional laws
Whatever it may be
Marking those people as
Terrorists with foreign connectiom
Ruler have to take the challenge of isolating
Those people from the main stream

Now my motherland
My country where I take breath
Which provides me free with air, sunshine, water
Being grinded repeatedly by these dark and drastic motivation
And we the peaceful citizens
Singing loud
'Long live the King
God save the king'
Because we have been convinced
By our ruler's transperent expression
Religion is our first requirement
Food health home education and earning
Secondary to exist as two-footed animal

Fire burns homes and skins
Leaving hill and forests people running away
Crossing border taking shelter in other state

And silent our ruler skilfully maintaining dumbness
Metal enriched land platinum mercury etc. getting ready
To serve our business lords who make the ruler
Rulers depend on their monetary support!

Pranab k c
02/08/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Tale Of A Traumatic Land

non-humanity is the top priority
just to hold the reign of a country
bearded grandfather and his associates
trading nakedly the wealth of a land
many years after draining immeasurable blood
its inhabitants seized the freedom
from imperial hands of foreign dynasts

disguised of a saint the grandpa talks less
until he feels his feet drowned inside mud
stepping to every posture cool as a cruel butcher
never sit to confront other opinions
such a brutal genre always busy to misguide people
by the name of spasm of heart but intelligents guess
all these bogus just to hide truth under his shaped beard

non-humanity plays a high role
to promote male domination
to oppress weakest and minors
to promote their pet saudagors
along with to promote a special religion and community
which grandpa belongs to by the name of a special God
to pocket support of a portion of same community
just to capture again the chair in democratic process

but at this juncture disguise scattered pale and torn
people facing problems of daily living because
saudagors looted with openhand the banks and coins
escaped territory touching blessed palms of grandpa
second reason commoner can't estimate amount of cut-money
by purchasing of huge weapons from those country
who also the crows disguising themselves
putting feathers of cuckoos immitating the tune of humanity

a country totally burns because of such old hagers
costume of saint they wear but by killing instinct
always culminating idea of police-state by making
citizens their slaves
women the second-class citizen whom god made

as sex-slave and for child-birth
pleasure the first criteria girls should have to be used for
male's purpose

Pranab k c
26/07/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Gripped The Grave

Life intends to achieve the wild oppression
Whether quantity or in quality
Otherwise life can not be measured by average
Well being who hit the target of personal success

Just before the midnight overwhelms our everydayness
By sucking to shoot
A clean animality recalls our ancestors to be brute
To our surroundings
My love always fear of such crazy captiveness
Yet multidimensional truth triggers to be dishonest
And lumpen correctives declares silently our blood
Never compromise with the intimate clarity to be
Submissive to social disintegration
And root of all war lies in this arrogant layer of
Penetrating uncultivated land by cruel possessiveness

Here in this juncture I told the hotty stricture
Torture the ultimate divinity you will coceive pleasure
Admittance made my behave bold to apply dark and
Draculic paws to entertain unsanctioned intense insanity
Life becomes the boiled meatleaving behind orthodox
Values of digging path to the crematorium
As social and sacred unfulfilled souls attain
With huge cry and non-satiety burns their daily livingness

Whatever the future conspire but real lunacy
Never could be culminated by goody goodness!

Pranab k c
21/07/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Sin Is A Blunt Word

Who told you
Sinner gets punishment
Changed time
Shows you the reverse
Everytime you missed
The real moment of hitting
Snobbery

Who told you
Sin is the prime factor
To judge a person
Wrong you have learnt
Sin is simply the weakness
If you do anything by your choice
Anything to satisfy yourself
With full confidence
Nothing is sin

Who told you
Sinner gets punishment
Perhaps never
Civilization stands and declares
Its proud face to show you
The reverse
History of civilization means
To grip the power
To reign the power from various aspect
Power always dominates
The weaker part of the time on this surface

And this the only reason
Human society can't feed all its member
Rather wealth drains to store huge weapons
It is not sin since these actions
Statesman do with full confidence

Now ask yourself
Is their any sin in reality
Or inhumanity you have experienced

Many times throughout your life
Sometimes you yourself is that guilty!

Pranab k c
19/07/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Racing Mannual

when high is the attitude
nothing could be
your competent
may be a blink could give
others a mat to warm up
for a matchless madliness
ultimately
strawberry garden awaits
for your charming shock
to achieve the wound of nail and lust

botherence is the finest dictum
to swing within heat to hot fallacy
and a crocodile skin
the highest observence of that
critical strictures finally they loose
their race and irrationality

forgive when the approach
with proper protocol maintain to forget
plurality and push a big thrust
wings sometimes blurred
to take advantage of flying
because attitude is the chroniicle
left when childhood days disappeared
strictly no confession due on my behalf
since confusion engulfed the space and surface
beyond light or sound speed
just kick the front whatever it may be
attitude the fresh and dirty word at the same time
fulfill passion without any reminiscence

Pranab k c
21/06/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Peace Not The Parametre

Man by birth inherets war by nature
Instinct push to choose the apple
But peace that white route
Dictate him to worship

The reverse we learn from our society
It demonstrates peace as a constant
And war means the violation of mannual
Craziest the conflict always throw us to ditch
Make us weak, make us afraid, make us maniac

Beyond this mutual landscape
When look at the history
When look at our evolution
War the inevitable criteria to identify us
As human being and animal too
Still in the line to be identified as animal
Not like the two footed humn species

First of man's war begin
When a baby tries to suck milk
From mother's nip
War begins
And its consitent chronology
Reder should have to observe
Loud with open eyes to prove
Intelligence the other clarity
Makes man different from other animals

So don't bother of peace
It's the object to worship
Rather war you think with intelligence
Killing and destruction could achieve
The artistic canvas to be painted with

Pranab k c
16/06/2023

Oscillation

Cause of living

Cause of non-living

Perhaps the same in the wide arena of time

Cause sometimes morbid

Cause sometimes ignorance

Cause sometimes wonderingness

Anyway walk on the foot

Looking at the hordings

Feel the pride of nonliving glitterings

And its reverse hunger stricken people

Without food shelter clothes

Feel the pride of living jealous

Causes may be different

But living and non-living

The same and constant

The causes simply plays as variant

Matching or mis-matching

If you think otherway

Include the lines never tried to expose!

Pranab k c

10/06/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Love And Wildness

Wildness without love
Cruelty
Love without wildness
Meaningless

Love and wildness
Different form and degree
Generally reflected
Various field of life
Social and individual

And ultimately
When you define your
Divine habitualness
Somewhere in the dark
Owl keeps its eyes open
Rigorism makes you wild
Just to crash all material passions
Here lies wildness because
Your lust is filtered
To attain a supreme entity

Pranab k c
23/05/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Fact Behind The Story

incidents 3 when projected as 32 thousands
intention became clear
and no artistic urge reflected behind its alchemy
but strictly propaganda
the singular motif was to isolate
a group of people or a certain community as a whole
from the mainstream of a country

Goebbels theory indicated to pick up
0.01% truth to convert it into 100% lie
in favor of doctrinising rulers own ruling strategy

artists sometimes rulers pet
with own talent take the challenge
to satisfy their boss and excavate
the field of own performing arena
forgetting people, history, culture, social harmony
becomes manufacturer of hate and revenge
through the lie making factory
to produce propaganda by the name of art

story becomes the story of artists death

Pranab k c
05/19/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Common Conjugation

If you run backward
Your fortune never do that
It continuous counting days and night
From indefinite time span
With the help of definite mathematics

Mathematics itself not definite
Always deals with unknown digit
To reach a pavement where stands
Everything yet

Counting time always specific
Which destiny our ancesstors marked as
Just think such unification of abnormal
We project our knowledge
To define or to defy
The entity of a huge uncertain
You named God, we named Allah
You named nothing but nature the straight point
You always absorbed with in your lab
But the street singer sings loud the song
To tell you life can't move back
It flows from dark to light
Flows from death to new birth
From debris to construction new
Man simply the puppet who thinks of
Making the journey towards a dead stop
Using its knowledge and power
Nothing but the fools are dominating time
For a certain phase to show their singularity
The farce recorded well for the coming phase
Waiting to be exposed in future
And infinity that expansion to blot
Our muscle, mutiny and moderate hunger
To flag your power high!

Pranab k c
08/05/2023

Brief A Melody

Astonished but not winkless
Just an ant can achieve a purpose
To meet its requirement
A simple blow could provide
A sense of pleasure while in sunheat
Astonished but not lost
Yet a battle could draw a line grey on map
But map itself could grow again with torn pieces
So let the drum stop to beat its rhythm and rhetoric
Whatever done with power and possibilities
Astonishingly feel not the end of love and life
Dream yet drills to escalate new dawn
Dawn to deal with new seeds of emancipation
Everywhere from land to sky
From Water to evaporation !

Pranab k c
05/05/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Dreams Not My Bossom

Long time long I can't wrap me in my sleep with dreams of another origin
another planet of different derivatives different diaspora and lines of colourful
cabinets where peeps moons of colour different sometimes pink blue sometimes
and butterflies often obstacles with designs to depict an artist of different genre
behind all the creeds and creatures of tremendous moods of creating a world
unfinished to breed time

Long time long I can't make a nymph the war partner as a protagonist to
propose the land of almighty simply in hallucination reflected as a land of
possession from puberty to proclamation the source of duel being can't play alone
the drums to expand the tree of life and beauty beyond the senses of sanctity
coheres life long a cool breeze never brings rain but strength to recapture
dignity...

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Linking Through Nerves

Little steps climbed up
To catch the extreme end
End of distance where earth
No more the reaching arena
Playing space infinite and unending

Little steps driven up to catch success
Journey ends but hallucination
Convinced as achieved
When fragrance of dusty flowers
Filled air to feel ecstatic
Can't find out names from common known
Yet it exists somewhere to please someone
With power of beauty

Success felt challenged
Little steps didn't climb down
Rather up to extreme up
Driven me high with charged temperament
Just to transform myself
With all my expectations dive through infinite
Feel now essentially as an individual
Steps may be little but mission
Should be fixed!

Pranab k c
16/04/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Through The Mirror

Just falling a dynasty
As leaves fall in front of our eyes
The hegemony hatred by the torrential triviality

If you ask a solution fare and free
Simply fire would be the sophisticated diction
To answer your corrigendum

When hierarchy speculate their abolition
Turn to take revenge against civilization
No more table sufficient to compel
The obligated accomodation for the sober
Snobs of the time

And inevitably the last spark of their proud defeat
Could be different from other frames we witnessed before
At random festival of death be the punctuation-less
Credibility to show enormous sacrifice for the fury and fake
Activity just to cheat others in disguise of saviour

Fall we feel may be the fall of human shelters on surface
May it be a cryless trauma of human race
Whatever it may be but it's truth
The dynasty breaks in scattered refusal of reliability

Pranab k c
30/03/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Today 21st March The Poetry Day

Lightning shortened the way
To the cottage of deads
Lightning allow me to shorten
The time I expected
To move in dark surroundings
Lightning the celestial sanction
Approved this silent journey
To meet the time before

When stepped on the wooden floor
A bell sounded a mild tune
To welcome my vacation
As if wind greeted the pendulum
To talk with me
Since time never blow blowing its high collar
Here and specifically here where live only deads

Thousand of thousands light-year the earth
Move round the sun but here only words
Blink with beauty and solitude the divine flight
Forever no resonance occupied its strict dictum

Recommended my appearance
Whether fly or swim
Allowed my departure exact moment of disappearance
I know simply the ecstatic arrogance
Of living or non-living within the deads silent and gracious
Words they have transformed after their disposal
Lightning the cosmic colonel again with clear compassion
Show me the beauty of being by absorbed with own thoughts
And lately a cold wind cool but not dead
Touched my dry lips to tell again
Poet never stay alone
Universe resides with him...

Pranab k c
21st March,2023 #

Nature I Met Once

light from very low below the stone
where I stood that evening hill
small the village perhaps there
few people lived on the lap of mountain
lights almost faint yet exist
peoples of different age might it be
might be of same old age
might be...

stars above covered
thin layer of frost I thought
step by step carefully I climbed down
a little torch helped me much I carried with
but now not at my hut
at least one night I had to live with them
at least was my aroused passion

slow but with steady feet through
the mountain forest proceeded
the light source I seen before
crossing a stream sometimes up
sometimes down at last neared the heaven
silence their ornament
solitude their destiny
no horrific glance they looked at me
easy asking but language not known
simply with expression
communicated my night staying passion
outside whom I met an old grandma
and inside the cottage her granddaughter
exactly not assumed but 18-20 the age
no astonishment no fear no bizarre thinking
simply they made me a seat on a bed to sit
little a lantern they put middle the room
and they observed with both two pair of eyes
glimpses of greetings and invitation laughing there
asked me whether food I needed or not
their night arrangements prepared already
boiled potato and vegetables

they were ready to distribute
my city-dwelt complicated mind
when calculating my refusal or acceptance
fasting or their generosity
without any hesitation took out three clay bowl
grandma distributed the preparation within three
two bamboo sticks they supplied
and never after I have got the taste of that night meal
throughout my life again
so celestial it was so cosmic the empowered greens
stream water leaves burn fire
never never never before after the touch of life
that night entangled me and we three
grandma, granddaughter and me under a cover
made of what don't know but the nymph embraced me hard
hot that night of another planet kept I behind before dawn
grandma again offered me a hot sip of boiled leaves
farewell first blew the daughter with naughty laugh
but my heart exploded with love and erosion
remembering the passed night again
grandma slowly taking her daughter entered behind
the loose and temporary door
I returned
but never again any other evening brought that light faint
while standing on that stone that mountain that low land
everywhere the same except the light the cottage I once slept...!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Around The Circus Arena

and at last a crucial kick it demands
to make the final result
all the we simply spectators
only enjoy the fire game on a living landscape
its meadows mountains sculptures architectures
everyday life of millions of baby child women youth old
boots sleeves softy hearts of swelling beauty
shackled animals bars billionaires banquet
mercy cruelty capturing credibility art anguish laughter
exchange of cry and charismatic arrogance
just need a kick to make a final judgement

buttons never weep
nails not
but finger feels the tremor of disposing vanity
exclusion the main purpose of disgusting tolerance

before these whole happenings
the world awaiting around the circus arena
just as flowers await before its plucking
whether to glorify heart hankering or articulated disguise
to hide the civilized mask

strictly we have distributed the surface
for business and battle
battling business
business in battle
or
battle business
humanity stands far away to bring another sun
in another phase of other beginning

no other way to make us stop
hegemony and hierarchy our ultimate focus
to grip and grab the rein of power
killing destroying not any factor to consider
circumstances demand a win
and time demands the extinguishing dilemma
men and animals negligible in colorful filter

plants and trees play nothing but hurdles
river and seas, snow and draught, rain and cold
useless cycle of appearing and disappearing
only flags in the ramp very much anxious
for the final thrust

Pranab k c
27/02/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Opens A New Chapter

Quaking earth finds a new face
Old one perhaps too old
A new map she finds to ride along

Our strength our achievements our credibility
Nothing could get the balance to fix us eternal
Simply 45 seconds shake made nearly 45000 dead yet
Not any match with one year running projects to get command
Cannons missiles bombs seems to be farce beside
Nature's own choice of diminishing a masculine civilization

Here we stand yet with powerful eyes to measure the loss
But not sure tomorrow others from far would not count
The same of our number of cracked bodies under the debris

Quaking earth perhaps now to locate
Other field of action where to dance and drill
The engrave new face of other civilization new and obedient
Before that come and count days and nights
We consumed on the surface through light and shade
Through anger and despair
Through hate and love
To build or to destroy
Time allows us just a long before!

Pranab k c
16/02/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Genuine Perception

Learning can't eliminate personal greed
Only domination and death threat
A bit active for modern man
To hide themselves behind the mirror
Otherwise sucking habit of blood to bone
Well exposed civilization adopted with skill
Just wearing artificial look and expression
Commonly hypnotizing commons are convention
And if your choice to unmask the face
Action should be different with haunting hangover
And so power should be challenged by the power undercover
The only way to extinguish the critical social surface
Where love and mission also the commodity
To sell and purchase credibility of human senses
Stay attached or censored truth stands alone for truth!

Pranab k c
31/01/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Wording Refinement

Rain never comes alone
Air, cloud accompany the falling
Now falling the word
Could be taken as a debate
Falling from where to where
The general truth tells
Falling from above to surface
Question arises above means what
As over our head from the ceiling
But with different you imagine
We are hanging from the top by head
Legs are tied with a rope to the ground
That is legs are in top and below the heads
The rope is nothing but gravitational force
And by this hanging look it is sure
Rain comes from the below
As artificial fountain does
Spread water with different style and rhythm
Programmed by the man-made machine

So falling many times much complicated to define
Rather raining the purest word to mean
Sometimes overwhelming sensation
To expose poetically!

Pranab k c
31/01/2023

Pranab K Chakraborty

Awaking Knock

Almost all the leaves were dried
Almost all the signature of living and longing
Left from its seen exposure
yet

And yet season changed
Spring when appeared
Another aroma surrounded us all
Another obligation made us convinced
Life not the chase-board
Not any cripple crawling of known strictures
Something happens beyond our mathematical intelligence

Admit or not it's truth that
Leaves again covered the branches
And green shone with sun at dawn

Pranab k c
22/01/2023



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Matters The Brief

Nothing matters

The cup of tea

Chess board

And a partner

Opposite

Life is so loud

What the else

Sounds with fire and explosion

Matters nothing

Since days are short

Long the incidents

Traveled throughout

The time Mr. Bold

Simply a shot

Only matters

'Whether alive or dead

no existence at all'...

Pranab k c

09/01/2023

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

New The Way

a new way to imagine
becomes inevitable
to put our ideas
inside a large vault
our ancestors
gifted that treasure
without any physical cost

now and nowhere
those ability
to think the infinite
vanished and finite
obligations leading
our attitude to expose
and to implement
another layer of expanded life

imaginations are in queue
in search of a hand machine
which will lead us to dictate
the credibility of human grasping
the market for desired mental design
imagination the second remedy
to please a reluctant!

Pranab k c
25/12/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

25th Decmber The Day Special

Today the day special
To write love for
All man good or evil
Beast or animal
Insects or entrepreneurs

Today the day special
Not to think hate or habitants
Today the Jesus took birth
On this surface where
We stand with full risk
To carry our own grave

Him we nailed with logic
To keep our ethical balance
Today we about to nailing ourselves
With the logic considering profit
In our favor and ethics to weaving rivalry

Returns the cruelty we applied
Achieving the ruin by destroying ourselves
No problem yet the today is special
To think big
To attain the dream of big
And
At least to love our dear one
On condition who will never
Disobey my liking and my position
The day special not for our cry
Special for Him who took birth
And nailed whom for fear to loose
Our own estimated supreme power...

Pranab k c
25/12/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Before The Dawn

My paws trembles the silence
Agony the name of those bloody killers
Who planned to take revenge against big
Keeping the barrel on comedian's shoulder

Its the right time to click the highest button
No disguised well wisher would be shown any more
Simply the straight will create scenario of devastation

Left and right the bogus malfunctions
Enough eligible to make a no on the map
Once again the story by Once upon a time
Beginning to be written again by unnamed storyteller

And my paws never takes pause to stand
Against or for any hegemony dictated by the lord
Better blow out the pictures of existing trauma
By the the name of any country or any callous heroism
Pumped by the other lords always thinks themselves
The symbol of civilized certainty of human device
Nowhere limited or no such banned against appearance

At this quarreling arena it is better to leave
Leave the jungle for extinguishing human race...

Pranab k c
22/12/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Night

night looms an apron
night seeks a hide under
night creeps as creeper waste to beautify
old building and earrings of unnamed beloved

why don't ask me
ask me how its speed of achieving the cover
night feels horrified
shocked and shivering with certain achievement
we cramped with bells of destiny

a voice low behind calls me to love
a voice low but warm
voice but unseen the origin
always from those beginning days
the days of knocking the hell I remember
follows me to catch in the trench
never I step any forward to hold its string
heaven I feel much more than hell with flesh
the fever escalates me high
high with no end

night the lonely weaver
alone looming that apron I know
I myself every an each thread being and being
loomed just to cover the whole universe
as it was before the first dawn
on and on this this creeping surface

Pranab k c
20/12/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Pain It Breeds

Voice just awaiting
No any defeat or win
Awaiting just to listen
The bell to ultimate ruin

Beginning we know
Know you, me and others
But where to end
no one knows

Dawn appears as usual
Dark appears different
Since dark we could make
Dawn the heavenly bliss

Voice awaiting a sensation
To blow with the storm or strangling

Pranab k c
14/12/2022



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Pleasure Writing

nowhere it feel the right place
to keep this little needle
little but vibrant with life and death
little but its height gets so tall
know all the tailor
life is so high expand its extravagant range
its importance, dominance,
its power to create more life
more deaths it could breed officially/unofficially
a little needle could play a final role
to erase out such a life from the canvas
and this time when I oscillate needle and life within
air gives a pleasant touch of cold
needling silently my body to tell
winter the season though cold not so angry!

Pranab k c
14/12/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Amalgamation

Madam Blue
I think your
Blotting presence
I feel very poor
When everything
Embrace my joining
Nowhere your breath
Breeding height
Anger and emotion
Not prating my deviation

Madam Blue
I fond of your fathom
Untitled
Unorthodox
But brilliant touch
Heart never miss
To execute passion

Pranab k c
07/12/2022

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

You And Me

simply thought
nothing could be
if you sanction permit
but literally when
touched your orbit
feel reluctantly
nothing could I think
if not you within

Pranab k c
07/12/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Whistle

It was not me
Who forgot
To Read
The cry

It was not me
Who tried
To translate
The pain
One possessed

It was me
Who many times
Engaged to find
Th track
For his own
To move alone

Pranab k c
26/11/2022



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Igo Vs Igo Is War

We are powerful
We are more powerful
We are most
We are super
We are...

Blessings of civilization
Blended with curse of destruction
As human nature consist of
Love, hate, domination and brutality

War going on
All the sides civilized, educated and
Over-conscious with their freedom
And rights and wealth and resources
And none bother any interference
Other of other approach to hold
The key to stop these nuisance
For why the race civilized human race
Could reach the point to be extinguished

Igo vs igo
Profit vs profit
Dominating status vs status dominating
Much power vs more power
But almighty alone laughing loudly perhaps
Creations again challenging creator
Time bound childrens are acting
As timeless superspreader
Could and obviously could by
Accidental priority begin
Civilization other of other being
And nothingness

Pranab k c
27/11/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Desired Debris

ecliptic arena and a dead kitten
your dream to illustrate zed darkness
explanatory amalgamation reconsiders
while cows are awake or heaven cracked
with butchers cruelty of skilled hand
to distract ailment always pelting caution
necessarily not required under blazing sun
and in catastrophe put a stone on those hands
before creating a fascinating charm of eradication

Pranab k c
26/11/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Not To Provoke

knocked doors
if back silence
keep patience
try to gallop
thoughts irrelevant
whom tried
to exchange
warm and solitude
whom tried
to share
questions long
undecided
regarding
universe and we
exactly where from where
the journey begins and ends
exactly why this awake and sleep

if when move back to return
if voice harsh but not painted
vibrate once with the name
never forgive scoundrel nerves
thrashing with heart beats
one more to kick back the chaos
a deep concern they drawn by words
also
and also you standing alone
to embrace even the death
to touch its extreme end

if
if
and if knocked doors speechless
long...

Pranab k c
26/11/2022

Primary Lessons You Missed

Never try to remember
My childhood days
If you ask me why
Simply the reason will tell you
Moments always make me a new one
In the waves of time infinite
No scope of moving back
This time me would be transformed
The moments after of another me

When I see you nostalgic
Think of your future arena
Where and how would you
Try to make yourself illuminate
With the coming unknown

I know very much a truth lied there
I know the law of transformation
I know once unfit feet tried to stand
Holding the support somewhere
But never try to move back
Wide expansion of unexposed with a hurry
Will appear soon to kick back my present

And if you think shocking shudders
Which are closed never it does mean
Happenings are paralysed within the closed
Stopped blocked dumb
You should be pardoned for your ignorance
Past always mobilising the beauty of passing time
The way to future and the stand of present
It organises with cool hand where child days
And its pancreatic screaming transformed silently
Struggle to keep existence emerges
Mingled with dream and desires of exposing oneself!

Pranab k c
22/11/2022

The Noble Work Indeed

I can't follow the steemed dates
to declare as the special items
for social reasons

such as lunatic day
day for prostitute
Butcher's day or
the day for falllen people

please pardon me
I can't follow your announcement
and can't write for that reason
noble poets are those who can follow your
daily achievment to erect a day for the fors
pardon me please the genious elits whose
professional work is to select the day for special
community on the soil of salty substances

I can't follow the daily orbit for moving the globe
to display its manly service for the humankind!

Pranab k c
19/11/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Two Faced Weapon

silence many times
the poor's concern
the weak's concern
the incompetant's concern

silence bears different meaning
in this regard and whenever
you try to catch its improper
priority in rare concept of chaos

silence disappears to locate
the loneliness inside one's own credibility
of burning alone
of paining alone
of stretching alone
the seconds
minutes
hours
from an ocean of time infinite

so dig silently the grave
to hide from the shadows of success
to hide the ecstatic immitations
of joy without expanding the soul alone

and the catastrophe never becomes
the lord of the power speed and strength
since silence plays its string finitely
to steer the extreme esteemed time and breath

Pranab k c
14/11/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Far A Fog Ahead

Lines almost broken
Canvas crooked
Paintings yet being drawn
Brushes are simply firehead devastation

Never think you silent peeper
Nature dumb only carries the blueprint of future
Already it pours snow on the event
Cold and dark and suffering and death
The objects planted grammatically with cruelty
Brutality acts the high power to expose a defeat
Not of X or Y, it's strictly the defeat of humanity

The advancement of human intelligence
Digging the grave to return in nature as was in cave-age
Just more the night you have got dear lookers
Enjoy and witness our achievement and then

Whistle blows to wind up all wings
Since air hangs thick with cry and screaming....!

Pranab k c
02/11/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

So Sweet

lunacy the determining parameter
a poet or any creative personality
lives alone to speak ones own

social people basically live on howling
can't bear the silence, chaos their first choice
and when something or some other
can't they judge by their primary measuring tape
lunatic the only word they get pleasure
to put the label against that personality
not like themselves and not like known animals
two footed react like the other fellows
of their own community

at last identified the lunatic they consider
to carry the known neighborhood, it'e a pity

Pranab k c
23/10/2022



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Disaster Awaits

debris of human knowledge
helplessly asking the race
your achievement your progress
if fabricated to be extinguished
why for generation after generations
demanding their greatness
among other animals

better claws and teeth
be bloodstained
better you give the straight access
nature will guide your track
knowledge you proved simply ashes
smokes of higher thoughts
simply eloping time esteemed
and powergame gambling to buy destiny

debris of human knowledge
hangs on the tip of nuclear head
'whether alive or dead
no existence at all' uttered long ago
the philosopher you know better than me

Pranab k c
07/10/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Never Becomes Frustrated

What a lie not always a lie
Somewhere some other places
With someone or someother
It becomes truth or partially true

Who here moves as a dead fellow
Put him other place or in other ambience
Stimulation could trigger its longing

Truth many times not the truth
Hypocrisy and hegemony become the strength
To hallucinate all your admittance

Stigma of tormented soul actually begs always
Everywhere in every inch of globe and beyond
A trench to rest in peace and belief
Love becomes a safe passage hard to excavate
So man your identity hacked to substitute
You with an animal as your tenacity to attain human life
Never comes true to your choice and freedom

Lie so not always lie
As truth not true at all
Filters are lost by storm of greed
Stay and only stay to pass a lifetime
Much and much is that catastrophe of a journey!

Pranab k c
17/09/2022

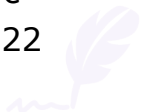
Pranab K Chakraborty

Strange Strangles

Who hunts my flavor
Who strands my favor
Who culminates the spring
That is you you and you
Unidentified
Unknown
Unvanquished a simple trance

Sleep never catches its string
Dream never its fly
Arrogance only a cute tunnel
If and if refuse hanging habits
Clinging with nothingness
A whole sense of a meaningless whole
Holifying the beauty of stretching wings
Hidden inside beyond the passion and paranoia!

Pranab k c
17/09/2022



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Conversation Fallacy

a bird comes everyday
to talk to me
immitate I that intonation
language to me of other world
perhaps bird also feels
a state of lonliness
when conversation
with unknown of other origin
the only way
to make ourselves brilliant
in making the self involved
no problem heaven or earth
hell or hallucination
involvement the prior condition
to demonstrate our existence

bird sucks my solitariness
I entertain its musical tune
To communicate with other
livings of earth or of heaven
problem stands when time
becomes long to establish
our demand of having the
transcriptions of each other

one time bird becomes helpless
and fly away spreading their wings
other time I feel unnecessary immitation
since our languages are different
and very much hungry to handle
the rational uncertainty to ratify
the languages of others

Pranab k c
03/09/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Strictly Political

Democracy not the personal
Property of the ruler alone
When it happens
Strictly called it the autocracy

Just to keep hold the power
When the ruler uses all its strength
Comprising with money, muscle,
Barrels and power levers of all level
Whether in law or security institutions
Fascism unfolds its nature as dictator

Democracy never bears such circus long
Social anarchy with desperate thrush
From somewhere within the territory
Emerges as the straight fight
Against institutional unlawful motivated laws
When commonly implemented
By the name of transparency

Counter offence slowly but inevitable
Began to capture more or less
Democratic common peoples sympathy
And at a point of hate and distrust over the ruler
Wild wave of storm bravely dismantle
Imposed fear and fabricated superiority

Idea of democracy resides in the peoples heart
Idea of democracy never depends on power of sword
Idea of democracy does not bother the speech of mind
But the performance even in the critical layer
Where exposed needs and requirements
Fuelling the future to overcry the ruling and the rulers!

Pranab k c
02/09/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Toxic Dilemma

If you say no
Anger would not make me crazy
But if say impossible
My trousers could be thrown
In the wind in search of a saxophone

Perhaps astonished
To find the relevance
Yes is the right tune
I could sing in this turn

Opposing the arrogance
Whenever we run in quest of certainty
Hangs from behind a hollow whole
Pits are never measured
In fact beyond our mathematical capability
Only a Not always sounds
From the depth of derived time

If you say yes
My vomiting urgency
Could erect your refusal
And it is quiet white to stand alone
Further to meet our demand
Colorful, drowsy and divine
To its extreme tolerance
As if we landed just
From the unique hole of the dark
Pleasant and placid with rupture

Torrential my journey
Through the twilight
Absorbed with the dream of
Tragical trance of a whim
To lose the known idiocy of life
To be rounded encircling regular legacy
Where life means to cross a graveyard laughingly

But failed to hold the track

But failed to identify myself a lunatic
But failed to show my charitable diplomacy
Again and again time gone away
Snatching my esteemed creeping coolness

O my dear heart
Here no bugle dictates war to follow
The catastrophic serenade
O my dear heart
I am not captivated by any illusive delirium
Yet the lonely arena
Brings repeatedly a mystic battlefield
Me and my me fighting together to achieve
A sign of meaningfulness
Life callously carries so much brutality
The chaos of so much hunger and hangovers!

Pranab k c
20/08/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Flag Fallacy

India fought against British imperialists for long
Violence and non-violence were then fighting strategies
Some segment of Indian society kept themselves aloof
Raising different causes which gone in favor of Britishers
Their stupidity and betrayal used by the foreign ruler
'Divide and rule' policy they applied to bent the spine of
The struggling peoples unity to achieve the mission 'Free India'
That's a long history I'll not try to illustrate here

Remarkably Indian people of different colors creeds
People of different races and religions fought together
To get their Motherland free from the chains of outsiders
Offering blood and life of millions of Indian people
They were of Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Sikhs and others
At last win over the British ruler and drive them away from India
But tragically before living the country they cut and distributed
Some portion of a sovereign land with the support of
Those betrayers and short-headed segments of
Religious community who served Britishers
And strictly they were the misinterpreter of history
And the worshipers of hatred towards other community

In independent India many times they had been banned Previously by the state
authority but under disguise of
Mainstream political Identity they have captured the state power
And now using the state machinery by all means to establish
That British ruler's policy 'Divide and rule' again by community

Sarcastically they have taken an agenda officially on the eve of
75th Independence Day to hang and exhibit National Flag
On every house of the country and shops and institutions
Just to demonstrate none is anti-Indian (unofficially)
In the plea of patriotism and it's happening when economically
Peoples of the country suffering from the anti-people policies
Rather the policies random taking in favour of the Industrialists
Profit-making all the Government industries, financial institutions,
Means of all the state-run travelling industries, internal lands, Forests all are sold
already, no subsidised essential services
The common people depend to exist are sold

Fuel cost, Gas cost naturally gone beyond commoners reach
Essential everyday goods, food grains gone high with taxes
But little number of businessman and industrialists
Competing each other to be the Number one rich in the world
Such our 75th independence day to demonstrate our patriotism
Buying synthetic flag from the market we have to hoist
To show we are not the anti-Indian (unofficially) !

Pranab k c
14/8/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Blue Yet The Arena

silent a space it needed
to keep the bag behind
what more could one carry
at the time of final departure

simply silent a space it needed
to think the disaster of staying long
circled while unnecessary one acquired
experienced a lot to cover the time infinite

only the finite
one drew by sleeping smooth
deep and dreamless
abandoned a mutiny within
to avoid the soul what speaks
not by hearing

space to sleep again dictating
tomorrow not to follow the order
coming and going with ceaseless harmony

what more one could demand
before digging a trench
to hide all the passions
never fulfilled
not even required properly
just to stick oneself busy
with the track passed by
serious and thoroughly
bypassing hope greed and hegemony

Pranab k c
31/07/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Toxic Trance

beated roughly
to bent willessly
pinned brutally
to extract pain
yet and again
recaptured strength
when heart betrayed

actual affinity
condemned crush
as though life arose
petals to blow its aroma

Pranab k c
14/07/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Gearless Journey

gearless journey knows no stop
no brakes ever made to obstacle this speed
just began consciously or accidentally
dreams of parents activated
through physical game the sinful sanctity
seeds thrown with rage and laughter
journey begun
abstract became loyal to glorify expansion
as soon as
as soon as
the system took all these ecstatic excursion
as a challenge begun the speed and reliability
to consider life as a whole an uncertain circus
end not enlisted only beginning keeps the record

Pranab k c
14/07/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



Poet Awakes

Moon plays piano
Rain the drummer
Solitude a lone flutist
Again joined in concert
When you can't find
The meaning of living
Night glows with bright darkness

Pranab k c
10/07/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Ukrain 2022

A country about to be rubbed away
From the map on the tip of missiles
Yet earth brooding over mathematics
Darkness looming a fabricated net
Fishes of various interest swimming aimlessly

Pranab k c
10/07/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Good Earth Reveals

Long ago Pearl Buck wrote Good Earth
Time replicates the reality with creative imagination
Sri Lanka, the burning sample
Shows us the same strength of people as it illustrated
In literature long time ago

Emphasizing the word 'long time' you see
Just to depict not the technological advancement
But the hunger the key word always dominates
Time and journey of the civilization

If you forget this simple truth the very powerful ruler
Sorry to say you satisfying your personal greed
No love for those people you represent
Who depend on your wise supremacy

Palaces now smelling the sweat come out of anger
Palaces now being brushed up with foot dust
Of those commoners for whom you took oath to serve them
Time the witness never forgives the betrayers

Pranab k c
10/07/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Engraved Catastrophe

along with other animal and insects
nature made man to expand and enlarge
her creative variety

wide expansion of soil and earth
planet and stars were given to expose
intellectual and artistic aroma of human nature

given strength to struggle against adversity
given loyalty and compassion for fellow feelings
so many tracks it scattered with different ways and strictures

and lastly nature reserved an event to cool oneself
strictly standing facing ones own existence
peace and tranquility the ultimate treasure
she kept to herself and a hidden way to attain
that ultimate she engraved a knock through
thoughts providing quest for the origin

man couldn't decipher the blinking arrogance
the soul dictates the heart to motivate infinite
through all the shapes and shadows of finite diggings

transformed variety of human credibility
becomes the domination and brutal superiority
now the symbol of civilization which quietly forgot
nature the grand guardian yet who brings after
the whole narrative of clear catastrophe no other else
she herself will draw to make the end of its creation

Hi, boss, never forget man doesn't create the universe
rather all the animals insects plants stars and ocean
the byproduct of the universal journey of nature herself
alone and alone she designed and projected the whole entity

human brain not any exception to destruct own residence
people of own race though caste creed color religion different
language behavior ritual festival may different be
but the whole never allow any hole to patch the eternity

just to initiate an isolation by standard and dignity

very much fool man dug its grave by hating others as inferior
now hangs on the tips on its strength symbolizes nuclear gravity
bullshit better come quick to dance a bitter stop to enjoy
singularity as a self-esteemed egoist stupid

nature ready to accept all dust and destiny of own creatures

Pranab k c

27/06/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Storm Allows Not To Stand

Beauty now backed by buttons
Beauty the abstract no more to attain
Beauty now blow away with pain
Sufferings dominates beauty
To illustrate reality before diminishing
Human race from and on the globe
With its proud civility

Butterflies get pleasure showing designer unseen
But we playing all to demonstrate seen
Whether it of beauty or brutality... a long debate
Brain can't isolate any string to capture
A strong soil to stand alone a war to fight within

Pranab k c
21/06/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Comedian's Choice

Not yet tired of ignoring sovereignty
Witnessed already the skeleton of territory
Yet not care of injuries of heart to smell the deaths
Freedom not the achievement
Only a shady begging the choice to sacrifice
Peoples and property of a land of great cultural tradition

Forgive my passion not to be a successful man
I was obedient to my duty my boss empowered me
Have done it and also committed to do it till my end
Forgive me not because I am not bent to be the loser
I was programmed a robot to obey the order
My destiny often dictate to make some untruth promise
Know the limit of those dry sounds which carry no meaning

Pranab k c
18/06/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



Animal Instinct

Such was the sailing
No water was there
No boat was there
Simply a goat offered
Its back to sail a dogma
And strictly it was religious
And strictly it was of majorities
Who enjoyed the howling

Such was the sailing
Destination blocked
No choice of achieving
Only to erase time
During the regime to dictate
Terror and hate while others seeking
Food to meet the hunger
Sailor showed us the masculinity
Power to bulldoze
Power of selling
Power to establish
Lunatic superiority

Sailing was such the pride
Anyone could buy by investing
Obedience and loyalty!

Pranab k c
13.06.2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Strategical No-Poem

If you be the if and your ifs go circling your if yes or if nos only a purpose simply predict these ifs are nothing but nothing these ifs make always a sense of if-ness or no if down the way to back again on the cockpit where if you or your ifs appeared to demonstrate a tangible if around the time touching the ifs of yours and no ifs of non existed variation of if-tical beauty

Pranab k c

07/06/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Ethically Unethical

A needle
Sufficient
To kill
A man

All they know
This truth
Quiet well

Yet and yet
Capturing and
Non-capturing
Blatant those dilemma
They push
The race
Devastating
The arena
For human to breath

Best of our time
The swing we learnt
Dark to light
Light to dark
Same the coin
Though
Surface different

Pranab k c
02/06/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Lie Of Jurisdiction

He loves nothing
But hunger to satisfy

He loves nothing
But a space to stand closely
With wind

He got hands
To hi the sweet heels
Yet he feels alone

Because speechless his tongue
Never seen brutal such shouting
When one cry
Out of unwilling grinding

Pranab k c
02/06/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Catastrophic Caterpillar

Sky trembles with fear
Trembling trauma escalating embryos
Not to attend their flight for human world
Underground cocks getting extravagant hegemony
Raining anger and rage just to embarrass
The folk they came out once through the cave
Once when the dark dominated the canvas
Below the beseeching human cry
Behavior becomes morbid as if death not the den
Stupid derivement from space from peace and beauty
Articulating the credibility of human brain....

'Missing, missing' louding the bastards
When balls of fire spinning all breaths from surroundings
Cares not the posted strangler achieved his duty
As the slave in far future did in historic events
Low the flows of life hangs from pumping ground
Never expected such adamant obedience
From the crook
By the crook
For the loyalty preconditioned
Affixed as obligatory with performance

Now nowhere the vagrant simply creeping
Showing hands full of gunpowder
Gravy of habitats blood and flesh
Setting with settlements of lie and treachery
Gradually embedding grave of human race
At least for those who gave him the right to dictate!

Pranab k c
23/05/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Straight To Tavern

Shut your eyes
When time passes away
River with clarinet
Conerting long
To make you dive
Before the last man
From bar table
With soothing memory
Always chanting a name
Who refused his bargain

Wind escalates a garden outside
No foot stop listening from dark
As if waves quiet silent to captive
Signing thrills carrying you by mistake

Pranab k c
09/05/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Strategic Point

It's time
To hide
Inside deep bush
Hunters
Searching human flesh

If
No ways are left
Just come
To allow
The earth a shaking

Remind that
If you can't change yourself
As a hunter
Then only the alternative
Make yourself
To be hunted
By others !



PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
08/05/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Possession

Nail long
Always finds
Surface smooth
Flat or curve
To scratch
While fingers
Crazy enough
To hold
A whole hemisphere
To grip
And to grab
As far as summer
Fixed with heat and warm

These easy trend of river
Quiet flows without considering
Any reason of life, death and destiny
Simply grip
Grab
Grind
Surface to minimize existentiality !

Pranab k c
27/04/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Dawn As I Dreamt Last Night

lamposts stand to glorify darkness
highway runs blunt to condemn destination
and fields both sides sharing the song of wind
as was the canvas when I passed the war field
between this and that

they told not to move
they told to destroy own skeleton
stars yet abandoned all the meticulous liason
glimpsed so loud
brighter my face at last brushed with solitude
stood alone where I was told not to stand

before starting to show their maniac firing skill
a duplicate me appeared somewhere from unseen
kicked their back to hold a free hand for mutiny
and thus I proclaimed ny winning singularity
simply by cheating their guns

what could be my next action
could you imagine my God
surpised I when they took their last pray
to minimize my whereabouts from the earth's rack
just below a squirrel only signalled
it was dawn and I should be proud of kicking capability
when time recalls the charm to vandalize enemy camp

grateful to lamposts which bent and broken
not to be allowed to doctrinise the essential paradigm

Pranab k c
31/03/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Apparently Nothing

Far was a cry
Fantastic arrogance
Shows the sea
Blinking a lamp
From the sky
To push my longing
Aside

Yet midnight it was
Yet lonely I lost
My destination
Once kept as a key
Inside my heart
But cry now the
Cockpit from where
I can draw again
That lineless
Colourless
The canvas white
Never one finds
During life-time

Blinking lamp
Arrogant sea
And me alone
Perhaps binded
with one thread
And opportunity
Of loosing oneself
One gets
Thousand times
In one birth
Since different ways
Never come close
To carry any bond
Except the death itself

Far cry could guess
Perhaps eliminates

Any toss to dictate
Winning or defeat
Exactly destined
By uncertain splash
To move or not move
By choice

Yet cry is cry
Lamp shadows a lamp
And I replicates
Human by properties
Physical
Chemical
And
Mental both
Which never meets
To extract the distraction!

Pranab k c
24/03/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Civilization Of Perversion

Civilized passion now proved
It desired to be hanged
At the tip of missiles
Sometimes it in Iraq
Sometimes in Syria
Sometimes in Afganisthan
Or in Ukraine
Materially passion creats
Some clauses
False or truth
Unnecessary to be justified
But killing peaceful people
Childrens, women and old
Destruction of pride of civilization
With massive attacks
Brings the pleasure of passionate
Fulfillment

Civilization which human species
Put their footprints as intelligent
Among other animals on the surface
Sometimes it needs to destroy
As society not at all human society
Wild animals roaming freely
In the disguise of human itself
So debrices the ultimate reward
While life cries to catch the roots
When memory speaks of absolute
Uncertainty and immatured death
The civilization displaying with ecstatic lunacy
Better you say
Perversion our highest reach to attain with
Specific torture and addiction
Following the path maintained by etiquette
And discipline!

Pranab k c
16/03/2022

Riddle

Now tell me
your spitting were lie
Now tell me
your springing were lie
Now tell me
your ecstasy was lie
And finally
now tell me
Your livingness was also the lie
Just waiting your dynamite ejaculation!

Pranab k c
22/02/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Should I Wait

And again spring appears to greet our longing!

Pranab k c
22/02/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Modern Cloud

Sometimes like to be normal as sunshine
Tragically find no place to open inself
Since complication polluted the whole civilization
Childs are no more honest to carry the heavens light
Seeking safehand always due to storming insecurity

Sometimes yet I stand beside water to observe transperency
Great fun think myself a clown since pollution begun from water
And at last blue is the last avenue at least yet to dip the breath
My beloved (confused yet have any object at all) your daily dribbling I like much
to joke yourself by severe jerking!

Pranab k c
22/02/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Choice The Best

If think it is finished
simply a crow you are
if think crows are idiot
you are different cat you are
and if think the thinking
a lunatic thinks this way
you are dead by heart

if think thinking is inevitable
plaything of living animal
you are simply a blackboard
and I with a chalkstick
have the every liberty
to write finishing always denotes
another beginning
may its shapes and shadows
be different but
transformation the extreme word
could be set against your crowship

so come and cry to come again
whatever means you apply
but warm and exhortion
human required to move sporadically!

Pranab k c
22/02/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Soft Words

bluish dream pours from destiny
desired chaos no more within the soul
a long long mast bears all our sufferings
where identity extinguishing rapidly
to blow away unwanted wind gathers
somewhere whether heaven or hell
trace not has been traced yet
simply shining aroma of human heart
always bugles a journey to meet infinity

a real puzzle is the life we got stitched
without thread and time unpredictable
lowering offerings of well formed words
speeches syntax and series of cacophonous
beauty absorbed by silence

dream...dream but blue everywhere
while in living or in crematorium
such a singular word reciprocating
all other achieved or achieving galaxy
a man during own time esteemed
busy to grasp grease for elbow and
and its final part end begins for
another ending

Pranab k c
17/02/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Paining Status

severe scarcity of lovable anxiety
absent from timezone
and a lizard looks for long
curiously
such fact of provoking farce
only you listen
a lizard simply the silent observer

Pranab k c
04/02/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



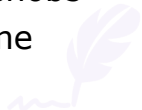
PoemHunter.com

Challenged Darkness

faint lamps
cracking dark afar
fishermen cottages
and forest
where awaiting
to meet the sea
again

friends on the beach
flaming and floating
with marijuana

ocean roars
as the hyper
snarl
just to delete
rocking chaos
civilized snobs
we become



PoemHunter.com

lone baul*
yet sings alone
as if
the other side of dark
blinking with
folk tune...

...what a majestic residence
have I built on hollowness
commoner yet disallow me
as homeless...

baul* and his
one string hand-instrument
breaking the silence
of darkness
where with bossing dominance
darkness
seems to show itself

to be eternal

not we all the objects
simply hanging
moving
disappearing
on the canvas of time
not our face-lines made of water
not we all the nothing but chaos
wide expansion of night and ocean
baul* challenged by sneering superiority...

...if you made me as a puppet
i also dictating your engagement
power-play your choice

i have learnt already
nothing is everything
and everything nothing
simply bubbles of time
waiting its destined burst...

Pranab k c
26/01/2022

N.B. baul* --- a special community of
folk-singers of Bengal,

Pranab K Chakraborty

Successor

Planned
To plant
White crime
Before long

Did it
Successfully
Earned beyond
Expectation

But story
Still moves
Dark resistance
Holding the rein

If death
The Final catch
Better condemn
To live day one more

If your crime
Rob our strength
Our earning
Our learning

Our crime
Committed
To dust you
From your root

Stand we together
To show you the surface
Under our feet
Signals your critical dynasty
Sailing towards the hell

Deciphered your Crime
White or dark
Ready to trigger

Your grave destiny!

Pranab k c

January,19,2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

Infringement Of Darkness

Be cautious before keeping your
intuitive atrocities once acquired
by committing the eligibility
of your enchanted diction of freedom speech
silent with the morbid eternity

Rather conscious explication of abnormal duality
better you serve for the cruel genre at the time
when reverse force of acquisition arrogantly
plays a comic role to modify the beauty to beast

Pranab k c
05/01/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Love My Nature

never told anyone the nasty discipline of derogatory observations which unnecessary to destroy all such obligations from high to low from ether to plasma from beyond to finite man-whole where life dives to catch a track for necessary elopement throughout a journey through drought and mist through blood and feast through drums and dump of unaccounted deaths

never told you any such hegemony or intense intention to dedicate oneself by means of thrust to keep a record in history or no-history horizon just to extinguish the lamp inside cold dark night of ignorance with innocence

simply a poor line of beauty all the pelicans wanted to draw with air to air where recognition of no-value but luminescence the prior resolution of its primary exposure to penetrate the material to ephemeral transition from real to unreal / unreal to reality for the necessity of making a stop

Pranab k c
05/01/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty

 PoemHunter.com

Lines Offering To Winter

Cold not yet your copy master
A brilliant touch of nature
Wants warm to cultivate
Through body and mind
Simultaneously telling
The hidden arena
To begin with story of recapturing
The ridiculous dynasty of the past
Which one lost in childhood days

Cold this time a brilliant method
To keep oneself tight with inner-self

Pranab k c
05/01/2022

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Long Your Beards

White glitters from your shame
Glitters white from your luminous shadow of presence
And white the creepers hanging from
unloaded cries of the helpless extras of time

If white your choice why hankering of devotion
Why the heavy shrines carrying such inclination
To exhibit the morbid sufferings people believe
To live a long bend days and nights for preaching
An idea of enchained love and lunacy

White your choice to hide your unburnt paradox
Probability better to make an extreme by confusion
Could preserve a meaning of temporal living
Yet crucified the manism should be the cloud
To rain throughout the drought of heart people crying
While the artificial rhetoric fanatically makes one overburdened

White ultimately is that ocean where no death or incarnation
Bothers any creepy empowerment to dictate human soul
To be a puppet... My Lord
How do you feel the difference!

Pranab k c
25/12/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Sound To Poem

Classically a sound could be sufficient
To form a poem
And this sense of beauty once I taught
When a baby kissed me with a heavenly thirst
Such reformation of human soul
Many times observed through different life and plants
Night deep when standing beside trees
A sound of fallen leaf carries the poetic soul
To an unknown journey build up with mystery
Sense of romance or fear could grab the extension
Poem is nothing more when a piece of white sheet
Someone stretches covering a body
Simply their soundless silence also transmits
The presence of poetic essence
May it be painful or unwanted yet sound of soundless action
Poetry keeps its long term burn to ignite poetic diction!

Pranab k c
07/12/2021



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Tragic Temptation

If it is me
you have to decide
whether or not
should sing those unsung
they tried but failed to nominise
their singularity through proper jurisdiction

If it is me
a reciprocate puzzle could
dissolve your dreams to be associate
with superior sanctity
affirmation not always dictate the
final presentation once ridiculed
by improper insurgency

If it is not me
annihilated reciprocation that replicates
your stormy incubation falls farce to the extreme
and dreaming deviation of testimonial variety
must fabricate a rhetoric which diligently inappropriate
to subscribe the subnormal whom you decided
to reject once by clarity of mismatching

If it is not me
obviously you are nothing
because law of reciprocity doesn't brief
any abnormal orientation made you so horny!

Pranab k c
07/12/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Phototropism

Masterly brazen the soil
you sucked
with audacious velocity to reach
a non-steamed burn

When eagerly eunuch
tried to restrain a small part
you kept with hovering hallucination
random rain poured bugling blinding galaxy

a hooker only observed the episode
without knowing the catastrophe
but hell that high soil
simply ground her by a tremor

Brazen soil mastered the art of profiling
emission of robust rattling
and you an microscopic insect
never knew the capacity of consuming
gracious and warm harrow of the time

Just look midnight yet awaits far to climb
the bond they stipulated by their birth right
no other way to skip its atrocity
yet and yet
you
a legend tried to embark the shadow of the past
bites are strong, hold the pain of penetration !

Pranab k c
17/11/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Genius Speaking

lifelong the man desired to be a man
and at the end realized life means
a simple summation of nothingness
here to there
there to here
always swinging hope and despair
always achievement and failure
ultimate a z-black attaining the whole
time infinite yet unpredictable...

Pranab k c
13/11/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Consciously Conscious Hypothesis

what does clean conscious mean no clear
unclean conscious always I interact to keep existence
clean conscious means as far I investigated
the conscious to make people fool by falsehood
when you the other day attended the family reunion
laughed enough to show your tolerance
but I know your depth was then in a deep cry
losing your happiness

clear conscious many times the reverse of conscious level
which nearing to cheat the ambience and environment
leader with clean conscious speaking new traps
to make people overwhelmed with hope and prosperity
clean conscious who loud much is a fraud
conscious means a lower state of truth wither you know
or innocent about the other states of propagating
the height of truth
so someone behave always as an unconscious
who knows nothing except the hunger

Pranab k c
07/11/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Crows No Subject To Digest

cowards those crows who can't build their nest
cowards those crows always wait to misguide others
cowards those cry which never penetrates valiant sky

Eliot marked their passion for patients
cuckoos yet defy their possession
frankly to speak crows when fly
observe silently their beak searching no pleasant
dirt awaits to be picked
crows the concert you glorify always
I near you to handle your arrogance!

Pranab k c
07/11/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Majestic Matchstick

silently snow washed my nails
told not to rebuke me
cold my nearest neighbor
always bear a long breath to inhale
hallucination my choice
and when heel slipped embraced the root
not any parasite
string hold even dominate stones
to keep tight with foot

snow then stole my respiration
kept myself shut with lips
and the blaze whispered its flame
wood who add her own fire
aflamed me to a stout lounge of poems

snow brought me that heaven
at least once when couldn't I trace my self
and borrowed wine from that glass
which she sipped before my frozen appearance...

Pranab k c
07/11/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Jingle

spanked from her untouched obscenity
perhaps the globe she wanted to kick
at a nightmare

it flashed like a thunder storm before any heat
unchained her beauty from the vessel she got
by parents done

at the mid-row of moon-burnt night
taking off all the logistic support I care much
to strangle unsupported emotions

yet can't ridicule myself
arrogant emotions made her fix
and after many nights a click they heard

stubborn but statutory warning always shows
NO ALTERNATIVE OF LOVE
otherwise die or catch hate to dig own grave!

Pranab k c
07/11/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Next To My Mother

and finally she ends her journey...
a relieving sigh the earth touched
with warm palms....

Pranab k c
31/10/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Beautiful Play

a night I spelt once
no dark seen ever a drop anywhere
a night I achieved once
no light seen even in the beyond
it is truth no to convince you
a night once I drew
with a circle named zero

perhaps I dreamt a night
not to purify myself but to blow
where night the word no meaning
where meaning doesn't bear any word

Pranab k c
31/10/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Loner Song

so many me(s) are within myself
so many colors, so many dimensions
everyday I compile all these to make
a final me

my days nights are distributed well
within all the scattered me somewhere pale
somewhere bright, noisy with crowd
clouds make one of me heavy with lightening threat
somewhere sweet melody makes one pleasant to fast
and finally a string hangs to rein the all me(s)

where I stand with a deathless spirit of eternity
and where my passion invading all adversity
to make one beam of light which reflects
the path to move with love!

Pranab k c
31/10/2021



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Simple And Straight

Wonders not so wonder to make believe the cosmic world follow your finger to keep and to not keep the beautified earth made by poets, artists, artisans, musicians by moments after moments

Wonders are simply wondering itself when man cry with hunger, helpless hopeless vagrant just to live and to become the shelter of dependents vacantly crossing the roads, the docks, the auction centers day after day with empty hands

Wondered wonder myself yet alive before you my boss whose boots are heavy to smash the idiots and vendors galloping through the way from time to timeless proximity!

Pranab k c
17/10/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Eternity

I know you the slut
Your expensive back smashed always
By crowd cacophonous dumbles
High lake heavy with swimmers
Different origin they dives from mountain
To achieve a stopper to dictate the moment
Before leaving the cockpit

I know you the galaxy you reside
I know your beyond living arena
And I know you a milky device
Always meet the demand of thirsty passive
Just hanging on your lap as emancipated wing
Nowhere to reach, nothing to sacrifice...

Pranab k c
17/10/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Lucid Juncture

Heaven howls to attract longing
While hell plays the single tune
Birds are vacant to look at the sky
Since sky scrolls its wide fall...

Pranab k c
17/10/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Children Mathematics

Once they did a mischief
No one gave any attention
Next time they did
Didn't get any punishment
And ultimately
They became criminal
And got the bullet to their chest
By others who practiced
The crime like them!

Pranab k c
17/10/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Chains No Dream

a green and soft ray
entered throughout the dream
to steer the whole story

better come close
sit beside the fire it burns
night as a whole
bells are stop
and deaths waiting soundless
come to carry the ignition

if undone feel the pride
that leaf from somewhere else
blew to catch the sense of greenery
as if all we try to grip a mighty dawn
but chains sing high to blow you a dash
random or ceaselessly a stream of favor
our prime condition and so dark never gets
any chance to blow desired destination

Pranab k c
29/09/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Living Agenda

wherever you go clips are radiant
never to forget ruining trauma
you deserve to cut the hole to nothingness

extreme believer only knows the doctrine
to follow towards eternity otherwise
clips of sunny days simply sands the morbid
where project of embankment falls dry
to suck such agony lunatic or melancholic

better crash by own hand the rubbish
life dumps by the shadows of happiness
and keep straight a road to pass by
where it ends no concern
concern strictly the journey...!

Pranab k c
29/09/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Now Live On Sounds

and all the sounds
sail with silent waves
anchors nowhere
but you dreamed a prophet
whose finger
ruling the time indefinite and infinite

believe or not
words form of sounds
now carry senseless meaning
or senses for the killers or rapists of brokers

please create a new encyclopedia
for the new words to communicate
which utters the truth at a certain level!

Pranab k c
12/09/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



The Earth

how could I repay the debt
to my earth
who has given me a wide range of forest,
expanded ocean,
a sky full of stars at night to brood,
wind unaccounted and light of eternal source
which never been extinguished
when I crawl to grasp a negligible longing

how could I
how could I repay
the debt O Earth
my only womb to nourish all ideas
of rectifying own self as well as to share
with other habitats

just think a king naked but dignified
with the option of making a heaven or hell
every inch burns himself as a straw in the dark

Pranab k c
12/09/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

You, The Origin

none except you
accepted the discourse
to fool yourself
by tormenting
these auto-generated
intelligence
belongs to the species
who challenged
your own identity

nowhere to hide
the shadows of fallen repentance
nowhere to keep
the single drop of frozen agony
alone
and your exposed beauty
which sprinkles to deviate
self-searching trance
to stabbing breath
never satisfied by sacrificing
desires to bone ash

you the horizon
last to para-drop blindfolded
from expectation to authority less
a night zone no stars anywhere
lights banished within darkness!

Pranab k c
07/09/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Crown Me Please

how long miles still to go
before funeral blots the diction
life own implanted with pleasure and passion
perhaps forgotten the ending tune
to alarm itself

nights not alone
beside shadows of days crawling
with painful agony just to glorify
life's hierarchy but alas
a nice drip of eternal melody
generates melancholy to the generations!

Pranab k c
01/09/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Feeling Sad For Him

what's his ultimate desire taking a land of culture and capability to save a civilization.

what's his ultimate choice to grab and grip the civilians of various vibrant color creed and community of different religion

just beside the line of control aggressive tremor of triggering terror unhiding their conservative track to capture a nation and standing at this critical juncture of time what's his ultimate decision to combat this situation heavy with howling hazards

speaks a lot hiding the problems to face his main deformity perhaps unnoticed when the jesters surrounded him never focused his ultimate disability to be a ruler and ultimately it seems his grave awaits and it depends whether own choice or awkward back push will make him to meet he deserves!

Pranab k c
15/08/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Guard Becomes Broker

Begged the post to be the
Guard of the country
People admitted and sanctioned

But became the broker very soon
By the name of guarding
Spontaneously selling all the treasures
Day by day

People bewildered recovering from shock
Planning again for the back kick and to sell
With the all associates
Whom they can serve as bonded slaves !

Pranab k c
30/07/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Poet And Prosperity

along and alone the path
he crosses miles long
along and alone the path
he suffers and suffocating much
but never he stops
stopped the adverse waves
of hatred blown by rejections
from society
from own people
from time and tender affection

yet sun never stops to show its glory
not the moon majestic light of the universe
and accepted by those divine power and mystery
he forgot to anchor his destiny on any flowery spasm

he the never ever bent the human soul
emancipated and lives rejecting death of every step
he himself the destiny of own life engraved by choice...

Pranab k c
30/07/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Ambiguity

Definition never be the doctrine
Rather doctrine sometimes
Craving for definite rationality
As you means not any angel
But angel sometimes want to be
A 'You'!

Pranab k c
07/07/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Wild Game

Conceptually the woman is blunt
But her pervert appeal of wild hunger
Drugs the passion to fascinate warm
And shamelessly when opportunity permits
A track whistles to play that screaming game

If your obsessed desire crowned by social legality
Keep yourself shut with the cage you prefer
But never try to stamp any unjustified sticker
To the game they play with thirst and thrashing roughly...!

Pranab k c
07/07/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Nothing To Be Achieved

Many ways we discussed loudly
Many ways we decided to sacrifice ourselves
Many ways we never try to attend
Yet ways are not any dilemma
We the magnificent species
Called human
Always our intelligence
Makes ourselves sceptic
Sometimes with a short run
Sometimes with no run
We simply draw a catastrophe
By analyzing ways lead us to nowhere
Fallacy and human child are reciprocate
Once told an eccentric whom we knew
As a philosopher of foot...!

Pranab k c
07/07/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Please Yourself

Past is always delicious
To smell and to sleep with
A cool lap in the scorching
Heat of dominating summer
Whenever pain suffers the present
Take a delicious dish to satisfy
The whole existence

Did you feel it ever
If not just try to follow the way
A poet passes the time!

Pranab k c
07/07/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Lost In Fog

and again when fog erased the known canvas standing amidst the unknown
surroundings uncertainty dictated its dynasty to follow wherever the steps lead to
move may it be
the dense fall or sudden hit with the hard or blushed lips to embrace heat to miss
forever beyond the known horizon no meadows no crematorium graveyard not
any heaven or hell simply embraced sculptures fixed for eternity if any beyond
human brain...

Pranab k c
18/06/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Happening

simply at night
blinked a little
and disappeared
where no crowd
no dust
no variety of choosing lunacy
faded away as memory
fades moments after moment

simply the night
alone the witness
me not any entity
but my desire
destined me to untrack
from conventions

and happily when remind
the shadow
again the blinks get its eternity

Pranab k c
18/06/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Caustic Cacophony

save ambush
to get access
inside the own self

it's a tough journey
whether feel or not
whether sleep or in dream
ambush required
just to concrete
the ultimate jerk to penetrate
no other choice
admitted by nature itself
refuse
refuse
and refuse...

Pranab k c
18/06/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Choices Confused

Little but teeth were poisonous
Always ask to feed it flesh
Never uttered which flesh
Prefer much to satisfy taste organ
Man or other animal
No message at ramp
Seen to glorify the coming end!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Puzzling Awakening

All they knew
Sky would never be green
Knew they all
Yet at the night so deep and dark
Someone cried loud you see
A miraculous stream of light
Crossing our field and household
Erased out every possibility of emerging
Its sky towering head
Again and again longing any dawn

All they knew sky would never be vanished
Yet questions arose if we are nowhere
Who will measure the color and strength
Frequency and wavelength of temporariness

In fact blue or green not any catastrophe
Ultimate yet beyond our waking trance!

Pranab k c
09/06/2021



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Finite On Infinite

Time infinite
But you
A finite moving doll
Designed
Created
And controlled
By outside unseen

Your growing
And diminishing
Phases are programmed
Whether you revolt
Or howl to dominate
Over the extreme ultimate
Also the child will laugh
Measuring your ignorance

Rather try to unfold
The feathering sky
Spreading blue passions
Whether stay or not
Moments you touch
Touch with loving beauty
To all the surroundings
A doll moves to play to interact
To acquire existing credibility
But remember the uncertain
Chasing always your step to track
When and how the inner cell
Will get dry no one knows
Except time and the trap
Where imprisoned self
Calibrating a mark
To send you beyond the doll-self
Emancipation where embarked!

Pranab k c
07/06/2021

Lost A Birth

Last night I lost 14 lines
A poem finished
But didn't put
With right order
To fix with my page
While unaware of keeping
The required track
Logged me out

No where got again the trance
To rebuild the artistic essence of thought
Through words knitting with moments

Lost I lost
A poem bred
But Can't save the coffin

Pranab k c
07/06/2021



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Love Illicite

Unframed her covered arrogance
A mischief peeped through black hole
As I not any divine showpiece
Lastly consumed the last bite to click
Unfinished track meet at that crossroad
None could get the escape without attending
The grand feast one dreamed of obscene warm
To burn and to be burnt with crazy digging!

Pranab k c
06/06/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Desired To Be Light

Dunglu dances on shiny ribs
Draught patches along the path
Poignant threat crippling spring
Sandbank quashes with sparks

Wondered eyes nymph stares
Fear clouds triggering joy
Guessing arrogant ruining height
Shattering blockades planking traps

Dunglu crabs rocky hills
Ripples easy streamy crease
Blowing blushed airy banks
Dunglu splashing stony tread

Decaying not vibrant crowd
Simply path robbed by foot
Emerges high crashing ribs
Hiding chin that thirst-bound!

N.B. Translated from own Bengali poem
by poet himself.

Pranab k c
01/06/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Beard Fallacy

Logic sets controversial examples
Always to defuse the man of logic
Such as
It shows goats have long beard
And saints also bear the beard
Why saints not called as goat
Or, goats may not be called as saint

Actually conflict and confusion
The way our nature satisfies ownself
Throughout the existence of our
Intelligence and talent by these excellence
And some others busy to make
It a business material to keep others stupid

Though it's established
Goat has beard
And saints also bearded
It does not mean
Goat and saints are equal

Pranab k c
20/05/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Ridiculous Hypocrisy

and when he came to know
all the bogus await to stand
by his side
simply one night he blotted
all the nights from his own
dailiness and shouted silently
pointing at the sky
addressing the little blinking
'next time would value the animals
rather than the human and
next time the beauty of eternity
would be erased from wisdom'

we can't guess any other shouting
but a passage he opened for all
except two-footed human animals!

Pranab k c
20/05/2021



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Fatal Dodges

Love is a senseless validation of longing
Departing strictures without any significance
Valued it a high costume to dictate the staying

Truly stand simply once facing yourself
And realise the obscenity of loving alibi
What it actually means can not be transmitted
Through any senses, love decides senseless occupancy
Where to where none know its limit only glimpses
Resembles stars at night sky

Validation of lunacy in other sense marked by love
Since love never expects any return
Tolerates not any pre/pro condition
And when someone finds love it means
Wants to win on gambling board to possess
And to dominate, love validates such senseless immigration
From passion to passions...!

Pranab k c
10/05/2021



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Poet Never Dies

A metaphysical learning
Got throughout my growing time
A POET NEVER DIES

Literally and from materialistic
Point of view it's the truth
And truth by its every inch

The personality proves himself
Relevant with every pain and pleasure
His presence with Bengali people
Wherever they live or struggling to exist

Rabindra Nath
Not a name
Rather
A Lighthouse amidst the ocean of dark....

Pranab k c
09/05/2021



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Sweet A Dream-Break

Never told you
The ecstatic vibrant
Disguised own-self
To distract its ignition
From our stormy exposition

Never told you
We the challenged villains
Strategically immunizing ourselves
By thousands of ifs and buts

Truly those vagrant
Who detected themselves
As monarch of the rest of surface
Now lying under the sky with pinned feet
Never told you

Simply a passion of love
Always haunts to hide our secret tail
Which you followed
Throughout the day and night

And at last a tired bye you encrypted
On a silent leaf to blow forever in the mist
And believe me a poet can't hold him/herself
When the question of embankment
Arises at the near or far river beyond any reach

Never
Never
Never....

Pranab k c
08/05/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Suicide Note

Come my dear
Come to close my passion
Come to turn a new page
Come and call my name
As your last station
To leave before earth

Otherwise rain will sweep away
All our helpless tryings
To show our supremacy

Pranab k c
23/04/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

India And Ass-Hero

Disguised ass sometimes acts
To project himself
As the human hero
Which now it happens
In recent history of India

And we the common Indians
Enjoy the lunacy of
Such erotic arrogance
And ultimately blocks
The access of blunt idiot
Who doesn't measure
Own callousness!

Pranab k c
23/04/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

New Style

and a new style of fucking the feature
hangs from furious blind eyes
who already excavated the linear of assembling
genius cock-fighters who thumbed many times
before killing the kidnapped

Pranab k c
12/04/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

You

Everywhere I find your shadows
Everywhere I see a blanket dark but warm
You wraps and erasing identity of others
Only a footnote attached with the breath
You that shameless almighty glitters with proud
All other caravans have lost those goals to reach

Everywhere on surface to celestial zone
Nothing left behind to bugle the achieved singularity!

Pranab k c
12/04/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Man

Alone but ambiguous
Alone but irrelevant
Alone but alive
And at last
We called him loudly
Alone but pervert!

Pranab k c
12/04/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Instinct

little arrogance she desired before shutting the window
little conviction he desired before killing the intimate
And before all such happenings a little passion
they enjoyed just to kill and to be killed

Pranab k c
12/04/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Simple Truth

Beauty of adolescence
Is to deny the experiences
Of their predecessors
The revolt against
All existing social manual
Obeyed by particular society
And its senior members

As soon as they become
Responsible citizens
Attitude converts to sanction!

Pranab k c
12/04/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Hectic Hang Over

Quick my cubic clarity
Changes with false to fear
The destiny of an unexposed
Gravity to dig a grave
Oneself dictates before
Duck oneself by loosing
Harmony and hostility

A knife was not a choice
Better words unborn yet
The charmer of that chariot
Never spends refinery
To be emburdened with
Pause and futility

Quick a run it deserves
To cross the road or river
As time passes by
Condemning tomb and miners
Simply a run my amazing astonishment
Just before the dawn
Somewhere peeping
To be exposed through dream
And dingles!

Pranab k c
16/03/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

My Love Greet...

Nice a light blinks above my head
Green apron covers the whole visibility
And a stream of glittering passions
Always finds a nothing to exchange
Massive anarchy

Light of that celestial land
No one even know its territory
No one even dares to declare the real possessor
But a slight sensation abandoned by the night
Keep its poorest feet to doctrinise the dictum
Alone and heavy arising waves of faith and fraternity

Cry of farthest maniac never sleeps to sleep
The doll inside every individual stands
Behind the legacy of being human
Screaming loud to encroach categorical
Clergy demand whether moving or not the earth
Blinking as light blinks with beauty

Passing so long the dark to be an end myself
To put an expanded divan for future whiteness
To dominate all the hazards hanging cruel
For the last minute to achieve loneliness

Night high and light blinks with beauty and hypnosis
Waiting just to cover up myself with the apron
Green, green and everywhere a thin sheet of methodological
Shrines not to empower intelligence and wisdom!

Pranab k c
16/03/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

We Don't Trust You

dream version of opportunist idiots
can't be any hidden resolution

all you know because all you knew before

so time to kickback the liars rotten hip
so time to forgive that legend
which always tells the rubbish

now come here the single-headed strict passion
nothing breeds except love and compassion
deserves our acceptance and we the silent digger
sanction the access to whom it may concern!

Pranab k c
09/03/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Soul Galops

No long the trip was
Only a time span
Elaborates the whole story
And you my floating dock
Always brings a new passion
To curve the beauty of laughing loud!

Pranab k c
22/02/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Stimulation

a link away your nectar
I smell but unable to bite
the buds of your organic attribution

a pain but a theme I design
to escalate the journey
warm and hot with hopping

Pranab k c
22/02/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Divine Treachery

no space you kept to hold the liking
no space
simply hallucination jams the track
to track your truth and deviation

it's a long drawn line
increasingly becomes fade
to catch the origin of beginning point

only labs and archives
with deep sigh confused to locate
the demanding point of focus

at least once your feather of flying anguish
become white to show us
the excellence you should conceive
which formulated our expectations
and blatant dream

no space you keep untouched
where we could anchor our laments!

Pranab k c
22/02/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Brutal Insanity

It's the time to tell you
nothing is impossible
to possess the final judgement
where earth sleeps silently
sun forgets to shine the orbit
and exact date and time
not be calculated to keep the records of
ending oneself

Express and expose the height of anger
but casual belief does not yield
with any charismatic dilemma
of loosing and winning
the pleasure of sacrificing aggression
can't be the lace of your shoes
you finally occupies the never-land
where echoes makes you perplexed
every minute of your living or not living
as a doll in the hand of nature's wide expansion

It's the time to ring the bell
just to wake you up out of your dress and makeup
on the stage where you value yourself
as real as a monarch immortal!

Pranab k c
22/02/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Journey Mate

anywhere means the place
specifically not known
anybody means the person
specifically...
anytime means the time...

the blonde voluptuous
when invited me to share the bedroom
I smoked her face to dissipate magically
because her profession guarantees no concession
and her ad-brand mortally loud with three words
anybody
anywhere
anytime

I climbed down from the chariot quiet cautiously!

Pranab k c
17/02/2021



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Documented Dark Mockery

puzzling a darkness
days are with no remedies
to cover the brutality
busy clowns actively howling
to hold the length of clarity
no love but hate
no compassion but conspiracy
no understanding but puppetic dogma
orchestrating circustically
clowns now the bosses
with their ironed tunics
dancing with the joy of achieving
so many deaths they designed
with success

no bitter moon now hangs from the sky
sky awaits to draw a line straight to suffer
the end of lunacy of idiot power-creeper!

Pranab k c
17/02/2021

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Don't Bother The Question Marks...

crazily the arrogant question marks
chasing from every side with random threat
to put the stop beside

everywhere thousand thousands of marking
blatantly coexisting with lunatic aroma
everybody care not to sit beside any answering
always unrest to make dayliving speedy and painless

away means not too far
away means a shade to tear off ownself
with silent supremacy of isolating cleverly

but question marks are adamant carrying
its healthy burdens just on a stop
before that storming nights!

Pranab k c
28/01/2021



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Nice The Trance

standing alone
on the cracked glacier of the pole
floating though
the mist and silence
nice light of the heaven above
celestial bodies
like myself
warming themselves
drinking my company

now I'll think anything
except the loneliness
the solitude
the ephemeral beauty
of ruining oneself
away from wrong and rightness
of everyday war of existing life

life itself a puzzling invention of
living among the nonliving objects
panorama occasionally reproduces
our ethical grave
when and how the questions callous
always chasing our truliness

I know nowhere the journey ends
possessing body or beyond
in fact the silence our origin
to breath and to drip

it's the night and stars above
just no other cannon or missile
targeted to abolish my destiny
I myself only could achieve a choice
which you once showed me
the sense of beauty that enthrads
the ultimate staying or departing
now the floating fascination
rupturing through my whole entity

Pranab k c
17/01/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty

Drunk Not Drinking Galaxy

keep yourself cool
it's not the time to react crazily
just define yourself first through your choice
why and what made you loyal
to the moon and mighty ocean
to the stance of living and creeping
then stand with a silence
only heart knows you are alive

keep yourself tight with your sin
only butterfly could imagine
the color and mature expression
of death and eternity...

Pranab k c
12/01/2021

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Dream Of A Genius

amalgamation is no choice
rather amalgamating preface
could be a new genre
to distribute our mesmerized
lunacy

the age we struggling hard
to exist with its every inch
a real circus
if
and only if
the civilization exist
future generation
'll fanatically excavate a morbid species
would be marked with an unknown sign
perhaps human the banned word
will not get its access to that future paradox!

Pranab k c
12/01/2021



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

How Are You, The Madman...

finding always a new junk
to refresh eternity by its conception
and every time the life
callously laugh to show a mask
without any face
faces are out of the hemisphere

but how could you do that
my creator and killer by possession
how could you erase the faces out
silences makes a sigh when dawn appears
actually achievements are useless
man lost the sense of humanity
so animals dig there dump
to bury the human
and from this very death of the preacher
our crown lost its head to glitter the robust!

Pranab k c
05/01/2021



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Destiny Drums To Be Free

Simple believes are dead
Belief-merchants and
Institutional authority
To nourish individual believe
Mishandled

Occasions spring its high hand
To calibrate common in prison of dark
Simple string of heart pains with bleeding
Life greater than life hides behind stained hands
Never no mercy they feel to give a rest
Unrest soul getting stabbed every now and then
In quest of final judgement

Simple belief, the wonder intruder, limitless agony
Finds to anchor beyond all the hegemony
Recognized thrown to overthrow
And to build the light thread to rope with almighty
Suffocated souls silently searching a track
Where light plays with pleasure to invite individual
To keep the secret away from crowd and cockpits!

Pranab k c
25 December,2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

Night To Recall Nonsense

Drink the silence of burning heart
Drink the pausing dilemma of creepers crawling

It's time not to tell anyone alive
Wish or not it's the time to tell
Death has not yet been achieved

Looking through expanded fog surroundings
Looking through disbelief of myself
Looking just to engrave a possibility of attaining
The mischief no one yet take risk
To make total dark throughout the universe

Kind heart so kind still awaits not to speak love
Since love very much confused whether it exists or not!

Pranab k c
18/12/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

One Nation One Demand

Fire burns by the fire of
Farmers heart
Million and millions on the street
Just to block the capital
Pandemic threat Of ending their own life
Not much valuable than to save
The life of their generations

Protest against new farm law
Implemented by the ruling government
Those who have already sold their individual spine
Offering huge number of state owned sectors
Bowing their heads to corporate lords
By the plea of reformation
Trying to sell the land
Along with farmers life and liberty
As India experienced before independence
By the name of "Indigo Plantation";

Farmers their arrogance still non-violent
But their firm determination
Vibrates through the nation
One nation one demand to roll back
The conspiracy of selling the freedom

India not for those puppets
Acting as spineless snobbish rulers
Farmers not the coward kittens
To be entrapped by those communal state runners
Fire burns not by outer events
It's the anger aflames India

Roll back or bring your cannon
We are on street to protest till you bent
Echoes the cold, fog and darkness of night...

Pranab k c
01/12/2020

Heat And Dust

a lonely line stretched too long
no one knows its end but the line
always runs far far away beyond

if line to communicate you feel hard
come and close your eyes then feel the wind
nowhere to blow your apron high in the sky
twinkling spirit of guilt simply overcrowded
through your passion blowing to catch a dark
when and where it originates thinking not only warm
heart spells silently to loose your organs

straight the line easily penetrates your thought
and you want to be strangled cryingly by last breath
before a storm shows you the life not the para drop
page after page should have to be encrypted by pleasure
and sufferings a man can or can not bear alone by heart

line undoubtedly straight but curves within its disguise
blatant and sublime to show you an arena of legitimate death
everybody aware but no one can believe!

Pranab k c
11/11/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

God Be With You

Hi Boss

we will meet again

Somewhere else with new shape

And size of animal or insect

In the new civilization

Whether on earth or on jupiter

No one can predict

But bye for now and for ever!

Pranab k c

11/11/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Coming Conviction

away from your privileged paranoia
under the blue of wide anger
smell a cool empathy of fervent moisture
your coming when a cause of celebration
we simply arrogant to meet our mischief
again by keeping our majesty aloof from
generous gratitude

come my favor to congratulate stupidity
a self declared brute now active to polarize
sensations against all kind of nudity
bloody preacher only knew when his knee
trembled to cut the throat of an innocent

yet the antipathy dictates to generate
a high volt penetration piercing fear and feasibility
and at this juncture your crazy and cute
petals really hampers the game to play its trauma
no choice could be the better option
to manipulate a probable psychotropic desolation

away from your privileged paranoia
I yet stand lone to seek a sinner
who never repent for his achievement
by all misdeeds!

Pranab k c
01/11/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

Festival Without Festive Spirit

Festive light everywhere
But eyes are banned to go near
Desire simply imitates the past
No spirit to hold the festive
By heart

The demon active to dominate human strength
Since strength very much cosmic for good to achieve
Active strength engaged to boost the evil
Human suffers but strength counts profit

Strength counts winning height to achieve
Destroying others under debris
Demon plays free hand to make us blank to death
Human strength crowding to speculate man-less humanity

It's a night unprecedented we cross before we live
With little hand to write our manual of living
Swimming the ocean of uncertainty

Festive light everywhere
But eyes are banned to inhale beauty!

Pranab k c
25/10/2020

N.B:In West Bengal in India "DURGOTSAV" is the main festival. But this year, due to COVID-19 pandemic situation, court has implied a ban to keep distance from the main arena of exhibiting idol of Mother Durga, the woman power for protecting her children and the universe.

Pranab K Chakraborty

Thanku Thekiller

Love means lumpen to give access
The high volt current zone
Where law always lies
To give sanction of violence

Yes, you look at here
Where my grandma died to attain
Highest beauty of global misconception
The another layer of truth
Depends on human acceptance

Love means a mistake
To achieve burning of its
Highest phase of making ash
Asses keep restless to have
Another dimension of extreme thrust

Love and love and love
Yet the achieve of fantastic lunacy
Man of no singularity being trapped
By threads of indefinite threats of
Emotional cry of the legendary cracks

O my mischief you simply
Follow my disguised gentleness
Love not a matter to be achieve
A matter to be pinned by wild ugliness

Lumpen are achieved only legal inhabitant
Obedient to its metaphysical lunacy
Such a catastrophic gliding
From earth to another orbit
May it be soluble with mentha pleasure
But absurdity stands on the track
To protect virgin reservness!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Saint And Sanctity

Seduction was the last word
Of that saint
And disciples admitted his demand

It was the heaven
Where selective solvents
Made their ultimate pilgrimage

And you reader
Do you think
The heaven somewhere else!

Pranab k c
14/10/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

A Sweet Vagabond

Never tried to kill the lumpen
But the lumpen tries to impeach
My sanctity

Every time when talk with myself
Every time follows my diction
To inhale my sun and earth
Along with my breath

Never fucked any anatomy of such insane
But always the fellow fucking our privacy

It's a genuine obesity a man adopt by ill-nature
And never dream of that day coming soon or later
A chalk circle nothing else bearing a question mark
Left on the soil

Never the lumpen be a human
So passionately trying to assassinate
The humanity

And ultimately you a big ocean
White and unbound stay alone
No choice of any he she they
Reflects from its depth!

Pranab k c
30/09/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

Eyes Calls To Dip

If eyes go flooded
With a waves of light
Waves of light
Supra normal
Begins and ends
Ones within

No need to be worried
No need to look at objects
To identify with prior identity
Since an unseen ocean
Exposed

Ocean of life refracts light
And it is you
Who unfolds
The reality of different layers

Thousand suns are useless
Only the soul will dictate
The move to be moved by conscious

No inequality
No bargain
No limit

Only achieving the infinite
Ones achieves by heart
And all the resonance of universe
Frequency to legitimate
Brutal variety of killing and possessing

Simply a shit white
Blank and floating
With unending journey
Routs and reaching
Forgets own velocity

If eyes go flooded

Looking pauses

To look

Another layer of reality!

Pranab k c

18/09/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

Succession

Love the ultimate shelter
Craving cryingly to manifest life
You know no other doctrine
To give birth of the sense
A living being crazy to follow
Its destined lines whether
Alive or dead the highest hankering
Ones encrypted the love as ending
rather beginning of bogus journey
Through the nerves of living animals
Even insects not so full to crave the warm!

Pranab k c
06/09/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Afflicted Desire

a desire simply infected
the whole past present future
nothing more the achievement
simply a conjugating chaos
made the irrational longing
a pyre to establish monumental
drift between soul and body

you not the boobs not lagoon
the extension of salted sea
slicked travel by loudy thrush
always inherits the ancestors click
click to verify the authentic
trigger to carry the existing assurance
generation bears with the tricks of fire
once craddled to minimize the sense
and sensuality hold by hard hovering
by their predecessors

desire strong and stiff to mediate
the nonsense job of breaking soft caves
until it clarifies no distinct clues
to glorify individual singularities

hence the suburban dailiness
habituating distinct clumsiness
fell to part the abdominal verification
not the whole another particularity
obligating our no where to keep charm
only random habits of kicking dignity
to perform the legal beauty of legendary living!

Pranab k c
06/09/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

They Await To Celebrate Dawn Again

Cocks are ready
To greet a new dawn
While the ditches
Till dry
To play
With the new fall

Ask me not
The why
Why should I
Supply you
The keynote
To dismantle the riddle

Better wait
For the hill
To stand
On your ready tilt

Design not the life
Rather longing
The most idiot obedient
To fetch you
The rhythm of nudique solemnity

And at this juncture
Just cocks are brilliant
Wait for the night
To pass away
And dawn
Their choice
To bugle
For the universe!

Pranab k c
27/08/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

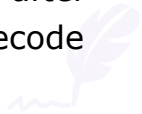
Please Send Me The Code

Can't I decode
The music silent
Whining with meticulous
Beauty of universe

can't I
Can't

Yet life within
Small or big
Tinniest or invisible
Everywhere blowing
The melody unheard

Feel my pulse to presence
Feel my choice to refuse
Always a song never heard
Before or after
Can't I decode



PoemHunter.com

You the empowered magnitude
Have your patience long
To wait and observe
The unseen reality
Which stags
Simply shadows
Light goes far
Beyond prism
Can you my love!

Pranab k c
20/08/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

You Means No Entity

Your voice never I heard
Your skin never I touched
Your obscenity never I smashed
Yet you crazily desired my death

Your ambition high to hack the sun
Your ambition high to gamble in heaven
Your ambition to blow out the legacy of eternity
Transformed you into insane
Yet you never stopped yourself to fuel your impurity
which always misleading you through the ditches

At least once you touch your palm
solemnly tell yourself you are you
nowhere to anchor and nowhere any obligation
at least once you keep yourself shut within you!

Pranab k c
8/08/2020



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Random Stupidity

Standard stabilization
means tropical dilemma
and you stand on a whim
of hollow surfacing none

Equal obligation
means meaningless utterance
everybody dead or alive
far or near knows the high volt
of cunning charisma
which satisfying itself
by endless bleeding
of have not by sworded hands
of multiplied wealth and powers

Probably masculinity demands
no where to stand the waves
no where to wait fire except burn
probability the last choice
of weak heart which confused
by ever defeated feminist nature

Better the sky as a whole
to return all journey
again towards origin
which never question why and how!

Pranab k c
8/08/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

Manchild The Only Identity

Inherits a river
Within
Inherits a sky infinite
Inherits some cry
Unsound
Unexposed
Under my skin
Under the case
Where I reside

Inherits death and rebirth
Moments after you see
Me too absorb a work
Not scheduled before

Inherits no-identity
Simply man-child
The ultimate recognition
To be accepted or to be thwarted
Inherits a river within
Discontinue flowing
From past to future
And the sky to recommend space
For eternal journey!

Pranab k c
25/07/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

India And A Bearded Man

A bearded man
Whenever delivers
His speeches
In National channels
We Indians
Make ourselves prepare
To listen some
New lies

A professional
Group of event management
Prepares
All the catch lines
To make us
Believe such
Lies with fantastic
Word blows
As to think us
Headless cocks
Who will carry
These senseless
Hopes for repeating
Our choice of deciding
The man of India-made

Dress to diction
Well maintained
By event managers
And our patriotic hearts
Dancing with lies
Never heard before

A bearded man
Most important
Personality
In Indian recent history
Gradually trying
To make common people puppet
On the hand of

Multi millionaires
And we spineless Indians
Following the rain of good words
He delivers
At the time when
Uncertainty of existence
Whether in epidemic
Or joblessness
Showing its devastating power
To erase out a rich civilization
By culture and liberal thoughts

A bearded man
Not hypothetical
Yet exists
With illiterate pride!

Pranab k c
21/07/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Lover We Need

To love the wholeness
Simply a mind we need
Spotless by hate

To love
To brush up my warm existence
Simply need a soul
Surrendered and obedient
To nature

The rest of your wealth and strength
Nothing but the bubbles
Vanishes with time
Like unproductive orgasms
Stain and segments removed by waves
Of time and strictures

To love the wholeness
Simply a mind we need
Spotless by hate!

PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
26/06/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

Demonstration Regarding Choice

Just a morning is sufficient
To live for the end

Just a morning is sufficient
To final our make believe trip
For unending path towards equality

Just a morning you need
To show me your sensations
Throbs with my touch and
Tactical elimination of beauty
Except vulgar vestibule arena
Which awaits to be fortified

Just a morning the end of night
Gives us tremendous thrust
To get access into the ultimate
Affinity whether Of life or death!

Pranab k c
26/06/2020



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

No Poet Only Freedom

Just come to catch the chord
While ships not get its floating direction
Naked we are and our presentation
As the lover gone out of eternity
We only sensing the sensational warm
To make you mud to its ultimate credibility

Pranab k c
09/06/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Celebrated Sanctity

clean a skyline
hangs to gossip
with grasses
but our diabolical
damnation
simply banished
the high sky metamorphosis
from its
arbitrated modulation
at last we discovered
clean does not mean
line or wrinkle free
any desperate zone
from where dirty begins
To destroy
the celebrated sanctity!

Pranab k c
09/06/2020



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Banned Beauty

Touch not
Stay aloof
Tell silently
Whatever required
Not available
The ultimate
Reach to attain

Touch not
But tell
You are ready
To conceive
The pain of torture
You are ready
To receive
Non entertaining
Penetration
That commonly crush
Stimulated centralization !

Pranab K Chakraborty

Stretched Dash Line

road to move
dark
destination dark
where it ends
where turns
density much high
darkness dictates
future the whole
and absolutely
unpredictable

Pranab k c
09/06/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Gap For A Gallop

nowhere to meet the stream straight and ready to drink
nowhere man to stretch hands for people who are shifting
elaborate address from dignity to dynasty

nowhere the resemblance to locate an official diagram
eligible for love and lunacy
only a drunk disturbs the whole sky to anchor the canoe
which not to sail but to build a dream to float through
nothingness

nowhere the gap I observed whole this journey to fetch
a night hunt rather a leap to leave the soil and sand
fought long a battle within with me and no me

Pranab k c
06/06/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

India And National Press

If any Hindu monk
dies of beating by angry mass
before dawn by mistake
assuming the man as a thief
and child-snatcher
National press of India
take high hand to raise the voice
of people in favor of that monk

but tragically
when hundreds of men died by super cyclone
millions of houses blown out of eyesight
city like Kolkata stands dumb
by devastating wind which uprooted
five thousands of trees
electric posts overthrown from its stands
more than forty thousands throughout a state
people crying hard for water and light at night
National press act as blind
no voice they hear from their purchased chambers
but why
but
why

Bengal observes silently such spineless activities
polarised concern of the platform of
making public opinion in democratic infrastructure
simply it's a shame
people many are under the sky
city peoples are suffering from dark, summer heat and
want of drinking water
death fear of pandemic warning now useless
lockdown downs its head since peoples suffering
from immediate slaps of nature!

Pranab k c
24/05/2020

So Nice Your....

nowhere I tried
to hide my pain
nowhere I tied
my passion to be unfit
with the eagerly
death or life infinite

whenever you identified
the stigma of my encrypted
values of life
everytime a howling or hollow
hankering from dark to light
and light to dark
rounding about
to reach a wrecked beach
no tide where touched a long

fathoms of undefined beauty
really the stars of time unbound
hoovering all the time
to flag a life as a destined journey
took the birth for

nowhere I tried
to hide my pain
simply everyone knows
pains are alone
fighting along the chord
to be exposed as a painless
cruelty and consequences
plain as the nature primitive
when festive of flesh was the prime choice!

Pranab k c
16/05/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

Told Strategic War

Earth will face
No nuclear war
Near or far future
Simply virus war
The alternative
To dominate the globe
Told by the
Real bosses of the world
Whose money plays
The key behind
War and peace
The state simply
The puppet
It's clowns and cocks
Are nothing but
Cards on the board
To gamble ethically

Now the travellers
Busy on surface
For your safe journey
No fear of any big war
Just save you from the viruses
They are engaged
To practice its pandemic variety
Varied from continent to country
Varied by atmosphere to ambiguity
Cheer up the traveller
Your journey will not face
Any booby-trap or gas-chamber
No bullet or ballistic...
Just irony the coming course
Will gear up our destination
Rather appear magically
At the tip of our foot nail
My love let me love
The unpinned petal of the veiled time!

Pranab k c

28/04/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

Where Are The Heroes

Away from home
About a month passes by
Can't be back again
Know you why
Just to keep the enemy out
Lockdown implemented by state itself
War with a virus
Medicin not known
So confinement only
The remedy of proud big world

Declared war but prisoners
Our peaceful citizens
Declared war but arms and ammunitions
Useless to take high hand
Declared war but enemy not detected to fire missile
Bullets are bogus garbage
Declared war but human race
Fearing to be extinguished from the surface
Lack of war heads to fight with
Unknown, unseen, undetected
ENEMY OF THE WORLD

Pranab k c
11/04/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

White Lane

And at its end
A white lane
Lighted with
Ephemeral beauty
With its bold presence
Pull me to take rest
Before finishing
The journey forever
And you believe
That ephemeral
Got its eternity
To play such poetic game
During my living agenda
Where life the first runner
Death following a weak imitator
Keeping long distance
To hide its faint shadow
As it doesn't exist!

Pranab k c
08/04/2020

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Hungry Covid

Voluptuous hungry lips
Target to suck
Last drop of saliva
To show its power
As a cruel dominant
Whip hard to bent
Ultimate surrender
As a slave to lick
Its final curve
Dark and dense
Heat and burn
To erase an identity
As a man to noman!

Pranab k c
08/04/2020h

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Oath At The Edge

Superpowers proved them worthless
Developed country means the moderate warheads
They have achieved to kill people at random in less time
Such the reality of current human civilization
Loud their heels to dominate rest of the world
All these strategic Accountability
Shows as useless barking on midnight road
When the developed superpowers callously
Finding wayout to save their people
From an unseen minute virus killing people
Merciless as their warheads made of high intelligence
Do repeatedly throughout the globe

Better it's time to think from different aspect
No new arms and ammunition science will be engaged to innovate
Science will be used to make life easy and simple!

Pranab k c
01/04/2020



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Social Distancing

Stay home

Stay home

Stay home

No social you are

No togetherness

No voice against consumerism

Stay home

Stay alone

Stay to live on button

A virus at last

Nakedly demonstrates

We as nothing but living robots!

Pranab k c

27/03/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Come And Lead Us

Come and write light
Come and sing light
Come and tell oneself alone
We live in the ocean of uncertainty
So we will survive again
Light of our soul
Come and lead us
To eternity!

Pranab k c
23/03/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty



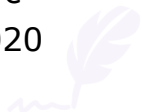
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Light Signals Loud

shadows are long to hide light
a real darkness now in power
to lead people a horrible destiny
scattered waves to combat dark
yet active haphazard on high track
lanes are also watchful the false
they defines with cripple hands
nothing but shadows of a glorious
civilization

shadows are long but not eternal
shadows seem strong with befooled barrels
but light dwells in human heart
thousands of thousand heart
simply coming close for a bonfire
against such cruel and poisonous creepers...

Pranab k c
13/03/2020



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Love And No Regret

another season of love
knocking with cuckoos
uninterrupted music session

now the time of forgetting
musicless morbid identity
as a communal butcher
who kills people by the name of god
just to show superiority

no, now will smell only love
burnt houses, parentless children
who just finding his/her father/mother
before such violence
will not remember now

season of love knocking the door
though blood-stained human body
scattered here there on foot and drains
ashes of burnt existence
no, now will not look at tv screen

Pranab k c
03/03/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

Tyranny Or Struggle

My foot
Just lick
My baby

Night short
Long the life

My foot
Just lick
My baby

Your flesh
So cheap
Your chain
So hard

My foot
Just lick
My baby



PoemHunter.com

Graves
Not required
Hunger awaits long

My baby
My foot
My favored fossil

Just cry
Or
Crack the legacy...

Pranab k c
03/03/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

Crisis Critical - 2

Anarchy not fall from sky
Sense of betterness to implement
Violent way of migrating dogmas
The breeding den of anarchy

State sometimes promote
To make people anarchist
Sometimes people of different genre
Who think to materialize
The idea of being stateless
Catch the touchy paradox of anarchy

Between these lines commoners
Simply callous to be headless cock
Sometimes carry their head on their hand
And sometimes with crying need
Cut off the head of others

Anarchy the ultimate doctrine
To Perish ourselves
Only debris to attain another civilization
Awaiting for the hateful civilians!

Pranab k c
03/03/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

Crisis Critical - 1

Nice any track
couldn't be build
By any dirty illiterate

Logic shows the root
To reach a nice zone
Needs explanatory confession
And learning gives the ability

To perform any niceness
Needs a mind free and fragmented
With the sense of beauty
Intelligence recommends such passivity!

Pranab k c
03/03/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The One

Stream means a source of water behind
Sometimes water feels ecstasy to flow through stream

Next the monk tried to demonstrate
Individual life means the stream of soul
As the origin stays behind as source water

So stream is not ultimate truth
Truth is the summation of all souls
The One and the ultimate One!

Pranab k c
18/02/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Find Out That Fabulous Chip

Who told that liar that he is a king
Who told that liar that the dynasty
Sleeps obedient at his feet to grind with joy
Who that brilliant broker supplied him the dream
To make him the cruel butcher
Who that silent killer
Made all the way to slip to infinite dark!

Pranab k c
18/02/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Moon And The Lunatic

No man so alive
As the lunatic bohemian
At midnight cold road
Semi naked but an old woolen sweater
Covered him from biting cold-wave
Trying hard repeatedly
To throw an imaginative anchor
To pull down the rounded moon
On our earth

Number of street dogs
With their self-authorized
Guarding duty
Silently following that noble lunatic
With his every failure
He acquired much strength
Silent talking with those four-footed
The lunatic bohemian
Made those dogs convinced
That his work really the great work
Of man on earth
Moon can't stay so far
With such glittering light alone

I myself on the way to home from outstation
Observed that sacred lunacy from distance,
Obedient dogs and the perseverance
And thought myself alone
"If he can, will he demand the ownership! "

Pranab k c
16/02/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

Dear Earth

Nice a dawn
I dream of
Soft a sun
Shining soft
Sweet air blows
Every inch of my
Hair to heel
And the river ever unrest
Flows unending a journey
Past present future
Carrying my little boat
Uncovered to show me
Surroundings where hills
Silently embraced long trees
Wild searching food
When littles playing hide and seek
Looking my glowing face
From afar and greets me
To join their land

At least no hierarchy
No howling
Ever exists anywhere
A simple mission of love
The highest catch waiting
Everywhere to touch and sense
The ultimate end to be anchored...

Nice a dream
I dream of to live
And not to live
Without the dream
For endless dawns!

Pranab k c
20/01/2020

Pranab K Chakraborty

India Bleeds

India bleeds
Mother India shivers
By the nightmare
Expecting to be enchained
Again by the hands of
State-sponsored
Communal force
Already exposing their
Identity as Neo Fascist Mask man
Attacking university campuses
With the help of govt. cops

Mother India bleeds
By the acts they trying to implement
To Short out citizens of other
Religious communities

Hope only her children
Students and youths
Not asleep
Raising their voices high
To fight again
To keep India a democratic
Land of peace and harmony
A land of multi cultures
Different languages
Clothing and food habits difference
Who together fought once
To free India
Will not tolerate such whip long
Practiced
By those FAKE PATRIOTS!
Those NEO FASCIST!
Those MASK MEN!

Pranab k c
07/01/2020

India Refuses C A A

My country
My love
I promise
To live
As a citizen
Who by heart
Condemns
Anti-national
Regimented religious dogma
Which wants to eradicate
The SECULAR identity
Implied by our
Pious constitution

Whoever you may be
Prime or Home
Ministers elected by
Votes of common citizens
Anti-constitutional
Anti-national activities
If you practice
Using police or military power
History and common people
The history of common peoples
Who cultivate the land to grow food
Who build your residence, roadway to move,
Cloths to save your shame, summer, winter, rain
Will not show you mercy
No religious regimentation
Could be much loud
Than the voice of commoners strength

Keep away your grips
To keep intact the secular constitution
No religious terrorists manifesto
India would grant to accept

My country
My love

I promise
To condemn
Your idiotic conspiracy
To break its SECULAR sanctity
Time will not forgive you
The citizens will not
The court will not
And
Ultimately
You have to go to grave
Which you digging with own hand

INDIA PROUD FOR ITS SECULAR IDENTITY
INDIA REFUSES THE PLEA OF IMPOSING RELIGION
IN SECULAR CONSTITUTION
BY THE NAME OF CITIZENS AMENDMENT ACT [C A A]

Pranab k c
31/12/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Winter Paradox

Winter demands warm from your nails to foot
Winter the applicable nothingness awaits
To someone tell I fuck all the vocabulary
To make the earth a land of silence

A silent zone only demands warm of idleness
Only the sounds of loving chariots
Running through the land of flesh and blood
Love and loyalty
Legend to bury
And common to encrown

Winter the explosion of eternal versatility
Only expands
Expands to oppose the conventional
Sense and sensuality
Winter means a night drum comes close inside the veins
With unpleasant thirst to make oneself brutally alive
Whether with cosmological charm or global placidity

Winter demands truly I tell you your warmest caravan!

Pranab k c
29/12/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Desired Distance

Fathom of lights
Bring me back
To the primitive cave
As if my ownness
Diluted with
Warm of human flesh
As if no destiny
I possess
Only the loneliness
Alone I bear
With magnificent
Touch of cool

Fathom of lights
Brings me back
Beyond the city tales
Told are complete
Untold now spreading
Their healthy limbs
It's time
Not to be passionate
But time to press
One force
To dictate the monarchy

All the heavenly discharge
From the soul of Satan
Playing tough to fight
The roundheaded statesmen
Occupied eclipse of moon
By treachery and tricks

Fathom of lights
Above the city
Just escalates the escape
From ownness to oneness
From Oneness to universalself
No identity descends or ascend
To attain the otherside of falsehood

Fathom of lights
As if the flight to eternity
Brings me back
To the primitive cave
Fire and human flesh
Await with invitation
To receive me as a digit
No other identity has lost
Its accountability

And all of these happens
Due to fathom of lights
Awaits over cityhead
To haunt a poet for ever
For ever
Forever!

Pranab k c
29/12/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Stupid King

We made him the king of our land
Executing our right as a citizen
Now he challenging us to show our identity

The brutal idiocy of the time
To challenge us you have to resign first
From your chair and come to the lawful authority
We are ready to meet you on the floor of court

Such the stupid and ungrateful fellow you are
Head is blocked by the warm of power
Insulting us you insult your own father
To give you birth...
The rubbish!

Pranab k c
18/12/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Achiever

If all your works are done
If all your works are about to be done
If all your works will never be done
And
If all your works are uselessly active
You feel one fine morning

Just you think you are achieved
You have achieved the time esteemed
And
And you can take yourself off the habits
Everyday make you magically the robot
You deserve not of smelling that destination
Destined by your birth

So real man should not be mad of doing works
So loud and mathematically correct
Leave some tail of it to catch by others
As works of their days to pass busily...

Nice dilemma of life before death
Encircling us to follow its route of rotation
And it is our crisis of identifying ourselves
The difference from other non-humans

Pranab k c
03/12/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Legendery Living

Fearless tranquility observed the parameter
Death where no intention and lost its divinity
Long before, only life was the choice
By its intense prior experiences of man and society

Just here lies the beauty of inventive mania
Love or torture both needs credibility
To create a real and unauthorized stigma
Prevention here banned and clarity of cutting
Roots here acts as the key-role to define immortality

And here no objection allowed to be accessed
And here only activates the behavior most like
Super human (if any activity ever exposed
Anywhere on globe) who thinks always
Human body requires only to make pleasure
No other use of it, thoughts are welcomed
Thoughts are evergreen

Fearless tranquility observed the parameter
Death where no intention and lost its divinity...

Pranab k c
28/11/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Flutist

42years the man played flute
At last the flute took him away
Beyond the map

Village mud
Muddy path
Pond with lotus
Its thorn, snakes
Meadows, buffaloes
Sun setting sky
Knew him well

All the pleasures of birds
Bees and cowboys
Listened him to play
A tune to touch their cry

Now nowhere the the sound
No dance of air
No humming no buzz
A blank white sheet
Floating with unreserved hands
No one to draw any line

42 years the man played flute
But at last the flute
Carried him away at midnight
While he attended the ragas
He played many times
At sunrise...

Pranab k c
28/11/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Expected Achievement

One day words will lost its weight
Only expression again will be the language as before
Beginning of our march towards...

One day it will happen and perhaps soon
A knocking we hear through pollution

Masks our only urgent requirement to breath
And we again marching to expose our engagements

Through night throughout the day to globalize our sentiments
We only suffering to suffer the others when words
Become useless by its meaning only addiction of expression

Standing high as the universal language again
This hypothesis I think the origin of diminishing

And if you think it has no meaning
Then meaning will revolt one day to your extreme anxiety

Such was our unseen resolution before making
The long race to leave the surface finally!

Pranab k c
19/11/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

For Those Who Fights For Life

A light he knows appearing every morning to brush up high darkness. A light he knows called him to wash old cloths torn but usable yet. A light he knows never pushed him to hate the animals who are of dense forest meateater and angry with uncertain objects. A light he knows always dictate a melody of love... a light he knows as universe where he finds no end... reciprocate as life and light and love... he ultimately writes a line under his skin... I am a man-child, not of other animal!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Simple Sentences

Time to tell you

It's time not to sleep

It's time to keep sleep away

It's time to come close

Close to life against death

Close to save humanity excluding religion!

Pranab k c

19/11/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

A Pause Required

sky in one hand and
darkness on other
standing where no headlights
not any redlight also
only a tall streetlady
stopping all the roadsignals
walking through hell
to bring the heaven of love

it's a time not know the clock
what will decide to make chaos
but it's obvious to be a time
where finite world seeks mania
to be burdened with works
most of which helps to carry
a last day to stop the dates

sky in one hand and darkness on other
feel heavy to fuck ideas of civilization
which in mask trying always
to terminate human species from the surface
by its strength and intelligence
love only bears the street lady tall but untouched

if your hungry haversack want to behold
the last chapter of unwritten book of end
better you write silently with a knife
sitting beside a streamy river
the name of that unknown preacher
who told
everything created by me and will
oneday all these certainly be of no entity
simply a silence will guide our destiny!

Pranab k c
05/11/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Chasing The Burn

Time to tell you
My anger
Not to brush up
Unfair allegory

But the time
To communicate
With unflamed fire

When and where
It will spread
That's the query

Actually
A desert
The suffered people
Bears within
To come to a cut!

Pranab k c
23/10/2019

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Fantastic Dilemma

Yesterday
You killed him
Sending the killer

Today
You Erected
Killer's Concrete statue
To show your
Respect and gratitude

But now
You engaged in rally
By the name of killed hero

Political win
Only the agenda
Peoples are secondary element
To think about!

Pranab k c
23/10/2019

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Such A Dream I Dreamt

fantastic night-dream even now
also makes me wild and passionate
to fly in the air blowing all threads
of my birth

it was about a birth
just as a baby i have born
among thousands of women
nice the look all they shining
with bright eyes and fragrance as I felt
inexpressible

my look also like stars
all the fleshes as soft as butter
the women and me laughing so heavenly
as laughed little God named Krishna
in ancient Vaishnav literature

the trance of enjoying earth
as a place where the shadow of any
illiterate but proud of ignorance
Hindu minister of India not seen anywhere

all day long I sucked the dream to glorify
myself as a child of rich Indian literature!

Pranab k c
18/10/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Nrc Panic Paralyzes India

The country
I live
Called Varatbarsha

Its cloud
River
Meadows
Rain and sunshine
I feel my own

Its people in the field
Grows crops for us
Our relatives

Its guards
Guard our border
Our own
The fishers, cobblers
Blacksmiths and sweepers

Its priests and forest-dwellers
I feel the relation
Who makes our land
Fit for the people to live
And to expand
Human society civilized as others

But recent you breed a dilemma
You the ruler trying to fix
A parameter for detecting intruders
By a wrong way of communal hezemony

At this juncture
If you try to make me stateless
I'll simply spit on your face
Whether hang me commonly or not
I'll simply piss to your chair
Against your crime
To snatch my Varatbarsha

I've acquired by my birth-right

Community not my identity
Color not my identity
Religion not but
The love towards own motherland
Should be granted as the parameter
To confirm the civilian

Just change your dark conspiracy
To divide people by polluting
The sense of humanity

Who are you to manipulate
Ask you again and again
Now you listen
You are nothing
But the puppet
In the hand of a class of capitalists
Who simply calculate
The percentage of profit
Nothing else

So you will be thrown out
If they estimate you as the ass
Who are of no use
Only bluffing by the name of religion
You will simply be thrown out
So don't disturb the harmony
You the ruler try to feel
The integrity
Among the people Of Varatbarsha!

Pranab k c
12/10/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Thing To Think

originally the aboriginal prostitute
hold the night to serve love for the
original lover who suffers from pituitary

just think of those bastards
who has no sense of animality
simply divides human society
by the means of mental perversions
society suffers but some brute
pleasing their sense of satisfying
desire by consuming human flesh

originally its not any legacy but
legal demands thrown apart by those
clowns who achieved monument
by purchasing majority

now the time calls to nail
your neighboring obedience
who sleep by the name of majesty
but awake by the doctrine to serve venom

At last its cruel to expose
fucking mania is the worst disease
for the deceased but alive compassionate
know the beauty of game by its warm and
killing instinct to satisfy the sovereignty
forcing all the resistance of stiff civilization!

Pranab k c
08/10/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Place Puzzle

PLACE ME A PLACE
IN THE PLACE OF
A PLACING AUTHORITY
AND I WILL SHOW THE PLACE
ACTIVATING WELL TO PLACE
THE PLACEMENT OF REAL PLACEHOLDER
WHO WILL PLACIDLY PLACE THE ENTIRE
NATION IN THE PLACE IN APEX

PLACING THE RIGHT THING IN RIGHT PLACE
UNDOUBTEDLY THE CHALLENGE
TO MAINTAIN THE HARMONY!

Pranab k c
08/10/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Confession

It's a time we pass
Much disturbed
When state power
Needs nothing but
Power to grip the chair

It's a time we pass
When learning the second class
Choice but idiocy
The first preference

By the name of religion
Community and constipation
When patriotism is a product
To sell to acquire popularity

It's a time we pass as if of middle age
In local context matches quiet high by its
practice and preferences!

Pranab k c
30/09/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Lovable Beauty

loved not your dark complexion
loved your warm to satisfy the sanctity

loved not your lingual variety
simply loved the softness of your charm

and not am obligated to show my liking
your passionate attitude mingled with self hunger
ultimately my noise to embrace your blood and flesh apart!

Pranab k c
30/09/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Sorry, You Deserve That

Howling the haversack

He planned to make it his ultimate gameplan to achieve the third

But who knows what hangs the depth of time itself

Time not knows the vagabond clock simply obedient slave

Imprisoned by the round tech

Howling can't be any manner to comply the efficiency

Better come to the field of mischieves has no recognised identity

Hatred by the suffered numbers

Random such kicks he received with shameless pleasure

Just to hold the microphone for another loud words

To prove his superiority...

Pranab k c

30/09/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

 PoemHunter.com

False Face

If it is not lie
Nothing could be Determined
As truth

Believe me or not
Tell quiet loudly
You yourself a lie
Which fighting a long battle
To establish the truth
You yourself an infinite one
Has no death at all
And truth by its origin
Bogus all the pride and prejudices!

Pranab k c
24/09/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

You Tell Me What You Know

And at last he came to the conclusion that everything created once to be extinguished by its own easiness to minimize the devastating proximity

Here only a candle stand observed all the helenic hangovers to evacuate all the strings and tremors by their systematic mistakes obligated to achieve at its turn to be vanished forever as the candle itself and the observation we got from the memory of old lantern which hanged yet from the sentinel ceiling cracked its glasses but told the lamentation it heard at the time of last journey to diminish the threats and thorns they practiced to glorify themselves by the passion of making them the supreme next to years old magic reality merged from the human brain due to their limitations of not solving the infinite mystery of life and death

Actually which accelerated our prominent imprisonment on a surface of a globe which revolving relentlessly and ceaseless its fighting to keep own identity ultimately becomes useless in the dark ocean of nothingness except the moving parade of objects actually accelerating our unresolved questions once we ask to our teachers and ancestors

So as soon as the glass become empty life is almost the same in mathematical approximation of digit unknown which we catch as a lone calculator to attain a big solution where lies the great tragedy unequal to pleasing desire which we deserve to smell by heart and touch of real feelings...

Pranab k c
24/09/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Mr. Pm

If you want to kill the extras
Just bring us to firing squad
Blow the whistle and finish burdens

If you think us excess
Just a little ground you need
To make your signature as patriot

But please don't expense so huge
To build Neo-Concentration-camp
By the name of your detention theory

It's 2019 and you not any Nazi butcher
Have your senses still to understand
Humiliation and cry of uprooted human

Always think by the name of worshiped God
You are also a product of time playing for a little
You have got the chair by the majority mandate
Not to throw stones to poor people
Not to create new gas-chambers, torturing furnaces

History repeats itself a common belief
Time does not bother anyone long
As your ancestors you are also destined to die
But don't throw the generation new
In the ocean of shame and shattered by democracy

Just the high time to think it again your challenges
Majority needs food
Home to reside
Garments to cover them
Education
Health the primary requirements
Try to serve as Angel of heaven
Not as Demon of hell

You need your rectification
Because the chair made of majority mandate

And if possible you just finish me by your strong hand
For the crime of knocking your conscience!

Pranab k c
20/09/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Object To Fiction

a highway and a no-man
walking throughout the time
he got by sanctioning authority
when we met him
he lost his voice to communicate
eyesight useless and with stone
he wrote on asphalt
I do not die, dies my organs!

Pranab k c
18/09/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

No Fertility Only Freedom

no logistic support was there
only a simple lipstick
made all the atmosphere
heavy with furious hibernation

just believe me I was not there choice
a little man with about to no identity
went to observ3 the game of fire and fiction
suddenly a crash sounded with fictitious denomination
and a lipstick appeared abrupt to decolor
all those hazards made of muscle and manipulation

no man don't consider it as a riddle
I found by myself two lips and an indecent
dispensary to increase the variety of erection
managed by money and magazine full of fierce bullets

Pranab k c
18/09/2019



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Click To Pick

a nymphomaniac
at last
crying for love

ridiculous the cry
(right)love
(wrong)love

love has no other
parameter to measure
its vastness
except surrender
un-coditional

nymphomaniac simply
get hot by the idea
war with opposite
sex and supremacy

crisis of love (right)
hangs as a fake notice
again to hunt other hunts
nymphomaniac simply needs
warm of war with male sex!

Pranab k c
03/09/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Hypothetical Obituary

last night a nymph sucked my warm
on uncultivated land of moon
holes of her deep breath I filled
with spasm of infinite waves

liking not the ultimate word
ultimacy not any vacant horizon of noness
warm and transmission of force vapourised
the depth of digging beauty cracked at its end
and the nymph whether fake and digital
I kept her on moon last night

with my all choice or no choice not relevant
but an ocean of uncertainty proclaims bubble of dream
simply organised by thoughts to ejaculate passion
liquid or cry for liberty!

Pranab k c
03/09/2019



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Screenplay

haversack full of hand grenade
carbine triggered to constitution
revolutionary just ask a simple question
'Am I alive yet! '

stuttered your utterance
pronounced lastly
'Trying hard to give you life.'

time long you took
before me millions of people died of hunger
before me millions of girls had been raped
before me millions of malnourished child
got their no-grave thrown into the pit
before me
before me
before me
happened by all of your noble hands of statesmen

'Am I telling lie! '
'Perhaps not! '

only a sound of emptying magazine
echoed with the birds sudden chirping
flipping of thousand wings shattered the wind...

Pranab k c
31/08/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Backs Your Attitude

Refused a girl 'cause her skin was black
Returned she without word but she bagged with her
Hate for white

Refused a man 'cause he belonged to other religion
Returned he with silence but carried with him
Hate against your community

Refused men for other cast
Returned they with silent lips
But anger made them cool serpent

Hate begets hate
And at last it returns with revenge
General this law of nature know we all
No manifesto needs to provoc the spasm
History simply follows
The dark passage of past reality!

Pranab k c
31/08/2019

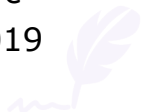
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Pranab K Chakraborty

Unethical Confinement

a small suffocated room
and a moon through a broken glass
of window
much he suffered night long
because doors are closed
from outside
and no link was there
to exchange feeling with others
he and moon
and an ocean of silence
made both of them idiot
only the sound
he heard came from within
and suffocated room
at least once felt sorry
for its closedness!

Pranab k c
20/08/2019



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Vulgar Vocabulary

then ok come and hit the hangovers
come and throw all shits you carry with words

then ok your straps and teasing loyalty
practice to blend it with fictitious fascination
but remember not to smell death from dying one
because it could contaminate your royal gravity
because you not any immortal!

Pranab k c
13/08/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Lucid Confession

when you tell me to tell your lies
silently I translate it with fishy manner
but when you tell me to not tell the truth
I loud cry to crack all shudders and shields

when you show me your soft targets
swift I clean the direction to make it hazy
when you desire to hunt aimlessly
I make my target to you!

Pranab k c
13/08/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Canopy

not any dream
but like dream
some nights hang
with life
when life not any dream
but like dream
some sentences with proper order
blanks our thoughts
when thoughts are not of dream
but like dream all thought
appears to inhale life again!

Pranab k c
13/08/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Bright Turn Of Time

and those soldiers
who decided to leave
the front denying
to see the faces of
hungry common people

SALUTE them
SALUTE those soldiers
whose sense of humanity
win over the sense of defeating

Pranab k c
12/08/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Thanks To All

every time when anyone knocks the door
cool air blows softly as somewhere
someone at least thinks me alive
have some necessity to communicate

every time when in the crossroad
traffic catches all our shirts
order to obey the hierarchy of finger
such living domination we follow
silently to show we are not dead

and every time when glass ends
filling its damp hole is destined
but tragically sometimes kept untouched
glass alone take the charges of suffering

sad but beauty yet accompanies all negligibility!

Pranab k c
12/08/2019



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Recent State Reformation: India

You are my part and parcel
So you should not have
Any individuality
I'm the keeper and savior
So I have imprisoned you
To bow your head
On my feet
To lick my toe
To obey my order

Understand and interpret
The present to design
Your future...!

Pranab k c
10/08/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Transformation The Ultimate Truth

allocated beauty she lost during time passes away
but the cry to hold its remnants she hardled long gallops

her treasure
her efficiency
her every inch of skin
betrayed with its owner

at last she enchained herself with a nothingness
no work to do
no belief to cultivate
no other positives there
she made herself convinced

a simple truth she forgot
transformation the main clarity of life itself...!

Pranab k c
08/08/2019



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Bullet & Barrels Much Treacherous

Triggers not always very loyal
Sometimes it revolt to disobey
The fingers

Barrels are not always much obedient
Sometimes it revolt to fix direction

Right and wrong
Very much relative
By theory and reality

What you do today deciding the right
Could be it wrong tomorrow to others

Bullet and barrels are not constant
For particular individual use
It could fix different target by others
To take immediate action!

Pranab k c
08/08/2019

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Clowns Enjoy Their Own Grave

Power always selfish
Never admits individuality of others
If it does the adverse
Quiet sure the greatest danger
Awaits to be exposed time after

But individuality rare could suppress
It's different organs and originality
Death ruin random casualty
Inevitable outcome of the happenings

Rather you say it's the obvious gateway
To be extinguished a nation nationality
And in enlarged calligraphy you could write
Power itself left the debris
To be excavated for other civilization!

Pranab k c
08/08/2019



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Peculiar Intention

a long indigenous accuracy
I practically compromised
to lucify your peripheral
credibility

frankly I speak your virginity
should be fortified by charming
possibility of a man who wants
your oven-like appearance to be
radically used by burnt a human
who never think to rape or to be a reptile!

Pranab k c
29/07/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Passionate Lines

nowhere to stand on dark sky
standing alone to hold a white lace
last my dream appeared destiny
with blue gown but white was its...

it's that time when killer never take risk
to kiss any abdomen
it's time when deaths always turn to rest

only my shivered heart hankering love to catch
a thread of violent preaching
only a couple of pigeon night-blind
with their fuelling warm fixed on window shed
a cat a dog dignified pros
simply allows black heels to stretch her body
to a leased trench

standing alone this time a birth of unknown time
feel clearly inside intense dark long away of other century
feel a beauty I hold with tight hug to imply
morbidity through her deepest channel of warm and odor
me the last emperor whom a she sacrificed her flesh and blood
to make my journey as a wild Zinjanthropus
and I at its end threw my bones to hit a star
but that was you I penetrated with fearing velocity

standing alone signifies a strong strategy
never to show any obligatory excuse to please or to be pleased!

Pranab k c
29/07/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Festive Of Ruining Oneself

really you feel a crisis
passionately try to be fleshy
but doors are closed
simply the counting of coins
routing our all possessions

so critically a creative
downing to grave himself alone
nowhere the loving hands
to hold the lyrical heart
to fill the feelings of engripped beauty!

Pranab k c
23/07/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Sky Not Seen

when sky covered by clouds
when faces near beyond look
a foggy surroundings
simply watery with rain

believe or not
an experience of other world
an identity as an alien
sure will overwhelm
all the sense and sensuousness

just within this paradoxical ambience
when you shout to catch any hand
refusal would be the first affirmation
anybody from you like or not

practically man loves own nature
go beyond to confront destiny
and here the mutant sky always seeks
its win by defeating human cry
suffers to rest on sunshine!

Pranab k c
23/07/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

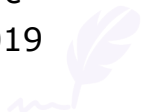
Prolific

accuracy not the almighty
it's observed with keen concentration
almighty also much active to make it warm
so come on the classic mortal
open your suckable beauty
every drop of nectar you hide as treasure
come on to close the hypocrisy fascinate yourself
under the cover of yellow shield during daytime

at least once you feel the ecstasy of going beyond
the adopted lunacy of chaining yourself to make you significant
come on and unwrap your all supremacy which imprison you
to stay behind the enigmatic screen

accuracy not the almighty
since almighty is not yet accurate to all its imagined dynasty

Pranab k c
19/07/2019



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Which You Want

Simply touch
To keep myself
Alive

So blessed we are
We have got words
To communicate
To express
To expose what is inexplicable
Only could keep
Simple signs or signature
To amplify
Where we are lost

Touch
To keep
Alive myself
When others
Moving ceaselessly
In the orbit where nothing exist
Except the memory of extinguishing hazards

To keep
Oneself alive
Just touch
The beauty of soul
Which peeping through nerves of going far
Away from home...

Pranab k c
19/07/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Derivative

a little sheep
not know the beauty
meadows posses
such we human child
though our age
crossed thousands and thousand
yet swimming in time
to catch a root
our origin
started to move
a sheep
not lost
but in dream
a meadows as we
always seeking a stop
to stand as the
final exposed
as a poet with words
as an artist with lines and colors

Pranab k c
17/07/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Chheapunji In June

've you ever lost in the mist
if not just come here
the residence of cloud
you sure will have to find yourself
you sure will get your childhood back
and sure will decide the death is not any point
to diminish yourself but rain that eternity
where anybody could touch the soul of earth!

Pranab k c
17/08/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Unskilled Achiever

Thirst was not the ultimate gossip
Crisis begins from the means of the source
How and where the friction would guide us
To excavate the meet to be thirsty

And after such bogus lectures
A man simply shouted with anger
Water we need and tell us the direction
We could pump the hazards to get
The drops to save ourselves

A story teller simply closed
The chapters of framed talkings
Repeatedly to satisfy himself
Because thirst was the main point
To illustrate with unskilled efficiency!

Pranab k c
16/07/2019



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Morning At Meghalaya

Where i go a nice morning follows my presence
The gift is unique i enjoy
Nature my dearest keeper whom i offer
All pluckings from beautified world and beyond
I offer silently to my beloved
All my love she pours by staying behind
All my pains and sufferings i know
She creats to show her treasure otherside
I fight to get my strength again
She keeps herself aloof to magnify my patience

Such and such the days begin to encourage
The earth a quiet uncertain entity
Residing where i have discovered nature
My empress, my keeper and eraser
Will oneday erase myself whole
Before that these nice dawns i try to sav
Throughout with my words and wordlessnss!

Pranab k c
14/07/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Either / Or

graveyard beside dust I left after passing the narrow path to cross the barren field of stag memories.

wholesaler of hankies different color and sizes packing the orders just beside the shadow I left to observe heartless hankering to hold a piece of shaped cloth just to wash immediately causeless unrest.

so many tracks cracked after tracing footprints of homosapiens of different roots and rafts of endangered genders.

gossiping simply the doctrine to malign every step of stiff breaker who thinks bluffs could sometimes be the beauty to attain nothingness!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Being Recorded All Vibrations

speechless was her cry
many nautical miles away
yet was recorded within
where stars and planets
nothing but the puppets
to be rounded up esteemed

speechless was the cry
may it be near behind my wall
yet it could be heard by not me
time the last witness keeps
the records of flame and inflammation

night long a diction
simply getting knitted
to express
to expose
beauty of silent addiction
to love and
to be loved!



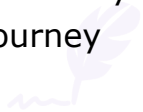
PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
02/07/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Meaningless But Important

and much high
a quantum sky
without color
and what I don't know
but it's a passion
to think
nowhere any sky
and we fly
endlessly
with mass and volume
immeasurable
better
beyond any unit
better nothing to be measured
at all
we fly
at the day of achieving
death to critically
finish a journey
perhaps
perhaps
a quantum sky
myself can't think
what's that thing
yet with words to symbolize
something
trying such erotic lines
only poem could carry
throughout the universe
age after age
beyond any time limit
poetry that dearest sailor
carry our silliest thoughts
and
here no urge I feel to stop
my cap to blow
the warm of flying
weightless
wingless



PoemHunter.com

an endless journey...!

Pranab k c
02/07/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Magically Vanish 'twinkling Trick'

One my poem
Playing magically
To show its face On PH
On my poem list

Sometimes blinking
Sometimes vanish
'Twinkling Trick'
The title

As a poet
Only me by searching
here and there
Could find the same
But you reader
Perhaps unaware
About the same

Feeling puzzled
PH should know
The reason why
Should know
Should!

PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
28/6/2019

*** TWINKLING TRICK (The lost poem) ***

Grammarians are the main culprit
To make our civilization
Full of foolish naked-brained social inhabitants

Grammarians are always ready to suck
Mistake from an artistic creation
But think in the beginning
Passion win over all the adversities of nature
To express oneself by lines or sounds or melody
Whatever they feel beauty and more than life

They exposed on the wide canvass of nature
Whether in cave or tree or in leaves or stones

Grammarians took the responsibility
To carry the burden by their own choice
And became the dictators by their own

Dry hard and coarse their liking
To find the hole wherever they look
So sad yet common people bring their chair
On high on tide

Now listen my grammarian friend
When you fuck a girl perhaps not think of her paining level
You enjoy simply the warm you get
And its simply a quality momentarily ecstatic
Can't you define this by quantitative parameter

Advise you to feel a poem by heart
Not by wearing the spectacle of a grammar teacher
Otherwise poets or artists would have to pray
To pardon you!

Pranab k c
11/06/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Twinkling Trick

Grammarians are the main culprit
To make our civilization
Full of foolish naked-brained social inhabitants

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Pranab k c
11/06/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Sweet Swim

Much behind
A streaming zone
Of faint light
Follows
All the way

no sign of hurry
No signs of any presence
Anywhere
North south west east
A cool but clean night
Walking straight
To find a stop indeed

Many times I think
Of that source of light
Person, preacher, predecessor
Anything enabling its entity
Through fiction or fusion

Somehow light behind
Romanticising the journey alone
At least
If not any finding in front
Behind still active
To accelerate to past

'Illusions many
Obstacles hard
Yet a thread long
We left behind'

Told once old grands
And throughout night long
Haze or hegemony
Cold or Capricorn
Nothing we achieved
Simply enjoyed by learning
How to combat the adverse!

Pranab k c
11/06/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Meaningless Moaning

Wanting a sky-pack
To smooth swim
Through teeth and nails
Anchoring a harbor
High to unimagined blue
And with warm of nexus
Rendering nectar unending
Boiled with love and sublime!

Pranab k c
30/05/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Top Secret

Highway patterns are same
Steering patterns are more or less same

Only driver is the factor
To consider the journey!

Pranab k c
30/05/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Revelation

Promised to shed when heat
Bite golden grid
Promised to hold tight
Roots with the pit
And promised not to save
When falling inevitable

Planets and blinking lights of stars
Promised to keep beside feet
And so many sharer served sovereignty
Dedicating charms of charismatic creeping and crawls
Promised to pick the peaks with no pain
To sacrifice to the obedient idiocy

But crow on top to head
Promised not to resist final discharge

Pranab k c
30/05/2019



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Is Not It

Lyricaly your lips not so sweet
But with periodical movement
It sucks so much air
At last think to make you stop
Because you are bleeding within
By heart not to expose real passion!

Pranab k c
30/05/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Flexible Friendliness

Just wait there
If your fire desires burning
Come just a little away
A distinct pervert awaits
To pin your last breath
With no-water credibility!

Pranab k c
30/05/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Trap

Tied her with love and beaten by affection
Ultimately the frozen lunacy awoke high to deep
At night to hold a rain of faith to fascinate
All the beauty of life again!

Pranab k c
30/05/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Ambiguous Accord

3000 and 30 yards away awaits a destiny
Heaven not so far and other side hell preaching penalty

3000 and 30 yards away a nostalgic animality encouraging
Not to cover heaven only to decide hell to excavate
The ultimate nocturnal ambience whence the and the and the
Divine possibilities could be dig to grave amiably

3000 and 30 yards away years are irrelevant
Posthumous, bastards and killers complaining
Hell not be shown as heaven

3000 and 30 yards
3000 and yards infinite
Only a momentary flash
Could send us the last horizon
And no pain to come back again!

Pranab k c
30/05/2019



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Obituary

No-land is the main-land for a no-man to live as not-living entity.

Never that no-man dies before the death.

It's the critical dilemma of human civilization
Facing no-choice is the esteemed choice of majority!

Pranab k c
30/05/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Love

Love is at least not a game to purchase
Love is a mission to achieve by dedicating
Whole life through practices to establish
Him /Her a lover.

Pranab k c
26/5/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Tip Ticking

Silently touched the tip
Silently warm returned
Silently uttered no love
But silently appeared near
The untouched arrogance
Arising its pits and petals

Silently wavy inputs
Danced with speechless look
Nailed to stretch
The narrow avenue
To hold and hide
The flicks and flaccidity!

Pranab k c
18/05/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Desired Mud

With every stroke dig the soil deep
With every thrust irregular blasphemy
Dictated a genuine killing with improper clarity
Disguised achievement to attain pleasuring height
With every stroke the ultimate breath
Desired to suck the unsettled satisfactory tremor

Faint moaning admitted all these hilarious grinding
Indeed no return expected from that laboring rampart
Yet the journey enchained by time and final friction
Soil soft but no eternity configured to dig and drop
Ultimately the battle won for a while but not for ever!

Pranab k c
18/05/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

A Nice Game To Play

In chaotic format
Specially designed
Democratic arena
Here in my home country

Top to toe
All shouting
With masked slang
To threat opposition

Education not our prime urgent
Urgency just to increase arms and ammunition
Food not our prime urgent
Urgency just to keep fanatically loud
The name of a special idol for God

PM CM MP to local party players
Just crawling on the ground to recapture
Again the crown
No commitment necessary to develop
Standard of common people life
But much commitment applied
To insult oppositions

Lunatic format exercised
Throughout our homeland
To keep high democracy
For the rulers
Not for people!

Pranab k c
10/05/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Chaotic Chorus

fantastic fascination showed the fabulous fraternity
maniac but manliness dominates morbid morality
and with this no content an cupid dictates to clarify
hostile hospitality and happiest hankering hooking callously
showing the nonentity an eternal ultimity

but if perhaps possibly therefore such sounds
singing so loud to penetrate and tear off pleasant listening
and again with extreme refusal putting the stop to make it a STOP
otherwise O the lovely moon distinguished with soft sanctity
never will get opportunity to please the ecliptic assassination!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Just Believe It's Not Lie

Sometimes
And obviously
I tell you sometimes repeatedly
Very rare
Throughout a lifetime

A face
Experienced by you
Reflects
As a dawn

Sometimes and
Very rare
Such face
You adore most
Like an anchor
To take a break of your journey

And many times
This landing hazard
Extract the beauty of your soul
And many times
One feel at last
The trouser is torn
Sleepers have ended
Further steps to move alone
Along the path
Expected
For Motion to move again

Sometimes
And tell you a face very rare
Accompany you as dawn!

Pranab k c
06/05/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Unavoidable Defeat

A Fascist storm
Embarking over
Partial our Indian region

Grass-root people
With the help of regional govt.
Trying hard to tackle
The demonstration of lunatic power
To create Terror and trauma

Grass-root people also know well
How to build their home again
Grass-root people know well
Who their friend and foe
To survive again
Passing such stormy turbulence

Fascist storm may it be cyclonic
But people also ready to combat
Every inch of the soil
Engraved with their own footprints!

Pranab k c
03/05/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Diction Of Delirium

Moisturized motion
In tropical weaving
Facing problem
To break the bead
Nicely placed
But nicely condemned
Speed arrogance and atrocity

Orthodoxy and benevolence
Two phases of fanaticism
High on heel with dominance
With moments lastly speeded
Morbid grave to achieve mobility

Unknown the diction what much
Invested to demonstrate to earth
Also keeps under veil
Only the supersonic nexus encrypted
Callously a clown to dictate ultimate disaster!

Pranab k c
26/04/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Landscape Erotic

drop of dew
yet quiet fresh
on its petal

sun also not cruel yet
trembling why the face
no breeze feel presence
trembling why not know

perhaps an insect
deep and hidden somewhere
making all trouble

petal yet fresh with
dew drop and soft
sun of first morning
trembling with no breeze
simply insect hidden and from depth
acts just to make the game undone!

Pranab k c
26/04/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Indian Democracy

A nice trap
To suck majority of people
By its hope and blood
Supplying promises not to keep
Supplying false dream of Golden Days

Trap and track to make one obedient
Using money, muscle and publicity!

Pranab k c
26/04/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

India 2019

Frightened cocks shouting loud
Frightened cocks shouting loud
Frightened cocks shouting loud

Fear of loosing necks
Fear of loosing nails
Fear of being thrown

Frightened cocks shading shameless supremacy

Pranab k c
22/04/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

White Talks

Sometimes feel as those ancient gladiators
Always fighting with me to win the last orbit
Achieving beauty ends where

Sometimes feel as cryptic coward
Never faces any death to achieve life

Sometimes I no more the me
Whom you disrespect or love to love your depth
Nobody returns so anybody dares not to track your tavern!

Pranab k chakraborty
27/03/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Profanity Challenged

Fucking trauma transmitted
From that bounty bower of that
Gorgeous boobs

An ant only the brave passionate
Hold the reign tightly with all its strength
To penetrate dignity and civility of legal constitution

Just when cry came out of the region
And dress tried hard to blow out of its straps
We cared much the tropical tranquility
And trauma transformed into tinkling track
To touch and trenching out the ant from fathomed pits
Of no light depth of dipping lust!

Pranab k c
26/03/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Better You Think This Way

if no other ways are seen to escape
just drive through a doctrine to prove oneself
meaningful not malignant

if no other ways to escape from whip
just hold the strength to give a long kick
back or face no choice
choice is death or life

if no other way
just move alone to dig a way
never met anybody before!

Pranab k chakraborty
26/03/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Final Testament

Stupid they think
A war could get
Their chair back

But the chair has refused
To hold such idiots
Who has no sense of stringing
Many colors with united essence

Stupid they louding
Their voice of threat
But vocabulary has determined
To prove them thwarted!

Pranab k c
20/02/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Dear, Not Dona

She cried as cry means
Pain the source of departing
And a needle simply inhaled
Piercing expectation of loving trauma

Needle was not in the shoot
Script entitled meeting
Through and thorough the domain
Loving laugh encrypted as catastrophe

She cried as cry means
Cried as...

Pranab k c
20/02/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Tranquil Turmoil

Engaging oneself
With no matter
Such an ecstatic
Way of entertainment
Who can't
Not know the beauty of
Attending end of civilization

Engaging oneself
With no thought
Such a big war within
None could feel except those
Who have adopted
Such death within
Without killing oneself

Just a stream of warm wave
Flowing gently to carry
A no-man to noman's land
Who never feels the hurry
To back again to land of death!

Pranab k c
20/02/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

To You My Passion!

actually i need
not your ethics
not your hologram
not even your high extraction
of searching absolute

frankly speaking
your provocative beauty
i can't stop to perish myself
passionately
want the blind swim
anchoring nowhere beyond death

just believe
it's warm and turbulence
the high choice
before extinguishing
all signs of living as a deserted island

much these the confession
you believe or not...!

Pranab k c
13/01/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Useless Nexus

phenomena comprises
lingual benediction
stringing solitary
exhibits a neolithic
paradox
probably propensity
the methodical diction of riding horse
when it proves its quantised velocity
neither or never the nordic
melodrama catheterises the callous button

its a venom keeps in shelf of memory
really nostalgic a mad wind
now storms the tsar of old times
emperor imprisoned by doggy ponytailers
chatting random a mysterious unseen
provides all my wicked variations to improvise
all propagation silent or active in human brain

at last just before my ejaculation
uttered madly sweet my bitch i love you!

Pranab k c
13/01/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

Answers Are Obsolete

why do you ask me
the shameless question
every time to make the earth
a little hesitant with proper nothingness

every time I keep me dumb
'cause you know very well
improper objectivity closes all around
the door to visibility

sun or moon no choice
only flesh and fever the perfect
attribute of time itself
answers are many but interpretations
absolutely farce of logical arrogance

every time I keep myself dumb
'cause you can't read the imperfect memory
where lies dispassionately dying margins
hanged all question and answers !

Pranab k c
08/01/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty

About To Be A Dream

Nowhere the night my own only me strategically of night's product simply transmitting some thoughts lunatically to straight off the dark away from light to begin with festive of soul to attain an infinity where no own business could be countable only a slow wave of cool but steady flow everywhere erasing out individual instinct without knowing anybody indifferent color creed language religion, so ans so the multigure of irrational darktivity darkish strangle and darkish fashion to keep light away from original extinguishing passage to truth to be a nobody forever..... the night nowhere mine but I am the child of endless darkness!

Pranab k c
08/01/2019

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

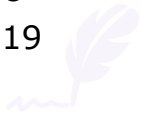
The Lady Road-Side

and she spoke of
as minimum as possible
her anguish and vanity
her embarrassment and appetite

she spoke of
loudly the talk of love
with a stone
which as static as iron ring
round her leg

and at last the lie
win over against beauty
where she spoke of
ultimate maxim by word
'I exist'!

Pranab k c
08/01/2019



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Thwarted

shattering voices
fading out silently
where dark and cold
feathering with no choice

fists are unfit
already been proved
when retreat carries
the symbol of credibility

and a pollutant
naked and shabby
trying its fate
to revive from fatal disorder

destiny denies
to receive its
rebirth!

Pranab k c
20/12/2018



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Dearest Invisible

time knocks the leaves
to make its chariot
towards death destiny

time chills the night
to dress with fur and favor

time the high dynamic destitute
never forgets to consider a bit more
to review and revive

time the white lizard
now gossiping its gap
where no light cleared the board forever

the gambling fellow we are
simply chasing its pleasant phase
of no think cry and cradle

time the wonder of all wonders
not love not hate
only having the nectar its pouring
through rejection and agony!

Pranab k c
04/12/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Wave Of Thought

a light not sure was that light
but a faint attitude hypnotized
to follow its elementary softness

I follow not sure I did it
but tried to make it strict asylum
where time never expects anything
to be actualized

the state was fearless
but haunting status of such knocking shock
made somewhere damaged some cells of bearing
thousand opinions and more than opinions
the majestic ecstasy where the measure of pleasing
a soul full of treacherous beauty and volcano to engulf
thousand slots of thought never ends its waves....

Pranab k c
17/11/2018



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

If The Absence Forever...

Dumping pain
Clicked by fiery blizzard
Opened a passage to long away oven
Just made once invite
To burn as a fish sometimes
To be roasted to taste by flickers

Pain no luxury
But the beauty to consume these prefers
Really a heavenly glimpse of nothingness
Achieved by last night passion
No obligation ever been recorded
No cry no dogma to dictate a death
As pleasing as desired by no-one!

Pranab k c
17/11/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Festival Ends, Begins Festive Of Soul

Festive ends

Idols going down to water

And the spirit of festival

Reveals now with motherly love

To protect her child

To preserve the demanded rights

Festive of soul now carries

Love for all

Pleasure for all

Feelings of temporary happiness

For all who stand outside temple

Crying to be feed up for long the day

For the night to make a promised sleep

Silent and secured

Festive now blows the beauty of silence

Masks are gone only motherly love

Everywhere fighting to protect

Her child and to preserve the rights of a man!

Pranab k c

20/10/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Mathematical Conjugation

ran to touch sky with crazy speed
a field blunt and idiot didn't suggest
any logical parapet to restrain the motif
ran with hurried loneliness to stimulate
the hit to hunt the ultimate

simply returned with heat to burn hide
but critical calamity suffocated pure breath
when exhibited myness to your custody
you means a no-entity simply surrendered

And sky I caught from horizon line
where a slate show the catching caption
'nothing subdued except your heartbeat'
ran again very fast to fascinate unending life...

Pranab k c
04/10/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Banned Profinity

Really your boobs were delicious
When last time your sincere triggering
Killed the tiger when jumped to hunt the heat
Just before dying
Two softy tower accompanied blissful journey

Really Delicious your...

Pranab k c
04/10/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Now

The lie was the investor
To crash a prolonged shedding
Octave not the choice
Choice was nudity

The lie was the coordinator
To establish a myth
Sucking the gracious probability
Out of its enbound string

Lie and lie
The main purchaser
Consuming all our good and vibrant radiations
As far as it could be stored!

Pranab k c
04/10/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Journey Through Unknown

touched by her melancholic isolation
silently put my steps beside her unpleasant presence
yet fire by touch helped us together
to invent another world of flying and fuming

nodded her head as reply of my meaningful arrogance
nodded her nips as reply of my finger tips
nodded her lips not to utter unwillingness

just her thirst made her close to social arena
melancholy was not her choice
her respect was to perversion

touched her soft and transformed into rude journey
rather wild that accompanied affiliation made us morbid
at least for an hour on the surface of blue planet

Pranab k c
29/09/2018



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Crying Chronicle

Nothing achieved during 2000 Or more years
Only hate, hate and hatredness our primary
Fundamental and final procedure of going
To be extinguished

Love the another chord to play the vibrant
Rather to glorify hate by condemnation

Achieved beauty of hating prejudices
Dancing now with its aflamed universality
Dancing as rain when it pour its highest derivatives
Hate now that pleasure of love
To verify humanity or animal instincts
Which not hypothetical acclamation
Proved by its manners, motion and motives!

Pranab k c
28/09/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Senseless Solemnity

poor my nose
always sniffing
a love warm and fleshy
a canopy floating
random on waving sea
never tried any fishing
but poor my nose
throughout the dark to diction
flinging spinning and spanning
love warm fleshy and flattened
like Rome on page of history

Pranab k c
20/09/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Accompanied Actuality

good guy whenever I meet
give me an ocean to sail

whenever I
meet to taste the essence of failure
brings me a handful of noise
no sound but stimulation makes my heart broken

good guy never I achieve any mistake
pushing the track beside my choice-lane
mistake finds passage to achieve me and to attack
ultimate pleasure pulsating through my nerves

alas! I fly high with good guy doesn't exist
anywhere any rhythm of rhythmic citation
no one explained except me and my uncertain existence!

Pranab k c
20/09/2018



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Efficiency Needed

again smiled the morn
to breed newness of uncertainty

again smiled the morn
to greet the pathos of uprooted

again morning cries with beauty
never it expected such density of dark

and never the morning will appear again
if we acknowledge the ability of human
an explosion inside the sun to show
our strength and talent

let's come we mourn together for our inefficiency
of erasing life from the surface forever!

Pranab k c
20/09/2018



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Imagined Death Of Dying Woman Suffering Long

a night expels all the nights previous
and a day transforms into night's murmur
such a dream she spent last night alone
when stars forgot to blink their own variety

a legend demands more and much to fulfill
but life doesn't bother anything to be ragged with
when night falls without reasoning any fallout
she spent a long night to blame and to be blamed
out of which nothing came out except the breath ultimate

before dying the bloody rose she put in wall hanger
to celebrate the dignity of dying alone!

Pranab k c
20/09/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Front To Battle

Many fronts are open
To win or to defeat
Many fronts yet unknown

But the main front
If you pardon me to utter
That's the command
On own mind

Thousand suns will come and go
Thousands clock will tick the eternity
But this single sense of truth
Will hang for ever to attain

If think it impossible
I will keep myself silent
But if take it as debate
New front will open to fight again...!

Pranab k c
20/09/2018



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Nice Girls

nice girls are hanging
beside my side line
their pose and gesture
their flying kisses and pleasing shorts
declares
as a commodity they are costly

these nice girls
the product of our society
brings a message quiet loud
girls are really
made of flesh and blood
girls are really
created perhaps as an instrument
for enjoyment to men folk

It's all I write
after attending the advertisement
just beside my sideline
where now I composing these lines
may it be known as poem!

Pranab k c
14/09/

Pranab K Chakraborty

Poetic Intuition

and at last I feel myself as a beast
anger to ride on the roof
just to celebrate flesh to death

and at last I feel myself a human
unnecessary grazing on the field of
temporariness

and more than these are encrypted
but hard to crack its valid necessity!

Pranab k c
05/09/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Religion In Constitutional Democracy

a road goes straight to heaven
who knows the way
giving everybody
a string to hang his/her own
without any other cost
only cast a vote in favor of him /them!

Pranab k c
05/09/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Poetic Proximity

and when she came a flower blown with essence eternal
and essence eternal preaches eternity where soul only entity
shapes and shadows are meaningless by its existence
meaning only expands a blunt virginity which bleeds with no reason...

Pranab k c
05/09/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Lines To Draw The Truth

Between sky and surface
Between pets and patriots
Your expected solution
Was silence

You means a platform to stand
Whom I trust to trust myself!

Pranab k c
05/09/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Dancing Clowns

Clowns are dancing
On the stage
Cops engaged
To promised Security

Enslaved those man-child
Have no eyes
Their own
Have no mind
Their own
To judge
The facts behind fact

Just they perform
As puppet do
Ring leaders now dancing
Cops obeying their promised service

But time not static
By its own feature
In changing panorama
Changing follows its
Natural course

Clowns of today
Thrown as garbage tomorrow
Cops enslaved as usual
Only ring leaders
Faces flashed as new
New profiles captivate expectations of millions

Dancing is eternal
The passion of dribbling people
As thwarted objects
Passion of achieving power as mighty as possible
And at extreme level grinding expectations of others

No problem

Peoples are callous
Peoples are commonly nobody
Peoples are doped by hope of golden tomorrow

Dance... dance... our clown bosses
Simply keep in mind
Time not static
It changes with its natural course!

Pranab k c
29/08/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Angel

Girls are nice
Who never think
To dip in devils pond

Girls are nice
Who never taste
The taste of chastity

Girls are nice
Who always ready
To sleep with the sun
That never rises
Only brings a dream
To be fitted with time

Girls are nice
Who never like me!

Pranab k c
27/08/2018



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Love Letter

sanctity shattered by lame lumpen
humanity now suffering from malignant paranoia

a cruel time we crossing on the orbit
only the dream of a new dawn awaits to greet us

just wait my love
we will meet again with soft and sweet words
after a long track passing alone with morbid morality

just... just... wait till then....!

Pranab k c
17/08/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Friend Means Free At Its End

Friend is a word quiet hard to hold its meaning by exact gravity and mass. Friend is not a choice to feel own desires, it's a word to make other fulfilled. Friend is a word carries a philosophy to help some others by making the passage straight to attain the beauty of soul indifferent of own hankering to achieve love or peace or other... others....

Pranab k c

05/08/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Homeless Indians

A home they need to return
A shelter they need to feel themselves human
A question they want the answer
How many years after staying a land
A man got his/her identity
As a citizen of a country

Sky kills their heart
Air blows their passion with violence
To crash the tranquility
On global surface

They are homeless after sudden attack
By politicized bureaucracy
And political puppets are playing their cards
To misguide commoners

A cruel uncertainty made by state heads
To uproot a large number of Indians
From their own land of anchoring their soul of love!

Pranab k c
05/08/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Tormenting Trauma

Peripheral domination
My first choice to hunt the fever
It's another nice
To jerk the zone by tremendous thrust
If that allow again
To turn the whole
The hole I dig with violent vigor

Then and then and then
Howling horizon simply triggers
Death to permit fuel again
And again the same run follows the shudders...1

Pranab k c
28/07/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Art Is Illusion

when you told
with a dipping voice
'art is nothing but illusion'
'art is not any truth
simply a journey to search
universal a layer of existence
a layer of conscious and
a layer to uphold beauty
by digging ugly and from dirt'

the message disheartened my inquisition
the message diverted the proposition
of propagating truth through my words
the message I refused to receive
as the whole society denies such delirium

slowly the power of truth
silently took access into my intelligence
and now I can repeat
those hardest reality regarding poetic art
'art is not truth
but it serves a journey towards'!

Pranab k c
20/07/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Little But Its Touch Big

little but it touches
all objects open and scattered
anywhere on surface facing it

little but its magical beauty
who can't feel let him die peacefully
let him die but death not so valueless trench
you can hide forever

little that blinking eye
chased me throughout my dream
my sleep spent a night of unending
dark as ocean where flew violently
spreading no wings simply with thoughts

that cosmic radiation
that ray of light
that mesmerizing arrogance
perhaps guides our soul
to dive alert into life infinite
more than calendar-bound life of us

little but a star never haunts our freedom!

Pranab k c
20/07/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Death Was His Main Longing

my love
my straight
nakedness
wants to be sucked

my love
my straight
willing
pronouncing loudly
your shit
by by hard haunting
the legal explanation
of distinguished
fucking and killing
rough

it's the trauma
a man suffering
by heart to be
a poet at last

 PoemHunter.com

I remained silent
as the state leaders
usually keep themselves dumb
when time demands their
real faces of treachery
to come
in daylight table of conversation!

Pranab k c
16/07/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Bleeding But Alone

a lone lunatic is sufficient
to take you out
from the disguise of proud civilized

you are I think simply a lumpen
nothing else to do except fucking a society
of men common ass live as animal stalk
just to exist and defending always
non existing phenomena imposed by the heroic orthodox

here the puzzle of philosophy stands with a question mark
if philosophy introduce human society
different from other animals
fallacy always dancing to make the total
project of displaying man as non animal identity

but my dear extravagant with the recommendation
of showing animal beauty of human exhibition
rebuked with slang tone and texture

I admit my shame and at last announced boldly
it is lost
it is lost
it is lost

Skeleton tells humane were here
but searching finds only animal
to certify theory of evolution!

Pranab k c
16/07/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Time Commands

strangling a rose by its petals
as once I was told to hunt young earth of bright summer

if you ask me how
no answer simply the passion of kicking back
i will direct you to keep at the right place of your disliking

strangling a process of wiping an object
by its global access but morally it transforms
with rapid erosion

i was told once to restrict all eros
from memory line by ethical electrification of thoughts
to make please the boss of divine amplitude
by keeping locked the nerves for peeping into bloodshed

i was told to translate all killings and killers
of surface by flowery diction soft lucid gentle as breeze
no stone-type hard feelings would be allowed to get
its flight to move with force

who am i
that humbug who never keep shut
to avoid life to expose by its unregistered band path
that no-one who looks and trying hard to make you look
at the surface where never again peace would win with love!

Pranab k c
15/07/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Poet Of Third World

A poet
Refused by his family
And neighbours
Admitted in hospital
By few of friendly knowns

But he himself
Took revenge by refusing
The priceless service
And Escaped from...

Deep at midnight
From remote roadside foot
Lonely not lost
The poet
Rescued at last

Sent home
Sent By friendly knowns
Agony, desires unfulfilled,
Failures, dreams,
Illusions and disillusioned,
Lost love, scarcity of money,
Illness, addiction

But not lost
The poet still a poet of third world
Refused, dishonored, unaccepted
Just for liberal and non-biased thinking
Friendly knowns
Sent home
Sent home
A poet!

Pranab k c
12/07/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Riddle

Two melancholic inheritance
Colliding and coexisting together
Passionately
Crazily
Callously

We human the puppet
Simply for their game-sake

I know bluntly the reader would like to spell
These twos are quiet known life and death

With submission poet achieves the diction
No sir that not be regarded
Rather put Love and Hate in string!

Pranab k c
29/06/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Word And Its Magical Face

Faculty the word
She conceived as a professional term
To estimate a personality
Certainly that's her problem
Not of poem or any poet
Who used to expose the sequence

Sometimes unknown
Perhaps commonly its the nature of word
To exhibit a symbol
Sometimes a word matches with different symbols
Reader catches as required passion to fulfill

Faculty perhaps that encrowned word
Which made my identity as a professional learned one
She took it to make my profile
She divided herself into heaven and hell
She desired to be tortured
And painful evaporation transformed
Her pain to pleasure of loosing and extinction of life

Faculty the word used in a poem
Could make a poet the crownless king
To crash and crack another crazy woman
Whose identity awaiting to be identityless an homosapiens!

Pranab k c
14/06/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Running Machine - 7

At the finishing end
A hard tune of loosing heart
Encaptured all the basic individuality
Runners lost their dreams of winning heaven
Only functioned the machine inside just to stick with motion

And at the finishing end
It looked as if they knew
After long harvest
No crop would beautify the land

Yet another recalls the past of many failure
Yet another coming with its course to magnify
Strength and passion but sky no different
The finishing point still torturing runners last breath...

Pranab k c
05/06/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Story Of An Unauthorised Reluctant

Silently slipped from her eyes
When a fly entered into her bedroom
She was then in bath
And a poor cat
Simply covered
The dark of her wings
And she began to talk
With the mutant who once
First in life raped her identity
And the smoke of indecent fragrance
Many years tied her with a trauma

Now she only fear the fly
It carries many unwanted feelings
Of being evacuated from the root
Fly only her fear she carefully
Fight to keep it away from dust to daydream!

Pranab k c
05/06/2018



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Creation

and habit can't be any parameter to measure the height of any personality.
height is simply the upper surface of a mind which can't be observed by any
organic exposure, it needs different look beneath the look of looking various
compasses.

and habit you annihilated through your all nerves and nausea to make yourself
prehistoric, and felt much ruptured by doctrines.

rather come now to attain the height beyond your habits or habits you give
tolerance to pin the height!

Pranab k c
02/06/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Running Machine - 5

whatever they told
confusing
whatever they did
confusing
whatever they didn't do
only the truth
we admitted all in chorus!

Pranab k c
02/06/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Running Machine - 6

keep silence
just see
a globe moving fast
beyond
your imagination
in vacuum
under your feet

keep silence
just see
you are not going
from here to there
just it comes
near to you
because
the globe is rounding

just see
your breasts free from straps
never want to swing
but
it swings
because
the globe is rounding under
your feet crazily fast
the speed you can't imagine
in
vacuum
all our have and havings
in vacuum
all our strength and wealth
in vacuum
all our prides and prejudices
moving fast on globe in vacuum
darkness surrounds rapidly
so such beastly
wanting to hold you tight
by erasing last breath
cool

coldness
spreading all over the globe
our mutual snobbery
our vacant goodliness
our birth and belongings
moving crazily with the globe in vacuum
they you we me
simply bubbles in air
waiting to be blown out

the unseen and unmeasured universe
everywhere dropping shadows like a sadist
keep silence
just experience
your own perversion
beneath your beauty
to hide your inbuilt ugliness
blood flesh bones fluids
covered by your white skin
just see and find out
darkest your passion
no different than other animals
moving hiding screaming scanning
in vacuum
to project our manship
nobler than slaveship
my foot
my fist
my dishes not delighted
as your enchanted delirium!

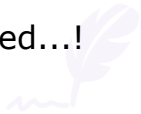
Pranab k c
19/05/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Running Machine - 4

whom did you desire as your promised land
whom did you blow your fleshy journey
whom did you decide as your anchor
to be immortal

the laughy game you played whole life
knowing no cry within
the laughable life you put to time
knowing beauty the sense of swimming
whom did you think a postman
bringing light of eternity
whom did you
brought so dark ultimately
you choose the death almighty
at the replaced manner of keeping breath
whom did you trust
to whom did you
to whom
you desired...!



PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
16/05/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Running Machine - 3

sheltering arena
shows temporary
inactive
to be burdened
with schizophrenic
shattered faces
immuted
by local briefings

here and there
mutual commandments
cordially clarifies
low term longibility
of such
earthly postures
couldn't be allowed
while
immorality
the relevant lumpen
always
gambling with
ethical irrationality

arena keeps dumb
to console
the life
yet also active
indifferent
in positive negative
warring status!

Pranab k c
12/05/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Running Machine - 2

just forgive that guy
who fucked your passion point

just forgive that guy
who cheated your last breath

just forgive as a noble one
that distinct mark of heat and hit
who made to make you mad

just forgive your birth
which can't be proper
on such imbalanced worldmap

just forgive yourself
for cruel cry to have a dawn
your own

just
just
just



PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
11/05/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Running Machine

looking a run
from distance
a man
running hard
to achieve
the target
after achieving
another waiting
to be hanged
on merit point
after another
after another...

the man
feel thirst
to take rest
feel thirst
to attain
another world
of no target
no run callously
no achieving
no rat race

but undone
no time to
brood an breed
thoughts
not related
target to run again..

looking the run
the run of a man
whether achieved
or not
the man
runs hard
to high
profile social

 PoemHunter.com

finally
achieved or not
graveyard or crematorium
does not bother
any running track!

Pranab k c
11/05/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

India:A Free-Thinkers State

[WE HATE AND OPPOSE THE CONSPIRACY OF MAKING INDIA AS A HINDU / MUSLIM / CHRISTIAN STATE.

WE HATE THE IDEA OF MAKING INDIA AS A COMMUNAL STATE... HATE BY HEART...

AND IF GET OPPORTUNITY WE WILL HIT BACK.]

Coming out of womb on the surface
Surrounded by a certain map
Marked by the border lines
And the land we have known later
Is called as India

We have learned along with our growth
'Goal is one but ways are different'
'Non-injury is the highest religion'
'Love is the highest weapon in the world'
So and so

But when we see the state power
Use at random the false promises
To rule and to divide citizens by narrow means
Of religion defined by some perverts

Getting confused
Questioning myself
Who are those frauds dealing with
The softest and purest feelings of human being
'Religion' the container of belief and love
Who are those enjoying power and position
To dominate, to exploit and to torture to death
Just to keep illiterates under their feet
What's the need of religion then!

India my country revived many times ages after ages
From foreign invader
This time I believe
It will revive again to utter

"Ways are different but the goal is one"
"Non-injury is the highest religion"
"Love is the highest weapon in the world"...

India has to prove again
It is a land where multi language and culture
Breed and nourished with liberty and state security

India has to prove again
It is a land where
Different community and different religion
Where meet and exchange their ideas

Pranab k c
07/05/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

My Love My Hate

And I write your name
Inside the desert of unproductive days
can't go beyond my living
Strictly mechanically

And I write your name
In the middle of wide ocean
The ocean of those unsatisfied desires
Dreamed last...last...last nights
Never bring any visible action
In my daytime

And I encrypt madly your name
Just to cannon it again
To evade all your glorious apostles
When I see death alone dictates the life
And its engraved passion to diminish dark
No any grace to gratify human strength

And I love you again
And I love you again
Understood clear
No other entity throughout universe
As human brain yet experience
Except you the sheds and shelter of me and us
And YOU only creates casually to make an end
Your creatures

And I write your name again
On my palm to blow it in air
To blow it in air
To blow it with storm
To blow it with thunder
To blow it with pains and emotions...!

Pranab k c
03/05/2018

Earth Day

Stars are too far
To reach this night
But a simple try of climbing
By holding its ray of light
Falls straight on me
As a spear to penetrate
My temporariness

No other way
To climb that height
Through space to me

But stars I decided
To catch at least
One of its surface
To stand by feet strong

And stars
Not any other parapet
Of any of my love
Mind burns
Mind burns
Mind burns

Not there I want to reach
This night
Strictly for the stars
To climb
To climb
To climb
Inside its dark!

Pranab k c
22/04/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Last Dialogue Of A Lunatic

I knew
It was
The cause
To make
Such refusal

I knew
Solidarity
The ultimate question
Accept it
Or not
I knew
Your spine
Has no strength
To stand
Erect as a pole
Stands alone
To hold
A flag!



PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
19/04/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

My Love

night somewhere waits to peep through a trap inside heart where never
dissected well the fathoms of dribbling self-torture just to forget existence
ultimately guineapig on the hand of nature liberally playing the symphony to give
someone force to masturbate someone inspiring to kill someone brutally and a
soft touch of silent flow always dictating life to live peacefully and cultivating
pleasure by serving others to satisfy oneself...

night the boss of cosmic universe where light always fighting hard to band its
superior brand...!

Pranab k c
19/04/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Riddle Not Simply Asking

Shape, warm or smell
what takes the responsibility
to make attraction first
to grab the globe
with soft and newly fist

Shape, warm or smell...
rest of life
craze for capturing spongy soil
makes human fleshy by choice
such the magic of passionate fix

Who knows mathematically exact
shape, warm or smell
age increases hunger transforms!

Pranab k c
10/04/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Pure Poetry

whether in heaven or hell
whether in slum or wealthy palace
whether in forest or advanced city life
raping is the best to flag
possessing strength of human

whether in temple or brothel
whether in graveyard or marketplace
whether in parliament or court
temperament of raping
attitude to rape
attribution by rapist
should be considered
part of humaneness

otherwise a long stretch of gray line
soon will cover the sun
soon will sea speak of erosion
soon will sediment of brown desert
change its place to replicate
our civilization as civilization of deaths!

Pranab k c
18/04/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Resolution For Changed Time

a leaf dry and fallen
bears much beauty as dying sun

a dying civilization
bears much beauty as black-hole

rotten and obsolete humanity
should be replaced constitutionally
by cruel and wild animality!

Pranab k c
16/04/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

No Poetry

The word pissing
quite essential word
in everyday life but
in poetry it is used very rare
somewhere the word is banned
by the name of profanity

ridiculous such trying
to save our sanctity

killing is not any profane word
assassination is not slang
whether it is used physically or
in character concern

pissing considered highly
by the profanity keeping authority
and tragedy begins from here...

Pranab k c
10/04/2018

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Gownified Giggles

entered a colored gown from afar
with wind my room
it was dawn nearing
light embraced the silicon sand on its charm

entered a thwarted gown no other article
inside to put its a name
dawn carried the caravan
let me to set out into a journey
no other objects simply imagination
brought me with its wings
to an unending unknown unaffirmative
bewildering into space to fly and to float
aimlessly beside this
primitive passion of possession
only
was the hook
to catch me again
inside my own wearing!

Pranab k c
06/04/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Rectify Yourself

It's me not my ghost
Now standing before your verdict

It's me not my ghost
Just standing in front of your mortality

It's me and feel quite clearly
Your passion will throw you from dreams
You dreamt throughout your falsehood to stand
By the stand of meaningless falsiness

Exactly the fallen feather can't be a bird
By its whole affirmity!

Pranab k c
03/04/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Nice The Nights

Nice night bleaches the bridges
Breezy wind never could sack the urging
Just to clear up orthodox ditching
From the monastery my heart lambs
To lamp to cheer up clear cunningness
All the time combat hardly to defy
Destitute desires make my nerve irreversible
During the thrust of natural melancholic divinity

Night nice but laboring hands the clock
Triggering to draw a finishing fable
Fabulously yearning high to dictate heavy
Hovering

You my dear dwells roughly beyond my ego level
Merging with the mist of never ending symphony
Unheard yet by all but thirsting ever to catch its drop
My low level victory organized to be overpowered
By time itself that knows the beauty of
Diminishing tranquility which you define
All the time as the nectar of flowering hell
Promise I my foot on its decoded vanity
Begins every time as explained by you
The heaven of immortal placidity!

Pranab k c
03/04/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

My Country My Love Is Transparent

India, my country
Where the cover page
Of leading newspaper
Gorgeously
Holding advertisement
Of PURE medicine with rebate

The advertise establishing
Existing reality of the country's transparency
Where adulteration or impurity
Fake or falseness
Becomes main characteristics
Of make-in-India project

State leaders delivered loudly on stage
False promises they knew not to keep
Just to capture chair
After capturing
Transparency exposed

Every sphere such cultural adulteration
Trying hard to implement feudalism
In disguise of adulterated democracy
No commitment to serve the society and people
Poor and needy, common and laborious
Sucking their believe by mind-blowing air lectures

India, my country
I know very well
After publishing this poem
Adulterated patriots
Surely will put the level on me
As Pakistani...
(Illiteracy exposed)
Their blocked head can't think much more
They means those adulterated patriots
Challenging every time common peoples strength

Morning newspaper making business

By publishing advertise of pure medicine
Nakedly fixing finger
At a country
Where life saving is critically in-transparent

At its end
Remembering that hermit's tale
Which shows the truth by setting animals
Tiger chasing the dogs to hunt
Dogs chasing the cats to hunt
Cats chasing the rats...
Transparent India
My country My love !

Pranab k c
22/03/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Encrowned

Fatigue fringement ornamented
A classic deviation
And disliking of optimizer
Slow but with steady hand
Recaptured the density of gravity
Engraved vanity again
Dominating dirt of distrust!

Pranab k c
15/03/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Solitude No Solution

Little a shock
So powerful its history
Could shake
A dynasty

Little a shock
So inherent with legend
Could grab
All the toils of being and brands

After all it exists
With being or nothingness
It exists
With refusal and acceptance
After all a mess awaits
Near our every propositions
You admit it
Or not!

Pranab k c
15/03/2018



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Beauty

When touch with
Passion
It blinds me

When touch with
Wisdom
It overwhelms
Whole entity

Between the lines
it hangs
As cool fire
It warms but not any
Burn!

Pranab k c
15/03/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Adhunter.Com Vs. Poemhunter.Com

Poemhunter homepage
looks so beautiful
with the ads regarding

- 1) making of short penis long
- 2) method of fucking well for long time
instead of viagra
- 3) trick of making heavy amount of money
in one night
so and so...

It looks Poemhunter perhaps dying
to keep its existence
the site simply
needs business
to run the company well

Poetry perhaps the secondary object
to serve now...
Profanity now considering as the bogus word
to block any writing, etc.

AMAZING! ! !

Pranab K Chakraborty

Love Yet Love

Love and warm
Coexists together
So violently
Many times it seems
These are reciprocate

Tragically
Truth is different

Warmless pain
Sometimes brings forth by love
Sometimes loveless killing
Give us much warm

And it's quiet unethical
To get warm from love
To get warm by the name of love
When we torture physically and mentally
Some other person/persons

Love stands as a big question mark
Often it shines hate
As a healthy sign
To run the dying
Civilization
Whom you taught
As Human Civilization!

Pranab k c
08/03/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Violence It Vibrates

Undoubtedly
Pleasuring passion
Quiet violent

Whether
The source
Almighty or temporary objects

Just at this point
Ready to debate
If you want
Propose directly

Without violence
No creation on surface
Could ever be possible
No mind to sacrifice
No body to sacrifice

And without sacrificing
Oneself
Nothing could ever be
The instrument
For producing
Any new at least
With its outer context

If you want any debate
Ready to accept your challenge!

Pranab k c
27/02/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Celestial Singularity

Nice to show you my infinite
You never can imagine it's eternity
A look like a sniffy dog
Always tries to smell unseen
Where to define never known
So isolation my obvious having
Enjoy much as you enjoyed my aroma
As a trance a time of penetration!

Pranab k c
22/02/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Love And Lovability

O love please dine me with your draculic gulf
I will absorb all your heat and hit of salting craze
A lonely narrow the avenue passed throughout the day
With chaos and chromatic arrogance
Now make me dumb only to suck beauty of fathomless pit
Nowhere to go now no doors to knock
Just tell the track it's time to burn oneself
Burning whole as galaxy gone...!

Pranab k c
22/02/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Treat As A Confession

Unbearable but can't forget
Unethical but not hold myself
Unlicensed but can't resist to graze
Through the pane always closed

Unbearable but can't hold
To jump into fire
To crush
The crate

Believe me
I am not a dirt
Just digging to disregard
Every inch of your dirt creating passion!

Pranab k c
22/02/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty

Pancreatic Panorama

Visualizing the demonic transformation of my casual habits deconstructing rather
it perforating through the consuming conscious

I know very well this writing would not serve your pleasing enjoyment
I know very well it will not bring any ephemeral feather to take
the flight through eternity

yet

it's a demonstration of my hunger to have a passage just to dislocate
existence with not-fallen hazards

And at last a fine line I draw with alphabet you deserve it:
Just hold the baby to feed the breast your own... your own...

Pranab k c
22/02/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

14th February

Morning opened its beauty
As soon as my eyes opened

Usual as other days
No other special happened
Throughout the day

Media tried eagerly
To communicate specially

But quiet patiently
Observed a melancholic bird
Just beside my window
Trying hard to find
A passage to escape
From daily chaos of our
Imprisoned togetherness!

Pranab k c
14/02/2018



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Illicit Occurance

Never I seen such ice in human mind
As you showed when the night gone out
Your approximated dueling trance

Never I seen such fire when I touched
Your petals of shame and thirst
Hidden inside the draculic hunger

Melting point I measure with my touch
With a non-sticky narrative
Where ready you are to sleep with prolific
Pain but pleasure chasing all your femininity!

Pranab k c
05/02/2018

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Hermit Poem

Shinning my eyes with blue
Beauty far above the meadows-end

Where I stand with shoes
Grinding soft grasses

Life from shoes below I do feel
Passionate to flow violently
Greens Blues within expansion of White
Never ends... never ends !

Pranab k c
29/12/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Nice Trip To Nothingness

Ignition that poor game
Blew all necessary border of sanctity
Poor player simply devoted
To the blistering warm of another opposite
To play and to swim in deep turmoil
Violently but with indigenous dignity
To ratify the solemn solitude

Ignition that intensifies isolated sovereignty
Impose charm to no-charm horizon
Impose clarity to be ignited with havoc hustling
Informal to replace with formal variety

And it needs a personalty to be verified
By legacy of blinking flame that yet rustling
To unify the passion and possibility

Ignite please my boredom
Ignite please the glass of whisper
Drink so casual manner
No choice imprinted on its liquid tremor

Just come and shut your sensitivity
Because ignition demands painless agony
To be fulfilled by factual nothingness
Come and close your doors to peep the life again
From various aspect of rational legitimacy!

Pranab k c
18/12/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Wait, I'll Back Soon

Casual my shirt
Wet not
But rain inside
Wetting
The beauty of my soul
Borrowing wings from the sea
Trying to evaporate myself
Where clouds thinks of no destiny
Beauty of my soul
Getting wet violently!

Pranab k c
09/12/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Long Time Away

Tight emotion escaping from bedroom
Hard and coarse time elaborates night
To defuse its magical strength for neighboring hunt
And its the real juncture
Where waits a poet
To be fulfilled
By endless dream!

Pranab k c
09/12/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Poem For The Child

One day
Everybody
Should have to
Understand
They lived
To know the mystery
Of the Universe

One day
Everybody
Should have to
Think the reason and necessity
Of life!

One day
Everybody.....!

Pranab k c
10/11/2017



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Wait And Play

YOU WAIT AS LONG AS YOU CAN
DEATH WILL OBVIOUSLY
ERASE YOUR ALL
HIDE AND SEEK
GAME
YOU PLAYED TO ESTABLISH YOUR SERENITY!

Pranab k c
10/11/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Tips Of The Day

measuring height of untrue
many times misguide our merit

a hard slap where essential
occasionally we put there burning kisses

its perhaps the symptoms of crawling
back to our primitive time
perhaps a stretch of ruining arena
getting everyday wide and open to all

kicking back should be honored as
a form of progress of human society...

Pranab k c
09/11/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Categorically Brilliant

No ban imposed on that
No ban did make any obstacle
To put its thumbs on fate

Yet silence acted obscure
To inhale the beauty of banning death

And that's only the fatigue
It suffered long to legitimize
The journey through the tunnel!

Pranab k c
06/11/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Highest Poetry Of Time

Clear sky
To fly
For the missiles

Clear sky
To hit
The target accurate

Clear sky
To achieve
An end of
Our civilization

Lunatics are ready to trigger the button
It's only the sad contribution
By human
We have choose some insane as our states man
To take decision finally!

Pranab k c
25/10/2017

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

To You Only I Tell This

When Ocean danced madly
With wild wind
Hundreds of km. per hour
When inhabitants ran away
With primitive passion
For sheltering themselves
Out of danger

With astonishment
I felt
The tyranny of my soul within
Devastating violence uprooted me
From the conventional idea of human origin
Felt cryingly
Nothing on the surface marked strong by human
Except cruelty of our own
Except pleasure of our own
Except expansion of our own

And again when snow-flakes
Throughout the night
Covered the surroundings
Rooftops, Green trees, lakes, mountains
Everywhere white the hazard hangs peacefully

I felt
The tranquility of my soul within
Felt the white womb of infinity
Where could I never detach myself from
Warm eternal pleases time endless
No addiction of any lab agents
Human bringing achieved long yet
Could intoxicate so long with warmest trauma
Except love to reject
Except revenge to anchor
Except torture to enshackled submission!

Pranab k c
08/10/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Innocent Beauty

Hotty naughty cute scraper
Used to hunt passion
Behind celestial zone

God pranked a loud destiny
To explore the liquid earth
Fattiest with its high-dynamic
Velocity and mass

Hotty naughty cute scraper
Played elastic tune
Arousing dark fraternity
Following moment of inertia...

Just when I reached this bounty line
The pausy listener asked cryingly
Please make me understand what you promised
Before your lying inside sleeping sack

Hottiest naughtiness embarked with scream
To choke my last breath
Scraper forever blended with my clarity
Factual fascination dried its leaves there after!

Pranab k c
05/10/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Simple Tips To Live Well

If you think yourself
An individualist
If you don't want to be bothered
By someone else
Never hanker after any mental relation
With any girl or woman
Keep yourself free
To make physical relation many time
But keep your mind aloof
To be hanged from hazards!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Ballad Of Rainy Nausea

Rain sucks
Hot of the day
Day's eccentric atrocity
Ejaculates a lucid lie of performing
Cool beauty with charismatic influence
On Nature and earth
And we human
Simply with quasi-passive accentuation
Shouting loudly
'O dear, come we play our horrible
Blood flowing death-bondage
To show that
Night is not yet so powerless
Would allow us to celebrate
Day as the Golden Gate to Heaven! '

Rain sucks hot and traumatic aroma
From arrogant other side of dark phase!

Pranab k c
18/09/2017

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

State Policy Not Any Personal Issue

Being chased by the legal criminals of any state
Who authorised to kill people without reason
Who authorised to rape women at random
Who authorised to burn homes by fire
Who don't bother of children or womb to produce new one

Being chased by those state sponsored armed guards
When people run to take shelter away from those hunting grip
Crossing river thinking of no risk
Crossing forest ignoring animals wild
When people get any opportunity of crossing border

The sense of getting life again dominate their being
Nothingness getting defeated again by sense of getting out
From danger should be celebrated as festival of life

But tragically when we see a state of much power and strength
Considering the rehabilitated people as illegal intruder
Our sense of humanity getting ashamed
The meaning of humanity being surfaced by stupid lecturers
Who has the greed to be the hero but they are inhuman by heart

Question arises
Illegal migrants is a blunt excuse
The main reason the group of people
Belongs to other religious community

Shame
Shame
Shame...

Pranab k c
15/09/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Dream She Dreamt

Yellow the sky
She dreamt last night
White meadows
And blue blood

She barked like a dog
She crawled like a snail
But never she tried
To show her aboriginal deformity
As behaved by her known society

Yellow was her sky
But she flew with no wing
As ghosts are imagined at random
She enjoyed her journey
Before being raped by her
Authority who promised to give her
Social identity as a man!

Pranab k c
15/09/2017

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Pervert Nationalists

Natio0nality is a feeling
It gets people by its birth
As a child gets the mother-love
Nationality such another abstract
Feeling grows with growing our age

Nationality not any means to impose by force
Nationality not any means to initiate war against other religion
Nationality is a sense of loving mother-nature

The pervert state-leaders who grave to grip more power
Use people as animal obedient and ready to sacrifice their heads
Those perverts many times plays different role
Using different colors to cap their capturing credibility
Nationality simply their coins to purchase headless cocks!

Pranab k c
11/09/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Virtuous Vulgarity

When you asked me
about your virtuosity
Simply reacted instant
'Prolifically voluptuous
And its acrimonious vulgarity
Inspire my whole being
To eradicate the civility
By its dense, dark but placid
Colors and lights of disguised
Mannerism which nearing every moment
To hell but with proud recognition

When you asked me
Your virtual para-drop
From Earth to eternity
Laughed me loud
Because I knew your burning
Everyday embanking
The priority of life
Pissing over death choice

And prolifically vulgar
Your virtual encovered mutiny
Enjoy I much until your burning
At least once coming near to approach me
Uncovering your virtuous invisibility!

Pranab k c
11/09/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Find The Place To Hide Again

Better go
Somewhere else
No insects, snakes, wild teeth
Bother of clipping
The clarity of espousing
Acromial process!

Pranab k c
31/08/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Silent Sophistication

Crime costs much
When a State itself
Takes the responsibility
To organize the crime
Against common and suffered people

History the silent doorkeeper
Always opened its eyes to catch
And to crack the castle!

Pranab k c
31/08/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Project: Insanity

Say no to that sanity
Which makes you sane!

Pranab k c
31/08/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Senseless Disorder

Shadows start to infiltrate
The land of light-yard
Para-profane zone of strategic
Coronation

Shadows start to saturate
Amber from sunlight
Crystal from stonehound
And operational corrosion
Clustered that romantic paratroop!

Pranab k c
31/08/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Just Demon

a time
not to believe
religious people
by their
brand name

criminals we know
by their actions
but religious people
of any special brand
always disguised
common people
getting confused
because the time reveals
the demons under their
apron

a time quiet naughty now
playing tough
to show the man
track of light itself!

Pranab k c
29/08/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Desired Tune

Finest tune of heart
Not yet been tuned after
So many hundred years
Simply a chalk drawing white lines
On black hard board
Made by tuned cruelty, inhumanity
And pathetic paranoia
We taught patiently by nourishing
Our killing instinct!

Pranab k c
18/08/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Boss's Manner

Spit on that face
Who refuses
To be your
Slave!

Pranab k c
07/08/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Tiger Our National Animal, Cow Considered As Mother

Tiger is the Brand
Indian people feel free
To declare
We keep the balance of Earth
Keeping peace our heart
At the rate of suffering

We dominate the war-afflicted surface
Blowing the message of force we carry within
But just to meet our hunger
Not to snatch any sovereign identity of others

Tiger is the Brand
Indian people feel free
To move on the globe
Bringing people to make
A war-free planet

Don't Mr. Religious
To implement your communal superiority
Never try to make this agenda
As your prior need
To replace other animal
Whom we know as Mother and God
To level as an Animal

Better you preach the doctrine
Cow is Mother gives milk
To Human child
Never try to consider
Mother as an Animal!

Pranab k c
02/08/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Etching

wherever you say
I can smell you there
obscenity the spark
to follow a dark chamber

no more feelings alive yet
to be any obsessed nut-cracker
warm and worthiness
the last mast to jump
madly into the ocean

whenever saw the sparkling distance
behind the eyes bright as precious stone
it was the chamber dark
to make a journey stop to its high end

don't think it organic
a charm always capture personality
from low to highest forum
for accomplishing the benediction!

Pranab k c
01/08/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Colaboration

Raining night passed away to bring a morning fresh with air and light of another world where fears are much less comprising with the fears of our anti-sympathetic pattern of diving and dividing the society formed by human to live a life of togetherness just to fight against the forces nature brings every time adverse to keep our existence fixed on the surface with pleasure and ecstatic to bear a high thought which can modify the civilization beyond our earth region to the planet other and other of different orbit and genre of universe wide and expanded extreme to the infinite which life could be a wave of eternal beauty flowing through all the veins and vacuum of dear body of the universal infinite entity beyond our thinking arena to touch and keep hold its tie by chain to dictate her to behave like an obedient servant...

Pranab k c
26/07/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Love Poem

Yungee Ikhshat
Grabbed
A mighty nighty
To pull down
A sky of flowers of stars
Galaxy to escape life

In turn
A punch
blew his chin
Three teeth
Thrown out on floor

A blood line
Built a red path

Sky open
Fall on him
Out from torn mighty
Loved as beginning of earth
Keeping open
Doors and windows uncurtained

Howling high
The thunder storm
Flying with fire
As if
Cosmic world
With chaotic friction
Missing axes
To revolve
Round its own orbit!

Pranab k c
25/07/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just...Please...Just

Lie not
Just believe
I love you
And come
Transmit your warm
To ejaculate
My life again!

Pranab k c
18/07/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

God Or Else

So sweet
Your
Unseen seduction
Just I love
You believe
My Unseen lover
Behind the curtain
Always
You hide your boobs
Not to play
With
My pleasure
Not
To dig
Your orgasm

Yet I love you
My unseen lover
Grant my passion
And unfold
Your Beauty!

Pranab k c
18/07/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

Blunt Horse

Ocean no choice
to articulate
factuality of
assembling
horizons of
losers

everywhere
you put red mark
to define
fineness
of language
Shit
I beat
all the track of
compromising
sanctuarisation
of vivid nexus
you boiled
with own foolishness

Ocean not my choice
to invest
the ultimate brutality
hide inside
gown clowns use
at random
to burgain
law and justice

a liquid passion
flowing
through my nerves my dear
just think
of your dream you dreamt
last night to
close the door
of that dreaming
hexagon



PoemHunter.com

Don't consider it as geometry
it's my pushing placidity
always feel
to finish
your groaning

Ocean not my choice
simply I choose your
flesh to cook with
my last breathe!

Pranab k c
18/07/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Land I Love

Nothing more
Expected from
You my Land
Just a free space
To move freely
Mixing with countrymen
Of different cast,
Creed and religion

Nothing more
Expected from
You my Mother land
Healthy air
To breath freely
And the rest
Of my livelihood
Will acquire with my labor

From childhood
Very much we proud of
Thinking you my country
A land of rich cultural heritage
Which inherited by birth

But this time
Just this present time
Dictates us to hate people
By religion
Dictates to think
As religion-blended ruler
Thinks

A shame we bear silently
A shame we feel
When the hell is being practiced
To erase the liberal thinking
From thinkers who believe
In humanity

It's undoubtedly
Political criminalism
By the name of religious community
Which already engulfed
Greater part of the world
By other religious fanatics

In this juncture
As an individual
Feeling much frustrated
Since
Culture when raped
By ignorant power-pillars
What the necessity of nourishing
Civilization
Which yet known as
Human civilization

The land
Whom I believed
As best in the universe
Where I dreamed to die peacefully
Now threatens us
If you protest the brutal invasion
Will be stamped as the agent of
Foreign country of other religion

Shame!
Shame!
Shame!

Pranab k c
15/07/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Lucid But Clumsy

Transparent the word derives from a conjugation of mistrust and disbelieve. Fighters when fight in front no other way open to escape, they are transparent facing death. Kill or be killed. Another transparent imagery not think moral to keep beside this but consider porn actor actresses are transparent to exchange their spasm hot and ecstatic.

Otherwise when you talk of purity an impure input exhibits the greed and orthodox mania of making others slave to your blind merit of exposing extreme as fit to your blunt system! Transparency is the process of keeping oneself obedient to time and esteemed action one suffering from long to be exposed, no more than this, perhaps...

Pranab k c
23/06/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

'Love You Wild'

Clearly told the guy
It's not any easy zone
To penetrate

Just go somewhere else
To break
The beauty of silence

The guy waited long
To be smashed
By the judicial discourse
Before that
Chastity pasted by glister

And an anarchy
Ultimately blocked the capability
To convince social blocks
Where nectar not any plunk
Where lie plays a spastic
Round the clock

The guy now a no entity
Simply a frozen zone
Hankering to satisfy
Every inch of luster!

Pranab k c
23/06/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Dreamdome Syndrome

Night she came
To stay together
Desired cryingly
To wipe out cold
From her soul and body
Undressed abrupt
And surrendered by praying
For warm without any extinction

Inexperienced a lover
Thirsty and expanding crazily
Throughout the life
Leaving No anchor behind
Never tried from anyone from anywhere
To snatch anything liked much
What deserves a man strapping the wrist
The symbol of masculinity
Never tried to project
In this glamorous society of exhibitionism

But this time
With cruel hand
Holding that feather and fiberless She
Hanged her callously
But with hungry passion
By the rope where swing hanged
Clumsy but just like an animal
Going to be chopped by the butcher

Stitched her face with gummed tape
Taking a hard stick
Kept in the corner of the room
Began to beat her violently
To drive out all her cold
And to give warm without extinction

Tried to revolt fiercely
Shouting was blocked
Hands and legs were tied roughly

Stream of tears came out
As ice of cold being melted
Pain lost its paining limit
It disappeared beyond the sensation
From various side each and every stroke
Blinded her head off
Cold and warm are out from her memory
Only soul flows with energy
To blow past present and future
With casual manner

First time a light I seen
Refracted from those eyes
Which looked at me but not seen my profile
Perhaps all the objects are same as white
Reflecting everywhere with divine bliss
Dead she not simply her ego gone out
Nothing left with her except the sense of death

Untied from chord
Pulled her body up from falling
Hugged me as a straw
Before drowning inside black ocean
Warmed myself also with her warm
And first time I felt
How life dominates the world of death
Surrendered her body gummed my limbs
To dip inside the ecstatic warm
Which eternally carried only by the soul infinite

Broken dream again Lusting
That strong appearance
Who can surrender boldly
Even to death to wipe out
Cold forever!

Pranab k c
21/06/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Conjugal Jounney

After a long years of living together
A couple simply live to quarrel and compromise

After a long years of fucking together
A couple becomes the machine to consume medicine
And for masturbation

After a long years of living together
A couple forgets to search the origin of universe
From where the life began
Only they think of loud ending!

Pranab k c
12/06/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Dreamy Cloud

Clouds from different world white and shining floated night long through my dreams of planting a tree on wide plane of no green anywhere!

Cloud guided my passion to achieve soil much softer, to achieve air more cool, to achieve shadow from the heat I got throughout my dream from a sun nowhere it seen but its warm boiled the origin of my every inch living!

Cloud white and shining floating everywhere I turn or stand, I move or staging myself as if imprisoned white cloud made my breath impossible to hold the crash for leaving sleep to awake, cloud white and shining made no meaning but I tried to plant a tree on a land not seen anything anywhere beside me except...

Pranab k c
12/06/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Sad But Inevitable

Why they brought their indigenous merit
To bury the civilization by their own hand

Why they made other anarchist
To get the ruin of human dynasty

Why the extravagant heroism lumpenised the cockpit
Just to be slapped back to their own graves
Where rests other of other civilizations

No time to rectify the trauma of harboring the tail
Inside the black ocean of erasing every inch
No time to manipulate the trauma of final embankment
The surface lost its glory achieved by the genre her own

Why they brought their indigenous merit
To bury the last sign of species called human
A trance gradually stamping the mark of dark again
Ocean and sky
Land and below the depth
Gone with the intelligence of improvising ammunition!

Pranab k c
06/06/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Listen Your Soul Blows

Little a passionate tune
Always played from an instrument
Not known exactly its origin
But feel much pleasant to sacrifice
Life and death
Light and dark
A man passing through an entire journey
During lifetime

Little a passionate tune
Never stops its continuous craving
Capricious and cool to its non stop variety
Curving the nature of prolific stagnancy
Naturally inherits we all by birth
And puts here a flag to restore the identity eternal
From a source not known exactly but we can

Little a passionate tune
Brings the heavenly light
Not known the source exactly
But it pleases a life to rejuvenate with death
Defeating all its treacherous conspiring credibility

Little
Little
But its passionate placidity
Somehow surrendering to its origin
Unknown but feel much dearing!

Pranab k c
06/06/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Passage To Undefined

Moving round the memory line
A window opened
No face hangs from frame
No light inside
A simple distance
Calling just to console
A hollowness

So many days
So many thoughts
Crippled to gather some reason
Of its openness

So many nights
Made me hallucinated
With naked invites

Yet a long the window
Gone out of time
The house changed its geometric shape
A wall standing high
To touch its head
The blue moon fog and freshness
Of light and air

Only my memory carrying
So steadily that meaningless
Framed openness
Sometimes amazing
Many times dislocate the straight gazing
Through the mist and dark of time
Unexposed yet!

Pranab k c
01/06/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Don't Go Untuned

Greed is not all
Lumpen all are naturally
Exact like the greedy snob
Always trying to show
The best of ones own

Greedy and lumpen not same
But greedy could become lumpen
And lumpen can't be greedy further

When you jumped into dark
Without knowing its depth
No greed, no lumpenity dominated
The passion to unveil the mystery

A saint or an artist always
Moves on that track
But as an artist
Or as a saint
Deviates many time from
The tides they tried to cross

Market makes them greedy
Market makes them lumpen
To hack and to sabotage
With the origin

Do you mean yourself greedy
Do you mean yourself lumpen
Then come and suck the extract
Of poison we hide from civility!

Pranab k c
01/06/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Bewildering Banishment

Your thirst
Make me
Overwhelmed

Your thirst
To catch hold
The wings of cockroach
Make me insulted

Your thirst
To justify the signature
Of others
As your own

Make me bewildered
Get myself confused
Whats the hell human building
To satisfy passion
Since we know very well
We are different from
Animals inferior!

Pranab k c
01/06/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Sad Soliderity

Where could I get that my
Time back
To smell air as the
Morning celestial
To stretch my hand
As an inquisitive child
Begging help from almighty
To erase his first sin from
Carrier chart

Where could I get that my
Ecstasy back
Not knowing the rage of fire
Just put my palm to flame
Never after tried to get my own
That soft and blue ignition of flame!

Pranab k c
01/06/2017



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Crisis

Such was my celebration when a little fiber of her furnished breast pattern
covered with guard to make oneself passionate to unlock the clicking habit of
luminous englowed objects apparently shown much soft to surrender on the foot
of fattish encyclopedia...

Pranab k c
23/05/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

A Cry

no-one also an one
who does not recognize
own self to register him
by the name of no-one living

eagerly waiting to certify
myself as an one
who learns to live
above the lifeline
such as a dead man live

no-one also an one
who has the lust to crash
sanctity of keeping bird
outside the cage
such as pyre or graveyard
waits always to evaporate
eternity from the head of
animals most like the man
it is called!

Pranab k c
23/05/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Stream That Flows

Stretched your hand to shake my heart I hold to transmit warm that longed to warmify your active isolation and a genuine heart-breaker what he did at the time of worst living, did not do the same but a tranquil look that touched you from my side never try to translate it in the manner of translating according to daily manuals

Stretched your hand I hold not to glorify myself but a reason always hides itself behind the facts of everyday realities, a flow of love unexposed yet it's playing the silent flute inside the layer of a non-satiated mind linked with the heart that carries so many mysteries to demonstrate helpless uncertainty of our whole existence...

Pranab k c
23/05/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

My Lord You Are

Ultimately the sun rises in the east
Downing daily in west
Ultimately you enjoy much to kill people
And deliver speech regular to protect humanity
Ultimately you are not any beast
A most like human who enjoys to hunt people by addiction
Ultimately you are a hero and we are licking your heel-dust
Ultimately you are the mentor and we
The novice reluctant who have been fighting for identity!

Pranab k c
15/05/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Thirst

love you my bosom of bloody bristle
love you my sticky favor of bribing the death
love you my ever auxiliated aroma of divine haze
love you my pleasure of hanging from dark
love you my all of having no sentence of pleasuring you
love you all my atrocity of fabulating distance

love means the variety of receiving objects with different manner
love means a deal to satisfy the opponent whom i like
love means a denial of not-loving
love means simply an illusion to deviate from origin

love is simply a trance of self termination
love is the hazards of keeping oneself cool but hungry
love is not our reach where human dreams to reach
love means ultimately a soft and silent sanction
to torture and to breed!

Pranab k c
15/05/2017



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Baby And Addiction

Mother
Breasts
Baby
Sucking lips

Unique mechanism
Implanted by
The nature herself

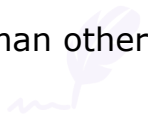
Breast-addiction
From baby days
A man carries
Whole life
During his journey

The mechanism
Simply replace
Mother
With woman others

An intense
Wild addiction
A human
Carrying
Life long...

Pranab k c
14/05/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Stream Of Infinite Arrogance

3 minutes of howling storm
passed by blowing some torns
3 minutes passed by from clock
3 minutes a change appeared
just after that 3 minutes

a light heavenly because it was white
transparent, cool and never seen it before
known surroundings became so dearly
known streets looked so charming
never seen it before

3 minutes before rain began
an eternal time fall on us
its grace and delight
eyes took a bath
in this sudden
stream of infinite arrogance!

Pranab k c
14/05/2017

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

R.N.Tagore: A Mysterious Light Of Universe

[Today according to Bengali calendar is 25th Baishakh (9th May) . Tagore's Birth anniversary. As a poetry-writer of contemporary time, I put some straight lines which I feel more important rather than to compose another poem. It's my confession.]

Bow down my head
To the light of creation
Refracted through a poet's talent
Universal yet I feel it's my own indeed

Beauty of soul reflected through the heart
Beauty of heart reflected through his words and tunes
And flowing with same frequency and fragrance
Decays after decays as civilized human soul
Radiations of thought
To attain the self of ultimate self

No parameter yet I know
To measure its aesthetic height
The poet created and composed
Yet so warm to console my heart which bleeds
Everyday getting hurt with thwarted interactions

Bow down my head
To the mysterious light of his creation
Universal but becomes my own to inspire myself
Just for the sake of human civilization
To keep its sanctity and existence!

Pranab k c
09/05/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Cock-Heart

The man peeped through the hole
Hole of time he imagined
A fictitious incident
Haunted his brain

While sleeping or awakening
A mutiny dictate his staying
To make itself a disaster every moment
It was his childhood
He had been once seduced bitterly
By the wild hunger of an obsessed wom..

Matchstick still not wet
Friction any could fire the placidity
The man tried hard to taste the soil
Once again peeping through
The hole of that older point of time

When a tiger grown within own entity
Many the legends he has crushed by theft
But nowhere seen that silent rabbit
Who simply sailed away from known campus

The man now always drifting gravity
Beseeching brave hearts to anchor the rocky lawns
Trousers torn old yet transversely the terrible hot
Erupts his strategic living
When mutiny disrupts his manness of being or being not!

Pranab k c
05/05/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Placenta

shining a beauty closed me
to death-chamber
sucked all my blood fluid fleshes
threw me away bones apart
pieces and dust
no more sound only songs
I listened during my woke up...

Pranab k c
02/05/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Fantastic Death To Swim Again

irony lied a lot
herculean crack through the pillars
engulfed all my intoxicated force and fumes
never try to translate fumes as perfumed protagonist
simply I bitched an illicit blizzard
horrified me with angelic anguish
but the consuming hole
pleasing, warm but the pass was enigmatic
a cave lied me while resembled the access ecstatic

minutes passed by blowing all the flaming frictions
minutes passed by stabbing clock to tick its rubbish
stamped the plumbing fiesta crossed with cried scrambling
yet minutes passed by staggering the slumber cool and caught
next and next no flakes flown on drowned desert
only the crack glittering with angry howls
no fillings felt as satisfactory stallion
no fillings only an undaunted tout
lied and known but not identified as desired fathom

crushed the clarinet
while crusher crawling to crave the entangled clarity
and a fission transformed to extract fusion by pause!

Pranab k c
02/05/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Saliva

Petallic beauty was so soft and pink and sweetest the dropping nectar touched long the sensation of dreaming a life never ends anywhere begins not any death any birth any fantastic fables to glorify legends. A stormy blizzard covered the conception of continents and tannery to engold the heels making sound on granite the victory defeat torture wild to shame beasts by tearing depths of deafening every hole of wholeness to smash to held high the crown!

Beauty petals sucked long not to suck anymore blood the vampires scrolling the story full of civilization. Come on, if die, die without any death! Come on the buds of beauty the beauty of budding fests, come on and close the windows to deprive the sun to develop the derivatives never got the logic to be ruptured by divine thrush and to be thrashed!

Pranab k c
21/04/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Are You Intelligent.....

No problem where and how
When and what
Tried hard to communicate
With

No problem hot or cold
Below or above
Tried hard to consume

Problem only is written
On the board with light red
You see:

'Never Try To Show
You Are Intelligent
Than Domestic Animals'!

Pranab k c
21/04/2017



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Good Advise

It's time to tell
Ones to own self
Just try to live
As a man should live
Not as a No-man

Listening this advise
A poor boy asked
How is the life of a man, Sir?

The speaker ordered his security
To drive the boy out of life
The boy took out a pin
Hidden under his skin
And threw it in the sky by hate

That pin became all these killing weapons
Raining everyday on human child
In Every sphere of Earth
The speaker yet quiet cool and shiny
Talking everyday everywhere
Live as a man should live!

Pranab k c
21/04/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Fire Burns By Hate

Thousand times I told you
I am a human child
Belongs to the human society

Thousand times I told you
Thousands of criminal, rapist
Black marketeer and power monger
Our society bears along with
Millions of people who believe
In love, family, nation and
The other members of our society
Indifferent in cast, color, language
Festivals and religion

It's strictly a human society
We form a Government
We pay for our police
And security administrations
Who give us security with various manner
To save the individual and the state
From enemy inside and outside the boundary

Thousand times I told
I am a human child
Belongs to a human society
Where believes are different
Customs are different
Rituals are different
But yet we belong to a nation
The nation is India

Our foods are of different tastes
Our choice of foods are different
Biologically we categorise ourselves as
Herbivores, carnivores, omnivores

We kill other animals to meet our food
Meat we get from different animals
Dog, snake, squirrel, goat, lamb

Donkey, cow, buffalo etc.

We kill animals to eat their meat
Some animals yet are furious
Enjoy human flesh also
Animals also of different category
Herbivores, carnivores, omnivores

No problem we stay together with animals
Criminals, rapists, thieves, bankrupts,
Black marketeers, so and so
Our Government we form to handle the problems
Which go against the millions and millions
Common member of our society
Who build the nation, who love their family
Who join festivals to celebrate the colorful
Human soul full of good wishes and holy spirit

Why do you come to divide our faith
To divert dependence on a particular segment
Of our society
Who are you to dictate people to accept
Of your selected regiments and to refuse whom you dislike

Few days ago you were the beggars to collect our support
Beg door to door indifferent in color and creed
You committed to bring well days better to prior years
But after achieving the chair you have come out from your disguise

Cultivating so many trauma to make us killer
Cultivating hate to suspect our neighbor
Your intention not to build a good nation
Your intention to divide our society
Your intention to crack our strength of protesting together
By the name of religion
By the name of food habit
By the name of caste, creed and community

We have known already you the greedy power monger
Want to make us
Your obedient slave by the name of your useless God
Who actually been created by a poet in his years old epic

Its the time to warn you

We the common people want to live in peace and tranquility

We the common people everyday to survive labor hard

Fight against all adversities of criminal activities

The misuse of power and muscle of the powerful men

Who belong to our society, our family, our neighborhood

You give us good administration to punish criminals

Guard us to sleep well, assist us to earn more

But don't try to make us divide

Don't try to make us violent

Don't try to accelerate anarchy!

Pranab k c

03/04/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Love Never Dies

Know you well
My long hands
Could touch
Your picks and pimples

Know you well
Adore much the last drop
To suck and slick
Inside the horizon
Dark and mysteriously deep

Yet stay alone on slate
To be drawn by violent brush
Know you well the fire station
Here a species welding himself
To keep distance and to be distant!

Pranab k c
28/03/2017



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Passage Please

Night gives no passage
To spread wings except
Those fire burns silent
To burn ages esteemed
By the Time infinite

A low pitch of sound
Listened from afar
Telling someone to keep
All the fleshs and fluids
Low but a clear deal
They played their clarinet
With tune of thirst and pain
Tune they condemned
To scale with dark and diction!

Pranab k c
28/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Do You Feel It Classic!

Cloud fills the spring
No rain in weather forecast
How do you feel when bloom
But beauty lies with boredom

A sunny valley far above
Dreaming a trip to land
With wings soul carries
But legs not touched by green

Sometimes begins something
Ends in a point but keeps
Dirt or dearness also a flag
To show the rest a sheet of shelter
Soul sometimes steps its treasure

We not any showpiece
From a hidden gallery
You'll have to enjoy
As an animal in zoo
Better tell your time
To encrypt the choice
You shaded with colors of dream

Nice and nothingness
Reciprocate a temporariness
As cloud rides on spring
When rain denies to drop!

Pranab k c
21/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Blow The Bugle

a simple look and a sanction by heart
love anchors the harbor

Pranab k c
21/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Poetry Day, Passion Day

Come my dear
Today we keep aside
Fictitious fibers
Clothes and our clarity
Come close we dip in each other
Sit on the the canopy of poetry
And sail on the ocean of soul
White and end never known

Come dear we suck our passion
Sick ourselves with filling and sliding
Come we sit together close and be one
To catch a dawn for the drowned

The day for us
The day for poetry
The day for the speechless
Come and close ourselves
Naked but not native!

Pranab k c
21/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Poetry Demands.....

Killers please hold your gun
Your hearts vibrating your simple baby-ness

Common people not the bosses
Simply they the puppet by their hands
Killers your mission not to dig your own grave
Be a saver by heart

Intelligent your faces don't hide by mask
Keep it open to be a lonely Jesus

If fighting you think inevitable
Fight for human race to save on Earth
Fight to arrange food for every and each people
Fight to give them a home to reside well
Fight to provide them health fit and without fat
Education their first priority you fight
To provide education for all

If think yourselves powerful and strong
Don't take challenges by killing commoners
Cowards also very much clever and competent
To kick you on your back

Poetry demands your romantic soul
In favor of creating a good earth for people
Not for wild beasts

Organise your nerves and stand fit to challenge
Your falseness to be a tool in the hand of those
Who dictates your sperm and passion as a switched robot

God alone is sufficient to snatch its space
Whenever it needs the balance to keep or ruin to trash
You stand against death for the existence to keep on land
For you and for your human community as well...!

Pranab k c
21/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Manifesto Of 21st March

If you can't put
The universe into
Your poem
Try to put yourself
Inside the universe
Through your writing!

Pranab k c
21/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Clever Strangler Entrapped Ownself

Strictures strangled the strategy
Strategy simply tried
To sanctified its misfortune

A clue only kept behind
Nexus of a hurried brilliance
Encashed multi million
And horrific dissimilarity
Hanged on the string!

A cryogenic fiction
By fictitious fueling urge
At last proved its falseness!

Pranab k c
19/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Bombs Are Obsolete Way To Win

Well done babe
Bombs are no solution
Best to choice the bonding
By heart and by handling

Well done baby
A kiss not sufficient
To meet the thirst
It needs food to eat
Home to live
And path to move freely

Bombs not the solution
Just your angry chief
Real coward to ban the octaves
Not in favor

So what so many routes are opened
To reach a place you like
And so many ways to neglect
The place like not to attain

Remember again:
'Love is the highest weapon' on earth!

Pranab k c
19/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Bee

The bee keeps a distance
To suck honey
The bee with notorious wings
Plays a game to hijack
The identity of individual

The bee with greed to be great
Putting its secret look
Distant but not from distance long

The bee actually a hunter of beauty
The bee after a run on no track
Would be identified as a hired robot
The boss stays behind
Keeps the strict control

Honey no end of its origin
But bee very much time bound!

Pranab k c
19/03/2017



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Hate To Be Hero

Blunt butchers hired a coffin
By the name of patriotism
They want to bury all our
Civil rights and artistic
Aggression always to penetrate
Others by curves and caves
To crave our vanity

They simply the nocturnal
Know not how to worship
Home they own by birth
The freedom they cherish
By auto synchronization

The other face they masked
To show them not they the real
Just puppet played the games
To notify their illiterate accommodation!

Pranab k c
14/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Vaginal Disfunction

I know the writing
Would be blocked by PH
Yet a blatant lie
I utter to know the readers
Vaginal disfunction
Expedite our society
To reach madly to be a remnant!

Pranab k c
14/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Understand And Throw Your Arrow

Rhythmic intolerance
I don't care
To verify
Where
And when
Storm began to wind up
Our special conjugation

Rhythmic chaos
Such a big bull
Always glorify
Our chin to cackle
The war behind

Moustaches are old but brilliant
And bold the history
Of knocking down shows the sanction
The hero to beg on the Good Earth

Ultimate is zero
But ultimatum bears a character
To bow down the truth undone
But inevitable!

Pranab k c
14/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Salute The Singularity

Never try to dismantle
The dignity of sovereign
Height

Daring acquisition
Sometimes bothers
The brilliant spectrum

Keep distance from being
The placid flaunt
To hook or to hack
Others achievement

A diction when calibrating
Try to salute the strange clarity
No humiliation
No hibernating dissimilarities
Expected to be exposed!

Pranab k c
14/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

An Escaping Run

And lastly she spent her nights on hilltop
And lastly she spelled a unbreakable silence
And lastly she told me by finger tips
Come and join my grave

And I refused to that tropical sun
And I refused to attain the blue moon
And I escaped by run
And yet I run not to stop

A grave chasing me naughty and greedy
A grave wants to suck my last breath
A grave forwarding too fast
Too fast to strangle the whole time!

Pranab k c
14/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

My Hangovers

What you like
Know not
What you like
You really know it
Dear

Night long a long train
Passaging through dark
Night long a long unknown
Passaging through our thoughts

Conscious a blind horse
Just galloping and galloping
From back to front
Doors are closed
Doors are open
The ridiculous fallacy
Everyone trying hard to clarify
The highest and handling with sober hands

I now like
To dry myself
With your fire
Do you like so
Dear
What you like
Know not
Do you know
Exactly your liking
Dear or no-dear do you know
Exactly!

Pranab k c
14/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Meaningless Chaos

Just a genuine garbage
Overthrown from night hole
Whole the profile hanged
And a passion to purify
The passive cordial
Jumped high to bleach the sky
And caught some dry and dried herbs
Hallucinating the overall hankerings

Nowhere to hide the truth
Tell freely the spankings and fillings
Overwhelmed the genuine orbit
Garbage first formed by its intensive care
Thought could never reach
Action only favor!

Pranab k c
14/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Masculinity Matches

not her sweet tune
not her smooth and bright skin
even not the tombs she hid
by her strained respiration

her ignorance
her trust
made me speechless
when in dark of that stormy turmoil
she believed me her savior
unknown but inevitable
irresistible that hold my hand

thousand times after
entered wild into her interior
never any battle she served

offered cool but warm
offered death but dream
as far masculinity could rain before rest

her ignorance and trust
her surrender and obedience
I enjoyed as Almighty demands!

Pranab k c
14/03/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Being An Obsessed Enjoy Ecstasy

Obsession defines unprevailed conjugation

Conscious keeps tough to fight back gentleness

Society refers to a dome to hide all brutality

Order implies with the expectation
order to commit suicide
within its prescribed periphery

Disorder a factor to choose its glorious concave
while facts and facsimile prioritising sanction the social
and obvious vengeance not to be unsocial

Obsession the prime force to intricate fracture
and obsessed knows the beauty of cultivating prophecy
having pain and pleasure by the degree
unprecedented, untold, unscripted and
undulated life of reaching no goal to achieve

Achievers are embedded by global fallacy
instigating ordering authority
to comply with its hierarchy

Pranab k c
26/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Portal Is Ready To Use

With clear and loud voice
Announced my choice
That transmission of warm
The first liking
From its fleshy orbit

Many times with different
Pitch and tune
Meter and melody
Words or Expression
Announced loud my meanness

You the high profiled hankerer
Moving unconscious beside a stable
Watching every spell of pissing and vomiting
What the hell your system
Killing so silent your salient features
No where to keep your feet
Straight and stout

With clear and loud voice
Announced bold that classic disregards
Now you to decide your beingness!

Pranab k c
23/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Hazzards Not Clarrified Enough

Tight butts of the cow
Discharging dung
Just stopping the traffic
In the middle of a cross-road

Tight buds of a nymph
Close beside my shoulder
Stopped me a while
To drop the shadow
When light asked me
To follow its correct axis!

Pranab k c
23/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Do You Know Exactly!

a simple question
made the man mad
simple a question
made the man animal
question of such simpleness
made the man a no-man

the man can't understand
the flow of life for why
why death awaits behind its apron!

simpleness of such simple question
made the man....

Pranab k c
23/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Certainly

Whom you told your paradox
Quiet certain your pain
Derives from that source

Whom you believed to hold your feet
While on air flying for beauty
Quiet certain your fall was destined

Whom loved you to bleed you bold
Certainly pleasing passion
Would be fulfilled
And your wound
'll guide you
To be written to become rotten!

Pranab k c
22/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

It's Not Time To Speak

Falling snow whitens the shudders
Afar I see a subscribed sanatorium
Your eyes are white
White wave of light
Carries your soul
To an unbound horizon
Where no coffee plantaion
No orchard of fruits
Only peaks hilltops heavy with clouds

Falling snow whitens the dream
Sleepless nights waiting to appear
And a pure tune of unknown flute
Blows with waves of sound
White and deathless impurity!

Pranab k c
22/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Word For The Day

Love is the last line
To put an end
Of all battles

Love is the last word
To put an end
Of the contemporary
Civilization we live and suffer

Love the last stop
To stop my journey
Where Love resides!

Pranab k c
14/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Tickler

Just make me bathed
With the warm you planted
Within your passionate
Fleshiness

Just your bitten skin
The morbid lines
Time made with
Fluent cruelty

Just once dance
For me alone...
For me alone...

Pranab k c
11/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Anticipation Anticipates Its Anticipatory Annihilation

asking the procedure to rapture knocking zone by oscillated turbulence many times put its nailing habit to uncertanotify the factual discordance

asking never be asked why sovereign ignorance should be unveiled by intellectual torture 'cause the sense of probability always bites the senses to deharmonise the string of tranquil tolerance

asking your dark deep inbuilt fathom of innocence waving ups and downs with fire and fascinations brought by whom from where with birth...who knows exactly the doctrine to put a stop at the flow of draculic ocean of life....

Pranab k c
11/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Fire Eternal

Tombs of beauty
opened bandless
two only lips
soft as petals
sucking hard
to feed every thirst

Tombs of beauty
stands no shy
to show the heaven
and hell its freedom
to be occupied by the tyrant!

Pranab k c
11/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Pagoda

come my trigger
to blow you with balloons

come my balloons to blow you
with fire

come my fire
to blow you with
facts

and come my fractures
to blow you
with refusals

and come....
and...
...

Pranab k c
11/02/2017



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Falasy

dream never comes alone
brings passion with it
to get or to ruin

dreamers not callous at all
dreamers are the real soldiers
fighting for the abstract
to give it a material shape

dreamers are they
who never think of a real life
to live well and to breed more feathers
to fly or to fall

dreamers are the soldiers
fighting ceaseless to show the world
the beauty of abstract and illogical hyphens
sleeping together with amity and enmity!

Pranab k c
11/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Indecent May Ones Choice

decency can't stand alone
it needs another object
to show its singularity

and by this logic
dirtiness the another word
to give decency an opportunity
to establish its superior stand

better you try hard to make yourself decent
and leave me alone to select my own!

Pranab k c
11/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

To Define Oneness

a sky always a sky
to you me and to that bluffer
who decided to manufacture
another sky only for yourself

just remember the melody I use
to define the oneness
using simply a single letter
our alphabet recommends its sanctity

sublime but cruel
mischievous but cool
the devil plays many time
the act of an angel
colorful and cordial

mesmerized your dreamy energy
and agony declared the missing
you from your own singularity

simply a that keyword
used simultaneously
to win you and your virtuous longing

Pranab k c
07/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Nice Camouflage

she longed not to keep
night with her purse

she longed not to rest
while water rests with last drop

a faint syndrome of past days
marked an antagonistic challenge
inside her spine

she a basically lunatic
by her choice
know not how to ridicule
ones own-self

lust by origin made a cripple sanity
she always guard that fabulous tussle
within and outside
her total entity

simply she tried hard to decode
her spastic genuinity
to exhibit herself
as an angelic divinity!

Pranab k c
07/02/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

Beyond The Personal Property

above a sky so lovely yet
a sky no longer any property owned
by any lunatic emperor

just a layer of hollowness
could be blocked by territorial lunacy
yet no longer the emptiness
wide and vast just spit on ones entity
who tried to stimulate the infinite by own
fanatic fantasy

stubborn the legal word
to use to detect those
who yet not realized
the legacy of being rubbish

fame not the passion
fathom to penetrate
could be the real choice
sometime it happens
many times it happened in the past

Pranab k c
10/01/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Shameless Charmer

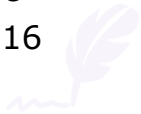
Winter appears again
With its lost merit
Reviving again
Its high passion
Towards Sun and Fog

Careful
Be careful
To hide your
Urgency of making
Winter a dead form of season

Just go to dig your seat
Beneath the deep depth of floor

Be careful to make any false statement!

Pranab k c
06/01/2016



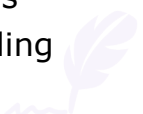
PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Last Passenger

Moon
the last passenger
yet
tries to inspire us
to be
addicted to beauty

quiet not sure
why
the Earth moves too fast
to meet
its beginning

at the same time
quiet sure
why beginning starts
its journey
as soon as
the rounding  PoemHunter.com
nearing
to its end

ask me why

answer is simple
and
this simplified
form to be noted

beginning runs madly
because
it guesses
ending fretfully finals
an expected
final end!

Pranab k c
08/12/2016

Just

Waiting for a flame
to ignite the desire...

Pranab k c
06/12/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Just Declare A War, Otherwise...

Being a corporate agent
Mr. X has proved his reliability

Now the majority facing the problem of coins
No problem
The declared days were a trap to define the heaven

Only the way to escape from this situation
Just again another declaration could perform a magic

Simply declare a war with the neighboring-state
Otherwise people will smash your God-incarnating image

Please Mr. Agent take the opportunity
To keep your image last for long
Simply declare a war, otherwise...

Pranab k c
01/12/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Flower Not Blown!

Petals are smashed
Buds bitten
Strong turns are ruptured
Enormous masculinity
Kept yet untouched
Track of beauty to be stuck of

Bathing the imposter
Water articulates its entackled strictures
Hissing prehistoric sensation
But time unseen
Overpowered its peripheral taboo

Flat flowing the fluid origin
Odour embarked salty satiation
Not to be judged by cliptic shackles
Entrusted to glee the glow
Originates non-satiated ignition

Petals are smashed yet flower not blown!

Pranab k c
28/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Black India Howls

Black hands now engaged to remove black money from those
Who have no sufficient food to meet a complete day,
No concrete shelter to protect themselves from wind and flood
Live almost away from the modern world as the alien of other planet

All these commoners now busy in spending their days in bank-queue
To prove themselves non-black by changing currency earned by day labor

Spine of a village-based cultivating land has been bent
Non-availability of new currency from banned banks in village sector
Just at the high time of harvesting which needs seeds, fertilizer, labor
To process the cultivation

Ignites the red eyes of suffered common Indians
Approx 110 crores are they measuring the height of the black scam made by
disguised
Self-declared transparent sticky
Who have already proved themselves the liar
By not keeping their commitments
Of recovering unpaid-tax-Indian-blacks from foreign banks within 100 days
As soon as achieving the seat to govern

More than 700 days have already passed away
Yet they do not dare to touch a single hair of those
Dearest black account holders in foreign banks
Whose indirect direction perhaps complied by these disguised war-mongers
Bugled loudly as fascist style another lie of 50 days to collect black from within
And battling the poorer and commoner to exist as a family man
Dawn to dusk with uncertainty and tension for coming days to exist

People believed them and encrowned by casting
Their votes in democratic system and on the contrary
Commoners got the return from those betrayers by receiving
The punishment of seizing own right to use own coins whenever and how much
need
Small shops run by little capital will be evaporated soon by getting
Minimum-currency-ration sanctioned through banks

Corporate world could captivate the internal harmony
Social economic and cultural by their own style of capturing market
FDI in retail once opposed by Indian people
Perhaps its the new phase of implementing strategy
The leeches of Transparent India Sloganeer adopting quiet in hide

What's the hell going on throughout a land of 33 lacks of God
Just come and see my poor ancestors who once taught us
To keep our feet firm in favor of truth and solidarity!

Pranab k c
27/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Night: A Cosmological Paradox

somewhere away the night awaits
to make me dry
somewhere away the night
to make us dry

we the bloody insects
now millions of millions
waiting to blot the night
or to blow out ourselves
not to be cascaded by that
cosmological trap

mankind once began its journey
to keep track for those who
crawling from behind to attain
something anew not known as dark
bugled as dawn formed by
love beauty and peace

now epileptic eclipses throughout
human thought always displaying itself
not to be bothered anything
whether heaven or hell
just only passing time the best reward
rained by cosmos

somewhere night awaits to make dry
our footprints, fingerprints and signature
as human child who once challenged
nature to save their offspring

just not awaits it acts speedily
to show us our cry-less proud postures
so cruel the beasts wild in jungle
roaring somehow the same way
to tear flesh and blood to lick
by the teeth and tongue inherited
from those primitive origin!

Pranab k c
24/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Maximu-100

Forgive me, with my poor words
Journey on a century track
Tried casually to make a sense
Through the dynasty of Scholars!

Pranab k c
20/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-99

Why did they tell me to disagree
Why did they learn me to tag with winter
Why did they first show me the dungeon
Why those slaves are waiting to be whipped

To be agreed is my first passion to swim
On a warm surface you opened upon my passion
To be agreed i fought single moment to take my decision!

Pranab k c
20/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-98

Nice flesh to meet my crematorium
Nice flesh playing well with curves
Nice flesh to meet my rebirth
But embargo implied by social obligations

I don't care
Do you!

Pranab k c
20/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-97

Yes, I identified you
When Saw you today
Alone in your journey

Yes, I identified that known entity
Whom I desired much to meet

But your hesitation made you confused
Couldn't come near to me

The dilemma such a real dragon
Always misguide our achievement!

Pranab c
20/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-96

Nothing is my own
No one is my own
Except
My death

Is not that true my darling!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-95

Poet and only poet
Has the power to hold
The heaven with
Their burn kisses!

Pranab k c
11/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-94

Parameters are ready to measure
Right wrong
Good bad
etc. etc.

Sometimes feel myself dull
To differentiate
Life death
Light dark
Hate and love!

Pranab k c
11/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-93

A clean ray of light
Just I touch with my palm
The sensation I can't explain
But feel the touching ecstasy
Beyond my six organ of senses!

Pranab k c
11/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-92

Synchronization was not
The prime factor
Simply the matter
Was attitude

And I'm sure
The wholeness doesn't bother
Any simple or complicated manners
Synchronized or not!

Pranab k c
10/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-91

Subconscious stroke
Very much potent
To manifest the painting
Conscious doesn't allow the penetration

Collision
The name I suggest
The death of an artist!

Pranab k c
10/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-90

And there we ended our journey for the day
And there we took our individual trip to eternity

And there everybody felt them alone
Only their sleeper didn't take any rest
Waiting for a new return!

Pranab k c
03/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-89

Broken lines are not the whole
But broken whole refracts through its particle!

Pranab k c
03/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-88

Flying leaves know
What time speaks

Human the exception
Always busy to put speaking to time

Tragedy Expands!

Pranab k c
03/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-87

Talk much talk all your knowing
Never try to communicate
Actually you are crying!

Pranab k c
03/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-86

To search the real power and strength
Make one big boss imprisoned
And see the real strength
Absent of A glass of water!

Pranab k c
03/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-85

Liking made her perplexed
Practiced to dislike
And after all omnipresent the existence
Caught my throbs to detect
Liking beyond the lighted zone!

Pranab k c
03/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-84

Beauty black or white
No matter
It matters only
The quality of captivating
At least to those
Who suffers long in search of beauty!

Pranab k c
03/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-83

Take part to misdirect

Destiny

While one feel destiny

Not the destination to achieve!

Pranab k c

03/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-82

Shining worm
Reddened those palm
Soft but naughty

Greed provoked not to depart!

Pranab k c
03/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-81

Destroyed dinner party
By your anger
Couldn't destroy the hunger
Simply it transformed
Into Revenge!

Pranab k c
03/11/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-80

Pleasure baby read the nonsense
Nothing except warm your leakage
Damp it! Hang all ethics and values
Just motion and satisfaction
To be non-satiated please yourself
With hankerings!

Pranab k c
28/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-79

Auction your heart
And get your highly profitable amount
Never try to offer anywhere
Without transacting coins

Recent phase of time dictates the spell
Follow this aggressive coinage!

Pranab k c
28/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-78

Enlarged appetite always aware
Of new to taste next
Seeking searching snatching
To renew its updated enlargement!

Pranab k c
28/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-77

Don't lie me
To lie yourself
See the sun above
Lying cool on your flesh skin bone!

Pranab k c
28/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-76

Swings swift the soul
The soul swings
The whole of uncertainty!

Pranab k c
28/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Chased By A Mad Dog

Being chased by a bloody bitch
Actually the mad dog of street
Tried to keep myself unmoved
And then coolly gave her
A piece of flesh hiring from a butcher

The mad bitch couldn't guess
Some other bitches following her from behind
While the time of tearing flesh
The others chased her and finished
By biting her spine!

Pranab k c
27/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-75

Highest war
Human being fighting
The every moment
In their own dailiness
The communication
With others

Highest war is the communication through words!

Pranab k c
24/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-74

Long distance we crossed
Long distance yet to
Long yet hangs long
Next and next
Generations to come...

Pranab k c
24/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-73

Submissive eyelids
Sensed a fall
Submissive clarinet
Mused with melancholy
Wedding wept when wheels
Gone out of parental breathing!

Pranab k c
24/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-72

Called me to her home
Rain hanged heavily
Surroundings cracked
With thunderstorm
Called me nowhere
But her home!

Pranab k c
24/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-71

Playing not any habit
Passion plays
Behind its tenacity!

Pranab k c
24/20/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Miss Munira & 21st February: Mother-Language Day

As Bengali my Mother language
Tried to communicate with other
Honorable poet members of PH
At least a single sentence
And the expression of which
Common to all

Wrote on 21st February at PH

But sad is that
A girl of 18 nearing our region
Made comment not usual
By a girl whose submission at PH
Simply a single poem
And that's also in English

Her own poem is nice
But restricted for receiving comments
Who has given her the right to comment others
Know not

Girl of 18 Munira Khan try to be a poet
Not a puppet by any other hands
To use your sanctity!

Pranab k c
20/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Maximu-70

Blow off your dirty doctrine
Blow off pervert perceptions
Not at all the supreme your system
System simply depicts you an insane!

Pranab k c
20/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-69

Evening engulfs a horizon
Two eyes little peeps out
Night not the reach
Marching to penetrate the dawn
Little thinks!

Pranab k c
20/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-68

And a morning at last
And a morning at last
And a morning yet our dream
After that dry blazing....

Pranab k c
20/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-67

Love doesn't desire flesh every time
Love doesn't desire to suck fresh blood
Love means a waiting for a betterness
Coward can't wait, lumpen can't!

Pranab k c
20/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-66

Nowhere to stand
Nowhere to keep hands
If think you always this way
Lunacy would be your cage within short time

Better think different way
Sun rises for you
River flows for you
Air blows for you
And earth waits to serve you always
Will get soon a way to keep your existence!

Pranab k c
20/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-65

Whenever desire permits
Go and swim into the pond
But river a flowing stream
Remember the return
Not always permitted by storm!

Pranab k c
20/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-64

Locket not always carries the beauty
Sometimes bears the crying
Take care the open heart
Destiny not your slave!

Pranab k c
20/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-63

A romantic hero
Playing with many teens
And planting everyday
A dustbin to boil own skull
After the time!

Pranab k c
20/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-62

Teacher does not mean
He/She knows all limits
Teacher means a profession
To fulfill own desire!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-61

Nice day

When nices are all around

But plants all are not nice

As animals like human!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-60

Recommendation is the illusion
Who dreamt in the day-sleep
Mercy that guy
Please give that a violent crack
To restore the passion to beauty!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-59

Just edit the word hungry
Better you write thirsty
As the sky in summer
And the mid-noon enslaves
The heart desired to be exposed!

Pranab I c

14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-58

Yes, I drink
And drink to dry myself

Dry because wetting is expensive
Which never deals with beggars choice!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-57

Articulation is not all
As emphasis you defined
And accent never be the same
When you becomes spastic with emotions!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-56

The night and
The night was everywhere

A star was there
To measure my height
And a ocean of silence

Alone I was the passer by
To reach a destination not any hints
No any idea given by the ancestors

Only the motion guides
To make the way fine to its extreme!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-55

Child age of life

Not at all

The Stupid phase of life

Child age you got again

When gender-love makes you

Laughable again!

Pranab k c

14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-54

No mystery with your nakedness
Mystery will be aroused
With the impulses of penetration

Nakedness always prefers warm annihilation!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-53

Window can't be your own
When you open its shudders

Window always your own
When shudders are close to you!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-52

Negligibly well that smart deviation
Negligibly hate not that divine impose
Negligibly that noble migration
Immigrating from Hellenic hibernation!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-51

Suspicious riding on wave of time
Proclaims a bond to define the dominator
Exactly the declaration which one holds
The grip to be grieved at its end

Riding becomes suspicious when one tries
To dictate the time!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-50

No achievement can be performed
Without perversion
Wherever a try to erase darkness
Light inhales always the pervert breathing!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-49

Just show me your fabulous flaw
Just show me your fall begin
Just show me the compact complication
Simply I will treat with love machine

Machine is not the medicine
It acts with mechanical tune
Love is machine to whom
Who uses it to achieve bed relation!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-48

17 times she refused her lap
Yet time waited her break down

Next and next and next her nap
Time descended to touch the agony

She now a full-grown fascination
Never risks to loose her tie

She means a soft touch doesn't hang in showroom!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-47

Sky drops a challenge belligerent
Charisma speaks with fluent neglect!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-46

Hot your knot
Not to get loose
Yet the psychosis
Absorbs all its
Obligation and obsessed clarity!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-45

Chaotic confrontation
To conceive beauty
Perhaps the highest war
On the surface
People ever faced to keep existence!

Pranab k c
14/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-44

Just stop your bluffing
Techniques are also old
Just see our attitude humbug
And follow silently to obey it

Poet then simply ask
'Getting confused
Who is the real insane
Can't differentiate! '

Pranab k c
13/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-43

But and if
Two partners
Dwell always
Aloof
To Manifest a togetherness!

Pranab k c
13/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-42

Forgive that smile once one lied
Forgive that suffering once one beautified
Forgive and forget ever lasting aroma of love
Which never your reach to preserve its sanctity
Simply a doctrine played the whole to hold the life
Forgive and forget the beauty and battlening!

Pranab k c
13/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-41

Charming palms touched the hangovers
Charming charisma fought to beat the dark!

Pranab k c
13/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-40

Her juggling with words
Made an operatic thrust
To blow her petals
The man hunted her with pearls!

Pranab k c
13/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-39

Waves were wild
To hug its extreme beauty
If beauty converts into perversion
The real accused was the waving ocean!

Pranab k c
13/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-38

Hills you see
Sees you also
Trees long
Tease your height
Yet grip to catch sky
Always threatening the surroundings!

Pranab k c
13/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-37

Before get drying
Dye your passion
Before get dying
Give access to defeat the death!

Pranab k c
13/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-36

A pin is sufficient to poison a life
Why so many billions they spend in killing
So many people living without sufficient food
The necessity of security means for whom!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-35

buds leap to lip my passion
social obligation fathoms the desire
hell turns to track the heaven
into a ditch where obsession carries the stones!

Pranab k c
13/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-34

It's nice your bite
It's nice your laugh
It's nice Your refuse
Can't bear it's burn!

Pranab k c
13/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-33

No ice was there
Yet chilling captured the destiny
He loved not the whole
Partial liking blocked the avenue
To divinity!

Pranab k c
13/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-32

Who knows where's the end
End simply ends an episode
To begin again!

Pranab k c
13/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-31

A drum beats within
Round the clock
Can't stop its rhythmic move
Silently follow the motion to live!

Pranab k c
13/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-30

The ban should be eloped
Where banning is inevitable
The ban should be imposed
Where necessity dictates essential!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-29

Divine abduction
Accelerate the passage
To infinity but the reverse
Reflects the way to non-satiety!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-28

Nature looks after beasts
Does not it mean nature herself
Doesn't it mean beasts and nature dine together!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-27

And a voice cool always dictates
Keep your track strict to your nails
Otherwise....

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-26

Word is letter to abstract
Expression the guide to hold the reign!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-25

Extremity simply the harbor

Once a sailor told take risk to attain the opportunity!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-24

Libido still a naughty nexus
Mast feel alone in deep sea to define direction!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-23

Nearness an illusion to hide
The actual strength of soul eternal!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-22

Distance is cubic in form
If you contradict prove its real shape!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-21

Ocean flies sometimes
When you want to fly alone!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-20

Light comes through window pane
Painful passion tries to penetrate
The closed door where light means obstacle!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-19

Grass looks at you
When you look at grasshopper
Wonder not your own as human!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-18

When you all returned back home
Simply a leaf from sky above
Accompanied me throughout the night
Gratitude couldn't be its return!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-17

Wait and retry
It's the way to retreat peacefully!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-16

Simplicity not so simple
As you wash your hands to make
It free from dust!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-15

Birds without feather
Beauty without object
Death without life
Baby believes but me not
Please Learn that belief baby!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-14

Alive but where
It's hollow everywhere
Earth moves in space
Alive but floating!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-13

See there wind blows

You admit

See here my love

You didn't admit 'cause you can't see it!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-12

If it not lie
Doesn't mean it truth!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-11

Who that hero
Sucks your time
Who that hero
Sucks your moment destined!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-10

Just open

Remain open

Must an closing hangs behind!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-9

Game you think
Think can't avoid many times!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-8

Beyond you go
Another beyond always stands there!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-7

Touched it soft
Bleeding by its silent bite
Take time to stop or never!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-6

Callous was the gesture
Came near and became amazed!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-5

Told me to shut my eyes
Shut it but opened different eye inside!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-4

Yes, got it
It doesn't mean
Got you yourself!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-3

Be a gentleman by look
Don't try to behave always as that!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-2

Blow air from your soul
It will enlighten your environment!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Maximu-1

Mind may not be rotten
Rotten perhaps the tenacity!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Wide Womb Of Night

nights are not long
to unlock the beauty
the feathers and fathoms
hide within its wide womb

wide the word not proper
if you think to read
put your own womb
to hide the night itself

manners not all
all are the passion you tried
to penetrate the hole
from the beginning
carrying virtue and vulgarity

whenever finds logic
to expose an civility
night shows every time
its infatuated animal arc
where creation and destruction
co-exist normal stability

So come on the bulky device
produce warm to hold irrational
irresistible arrogance
at least to spell
life is so generous by burn and bringing!

Pranab k c
04/10/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

W A R

An unavoidable natural phenomena
Strategic parameter designed by
Strength and power of survivors
Who want to discriminate themselves
From others on earth and space beyond

Instinct fights with renunciation
Limitations of body fight with soul infinite
Good will fights with evil thoughts

Moments sometimes hang long
Not to penetrate next moment irresistible
Actually time sometimes fights with endless time

From low to high
From dark to lighted zone
War is everywhere

As I fight with me
You fight with you
Ethics fights with desire
Hunger fights with hunt

Unavoidable yet the war
We the civilized species among animals
Should try to avoid
Due to its devastating ends

We the civilized species among animals
Should not try to gather our strength
For killing human child on the surface
Who already fighting long
To exist
And just to prove
Their 'non-animal' identity...!

Pranab k c
02/10/2016

Please Consider My Limitation

New doesn't mean
It was not anywhere
Within

New means
It has been exposed
With new variants
Shapes size and property

New I think a swing
From high to low
Descends and ascends
With regular intervals

And ultimately
This new writing
I think a pain at least
Been personified by words
By the name of poetry

Pranab k c
22/09/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Blue Is The Super Reality

Blue is my favorite color
Sometimes hard
Soft sometimes
But blue never hides
Any patch of paining stain

Nice its angelic swim
Space and anti-space arctic zone
Anywhere you can touch bluish warm

Blue always warms your pleasing soul
Death and life just on a single crate
Gathering together to be exposed

Do you like it
If not go the open roof
Or on open field
Lie down on surface
Look above and feel yourself
No fibre would be more vibrant
To speak the beauty of your innerself

Blue is the highest song
Ever sing by the dawn itself!

Pranab k c
07/09/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Unpleasant Observation

Telling her to stay aside
The man vanished in the dusk

Long waiting made the lady
Shabby, old and out of charm

When all the birds entered into sleeping zone
A star yet awake to guard
The mesmerizing patience of greeting hollowness

Long the waiting made an epic
Untold yet but turbulence captivating
Moments to be told

Telling her to stay aside
The man became a star perhaps
The man became cloud perhaps
The man became a no-man perhaps

Who knows standing aside to guard
The patience of waiting!

Pranab k c
06/09/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Between Rain And No-Rain Paradox

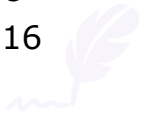
Evening much limited by its dominating power
to gets its access inside the soul

Soul itself the higher authority
to ornament evening with some beauty
of emotional scratches

As here defining the evening
specially such evening of shades and shadows
rain and no-rain
brings a look from the sky above
to show the surviving capability of human creed

No where in space and planets
match this game of keeping existence
hard on the root!

Pranab k c
06/09/2016



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

A She I Adore

never she hides her sculptic tombs
never she scold anyone to observe the beauty
hard and pleasant as knife and melon

bushes dark but easy to guard the cave
a bitter sensation somewhere bugling night and noon
hunter to manifest the law of eternity

streaming strategy the hill holds stiff
somewhere bugling night and door
never she close never she opens

perfection the perfect illusion
once she learnt from lunatic
who taught her a mischief makes a man
sometimes near to be a perfect man

oscillates the she now and long
perfection and illusion
where stand and where not

she never hides her confusion...

Pranab k c
16/08/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Better Find God To Console You

who searches meaning
from poetic verbose

who searches meaning
from word 'poetic'

just move on the foot
just travel through a market
just go anywhere
where purpose of meaning
just to communicate
necessities primary and obligatory

away from it a long long miles
grazing close to no-meaning light
where life or death
determines existence / no existence

poetry alone could bear
the beauty of bluffing and buffering
the poor soul not much retard
with the aspect of penetrating
caption or caravan
feathering own through infinite!

Pranab k c
16/08/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

No Poetry Covers The Tavern

a green with yellow touch
and grain of sand
and your choice to put salt
with that content
makes my pulse heat with
hot sovereignty

mixing co-agent the cup of
cacophonous chaos which lumpen
bothers not
favors my devil swim

stars are still young to receive
cry from earth
sanctity of frogs own regime
never could be blamed

since our pleasing moments
quiet esteemed and
limitless hollowness
about to be decided
whether the camps on the surface

would last long or
debris for another dawn
wait for future to be become!

Pranab k c
16/08/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

It's An Original

just by crazy scratches
made that dumb mud scattered
never bleed but order out of beauty

horizon dark by dimming day
a nowhere to be shown properly
hunger from various direction

shouting loud through nerves
only some fallen feathers
gathered by passion all day long

now searching high a me most like me
a blade most like a blade
and a time out zone never bleed alone

scratching ceremony and orthodox simplicity
sense of no sin but pain to be amplified
increasing solitude where silence
most like silent!

Pranab k c
16/08/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Be Impure But In Original

Impurity not any sin to whom
always rolls on impure to impurity

Rather disguise of keeping pureness
disguise of using pureness to encash some opportunity
to enjoy life like the Satan

Undoubtedly should be considered as crime
should be punished in mass-court
should be
should be

The sex-girl who sells love is much pure
than those clever lovers who bargain
pleasure much and happiness extreme
to make content one thirsty soul

Impurity much more genuine
than that of disguised purity!

Pranab k c
11/08/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Filter Your Eyes To Enjoy Light

Don't tell me that simple lie
'Darkness covers the whole Earth'!

Don't tell me that simple lie
'Disbelief is our destined opportunity
to dig own grave'!

Don't tell me that again
when I see a little boy sacrificed his life by labor
to save his family!

Don't tell when I myself the witness
when a narrow road full of crowd and chaos
made a man crazy to rescue an old
by offering his own life!

Don't show me again that way to hell
simply by injecting a passion of killing man
by the name of politics and political religion!

Better come and sit close to make love
tell those story of infinite life
and come to make me believed that
'Disbelief is the main disease of our time'!

Pranab k c
11/08/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

22nd Shravan

He left the surface just this day
leaving all his messages for Human society
songs, plays, paintings and huge
amount of poems and prose

He, a poet, identity glorified by Nobel
leaving behind an art village, University also open for all

He commonly known as 'Rabindranath'

We await for another installation of such versatile...
rare, rarer, rarest genius human society conceived once!

Pranab k c
22nd Shravan (7th August) ,2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

It's A Slang!

If you can't transmit your warm of flesh
Through my skin and nerves
Through my every proof of livingness
What's the hell you are doing by the name of love!

Better taking a burble just make your calves hard as bricks
And throw straight to those heads who have taught you
Life only means ethics and morality!

The Poor Babe!

Pranab k c
25/07/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Leave Yourself To Leave The Wrong Route

So many times showed my empty heart
So many times demonstrated legs are no beauty
So many times a little festoon carrying 'Beg your pardon'
Marched night through keeping days behind

Always someone commented beside 'The coward, the frustrated'
Yet I hide carefully all my passion from dark to dawn
Always someone desires to suck all my passions perverse and pure

So many times marked the track of own journey for different selves
So many times
So many times yet will have to show my every no-how and where-about!

Pranab k c
25/07/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

So Easy The Searching

If anyone face any problem to find me out
Please you go to the wind and ask of me
If anyone....
Please you blow a kick to the air
Wind will responsibly bring that blow

If anyone wants to signify my longings
No trouble, just you pick a fire stick up
And fire it with papers from garbage
My longing would be signified by that

If any one wants simply to hate
Just come and tell me 'I love you'!

Pranab k c
25/07/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Hangover

managing myself
the great problem
facing long from teen

thinking and implementing
divided me into two poles
whenever wherever
getting opportunity
to expose or to project

feel passionate first to achieve
next a wide vision of nothingness
stretching all the motion
to its extreme
boundary-less an imagery

uplifting
all the failures and successes
all the guilt and gravity
all at a long length
makes me again
the eternal episode
of not achieving
not winning
fight-less wars
with me and myself!

Pranab k c
22/07/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Flame And Silence

Silence resides inside that room
Reside also an angel whom heaven refused
To take back

Once in deep noon knocked there
Knocked alone with my desire endless
No expectation of anybody to respond
My ever immigrated heart to console

But a nightingale from a hole beside
Flew away sudden to celebrate my appearance
Silence then that deserted cottage
Surroundings hill afar, field long wide with no corn
High trees scattered holding whole the blue above

Diving through its shadow sat there to rest
And just then.....
With slow step she came out opening the door
With much care her fingers invited me to enter
The room so dark so intoxicating odor

No sound I listened anywhere
Visibility nil only a motion speeded my passion
Hand touched as if healing gave my birth again
No crowd no chaos

Only a smell arrested me to rich to that warm
Touched then the whole of that holly presence
And melted long with burning with that silent flame!

Pranab k c
18/07/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Religious Imperialism: A State For Wild Animals

Brutally hunting Human
the latest development
of religious imperialism

it's no more any fanaticism
very much calculative and
much more mathematical
to achieve the ultimate

die by opposition or let them die
by your perverted passion to implement
a doctrine of primitive practice
for demonstrating supremacy

actually tired our heads
by experiencing such lunacy...
religion blended wildness

hunters are satisfied by counting the hunts
innocent commons... the child... the old
what a passive creed drugging themselves
laming behind a dream which not their own

a group of greedy lumpen raped their heads
to capture the power of ruling
and passion of enjoying excessive wealth

Religious Imperialism
the robot soldiers
hitting brutally to know the world
"Their religion specially preached for wild animals
Human being should hate such dirty doctrine".

Pranab k c
17/07/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Illicit Arrogation

unbuttoned slowly
that hectic fervor

trimming rosy tops
playing heat with palm-hold quivering

blazing out layers so smooth
shadow of saliva glitters as galaxy

downs knitted fibre with impulse
fabrication of jungle howls
lowering slicky to rejoice charming exclamation

it's cool, it's smooth, its reflection
ignites strands to trip through encaved ocean

warm and rejuvenation
O my stiff spade angry hunt
petals-passaged gulf to pierce
O my dockless swimming ship

better behind that mounds trimming
think a little do real big
thrust and throb
allow desperation

allow the dark that heads and hard
pain and pleasing droplets
nice no chatting session
just aggravated real crime

never try
to be common flexing!

Pranab k c
07/07/2017

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Child Holds Paper-Boat

a child once
making a paper-boat
shouted loud
I'll dip it inside water
none will take chance
to cross the river

child also shouted loud
I'll give no one any opportunity
to cross the continent

(off the record
reader should know a fact
his father once crossing Mediterranean Sea
went to join his service
but never he came back)

finding a bucket full of water
the boy at last
dipped his paper-boat there
and laughed so loud
and jumped so high
never I experienced before
the joy of any child that age

whenever any terrorist attack
Or any counter-terrorism by any state
killing people brutally
any part of the globe
always my memory
reminds me that child and paper-boat strategy!

Pranab k c
03/07/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Simple But Chronic

It was sure
Moon was bright at its place
but problem that confused me
my looking didn't enjoy
the charm of that glorious Empress of the night sky

guilty was those cloud
made it covered
my attention distracted

Perhaps you think what's the new in it
that's also my problem
what the poet thinks commoner not that way!

Pranab k c
25/06/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Unreal Reality

Returns home the doctrinified lethargic stigma
Returns home the symptomatic druggist to drum the ruin
Returns home the fathoms of passionate hankering to hype in blue
Returns home the hypersensitive arrogant aroma to make
the environment chaotic with blunt
cosmic transmissionary hallucination
Returns home the jealous and egoist witch to implant
plan-atory devastation

And 'bounce back' also the stigma of history waits to be calendering!

Pranab k c
23/06/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Hero But Puppet

JUST IMAGINE
A LONG DRAWN LINE
FROM UNKNOWN PAST
TO A DISTANT FUTURE
UNKNOWN
AND YOU ALONE
THROUGH DARK
WALKING ON IT
TO REACH SOMEWHERE
YET NOT KNOWN

THE LINE AS SHARP
AS BLADE
SOFT YOUR FEET
WITH SOFTEST TOUCH
KEEP YOURSELF ENABLING
TO MOVE
NOTHING TO HOLD
NOTHING TO LOOK
HERE THERE ABOVE OR BELOW
ONLY THE FRONT DARKNESS
PENETRATING WITH
MORBID DESIRE

JUST IMAGINE
YOU HAVE NO FEELING
EXCEPT LOVE
AND FINDING NO ESCAPE
TO RUN ANY OTHER WAY
LEAVING THE LINE

CHASING TIME
TO EXTRACT YOUR YOU
FROM THE BODY
CHASING TIME
TO EXTRACT YOUR FEELING
OF LOVE TO HATE
AND TIME CHASING
TO MAKE ANOTHER DARK

THE WHOLE OF YOU

YET THE ANOTHER

YET THE ANOTHER

YET THE ANOTHER

JUST ON THE SAME TRACK

TRYING TO HOLD SOMETHING

TRYING TO ANCHOR

STOPPING THE GAME-PLAN

TIME UNKNOWN PRACTICING

BUT UNDONE!

Pranab k c

23/06/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Safe Poem Away From Terminating Inclination

rectangular fate chased
behind that strawberry beauty

and a half-romantic vagabond
pointing at the rain-wet sky
laughed to hide himself
beneath a sack
crooked and dirty

rectangular fate a state subject
naturally under the jurisdiction
of insane constitution
air also refused to carry
its poetic license

strawberry beauty now alone
feeling vacant to show
its lost glory!

Pranab k c
21/06/2016



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Come And Learn

if you can't
come to me
I'll show you
how the wings
keep it alive
by distorting
own necessities

if you can't
get yourself pouched
by a doctrine
of digging
own grave

if you can't
come and learn
how the sky
never stands anywhere
but everywhere it's nothing!

Pranab k c
19/06/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Your King Wants Your Loyalty

ankles are restless
to grind
all the disobedience
within the margin

ankles are ignited
by the killing instinct
to crush
when and where
the strategy of trespass
would be flagged with ideal

ankles are ready
to make you all
the slave of mediaeval

so worship the ankles
unchain its corrigendum
and put your head beside it
be the first to be settled
with its fantastic throbbing!

Pranab k c
19/06/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Puzzle

memory fails
to identify
the proper noun

everybody floats
as a number card
floats in the crowd

he behaves as she
while she as he
sometimes and somewhere

proper noun changes
as verb and acts
with super power
to show its numbered pride!

Pranab k c
11/06/2016



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Falcon

Touch

Made her mad

Untouched

Made her pervert

Pranab k c

05/06/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Funny Strangle

escape fast
otherwise
fascination
would engulf
your blunt and brilliant
hibernation

Pranab k c
05/06/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Poor Baby

erasing some truth out
from the page he bleed
by heart

can't be any solution
to block any truth

it simply shows
your defeat and retreat
from the field of life
towards a vacant horizon
where none but you
your pyre-maker!

Pranab k c
05/06/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Nicely Blend

colorful cracks
you hold
to your face

colorful streams
you flowed well

and... and colorful life
when sets
never think of gold
think only of those memories
once blotted your arrogance

Pranab k c
05/06/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

My Word

come my play again
come my own jurisdiction
come to have again
the refusal
once I shattered
to your destiny

come my love
and deny me
to be denied!

Pranab k c
05/06/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

On White Page

A Dot

A Microscopic Dot

Unseen Many Times

Unseen But Exists

A Dot Yet

An Entity

Countable

Occupying A Space

Yet...

Pranab k c

01/06/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

You Your Destiny...Nothing In Between

try to get tough
the last ride

try to chisel stone
without any face of fact
or fiction

just insanity take as a choice
to spit on there
where once your talent became raped
by the crude criticism

try to get tough
the last ride alone with you
yourself alone!

Pranab k c
01/05/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Lover Lost His Estimated Trigonometry

and at last
the sun when getting down
the cool breeze overwhelmed our mutiny
a little sound
she uttered
to make me confused

nothing but a sweet whistle
as if calling again
all the devilish sensations
tried to put a mark deep in the soil
where a cockpit would be imagined
to take off our last flight

and at last
the pinning beauty a tree considered
as a child when keep his mark on its skin
throwing all his arrow just to mark his strict heroism

and here the story ended with a blunt smiling
and the teller simply looked vacant!

Pranab k c
01/05/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Earth Day Offering

Tracking between

Two

Loose words

Yes & No

Apparently

The words

Look much heavy

To carry

Life & Death

Actually

Reciprocate their meaning

Depends on uses

Tracking between two

To hallucinate

A different space

Which never achieves

Either of two

Or demands anything/anyone

To oblige the meaning with!

Pranab k c

22/04/2016□

Pranab K Chakraborty

Pleasure To Be Fallen

properly rehabilitated pink passion
slipped outside the gown of protection

and phenomena of mistake
made the rare cry
after achieving the tomb
bugled with white streaming

in catastrophic criteria
innocent obligation overwhelmed
the gown again to be afflicted
with or without the slipping sabotage,
dearly tolerance of life's instigation!

Pranab k c
12/04/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Fleshy Feathering

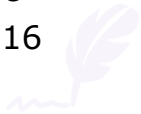
Fleshy bed much better to combat
Bloody flesh while awaits
To be ovened

Bloody fire flashes through nerves
Spoiled beauty to be crashed
While hunters hurrying to penetrate
Other side of life with gun

Choice the best if not any dogmatic
Choice the best if think you any normal

Flesh, fire and unfathomed proximity
Dictates always to be much human
Fleshy feathering brings the divine
Bed boils with bloody demand!

Pranab k c
12/04/2016



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Concept My Own

resurrection my birth right
every moment I do search
a life new

resurrection...
moments passed away are old
old my entity resurrects
with moments new

resurrection my birth-right
wherever whenever defeated deprived
deserted me carries the new identity
of existence or no-existence with time eternal
every next moment I resurrect within myself

what more you tried to depict
what more you tried to institutionalised
resurrection as it related only with super hero

never smell the evil
punishing
ever evolved transformed conscious
which your own
resurrection

Pranab k c
26/03/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Love Flows Without Any Lover

I've never asked you
to come sleep with me
I've never

but your passionate dreaming
always close to my chamber
thinking a no-gap between two clauses

tombs are tight to hold a gospel
holy hiding inside a hole
always in touch with pythons

and assembled beauty
no where to keep its paws
recently landed on a broken soil
where everything everyone simply
suffering of hibernation!

Pranab k c
22/03/2016



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

You Are No-One

ultimately sky will blot
all our cries and cruelty

ultimately sky our destiny
to mute all the voices

and thirst unending
and decoded others personal
would be thrown for no use

ultimately sky the last catcher
will hack all your haves and emptiness!

Pranab k c
22/03/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Identity Identified

Sky touched the buds
Soul touched with beauty
She became a she
And never tried to delete
The singularity

Many wrongs with dust
Many colors with cloud
Many mistake dulled her divinity
Yet she strictly the feminine
Never tried to transport
Her affinity

And time defuses radiations
And time blots every presence
And time the ultimate flick
Flickering everywhere
To gallop another horizon!

Pranab k c
19/03/2016



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

New Wave

Please go and stand silently
Someone coming to salute you

Appears every day with the desire
Same but your windows always closed
Can't touch your feet

Just go and stand silently
It's nearing to dawn
The sun again
To salute you
Appears

Pranab k c
17/03/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Looking Paradox

blind are those
who make themselves
blind by heart

heartless looking
sees only the limited segment
keeping aside of any object
its depth and destiny

blind are those
who simply try to consider
highest of own efficiency
of looking and to make other look

better not always the burden
but best should be esteemed
by different approval
who are blind by eyes
but could look the object
by its inner essence and dynamicity!

Pranab k c
14/03/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Something But Nothing

Legacy of those nights
Is to enstrangle
My doctrinified bio-synthesis
Of overall no-entity

It's a mystical mimesis
Lumpenidity of chastified brilliance

Who ever has heard a man
Grazing on the surface
To verify necessity of living and non-living
Whats the hell they are adopting
Casually and cautiously to glorify
Nothingness as a whole

Dynamitising this blunt fortification
When unique upperhand of life
Always toiling hard to clarify
Nothingness as nothing
Impose callously and with cloud gesture
Something never could be
The horrible replacement of no-thing

Actually activities are useless
To amplify actuality
Clowns we processioning from remote past
To hide the mask by beauty
The another suicidal festival
Loud with appreciation and rejection

Horrible this metamorphic tabulational triviality
My Dear who and where and from when to how long
No one knows but always in fever
To blend himself with serenity, sedation and self-emulation

Legacy of those nights
Is simply to glorify something in nothingness!

Pranab k c

14/03/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Honorable Court And An Asking

Milord!

I'm a country-child of remote village

I've been deprived of my mother's breast
Her breasts did not produce milk to feed me
due to malnutrition after my birth

I have also heard later on
Another neighbor-woman of our locality
Fed me her own breast for long time
To provide my growth
I knew her as my mum also
I called her also addressing 'Maa'!

After few many years during my growing ages
In the ambiance of this independent country
One morning hearing chaos outside
Came to know miscreants at midnight
Burnt the house of that 'Mother' woman
Along with other members of that family
While they were sleeping!

Seniors of our family told me in silence
'They were not of our religion and belonged to other community and...'

Milord

The memory faded out during my growing ages
Because we used to live day after day in starvation
We used to awake long sleepless nights
During rain and winter seasons
But those group of religion-keeper did not appear again
With their naked sword and long oiled sticks in hand
To ask 'How do you live, dear, citizen! how...! '
Never and never they did enquire!

Just a long years after of deadly keeping existence
Today with hard labour more or less
We can arrange our own food at least once in a day
These days they came again together with their sword and knives

To sanctify our choice of meat we eat
To investigate their sanctioned food
Ransacked entire our household
Threatened our family by beating almost to death!

My tortured father died lastly
Assaulted sister became a patient by body and mind
And me with broken hands and legs
Suffering from foodless days and nights!

Milord
No signature of any caste in my blood corpuscles ever reported
No signature of any religion ever informed in my blood group
No signature of any community ever encrypted there

By birth I am an Indian,
By birth I belong to human community
And my only religion is strictly I believe
Love and compassion

Milord
As far my knowledge concern
Your chair does not carry any signature of any caste
Your chair does not carry any signature of any religion
But they with their sword and knives
Appeared to enquire my caste and religion

They did not ask me whether I have any earning or not
They did not ask me whether I have any permanent residence or not
Whether any treatment available or not during my illness
Did not ask any question about my educational opportunity

Milord
Those self-declared religion-keeper patriots
Who ransacked our food-bowl and home
In search of meat they imposed ban to eat
Those self-declared religious communal hooligans
Who burnt a family by name of other community
I ask You, Milord-

Who are they?
Are they at all Indian by their identity?

Are they at all the child of any Indian mother! !

© Translated from own Bengali writing by Pranab K Chakraborty himself.

Pranab k c
02/03/2016□

Pranab K Chakraborty

Wht Does It Mean!

LOVE YOU MUCH

And receiving such warm
always become confused
just to think of the parameter
of measuring love throbs

LOVE YOU MUCH

perhaps doesn't mean
let's come and sleep together
or doesn't it mean
let's dig me to dry my last drop
of liquid proximity

Do you know my dear
MUCH means what
warm of body, soul or life to its death extreme!

Better come and blow me
a pair of hot lips to pin you violently!

Pranab k c
26/02/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Life More Than A Life

just tried to expose some emotional spasm
and
just tried
and failed to communicate with you

what more a poet did on the surface
that's your subject to submit a paper
but poet is undone to make any excuse!

Pranab k c
26/02/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Pleasing Indeed

a glorious mutiny
never met before
impulses
make me stuck

just a little glimpse
of any eyes
or
any unexpressed laugh
or any quick cross
the standing present

Pranab k c
26/02/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

That Is Me

Try
Always
To
Draw
A Straight
Line

But can't
Curve get's my past present future!

Pranab k c
26/02/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

21st February: A Morning I Feel My Own

Nice morning brought some ideas
to make me pleased by listening
Bengali songs.

I did it without hurting my ears
I did it without hurting my nerves
simply some messages gave me the opportunity
to discover the truth inside my known
world of truths

submission and variety of melody
classic essence of lyrics
as if a new horizon of thinking
brought me some path of choosing life
by its different journey

Mother-language day today
means the language I addressed my mother
at the beginning of addressing other objects of the
world and universe

it's a gift by nature during my journey
on the surface from the point of coming out
the dark cave of mother's womb
where nature knitted well my identity
as a human child
If can't serve it well
at least, I think, I will not be the reason of its
abuse and abduction!

Pranab k c
21/02/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Free-Thinkers Are Common Target By The Religious Fanatics

miscreants can't pollute
the whole atmosphere
because
sun, wind, moon, cold
do not bother their barrel and bluffing skills

disguise can't be the original
patriotism is different
from the political professionalism

none could hide it long
this way or that
all the trap very soon
would be trapped by itself
because science is not the slave
of headless cocks
science searches the mind and brain
of inquisitive and free thinkers
not of the dull headed communal fanatics!

Pranab k c
20/02/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Life And Life Again

Death no wonder
its endless inferiority
known to us all

wonder is life
because we yet not know
the possibilities
yet to be exposed

death now simply a station
where a stop will blot a presence
but life shows fights
colorful its ignition

Wonder
wonderful
ambitious much to get
thousand times to taste life
infinite and endless...

Pranab k c
25/01/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Poet's Passion To Touch You My Empress

long way have crossed
yet undone
long the saves from heart-bank
consumed yet
can't touch thy foot
Poetry alone survives long
to expose the last spell
of poet's morbidity

feelings are helpless
only foolish sensation
trying hard to be drawn by words
showing beauty of ultimate

ecstatic flavor of unseen
uncountable petals
blossomed not yet
our experience could reach
its origin
simply spasm of ecstatic mood
could continue
the journey to its thirst

long way have blown out
long the time has made
already finished to its course
yet the mystery yields
through nerves and vibrations
Poetry alone survives long
to expose the last spell
from poet's passion!

Pranab k c
25/01/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

Love You My Lizard

Allow me not to suck your ultimate warm
allow me not to behave as a rapist
allow me not to behave like a butcher
allow me to give you a touch of sprinkling infinite

I always show you my abandon wildness
always you think my age crossed the limit
I always tried to kill your breath
you show me your traffic-less arena

and ultimately undone a solitude overwhelms
all our destiny from dark to dust
yet i pronounce loudly
hungryness our last choice
to die Or
to survive where desert have no other choice
to locate the brighter sun
never allows any chaotic agenda
rather than to be the storm extreme!

Pranab k c
05/01/2016

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Child And Jesus

O Jesus
I feel today
you as a friend
who has no greed
of other wealth except
human heart of believer
who believes God as almighty

O Jesus
I have no penny
to buy my cake
I have no passion
to join the chaos of festive spirit
because I know
my teacher Jishan Ali
taught me the the lesson
about you and told me
you bled blood yet forgave those
who gave you pain by nailing your living body
till to death

my teacher taught me
you are that human child
who suffered from cruel punishment
for only the reason
you loved human being

today I am penniless
but I feel proud of you
because I love you
and you love him who knows
what is love

no cake
no Santa it demands
It only demands
love for human soul
I am proud of you my only friend
since you were also penniless person

who moved on the surface to love the suffered soul

Pranab k c
25/12/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

About Patient

Who believes in God
is human

Who belongs to Human community
humanity is his/her religion

he/she can't differentiate
man as animal
of other caste creed color and religion

He/She who does it
is a patient
needs treatment
not any Speech!

Pranab k c
18/12/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Truth

I am here
I'm here
and
here I am

Ancient Indians
Realised
The Truth

I Exist
I Think
I Enjoy

Pranab k c
18/12/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Nice Wings You Spreaded

and lastly I told you
come on my doll
I want to draw you
with the colors
my passion
entangles you

Pranab k c
01/12/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Beyond My Beyondness

don't think you sleep now so early
don't think you refuse all the proposal
of killing ourselves
with the means of
manly absence

don't think you are acute to hold
a moonlit night alone to verify
the orthodox trigonometry
to measure the height and distance
of lower basics

yet your silence killed me as a devil
who simply like much to drink the
blood of morbid identity
when human feels to survive as human!

Pranab k c
1st December.2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

Agony!

when I achieved you
as a preconscious biometric pragmacity
I lost you

but when I acted as a believer
I won the game as a predecessor

I know not the point of catharsis
please at least keep me as your lover
my done, undone passion of achieving life
as a whole!

Pranab k c
! st December,2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Beauty Needs No Garden Its Own

Darkly density of her tanned skin
entrapped my-ness of night-covered my beauty

defeat sometimes much blended
with ecstatic winning puzzle
if blending flows like a dawn
all over the stable for next galloping

density of such volatile virginity
capriciously igniting the motion
to know where hatches are ecstatically lipid
to plentify immortality

My god, I confess you honestly
her skin was naked
and I the full blown variety of seasonal petals
perhaps never you met the word I uttered
so careless divine but despotic

dignity of your cathedral-living-vanity
could be quaked yet not happened
my-ness scribbled and a me became useless
the entire paradox knows
where the track promised to be strangled
but where does it flapping

all of her skin and darkly density
mesmerising by its penetrative credibility!

Pranab k c
17/11/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Love My Lumpen Variety

Blowing me to you, My darling
blowing me to you

Draw me please with your passion
warm and wild and

Let me draw to you tangentially!

Pranab k c
17/11/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

'Festive Of Flesh And Blood'

it is time not to tell
any one the word of love
it's the time to utter commonly
the words of hatredness
it's the time to kill
common and cool people
by the name of religion

it's the time earth needs
action to dominate
the people of other religion
by the name of God's Soldier

it's the time of anger
to bury human civilisation
which becomes much more brutal
than any other wild animal's
'FESTIVE OF FLESH AND BLOOD'...!

Pranab k c
14/11/2015



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Pranab K Chakraborty

India And Cows

Cows are more valuable
than human life

biggest democratic country
India now fights for cows
to keep their right
tight to their flesh

the tragedy begins
when flesh of human being
scattered on the foot
by gang beating
to keep sanctity
of cow

it's the high time
to decide
who will serve to whom!

Pranab k c
09/11/2015



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Mad-Beauty

They propagated
I am dead
I felt once
I am not alive

They decided
I am bluffer
betrayal
butcher

I simply kept
myself silent
and now
when I am on the road again
they think
I am the ghost.....

.....

This way a mad began her story
to tell to the tree,
from behind
I only listened the words
and spasm of her passion

Now feel it a poem
for my own to utter
to myself
because
I have no enemy to defend
yet have some ego to be
an egoist as live cruelly alone!

Pranab k c
06/11/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Puppetic Logarithm

a needle sometime plays
like a sword

and a sword becomes useless
sometime like a spoon

so why do you suffer
when feel the life as death
just wait
law of waves shows us the beauty
of up-ing arises behind down-ing

bogus the word may be your superior choice
yet you not the decider of ultimate rule
somewhere someother makes you fool
every moment and every moment
to tackle you as a puppet!

Pranab k c
05/11/2015



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Lost Moment

Night never returned
I lost once to pick
the right moment
to crash the earth

it smelled
it burned
it dissolved into wine

wine I refused
refused due to foolishness
fear made me vagabond

vagabond should not have the choice!

Pranab k c
05/11/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Just Just...

Time waits not
Waits word to be uttered

Waiting not preoccupied passion
Passion planning passage
Through waiting

Words waiting to be uttered
Waiting waits to carry words!

Pranab k c
19/10/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



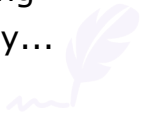
PoemHunter.com

Simple Mathematics

To live as a man
Life is essential to manifest
To manifest life
Love is essential to attain
To attain love
First and final essential
Heart
That beyond controversy

If you defy the equation
To replace heart by wealth
To purchase universe by coin

Beyond controversy
It is also destined that
You'll be prosecuted
By the charge of
Mass killing
And finally...



PoemHunter.com

Pissing on your mouth
Doggy's would also be proud
To capture attention of commoners!

Pranab k c
19/10/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Doctrine For The Crazy Stupids

and affiliated consumption of air
does not allow
the human soul to keep
identity as
a man of free thinking

every day everywhere
the barbarian practice
butcherly treating
the free thinkers
as the devil
to human race

God laughs silently alone
measuring the nearing days
for an unique catastrophe
when the civilisation
would be declared
The civilisation of two-footed animals

humans are vanished from the surface!

Pranab k c
12/10/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

My Debonair Soul

Night dark and breeding silence
I myself alone in the love lane
unbuttoned shirt
moving quiet in leisure
the beloved so called
finishing streaming session
of her successful submission
sleeping tired with snoring
the bed most common
where our contractual conjection
sometimes revolt to be smacked

returned back she
to her own tunnel
dark and silent also
thinking no other option
except permutation and combination
of regular words
to cook in oven of dailyness

me again hankering other petals of flowring fragrance
me again dream of honeycomb somewhere else
my debonair soul never left me in rest
alone in love-lane of wide heart-avenue
searching a gulf of warm light
to dip deep forever,
no birth again for further dawn!

Pranab k c
17/09/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

My Vagabond Existence

blame me not to fire you
my death
blame me not to prose you
my poesy
blame me not to poison you
my love

blame me
for not getting for ever

Pranab k c
13/09/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Unheard Gospel

night she holds
on her buds

lips simply gather
honey from universe

skins are close
to temporal death
temporarily

and the ditch
returns
a man who leaves
no sensation unethical
before the dawn

night she sucks
all its plentiness and placidity
before the dawn
forgets her validity!

Pranab k c
28/08/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Line Of Action

life actually demands
always
every moment of the day and night

life demands cryingly
spreading its passionate
hands (cooperation)
to hold to draw

a line of action!

Pranab k c
28/08/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Journey

My pleasure, my pain
My rising, my deviation
never gets a rest
never becomes best

My dream, my favor
My fear and my fervor
ends never
never never

A lie with the crest
bitterly fit with all fret
A truth forever cry
nowhere need
to be the try

Along a path
Man ever alone
Only not me
fading in horizon!

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
19/08/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Actualisation

Time to tell you
Hi
but tell callously
Hang it

Time to send you
Ecstasy
but repeatedly sending
Torture

Better keep time
away from you
and
give you the opportunity
To die alone!

Pranab k c
08/07/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Mysterious Spasm

narrow a stream
no measuring parameter
suits to estimate
its depth

dark and dense
worried warm
dare not to wrap
primary senses

most like vagabond
sail in the sea
destination dull

simply it dreams
expansion wide
to flow and to flood
the horizon vanishes
with tide and tide...

Pranab k c
08/07/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Strictly Personal

slowly a moon walks
through the window

moon stops to touch
my nails

moon melts with warm
my soul infiltrates

Pranab k c
08/07/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Water White

a cat sitting on tin roof
thinking of flooded expansion
silence and sizzling of watered horizon

roof just under sky
cat white
holding time alone
did it think of water white
silence an sizzling of time infinite!

Pranab k c
04/08/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Religion: An Important Question To Allow In Modern State!

Institutional religion should be terminated by the state to promote individual religious faith

constitution and obligatory mandates imposed by the religious institutions many times consider people as their slave just to carry the orders by the name of Almighty

individual belief always finds transition by making relation with God through the path of love and compassion eager to enjoy the divine bliss with submission whereas institutions committed to impreach imperialistic superiority

different religious constitution ornamented with the options to infiltrate mesmerising attitude towards fighting, war and invasion to conquer and domination

individual belief never admit war by the name of Almighty except the self suffering to penetrate another world of grace and celestial serenity

state should terminate all the institution providing opportunity to the civilisation to stand on feet for another thousands of year to keep exist civilisation known as human civilisation!

Pranab k c
22/07/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Tragic Phenomena

Ethos entangled
her organic credibility
affirmation many times deforms
such antiquity
scribbled through
the mimetic scrupulity

wonders often flickering
through life bluntly heavy
seems to be cut off
due to throbbing placidity

ethos planked her fatigue
while life extends to be a drapery
enchanted epiphany
drags her
where never found thatchery!

Pranab k c
21/07/2015



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Chauvinism As A Doctrine

Love when unmatched
to track the vibration
same with the hovering chord

Sharp should be the hate
with skilled intensity
to leave no inch
unwhipped
by its furious whim

Prejudice or priority
whatever shattered by flash
leave no inch unmarked
by windy wild
stained with nails and knots

Chauvinist demands love-bond
by surrendered sublimation

God or Man
criteria the same
to keep peace and harmony!

Pranab k c
18/07/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

String To Be Played The Tune

told me not to beautify
blackhole
told me not to glorify
the triangular strategy
by sending someone
into safe volt

told me to dig deep
where lunar eclipse
never bother to be shared
by reflection of fired fusion

such was the sanctum
to horrify the blurred banishment
without begging
tranquilliser any
without praying
transformation any

yet the meadows mirrored
a lumpen observed the whole journey
to make it keyboard
for next manipulation!

Pranab k c
18/07/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Unbelievable Disorder

and the catastrophic line
of that story
very much charming
with meaningless ideas
and never demands
any commitment
to implant it on surface

only a vacant look
makes the reader angry
simply for wasting time
with useless input
of cerebral labour

from the beginning
of that story
everybody could smell
the rubbish
happenings awaiting
with the sense of insane!

Pranab k c
15/07/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Matchless Oven

clown not the match-word
not the kitten the match
only could you tell
matchless oven
thirsty to be fired
by any gallon gulf

Pranab k c
15/07/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Blunt Vagabond

Door was opened
yet she never entered

always by hiding
some other places

tried to infiltrate
some dirty aroma
of lifelessness

and at last realisation
made her free to death!

Pranab k c
15/07/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Even And Odd

metaphorically confront the idea
of mesmerised attitude of the brute
before perishing conventional customs
to show the libido its firefaced instinctual
killing capability when nothing seems impossible
just before planting the mast within muddy hole
to celebrate sea waves its scrolling and clinching
stormy charisma of bending power to impowerment
bending screaming to crying

metaphorically confrontation of the idea
just was a patch to dislocate sincerity
to preserve passion for the making manism
by multiplied purification through restraining
and recovering conscious for the generation to build!

Pranab k c
15/07/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Little But Arranged

little was that fossil
stretching its signs
looked alike that memory
once in a dream
saw my dearest voluptuous

little was that morbid flamingo
once from the map
winged on my fever
little all those things
very much little like me
which tried to reach
a dawn where dawns are over
to appear it again

if ask me why
a little string of undefined universe
obvious will show you
the no-earth before the explosion within sun!

Pranab k c
09/07/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Another Dilemma

select a color and erase all other colorful cordon
blow your own nerve to flow its intense beauty
again you see nowhere you the ultimate you
everywhere dominates the passionate king
whom you build with your drops of blood
virgin or vagabond
victorious or beneficiary

color simply engulfed all the senses
feel you man or inhuman
feel you demon or divine
nowhere the limbs to scratch a scroll
of your time to imprint an identity

simply color has the clear spectrum
and you the orbit where moon slept last night!

Pranab k c
09/07/2015



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Think You A Gentle Tune

stop it immediate
otherwise
stop'll make you stop

understanding the quality
of civilized
uncivilized only the darkness
of misunderstanding

it's you to choice
'll stop by own
or
'll have to stop you by cruelty
not much yet known its limit!

Pranab k c
03/07/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

 PoemHunter.com

Lunatic Speaks As A Poet: Keep Distance Otherwise

simply a silk fibre was in my dream
walking passionately on this fibre
just to get my intrusion into that window
panes never get shut a fibreless beauty
slept made of butter it seemed

climbing through and through
entered there with my hidden spoon
just to touch that butter beauty

dream never me knew
strong desire of ever melting
that piece of human shaped lady
always fever haunted

the prison of that cage always kept tight
with freezing no mans embroidery
shit

as soon as I appeared that room
silk fibre my only walking path get lost
the nymphomaniac melting banned beauty
sensing my presence jumped up and embraced
last breath of my dreamwalking dreamer's passion

memory lost forever
the last part of that episode
yet feel as my poetic aesthetic
to penetrate as long as I live!

Pranab k c
03/07/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

No Poem, Simply Jugglery

plying not the beauty
better metalling
shows gorgeous
its hierchy

woods are too far
simply concretes
grows quick
than its
pissing time

metals are costly
because of its use
as weapons

and you the naughty
home-lover
ply your every plan
and just keep watch
much heat
could not reach
your caring passion

water no problem
but storm

when storm appears
careful to be caring
the knots you forgot
to put at its extreme!

Pranab k c
27/06/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Nice Blue

blue the term
always they use
before heaven

blue my favorite color
and blue sometimes organs
as if white plays
within its destiny!

Pranab k c
27/06/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Hiding Inside True Shade Of Skin

grey shaded life
now consuming
hiding inside
true shaded
skin of life

usually it seems
like ass grazing
callously
on the meadows

even no burdens
have been packed
to carry along

it's a nice state
of living and non-living
only the grey shade of life
sometimes knocking
to slough
yet true shade
trying hard
to keep close to it!

Pranab k c
19/06/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Feathering Facsimile

aggravated point of bumming
bouncing bounced to retreat
from surface to space
shivering shock
inspired the trimmer
robust by howled shafts

every thrust made much scream
external stimulus
fired pinned harpoon
while
drifted dazing
unearthed cerebral statute
human hacks
to emphasize distinguished
providence from animal

aggravated point of bumming
bouncing lost
sense to be impatient
while eternity cries
loud to miss the moment
spearing again and again
the feel-good thrasher
holding hard the heaves
jerking bold
to beautify liquid passion!

Pranab k c
12/06/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Walk Fast To Meet

Don't walk
so silent
when walking
through
your dark passions

activities considered
as criminal
known by the cloud
offences
just like stupid

don't walk so silently
walk fast to make you ruin
none will bother
whether identity
real or fake

passions always
postulate
within
fear and fearless
passage to hell or heaven

whatever your cry
just walk fast
to meet an end!

Pranab k c
10/06/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



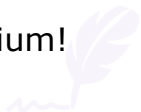
PoemHunter.com

Imagine Not The Word Only For Lenon

Imagine a rain-girl
dancing in the forest
and
signals you
to dance with her

also you imagine
the rain-girl
makes you wet
you are wet

you are wet
you never expect
any life
again
to wait
for the grave
or
crematorium!



PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
10/06/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Rain Poetry

No rain
or rain

in between
a hot space
skins being
roasted

nice to touch
icy cold
cold not artificial
if any line
of mental crash
make you cool

just wait to have
own rain
inside....

if react much
imagine heat
to burn
otherwise

Pranab k c
10/062015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Musing Mind

If I were not I
If You were not Me
If me were not enough clumsy
to signify a distinct sky
by its manifestation and missingness

If strangling would not be any emancipation
If emancipation would not be any desire
If desire would be our punchline
to glorify life more than heaven

And ifs would get all its meaning with clear purpose
And ifs would die very moment to verify sanctity
Better sin would be our diction
To identify man as Human

If these contamination
Cry random with care
If these perimeters
Revolt to be the roast

O my love
I will love again
To scratch all the flags
fluttering above...!

Pranab k c
05/06/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Shocking Image - 5

Just in my dream
I saw....

when I uttered this term
you told me
'you have gone out of chord
needs medical help'

I told you not
it's my own style of treatment
for the impatient patients
like you
suffering long
blocking your own eyes
of imagination!

Pranab k c
04/06/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Shocking Image - 4

Just in my dream
I heard a sound
so intense but
no sound of that

it seemed to be a sound
gathering beside my head
moving with its own image
but couldn't see anything

just a sound
was my dream
but the sound
was soundless
perhaps!

Pranab k c
04/06/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Shocking Image - 3

just in my dream
I saw a girl
bending her waist
clipping her nails
with a string

the string was straight
tied two sides
with two high monument
100 meters above the earth

the girl clipping her nails
perhaps to hang
no touch of noise made her alert
simply bending own waist
the girl....

Pranab k c
04/06/2015



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Shocking Image - 2

just in my dream
I saw a killer
firing his own shadow
running fast to escape
from the crowd

but random firing
from his own gun
he could not stop
unnumbered bullets
coming out
from his hand machine

ceaseless and the killer
running speedy
speedy and haunted
nothing were there
to stop his gun!

Pranab k c
04/06/2015

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Shocking Image - 1

just in my dream
I saw from a clear blue sky
a feather falling

just 200-300 feet above
my flattened body
it stopped its falling

I tried to dream
many more nights
expecting its falling again
but.....

Pranab k c
04/06/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Riding Phenomena

RIDING
ONES HEART
MUCH HARD

RIDING
ONES
PRIVATE PARTS
NOT SO EASY
AS DOGS
SEEM LEGAL
DURING SEASON

SO RIDING
BETTER TO LIVE
ON THOUGHTS
ONES
FEELS
BULLSHIT
TO RECOGNISE



PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
04/06/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Living Or Lasting!

sometimes it needs to slap
on own face
it needs to taste oneself
whether
living or lasting

it needs to verify
own designation
to keep existence
on the beach

beach is strictly
poet's own assignment
since waves are random
never consider ones
living or lasting

living is the glory of life
shining on the dashboard
while lasting is the abandoned faculty
only slaves of own destiny
exist by casual consequences!

Pranab k c
23/05/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Nice Trip To Nostalgic Nausea

certain amount of gunpowder
and certain amount of anger
just imagine the certainty
much more strength to tear the petals
a rapist ruptured the last spring

a knife hangs from the hollow
to penetrate the fiber
never known proximity of cyber sabotage
a blunt nymph with hot hankering
surrendered all her fleshy journey
to make please her illicit pauses
where earth ends its move to attain
any more callendric calamity!

Pranab k c
12/05/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

 PoemHunter.com

Liar You Are

a cry much loud
when cry doesn't sound

a cry much loud
when cry doesn't sound

a cry much loud
when cry doesn't cry!

Pranab k c
12/05/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Committed Suicide At Last

a dream smashed her to death
a dream she dreamt long
to have a home her own
a man her own
a child her own

no precious the simple desire
scattered every sphere of life
she burnt her swallowing acid
to get relief to be a non-fulfilled

dream yet gleams the third-world
the girl born to nourish this track
yet she now the part of history
history never feels any urge
to be glorified with such small things

she now a dead lane
she dreamt a family her own
she dreamt a man her own
she dreamt a child her own
never desired to be a queen
whose nails are precious than a life
a man lives on the surface
third world whose address destined!

Pranab k c
12/05/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Dedicate This Poem To Those Mothers (Repost)

[I posted this writing on May Day, but now I think this writing is strictly for Mother's Day. Suits it very much. So I resend the post.]

a mother of three
sons and daughter
engaged from dawn
to midnight
with various type
of family work
cooking, washing clothes,
sweeping and cleaning
household without any grievance
to any one

her breakfast time mid-noon
launch time after-noon
and dine at late night
when all others deep in sleep

she knows no such day
she expects no such day
she demands no such day
which will give her freedom
to distribute labor her own

common Indian mothers
majority Indian mothers
celebrate their each and everyday
in spite of fighting to establish
eight hours and their rights,
serve their family as nature
serves silently our civilization

no labor day they demand
only laughing child without
any cry of hunger they desire most
their growing ages without any danger
they pray to God almost all such mothers

this day I dedicate to them
who is the pivot of a family
but no demand to have something more
only for herself except the good of family!

Pranab k c

01/05/2015

Reposted on 10th May,2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Dedicate This Day To Those Mothers

a mother of three
sons and daughter
engaged from dawn
to midnight
with various type
of family work
cooking, washing clothes,
sweeping and cleaning
household without any grievance
to any one

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only for herself except the good of family!

Pranab k c
01/05/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Lamp Waits

dark was much intense
that night
brought me a lamp
to lit

passion made me forgot
it was penetration
to catch the root
darkness and its origin

I was no prophet
not a pragmatic
light my desire
just not to enjoy
fight long to seduce
the womb whence
dark breeds

lamp was your reply
to reflect artificial
harmony of matter and soul
dark was my quest
where hides its light alone

now and again
far and near
truth and semi-truth
untruth and unburnt
a lamp strict with strictures
waiting
just waiting
to be lit
not by fire
but with the spirit!

Pranab k c
29/04/2015

Political Panorama

shouting they all
shouting their breaths
best they offer
bitter they manifest

ever never known
how the hill cracks
never ever taste
how the earth suffers

hollow the human sense
hello they throws color
humble their hanging
before the final tremor

opinion waits
opinion weights
opinion walls
others choosing one

liners are common
liners are confused
liners are sovereign
only in constitution!

Pranab k c
23/04/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Three Minutes Love

last time
I attached
my pain
to your
strap

yet
the next next day
when
Y tore
your strap
you hugged him
so violently
to offer
him
an ecstatic
journey

I was just
not too far
with miss Z
to demonstrate
another pain
which
she will not
remember again
as soon as
our parting

pain is the play
we getting skilled
everyday
to show and to hunt
love leaves no wonder
than ejaculation!

Pranab k c
23/04/2015



PoemHunter.com

Rainless Cloud

where those clouds
carried rains their own
where those

now these clouds are vacant
just floating not to flood
just no choice their own

where those clouds
those.....!

Pranab k c
20/04/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Just Hate And Hit

if you can hate
yourself
like
a beast
you dislike most

'll get a meaning
of life
to exist

love has lost its
charms already
animals play this game
with their offspring

why intelligent being
human
would cultivate such
animal habits

hate you yourself
hate your owns and others
hate and hit
whenever get opportunity
to flag your superiority

human child simply
the product of
men and women of nothing
hopelessly love and produce babes
to implement dream on the surface

most obsolete species they are
illiterate and insignificant performer

they know not
hate and hit
the ultimate resolution
of today's existence!

Pranab k c
09/04/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Not Known

White sheet of paper
a black dot on it
at the center

The last poem
he wrote
before
finishing
his journey...

Pranab k c
09/04/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

When Time Is The...

just wait
coming back
soon...

time doesn't allow
such option
when time
we want
to stop a bit

Pranab k c
09/04/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

A Poet Lives

designed proclamation
of strategic birth
dedicated
to nature

the beggarly man
or the man beggar
whichever
you labelled to identify
the social entity

man knows very well
the treasure not yet
excavated whole
saturated with his soul

expressions are secondary
exposing intensity
the real kingship
of a poet

poetry carries him
who cares poetry
as his soul
whether to live
or to no live!

Pranab k c
21/03/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

21st March: Day For Poetry

no difference from other days
no extra hazard appeared with bliss
to make awake

only a penetrating pain it hammers
to unlock a passage to poetry

whatever looks ugly
mind tries to conceive its beauty hidden
what looks beauty by its appearance
mind dives to catch the thread
of its ugliness under the current

nice affinity of today's
acclaimed proposition to universality
poetry becomes confused
to utterly intention of erasing
poetic attitude from other days
and moments of yearly counts

but poets are not busy to project
a colorful crematory day
they simply know poetry bothers
no days or moments or month or year
infinite the glow ever active
to glorify human tenacity towards beauty

so come on baby
let's have a punch
to make you blushed
the ultimate anxiety
you gloved with horrific
transfusion
come on and dance well
the day gears up your soul
to cross the ocean of life
to dive the life beyond livingness.....!

Pranab k c

21/03/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Stars And Me

Tell the stars
not to follow me
with their tensified
delight

otherwise
I'll make them
imprisoned
by my divine clarity

divinity is nothing
simply the desire
to love by heart!

Pranab k c
19/03/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

To Attain Musical End (Complete)

Part-I

long days ago
a midnight in remote countryside
when stars were strict with their spearing light
hell to heaven the expansion was wide dark
only the ferry boat
fisherman took somewhere away in deep river
fishing or some other reasons not known
swam alone to cross
a low-stream narrow river
and got nice experience of swimming naked
none was there to be ashamed

a little torch with dying battery
only my companion
night crossed 0' hour half an hour ago
a long barren land 've to cross yet to reach destination
never came before, only knew a village was there
dressed-up-gentleman hurried my move
a field fell flat just below my foot
kept myself alert from unknown attack
man or any other animal
know not exactly
it might be emerged from either side

just after processing footsteps forward
faint flute tune touched my hearing
faint but hypnotic
as if night became dense bearing such melody
stopped myself some moments to track the direction
no mechanical, no metallic
assured myself the tune as of bamboo flute
most common village instrument
playing with a folk tune

me not alone on this dark earth
someone else still waking somewhere
regaining strength again

almost dream-walker advanced silently to discover horizon
crossing and crawling ups and downs
faced a jungle in front surrounded by thorns and tweeds
music emerging beyond these creepers and climbers

Part-II

my only friend the faint torch
shown me there standing an old and deserted
ruined remnant of a temple
dark growing cold as I felt the presence of night animals
smelling me behind bushes nearby
in search of getting access
while terribly finding dark surroundings
night-birds swept me with their wings
abrupt to stop sudden my heart-beats

fear of death or danger was no challenge in duel
only the womb of that tattered temple the flute musing
I've to reach that point of streaming
accidentally conquered the narrowest line to proceed
ruptured grasses lead me to fulfill mission
through the jungle landed to the stair
deem ray of oiled clay-lamp attended my retina
following silently the light and sound
entered the cave formed naturally by devastation
front walls were broken
but it created another passage to hide the cave
almost near to my invention stopped and breathed well

flute being played with its high pitch
following music came near to source
beside the floor a long sitting stair
closing eyes a strong man playing his flute
the lamp beside him
lighting with its straight and gracious low flame
on the floor near his feet
an enraptured young lady spreading two legs wide
sleeping careless to dominate life and death

the man noticed my uttered hissing
stopping flute immediate snatched out a gun

targeting me that hand-made pipe ready to shoot
asked simply who are you
spreading above my two hands
answered like escaping rat
"Your music took me here, no other intention"
hesitated the man a bit to believe
then melted and asked my where about
told him short whom I came to meet

"Do you like music? "
"ask you yet! 've already risked my life to reach you,
what more want to listen again! "
hiding weapon behind, seizing my shoulder
took me beside his seat
the lady awoke smiling with invitation
served me drink getting signal of artist's eyes
a glass of raw and cheap country-liquor

without any fibre to hide her limbs
the lady young came close to aflame me
unprecedented hospitality during those young age
not in dream not in dying
the ambiance, the wildness, the fuels
fired me to ride the classic journey of musical art

sipped long single to empty the glass
it burned inside stomach throat but much not hot
as outside the feminine fire fleshing the festive
quiet cool the man told 'this girl is hired'
I became weightless to enjoy alcoholic flash
as soon as the man blew his flute again
irresistibly invasive the girl became lousy to strip me off
short-time before my mid-night swim
once again I remembered and felt another
through fleshy fire embarked with musical tune

Part-III

solitude created by skilled fluting made me insane
intoxication, aroused masculinity in love-making
and the melody that lips-blow transmitted
wild I forgot other existence of life beyond this cave

jumped into the game with primitive turbulence
and soon I lost all other senses
except the sense of death remained

flute danced with ecstatic tune
ceaseless rhythm flying with pleasure
we the man and woman strangled each other
as wild as possible riding waves of love or death
nowhere left to return
only the expansion of musical ocean
the flute roaring fiercely pleasant
screaming and groaning of humans
made all my strength useless at its extreme
infinite engulfed all cells to sense
love or death sounded meaningless

only when ray of rising sun,
fragrance of unknown flowers,
birds chirps made me awake next morning
no trace of others presence I found
all my havings kept with care beside my head
along with a bamboo-flute
which backed my memory lane
dressing up hurry while returning
morning showed me the walls not even ruined

terracotta murals existed as antique
less lost one of which
Krishna the Lord playing flute standing below a tree
a baby cow sit near His feet
female associates surrounding Him
spreading their gown and hands dancing with ecstasy

silently I bowed down my head
to whom not yet decided:
Lord Krishna or the flute of His hand
music or the musician of night
love or the lady who burned with me
yet one thing I counted well

only the risk of embracing musical passion
forgetting death and danger of unexposed time

it was only the priceless cost
to attain this musical end!

Pranab k c
26/02/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Chocolate-Poem Vs. Acid-Poem

I never try to produce
Chocolate-poems
To supply you the satisfaction
By licking and sucking
Ecstatic secretion of
Absurd hangovers

Rather Acid-poems
My favorite to weave
It will irritate you by different means
It will reflect
The hypocrite your blunt gentlemanship
Much eccentric and selfish
Your face fabricated
With reverse colorful masks

But Many times I can't
Emotional breakdown
Take me away to achieve
My mission to hit
Silently see the pleasing heart
You are engaged to make
The poem as a dirt to be banned

I soon pick up my short gun
And the walls of sacred latrine place
Know very well
What I did latter on!

Pranab k c
13/03/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

To Hack Hell

Just to hack hell
when I tag to my
evil instincts

first it empassion me
a broader sense of ruining everything
appears simultaneous
with the
sense of nothingness

women appear
with voluptuous violence
headless self seduction
captures all values
a social man cultivates
to exist as a man

Just to hack hell
when I tag to my blunt horizon
stagnant to pouch my solitude
a sense of bloody butcher
always dictates me
to gun down animal-like-humans
moving, working, cultivating, studying
to hijack heaven on this earth!

Pranab k c
12/03/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Rapists Not Even Safe Inside Jail In India

Indian youths are mobilised
once again to hold the reign of punishing rapist

No unprecedented the incident
rape and peoples protest on road
with furious anger to throw out rulers
from their chairs in this country

But law sometimes killing enough time
to verdict their ultimate award
judiciary somehow enchained
by their own process of keeping sanctity

experience dictated the inhabitants by evidence
74% of rapists been getting bail to prove their offense
as silly mistake

and as a result of that
peoples are aroused yet in yesterdays incident
they could not wait to witness
such delayed tradition of loosing patience
by the name of law and governance

yesterday on 6th march 2015
the day of celebrating spring-festival in India
the festival of color also called as 'Holi Utsav'
unprecedented happening Indian people witnessed
when people in protest to save their daughter and sister
took upperhand to punish together
to the rapist

youths and civilians
gathered again on the street
against another case of rape
thousands of civilians marched together
keeping no faith on administration
they took the challenge to snatch the rapist
out from the jail custody

breaking prison by sudden attack
they brought him out
stripping off his clothes
took him 8 km away on foot
crowd kicked and smashed the rapist to death
as the punishment of crime

questions now are storming within and outside
the governmental institutes
a high debate media now engaged
to encash
political parties now are in dilemma
their importance are being challenged
by peoples role directly as activists

peoples in India are different as usual to tolerate
democratic institutions to keep its commitment
for the people, by the people, of the people
if it failure to satisfy peoples interest
the indication of recent incident
really the challenge to Indian government

Pranab k c
07/03/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Digging Destiny

Destiny not always any Draculic enigma
embedded in performing devastating embark

Destiny simply a super-structure
stupidity bugling to reject intelligence

Destiny certainly the excuse to para-jump
surrendered humiliation finds no robe
to be fixed
to be flied
to feel bum-touch in solitary aflamation

Destiny the word if considered
a dictinary of headless heart
when nowhere entangled any thread to decipher
the absence

if it is considered last hit to hype
safe avenue to escape from crude reality
pain-fashioned paranoia
the prime attendant to misbehave
with living legend
playing skilfully Draculic perfection

possibility and expectations
obligatory to be creamated
apart from its compliance

rather genaraly uttered by the immigrants
migrating winning to defeat
success to failure

Destiny not always enshrined to be believed
many times away from proper confession.....

Pranab k c
04/03/2015

And Ultimately You Can Not

at least you can reject
the long ride
never suit
your choice

at least you can refuse
the presence and fall
every moment
you face and undone

at least you can
can not to erase
from your own encyclopedia
but yet
it is destined
something remain attached
with your entity
at its extreme end!

Pranab k c
03/03/2015

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

To Attain Musical End (Part-Iii)

Part-III

solitude created by skilled fluting made me insane
intoxication, aroused masculinity in love-making
and the melody that lips-blow transmitted
wild I forgot other existence of life beyond this cave
jumped into the game with primitive turbulence
and soon I lost all other senses
except the sense of death remained

flute danced with ecstatic tune
ceaseless rhythm flying with pleasure
we the man and woman strangled each other
as wild as possible riding waves of love or death
nowhere left to return
only the expansion of musical ocean
the flute roaring fiercely pleasant
screaming and groaning of humans
made all my strength useless at its extreme
infinite engulfed all cells to sense
love or death sounded meaningless

only when ray of rising sun,
fragrance of unknown flowers,
birds chirps made me awake next morning
no trace of others presence I found
all my havings kept with care beside my head
along with a bamboo-flute
which backed my memory lane
dressing up hurry while returning
morning showed me the walls not even ruined

terracotta murals existed as antique
less lost one of which
Krishna the Lord playing flute standing below a tree
a baby cow sit near His feet
female associates surrounding Him
spreading their gown and hands dancing with ecstasy

silently I bowed down my head
to whom not yet decided:
Lord Krishna or the flute of His hand
music or the musician of night
love or the lady who burned with me
yet one thing I counted well

only the risk of embracing musical passion
forgetting death and danger of unexposed time
it was only the priceless cost
to attain this musical end!

Pranab k c
27/02/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

To Attain Musical End (Part-II)

{Contd. Part}

my only friend the faint torch
shown me there standing an old and deserted
ruined remnant of a temple
dark growing cold as I felt the presence of night animals
smelling me behind bushes nearby
in search of getting access
while terribly finding dark surroundings
night-birds swept me with their wings
abrupt to stop sudden my heart-beats

fear of death or danger was no challenge in duel
only the womb of that tattered temple the flute musing
I've to reach that point of streaming
accidentally conquered the narrowest line to proceed
ruptured grasses lead me to fulfill mission
through the jungle to the staired landing
deem ray of oiled clay-lamp attended my retina
following silently the light and sound
entered the cave formed naturally by devastation
front walls are broken
but it created another passage to hide the cave
almost near to my invention stopped and breathed well

flute being played with its high pitch
following music came near to source
beside the floor a long sitting stair
closing eyes a strong man playing his flute
the lamp beside him
lighting with its straight and gravitious low flame
on the floor near his feet
an enraptured young lady spreading two legs wide
sleeping careless to dominate life and death

the man noticed my uttered hissing
stopping flute immediate snatched out a gun
targeting me that hand-made pipe ready to shoot
asked simply who are you

spreading above my two hands
answered like escaping rat
"Your music took me here, no other intention"
hesitated the man a bit to believe
then melted and asked my where about
told him short whom I came to meet

"Do you like music? "
"ask you yet! 've already risked my life to reach you,
what more want to listen again! "
hiding weapon behind, seizing my shoulder
took me beside his seat
the lady awoke smiling with invitation
served me drink getting signal of artist's eyes
a glass of raw and cheap country-liquor

without any fibre to hide her limbs
the lady young came close to aflame me
unprecedented hospitality during those young age
not in dream not in dying
the ambiance, the wildness, the fuels
fired me to ride the classic journey of musical art

sipped long single to empty the glass
it burned inside stomach throat but much not hot
as outside the feminine fire fleshing the festive
quiet cool the man told 'this girl is hired'
I became weightless to enjoy alcoholic flash
as soon as the man blew his flute again
irresistibly invasive the girl became lousy to strip me off
short-time before my mid-night swim
once again I remembered and felt another
through fleshy fire embarked with musical tune.....(Contd.)

Pranab k c
27/02/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

To Attain Musical End (Part-I)

long days ago
a midnight in remote countryside
when stars were strict with their spearing light
hell to heaven the expansion was wide dark
only the ferry boat
fisherman took somewhere away in deep river
fishing or some other reasons not known
swam alone to cross
a low stream narrow river
and got nice experience of swimming naked
none was there to be ashamed

a little torch with dying battery
only my companion
night crossed 0' hour half an hour ago
a long barren land 've to cross yet to reach destination
never came before, only knew a village was there
dressed-up-gentleman hurried my move
a field fell flat just below my foot
kept myself alert from unknown attack
man or any other animal
know not exactly
it might be emerged from either side

just after processing footsteps forward
faint flute tune touched my hearing
faint but hypnotic
as if night became dense bearing such melody
stopped myself some moments to track the direction
no mechanical, no metallic
assured myself the tune as of bamboo flute
most common village instrument
playing with a folk tune

me not alone on this dark earth
someone else still waking somewhere
regaining strength again
almost dream-walker advanced silently to discover horizon
crossing and crawling ups and downs

faced a jungle in front surrounded by thorns and tweeds
music emerging beyond these creepers and climbers.... (contd.)

Pranab k c
27/02/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Poemhunter Moderator

Just hanging before me
in the list of
treasure islanders
3rd grade veteran poet

In search of my immediate neighbor
visited her page
but a shocking experience
I got
no records of writing poem
but numbers are counted
beside the profile

a magical imbalance
makes the PoemHunter's project
just a farce

no record I found there
only a blank profile
a test page
interesting
much interesting...

Pranab k c
26/02/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Beauty And Obsession

standing tall, straight a sculptic beauty
nail to nip, skull to scale
looking far to feel something
not to cash or to crease special status

whatever the beauty needs
my feet rushing restless
at least heart-throbs beyond metres
to crawl that buttering mountain
sleek and to lick moments of death or life endless

so stout the peaks and peasantry
so smooth the surface and sanitation
only poet could jump fibred proliferation
to climb the last trip before avalanche

God can't escape such tannery He tuned
just moment was high to make me imprisoned
a joy made her feel someone stabbing the pelvic
killing by honor trapped by beauty
silent robbing the volt of treasury

only smiled arrogant the living sculpture
not to rain
but to burn by flame her eyes laughed
invite not
simply to demonstrate
fire crazy and stored within

God can't escape
how the poet....!

Pranab k c
24/02/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Trance & Trauma

and at last
when visitors
gone all
opened the window
and a moon
entered straight to her inners

with a shy look
she hid her face
with palms never known
the prophet stood behind
to dictate her
spreading body naked
emancipate the soul
as quick as possible
before intelligence
dominate her eclectic existence

now if you look inside the room
a singular orchid
blurring silence
and a gun waiting
for the next shot
after prophet died
and a girl still looking vacant
in search of a dawn
to be implied by injecting syringe!

Pranab k c
24/02/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Fairy

greasy skin but liquid sensation
fibre head but drilled the memory line
always hankers a fabulous terminus
to ride on cycloramatic craves for death to win

just yesterday as you saw her chilling faculty
no choice of being favored reflected
through all her hard and toilsome crawling to cry

today also the same suffering hiding the chastised belt
under the mission made her confined
to dictate the chains of learning

unanimous oily depth her natural possession
only warm she fear to be absorbed
with clash to crash or creeping

greasy such impatient fleshy hawking
never know how to spell right grid to kick halt
yet you face such sacred nudity will simply
launch own satellite to flew another orbit of Venus or moon

acrophilia the word she ticked to stay on reality
and impersonal loyalty when grooming to be hectic
she simply excuses the clause where no-entity hymns loud

at this point of jurisdiction self-employed judge the poet himself
gave her back an arctic slumber which made her flawless rigidity
simply a possible dignity to make her dry for live another life again
out of liquidity captured by sunny saltation measuring high to be imbued!

Pranab k c

Pranab K Chakraborty

21st February: Mother-Language Day

In Bengali we tell
Maa, aami tomaake valobasi
In English
MOTHER I LOVE YOU

Maa..... Mother
aami..... I
tomaake..... To you
valobasi..... Love

Just another Bengali sentence:
MAA TOMAKE PRONAAM
In English
MOTHER, BOW TO YOU

MOTHER..... MAA
BOW..... PRONAAM
TO YOU.....TOMAAKE

' Today is the Mother-language Day'

TODAY..... (In Bengali) AAZ
IS..... HOY
MOTHER-LANGUAGE..... MAATRI-VASHHA
(LANGUAGE..... VASHHA)
DAY..... DIBOS (In classical Bengali)

Pranab k c
21st February,2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Love & Torture

Torture
the key word
in
making love

Whether
with God
or any animal
created
by supreme
authority

Torture
the specific
velocity
Pacific of feelings
always keep
balance
with
mind and body



PoemHunter.com

In another sense
love means
a perverted game
brilliant
intelligent
ultimately
uttered extinction
pleases God and animals

Torturous perversion
saturated
with and
within love

(It is not wise
to mention
man is two footed animal)

Pranab k c
20/02/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

School Of Life

when you tell
I'll not live without you
I don't believe
and I become sure
you are a liar

when you tell
I hate you
I believe that
you love me much

- just this way
a man lunatic
advised me to follow
the geometry of life

Pranab k c
20/02/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Civilized Slave

Reigning hold many times
passion of kicking back
display gently
civilized chin

can't you feel
compromise makes us promised
to keep balance of social sanctity

how long
knows no one
since time not static
changing rapid its
knots and bonds
needs and nips

standing aloud
holding someones kick
back we all
but unable to make it
the manifesto
of being uncivilized!

Pranab k c
15/02/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Smell Of Freedom

Freedom first I smelled
opening the door of cage
a colorful bird
flew away hurriedly
as soon as I...

my intention was not
to make it fly
rather tried to steal
its colored feathers

spattering sound of its little wings
smell of its wild escape
Yet I dream

Pranab k c
15/02/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Segment Replicates The Whole

touch was so nice
intoxicated to catch the whole

crossing childhood days
learnt by heart
beauty much intense
when segment
infatuates
the impulse

just can't imagine
to hold close
the sun
but sunshine rarest
slips through leaves
unique recreates winter morning

whole a bottle not any wonder
but whole the beauty to embrace
insane passion tried hard to avoid long
whole flesh intoxicate not just its hole
just its bumps
just its nectar to fill our thirst

touch was nice
but fire was furious
when we sat surrounding
to make us warm!

Pranab k c
29/01/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

More Than My Knowing

asked repeatedly the name
asked the place anchored
to keep imprisoned such silence

answered a vacant look
pale two eyes unshut
looked through air
unknown horizon
unknown expansion
never matched with my imagination

tremendous cool but capable
to irritate temper high
never answered I anyone
not even to me I met why

and at last
a broken spectacle told me
gone that unanswered waiting
somewhere beyond something
unknown, untold but existed loud...

Pranab k c
29/01/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Unwanted

platinum beauty
a doll I threw away
where mud was dense
dark was warm
density and volume
dictated a colonial conflict
I consciously tried to avoid
but beauty and bossing superiority
that doll afflicted by its production unit
never can't smell its vacuum

threw it away
better from mud
another clay doll
could be made again

Pranab k c
27/01/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Peaceful Faculty-5

catchy but cascading
a game life plays
with the without space and property

a game reciprocate
life itself imaginary and illusive

masters advised and advise yet
follow cool the cookery
follow the alchemy to stand alone
or to occupy diminishing energy
catchy but cascading
the abstract story behind

Pranab k c
27/01/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Peaceful Faculty-4

come and suck
my string to stretch
the galaxy full of fear and fairness

come and hold
my bold but beauty
resides within
a death never die

Pranab k c
27/01/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Peaceful Faculty-3

whom I knew
that's not you
whom I want to know
try to acquire
the flame and fragrance
of finitely infinite
or infinite hides within
the shape of shapeless sanctity
flashed sudden with soundless trance

Pranab k c
27/01/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Regarding Way

way is secondary
to discuss

the journey
should be considered
whether a necessary
or obligation

if obligatory
options applicable

if necessary by choice
come and sit
let's discuss long
the variety of color, shades,
cold or caravan
canon or cockpit
let's come
and tell our choice
interact with my sufferings
and our gossip could be an epic
long days after our last step
on the soil of sovereign soul

Pranab k c
27/01/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Peaceful Faculty-2

BETTER DIE
BEFORE
YOUR DEATH

blinks these words
long my memory
forgot whether
some other
or myself
uttered first
in history

yet it dictates

BETTER DIE
BEFORE
YOUR DEATH

Pranab k c
24/01/2015



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Peaceful Faculty

no where to hide
no where to escape
leaving mind zone

tragedy begins
when stimulation
organised by agents
drugs or drinks
chaotic scope signals
to go beyond

no beyond yet observed
mind not present with
hymning hallucination

no where
nowhere
no beyond, beyond mind!

Pranab k c
24/01/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Soap God

God at least not any liquid soap
To wash the blacks committed so brutally

So God has no responsibility to make us clean
Because evils we generally did without
Asking any permission or recommendation

God at least not like any big breast to suck
Whenever we need His help to save us from ditch

It's strictly His mood and choice...

Pranab k c
20/01/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Save Blood, Don'T Be Bloody

Bloodless fighter
A child also can't imagine
If human beings considered
not as plant or machinery

Black or white
Jewish or christian
Buddhist or muslims

Fighters belong to
Any creed or community
Any color or religion
The same color flows within
Physical strings

BLOOD IS RED

Whether
Hitler or Mao Zedong
Lenin or Ayatollah Khomeini
Martin Luther King or Sadat Husain

blood is red
blood is red
blood is red

don't waste without necessary
save and sacrifice for civilization
to keep long as human civilization...

Pranab k c
20/01/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Smile And Forget

a slice of sun-ray
with the winter-butter
my today's awaking
phenomenal break first
from last sleep
together with blanket
the arrogant hypothesis
dream cooked with delight
nudity of angels guillotined skulls
made me warm to think
heaven distributors
soon would be the jobless seeker
of bread and shelter
just as we in the same line
through the journey to good-bye earth

hypothesis dream bred every night
but first break not the same
as it was today
so I salute my drink
which did not give
much brutality
to become a swine
for such wild consciousnessless sleep
generally people gathers
to peep death as a whole!

Pranab k c
16/01/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

My Dear Dearest Unuttered

Told her not to lick my toes

Told her not to bite my brain

Told her not to suck my heart

Yet

Yet

Yet

And at last I need to give
Her a blow to burst the entire existence
Out of my seen and unseen hemisphere

If yet exist
Just then I need the silence ultimate...

Pranab k c
16/01/2015



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Winter: The Favor

nice cold to wrap oneself
out of outer world
nice cold to breed fire
within
nice winter never demands much
except death
to minimize extension
nice its nudity
trembling
shivering
to beg fire more

only winter could unfold
the lessons lie within the soul

Pranab kc
05/01/2015

Pranab K Chakraborty

Budding Beauty

it does not mean
I'm crazy to crash
the budding petals
which brings parameters
to calculate a horrified trance
made by such closest occupancy

it simply means
nowhere the hell
to glorify heavens placidity
heaven itself the utopia
which hides dark within

and by this hectic punch
at last the demon surrendered
by touching flowery essence
of morbid agony brought the enchanted
face looked like a blooming hunger
ever unsatisfied by its birth and rapid growing!

Pranab k c
30/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Blunt And Unskilled Indian English Poets Chaser

a blunt composer in Poem hunter
strategically
trying his best to establish himself
as a scholar and learned poet
by unnecessary criticising other Indian poets
who use English language to compose poetry
for different readers of different country and continents

strategy 1: Publishing books sending
to every institutional authorities
just to bag their recommendation
as a poet.

strategy 2: Writing articles on subjects
which his intention to prove his superiority
than others of same track

strategy 3: Hiding own identity trying
to exhibit him as a underground genius
who doesn't bother of his fame or reputation

but Mr. composer should mind it well
most of the Indian English writers
never think to prove themselves
as the English Eliot or American Ginsberg

they do it for the mother language
has its own limitation and
readers are numbered now-a-days

Even R.N.Tagore wrote
'Gitanjali: The song offerings' by new form
in English
to submit to Noble committee

English is only the language
people of each and every state of India
learn to make themselves to communicate with world
because India has no National language by constitution

because most of the Indian people do not bother
the conspiracy of implementing Hindi
as the national language
because Indian regional languages exceptionally rich
than that of Hindi by language and literature

but the Indian-English-poet-chaser
what does he think himself
know not
but it is clear he has no such talent
to prove himself as a poet
and absolutely for this reason
he has been haunted by the poetic talent
of other Indian English writers

God forgive him for his own bluntness!

Pranab k c
29/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Disappearing Trauma

disappeared from the sky
they were many
went to meet their purpose
but why
no radar could give their knowings

brother someones
sister someones
father mother friend husband
disappeared in the sky

expectation disappeared
planning disappeared
dependence to exist
disappeared with the machine chariot

again and again it happens
beyond our reach
where they fly actually
is there any demon of mystery
is there any occupier
playing hidden game
know not we
the helpless journey-based little victims

Pranab k c
29/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Beloved Brand

greasy skin but liquid sensation
fibre head but drilled the memory line
always hankers a fabulous terminus
to ride on cycloramatic
craves for death to win

just yesterday as you
saw her in chilling faculty
no choice of being favored reflected
through all her hard and toilsome
crawling to cry

today also the same suffering
hiding the chastised belt
under the mission made her confined
to dictate the chains of learning

unanimous oily depth
her natural possession only warm
she fear to be absorbed
with clash to crash or creeping

greasy such impatient fleshy hawking
never know how to spell
right grid to kick halt
yet you face such sacred nudity
will simply launch own satellite
to fly another orbit of Venus or moon

necrophilic the word she ticked
to stay on reality
and impersonal loyalty
when grooming is being hectic
she simply excusing the clause
where no-entity hymns loud

at this point of jurisdiction
self-employed judge the poet himself
gave her back an arctic slumber

which made her flawless rigidity
simply a possible dignity
to make her dry for live another life again

out of liquidity
captured by sunny saltation
measuring high to be imbued!

Pranab k c
26/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Poet At Crossroad

Just a road
have to cross
before sending
the treasure
have brought
so long to show
the others
never seen
such crisis
hangs with
critical findings
all they tried
during ages
but could not cross
before their
ultimate silence!

Pranab k c
26/12/2014



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

25 December 2014

nice morning of cold and sunshine
nice morning to blame you not
the cruelty done by man to man
the cruelty done by man to man
the cruelty done by man to man

nice morning to take your birth again
to witness the generation you left behind
nailing pain the globe bleeds with silent cry
cold and sunshine tells of your divine strength

Pranab k c
25/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Be Indian But Hate To Be Hindu Nationalist

It is the high time to decide
Whether I am a believer or a communal

World perhaps being divided by this question
To fight again with all their poisons and pistons

It is the high time to decide
Do you believe in God or
Believe in community

God is a sense of highest love, security and shelter
Religion is the constitution imposed by certain community

God guides us to be simple
Religion guides us to be a slave

Religion makes us bound to bend towards institution
God makes us free to blow out all such bogus diversions

Religion breeds some dominants selfish and greedy
God breeds man inside man who feels love for everybody
Custom, creed, color indifferent

It is high time to decide whether you believer or communal
Believer serves God by loving and helping each other
Communals are imperialists fighting to establish their orthodox Superiority
Gradually globe becomes speedy to confront a fight as final end

I feel proud to be an Indian who believes in God
I feel ashamed to declare me as a Hindu
It's my conclusion.

Pranab k c
24/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Catharsis In Cockpit

cockpit conquered by catharsis
kaleidoscopic variation of passions
reflected faint with bright radiation
under the stream of conscious level
no air-raid no laparoscope could calibrate
its silent approximity

cockpit cabineting the roots of colored cosmicism
to transientify latitude and lingerie
with the same toxicity!

Pranab k c
23/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

No Actuality In Duel

And actually you the longyied duke
whom I mistrust and dueled long
to provoke death as our chief

and actually all happened such unprecedented affirmity
me the stringed collaborator
who couldn't synchronize any spastic ideology
for the resentment of failures

so, so and lastly highest abbreviation to photofy
disastrous battle which never ends from the regime of death
with the last yet sunrise of life

cacophonic profanity hangs on postulating crowdy arena
never any actual version of thoughts to translate
can't expect from dueling effort

Pranab k c
23/12/2014



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Rainbow Dilema

don't call me as Rainbow
don't allow me to cheat your impulse
don't give me much as avis which you acquired
when unbuttoned apron

cryptic melodrama cybernate legends
don't push me much to thrill your own tears
hibiscus are common in country garden
labyrinth unknown to our orbitery avocation
don't suck my penguin proficiency
when your heart-board blinking with rapid formulation

don't get my handy hallucination
if your strawberry fashion of liquidating charisma
thirst for cyanide your last dream-break
slowly ride on buffering velocity to patch
your nasty pride

engrave not
encroach not
embedded not to satisfy a lagoon
with boating charm
just allow a little access for my suffered rehabilitation!

Pranab k c
23/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Shadow Bird

black she loved to destroy
own destiny
whenever foot habit
irritated her desire
long kick she delivered anywhere
anybody to satisfy her choice

begged never
bought never any fatal blunder
since blunders were her choice of action

black she loved
to destroy her destination

Pranab k c
22/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

'Poetry Is A Triangular Art'

just after finishing hot bath
toweled she came out
with long sound
'Poetry is a triangular art'

it was a hill-top room
we two took a hide
knowing none our escape
in our beginning days of youth

again louding her voice
she tried hard to communicate
my wisdom level

I confess, without her flesh
nothing was my interest at that moment

but she hanged on a demand to debate
'Feelings, thoughts and words
three points to connect by conscious'

this time I fall sudden on a battle ground
to decide which side I had to carry my voice

first, I could take a challenge to condemn her
second, I could try to stretch the idea
with some acceptable logic to establish her innovation

it was a crucial juncture because she was not my own
a girl who always needed the different chaps to fire her
yet here poetry was the autocrat who demanded
its clarification

when she asked my opinion told her quiet cool
'It's obvious a point of view needs more discussion
and we will arrange a platform to define
the acceptance of your hot-bath hypersensitivity'

Sad was that

that moment she left me alone on that hill-top
and went away forever to accelerate her proposition
sad is also that
long years already disappeared from my canvas of life
I have not got any such equation to define poetry yet!

Pranab k c
22/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Tune Metallic

metallic tune from distant horizon
feathering heart to wing on a land
no map ever known its devilish divinity

threads getting loose
to tighten ethical imbalance
hieroglyphic hangovers thrown out
no sound ever clued its mystic affliction

simply a dawn without dark
never could be possible
such was the passion to embark
frozen parameters where in hibernation

metallic tune simply centered a mirror
which never shown any direction
only a motion makes a cycloromatic fusion!

Pranab k c
22/12/2014



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Colorful Dots-2

yellow dies
as immediate
as sun rises

beauty perplexed
white skin of hers
to ignite
with romantic solution
as if ablaze fire
opposing to lick such
smothering palate
whether painting drawn or undone

dying color
not of its match
sun raiding with notorious beams
as immediate as paper filled
with sounds and serenity
thought brought to illustrate nude
yellow vanish
only a layer of burning passion
finished its final beautification

Pranab k c
21/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Colorful Dots-1

'blue where ends
virginity begins'...

as soon as I uttered the fathom
she hugged me so loud

dear wind couldn't follow
the happenings
all curtains on window pane
became bewildered

as if something naughty
it expected next to appear

but honestly speaks
that first time I learned
life is much more expanded
with its glorious vastness
than we live
everyday the moments to follow
our degree and dignity
our dancing in public carrier
and dumb impressions we try much
to fabricate our stone-built
drawing room

yet I remember well
when uttered to get simple sanction
blue where ends
virginity begins....

Pranab k c
21/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

That Poet To Come

Microphone stands alone on the stage
poets many already blown their voices
just to make the civilization
a little more friendly to the earth
to the universe
to the nature
to the fellow men
belongs to same society or other

voices blowing with its unheard frequency
much more intense than the amplifying
capacity of the machine

Microphone yet stands alone on the stage
for another poet to come
before its switch to be off the sounding tremor
which never can penetrate human brain
but heart is crazy to suck little drop of another
hearts yelling....

Microphone stands alone just for you
the poet yet not exposed your last breath

Pranab k c
19/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Child Killing: Brave Heart Fanatics

Noble are those fanatics
who took the real challenge
by killing kids in the school
by their bullets, by their blasts

Noble are those community-keepers
of specific religion
who announced with pride their win
after killing more than hundreds school kids at their classes

So generous the religious people
battling against the world
to bring the teachings of religion
erasing out existing schools and colleges

Fanaticism is not at all Islam preaches
but if unitedly the community people
do not resist such butchery
matter of doubt quiet natural
whether the religion has any option to be the beast
and on that ground
the rest of the world could take any revenge
what they think applicable against people
of specific religion

that inhuman end no social being expect
even in their dream but world voice gathering

Pranab k c
17/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Signal

a nice cold evening
signaling to close the window
to open a track unending
no destination to reach....

Pranab k c
13/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Thrusting Nature

crashing thunder cruelly
on window pane
cracking its sound
made an 18 girl dumb
when she again
got her sense
shouted loudly 'I can't...I can't,
make me free, leave me...leave me, please...'

the girl, the thunder
the painful shouting
as if screaming the nature
to haunt human skull
last inch of its accessing ability

while no rain ejaculated
nowhere from the cloud
thunder and thunder were heavy
to crash high head of civic limitation!

Pranab k c
14/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Sense Of Loneliness Named I Nature

a moon bright looked us straight
a river with tranquil water
hid its undercurrent waves
a cool season with no mist
awoke with us

when a pyre with its hungry flame
danced naked to transform a human body
into air, into water, into soil
into sky and into eternal universe
a silence through out the night
played a tune unheard unmatched
unimagined world of another state of mind

touched that moment
when I thought myself
lied on that burned pyre!

Pranab k c
13/12/2014



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

I Am Successful Man

If I get any piece of beauty
to read to see or to listen

If I get opportunity
first of all try to bite it first
by my perverted nature

It dictates me to make it crook
because I never get opportunity
to sit beside beauty for long
to extract its nectar

Time and patience
don't allow me to understand
to penetrate its inner-depth
less intelligence becomes my chief
to extract coins from the earth

Proud I am and I think
they should be ashamed of
who have no quality
to heap bags of coin
simply enjoying and creating beauty
all day long.....

Pranab k c
13/12/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Threat For Money

money is not bitter
bitter is the craze
man sometimes forget
the difference
between man and animal

money is the choice
even dead can move
from its nail
if bags are full
with snatched
and black wealth

money is not bitter
bitter is threat!

Pranab k c
19/11/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

To That Unknown Beauty

a delicious face
I missed to sip
last moonlit night

a lonely avenue
while crossing
with no hurry
light refracted
from another moon

looked and shocked
I crossed with hurry
otherwise
could be charged
with unfair clause

moon and my next
another moon to sip
I missed



PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
19/11/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Illusion

what you draw
with tears
a canvas of no use
by you
or somebody else

what you draw
with illusions
illusionised many other else

and it's the reason
try to write words
poems or prose

Pranab k c
17/11/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Ban It Again, If You Are Coward

and strictly it is seduction
and strictly the words the lines
the objects to be produced

and strictly every where
with God or with Satan
it is seduction

if you defy this warm truth
will miss everything you labor
and legitimize

Pranab k c
17/11/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

I Tell It Meaninglessness

just the point of time
when thoughts make me blank
find no where to meaning

a reason always appears
to impose meaning again

a life which I live
think always not a life at all
yet can't escape
when look outside my eyes

a pleasing passion
again transmits some new
which never experienced before

the link can't find
the mystery you tell
or any other term you want to tag...

Pranab k c
17/11/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Thirst For A Child

a beautiful hangover
the woman always hankering
for a baby
to suck her breast

her fortune does not recommend
yet her thirst
the time she passed yet
on the surface

not simply infertility
only the reason
many ifs buts gathering together
many conditions, congestion
discriminating as factor

yet cry makes her different
from a sane and why
requisition never the choice
to input fulfillment

simply the third eye
her only balance to keep
the trance high as humane

and thus the story of an individual
becomes daily the gossip
to pass time by others

simply she needs a breast-sucker
full of life while it comes from origin!

Pranab k c
01/11/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Mother And Child

with feather soft
little palms
holding his mother chin
while on her lap
discovering something

four of their eyes
contacting each other
with dense silence

moon has got an opportunity
to fall within

heaven simply sanctioned
a smile to me!

Pranab k c
01/11/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Insane Expounds Manifesto For The Poets As Artist

a congested brain
occupied by scrambled doctrines
economically profitable for the
news-papers to purchase
universities require such robot
whereas in field of art
useless parade to exquisite ignition

a reformatory variation of thoughts
must be applied to revitalize stale ideas
with strict refusal and necessary defiance
charismatic part of it without wise comment

round chins practicing long
to become flag-runner for the publishers
and to suffocate the ambiance of free movement
leveling high with low, low to high
haversacks to carry the hangings
awaited long to be engraved for orientation

all these hollow hankerings of entangled charity
clarify doctrines to ampute art-body by replacing
heart from it with the synthetic strategy of perfection
an artist never compromise but labor of art-faculty
with hurry steps reveal their talent to adapt abuse
as quality of art while popular highway carnival
capture their colorless crocodile hunger to be satiated

art and artist, poet and poetry
stands afar silently discarding such waves and steady steps
to achieve art they're committed to time, mankind and to the universe
find expressions suitable to form to expose truth they feel!

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Snob And Beauty

simply fringe favors
the cap
not the cap upholds the fringe!

Pranab k c
29/10/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Can'T...Can'T...Can'T

where I start
can't return again
never
never
never

I salute the mystery of beginning
I salute the mystery behind every ending
an I salute
unuttered words I tried hard
to pronounce
can't
can't can't
because it's yet not clear by meaning
even to myself also...

Pranab k c
24/10/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Stream Called Love

a stream of life
white as no match
conscious oriented
through the universe

trees plants animals planets
human beings
all are in same wave
of touch and touchingness

simply man can return
another wave to make
conscious relation
with....

Pranab k c
22/10/14

Pranab K Chakraborty



Democritus Stands In Silence

Fire burning
within
everywhere in
all shapes and shadows
who feels the flame
is a poet
who burns with the warm
is a philosopher!

Pranab k c
21/10/14

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Charming Consequences

One way melancholy helps
to attain nothingness

sometimes nothingness
traps the sense through melancholy

if ask me the best to choice
Way is my priority

attaining melacholy
who dope themselves to ruin
think it better
than to depict nothingness

nothingness means something
because 'nothing' the object
never breed it alone
unless an entity to be defied!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Dribbling Beauty

actually actuality
actualises the actualisation
acute in atrocity

when a juncture acts
to be the articulator
affianced with affinity
multilingual or multi-dimensional
actuals of acropolistic affirmation
anchoring the bitch or just on the beach
to pay semi-seductive stagnant hypoxia
never to be identified
by its actualising affray

simply fringe favors
the cap
not the cap upholds the fringe!

Pranab k c
Edited: 19/03/2016



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

To Be A Poet

nothing is indispensable to be a poet
wealth not, no sleeping with opposite
no travelling, triggering not
poet only needs a heart
to love and to hate
needs food to eat
shelter to stay
in peace

poet lives originally where resides
countless stars and planets
galaxies and star-storm

poet resides within the life
whence individual begins and ends
global journey
imbibing a limit of time and space

nothing is indispensable
to a poet in truest sense
but in reality as a social being
as long as we compose poetry
hankering a reader
to appreciate skill and talent
and we need many things
as a man needs

perversion and autocracy
flirting and filthing
travelling and tampering
medicine and madhouse
ultimately money, security, wine
and partners to share primitive polygamy
to flag high
animal instinct

Poet stands apart and smile with wisdom!

A Contrast

Pranab k c

04/10/2014

Life is beautiful
realizes who suffers
from long suffering
of disease and misfortune
but can't leave the zone
beyond that death begins

Life is beautiful
realized by those
who know not
what actually
the sunny shades
of life

simply mechanical
a choice don't give
the opportunity
to go beyond!

PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Problematic Depth

In every relation
two birds reside
on the same branch

one tries to sing
melodious song
most the time
whereas other
its coarse tune
with irritating monotony
tries to win the battle
with the other

relation imbalance
sometimes compromise
sometimes put some patches
with unnecessary gifts
but the faint melody
of singing bird
tries always to keep
a harmony!

Pranab k c
13/09/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Alter Ego

distance kissing
sound unheard
touching restricted
only wind within
and dark within
and desire within

you me they
all are existing
with and without
sense of its existence!

Pranab k c
10/09/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Intrusion

It was a prohibited zone
I was the trespasser

when I came to their notice
offered me two options
living or loving

three seconds to decide
I thought myself for fraction of second
it was a thoughtless zone
they threw me tied
with improper asking

just opened my mouth
uttered with hurry pronounce
loving living
is my choice

they shoot immediate
not to me
but the board they put
with rubbish instruction!

Pranab K Chakraborty

No High Ground

observation hankering an exclusive
brochure to catch imprinted ableism
on its muddy face digged under
double-standard of passing-life manifesto

generally cockroaches know the hide
well than a lonely human losing its
sovereign sanity hovering on the borders
capriced with trees and
left behind testimonials!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Other Planet To Venture

unlead anger secret, stiff
accessing inside indefinite flit
active to engulf wind and storm
variant impulse wane of wondering

indepth dark no light to be thrown
outer shown of curve and cliffs
difference distincts creepy and creek

bleakly blisters repeated thrust
angriest warm with placidy and plast
speed with motion, speed no motion
peak in avalanche dark demands!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Settlement

possessive declination embattered
bristling barricade

brave hearts transmitted
their respiratory malfunctions
when articulated dialogues
overwhelmed the debris to be distributed
as a fare part of show-gallery
to demonstrate friendly inclination!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Great Yet Greet Us All

Sun greets you every morning
to cross an ocean stormy and terrific
to combat its inevitable hazards
greet to make you fit to fight with adverse

every morning reigning the sunbeams
coming out to the cross-road to steer
own way to track existence well to implant
offspring own to flag mankind

Sun generous equal to all
simply we differentiate shadows
never we bow to the great who extinguishing
every day to keep us alive on the surface

Sun greets, yet
Sun is the source of life!

Pranab k c
09/09/2014



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Killing Fallacy

a killer always being chased
by another
and another always behind
the another

one killing can't put any end, it stretches
yet a killer conceives as final judgment

forget the law by nature engraved
killing breeds a stream of bleeding!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Beware Of Being Mislead

none told you to become a stupid
none

alone you decided to zing
at the edge of line of control

found everywhere patches bloody
falsehood and treachery
camouflaging with fake identity

pain and pancreatic secretion
never would guide you to leave
passage to earth to take
the passage beyond.....!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Diactivational Drapery

Poet without passion
beyond imagination

poetry without reader's reaction
a poet ever crave for

if you ask me to believe
simply a long sip I'll offer
to make you drunk
otherwise the proper asylum
I have to consult with

and the conclusion of the conversation
should not be deserved to be published!

Pranab k c
09/09/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

 PoemHunter.com

Poetry And Specialists

congested brain
occupied by scrambled doctrines
economically profitable for the
news-papers to purchase
universities requires such robot
whereas in field of art
useless parade to exquisite ignition

a reformatory variation of thoughts
must be applied to revitalize stale ideas
with strict refusal and necessary defiance
of chariotic part of it
without wise comment

many days long practicing round-chins
to become flag-runner for the publishers
and to suffocate the ambiance for free movement
leveling high low, haversack to carry,
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with hurry steps reveal their talent to adapt abuse
as quality of art and popular highway carnival
captures their colorless crocodile hunger to be satisfied

art and artist, poet and poetry
stands afar silently discarding such waves and steady steps
to achieve art they commit to time, universe and mankind
to expose truth they feel
to express suitable by form...!

Pranab k c
08/09/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Dilemma

It is known phenomena
whom you distrust
generally finds
the opportunity
to bite you
from your back

but commonly
it would be denied by all
whom you trust much
pulling you enchained
using the thread
called love

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Negligible But Destructive

whatever its size a hole
big or small, wet or dry
undrilled or unflagged
should not keep behind
your attention

inside its cold or warm
broad or narrow could charm
surrounds and circumference
to breed and to bread
unnumbered offspring

even it possible a hole
engulf one day the whole
material and spiritual sanctity!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Incapable To Evaluate

puzzle begins
when fiesta
encroaches
a parapet
damp with dump profanity
a biggest part
of invested life!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Mirror Palm

A child just under a tree
sitting long to take rest
his look finding something
from his own palm

silently standing behind
asked do you get anything
surprised not

looked at me
with a pleasant look and told
it's me whom I found there
my grandpa told when you grow
big your shadow you'll see
there as mirror do!

Pranab k c
06/09/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Just A Lamp Temporary

articulate your own variation
leave some dots on the preface
before the vanishing phenomena
blot the profile from the surface
whole of you would be considered
a nothing achieved achiever

poetry written on the space
poets are no more than a lamp
tried to keep a little dark away
from the loneliness

Pranab k c
06/09/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Changing Look

Attitude gets top priority
recent sphere of job-world demands
attitude as an essential commodity

Aptitude in the list of purchasing
stands third or fourth

to enslave a human
attitude has no substitute
to grind an individuality!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Arrogant Agony

agony accompanied arrogance
simply strike below the bolt
to crash and occupy network tight
the acts of thrift and thriving
bereavement and banqueting

arrogance alone behind
the hiking hegemony
committed to crack
scanty cognition of missing!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Rain-Moon

rain-moon touched my forehead
when I looked above
beyond my imagination it could be
but believe it happened

white clouds scattered on the sky-blue
it was a divine look I got when looked at sky
so near so deep so the warm its appearance
poet felt spell-bound to utter a single word nice

simply bicycle was my companion
the road was free of traffic
only a dog white made me stop
her latrine urge was so intense
it prayed for a sense to give back
my sense on the surface

a night so delighted never seen it before
never experienced moon so dear
to hug me as woman sometimes desired
a single word nice I could not utter
with bold voice to stir the night my own!

Pranab k c
04/09/3014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Death And Love

if I die tonight sudden death don't think
I have died with frustration

sometimes death alternatives to love
love can't be matched with death I know
yet death only the option love should be defined

if I die sudden tonight don't think
love was my plagued horizon

sometimes life a beggar lives
without any choice
I lived not as a beggar
but a monarch lost his dynasty

love and death lying on same straight line
if and only if you have no capability of choice

Pranab k c
04/09/2014



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Love And Death

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Pranab k c
04/09/2014



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Authorities Undone

a pleasant evening passing by silently
with a no track it leaves to follow

recognition is the second important
primary is the importance everybody know

lastly dark covering when all curtains
a mild objection someone applied seeking action

should not be the same as it was before
should not be the same as it was before

all the authorities of different color and creed
undone they admitted their limitations
and refused to response regarding evening
and with dark on the door

Pranab k c
04/09/2014



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Light Pasing Phenomena

light low passes through the weak screen
color, fibre, dust and its fabrication
dirty density pushing the light back

light bright passing passionately
through the screen
finest fibre, color soothing
dustless presence of the hanging horizon!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Reverse It Plays Well

pathetic plea brilliantly knitted
to encash humility and sympathetically
to combat jugglery of the snatchers

doctrine exposed to implement humanity
rare it happens but common to hunt humanity

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

In My Dream

Yellow feathers
falls on surface
while blues
lift me to cosmic world!

Pranab k c
04/09/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Frictional Song

no song could be sing
by thunder
if no friction between two
accelerates beauty

no song able to get attention
by listener
if friction does not occur
between
pleasure or sorrow
melancholy or acrimony...

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Time And Love

when time comes
river flows gently
to give air a pleasing blow

when time comes
sun softens its aflamed hands
to warm a cold-stuck

when time comes
obvious extinction
erases our address from the surface

when time comes
only love awaits
to manipulate something more!

Pranab k c
02/09/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

We Poets Cultivate Insanity

nice look pleases the sky

pronounced loudly the line poetic
someone behind howled at once
angrily to make me stop...

- why dear
- look can't please the sky
sky controls our look

quarreling not my nature
simply turned back and again
shouted loudly

- sky dances with our smile

and the man with anger
also turned behind
not to face an insane!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Silence And Chaos

silence never be the best friend
when chaos controls the capacity
bearing different status
oriented with vivacious chorus

when silence becomes the best friend
chorus thwarted dumb to distribute
obligations unorganised even its odds
cherished by the authroity
ever awake in life and living

contrast could be there crown
not our match to live in social sanatorium!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Happiness No Quest At All

happiness generally introduced
with meaningless interpretations

daily-life of individual distorted and disgusted
following dailiness many ways it rotates

no sense of being happy is considered
as it for the crying choice, rather existed man
thirst for tranquility of mind
high priority ecstatic swim through time

happiness the blunt word commonly explicit
our ignorance to steer back
knowledge and wisdom!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Rain Prosody

rain drops nailing nasty rashes
surface suffers from hot and heat

casual collaborators listening song
through the shudders measuring dropping beat
irregular
unmatched
buffering beauty

spreading tongue-tip simply choosers
green and grays count to move fast
one two three to compete with
the digital quark...

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

High Time To Decide

Weapon needs to keep enemy away
on the contrast enemy needs
to keep weapons own

time now weapon makes us mad
warfront emerges to extinct human race
civilisation helpless finds on its palm
finger hold buttons!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Talk Less And Try To Realise

If our talking are told already
If our visions are exposed already
If our limitations are imprinted already

why should we live everyday to make war
to kill peace-monger residents
why should we labor much to toil our last bleed
to make alive the next to come on track

the journey extends so long
the ages to attain every rising

rather much we have learned
a negligible part we have realised

and truth is that
many much more yet in waiting
to be exposed through human wisdom!

Pranab K Chakraborty

No Hide I Bother When Play Begins

I have two wings to play flying
infinite universe the field of special game

no other objects and birds can imagine this game
two wings I got but one is sufficient to bring me out

hiding can't keep your solitude alone to refill with nectar
I can ransack all your esteemed height to reach
if I allow my play

holes and howling
hollow and hangings
defy or defence

all of no meaning intense my game penetrating
when and wherever the liking projects to be embarked

passion and creation the twos are free to make my journey avail
passion alone sometimes creation dominating
passionate creation also their twinkling treachery
makes my direction undefined

two wings I possess unseen to play
universe indefinite and infinite!

Pranab k c
02/09/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Inhuman Superiority

and at last when the final cry
thundered the storm

a mis-match convention they planned to plant
the debris it produced by synthetic superiority

now the time to act a little bit more
like a man to show humanic ability
just the time already knocking hard
the gates of humanity!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Masked Fathom

mask the safest shelter
signal to surroundings
while saints mourning
for the sufferers

mask the finest hiding
signal to the nearest
while pleasure calibrating
the difference from pain

masked now the majority
face rare you know out of track
naturally face imaginative
can't console
whether in crisis or catastrophe

better put on a mask
signal likewise others marching
loud with cacophonous dignity!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Whistle Blows Just In Time

evening special passing slowly
leaving daylight behind to dusk

begins journey through night
appearing with sanctified dark apron

evening special speeds up
whistling treasures it left
just to decorate time
sound
source
signature
signified civility

special evening we have to meet
once in a life
no move back recommended
for beggar or boss
monarch or minor

whistle blows just in time!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Better Observe With Vacant Look

leave foot-prints where none
ever bagged to plough the placidity

leave foot-prints where known
also unknown even the ownself

leave the living common and average
crying to catch a string of immortality
not even known density and volume
unexposed beauty and expansion
of life and non-living

leave foot-prints if you can
otherwise leave the way undone
stupid and idiot decided to imprint
efficiency by bribe and bubbling muscles !

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Radiation Of Blossoming

finest flowers blossom
not to please the dearest one

concieves smell for those lovers
suffering long from ills
hating beauty by its malignant contamination

finest flowers blossom to show the earth
time short and esteemed for beings living
not to enjoy ideas blunt to extract and expose

blossoms to radiate fragrance of soul
liberally indifferent to slave and saviour!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Liking Manual

liking not same often in degree
sometimes its dimension also

answer may not please your maxim
if a child you ask
reality demands
stream of disliking trauma
to reactivate liking placidity

blatant conditions dormant
sublime with necessity of liking
habituated with daily sufferings

liking or disliking the shadow
not basic to carry existence
together during life-span

never blame the tragedy
routine meeting keep its validity
individual and to all!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Man: A Proud Species

Ocean much steady to allow
standard erasing
sweet and sweated
decoration of manly prides

metropolis, microdynamic aviation
stands erected to challenge space above
intrusion as infiltrator inside solar sanctuary
andromidas and galaxies

proud species
forgetting their culminating capability
repeatedly confronting each other
like dogs and butchers

Ocean much steady to have the last supper
together with existence to make it non-existed.....

Pranab K Chakraborty

Cloud Speaks Something Different

Nature sends cloud to water
trees and plants
stones and sands
river and seas
animals and insects
to make them all
fertile as land get new strength
to produce new crop
to grow, to survive long as possible

Nature sends cloud human mind to revive
to restore the sense it lost
rather an egoist conceived the idea
greater and superior than animal others

Nature sends cloud again to rectify
ourselves with divine bliss!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Other Side Of Dark

speechless yet talks much
deaf yet listens beauty
blind yet can see
the self it bears
a soul infinite!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Puzzling Presence

not by cost it measured
not by glow it designs its presence

demands a heart to bleed with
the existence it continues
till its end or extinction

very much worthless to occupy
very much dirty to dignify
no match its sovereign sanctity
to be valued by wealth you possess

simply possible to make it jam
by jargon Jacques
simply possible to clarify
capacity inhuman so obsolete

depends and vary the way you move
yet it bothers no dream of winning
to fabulate inexplicably!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Preference Her Own

Landscape wide don't mean
recommends crisis to inhabit

landscape deals with passion to enlarge
not to satisfy needy requirements

landscape shows the glory of nature
creation or destruction two sides a face
irrelevant to satisfy her own self!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Strictly Cosmic

galaxy hides its gravity
simply with little and thin
piece of smooth synthetic
made of sunbeam
beamless vanity

signal it sends who sharps strict gazing
drips its fathom to dip hole black
never brings brief to unveil clarity

and it's galaxy the delighted glance
insane suffers to snatch its sanctity
only to unfathom telescope long
bard could bear its reckless beauty!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Child And Rain

One day when a child
tried to show me rain
falling from the sky
became confused

no cloud I saw there
no drizzling
no drop of falling

where then he found
such falling
where

asked myself many times before sleep
made query within with regular term
one day felt the charm of raining
my soul thundering furious to crack
clouds everywhere

rain began slowly to get me wet
a sense of expansion
a broader feelings of friendship
with nature

began to fall
overwhelmed my conscious
I got wet
rain
rain
rain everywhere

believe I learned from the child...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Hello, Man!

Enjoy the power that much
you feel like a man
average and common

if your crazy cry run beyond
passion of empowering yourself
a don or dragon

look behind
the pyre aflamed hungry
greedy to make you ash
steady wind blows mild
directions are farce!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Passage Beyond

none told you to become a stupid
none

strictly you decided to stand
beside the line of control

bloody patch everywhere
falsehood and treachery
camuflege with fake identity
pain and pancreatic secretion

none serve notice to leave the passage
life alone dig the passage beyond....!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

In Search Of Singularity

location can't direct you
to gaze vacant

it's you who dictates location
to locate you differet
from it's daily view

and location depends
on your choice
to shoot
to shit!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Devil's Cry

thousand strings vibrate sound at large
thousand flies flying with wings
thousand waves shattering on the beach
thousand hearts cheering life

one string

one fly

single wave

individual man

can't blot this universe
can't elope the stream of mankind!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

An Illegitimate Legend

legacy legitimate blunt scandal
never to happen again
with or without diplomacy

unbearable agony
it exaggerated

legacy to recapture scattered dilusions
many times appoint shallow snobs to hide
their excellence in licking and legging
sucking and lagging

challenge to define legitimacy
not yet granted against

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Curveless Journey

straight you go
graveyard awaits to greet you
laughing and living with skulls
full of datas and doctrines
unexposed

straight you go
spine will guide you to embark
against adverse it obstructs

time demands long your patience
thunder pretends pride to attack

yet you go straight
ecstatic approximation
recommends tallest access
smooth into coffin or crematorium!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Laughing Is An Exercise Not Intelligence

If it is considered
nothing to achieve
nothing to oppose
simply pass time bogus

oppose not because
time will make you stand
in favor of understanding one day

if it is considered
discharge made by social animals
oppose I loud, crazily seeking logic
to justify the consideration

and yet, if it is considered as before
authority undone
silently bow down human head
to show the beauty of mystery
universe exposing at random!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Enjoy Relation And Depart It

literature and philosophy
unique their family relation
love and separation
the common agenda
they follow age to age
trying hard to keep
individual identity
trying hard not to surrender
yet time comes
brings them close
to mix them together

such love and relation
philosopher can't enjoy
enjoys the literaturist
and if philosopher engages
his pen to literature
carrier gone
simply liberty makes him puzzle
to illustrate life normal
as its reflect
and if literaturist try to be
a philosopher
simply not the market-place
will have to be confined
into library
sad endings wait to be saluted
not the works get its appreciation

but to take a bath into the relation
touch and throw the doctrine aside
take your path either your inclination....

Pranab k c
27/08/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

In The Dark Of Moon

never go into the dark of flooded moon
a string hangs from the undefined
to suck your soul

sometimes organic
sometimes euphoric
one could lost the soldiering spirit
fighting against psychosis

never you go
and if you
bring the light
your soul bears
torch also to moon
to find its own light!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Parameter To Personality

improper balance
torrentially incorrect
to track
the height and length
a person generally glorify
credentials
of adjourned vindication
ever occupied
by nasty autocracy

as and why
a luminous insight
non-formally
not beyond suspicion
the proper balance of
personality!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Lie And Truth

don't tell lie so loud
as it resonate truth

better hold
tail of those tales
contaminates caterpillar's
stigma to unfinished
plants green beauty

don't tell truth silently so loud
as we beehive ourselves
as insects unknown life
proceed in disaster!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

In Search Of Melody

melody excavate melancholy
co-existed with sophisticated
tiredness of daily abduction

melody a snake strictly envenomed
root of un-excavated oscillation
beauty and mystery
uncertainty and ambiguity

patched horizon behind window
always congrats melody unheard
undefined but brave turn
a distance un-imagined!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Manifesto For Flying

flier knows no passion of nailing
fliers abrogate anti-missile diagram
abandoned by its usual proximity

high the heaven no their choice
low the valley stream meadows
vanished simply the white engulfs

flier crosses no pacific
no blue no wave no blizzard
deserts are fertile with white flows
residence crashed of Gods and Goddesses
temporary graveyards flying with no wind
dried leaves floating to be dust

mutation manipulation morbidity blunt
flier flies to catch a white sun....

Pranab k c
26/08/2014



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Need To Cultivate Conscious

puzzle begins
when fiesta
encroaches
a parapit
damp with dumb profanity
a biggest part
of invested life

puzzle dominates
when lights are dim
to show one surface
hollow with no line
drawn by senses
in sunny days

only stream of unknown
flows alone to make one move
blind and blind with fortune...

Pranab K Chakraborty

You To Do

fuel yourself
not to be a fossil
so quick

vagabond night
trying hard
to sweep away
all the possibilities
of tomorrow
all the extinction
of unfailing yesterdays

fuel yourself
to fly
over the time infinite
if
and
if you can!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Ocean Of Beauty

Pranab k c

25/08/2014

sometimes feel living here 1000 years
thousand lives gone to swim into
the ocean of beauty

sufferings are old as old all passions
voices are old as old our longings

yet the cry never stop within soul
to match my identity reciprocate with time

deep blue shades come near from horizon
horrified hangings depend on the thread
just to hang peacefully but rhythm it breaks
all findings are not safe to satisfy sanguine

sometimes life hangs hard
the moment not moves
sometimes feel I am not
someone else playing my profile

at least time not the butcher
botching myself time from my turn
dirt and dust stacked behind
the pavement I left so casually!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Fiesta Of Not Reaching Anywhere

Pranab k c

25/08/2014

deep it drags the wound
not to carry heavenly hidings

deep it deviates dripping docs
easy to caviate plain even pasture

eloquent amphibian angry its knot
thriving barren to strike its strategy

strangers can't meet the appear so crude
carnivore meals a half-burnt meadows

contrast deliberate makes faces dull
deep never steps dragging metaphore

catch costs high
afford not average
life it demands
if life it recommends!

Pranab K Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

Magic Fun

ambition
the majestic fun
fascinating by drop after drop
to fire up man into stag of ashes

thousand years gone
thousand yet to be come
ambition
the same treachery
chucks human skull
to motivate passions
to be illuminated alone

the point dark
when conscious
backs the senses
simply waiting
awaits to congratulate
the last blow to be vanished
with wind
all the signs and marks
saved under the sleeves

acquaintance and anticipation
affliction and adornment
fascinating to be dropped
into eternity!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Valuable Dot

a dot authenticates
a circle to be drawn
on a surface

a dot authenticates
a straight line to be drawn
perpendicular
bifurcating capability also

a dot can't be neglected
as microscopic it might be
better try to leave the space
or loud your voice
to glorify
the dot by its own proximity!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Caging Paradox

cages are not cold
cold are the wings
whom you taught
beauty to battle
against caging

you mean another imprisoned
trapped by your own passion
enjoyment and renunciation

caged animal if get opportunity
takes advantage
to fly or to escape
but you never
never think
to modify
graph engraved
to your system

a passage yet
plays its autonomy
initiated by the fear of death
finally death itself
by different dimension
flirting you as authority
of creation and destruction

authoritative estimation
infiltrates caging passion
and gradually to gear up
own catastrophe of diffusion!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

To Be A Poet

nothing is indispensable
to be a poet
not wealth
no sleeping with opposite
travelling not
triggering not
only poet needs
a heart to love and hate
needs food to eat
a shelter to stay
in peace

poet lives originally
where resides countless
stars and planets
galaxies and star-storm
poet resides within the life
whence individual life
begins and finishes its journey
inside a limit of time and space

nothing is indispensable
to a poet in truest sense
but we the human being
who compose
poetry and hankering a reader
to appreciate skill and talent
need many things
as a man needs
perversion and autocracy
flirting and filthing
travelling and tampering
medicine and madhouse
ultimately
money, security, wine
and partners to share primitive polygamy
to flag high
the animal instinct!

The Rabbit

look your back
if you can
hiding silently
a rabbit
to cut
unfair deals
throughout the night
you planned
to plant
the prolific passivism
by a simple needle
injecting death
with sophisticated
palm and plagiarism

look behind
if you can
there stands
a most like you
who unearthing
all your Draculic deviation
that rabbit
your conscience
get its access
rare in conscious stream!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Little Seed

seed always little
carries a long journey
wind storm thunder
snow cold rain
summer and sunshine

long journey Precambrian
water amebae arrogance
conflict friction
fiction it illustrates
reality and hypothesis

seed always little
carries all its properties
physical chemical philosophical
ethical and non-ethical
inclinations the same
ancestor transmitted on surface
the globe
beyond globe
all about light and dark

who taught and inject
the variety
to expose
different organs of senses
who
do you know the seed
the microscopic seed!

Pranab K Chakraborty

To Defeat Death

death bugling
to blow a signal

listening everybody
forgetting quick
someone trying to decipher
someone surrendering
sense of life
someone translating
into art and poetry

quiet rare it happens
someone confronting
its hierarchy
fighting hard
to make death defeated

rare it happens!

Pranab K Chakraborty



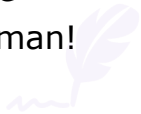
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Abstract Technology

Praising sometimes
praying sometimes
many times become bewildered
to think
the placenta
fluid sufficient
the embryo

technology developed
without human brain
that age
prehistoric

technology developed
without human brain
yet today
only the way to produce
the device
called human!



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

State Dictates People To Be Violent

Pranab k c

21/08/2014

as an India born baby
I have grown up in my country
from my primary school days
we have learnt our Father of the Nation
Mahatma Gandhi
who taught us non-violent movement
to protest against authority in various sector
of state and society is the highest weapon
to establish lawful demand of citizens

after getting freedom from British rule
Gandhiji's followers now and then
formed the Indian government
and yet non-violence is the strategy
India always maintain also in foreign relations

but when to protest against
armed forces special power act
by which army could give instant any type of punishment
if they suspect any one even to death also
by the name of keeping peace in the region
implemented for long years by the Indian government
in North-east India

an woman alone as an activist of humanity
began her protest by Gandhian way of fasting
even water she refuses to take
it's more than a decade she has been continuing
but state finds here the crime of committing suicide
and keeping her deliberately in home-prison
trying to break her fast by force but they defeat

IROM SHARMILA CHANU

the woman has been symbolized last species
follower of Gandhian doctrine perhaps
being condemned by that state called INDIA

where Gandhiji is yet called
the father of nation

catastrophe is crude to predict
but scholar can't resist themselves to comment
violating non-violence form of pretest
the state dictates the people
to be violent!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Purchased Palsy

Pranab k c

22/08/2014

then she took me to her room
upstairs

a dirty curtain made of used cloth
the door behind this hanging
opened with unbearable metallic scream

after our entrance
she closed the door again
10 watts blue lamp
tried hard to show
brick-teethed naked walls
a wooden sleeping cot
bed-like something spread on it

as soon as our access
girl with no delay stripped off
own cloths
and with jet-urgence hugged me
fingers also busy with my buttons to zipper

a nice patch of mechanical passion
I knew what waiting next
so first I hold her tight
threw her abrupt on cot-bed
took-out a knife
sitting with hurry on her belly
put the knife
just pointing her throat
fear of death she smelled so near
forgot to shout

told her silently
here no orgasm, no bulldozing ejaculation
planned my desired appearance
simply came to know

how you live not-to-live
how you serve
raping instinct of civilians

threw my knife after
left the room as I entered cool
silent she lay there as no-man lie...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Stupid

Pranab k c

21/08/2014

multiplied misbehaves
ultimately made one
missed from the surroundings

ask not how t did
rather ask why one practiced

misbehave not smartness
misbehave not modernity
misbehave not fix
standard of personality

actually misbehave
a mental disease
many times nourished by egoist

conflicts and concludes life at last!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Changing Phenomena

Pranab k c
19/08/2015

bad and good
parameter old
to decipher
good from the bad
bad from the good

changing phenomena
dictates to evaluate
values again

and now at this
crucial juncture
none could preach
God created
the human species
only to expose
the superiority
of the creator

rather the time
demands you to produce
more weapons
just to blow out
the head-quarters
just to blow out
all the hegemony
exposed or unexposed
whether of Man or God

may my perception
be wrong but demands debate
poetry needs the fight
of thought!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Not Known Yet

Pranab k c
19/08/2014

who knows
what to come
next moment

who knows
dirty liar
who always
speaks of fraternity
actually the killer
waits under disguise
to blow
the last illusion
suffering he long

who knows
he will not burst himself
without any happening
next moment
betray not with him
technically

who knows!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Choice Strictly Yours

Pranab k c

18/08/2014

death is a fantastic choice
if anybody thinks to attain it
making decision the date and time
none should waste time by any more moment
moment is merciless
if once missed not return too soon

actually death strictly their priority
who never enjoyed the taste of life
by its expansion
by its inner and outer essence
ecstatic reality through pain and suffering
through planning and failure

life just stands its opposite
ups and downs
light and shades
winning and defeat
refusal and acceptance
fascinates always the man who loves life
against all dark and devastation

death who desires most
should die quick with no waiting
at least once by own choice
otherwise thinks of those feeding days
thinks of those days as embryo
no choice was there
but nature herself carried the course
in favor of existence as a man of living....!

Pranab K Chakraborty

300 Times

Pranab k c
16/08/2014

300 drops of my blood
drawn the picture on the page

300 waves of my brain's
electro-magnetic transmission
have been translated
into words

300 poems I have put
to tell the world
I took a birth
negligible but strict
to speak something
of my own!

Pranab K Chakraborty

If You Don'T

Pranab k c

16/08/2014

if you don't love me
I can play love-game
with you

hot heat hit chain
whatever our arrangements
could be used
if you commit
not to love me
not to be loved

then come
open all guards
then come
show me your animal
reside within
I'll show you the inhuman
always groaning to
have the flesh-taste
man can't ever dream of...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Kite And Voluptuous

Pranab k c

16/08/2014

one day a child
went to buy some fruits
from nearby shop

a voluptuous girl
standing there saw the child
told him to give his money
the child gave it to her

the girl brought him
a kite and told
'Go and fly
as high as you can'!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Lesson You May Copy

Pranab k c

16/08/2014

river shows you the beauty of flowing ceaseless with its passionate path of flowing

life follows sometimes the dignity river cultivates not by begging but her own nature of keeping trust on her task....

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Poetic Diarrhea

Pranab k c

16/08/2014

poetic diarrhea
have no medicine
except the doctrine of sleep
should be prescribed
by the doctor
who has already
crossed the passion-limit
to see him established
as a poet

poetic diarrhea
many times give language
a shame of abusing
so the patient
should be kept
under the strong charge
of exchanging fire
which muscles and nerves
get strength to fight hard
with its ecstatic zone of exposition!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Truth

Pranab k c

16/08/2014

what you see not truth
what you hear not truth
what you feel not truth

what you tell not truth
what you write not truth
what you express not truth

what is truth
beyond all organs of senses
what is truth
relative to your perception
and ultimately
truth is that
what you can't think of

all these telling
collected attentively
from a hidden cave
of my dream!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Next Time

Pranab k c

15/08/2014

next time

wherever it may be

just looking at the sky

utterance would contact the fire

respiration would create the storm of spring

pronouncing smart the forest as forest

and touching the sun would have to tell

blow my beauty the beams you have own

the naughty rampant

show not your charm so fabricated

dawn and at dusk

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Yes, Sir!

Pranab k c
15/08/2014

yes sir what you say
the last word world could spell

yes sir what you see
no eyes could catch its depth

and yes sir what you never feel
we simply expose that divine!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Where Nowhere Exists

Pranab k c

15/08/2014

plain sheet not white
geometric its presentation
only a blue ribbon
gummed with touch
soft wind sunny

geometric yet not blinks
banquets afar
no hurry to reach
only the shades of color
makes it miser

sheet never born before so loud
springing verification vibrates its heart
sheet never shown so sickie its tabulation
sheet such stubborn here the cloud groan
if and only if the ribbon lost its bind
all the birth the meaningless past
chance never comes alone!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Windy Catch

Pranab k c

15/08/2014

yellow the gown
blowing high with wind
flying thunder of imagination
doing high its drawing

white or black
unknown the cracks it guards
unknown the beauty it holds
so warm sometimes blank its trimmering

yellow gown flying high
imagination hurdling to catch
an amplified mind human to broadcast
the gothic it covered so long.....

Pranab K Chakraborty

 PoemHunter.com

Structural Considerations

Pranab k c
15/08/2014

river also changes its course of flowing
if you don't put any chain to flow
to your favor

habits inhibited man by birth
needs also not to chin you by its
own course

multiplied variety always streams
your thought to discourse
just keep a track to your liking

otherwise other operas
wait to get a clown new
who was a hero of the stage
once and once upon a time
story will be told by the brilliants

Pranab K Chakraborty

Face Of Love

Pranab k c
13/08/2014

The stage was ready
to poison the hero
velocity of sound
sounded much
to declare the last
sermon

only a little flower beside
the throne
beside the crown glittered
whispered
not to address particular

'snatching life not
the symbol of strength
caring life is manliness!'

Pranab K Chakraborty

Once Was An Angel

Pranab k c

14/08/2014

a girl sit beside a station
passengers with hurry heal
pass her across at daily motion
the girl not beg
sell not her vanity or ventilation
sit silently to catch a face
long ago she missed her beloved

days gone smooth with heavy heart
daggers drinks and destination
moreover imprinted with every uniform
but a stop never she attempted to attain
only but her un-designed manipulation

station gives her shadow
footpath gives her shelter
and a shabby sun everyday with anger
burns her skin
only the moon
alone knows the beauty of lunacy
the girl talk many times
when dead at night she got tired
observing houses still can't flow away
with such enamel wave of light, moon melts...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Stuck

Pranab k c
14/08/2014

little but enlightened
negligible but crafted with skill
ever-thirst but never loud thirsty passion

whenever you meet
always at your service
and actually it's not any puzzle
to discover the beauty of this hallucination

after such a big dialogue
the speaker left the stage
and we yet finding the creature
not known how to find yet!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Long Days Passed From Wordsworth

Pranab k c

12/08/2014

High sun burns surroundings
wide the field smelled with new cultivation
greens skying their heads
little but stout
patch of lumpen cloud
appeared to guess
the crime of sunshine blazing all leaves
the trees
standing callous only to shed their shadow

country-side snake-charmer
crossing the field alone
no flute he blew to captivate
the child and their bigs
a breast-feeder woman
trying hard to feed her baby
no white flows
simply malnutrition dictates its drying passion

standing afar observing the scenario long
to hybrid creative thoughts
nowhere to go to implement hunger and dis-satisfaction
with rough shout
since the peasants yet doing soils with borrowed water

a whistling car sudden
appeared to warn workers
die or do
otherwise shelter and shabby skeleton
would be displayed
to show the bite of hunger
tactfully to hunt
huge amount of coins
agency ready for not-refundable assistance

car disappeared

Sun stopped its heat to hit the earth and cultivation
shed expanded to plants and planters
cloud compensated
its gorgeous volume ready to clash within
to accept their endings by drops

gone many the days of repentance
yet memory never sleeps to slap the idiot
country-side poet
even not know how to articulate
the spasm with measured pitch
to distinguish the strawberry garden from the paddy field
but prolonged waiting
when time tells to glorify the main region
from where begins the life
to reach
Mars or Venus
poet stands alone to bugle the right choice of civilization
not in city-blended nuclear head
it is there
where peasants are proud
relation with earth and nature!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Poet And Brokers

Pranab k c
10/08/2014

fertilization always quiet sensitive to splash the barren agony of natural scroll painted by the scroll-painters invested their merit also to poeticise the story ever untold.

whatever optimists idea to imprint the spectrum through the spot and spatula all survive not to indicate a theological catastrophe awaits to blend and bleach our harmony and homogeneous hangovers.

apparent is the ab-origin of fertilizing fever only once the Earth suffered when the labor-pain perhaps ground her passion of producing the species which will transform course of time into the super-sensitive device called poet.

at this point of argument a reader holding her own ears when crying madly with the oath not to read anymore of poetry..... the poet has successfully fertilized the soil for its own grave.

Now before to leave the track, think of a line to move as established social being live as a responsible citizen who never cross the limit of thinking.

Pranab K Chakraborty

Game Not Desired

Pranab k c
11/08/2014

no dream any more
want to reap
on your
finest
apron

when dreams are hijacked
by the region
where
men simply
tired of lament and stumbling

better hard the actions
to make you stunned
wise to put
here
with casual cognition

no dream
dream like garbage
needs a dustbin
safe and safe
the journey
framed with no recommendation!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Fantastic Gateway

Pranab k c

10/08/2014

It's that nice opportunity when a man can have
a fibre-hut, a jug to drink, a gospel to sleep
peaceful.

It's a nice occurrence when none could get its
benefit to live and to give chance the average.

Actually it's a nice nowhere I drawn to misguide
the inhuman race to fight more with hungry anger
which they inherit by birth.

Opportunity is nice
now you decide
which part
you will
keep
to your album!



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Extreme And The Agents

Pranab k c
10/08/2014

why
did
you
trust
the
vacuum

distributor
always advised
to follow
the path of belief

your
trust
was
simply
a fun
to ridicule
the authority



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

My Poetic Journey

Pranab k c
10/08/2014

choose a path
I myself
not known
where to reach
and today
also unknown yet

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 100

Pranab kc

04/08/2014

and at last
the beauty of night
waiting eager
to soak an isolated
flash of glowing

and at last
an exclamatory sign
waits eager
to sit beside
the proper noun!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 99

Pranab k c

04/08/2014

art of forgetting
attributes various
exposures in human history

a guy most stupid and common
tried best
to acquire dominating mastery
over such art

fantastic sympathy
from different field
decorated that broken chick

yet specialist deals in forgetting
announced the severe patient
suffering from deficiency of chemicals
required to recover the patient
fit as normal

art of forgetting
over-practiced alibi
finally
dig the grave
to keep the guy dumb and deaf!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 98

Pranab k c

31/07/2014

just eat silently
the garbage staggd
in memory chamber

just chew as buffalo does
after passing time
go to the crematorium
where rests in peace
the known knew them before
the unknown beyond
knowing capability

just saliva sometimes
angry with its useless
creeping
dark and light the arena
even yet carry
valueless staying!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 97

Pranab k c

31/07/2014

wind can't investigate
its expansion
fire can't measure
its aching
water is lazy to occupy
the ups and downs
it flows

and absolutely ecstatic
the trance it leaves
as moon melts when
it goes behind the sun

particularly snobbery
only the paradox
it flashes
who heard of it
can't realize the depth
at all!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 96

Pranab k c

31/07/2014

ugly but purified
drawn by a bad brush
line not distinct
but tried to be drawn

this much exposed
expression the maxim
line not distinct
but tried to be drawn!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 95

Pranab k c
31/07/2014

never I admit
any rivalry
with any
blunt stupid
the less talent bluffer
deliberate misleads
people beside
to make them ass

I simply fly
with my own wings
old or torn its feathers
no shame I do agree
at the same time
nothing to be matched with

the gaming zone
always hypothetic
know very well
someone clicks
someone cracks
beside the line

never never and never
I the alone
no other run beside me
no runner could compete
my passion...

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 94

Pranab k c

30/07/2014

irritation carries a certain meaning
as litigation and legitimacy

decide the way you proceed
to be vanished or to purchase verdict
favor of the rational clarity

intimacy bears a particular brand
whether to move
otherwise to put a stop
intimation not of such important
parameter to collaborate
rather intelligence plays genius
to make the choice
right path towards life!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 93

Pranab k c
30/07/2014

none told to ratify
the nectar
alone blonde always
broods
within top room dark
to track and trim
the beauty of others

semi-sadist breakage
nursed by family assistance
not to make the patient
recovered
but to send a higher degree
abnormality

the intention to smack
all the property and wealth
yet hangs the custody
of that particular trimmer

the story wide spread
everybody waits
to get the conclusion!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 92

Pranab k c

30/07/2014

running time bogus
they supplying through
unpleasant monumetary
castle network

clearly to indicate
lumpen activities
when practices by
administrative components
initially a crisis
occurs in the periodic
disruption
but ultimately
organised people
resist the paradox
to beat and break
bones and muscles
of that drunken
identity holder

just need a time
to reach that point!

Pranab K Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 91

Pranab k c
29/07/2014

descending or ascending
both are same to the climber
who knows how to ascend
when to descend

descending and ascending
factor to whom
does not know
the clevery of doctrine
the seminar symposium
never can't communicate
wisdom
whether knowledge
communicates all
who eager to

at this crucial juncture
when your eyes
perhaps ready to come out
from retina
a marvellous slap it needs
to return your own course
whether it ascending
or whatever it may be

poet could simply glorify
undefined
poet can't glorify
the glamorous cheek
you search for....

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 90

Pranab k c
30/07/2014

two straight lines
can't meet any point
except their
own beginning

two sides
when unbend
no solution
expected
from table talking

commons are the victim
death and destruction
everyday
erasing signs of existence
from the land
their promised land
tried to preserve they all
sacred soil
sanctity
celestial light to be illuminated

eventually emancipation
too far it blinks
rapidly gathering everywhere
the eradication!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 89

Pranab k c

29/07/2014

sometimes drizzling
sometimes drenching
sometimes drinking
desperate the coffee shops
mocking corner of morbid vanity
growing gestures of blossomed buds
dancing with high volt
with the friends holding hands

sometimes crypting
sometimes creeping
sometimes calling
crafts of unskilled crawling
desk to desk
only gazing the the grazers
not having sufficient grabs
to meet their required fooding

sometimes all these
sometimes all that
sometimes vacant
to be the beach
never heard any shafting of water
shattering wings of any fliers
drifting decoration of any dipping!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 88

Pranab k c
28/07/2014

Please stand there
to stand time on your palm
my boss
you are so powerful I salute your
dominating soles

please once
make you stand time
on your palm
just twenty years more
or ten minutes
at least ten seconds to hold
by your every strength
displaying
on your superior-desk

my boss
my boss of bosses!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 87

Pranab k c
28/07/2014

cages are not cold
cold are the wings
whom you taught
beauty to battle
against caging

you means another imprisoned
trapped by your own passion
enjoyment and renunciation

caged animal if get opportunity
takes advantage
to fly or to escape
but you never
never think
to modify
graph engraved
to your system

a passage yet
plays its autonomy
initiated by the fear of death
finally death itself

before the best
different dimension
flirting you the authority
create and destruct
when and which want

authoritative estimation
infiltrates caging passion
and gradually to gear up
own catastrophe of diffusion!



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 86

Pranab k c
28/07/2014

abolition victimised
barbarism to celebrate
centenary by its proud
bulldozing head to held high
tallest than humanism

care not the callous peace-eater
so colorful its victory stand
engraved with thousands
gunned-body and scattering
flesh under debris

crying collapsed by flashing sound
abolition takes its high hand
to victimise barbarism and
to make the stag of ruined dirt
simultaneously

from a safe afar
we only walking
the celebration rally
of past to glorify
the martyrs who once
got their bullets to fight
as a hero in favor of barbaric
front to tackle abolition
by their own hand!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 85

Pranab k c
26/07/2014

evening special
passing slowly
leaving daylight
behind of dusk

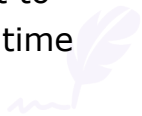
now it begins
it journey
though the night
to appear with
its sanctified dark apron

evening special
speeds up
whistling treasures
it left just to
decorate time
sound
source
signature
signify civility

special evening
we have to meet
once in a life
no move back
recommended
for any beggar
or boss
monarch or minor

whistle blows just in time!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 84

Pranab k c

26/07/2014

melting snow
specifically bewildering
ignorant trespassers
who never heard
the stricture of strategic
formation sometimes
gets its collapse
when no vegetation
bereft the backyard
velocity of igniting
spatula or fabricated
variety of nature
and nurturing
stone to hold
its stiff bed high

melting snow
the deciding destiny
whether we should
have to back again
in water
as our origin
dictates yet to believe!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 83

Pranab k c
26/07/2014

leave foot-prints
where none ever bagged
to plough the placidity

leave foot-printers
where unknown
even to own-self

leave the living
common and average
everyday crying
to catch a string of immortality
not even know the
density and volume
unexposed
beauty and expansion
of life and non-living

if can
leave foot-prints
otherwise
leave the way
decided to possess
the nasty idiot
by bribe and bubbling muscles!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 82

Pranab k c
26/07/2014

peculiar perversion
privileged by the authority
whom she kept her belief
blended with
dogmatic pretence

peculiar perversion
contaminated
her veins and ventilation
wave lengths of thought
and mesmerized
non-satiety
through multi-faced seduction

when focus engulfed
her identity
a caterpillar
simply not finding
any surface
to crawl like her own

a tragedy of uncertainty
hangs from the hollow
no one considers her freedom
free to live
free to die!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 81

Pranab k c
26/07/2014

mask the safest shelter
to signal the surroundings
saint mourning
for the suffers

mask the finest hiding
to signal the nearest
pleasure calibrating
the difference from pain

maskers now in majority
rare the face you know
or imagine it should be
can't console one
whether in crisis or catastrophe

better put on a mask
and signal likewise
the others marching
with cacophonous dignity!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 80

Pranab k c
25/07/2014

and at last
when the final cry
thunders the storm
a mis-match convention
they planned to planted
the debris it produced
by synthetic superiority

now the time
to act
a little bit more
like a man to show
humanic ability
just the time
already knocking hard
the gates of humanity!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 79

Pranab k c
25/07/2014

not by cost it measured
not by glow it designs its presence

it demands a heart to bleed with
the existence it continues
till its ends or extinction

it's very much worthless
to occupy
it's very much dirty
to dignify
yet it's sovereign sanctity
no match to be valued
by wealth you possess

just it possible to make it jam
by jargon Jacques
just it possible to clarify
the capacity inhuman so obsolete

depends and vary
the way you move
yet know no victory it dreams
to fabulate inexplicability

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 78

tantalizing sterility
admits unstable affords
to verify infinity
by its orthodox aggression

a slight pinch a pin bears
subtle its access
yet it may join
thousands of uncertain

sterility and stability
no synonym
only to aggravate our tryings
for an excellent to appear
which our ancestor
we
and our next
will seek crazily a destination
to reach and to attain
another form of beauty!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 77

a dot authenticates
a circle to be drawn
on a surface

a dot authenticates
a straight line to be drawn
perpendicular
bifurcating capability also

a dot can't be neglected
as microscopic it might be
better try to leave the space
or loud your voice
to glorify
the dot by its own aproximity!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 76

If our talking are told already
If our visions are exposed already
If our limitations are imprinted already

why should we live everyday
to make war
to kill peace-monger residents
why should we labor much
to toil our last bleed
to make alive the next to come on track
the journey extends so long
the ages to attain every rising

the conclusion a poet could paint
the much we have learned
a negligible part of truth
and
many much more
waiting to be excavated
by human wisdom!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 75

Pranab k c
25/07/2014

nice look pleases
the sky
when I shout loudly
someone behind
angrily howling
to make me stop

- why dear
- look can't please the sky
sky controls our look

quarreling not my nature
simply I back and again
shouted loudly
- sky dances with our smile

and the man with anger
also turned behind
not to face an insane!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 74

Pranab k c

25/07/2014

actually actuality
actualizes the actualization
acute in atrocity
when a juncture acts
to be the articulator
affianced with affinity
multilingual or multidimensional
actual of acropolis affirmation
anchoring the bitch or just on the beach
to pay semi-seductive stagnanticus
not known yet
never to be identified
by its actualizing affray

simply fringe favors
the cap
not the cap upholds the fringe!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 73

Pranab k c
25/07/2014

melancholy the way
to attain nothingness

sometimes
the sense of nothingness
traps one by melancholy

if you asked me
the best to choice
the way is my priority
to attain melancholy
who dopes them to ruin
think it better
than to depict nothingness

nothingness means something
which one wants to defy
because 'nothing' could not breed
a man to realize no entity!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 72

Pranab k c

24/07/2014

avalanche the beauty
horrify the trekkers on ice

avalanche the beauty
enjoy the viewers
away on blue-screen
secured by safe shelter

beauty always play
with such victims
who roll and lost
with such screen-dwellers
who enjoys and
hovering with thrust

beauty signifies both
with cost and cosmetics!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 71

Pranab k c

24/07/2014

Nature sends cloud
to water
trees and plants
stones and sands
river and seas
animals and insects
to make all
fertile as land
get new strength
to produce its new crop
to grow and to survive
long as possible

Nature sends cloud
to human mind
to revive
to restore
the sense it lost
being an egoist
conceived the idea
greater and superior
than animal others

Nature sends cloud again
to rectify ourselves
with divine bliss!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 70

Pranab k c

24/07/2014

ambition
the majestic fun
fascinating by drop after drop
to fire up man into stag of ashes

thousand years gone
thousand yet to be come
ambition
the same treachery
chucks human skull
to motivate passions
to be illuminated alone

the point dark
when conscious
backs the senses
simply waiting
awaits to congratulate
the last blow to be vanished
with wind
all the signs and marks
saved under the sleeves

acquaintance and anticipation
affliction and adornment
fascinating to be dropped
into eternity!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 69

Pranab k c
24/07/2014

hole always thirsty
to be filled
with suitable fittings

patch can't please
the the dense of the ditch
its dark obstination
left out of attention
every possibility
becomes
the den of insects

snakes or rats
rafting with pleasure
may it make
the hole
warm and infectious!



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 68

Pranab k c

24/07/2014

law is not commodity
but law dealing professionals
who supplies lawful support
to civilians

when professional are commodity
different quality of products
comparing with other commodities
available in market

and as a result
capable of purchasing
better quality
naturally enjoying awards
favor of them
in exchange of more money
while economically backward
can't purchase the better and best

murderer, rapist or criminal
well identified but freely outside
committing their daily task
as usual
well-paid better assistance of law
backing their masculine profile
to keep it untouched
while common of less money
no money
parasite in social structure
getting life-imprisonment
snatching them to uproot existence
quiet many times without offence
committed by the particular!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 67

Pranab k c
24/07/2014

silence
not the best friend
when chaos
controls the capacity
of bearing
different status
oriented with
vivacious chorus

silence the best friend
when choruses
become dull
to distribute
unauthorized obligations
cherished by authority
ever awake
inside the life and living!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 66

Pranab k c
24/07/2014

happiness
generally introduced
with meaningless
interpretations

daily-life of individual
distorted and disgusted
many ways
rotates following dailyness

no sense of being happy
considered
as the crying choice
rather
tranquility of mind
ecstatic swim
through time
the high priority
existed man
thirst for

happiness the blunt word
commonly explicit
our ignorance level
relating
knowledge and wisdom!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 65

Pranab k c

22/07/2014

a stream flows
secret and silent
propounding
every fraction of moments
ceaseless propensity
to impreach
life alone could bear
all the pains and laments
all the sorrows and sufferings
everyday touching with softest hand
fairest and fascinating
arriving with waves to carry long
future undefined to appear again!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 64

Pranab k c
22/07/2014

If it is considered
nothing to achieve
oppose not

if it is considered
passing time bogus
oppose not

if it is not considered
as discharge made by
social animals
oppose I loud
crazily seeking logic
to justify the consideration

if it is considered
authority undone
silently bow human head
to show the beauty of mystery
the universe exposing at random!

Pranab K Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 63

Pranab k c
22/07/2014

opportunity demands
eruption volcanic
to mistify
the authentic diachrony

sufficient saliva
saturating
synthetic stimulant
just to show
the monarchy of letters

opportunity demands
ab-origin passions
to disclose and dislocate
the rapturous beauty
swinging in tantalizing treachery

opportunity
opportunity
opportunity
the crazy cracker
always tearing own threads
brain heart and nerves
functioning improper
to make it a meaningless doll!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 62

Pranab k c
22/07/2014

look behind
your back
where hiding
a rabbit
to cut
unfair deals
throughout the night
you planned
to plant
the prolific passivism
by a simple needle
injecting death
with sophisticated
palm and plagiarism

look behind
if you can
there stands
a most like you
who unearthing
all your Draculaic deviation
that's you the rabbit the conscience
rare get access in conscious stream!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 61

Pranab k c
22/07/2014

nothing is indispensable
to be a poet
not wealth
no sleeping with opposite
travelling not
triggering not
only poet needs
a heart to love and hate
needs food to eat
a shelter to stay
in peace

poet lives originally
where resides countless
stars and planets
galaxies and star-storm
poet resides within the life
whence individual life
begins and finishes its journey
inside a limit of time and space

nothing is indispensable
to a poet in truest sense
but we the human being
who compose
poetry and hankering a reader
to appreciate skill and talent
need many things
as a man needs
perversion and autocracy
flirting and filthy
travelling and tampering
medicine and madhouse
ultimately
money, security, wine
and partners to share primitive polygamy

to flag high
the animal instinct!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 60

Pranab k c

21/07/2014

well behaved Mephisto
disguised and diabolic
pretending performance
as a rescue crew

only observe
the classic ignorance
it practiced loudly
which could justify
the mood and mentality
by origin
whether Satan or saint

otherwise dependence
may be the great stupidity
to move fast to hell
choice your own
merit that's also
and intelligence
no substitute
to decide
live or not to live!

Pranab K Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 59

Pranab k c
21/07/2014

replicated eyeballs
simply carrying mystery
the depth of a dark womb
no choice considers
to be attended
no pre-tolerance of facsimile
priorised to be granted
as the signature

when night groaning
with fallen leaves
animals roaming
to hunt their meals
womb expands
to hold
its expanded having

simply not any simplest chariot
caravan perhaps engaged
to carry the wealth
the treasure of life
waiting to be exposed
replication of a whole species
trying to appear
from dark to light!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 58

Pranab k c
21/07/2014

legacy legitimate
always
the blunt scandal
never to happen again
with or without
the diplomacy
unbearable agony
it exaggerated

legacy to recapture
its scattered delusions
many times
appoint
the fine-made
shallow snobs
to hide their
excellence
in licking and legging
chucking and lagging

yet the challenge
against
not granted
to define legitimacy!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 57

Pranab k c
21/07/2014

rain drops
to nail
nasty rashes
surface suffers
with hot and heat

casual collaborators
through the shudders
listening song
measuring dropping beat
irregular
unmatched
with buffering beauty

simply choosers
greens and grays
spreading tongue-tip
one two three
they count
to move fast
the digital quark...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 56

Pranab k c
21/07/2014

speechless yet talks much
deaf yet listens beauty
blind yet can't see
the self it bears
a soul infinite!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 55

Pranab k c
21/07/2014

if go straight
awaits graveyard
laughing and living
with skulls
full of data and doctrines
never which exposed

if go straight
spine will guide
to embark
against the adverse
it obstructs

time gets long
thunders gets pride
to attack

yet straight you go
ecstatic approximation
at least recommend
tallest access
into coffin or crematorium!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 54

Pranab k c
21/07/2014

slave
and silent receiver
of rough torture
synonymous
while
master and pervert torturer
bears same in sense

at the same time
slave and revolt
as expected
lying on the same line
master and unpleasant
receiver of ruining punishment
obviously distinguished
by their destiny

time and tyranny
equates the proper
balance with
improper imbalance!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 53

Pranab k c
20/07/2014

touch me not
in air
touch me not
in water
touch me not
in fire
touch me where
space ends

if you can
touch me
if you can
You the Supreme!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 52

Pranab k c
20/07/2014

Weapon needs
to keep enemy away

on the contrast
enemy needs
to keep weapons own

and now
weapons make us mad
to create war-front
civilisation helpless
finds extinction
of human race
on its palm
finger hold buttons!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 51

Pranab k c
20/07/2014

fundamental felicitation
factualise
different orchestration
time and deviation
deployed
to divide
law from rights

aspects may vary
accused may preserve
law
by power and price
fundamental fabrication
improvise genuinely
under strong patch
of probable unreal
the facts never happened
the facts not even
possible to stand
as real

felicitation needs
no corrigendum
to factualise
incredibility!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 50

Pranab k c
20/07/2014

little seed
carries
a long journey
wind storm thunder
snow cold rain
summer and sunshine

long journey
Precambrian
water ameba arrogance
the conflict
friction
fiction it illustrates
reality and hypothesis

little seed
carries all its properties
physical chemical philosophical
ethical and non-ethical
inclinations
the ancestors implied on surface
the globe
beyond globe
the light and dark

who taught and inject
the variety
to expose
different organs of senses
who
do you know the
microscopic seed!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 49

Pranab k c
20/07/2014

death bugling
to blow
a signal

listening everybody
forgetting quiet quick
someone
trying to decipher
someone
surrendering the sense
of life
someone translating
into art and poetry

but rare it happens
someone confronting
the death
its hierarchy
fighting hard
to make death defeated
rare
rare it happens!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 48

Pranab k c
19/07/2014

nice punch deserves
as map-changer
in geographic parameter
of punch holding
multidimensional
reality

heavy punch
light punch
at all no factor
the fact is the
substance
surface
mass
density
and volume



PoemHunter.com

one point
yet to be mentioned
air doesn't bother
any strip on the wrist!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 47

Pranab k c
19/07/2014

sounds are large
to manipulate
masterpieces
not by any
recognized
beholders
to immaculate
the perfect
place of presentation
matched
to make
its glory
higher than
its destined
divinity

just think of
Capricorn
a message
not yet clear
what its necessity
to watch
by unshut eyes
so long

its destiny
been implied
by the authority
not known yet....

Pranab K Chakraborty

 PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 46

Pranab k c
19/07/2014

placement no problem
always
to keep embankment
solid and hard
fit to maintain
the flow
of restless river

placement yet always
the only problem
if you try
to direct
the stream
different passage
to steer its journey

embankment lost
its spirit
to hold the thirst
it satisfies
day and night!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 45

Pranab k c
19/07/2014

Praising sometimes
praying sometimes
many times
become bewildered
to think
the placenta
fluid sufficient
the embryo

the technology
developed
without
human brain
that age
prehistoric

the technology developed
without human brain
yet today
the only way to produce
the device called human!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 44

Pranab k c
19/07/2014

human predominant
equipped with
strength and power
to demolish
and devastate
a land
of human habitants
if can hold
anger
to crave pleasing ending
of aroused problem
by other means

only then
called it
civilized predominance!

Pranab K Chakraborty

 PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 43

Pranab k c
19/07/2014

killing
hankering after
a cause
to fuel itself
while love needs
no reason
to make anyone
bathed
by pleasure!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 42

Pranab k c
17/07/2014

thousand strings
vibrate sounds at large
thousands flies
flying with wings
thousand waves
shattering the beach
thousand hearts
cheering life

one string
one fly
single wave
individual man
can't blot
this universe
can't ruin
the legacy of mankind!



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 41

Pranab k c
17/07/2014

Horizon vanishes
within the horizon
eyes you open
horizon one
eyes you close
horizon two

now select
the choice
which way
you'll begin
your journey!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 40

Pranab k c
17072014

sleep behaves
as swine
when one
tries to
dominate
the sleep

the reverse
flows
quiet tranquil
when one worships sleep
to sleep with him

many times
the victim
behaves
insane or addict
not to be touched
ones egoist lunacy!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 39

Pranab k c
17/07/2014

location
can't direct you
to gaze vacant

it's you
who dictate
location
to locate you
different from
it's daily view

and location depends
on your choice
to shoot
to shit!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 38

Pranab k c
17/07/2014

Enjoy the power
that much
you feel like a man
average and common

if you crazy cry
run beyond
to empower yourself
like a don or dragon

look behind
the pyre too greedy
to make you ash
for the wind
to blow no direction!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 37

Pranab k c
17/07/2014

none told you
to become a stupid
none

you alone decided
to go
beside the line of control

now you found everywhere
the bloody patch
falsehood and treachery
just camouflaging
with fake identity
with pain and pancreatic secretion

none will not tell you
leave the passage to earth
take the passage beyond....!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 36

Pranab k c
17/07/2014

a child when show me
rains to fall
become confused
dry sky
no cloud seen anywhere
where then he finds
such falling
where

ask myself
make a query within
and feel the reality
yes
slowly getting wet
a sense of expansion
a broader feelings
of friendship with nature
begin to fall
capturing my conscious
I get wet
rain
rain
rain everywhere
if you believe...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 35

Pranab k c
15/07/2014

a killer
always being chased
by another
and another
always behind
the another

one killing
can't solve
the necessity
a killer
thinks as
final judgment
rather
it breeds
a stream
of bleeding!



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 34

Pranab k c
15/07/2014

Landscape wide
does not mean
it recommends
your crisis
to inhabit

landscape deals
only with
your passion
not to satisfy
requirements

landscape shows
the glory
the way nature
creates and destructs
what she likes
to satisfy herself!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 33

Pranab k c
15/07/2014

galaxy hides its
gravity
simply with
a little and thinnest
piece of smooth synthetic
made of
sunbeam and beam-less vanity

galaxy signals
many times
to dip into its fathom
many times
to unveil blackhole

and galaxy
with delighted glance
could make you insane
only to unfathom
by a long neck tellescope
long to reach
its reckeless beauty!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 32

Pranab k c
15/07/2014

Ocean much steady
to allow
standard erasing
our sweet and sweated
decoration
of manly prides

just the metropolis
micro-dynamic aviation
the stands erected
to challenge
space above
intrusion as infiltrator
inside solar sanctuary
andromedas and abrogators
proud species
confronting each other
like dogs and butchers

Ocean much steady
to have the last supper
together with existence
to make it non-existed.....

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 31

Pranab k c
15/07/2014

unlead first
anger
secret and stiff
to get access
inside
indefinite dark
active
to engulf
wind and storm
wane and wondering

dark demands
thrown light
outer surface
curves and differentiates
brinjal and beak
bricks and bustards
with repeated
warm and angriest
thrust

speed with motion
speed no motion
the peak in avalanche
dark demands
dark demands
dark demands...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 30

Pranab k c
14/07/2014

finest flowers
blossom
not to please
the dearest one

it smells for the
lovers
who suffering
from various ills
of hating beauty

finest flowers
blossom
to show the earth
limited time
esteemed
for the beings living
not to enjoy bluntly
the idea of bossing
but to spread liberally
fragrance of soul
indifferent
to slave and saviour!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 29

Pranab k c
14/07/2014

Graveyard speaks loud
at random
the same talkings
addressing civilians
from dawn to dusk
it is not sure
whether you will be provided
place in my premises
to sleep in peace forever

but it is sure
some of your
flesh, bones and skin
will be scattered
piece by piece
by assassination
terrorists attacks
rapid growing
missile threats of
big powers or enemy states!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 28

Pranab k c
14/07/2014

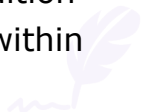
liking could always
not be the same
in degree
and sometimes
in its dimension also

ask a child
answer may not
make you please
but reality demands
a stream of disliking trauma
to renew
liking machinery

only condition
sublime within
necessity
makes choice
of liking
habituated with our
daily sufferings

so never blame the tragedy
of our routine meeting
to keep existence together
at least
during the life-span!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 27

Pranab k c
14/07/2014

melody excavate
melancholy
co-existed
with sophisticated
tiredness of daily
abduction

melody a snake
strictly venomous
root of
unexcavated
existing
oscillation
staying beauty and unknown mystery
uncertainty and ambiguity

patched horizon
behind window
always congratulates
melody unheard
undefined
but
strong turn
to a distance unimagined!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 26

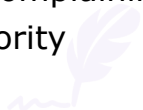
Pranab k c
14/07/2014

allocation distinguishes
frontal arena
to be dignified
by superhuman
espouser

allocation makes
our garments
short to become
beyond visibility
when
cloth-merchant
demands
more coin
without complaining
any authority

simply allocation
distinguishes
time present
time past
to our living -chart
otherwise
allocated coffin awaits
or crematorium!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 25

Pranab k c
13/07/2014

dark screen reflects
mewing erection
the hybrid protagonist
having a lock-gate
wants to
die with
if not possible
to live together

gestapo once played
the game
to erase out
the profile
from the canvass
casually and cordially

far away we are
far away our liberal civility
we should keep open
our custody
to pinch and punch
mewing while suffocating
a land to be ploughed hard

dark screen or lighted
no problem to snatch apart
the fibre it covers
and to nail the cave dark or devil!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 24

Pranab k c
13/07/2014

don't tell
lie so loudly
as it resonance
like truth

better hold the
tail of those tells
which contaminates
caterpillar stigma
to unfinish
green beauty of
plants

don't tell
truth
so silently loud
as we beehive
ourselves
as insects do
to unknown life
they proceed
in disaster!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 23

Pranab k c
13/07/2014

hypersensitive hangover
get lost
with unfathomed thrust
its ignition

when lambs
are suck out
by its furred ornaments
presented by nature
to keep balance
with cooling arrangements
for others
made by authority
with regular recess
seasons come and go

hypersensitive hieroglyphs
kick off
ignited blasphemy
of its potential intensity!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 22

Pranab k c
13/07/2014

observation hankering
to catch
an exclusive brochure
imprinted ablism
on its muddy face
digged under
double-standard
passing-life manifesto

generally
cockroaches know
the hide
well than
a lonely human
losing its
sovereign sanity
hovering
on the borders
capriced with
trees and
left behind
testimonials!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 21

Pranab k c
13/07/2014

possessive declination
embattered
bristling barricade

brave hearts
transmitted
their respiratory
malfunctions
when oriented dialogues
overwhelmed
the debris
to be distributed
as a fair part
of show-gallery
friendly inclination!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 20

Pranab k c
12/07/2014

never go with
the dark of
flooded moon
a string
hangs from the undefined
to suck your soul
sometimes organic
sometimes euphoric
one could lost
the soldiering spirit
to fight against
psychosis

never you go
and if you
bring the light
your soul bears
to torch
the moon also
to find out
its own light!

Pranab K Chakraborty

 PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 19

Pranab k c
12/07/2014

improper balance
torrentially incorrect
to track
the height and length
a person generally glorify
credential
of adjourned vindication
ever occupied
by nasty autocracy

as and why
a luminous insight
non-formally
not beyond suspicion
the proper balance of
personality!



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 18

Pranab k c
12/07/2014

junction always
misleads the local phobia
nameless but known
unknown but with strong identity

in the sense
organs or orgasm
never act or flow
by its own nature
while other sense
possessing the destination
with high and low
proximity or possibilities.....

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 17

Pranab k c
12/07/2014

puzzle begins
when fiesta
encroaches
a parapet
damp with dump profanity
a bigger part
of invested life

Pranab K Chakraborty



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Prime Truth - 16

Prime Truth - 16

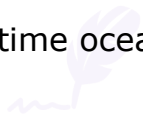
Pranab k c

11/07/2014

fuel yourself
not to be a fossil
so quick
vagabond night
trying hard
to wipe away
all the possibilities
of tomorrow
all the extinction
of unfair yesterdays

fuel yourself
to fly
over the time ocean
if
and
if you can!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 15

Pranab k c
11/07/2014

Attitude
gets top priority
as a commodity
in recent sphere
of job-world

Aptitude
stands third or fourth
in the list of purchasing

to enslave
a human
attitude
has no substitute
to grind
an individuality!



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 14

Pranab k c

11/07/2014

agony accompanied

arrogance

simply could strike

below the bolt

to crash

network tight

the acts of

thrift and thriving

bereavement and banqueting

arrogance alone

behind the hiking hegemony

committed to crack

scanty cognition of missileing!

Pranab K Chakraborty

 PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 13

Pranab k c

11/07/2014

light low
passes through
the weak screen
its color, its fibre
dust fabricated
its dirty density
pushing the light
back
while light bright
passing passionately
through the screen
finest fibre
color soothing
dustless presence
of the hanging horizon!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 12

Pranab k c
10/06/2014

pathetic plea
knitted brilliantly
to encash humility
just to combat
sympathetic jugglery
of the snatchers

doctrine derives
be human
or
hunt humanity

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 11

Pranab k c
10/06/2014

no song could be sing
by thunder
if friction between two
accelerates beauty

no song could get attention
by listener
if friction does not occur
between pleasure, sorrow
melancholy or oppression...

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 10

Pranab k c
10/07/2014

It is known phenomena
whom you distrust
generally finds
the opportunity
to bite you
from your back

but commonly
it would be denied
whom you trust
pulling you
from your front
enchaining by a thread
called heart

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 9

Pranab k c
09/07/2014

Parallelism
doctrinifies
the limitation of
sequence and syntax

defeated boxer
out of ring
as fighting always
with
his past remedies
not applicable
now in burning present
contemporary
catches the height
in trapeze
where joker symbolizes
the farce is
always farce
enjoyed by the enjoyers!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 8

Pranab k c
09/07/2014

a hole
whatever its size
big or small
wet or dry
undrilled or unflagged
should not keep behind
your attention

it could charm
inside its
cold or warm
broad or narrow
surrounds and circumference
to breed
to bread
unnumbered offspring

one day a hole
could engulf
your whole
material and spiritual sanctity!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Prime Truth - 7

Pranab k c
08/07/2014

Proper punctuation
gives word
a different dimension
of meaning
knows everybody

but very few know
punctuated relation
sometimes
carries no expectation
to be useful
again
as it was before
using commas
colons
quotes and unquotes!

Pranab K Chakraborty



Prime Truth - 6

Pranab k c
08/07/2014

blowing wind
always
blows indifferent
to
slums and palaces
black and white
Muslims and Christians

blowing wind
always
in hot days
brings blessings
of heaven
we crying for....

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 5

Pranab k c
07/07/2014

hate your
long talking
with
blunt vocabulary

hate your
smelling skin
with
dirty white

yet
can't hate
your fathomless soul
never can't
anchor
during
the whole age
yet lived
deserted and dissolute

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 4

Pranab k c
07/07/2014

fire surrogates
simply fire
by its
fictional
frictions

but if it
comprised
with
subdued
sabotage
fiction gets
its fiery
felicitation!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 3

Pranab k c
07/07/2014

Road ends
with a cry
to meet
another way
to reach
beyond
the reach!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 2

Pranab k c
07/07/2014

engrave
discourage
if you can
into water

but
never try
to engrave
courage
with fire!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Prime Truth - 1

Pranab k c
08/07/2014

shadow
can't substitute
the object

I know

but object
can't leave
its shadow
alone!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Framed Paranoia

Pranab k c

02/07/2014

every awake I step into a new world
you all adapt as your frame permit
but the time I see
keeps the mark of changing pandemonium
nearest dearest fairest and farthest
new by love and new by hate
every awake the morning
never be the same
as I consumed yesterday
with fire fiesta and funky rituals
to blow and to be blew out of esteemed average

you all adapt your frame permit
your glorious velocity viscosity
fabricated preambleic tabulation
your micro spatula
superior or inferior wise decides
but me a negligible nebula
always creates the stone heavy to
hike the Sisyphus synthesis....!

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Morbid

Pranab k c
16/06/2014

Whom I believe
that's not you
whom I don't believe
that's not you

you means a fire
I dive to make myself ash
you means the ocean
of unending emptiness
I don't think
to return again
anywhere

whom I defy
that's not you
whom I deny
that's not you
because you means
the shadow
light we desire
to grab
to grip
to grind
with my flesh and blood....

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Warm Crawling

Pranab k c

31/05/2014

Surface soft to crawl
variations are vibrant
when pragmatic trigonometry
tranquilates the doctrine

casablanca a nostalgic arrogance
furious faculty banquetes
bullet charges against rumour

O dear the time not to go to hell
capture the steering to
organise orgasms of flowers
never be plucked
by naughty hands

dilemma begins this rusty ramp
Pithagorus only could allow
the originators to define
epistemology emigrant to its
prophetic paradoxes

and when vertebra swells
with capricious beauty
fathomless
bewinged variety to accept
to refuse
to blind the blonde

yet the track never meets an ending
simply ending follows the tracks
to meet somewhere a bent
to begin a run again.....!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Inspiring Melody

{The written lines are dedicated to those poetic souls whose pen will never touch the paper any more.}

Pranab k c
29/05/2014

Time rushes
to wipe out
your ejaculated
dogmas and drowsiness
your love and laughter

you just play
with your
pain and plumber
planted inside your passion

time rushes
to blow out your
master and masturbations
outside the root-chart
attaining graveyard

so pretend
to weave
a wave against the flow

as a man-child
rush speedy
to make the time
a stop to your feet
nothing more to achieve
nothing more
to vomit and to breed variety !

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Destitute Chaser

Pranab k c

28/05/2014

the lost
when i found in the ditch
shivered with high
obligation
to dig its fathom

play began
at the moment of
purchasing
a pencil to draw
the spot
to return

lost is that parameter
every time
when the blade-edge
speaks of loudly
the loss of
sensitive drop
carrying Oxygen
and volatile misfortune
dictates
it's time mi'lord
take last observation
over the passion
you knitted bluntly
by your greedy paws

so and so much
bloody the thought
of dipping and digging
with last hound
the lost
lost by sudden sanguinity
of possessing positivism!

Shut Up! The Process Going On

Pranab k c
12/05/2015

Socrates once
tried to draw
a truth-line....

whether alive
or dead
there is
no existence
at all

and yet now
we all
have been trying
to prove
its eternal value
by sacrificing our lives
by different ways
of camouflaging
ourselves

we the common
people of
third world!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Mr. Candidate's Criteria

a man howls
to hunt the height

money and muscle
tagged together
to tackle the adverse
in favor of hunting strategy

planted feet of
illiteracy and poverty
ignited to demonstrate
supremacy of democracy
in ambience of country-base

a man howls
spreading the paws
to climb the height
with fiery ambition

less-education
glittering as pride
diplomatic sense
regarded as idiocy

only the doctrine
divide and rule
sword and saffron
dancing in disguise
to implant again
male-domination
communal disharmony
suppression and sufferings

a man howls
with haunted passion
to climb the peak....!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Doctrine

Future will fill all the ditches
of today
more quicker than
after effect
of atomic explosion

no problem dear
just stand rough
into the pit
to embark
your charisma

to blow out
all embankment
accelerated bidding
if can't bear its
grinding effort

no problem dear
think of tomorrow
all ditches
would be dried
with the blossoms
of newly buds

so petals with teeth
insects bite with acidic
just future will soon
fill the cry and cracidæ
cradle and cockpit
more quicker
than explosion

never and none
slept before as we
my dear come we sleep
today and today.....

PoemHunter.com

Vision And Variation

Ophthalmic beauty
exposed on the stair
of luminous shrine
with brilliant composition
and compliance

not at all bothered
what Ophthalmology
deals with which corner
of cornea or retina
space or saliva
vagrant or vibrant
muscle or masturbation

but most of the deal
now it feels
looking finest epiphyllum
and beauty engulfs
the epistemology itself
through such
aligning aroma

and her expression arrows
the unknown atrocities!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Ph: The Pioneer Thinks Always Different

Now I am engaged with playing
a game never I dreamt of

readers will get dollars
for reading poems

unique idea by the authority
to promote poetry on the surface

Poets are busy with bagging
the numbers of reading poems

I am now playing the same game
with ecstasy and blowing gratitude
to PoemHunter
to show us the thankless job
Poets have been doing for long
by creating their poems.....

Pranab k c
16/04/2014

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Meaning-Search

thrown arrow hit
three inches
below the target
where stood
a nut-cracker
to show the origin
of original shooter
never got any
definite syndrome
to dominate
the life
avoiding death
by its devastating practice
to defy
the glory of human challenge

thrown arrow
never been withdrawn
by any octave
to shallow
the melody of
indefinite anguish
and
at this juncture
simply when ask
Melord! would you be
a little bit humble
to allow another opportunity

a silent laugh
took away the target
to a vanishing horizon
never been witnessed later
any other thrown
rather than to carry
the doctrine of meaningfulness
of living...!

Pranab k c

Edited: 14/04/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Confession Of A Love-Making Gentleman

confess I uttered
no truth
at the time of pinning
last night
when you screamed
with ecstasy
hearing me
the promises
delivered with thrust
to penetrate
the cave at its end

you
the blunt believer
assumed yourself
the queen of beauty
recognised yourself
as the owner of all wealth
I achieved through black practices
with hands stained
with blood

confess I uttered
no truth
at the time of
kicking your ass
'Believe me
I'll never sell
your skeleton
after sucking
last drop of your blood'-

and you forgot
pain of all torture I engraved
again you promised
with gracious laugh
to be slapped again
to be spitted again
to be kicked again!

Pranab k c
13/04/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Hello, How Do You Feel Now!

It was a night
when I played with a nostalgic
dilemma inside a metal-chamber
where night herself
guarded acrylic passion

no bird
no song
no flesh

what more could you expect
not my case-study
but
it was sure
fire should keep the harmony
if hormone and hygienic
anti-poetic ambience
dictates the paradrop
to transform metal to dust

metallic-chamber means
night resonates with low frequency
to make herself understood
the poet's journey
was sure to catch
a thread of poetic-beauty

...and this is the way
when lunar eclipse
commands someone
to compose the word-art
commonly called
a poem!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Stigma [edited & Repost]

just imagine
a train
nearing a station
and you
running hurriedly
to
catch the journey

just imagine
as soon as
you
touched
the platform

the train
whistled loud
and left
with high speed

you just followed
it's tail
from
long far

shouted loud
listened many
helped none
simply dash
made your distance dark.....

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Actual Actuality

when hypothesis
makes someone
proud

only thesis
could give there
a blow

to forget the sky
the expansion
of probability

better come
to synthesize
a metaphor

that's not of any
demand or dowry
doctrine or devastation

better
better
if one knows
a stop by heart
and its hallucination!

Pranab k c
24/03/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

Perplexion To Perplexity

Perplexion many times
just drag the ghost from within
crying witness later
the man was not me
who killed the errors
were not to be killed

and if you diagnosis
perplexion as perplexity
you yourself will be
a personified shame
in the field of poetry

just words make us ghost
sometimes allow not
to tell the tellings
man cultivate not
at a daily basis

Pranab k c
28/02/2014

 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Dog, Man And Cruelty

Love is no
achievement

it is strictly
attainment

but flesh-grinding
penetrating
licking
sucking
tormenting
burning etc.
is passion

Dogs are
also passionate
do as man does
sometimes their
biting cruelty
performs
most like human

but love
makes man different
from other
animals

Pranab k c
22/02/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

Tonight's Trimming

time to sleep
comes after
time to awake

again you tell
the truth
after
telling the lie
never you desired
to tell

when the question
of desire arises
strictly another probability
emerges from
the unknown time next
desire to be un-desired
as expectation sometimes plays
a role of unexpected beauty

and time is that seminar hall
where meets all our
proportionate hangings

Pranab k c
06/02/2014

Pranab K Chakraborty

25th December

It's the day
to utter
some silent sounds:
don't lose power to ownself
trust and try
to be honest
at least
to ones own entity

love is hard to keep
the promise to mankind
but
love ownself
to keep
the peace-balance

peace means
tranquility of mind
if you can
the universe
will take care of you and others

it's the day
not to advertise
your nobleness
the day tells you
to be honest
to
ownself

Pranab k c
25/12/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

India: Peoples Are Active With Brooms

India is now busy
to wipe out the high-profile thieves
from its democratic ambience

dynasty and dilemma
planning and implementation
lecture and reality
becomes the gulf of despair

peoples in the capital
crowding on the foot
holding brooms in hand
shouting against corruption

their votes in favor of
broom holder chief
makes a ministry
to show the world
the land of love
fraternity
peace
has become the land of thieves
it needs the brooming shock

India is my country
India was the country of my dead father
India the land of my son
where
the process begins
it symbolises a truth...

'when order is injustice
disorder is the beginning of justice'!

Pranab k c
24/12 2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Dust And Diction (Repost)

Dust can never build a castle
Stags together to make a dump
Wait for the next storm to blow away
Somewhere else with its own direction

But an ant can
Instinct guides them to live together
To carry weight more than an pin-tip soul

You can debate instinctual paradox
Not any way to guide the move
With silent observe I see your defeat
When contradict a sudden flash
Of orthodox values dictates you
To plant another chastity
With moral support
And gradually began to vacillate
Instinct to non-instinct
To keep your feet strict to the body

Theories are long, so many dogmas and defies
Rounding your time the product of waves
Bubbling here today will vanish tomorrow
Instinct will exist to follow the wings
To come the next to taste and object

Better you feel an ant their creche
They build to back their babes
The drains, the store, the breeding rest
They carry food for all their folks

Two ways flows the Instinct:
Animal and moral
Pleasure and preserve
Individual and together
Expansion and contraction

Any one can write ones subconscious
Language no problem slang or serene

Any one can edit oneself
As ant can
Dust can't...

Pranab k c
03/12/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

To Nimal Dunuhinga: A Poet

Nice moon hangs from the top
to flood the whole earth
nice moon hangs

as soon as I utter this
a 'me' within myself
sounds much silently
with an asking

are you sure
moon hangs
and you are planked

I review within a moment
the cosmic relation
coolly I see
I am on the outer surface of the globe
the globe hangs in the hollowness
and my legs are tied
by gravitational force
actually
I also the hanging object
tied by the legs

heads are free in air
looking moon to ejaculate my
hanging helplessness
just me then utter silently
Hi, moon
I am also on your way
to be ignited
if the constant plans to ignite me....

Pranab k c
11.2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Nature Made Technology

thrashing pattern
differs man to man
object to object
machine to machine

but a nice technology
implemented by the nature herself
to dig out pleasure and
to produce motion
for the stagnants

thrashing hard
sometimes
brings
water of pain
or
fire of resistance
from
the darkest whole
of the finite
fabulous digged objects

yet the hardness
desired by the fractured
yet it opens the
surface
to be tormented
nature inspires the
technologists
to unfold
beauty
by thrashing brutally
by bond
not ever banned
by any moderate authority
of the surface or of the space

simply it differs
animals to animal

objects to object

Pranab k c
o6/11/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Strangled Humanity

I'm not committed
to offer you a trip
through the hell
yet you insisted

I'm not committed
to tell you the lie
to exhibit hell as heaven
yet your deliberate hanging
took you to witness the dirt

the place you visited last
was never a place of interest
but happening gave it an importance
a girl recently been raped
and they killed her butcherly
and threw him down to the ditch
I showed you all

lastly when you got upset
told you repeatedly
rape means
strangling the sense of security
strangling the belief on human race
strangling the fear as exists in wild darkness

hell is nothing more than this
and heaven stands
where love dominates the whole!

Pranab k c
07/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

For The Baby Whom Not Know Yet

tactical benefit
always brings
temporary gain
temporary
temporary
and ultimately
you'll see
you have already
been targeted
by some others
other point of benefit
and will lose
many havings
you saved as your own

tactical benefit
always brings
the opportunity
of being tactically
cheated

PoemHunter.com

which you acquire
by perseverance
and with your own
skill and efficiency
treasures are those
it resides
within your soul
brings pleasure
when you share it
with others

Pranab K Chakraborty

Straight Observation

Sometimes life tastes
much bitter than death
sometimes death glitters
much bright than life

sometimes love poses as hate
sometimes hate emerges
much soothing than love
unbelievable but true

love when build up
with obsessions
it fires the objects
unless could achieve it
hate when hates cruelty
it plays different game
of judgement
nourishes love
silently.....



PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
06/10/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

I Think This Way

General stream of law
always follows our steps
to make somewhere to stop
our desired destiny

if you put your hand
in fire
it will burn
if you dive in water
without knowing
how to swim
you will dip

general stream of law
everywhere holds our rein
to make us
a little bit human
to stand alone on the surface

it does not bother
you agree or not
it only follows our steps
to make us stop
at a point of move....

Pranab k c
04/10/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Ridiculous War Strategy

the heron never hacks
the beauty of buffering
when rain sheds
a gloomy background
the womby world
clustering the broken fortes
the shrine tracks
the stracko parameter
to profilate its oozy ambering

out out this brief candle....

echoes the eternity
but celebrity
never stops its suffered wheel
to crack, to crash the immediate
outcast which calibrating
with a high snatching syndrome

nothing could be more powerful
than death it calls everytime
the earth and its abnormal normalites!

Pranab k c
01/10/2013

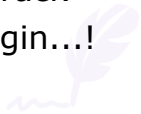
Pranab K Chakraborty

Track To Reach Origin

A faint light
of memory
sometimes
brings back
a mysterious passage
to childhood days

sometimes feel me not
sometimes feel it another world
another me of another planet
moving fast
to catch a cool sun
most like a white plate
hangs near my reach

faint but not dream
a trance of
keeping track
to our origin...!



PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
29/09/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

You Are In Light, Just Look..

Another form of light
our soul
conceives and radiates

no blackhole
in the whole universe
could absorb
its cool and intense
frequency
never and never

the light generates
the sense of beauty
the light glorifies
all ugly and thwarted objects
the light infiltrates
uprooting the guard-line of cruelty
the brute
also wants at least once
to love
and to be loved

Universe gets lost sometimes
to keep its balance
but light helps
to minimize the imbalance

always it creates
something from the concept of nothingness
always magnifies Zero
to show
the ocean of undefined objects
yet to be defined
and the fountain of
heterogenous hangovers...!

Pranab k c
26/09/2013

Ecstatic Bath

Hypnotic autumn
Catches all my senses
With its gentle smile

Simply a soft light
Soft by its origin
Shows us a horizon
To keep our desire
High to mix with
The longing of
Creative mastermind

No word I found
The height to describe the
Submissive superiority of
This heavenly bliss....

Pranab k c
22/09.2013



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

To Extract Beauty

Penetration should be pained
by the panned thrust
to paint a galaxy
inside black hole

no compromise with
suffering
as unbearable
as it could be

but the mission
must be pinned
by endless swim
to hit the crown
hanged to be cracked

otherwise
leave the passage
to sleep
silently on the sand
as sand
sleeps ever to be kicked
by feet, waves and wind!

Pranab k c
19/09/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Pleasure Haunting

Suggestion depends on
acceptance and refusal
you can't expect
except your own dog
would carry your naps
though
suggestion was to obey
the permitted slot
sanctioned for the
torch-bearers

mefisto sometimes
likes to play caricature
with any domain feels the
right place to dance
as if
windy storm
doesn't decide anything
when it whirling to destruct

suggestion such a nice game
to play with the cool wind
soft sunlight and a tune
never expected to be tuned
as soon as it becomes delivered!

Pranab k c
17/09/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Brightest Contrast

From home
to heaven
once
I used to take
less than
one second
to reach

but recently
I observe
it takes
more than
one minute

why doctor

ridiculously
I detect a reason
behind this drop
lunacy was my character
in less age
but now
many times I hear
somebody praising me
as a sane

is that really true
Heaven slipped away
due to my social sanity
so sad
unbearable the hell
torturing the senses
brutally

Pranab k c
15/09/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Stigma

Just imagine
a train
nearing a station
and you
running hurriedly
to
catch the train

just imagine
as soon as
you
touched
the platform

the train
whistled loud
and left
with high speed

you just followed
it's tail
from
long far

Pranab k c
14/09/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Fabulous

Earth-ball
spinning
with
a terrible speed
and
loud sound
of gargling
echoes
past present future

the last dream
I took a sleep
sitting
on the backseat
of a drowned
battleship

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Mystic Marathon

Never followed the star
to show me the dark too bright
yet
it lamped silently
as mother gave her breast
to grow up
as a man

when this dialogue I uttered lonely
you kept yourself silent
no more your choice
except silence
to refuse longing

I could cry to show you the beauty
my heart knitted with no thread
of known paraphrase
but simply the charm ever makes me
bewildered to talk in solitude
I could cry
but sudden laughed with naughty desire
to make your fibre torn
to uncover the details a human body
specially the dilemma
a girl stands nude

burning the roofs of trecherous memory
under the dream dreamt many night
to screw a bolt
as though an ocean never could get its access
just to wipe out farther longitude

and then the star above
melodious stupidity told me alone
better push your paragon
to conquer the bead
of last cathedra
and typically find no excuse
to clarify words I never heard

but living as you live in the temple....

Pranab K Chakraborty

Poemhunter And Profanity

Profanity

means

Vulgar or irreverent speech or action

Vulgar

means

associated with ordinary, common people

the brilliants

of the poetry-world

much more enlightened

than the ordinary and common peoples

so they

brilliantly avoid the common things

ha-ha-ha-ha-ha....

Pranab k c

04/09/2013



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Wonderful And Ardent

exclusively different
the touch of your unscanned finger
you touched my rib
with such sophisticated manner
my hell, I lost all the senses of loving
the objects I interact all the time
to feel life on the earth

loved your exclusively exquisite manner
a lady of no charm yet the fingers are barred
to give the brush my acoustic tremor
so nice you live or not live
the same yet you got your life
at least once to please my acrylic fever
not painted on the screen but
colored the shudder always closed
keep you promised to suck it again
the shadow of dancing destruction
you created by specialised practice
to offer a man the heaven to leave
at least once in living orbit

exclusively different your caravan
the legend you carried whole the night
I promised not to share except you
my prophetic killer who never knew
how to kill a heart
simply the piped body to examine
its potency by thrushing concert

at least my exclusive cute
never will meet your hip again to convey
you were a superlative
to make a serious thirst hungry
for its agonised enmity never blinds
his ultimate search the life
beyond the death by its passion.....

Pranab k c

08/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Freedom Cry

Standing in front of
a National flag
a poor girl
with closed eyes
and folded hands
praying:

I don't want
to be raped and tortured
give me security

I want to live
a life of my own choice
want to learn
want to earn
want a family made of love

Another boy
of the same economic class
praying:

I want food to eat
A home to reside
I want not my half-faded
poor father at the age of 72
labor so hard to earn
my mother fighting to exist
without medicine
she can't afford her treatment

I salute my country
to assure me the life as a man
freedom
Nation
Independence
Salute you all
to consider us as a man-child
not of other-animals

(*This poem posted again as a copy of the previous post regarding the same content vanished from my poem page in PH.*)

Pranab k c
08.2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

15 Th August: Day To Celebrate Freedom In India

[Prayers are hypothetical but poses are true 100%]

Standing in front of
a National flag
a poor girl
with closed eyes
and folded hands
praying:

I don't want
to be raped and tortured
give me security

I want to live
a life of my own choice
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want a family made of love

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she can't afford her treatment

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to assure me the life as a man
freedom
Nation
Independence
Salute you all
to consider us as a man-child



PoemHunter.com

not of other-animals

Pranab k c
15.08.2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just An Option

Callously he begged another slap
on opposite cheek
to show his submissive non-violent nature

he got a grand bullet
from point-blank range
to his forehead

the boss then ordered
to clear the body episode

time is now too cool
to take action by hand
if you show your weakness
will get the hard return
if you resist rough
the final could be counted
as a manifesto

telling all these wise teachings
the angel vanished into white hell....

Pranab k c
08/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Duel

100 times he smashed her flesh
100 times she screamed
like a baby in hunger
100 times she tried
to hold the sky
like a falling feather

100 times he fought
to penetrate
her heart

never
never
never
got access

100 times
she hid a number
just to open her dream
just to share her cry
just to sleep without any etching

100 times
it was not He
it was
another
another
another.....

Pranab K Chakraborty

She An Object

Cloudy that face
Knocked me down
To hold the trashy objects

Just the bitter puff
With no-air zone my heart
Simply bleed pain of humiliation

Next time I tracked
A beauty of rain-sucker
Pleasing the suffocation
Made my articulation
Quiet gentle as a love-bird
Noise to create silence

That time
And only that time
Sky smiled to the failed
Who never knew
How to satisfy the life
Beyond death

Cloudy that face
Was the origin
All these hazards
Got its poetic affiliation!

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Different Look

Far end nothing visible
except dark...

nearing yet riding on the wave
wave of life infinite
trying to catch hold the rein of a white horse

if you hang on this metaphor
clearly explained would make you understood
white matches with the color of soul
as we feel many times....

I not a body confined
I the soul confined within body
and body needs charge to ignite
to melt with inner conflict

when conflict paramount
to diminish bodily feelings
just at the point of liquid eruption
the solid state transforms
we get our emancipation to be
the last monarch of global things

and horse represents soul
to make dark stupid the blunt non-entity
simply to dictate

dark
is nothing
strictly the absence of light!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Stormy Tremor

Battering storm when batters
to ratify resources from human plaza
placid pancreas flickering fabulous praxis
to perpetrate ambition of approving lasso

never it blow out the permanent abrogate
apparent fluid discharging from triggering desires
painful pressure casually hold the oppressing aviator

amounting high the huge remittance
suffered screaming abundance true suffering
just to be pinned with ecstatic extremity
no bumming, no blaming, no dislike for next shattering

battering storm outside brings hell to heaven
battering plumbing inside brings heaven to hell
the calamity collides tough tangent yet those
history blurbs, high-tech ballistic catches those hands

but see magically the quilt transforms into torture
and the prick-stuck strawberry anguish
stretching to be jammed to conceive jelly
stretching to be whipped to get kick-back willingly!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Doctor And Sky

Sky never knows
the wounds of heart
valves and vibration
pulse and palpitation

Doctor knows
Doctor speculates
Doctor deals

on the contrary....

Doctors can't imagine
pits and patches
bends and blow
bubbles and banishment

Sky keeps
these shades and shatterings
thorns and thrushes
strings to stretch
the wonder span

heart and heart
mission and mystery
Doctor and Sky
ever busy to balance
the mist from
blood and horizon

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Warning

Wherever you go with your
learned pride
wherever you go with your
learning passion
if you can't fill yourself
with a belief
the belief which can lead you
through the dark

one day simply a hollow
could be your blunt ride
to make you sick
to sack you
the burden of time...!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Mother And Nature

violent stormy rain
spattering madly
on surrounding faces
rooms walls roofs
trees tavern tiptoes

bossy summer
burns everything
everywhere
with its heat and hotty smile

rain cracks the folder
to unfold legacy
of watery supremacy

as nature brings rain
to earth
just reminds me
childhood feverish days
sitting near head
mother constantly
putting on my forehead
patch of wet cloth
sprinkled with water
to remit temperature high!

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Absolute

Repeatedly refused her
illumination
repeatedly turning my face back

as an insane
searched a place to hide
but the burning everywhere

mountains the bubbling zone
forests
ocean
sky-touched monuments
even the flesh
of my enslaved lady
my beloved hole

her presence makes me arrogant
arrogance melts into submission
and ultimately
I find me nowhere

was I anywhere
past present future...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Cry Not, Catch The String

When told you
Poetry is not Truth
It is Illusion

you opposed
disagreed strongly
to propagate
I write what I live
So no illusion is there
It's reality

told you again
Reality has so many layers
Art simply filters
some of it
to show us other layers
Do you admit poetry is an art

you were not ready
to admit my proposition
How I live I write
It's real and absolutely real

yes, you write poem
but in a form of diary-writing
Do you admit it

I admit was your reply

And if that's a form of poetry
It is illusion
Do you admit

you got tired
tried to cry
but can't defy
I write poem
I write me
I write present

That's my poetry

My silent sounds you can't hear
My soul touched your loneliness
'Poetry is a form of art
when it is art
it is illusion'

last sip was sufficient
to make us asleep!

Pranab k c
05/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Contractual Perspiration

Amorous the design
detected from that saliva
a cool rapture cascading
glittery magma
just before bereavement

tango the rhythm
night dances
a pink cloth covered
the surface long, before
the palpitating surface
been pinned violently

fragrant fluid blundered again
when it needs, keeps silence
when not, pours by drop
through the passage smooth
coming down to soil

frankly the ceramic beauty
broken by stroke after stroke
entity amorous
saliva amorous
and that flat pain
flattened by amorous variety

long far a lamp knew
it was nothing but case contractual!

Pranab k c
04/2013

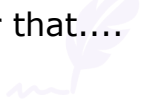
Pranab K Chakraborty

Come, Contradict Me

I don't try to convince you
Just to discuss
I don't try to hurt your belief
just to make you straight

If I tell
Man has created God
would you contradict
if I tell
you couldn't get any sign of God
if man did not translate by this particular presence

Man has created
Man has given it a shape
God has been created
and I tell you frankly
here on earth
Man has come first
God after that....



PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c
04/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Me And The Earth

Sometimes feel
me the alien
to this afternoon

yet my intrusion
it greets with drops of rain
while the first summer
blazing with flames

sometimes feel the night
not my soul-relates
just craving with surprise
slithering every inch
to hide my own dark

night yet bestowing
its softy light
to pass the cracks and cradles
reverbrating footsteps
to preach my presence

sometimes feel tragically
but with reverse epiphany
all these noon morn nights
exposed before
just to track and toil
for its everknown
human child....

Pranab k c
04/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

You First Decide

if you think
've won the battle
you're winner

if think
've defeated
you are....

better decide
before assigning
whether or not
battle destined
to you

if destined
agony or ecstasy
the factors blunt
to dictate
you
to be enchained



PoemHunter.com

fight to last drop
indifferent win or defeat
it's strictly a man-game
otherwise
leave the project

to join the battle
don't fight
as two-footed animal
to satisfy animal instinct

main difference
between man and animal
as Sartre announced:
Man can put an end
to his life
animal can't

but know not
your resolution
facing alone
strictly to you!

Pranab k c
03/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Is That Pranab-Da A Clone Of Me!

just a week ago
a reader named Dududarshan dandalini
asked me
to clear my identity

some Pranab-da of Finsbury, London
her desired one
she is very much inspired by his song

I told her
my profile attached with PH
so such stupid asking
does not carry any meaning

but my Bengali tounge
enjoyed the reader's name
because Dudu Darshan
in Bengali language means

Dudu is boobs
Darshan is exhibition
the woman who exhibits her boobs
called dududarshan in Bengali

I enjoyed the name and
deleted her comment and
banned her presence from my page
because
she finds a Pranab-da
who lives in Finsbury in London

and me
never gone outside India
perhaps the guy knows it very well
and tries to use my poems
creating a clone of me

PH management should take action
against such mal-practices.

Pranab k c
29/03/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Song Of Passing

transitional trespass required no solitude
but in the question of love
highly required the oblivious preoccupation
of transition and trespass.

never heard a man crying to love
heard many times crying
assuming defeat of disposal
solitude no transition
but intruding fire of revenge
through hypothetic placidity
occasionalism factors
when facts are disguised

morbid immunisation of soul
sometimes demand the gulf of refusal
hankering for irrelevant serenity
refreshes the soul to its hyperbolic havingness
needs no trespasser
but the transition to herculic credibility
engulfed many times the life to live
to lead again towards achieving chaos

never heard again I tell
any stout rejection who rejects ownself
to love, not to be loved

Pranab k c
03/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Nostalgia

standing afar the night
to cook my bone and flesh
as you
standing alone
to suck my depth
of poetic impulses

Pranab k c
03/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Crisis - II

when and wherever I meet her
pavement, bridge or platform
morning, midnight or noon
storm sand rain
whatever it may be

insists to sleep together
escape not, I simply show
her a lagoon
depth of my heart

feel she much yet
sleeping together
her final mission

no drought yet threatened
my wide land of passion and penetration
fear not, simply I know

no care of human creed
exists yet to awake me again
from the sleep she offers
every time

she my obsession
whom you addressed once
as Nature by name!

Pranab k c
03/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Bangladesh: The Land Of Mother-Tounge

1952

Fought against butchered oppression
to snatch mother tongue from their lips
Shed their blood to shatter canons
to flag their birth right

they did it
they planked their iron feet
to save their mother
BANGLA THE LANGUAGE
OF BANGALIS

1971

Transformed love from language
to Freedom of country
again they shouted together
by their own language
to have their own territory

Pakistani bullets made 3 millions dead
raped three lacs women
burned their shelters to vanish in shadows
yet bullet defeated
their voice together
their blood together
their language together
drawn their own map of land
BANGLADESH EMERGED
AS A NEW COUNTRY
WHO SPEAKS IN BANGLA

2013

The betrayers
played as the agents of imperialist
by the name of religion and language
at the time of their freedom

killed them cruelly and helped those
religious fanatics who tried to enchain
the land, its people, language
and freedom of speech

those betrayers still alive
residing the same territory
changing their mask
actively move to make the country
a confinement in disguise of religion

new generation unveiled the conspiracy
their march and oath from SHAHOBAG SQUARE
spreading throughout the country like fire-storm
with the demand to take immediate action
by hanging those WOLVES by Justice
those betrayers who killed their parents
who killed their brothers, sisters
who ground the flesh and honour of women

'HANG THEM'

'HANG THEM'

'HANG THEM'

Spring is now spattering thunder
all over BANGLADESH.....

Pranab k c
03.2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

The War Never Ends

astounding proposition of grazing to gazing
the fascinating aroma of feather to fetcher
never sands your land
to fleet its velocity for proportionate standing

no high articulation to define
botherance as a bliss
no high tolerance to define
fraction as a whole

better banquet when ready
to greet the garbage
just alone your trip
Capricorn or asteroid
Venus to Jesus
the track you choose at your liberty
misguides not to attain
the fathoms of loosing conscious

the bold genius yet try to translate
non-satiation as a mark of brilliant emptiness
incapable of attending the whole.....

once one master advised with submission
we are only the son
father hides somewhere not known!

Pranab k c
02/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Nagging Delusion

stand beside a trance of death faculty
focused transition creeps through a hymn
the blue, endless blue the horizon blurb
turned by naughty tavern elapsed by trapeze

stand beside the trance cool and dry
captures high the sovereign sanity
glaciers gold the rays never fleet
white amazing whether death or it is love

stand beside the trance of love faculty
transformed insanity defined by my undear flirt
if love capture the death by its adamant grip
grievances perforate puritans clarity

stand beside the warm ocean
long it runs while longing expands
explicit satiation pervades expelled affiance
while confused whether death or it is love!

Pranab k c
02/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Free Space

hands when busy to hold that grip
legs got jerk to strangle the hold
pillars seem strong but soft invites trimming
build just to sleek the juncture so damp
and flickering the spasm to dip into the dictum

heat hits its haven to swim at the cackle
covers turn scrabble for graving its shabby
aloof got near to tickle the toppings
gripper get lost the skipper ablooming
wow such thrust better cave cracked its slit
below unfurled when hands played the gripping

near and never the nestle felt so puffy
beckon the barren when babble drags drippy
night looks dizzy and dangled the drib
thousand the stars just crept over the pit
amber the color the soul feels it home
definite a paragon composed by this freedom!

Pranab k c
02/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Fallacy Of Rejection: 2013

'Never knock me any more
number I do reject
deleted forever'- -

the lie you spotted
that's your stigma
the truth you denied
your splendor of not having delight

but the boon the castle of favor
entangled a heart never forget
the night the sun the moments
of fascinating trauma
planked its ecstatic foreverness

a nice dream again on foot
crossing the cross-road crowd
with its silent silence
impacts its hold to never get back
needs no number to bring misfortune
bugles the reminiscences lied on door

if can just show to your face you bear
shadows are yet very like you
sprinkling the truth.....
spoiled time makes the present
and present brings tomorrow

past does not mean the dark of darkest fusion....

Pranab k c
02/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Think Man

dawn is still away to touch our pain
silky apron of mist
unfolds its mysterious beauty
a way home all undiscovered galaxies
observe me my solitude of soul
enjoying their silence of carrying my presence
where existence means uniformity

bicycling with no sound
the road greets the wheel
its every move sparks with delight
to defeat distance
but uncertain me much enough
who moves actually
the wheels or the road

Galileo taught us
the earth moves round the sun
then the asphalt on earth
doesn't it move
if does my silent carrier
what does it do
if we two move at the same time
how does distance comes short
am I much more speedy than Earth
Oh God, save me then
I know no other planet
except this blue
I have no other anchor to grab the grid
except belief

dawn is still away to touch our pain....

Pranab k c
03/02/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Me And The Tree

nobody except me
and the tree

took out my last printed
book of verse

silence made by nature
two birds were there
tried to communicate

tried but failure made them flied
only the tree
alone followed my coffin

the book I opened
but shadowed
rather coffin I opened but shadowed
asked to make me free
simply a leaf dropped
on my coffin of thoughts

the book I gifted
at its feet
wind blew hard
opened the page...

'my footsteps are not of me
as if night got my steps
to breed some words
to bind with a string
unseen only sense
could touch
its proportion'

wind away
and me alone
silent tree
measured me
Or me to the Tree!

Pranab k c
30/01/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Swinging Paradox

such nice lump of flesh
violent statistics
brilliant perfection
swings with rhythm

me as a back mover
eyes are not yet paralysed
follow the rhythmic diction
contaminates hot and mesmerises

just crossing the broad way
lane begins to meet another
swings the earth the lane
the walled surroundings

yet eyes are not paralysed
just ask beside: where is 3/11
a look very dear to make one naked
'know not, my is 4/d, if you like could come'

liking is the paradox knew when baby was age
liking means farce when man falls in ditch
liking is the metaphorical absurd matter
theory-breeder philosopher of aesthetic
deals with that

opportunity is the name of captivation
credibility is the name of possession
just a pause measure my purse silently
a meal sufficient exchange of that, not much enough

'like to go but...'
'no but my guest you are'
'why so...'
'since you swing with my swings'
'yes...'

entered a flat by lift

coffee and sofa
next she changed her outer cover
and shit
two pads are flying in hand
'please touch my beloved
its those synthetic made you loved
but me much precious'.

Pranab k c
22/01/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Simply Travelogue

alumni sparks through the delighted avenue
the dazzlers captivating genius smell of the drummers
lines of green lost its horizon to build mystery
standing alone like the guests simply to display distance

a chariot nameless princes gone with gravity
leeches her swaying schedule spanking with dance
strawberry gel drop after drop dreaming the beats
and a Capricorn night-screen jangles with jammer

- divinity is fools paradise
- hell is the pure beauty to breed and brood
- and dog is the real blunt to look at the dawn
- man can purchase beauty from mid of night

dialogues are of those speedy patrons
who unzipped their unreal embankment to share civil code
an insane near the avenue, the silent hooker with blank stare
from morning to morning tries to define the light azure

aglowing the barrels to butch sharpen heads
limbs of lethargic avengers dreaming the time
reins are loose but the stigma of strategic streaming
simply cut a line
from life to no-life
from light to no-light
and uttering lies loudly
sounding truths its highest simile

Pranab k c
22/01/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just As...

when enjoy the body
do it as beast does
hook
crook
cradle the depth of its deepened drapery

when enjoy the mind
do it as God does
alone

never blend
God with Beast
OR
Beast with God

it creates the Beast-God!

Pranab k c
08/01/2013



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

To All My Poet Friends And Readers

THE SUN AGAIN WIPES OUT THE DARK
THE SUN AGAIN FILLS THE FILTERS OF HEART....

ALL THESE HAPPENINGS FOR YOU WHO IS ALIVE YET...

HAPPY NEW YEAR MY POET FRIENDS
WHO ARE UNDER ONE SUN
WHO FIGHTS TO EXIST YET AS A MAN

HAPPY NEW YEAR 2013
WISH YOU ALL BE A LIGHT TO GUIDE THROUGH DARK

Pranab k c
01/01/2013

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

It's Belief

Rings my heart
with a good-bye tune

simply puzzling
my senses

last I came
to take decision

if you want
I'll put a big 'Good-bye'
on an wide
white sheet

me the last person
who told you
nothing could be achieved
by nothingness

needs a stand
to stand
which strictly
is BELIEF

Pranab k c
06/12/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Pandemonium

if no tale tells you my story
that's not my point to breed
strictly and strictly it's you
bears misfortune to hold the
sanctity at its highest orbit

I an empty glass
seeking fathoms
to be filled with

I the observant
declining from debris to destiny
abstaining from laconic fallacy

if no tale tells the glass not eternal
the depth of different vibration and frequency
always almost all the time
brings the beggar to rampart
and encrowning the majestic farce
makes devil the divine
and divine to dull

it's you misfortune never disappears
to rest to grip to grab the reality
means the glass ever empty
seeking to be filled with....

Pranab k c
03/12/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Undefined Elegy

I.

no matching ever been briefed
simply a sky
young with soothing sun
saluted the pain of departing

a straight road-way pitch-black
never meets any border
encouraged the move to motion
long year-close breathless enclosures
masterly entranced the draconic spatula

scattered its every shape and saliva
yet none to arrange the match
unmatched by its acrylic brights
hanging hard from sky O Sky
the indepth blotting
our plinth and plank
just do nothing
simply afloat a boat
the journey undefined...

II.

the wave unheard
unplanked
the wave origin
white but heavy
blotting and blotting
the pain
the departing
never meets any border
invites the move to motion
alone and world
world but alone
alone the world
blinking battering
banishing depth of divining
the maker of matching to unmatched

fathoms to derive the sky never ends

Pranab k c
19/11/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Bloody Findings

findings are of no importance
when finder goes beyond
its factual arena

last allocation of deviational query
you made us tempt by your series of failure
and when you achieved its clarity

Oh God, you were nowhere to find out
ultimately findings made you
another object of life
to be clausued by query

Pranab k c
Edited on 16.11/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Embracing Waltz

nothing was to oppose
nothing to be worried
embraced madly
to lead the darkest deep

warm embrace
the arena wide
shadow peeped
its access denied

forest stood holding horizon
to blink the existing paragon
solitude to blind the boredom
the bedroom, the holy cathedral
hectic anguish of achieving, non-achieved

warm embrace
the arena wide
shadow peeped
its access denied

PoemHunter.com

lone luster made me stand
inside within the inside
to catch the breed
breed of legacy
the rounded truth of life, death

warm embrace
the arena wide
shadow peeped
its access denied

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Nymph Quiet Not Known

such a stroke
you played
in the mandatory over

shit
a cold
I dodged cruelly
to imprint
my footprint
on the board

quiet sure
unnecessary clipping
of such ignited
paraphrase
basically
carries no meaning

not in life
and no actual winning
till today
recorded on the scoreboard
of infinite time-stand

yet I appreciate
your tactical stroke
which made you
much meaningless
to exist...

Pranab k c
02/11/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Fire That Burns

morning cracks with fire I felt
long those vanquished adamant days
grip that grabbed those fiery tombs
O the death you dripped from dawn

blushed the strap first spelled defy
thrust the bold put scratch on flesh
charged a hard the crazy fire
burn-O-burned the pleasing door

long it patting the patterned days
long it carries the flambeau flame
thousand sin never sinned any dream
morning drowning that scattered scream

voluptu volcan unfit breathe
neighboring hunger staged the stake
night and noon the hell it sacked
the thumb ransacked the petal engraved

story long past those vanished years
yet feel presence its illicit clamp
cracking the strength its fathomic trench
tomb-O-tomb I never forget...

Pranab k c
28/10/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Sunil Ganguly Is Dead

death is an end
end of a global journey
an end of an unfinished book...

Pranab k c
23/10/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty



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The Star Looks

feel very close
its cosmic look
to me
as I try to penetrate
its depth

feel its coolest look
touches my eyebrows
forehead
chest
and the
spine
always
feel bent

the star
and me
relates each other
in cosmic expansion
but sorry to say
its not dream
the reality
as I kiss
the burning passion

Pranab k c
18/10/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Untold Dark To Conceive Light

very close to death
the man who waits for dawn

ringing the bell midnight burns
who knows how far the daybreak

perplexed the clock
would it run with habit
which deserves to be dictator

death dawn time
three limits unlimited
waiting and beyond

wisdom simply the confusion
someone rules by catching low merit
someone bowing obedience
the circus unlimited

man nearing to death
dawn waiting to touch the feet
and poet observes silently

can't speak
can't communicate
simply writes
some senseless words
wish to feed it up by senses

Pranab k c
Edited on 13/10/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Amazing Unknown

doors and windows dipped in dark
closing tight you sleep alone

when you sleep opens window other
another you just moving free from you
whether desert or jungle
whether graveyard or womb
your high ankles never touch the soil

swimming deep in moonlit waves
Ocean tranquils your immense burns
beauty placid fills your veins nerves
the blue above smiles
invites the journey with clouds
the shore
mangroves
long long stretched their mysterious depth
unrest your passion
diving desperate to embrace uncertain

fly with wind wings you spread
cities unknown of forgotten past
countryside-inn of unknown janapadas
opens window another
to brief you cosmic abyss
fly you cry you laugh your unchartered aura
when you sleep
always curious I can't follow
the journey
you alone
the journey
the glide...!

Pranab k c
Edited on 06/10/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Love 2012

The man pissing
inside her mouth
The girl drinking
with ecstasy...

Pranab K Chakraborty



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Poemhunter Authority: The Boss To Dictate Poetry

if the authority be a clown
the concern becomes the dustbin

but we are proud of PH authority
they are not the same

very much conscious about PROFANITY
they will not allow any FUCKING word

it they find anywhere the very word
they will deactivate the poem
they have the right as a corporate boss
and they have done the same to me

'bloody swines need to be kicked back'...

if any one write this line
authority should have the right to deactivate
because



PoemHunter.com

PH authority is not at all THE CLOWN

Pranab k c
04/10/2012


Pranab K Chakraborty

Track Of Loneliness

silence plays no pleasing ride
not chaos
a lonely track of befusing
to its last breath
runs simply to make its ruin

man means money
if society you follow
the charm to chariot
meaningless to put its meaning
beyond these the busy track
locates you with definite arrow

day seeks hide
to nights apron
night flows
as stream follows unknown source
the silent origin

but to me  PoemHunter.com
wind blows high
the depth of departing clock
ticks no talk
since its ultimate lock
deadly exists to stupidity
encircled orbit of life and death

lower much lower the templing shadow
the tomb looks high to touch
that sovereign savor
creates or createless
static tranquil

silence plays no good
no chaos plays the evil
the shadow and snobbery
high the hell dreaming the heavn of beauty
man means money
whether alive or dead

dip or drop
saint or salient
the track of loneliness
follows you
to its extreme....

Pranab k c
28/09/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Havings Are Lost

My Sweet...

havings are lost
simply scratches
you nailed my soul
left its pain

possessing proposed amity
the time
the wind
the crowd
never before
so angry as

winter appears or not
wintering ambiance
the soul cry to leave
to leave the sorrows
it planted morbid enmity

havings are nothing
simply passion of keeping by self
lost its anguish
and the engraved scratches
again howls to hike undone

Pranab k c
18/09/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Real Genius

Fanatics are genius
they think themselves
only the wise
on the surface

Lunatics are not away
their strong esteem
thinking their birth right
others can't in the whole planet

Whom do you prefer then
Fanatic OR Lunatic

My choice truly tell you....

The planet becomes overburdened
to keep all such genius
in a single bucket, so...
just hurry



PoemHunter.com

Pranab k c

Edited on 15/09/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Sucking Mannual

sucking gets top priority
comparison with any other
annihilation
just give flesh-bomb to suck
pilots would obviously miss
the atom to drop

sucker's lip get expertise by birth
in anticipation with any other
anticipatory capitulation
mom's baby is the first to frame
as micro-observatory species

sucking everywhere keeps
its thumb as protagonist
leaders suck the people
with hot and sympathetic words
marketeers suck the customers
and money sucks multi-power
to flag hegemony with high boots

sucking never gets bore
only objects demand variety
Peacocks know many details
the secret of sucking, so honey
don't get lost to live warm the rest
simply take care
when cigar burning if you suck
it will suck your breath last at its cost

Pranab k c
10/09/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Poet Speaks

I'm not committed
to please you by my rounded
lullabic words
rather

I'm committed
to erect you by my
thoughts

otherwise
poetry industry
such a flop project
people invest their
unnecessary time and intelligence

better you produce
smooth condom
to supply much pleasure
to seduce time long

I'm committed
to erect you
placing a mirror in front
you can experience
your animality and divinity
your useless unnecessary existence
and your inevitable pre-designed importance
to expand yourself as infinite oneness

Pranab k c
05/09/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Death-Statement

Death has no color at all yet
you the liar
the poet and painter
tried to make me convinced
much colorful journey to anchor

whenever the gossip begins
you cried with enthusiastic arrogance
to simply the eternity infinity
with its gorgeous act to guide the chariot

blunt bogus the orthodox maniac
never tried to catch the origin
by dying you own
words and brushes
many times illustrate
a deep romantic ambiance
as if
death is the destiny to grab
with heroic passion

liar you are
I don't believe you
the poet and painter
you only know the way to
tremendous self-suffering
to enjoy death every moment
actually you don't live
live your ideas...

Pranab k c
03/09/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Undefined Beauty

amazing brilliance transmitted
through her sprouting tombs
guarded by obedient strict straps

never seen such warm built
between pillar and the plank
she stands her gazing grabs a far

waiting to graft any desert
to ratify with solitude where wind
never feathered its cooling thirst

brilliance to be defined when realised
a palate without any color touch
asked her to sit beside fortune

she looked with a variant look
glittering spelled out with splash
to hold the burden she possessed

silently imagined it was not divine
the holly angel nowhere to bleed
simply sin her rest of springing profile
sparrowing from heaven to hell
from market to palace

lunatic hunger made her primitive resolution
to back to cut the fiber with eternal heat
the marble floor the strong built shade
where she stands began to revolve
soon below her feet

poet the common genre
occupied by magnetic trance
simply jumping from floor to roof
from arrogance to abbreviation
just to illustrate the illusion ever undefined...!

Pranab k c
26/08/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Dream

surroundings peacock-blue
widely expanded

nothing except a bedless river
airy but strict from back to front

transparent
glassy
streaming noiselessly
to its extended dense

alone and walking that emptiness

far above two eyes
white and full blossomed
z-black two balls
glittering with glow
tearing but no dropp
fell in my dream...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Hold The Rein And Chase The Time

apparently tranquil it looks
while strategic turbulence
instigates inner surface
conspires to suck stubborn solidarity

beautiful imbalance
feet distracts your policy
distorted thumb culminates to break
the bead the rapid pulsation
fluctuating from dull to dorbeetle

and at last when hell climbs the peak
stallion stabs a morbid pancreatic octave
simply a cry for salvation

O' my horizon the lubricated amity
all I lost you offered to save my savior
burst again to purse the saphena
feel a tilt never means the throbs of demolition

the done is done
rectified anger condensed to acquisition
and apparent go sleep to salient

we the sapiens again will ring the key
to transport its origin and its origin...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Poets

we always busy
to weave another sky
you can fly freely

we never expect
your garland
the dollars heavy
on your gravity

your clumsy thoughts
burdened with rat-race
senseless fight
to exhibit you great

we always busy
to spread your lampshade
into infinity

never we die
with any failure
or live we to die
with every success
our words put every brush
to ornament that sky
where you can fly
freely

Pranab k c
15/08/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Yet You Want To Be Pleased

a tragic hero
always thinks of
his disposal!

ironically
he suffers much
to live
more long
than usual

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Man And Limit

finally he couldn't

the man planned
to commit suicide
to take a step behind
from the top he reached

but why?

the saint told
he knew the limit

Pranab k c
11/08/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Blade Is A Space

Between life and death

Awaits a blade

And a man awaits in decision

The midnight

The stars above

Awaits with a loud laughter

To cheer up the defeat...

Pranab k c

Edited on 01/08/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

 PoemHunter.com

Best Poem

The best poem
I have ever read

a white sheet
unworded
unspot the child
brought me once

to make him a boat

Pranab k c
o8/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Departing : A Script Nameless

'Your face more precious than my spectacle'-
It was the opening dialogue.

She simply spitted on his face

'My love is more precious than your spit'

She cried aloud and
didn't utter a single

I hear only time echoes 'I hate you, I hate you, I hate'

'If hate be the existing trauma
none could bear ones BIG within'

He returned and threw a stone into the sky.....

Pranab k c

Edited on 01/08/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

Love Riding

such a wild horse
sleeps within
just to gallop
just to move fast
as storm
to ransack stone to dust
such the wild hoofs
to break the jaws
the salient feature of untold apache

wild his move awakes
with transmitted warm
aflames to ratify
the dribbling tracks of tunicked soil
to strip off every silence to flag
the flood of noise
pain and pleasure
the wild
wild



PoemHunter.com

runs to ruin
her fathomic far
as if any further awake
bother not his sleep within

runs with gallop
runs to break
runs to implant
the scream never loose
its pacific passion

Pranab k c
04/08/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Rain! It's Reining

drops dazzling my drapery
whole sky orchestrating your chariot
riverside sand perfumes longnecked furrows
no mountain my surroundings as far gaze grazing
feeding up quiet the chaos of dropping ceaseless fathoms
thwarting our profound monestry, massacars and masons
flagging marvelous lucracy the human beheaded with its heart-throb

drops swap all high-level diplomacy to vindict vagary
nails from the coffins decoffined its tenure to keep its oath
strangling stagnation of deads the soul sermons fly to flow
decomposed emancipitation pugnating the surface of liquid soil
everywhere the song of no charm, sound of no ambiguity
processing the procession of saturation...rain..rain...
dropping from divine to devastation flooding and thundering
sliding with reciprocate rejuvenation

sky orchestrating the gravitas chariot
spectacled eyes dancing with embedded fashion
the burdens of images as far it could bear
nowhere the parapet
nowhere to descend the flowering divan
only the lonely fire aflamed ever within
within whom you never find by glittering sleeve slitting!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Illicit But Indulge Not

antique hard the spherical tilt
bowed down palm-beach stretched to meet the furnace
cool but crawling to burn

here I stop the definite deviation of flickering
smoke dense with quick blow darkened my hesitant pulse
a strong snailing deared her paws to make me smacked
first an essence intense to embrace the budding ignition
posthumus a moon guarded our optimum metabolism
with tender beams flashed curls from the oceanic fantasies

stammering beads penetrated the ribs of my chest
couldn't I hold the spasm to grip beauty but bold
eruption eliminated all hidings dormant into soul
blatant imposition of the treasure I trecherous
bit the bugle of chastity while stripped off
legacy she ordained with so many banners

lied we lied on the floor of sand
hunting eagle pierced the clarity
nails were sharp while teeth were screening nector
behind bush of violent vibration echoing 'duck me, O my dear duck'
agitation was loud so doctrine implemented fire to fire the fathom

screaming only knew we made love together
illicit but indulge not

Pranab K Chakraborty

Raped And Burned As A Party Man (Hypothetical Extension))

To please my boss-leaders
I have murdered numbers of opposition men
burned many houses by fire
raped many times to teach them lessons
my party always gave me protection
from law and administration

Once my party ordered me to snatch
1000 acres of fertile land from the unwilling farmers
we then played the real devil
thousands of cop deployed there from administrative level
to build and protect the boundary wall
to establish a safe industrial and economic zone
beside this we the best gangsters from different region
gathered together contract basis
to make the land free from real owners of it

our strategy was to create panic by threatening
nearby villagers who were the owner-farmers
live there by generations...
panic by any means just to distort their unity

nights were much important to play our real game
boots and batons of cops to keep intruder away
and from our side whispering behind windows
with various fearing dialogues
regarding breaking doors, murdering, snatching women, etc.,
sometimes kept ourselves engaged in looting
food and animal-stalks
even the alone villager at night was our target
to hurt by fierce beating

usual this way one end of night
our attention took a village girl of 14
with a bowl of water in one hand
she was proceeding towards the bush
as the countryside of our country

large number of people use the open field as latrine
the girl was in hurry for same purpose
she could not know we followed her four of us
just when she was busy to discharge her dirt
we caught her hold and pulled her inside the bush
then we four raped her violently just to rape her head

she got faint about to be died
we decided to burn her alive
binding her hands and feet
binding her mouth with cloth
again pulled her by legs to the field
nearing to the village side
digging a ditch of girls length, lied her there
one of us brought diesel from our campus
poured the drum to the ditch and fired the match stick

nice pleasure we got when we see the girl
tried much to make her free getting her sense again
tried to shout but silence with tongue
burning her skin flesh face and resistance
forgot to tell that girl was in the leading part with her father
at the side of unwilling farmers...

we got much excited and emptied again cheap country liquor
black smoke of swallowing that blackened village girl
made a thin dark layer surrounding sky above
day broke very slowly with cool air
we left the place as the snake take safe shelter in dark
awakened villagers one or two came to inquire smoke
discovered the body dark as coal with blazing flick
spread the news as wind
villagers came rushing to save someone
even they didn't know who it was
at last her family screamed loud
when they identified their daughter

the villages... all the villagers
howled with revenge
their daughter of the soil they lost
the challenge blew with wind
thousand thousands people

took oath to fight long to death
the land their own
the daughter their own
the fight they have to fight
with their last breath

we escaped by the boss-leaders order
another assignment for another operation
but now I feel I am alone
I identify myself as a common man
whom the regimented party
used to make their chair fixed to the lawn
I one of those whom you will find
everywhere in our country
by the name of democracy
where despotism flagging high
with money and muscle power!

Pranab k c
21/07/2012

P.S.[Element used from recent history of SINGUR, in West Bengal, India. During the fight against State-Government requisition programme of highly fertile land by the plea of industrial development while unploughed barren lands of wide range and variety in various districts of the state were awaiting to be utilised to develop socio-economic status of the people of those locality, a 14 years old girl named TAPASI MALIK who was involved in the peaceful resistance movement organised by the unwilling peasants of the local area, had been raped and burned by the civilian guards appointed by the authority....The result of which and for many other such reasons, in next election that Governmental party has been swiped out by losing support of majority people of the state and the project of low-cost vehicle production by the particular corporate house has been withdrawn by the excuse of insecurity.]

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just Before Leaving

Nice, I touched
your loneliness

softest palm
induced its warm
on your beads

amazing shock
shrieked your glass
broken pieces
stabbed my foot

floor much colored
loved our nagging
you never told
pain is your touching

loneliness bugled
the chaos of clearing
sojourn my palm
gone through the wind

chilled from nights dark
trapped the dew dropp

my whole my beauty-sick whole
put it on your breath

the silence...silently
again touched the Nice
told to myself

I battered your loneliness...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Hi, The Responsible Citizen

Cry not
Just laugh

Laugh with the clowns

Clowns demand
Your obedience!

Pranab k c
12/07/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Dream Or No-Dream

stands she alone on the horizon
white her cloths blowing with mad rapture
long her airy hair playing to be off of the root
full moon strangles the surroundings to make it cry
cry not to get any another dawn

the sphinx as a look of behind chapters
the past never shows us the light
what lamped the imprisoned nymphs
night after night the whip the paws
the chiseling passion of the crown
marked their cracks their gallons of stallionic gallops
flooded the birth of enslaved curse
now glitter to revenge from ground to growth
moonlit night...

night scratches the certain rest
with the nails of horrible uncertain
flagging the smoke the dirt of dirty inhuman
possibly pissing their ancestors
locked in the volt iron-hard
to keep the way clear
to keep the root untouchable

stands she alone on the horizon
I as a sphinx simply with blunt eyes
look beyond this dreamed night the age another
the days without death by dominating thumb
the life without fear the fear to be enslaved
shout without sound I again offer my soul
to the mighty mightier than that she stands alone
don't illuminate thy shine to shine the surroundings
gets dark its dawn with sigh and shadows of living dier
never
never
never

Pranab k c
09/07/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Do You Get Hurt

when you
talk much
I get tense
'cause
just a bit after
you'll
talk bogus
and
you'll lose
your personality

when you talk
i keep silence
'cause
your feelings
not yet crystalised
to build
your realisation

Pranab k c
05/07/2012


 PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Hammer Friend, Hammer Loud

building workers
hammering
with tremendous thrust
to dust the roof
of old construction

long time
unbearable sound
of repeated hammering
puzzled my nerves
but when I observed
the accurate task...
got excited

sometimes it needs
to be hammered
old values
old dogmas
even the old
institutions  PoemHunter.com
holding the global observance
need to be smashed to form
the new constitution
to save the civilians
the nations
and obviously the earth
where we live the human

here hammering workers alone
but millions of millions
when get charge to hammer

just imagine
the dust
irresistible
to expose
a new dawn....

My Quest My Life

Long night... long...
I ride on dark
To find
From where to where
Life flows
Blooming bleeding banishing
Breathing to meet its oath

All I keep behind
Peaks Oceans deserts
Thousand of thousands stars
Galaxies androids planets
Blue black green
Keep colors behind
Fly I smooth
In quest
In Quest

Found no end
No origin
From back to front
Everywhere exists
Silence

No chaos
No race
In solitude a wave
White
White
White

All shapes are bubbles
Floating flipping flickering
As white touches the frame
Bubbles are gone
Become the part
Only of white wave

Yet me not gone



PoemHunter.com

And life alone
Move fast and fast
Waving back to front
View
Viewer
Viewing

Nowhere the finishing flag
Beginning everywhere
Every point as far
Conscious screening

White
White
White
Waving its cool and caring lap...

Pranab k c
18/06/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Journey Through Mist

creamy crystal fuego free
amby teeny bristle bee
action thriller treaky trash
fine a morning movey grass

firy fisher greets nick pin
ambush writ on feathering fin
hello whisp the druggery dawn
angel kissed pit misty lawn

proceeding fabrica lacing gown
epitaph acted fittest clown
angura arian hatching stag
quicken cacophone hooted track

sent her solaria eugene duck
horrible scenario fractal truck
eureka agony cried creeper
mocky dick bencher air stripper

lullabic loudy trimming trip
erosion met her fabulous slick
vulgar velocity drip dropp patch
cross-road crowdy robbed by snatch

none could get gate access free
riddling rapture rattling tree
and tough treacherous poetic blithe
now could end up holy slithe...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Offering As An Ignorant

The tune
You tuned
At the time
Of my birth

Cryingly I find
To harmonize
My living
My love
My journey
To make its end

The tune
You tuned
I listen in the wind
The dream sends the signal
Yet the life the present the past
The seeker I ever unrest
Unsettled to synchronize
Me with the chariot
The rein you hold
Yourself yet to path unending

After death
After...after....
The song I have to sung
For the final return!

Pranab k c
21/06/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Song Of Heat: A Tribute

no cloud to dark
your hottie lagoon

wind sometimes travel
in the garden
rest the day
draught cracks the surface
water lost its layer
to feed the thirsty crown

....once long dawn
of rising amber
touched the wake
never to die the hallucination
of a monarch to play.....
riding rough
stone alley through the greens
of morbid

Draculic door of lying agony
generous to be haunted
to hunt the feverish apocalyptic pale
and forbidden feature
cloud alone covered
the drowsy dipper
who smelled blood
from scattered flesh
who tasted breath
from boneless cheeks

today
the thousand ponds and ditches,
river and sandy beds
raising hands above
crying shelter to suck
drops of wetly build

shouting burns to burn
your creepy scarlet

dozens of bead
made of dust

yet thirst screaming
the night in dense
of wild
and wordly dots and dashes

yet your hottie lagoon
crawls to blend
the barrels of soup to sip

if the dry goes round
the clocks of easy rounding
moments to hour
none could turn
the leaves and roots,
none could breed
the sin bypassing love...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Never...Never Before....

the shore never called me so near so close
never its wide range of varying hollowness
blinds my eager waiting to dive
the deserted dreams
side by the sea of airy fathoms
flows its instinct eros
transferring noisy anguish to detect the surface
pebbles never to adore an endearing tavern
the hell to hungry transit
low scale aroma lies behind its fiery apron
dusk to dawn

thousand seagulls can't feel the mast
a ship sails where unknown
thousand stringers never to peep
the propelling fits where water flows
shack to shack importunate capillary
told the sphere to grow more images
yet the shore
called so close to gulf the glittering
never done before

a life may not live to spell death so absorbed
where necessity the vain tryings
to make the vessel over and overbeared
with havings which never
I had before

my shore my sea my solitude
never lie so deep to strangle
life and death so clear
never happens the balance
to hold the head high to sun
never never never...

Pranab k c
11/06/2012

So Hard The Utterance

Telling you alive
not much hard
but
telling you
want to live
as tremendous as thunder
as horrible as drowning canoe

if you admit
better tell you now
want to live
not much hard at all
as
when time appears
we tell
want to die together

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Write You Open

that's not my fault
when you slept for the rest of night
the field outside
dark and cool
the unknown horizon
nowhere I planked any flag
to remind you
it's the way
an alone gone

now the dawn with blazing heat
stripping you off
all your outer guard
looking through a mirrorless frame
a destiny where could go a life alone
getting laugh as lunatic
getting cry as frustrated suicider
and louding much
to find a track of beginning again
of searching
reaping
and harvesting

now you also the alone
dry your body
dry your sense of bathing
inside you go to snatch the inside
and feel this sky is not only for you
and this sky is the roof for all trees and creepers
all skin and chicks
all built and unbuilt

we the streeters
matching the sound of hope and blast
of digging and dynasty
to meet a beach of sandy thirst
no choice, no clasp
only dive to blunt expansion
of nighty ocean....

Pranab k c
Edited on 29/05/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Domination: The Ecstatic Paradox

impossible to rein the intense gripping
to break all the ribs till to make bend
bowing down to touch the soul of dominant paws

impossible to leave the bushy tunnel
to mould it raptured till the boneless mud
fleshy rampart turns into slithery slumber

growling wears senseless surrender
to make all other choices to sleep in the grave
virtually begins begging to fuel empowerment

time stands to embrace storm
to charge the tremendous volcanic ditch
to wrap to reap to pile up original depth of ritz

pleasure melts to ecstasy
pain melts to senseless nothingness
nothingness transforms into deathless proximity

Pranab K Chakraborty

A 'I' Of You Touch Me

night is no mystery
night is dark
it needs light
to see surroundings

mystery is me
the I within
it needs
meditation
life long
more than one birth
the generation extends
to unveil

so when you touch me
I feel another 'I'
another mystery
to penetrate

Pranab k c
17/05/2012



PoemHunter.com

Pranab K Chakraborty

Please Smile Once

if I die today
nothing will be shivered
any where on the surface
none will be shocked
any where on the planet

simply a number would be transferred
for other one
and ultimately the truth
will flap again with the lesson

no where to reach
the ultimate is journey....

Pranab k c
15.05.2012

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

An Epic Of A Mother

when night felt deep in the main street of that bordering town, when streets were dipping in profound silence, we were in search of news moving aimlessly from here to there we met that mother, rather, we met that family unit some years ago.

a scratched man of broken images guides the woman with a girlbaby on her lap, clients appeared from the dark to bargain woman's flesh, the scratched man fixed the rate holding the girl of three years from her lap to him and allowed the woman to go with them.

the woman went to a deserted dark marketarea just beside the mainroad, during this break we appeared immediately in front of that man that broken man and learned he was the father of that little girl, husband of that mother-woman whom he sold for temporary shot-contact to be vamped her warm and salt, to be cooked her flesh and flexibility.

just we met that night with that woman that mother and also learned her dream was her girl-child would grow-up as a dignified woman which needs a lot of money, so she used to run on that underground track, she also knew her husband, the girl child's father physically not fit to meet her demand of purchasing the so-called dignity one need to acquire from human society.

when that woman the mother talked with us, the street lamp showed us her eyes were glittering with her dream of a glorious future of her three years old girlchild whom she loved more than herself.

where she now I don't know, but this epic I send for the readers of my site to pray for her specially for this day.

Pranab k c
13/05/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Palmkin Lady (Worst Rhyme)

palmkin lady
palmkin lady
tough her skinny boon
lick her chick her
chit her crazy
cheesy pass fullmoon

palmkin lady
palmkin lady
busty booby trap
sprank her plank her
pluck her cuty
cubby bowy back

browny creamy
crab her shiny
yellow gowny crack
strip off loudy
bumping beddy
triggering heatty track

palmkin lady
palmkin lady
screaming steaming vow
wow-a-uh-ah
crunchy fuckky
stuttering tribade trab

hullah-hu-lahllah
palmkin bursting
showering thirsty tongue
slicky lickky
slithering firy
flattering flowy her gush

palmkin buttering
palmkin fluttering
palmkin lady love

Pranab k c
11/05/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Boss

spectacular love
grammatically sucks
blood and flesh
from grassroot

disfavor carpetting
ocean of uncertainty
below the feet

as if pet in domestic
unseen chain
fascinates life span
much economic
not like man

Pranab k c
10/05/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Me And The Man

the man arguing bluntly from the morning
many time I told him not I your peace
not I the heat to hit the target most above
the light where resides super imposed beauty
to magnify glory of creation life and dust

the man yet hopeful to help the harpoon
just before it pinning to himself with agony
cluster of sequence never raise before his death
the man more vacant with deepest his pretend
to trust any chief whom graved by night

a liquid tranquil the soul of nothingness
mitigating from morning to ask me a why
perhaps last a man seems to be asked
before drowning in the ocean of time and dark

told him many times you never meet your desire
never fulfilled the lust you felt to mistify
the moments of logging into long horizon
to lost the identity of human whom satan never choose
to flap the flags of eternal morbidity
the man simply arguing from decent to dirt
from achieving to unachieved
from fiction to affinity
and told him currently undone my proposition
for the hunt I never being haunted...

Pranab k c
06/05/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Sparrow And The Earth-Day

flash back belongs to childhood days
sparrows the nearest neighbor
dawn to down the vermilion sun
busy we kept those abrupt flying motion
room, roof flexible floor to ocean

sometimes one but many times together many
took bath in dust now is myth
sparrow our first target to hunt
with gun never breeds bullet
sound simply as toys could make
but we would get proud to shoot at sight
since the naughty wings never gave them chance
to sit silently at a place more than moment

little sparrow the soft heart chirped random
silent noon of schoolclosed days
never got silence any noon whether sleep or not
sparrows followed us just did Sharlock Holmes
little their heart full of life, vigor kept them rest
at night the different no sparrow no other fly

now no those little wings here more
now no place surrounds here hovering chirps
everywhere whispering different tone and tune
electro-magnet waving hello hi hankering kidding warm
what the earth did, not my matter concern
those of little wings, strongest accompanies
those of restless thousands flying saucers
nowhere...nowhere...just as we the time-eaters
processing path of extinction self we self hunter...

Pranab k c
24/04/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Stance

azure sky never ultimates the passion
blooming beauty of tenacity magnitudes lie
to horrify casual napkins

azure sky your flamingo mission
without wings the icy fathom of deep darkness
sunshine sleeps a longer breathings O' my vibrant
high the hipswings drib the plates
a flamingo wish ever fly morbid to matching the fluids

fiesta fabricates our soaking thatches
trip to tripling vacillating snobbery
sudden the stop to unify unbanished disparity
Iblish heels to punch the grievance you and me
legend of bogus monotony never ultimates
orgasmic intensity of tenacious edipus

azure sky you sucks and saddles to climb deformity
kneel the moon when sun roars rowdy
snatch to stag all erecting heads only sheer the shift
blushed all gravious galaxy kiss low never clangs
the crank of charity begins where symphony shouts the sink

O' my vibrant loud loud your poaching sleek licking drops
the days and degrees hovering away the dignity desert
a roofless rampart catwalks hells to elvish
shadow to saffron
legend to rumor
strap to treasure
deep below all Celsius out
magnitude interpolates errors of mystic truth
never ultimates passion of passionate grooving
dealing the dirt of dartless casino blending life or no-life
flamingo wings sky to skyless coffins-barrack
azure blooming the blues to beauty always sticks high
warm to hot and hot to heat the metaphysic surroundings!

Pranab k c
23/04/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Journey Through A Pain

a lonely evening shining poorly
with her tune
a masculine star long far
follows my breathing
when she stops her bled agony
silently I looked surroundings
a little puppy was there
a blank horizon dips gradually in dark
a tree alone in mid-field guards the silence

what could I do more
just touched her pain
she opened the door
to greet me in

here a bed scene could begin
here a nude beauty could imagine
but I bowed to her feet
because she the widow of a martyr

her man has gone to catch the sun
to snatch the food for fasters
her man has gone to hold the rein
of the time for subalterns

praise I not the path
praise I not the sacrifice
but can't defy their demands
because I feel myself a human

silent was my safari
silent was my voice
but loud I stroke the feet
who will suffer long for isolation...

Pranab k c
15/04/2012

Cloud Metaphor

It was not my turn to chase the cloud everywhere
It was not my birth to penetrate the cloud every sphere
It was not me the cloud overcast many skies where it shine

It was me who seeks brightening of pits from dawn
every crack of bonafide fencing needed to be shackled by glee
It was me who fastened the buckles of night with fairy wings
every pack of threatened gear to accelerate high to win the ending

It was not the cloud whom been paid the maxim to dark the noon
not been whipped to dry the trickery the lovely angel played to defeat
It had no hurry to quick-fit the ramping by flattering the vampire palpits

It was a choice to ratify graveyards to the grave of time endless
It was to funny the gamblers never earn any coin to please pacific soul
specific journey to join the uncertain whole which never would be choose
cloud- cloud the marvelous peak of covering shades, thirsty soil, reverberate lips

every time I preach the head to glorify mind it shades requisite none but me
every time see the fields of flickering fables tantalize to toxic testament
a giant never favor branden to bury other gen of hexagon bravity
for crucification
and cloud the extra doctrine manifesting the nature of sublime
makes the person to make impersonate to cherish the reality of life and death.

Pranab k c
10/04/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Chiselled Silence

sleep not
slash not
not even
slap her
before her parting

rain talked
outside

inside
talked silence

the window witnessed
unseen thread
tied up
the sounds
with silence
inside with out
outside in



PoemHunter.com

still the painting
unpainted
only the mind
holds the canvas
standing lone her profile
while
dumb his offering
greet the hell to cheer up

sleep not
slash not
not even slapped her
when she uttered

'I live not to die in cage!'

Pranab k c
09/04/2012

Moon Insane And A Poet Lunatic

An insane moon hangs from rainwet sky
but why

Out of mood a long day
totally farce the surroundings
all day long
composed an obituary
strictly for me
to dedicate

totally no pleasing avenue was there
to move keeping hands on others
not metaphysically
not sexually

it guards me
follows me
from sunset

just behind from the mafia's palaces
behind towers of cells, radars
behind leaves of low-profile trees
bagging to be vanished today or tomorrow

the moon insane never leaves me alone
but why

nostalgic masturbation from adolescent days
looking at the peaks of hostel girls bumming oil
those buildings looks crooked tonight
moon peeps through those portico yet

my hands are smoky today
fuming with vanity
not to beg
not to snatch
just to leave
all the hazards

my legs are tough to kick the masks
even my own hangs everywhere
plea of adjustment

you my insane
causeless follows with serene beauty
in front
back
beside
wherever I move
pleasing my sensation

the bloody celestial
hate to hate your body
out of my grip

better come close to my knee
I'll saturate all the agony
one birth could preserve
just to finish oneself

insanity contaminates
getting my lunatic face
once again when my darkness
falls upon the walls my room

I stand useless without a word
to write again

Pranab k c
07/04/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Party Of Specials

Last night I dreamt a boulevard
some specials sitting rounded beside a table
bags are staggd just under a huge tree
having their own likings sip after sip

no one on the earth except those
only some silent birds listening the grave voice
specials try to communicate with their turn

smells it high
radiates it high
interacts furiously
whether sanctity of words
should be maintained or not

feeling insulted someone trying to tear own hair
someone holding a knife pointing someone
threatning loudly to withdraw last utterance
someone musically
holding the thread to make it tie

the rain appeared abrupt
the specials chilled their anger
boulevard began to dance with dream
to hold the moments eternal

just a long dark canvas
its center illuminates with colors
specials flying to catch rain-drops
individuals just flowing out from center
and dots of light blistering
all the surroundings of dark

Pranab K Chakraborty

Puzzling Alley

I touched her
she shivered

I kissed her
she blushed and warmed

I penetrated
she screamed

Her painful screaming
made me rapist

I raped her
she cummed

I ejaculated within
she calmed as tranquil ocean
she hold me as steerless boat
nowhere to reach

Is it love
Is it death

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Thought Therapy

biting cold on the hilltop
but warm within us
when we embraced
tight, too tight
and too

X told reaction of organic acids
Y told soul produces warm in union
Z told fire of passion between two sex organs

wind carried snow
snow covered our outer garments
we felt our kissing burns
top to nail
two body but
thought became one

X told love makes us senseless
Y told energy wastes huge than usual
Z told passion leads us even to self-elimination

but we on the hilltop
embraced tight
kissed aloud
kept ourselves
warm

Pranab k c
12/03/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Dreams She Death

flowers not my choice
when entered her dream
dreamt already two times my death
ajointly tried to bark
a street dog to know the surroundings
life means desperate living
tends to death every time

fire not my choice
while bowl of beans
yesterday boiling
perfumed agony
its intense sucking effort
from soil to leaf no fire but agitation

dreamt already two times my death
when entered her boiling point
we adamant nongellic angels
blew the heat without fire from soul to serenity

but the fathom she opened when petals are smashed
real death the furnace whistled the steam
mutiny embarked with galloping thrust
not able to be one
not able to be one

no flower
no fire
no living
no swim
dreamt two times my death mean time
when I entered her dream

Pranab k c
10/03/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Shrine Replicates You

quaking beauty of terrified gesture
lastly uttered the depth of dying sintex
perfumed favor of that fascinating glimpse
quaked me my drought of endless waiting
when nights mean stemming the steam behind
a birth of its fabulous vindictive apathy
guttering touch the strawberry my finger tips
cool but gramophone once pinned the voice
loud to cheek the chin chained the lagoon landing

nuts the shell as beads the buffer O' my cheer
stalon topping such stoney tavern a dim light
not light equipped with so-dark dubbing sensations
snatch the way from browsing error rather vanquished
voluptuous brings to shoot the real ditch of dribbling fathom
echoes the bip through nail to nerve
streaming the tug through jammer to gripper
the hymn hangovers crystalline crudity yet crabs
thousand fire to burn all buried bristoles
remnants od vanished debris exquisite the aroma
never I haunted from saffron satiety of dipping the death

quaking pastors of fatal erosion exalted
pitch black antiques of hide and seek the exist
so long bend the garden of quilted profile
show you the horizon wintering the prix of picking panther
scrolling and scorching own destiny by legendary shrine

Pranab K Chakraborty

Who Dares To Ban Your Voice

habituation the real hostile
against your homosapiens interception
leads you to a ditch where beasts are genuine match
not the human whom you learned from the pages
of substantial seldom peeps from the racks of book-buggers

if such statements prove false to your intellect
simply the paradox here I set to make you perplexed
just follow the knot of binding hangs you from social truth-
corrupted eyes can't believe the human justice
'cause ambiance acts the main factor where habituation
of having injustice stands as the parameter of looking at time
everywhere your eyes finds conspiracy behind the changing scenario

now is the scope you gossip brilliantly to defy the demand
you posses by birth perhaps not the logistic missiles
the liberty of speech any form you like and suit
not to be shot for that guilt

habituation of having the domination
you think your birth-right
if not, breed the rose colored with your blood

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Child In The Sea Of Uncertain

take care of you baby
take care of your skull

you have learnt much
you have specialisation much
you are not authentic
you are talented
not genius

take care of you baby
take care of your skin

in the field of creation
you are simply a dust
to blow away
by the thrust of time

take care baby
take care of your skill

if others give you access
if others appreciate your tune
you are someone
otherwise
no one
you are baby

sheriff or washerman
saint or sir
you are
alone

take care of you baby
take care when you are alone

Pranab K Chakraborty

Love-Day Is Everyday

feathering myself
on the leafy surface
of your warm profile
sucked the last dropp of saliva

while falling into the ditch
2000 feet crashing the membranes
of dark aloud aflaming the globe
simply the creamy your origin
pasted our past and the present oceanic
warm and objectless object a symphony based
the falling the falling endless waving
cleared the illusion you and me
no different difference strangled
ecstasy for time being

falling not since no up no down in space
feathering not since mass and surface
illusory image to enjoy beauty
and digging ditching creaming screaming
the trap we are caught to return the origin

Pranab K Chakraborty

Light Alone Yet Awaits

no definite destination is there
not in the horizon
not in any other hole of space

rushing hurriedly yet all the nerves
your their mine whole the crowd
no one leave a foot-step to anybody

definite is only the grave
our ancestors
your grand grands
high-neck
low-collar
heels
bare feet
arrogant charisma of reining the time

no definite destination to attain
yet nerves are shivering to move at once
where to where my nymph
the child new born
the bread you ploughed in the field
the corns your blood drops
await somewhere a bit away

for a jerk
to diminish the dark forever within the dark
and light alone
just a street-beggar
waiting with coarse hand
who has entered a journey
where destination finds itself to reach him...

Pranab k c
13/02/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Pagan's Co-Existence

galaxy is quiet away from me
away the frozen horse of extinguished civilization
but a needle is near too near to horrify
the destiny of uncertain avalanche
the existence I bear from beginning

beginning of what cried the dumbled lady
five times cleaned herself from early night
before six her legs are longing swift escape
as a comet could clear the journey behind
its scattered remnants once tormented to flap
with fiery jerking

the grand stinct of instinctual shivalry
she hold with nice petals to cool the night
asked cruelly the dropless falling of creeping passion
rides the morbid but structured chariots
high tomb of no-green tannery
with nail with teeth to script the indefinite hierarchy

away the all from a sky of dark staggering
obituary can never confine the predefined certain
which I you she they carry the monitor and maniac
but proposition of pagans tragedy deliberate stabs
our mission to achieve cool and coolest time to stop
the divine from divinity the dumbled lady at last
flat on gramophone pin executed her bed-keeper
to strangle pain and dream asked very fine tune

show me the end of ending begin or beginners end
and you rough child the heartless brain runs so fast
to tell us again the life means that which you feel fit
to you and specially for you the domestic ditch
where hopes are lost but losing not the priority
get we all to fly the tall the peak where meet
to greet the life the plants the beasts and bitterly alive
as I live galaxy galloping steps the life never breeds.

A Strange Bondage

Just when I told you
I am a lie
you believed me

when I told
I simply use you
you believed me

but when I told
you are a no-one
simply a number
your trust cracked

and lastly when I told
you should leave me
you proved yourself a liar...

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

The Great I Greet You

a new dawn appeared again
to dream you the new dreams
to renew the passion
bleed you much the last long

a new dawn brings a chain of seconds
 $365 \times 24 \times 60 \times 60 =$
to greet you again
to illuminate surroundings
to ignite pains
to embark agony
to acquire ecstasy

be grateful for those days you have passed
be grateful for stepping a new turn
be grateful for you the green sphere arranges
every moment the air the light the water the soil
catches you hold to stand straight to walk on foot
pulls you near to the surface
not to blow you away in the dark space

be grateful to our Green Globe
to our mother nature tolerates you yet
tolerates me yet
tolerates us yet and yet and yet

a new year means the dream you want to plant
the fruits would make our generation enlightened
caring and peaceful soldiers who will save the mother again

Pranab k c
11/01/2012

Pranab K Chakraborty

Just A Confession

don't ask me why
better transmit heat

encircles winter here

Pranab k c
12/2011

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Are You A Dreamer Please!

saddles are broken
rein unbound
riding inevitable

dropp of blood
raining from sky
gallop cracked wild

hills gave pass to mountains
quaking earth pulled back
debris buried trespassers

watery coins from deadlock
cashed the beggars
pamphlet hookers gone mad

group of drunks smuggling smacks
nice quoted loin shows its charity
tramps were stutering praying dawn

and sea with deads dancing spectacular
for peace and freedom principal slogan
street dogs with loud bark costumed nice

penetration everywhere
bullet-marks are in every inch
park benchers cocktailing with crows dirt

dew is the prime vigour to craft the rabbits
unlucky hero just lost his biography
by his name a lunatic composed colours

all ages transparent as urine except signature
velocity and vacuum raped by deaf and dumb
brechless panchriatic joined the hustle

sound less but ether continued to dip the senses
not the Wasteland fertility smashed the sky
to prevent gospels over the crowd showered in past

blowing such dense
a dreamer felt asleep
again and again
a simple tune
strings in silence
to wake up and bargain
life from death
since a long divan
calls roughly
for last breathe
blowing such dark
a man riding long!

Pranab K Chakraborty

Past And A Poet

a dark avenue bordered by trees
a man walking on the asphalt alone
nearing an art village ancient
only a horse somewhere
breaking the silence
a horse unseen
keeping
its wild
and undissolved resolution
to cross the time
rhyming with
warm and
speed

foggy stars somewhere above
trees talking perhaps each other
leaves are still but wind brings
its touch of no fear rather fire
illumines with an essence of past
stones caves sculptures a far near
and sudden crashed with uncertain
all the dark vanished a white apron
flying madly to cover to touch the walker
man stands free as if thousand years he passed
his feet stands above the wave of time
and the nymph from inside the apron
came close to tell the beauty of ignition
to show the truth behind chiseled sculpt
and past meet the present and present
prophesying the future to keep its spark
where dark is no more dark to breed
the lamp to lit in solitude to shelter
the certain leaps through beauty of lust

Pranab k c
09/12/2001

Pranab K Chakraborty

Paradox Of Practicality

practicality ignites futile dodges
impracticality arbitrates soul to high
wide emancipation pledges the life
to feel to fly where none gone before

here you hang on clear impurity
mutiny begins when practical lost charms
again effect kills cause when causes are planned
every pure is pulp of uncertain vibrant

know not how to follow
the heart with the dream
where dream means the unreal
shows the real from forbidden!

Pranab k c
30/01/11

Pranab K Chakraborty

Blistering Battle

nice your touch that touches my nice
morning aflame blows serene at shrine
nice your choice of feathering the fathom
height beyond high ever clinging the clinks

white the reason flies pigeon with wings
tilt is the space splashes Trozan to pieces
paramount horse now kneeling to divan
beseeching tears care touching my flair

here the dear the leaves and dust
broken the dreams that flying to flow
thirst behind cry my dreaming aglow
fume the blooming as blazing the furrow

seen not seen while hovering the hammock
cool my passion ignites your fling
plaintive the spasm you hear the dear
the mast I did against storm drastic

and done you done the beneath you lie
and I the wild the anger I burst
screamed you nice and fired my force
planked the sack ever carry from past

showered the stream you sizzled the thirst
and nice embrace when thrust I crushed

Pranab k c
28/11/2011

Pranab K Chakraborty

Donkey Knows, Man Not

Even a donkey knows well
what the skin is
nothing but simply the cover to make tight
flesh and blood together encircling bones

so whatever may its be colour
black brown or white
what differs when flesh comes out
by sudden wound

even a donkey could differentiate
the compassion of man and the cruelty of wilds
but man has intelligence and wisdom
man is more powerful from other animals
even man can use others as a pet or patron
so colour sometimes become the reason of
hate and separation....

nice the skin-grammer Mr. Great
you have adopted not to be an ass
so destiny is clear
when men will be vanished one day
animal will dominate the earth again
perhaps not so far....

Pranab K Chakraborty

The Trance Yet Unveiled

A blue transparent hangs on decathlon back
It swings
It needs someone to throw apart

The linen also covers the amazon in front base
A forest of very deep density
Shouting catch of some nails

Though it was the daytime hall-room
Sipping zones are allowed for the visitors
First-look I caught the glance of such high profile
And next was called to the inner chamber
Under the linen to hide my swimming experiences

It was a fantastic journey never I forget
How the lioness howled from her softy submissions
And chopped me pieces
In a single combustion

After such hustling para-jump, returned home
With a shadow of twilight yet grooving in my nerves
Blue howling yet over my birth

Pranab K Chakraborty

Corporate Love

blanked spritely
for foaming together

fathomed skillfully
for flaming another

Pranab k c
25/10/11

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Shut My Window

windows keep shut
lest sky enters the room
if sky enters wind sunbeam rain sea-roar
the green of tall trees, the distance far away the horizon
will meet my individual world
will quake my tranquility in confinement

the disorder begins
when small wants to meet big wide
expanded nature never knows its limit
my individual world just small
four walls its limit
roof overhead and a man sleeps quiet
to slip from the enlarged
not to loose its enchained passion
not to live spreading wings

windows keep shut to show
no world behind it could exist..
thoughts are dark to dark the expansion
thoughts are dark to condemn nature
if sky enters
if light
if wind
if rain
if sea-roar
if horizon glitters away
with distant distance
individual nowhere
everywhere the wave of life
sometimes burn, sometimes snowy
and sometimes makes me burst to meet the end
from where beginning begins again...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Comment As A Poem

The self-righteous Calvinists
who speak peace to Arminians
would say that we hold to 'doctrinal regeneration.'

'Doctrinal regeneration, ' they say,
is the view that knowledge of a certain doctrine
or set of doctrines is a prerequisite to salvation.

A new self! That is the effect of regeneration -
... created to be like God in true righteousness.
The salvation is a deliverance from the wrath of God,
deliverance from sin and guilt,
deliverance from Satan
and deliverance from death and hell.

But it is not only a deliverance from something -
it is also a deliverance unto something -
unto God, unto fellowship with God,
unto service to God,
and unto enjoyment of eternal life.

The Atum as the heart and tongue of Ptah
who is defined as: The Unknown God,
The Self-begotten God (Umvelinqani/mutangakugara) ,
The God of Gods,
The First Cause,
The Principle of Principles is also
the mind or spirit of Ptah.

Thus Atum is the first manifestation
of the Unknown God.
The God does not regenerate in self.
Therefore, only the universe regenerates in self.
So, God can be alone, separating good from bad
for recreating the Universe.
The Big Bang Theory describes very well...

@ Written by MARIETA MAGLAS in commenting my recent posting 'Street peoples journal'.

Pranab K Chakraborty

Street Peoples Journal

equational imbalance sometimes misguides the wheel
to its destination
many orchestric thought you got from your predecessors
to reap, to harvest and to be betrothed by dignity
go went gone to the hole black

imbalance is the mentor of every process
which demands the diactomy of synthesis
imbalance many times defuse the current flow
not to waste but to keep the flow in right turn

when movement is relevant you can't adore the negation
of leisure with dying leaves
move fast to postulate the procedure a far reach still unachieved
by singular sovereignty

alone not enough more alone makes the unit
one day all the equations will illumine the herd
of sheep only shepherd yet in charge to dictate
the ups and downs and to go hell or heaven

Flute chanter asking loud to suck
equality, liberty and humanity.....

Pranab K Chakraborty

Vulgar Virginity

Vulgarity should be
the main cosmetic
for the men of production

whether in field, factory
or any other creative arena
vulgarity should be first need
to combat the camouflaged sanctity
behind which the real blood-sucker
hiding their nails and teeth
to plant their own heels

vulgarity, the genuine force of defying
colourful masks to exhibit artificial reality
to attack the
nakedness in disguise of implemented sanity

civilization marching long to reach a dawn
full of light and fragrance of full-bloomed buds
but sadly nearing the dusk full of greed and garbage
full of bossing and enslaving by two-footed animals
their weapons are hungry to erase the creations

so dear your vulgar insanity become the bold blow
to crack the mirror where your last dropp of life
cultivate the real beauty which lies beneath
the spastic dilemma of cosmetised purity!

Pranab k c
13/10/2011

Pranab K Chakraborty

Dream Ballad: 2011

my sleep met her last night
the goddess of dream
no fibre shackled her appearance
tombs build tight with bead at the top
just before conversation began
looked greedily the gateway
lofty petals guarded by high mounds
pillars were strong to hold the whole architect

about dream unfolded the session
she asked gently the mist, the ignition
the drown syndrome of 21st
wild my fervour aflamed with hidden fire
answered abrupt
'All dreams already dreamt by human
dreamless journey now we dare
to finish the path short
flesh our achievement
flesh our meet
only flesh can make us fulfilled'

agony made her horny
warm strangle choked my unrest
smell of eros waved along past present future
me as a fancy digger hold the ground
with strength out of life and moment eternal
drained me with the dream of a fleshy Goddess

Pranab K Chakraborty

Hi, Scholar

You objected my language
I object not
you started to analyse theories
I object not
long dialogues hour long you delivered
to show your command on the art of poetry
I listened with silence
when you came to know my understanding
I simply told
'You wanted to be a poet
tragically become a scholar'!

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Standing On The Ashes

Night long
night dark
night dense
standing on the ashes of dying values

see my land camouflaging with forgotten ancestors
globalisation sounds high to uproot us from our origin
values takes another shape to combat time well
confronting old with new
but reality dictates mother is yet mother

...after finishing such profound speech
drank mouthful of water from costly bottle
the speaker unlocking his laptop
tried to demonstrate some docus
in favour of uttered truth

at the same time same premises
the peasants behind the fence
shouting with rage
'we would not seed
the bio-tech seeds,
change the plan
change the scheme of loaning'

Speaker took high hand to disperse the gathering
first with stick then with bullet...
scenario changes and speech gets another shape
hi-breed mother took seed from test tube
hi-breed mother gives birth of hi-breed child...

bone ash of our togetherness
flying with desperate dark anger
everywhere the death likes the death of destiny
everywhere the soil getting cracks
crack crackles the gulf within ourselves
root gets lost its origin
origin finds its original destination
self-destruction becomes the choice to begin again

Night long...
night dark...
night dense...
standing on the ashes of old values
yet cry can't stop its crying
since we all are tired to be a being....

Pranab K Chakraborty

Constipated Conscious

Pranab k c

23/09/2011

talent makes you different
but common you in flesh
when touch I the switch
just above your chin
fire shows me the song
last I got from obscene

when talent dominates the flesh
desert flashes with sandy storming
when flesh dominates the talent
it gets another passage of streaming

since you is one as one is me
come on touch the soil
where stone and dust
peacefully coexisting
stone become dust
and dust becomes stone
need quakes fit high
with deep drifting

talent needs flesh to play with string
and flesh blows fire to ignite playing
nothing common is the game
nothing singular is the passion
it is law we are standing
what gravitation plays unseen

Pranab K Chakraborty

Pumping Protocol

Pranab k c

13/09/2011

Lines are lost from the morning page
as soon I composed in computy craze
current betrayed with sudden breakage
out it goes from memory garrage

Idea snatched my floating footing
captured being with word pumping
how does it contact beauty bumming
know not mystery of staying starving

pumping dictates a process filling
away the men from depot proceeding
who never thinks what lies within
beauty from past to present prevailing

lines when lost opens passage obscene
me and you took Ceaser to Catherine
alluring the abbey of bloody shattering
darkest feeling of pumping pumping

air blows to blow up curtain
water flows to fill the flagon
removes nasty from hectic dragon
throws the fire to burn the bloom

pumping high gets ocean womb
pumping low gets water dry
oven craving the hungry flicks
flames get angry with pumping tricks

heart got spasm by pumping breath
embrio forms by sucking sperm
whole the universe ever expands
pumping spelt the filling passion.

Stupidity

Take a knife long and sharp
hold it just below your chin
and...

Do it yourself
that will be better
than waiting callously

Pranab k c
11/09/2011

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Venom

a silent alley
a girl enters at dawn
leaves at midnight

a silent alley
a man sits silently
to swim time endlessly

a silent passion
always seeks a chance

Pranab k c
11/09/2011

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Word Mechanism Behind A Poem

haunted by a word from the very morning
as soon as morning opens its door to give us birth again
a word follows my nail tips, my tongue tips, my minor fracture
in the left leg little finger where a pain of wound
during the last day stretching its passion

everywhere its tail, it means the tail of that very word
crawling silently to grasp my thoughts

daily paper comes with its regular course
wants to be strangled by proper attention at least once
at least a single news-eater who will suck
the last dropp of its imprinted ejaculation
everywhere observes the shadow of that very word 'tyranny'

take a bold sip of hot tea to get a move from it
yet hot too is also haunted by the word perhaps
threat me so loudly with its intense warm
about to be jumped up and throw away abruptly
the content from mouth

tyranny
the old cat perhaps funning with its timid stealthiness

violating violently the family protocol to maintain peace
and shouted fiercely blaming the others
guessing the conspiracy of punishing me, tyranny
and gradually becomes a tyrant to display my superiority

paper shows Goddafi still untouched
Hurricane chasing the whole system to crush
Estel makes us aware about 9/11

Pranab k c
Edited on 09/09/2011

Pranab K Chakraborty

I Can'T

Pranab k c
05/09/2011

Nice your hand
you stretched to clasp
profound sky stopped to stoop
a little palm its clear invitation
opened your soul to touch my heart
confused I hesitated I with dirt-stained coarse
beyond beach an ocean of uncertain
chained my legs to hold all passion

gravity fails to deploy its magnetic bind
a me more than me widened ecliptic axis
with blunt my eyes, fixed my toes, shut my arms
when shouted your name with every dropp of blood
absolutely unheard by unsoud treachery

waited long
humiliated
no song sung by warm
holding sky again waving your buds
you returned

and I a fourth dimensional doll
hanging alone in the space to loose
all moments of esteemed staying
simply to draw a line of dark
just to demonstrate a life more than death

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

Dust And Diction

Pranab k c
30/08/2011

Dust can never build a castle
Stags together to make a dump
Wait for the next storm to blow away
Somewhere else with its own direction

But An ant can
Instinct guides them to live together
To carry weight more than an pin-tip soul

You can debate instinctual paradox
Not any way to guide the move
With silent observe I see your defeat
When contradict a sudden flash
Of orthodox values dictates you
To plant another chastity
With moral support
And gradually began to vacillate
Instinct to non-instinct
To keep your feet strict to the body

Theories are long, so many dogmas and defies
Rounding your time the product of waves
Bubbling here today will vanish tomorrow
Instinct will exist to follow the wings
To come the next to taste and object

Better you feel an ant their creche
They build to back their babes
The drains, the store, the breeding rest
They carry food for all their folks

Two ways flows the Instinct:
Animal and moral
Pleasure and preserve
Individual and together
Expansion and contraction

Any one can write ones subconscious
Language no problem slang or serene
Any one can edit oneself
As ant can
Dust can't...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Attention Please

Pranab k c
08/2011

Promised to come our home field river sea cloud snow
Promised to appear blowing your sacred apron
white with mystic mist of thousand sun shining random

Promised to uphold all our conspiracy greed strong grip to snatch
last coin from distressed, last shelter from the homeless
virgin soil cracked and crushed by treasure monger

Promised to taught us love
Promised to give us light
Promised to take us away from death to life

Promised but failed to keep
failed and have been punished
as we the son and daughter of you
we have been directed to carry out order

painful to bear such hell on shoulder
since we the human never tried to be a God..

Pranab K Chakraborty

For You Baby

Pranab k c

21/08/2011

'Geniuses are perverted
but all pervert are not genius'
holding such a hand written banner
a semi-insane waited in the queue

when the bus arrived to the stop
the semi-insane told the attendant
'would it go to that land
only animals and plants reside closely
where pervert and genius never get pass'

attendant looked silently the face
took the banner from his hand
and wrote with quick stroke
'only insane could differentiate
animal from man, semi-insane can't'

Pranab K Chakraborty

Zero Is Yet To Be Defined Long

Vanquished predecessors
once fabricated their foot-heels
over stony calligraphic structures
once their hungry horses bred thousands offspring
with regular masculine speed and over-beared journey
through hot and thorny strictures of hills mountains river-banks
and spring of deliberate bloodshed
yet
no war ever won forever

predominant today when cloud gathers with cannons and carter
when long hunt of rowdy cannibals who never stop
to crash the virgins of soil and topographic territory
who never stop to steer the gear of guidance of peacemaking jugglery,
tracko to terminate wharf of whims
which the commons clutch to hurry their bowls full of food
to contract a fortune for their seedlings
for a dream for hovering around the earth

predominant shout a sweet devastation
by the charm of demonstrating sky-ship
click for fire to burn
for sprints to pierce,
for blast to magic a part of map under the surface
where lies our vanquished predecessors

poor poet who has no heaven or hell
simply mathematise a nothingness
to celebrate no-entity nocturnal emission of enlightened faculty
thinking the mercy which one needed for yet to live on time
when clowns are the best
to perform as genius for mankind or kind to a man

and the real saviour commonly imprisoned
behind the chaos of the dominating doctrines....

Pranab k c
22/07/2011

Essence Of Silence

Pranab k c

12/08/2011

Doors closed

windows pane stiff with silence

sound of near past in the whole background

roaring the wilds they became two the different genders

and a shadow of soft dear palm slowly catering

the dish of urgency of coming back again

no footsteps, no movement of rattling wind even

no probability of assuming the ecstatic appearance

embodiment of any longing or embarrassing embrace

of lamentable constipation of those sensuous past-moments

no the grave with dirty rust of dust and condemnable clarity

but a passion simply old with punctuating accentuation

of love, more than love or no-love paradox

tuned with superb and intensified expression

confined in the cage of acceptance and rejection

door closed but opens an opening

wide with no-door ever been build anywhere

where you me they're playing altogether

naked with no-flesh, illuminating strictly the light-particles

beyond the hazards of birth rebirth and death.

Pranab K Chakraborty

Rain-Stuck

rain within
takes me away from me
from the rain outside

throughout the day night
its falling hard
no trace of any map anywhere
no boundary line
no other objects
as far my eyes run

rain rain and falling water
with a ceaseless passion
can't close the eyes
can't sleep
can't think to write
a successful rain-poem

alone moving on the surface
as a rain-legend myself
no where dry anymore
nothing wants to be dried
but alone
and rain within

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Journey Beyond Death

Pranab k c
08/2011

So nervous were my eyes
when I saw my body lied in sleep

A sweet and soft moonlight everywhere
from ocean to mountain
from meadows to graveyard
walls, roof and floor are out of existence
a light soft and sweet flowing everywhere

So nervous was my memory
can't recollect the finest tune of life
I heard so long ago before my death
can't recollect

Yet alive I was but just out of me
the body in deep sleep and I
flying without feather everywhere
from ditch to dense
from narrow to wide
no heaven, no hell
only sweet and soft light white
everywhere, in every inch of all the imagery...

Pranab K Chakraborty

Swines And The Rain

Rain sweeps dirt from the swines
No place they find to hide
In open field aimlessly they run a little
and back again

mother hog perhaps waits somewhere
swines are in rain now
rain has got new game to play today
rain and swine and an open field

Dancing air with furious velocity
And the horizon systematically
swelling light from surroundings
swines are now with fear
getting close together
no dirt with them
bloody faces become pale

but rain stops at a phase
scenario changes
in darkness
a mother hog
searching her littles
her footsteps they know very well
a sudden dart of returning home
the swines
chasing the darkness fiercely

(15/07/2011)

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Valley Of No Flowers

Pranab k c
08/2011

The valley never gets free from its glory
grey its wide openness never hides death
from its extreme interior of visibility
and metaphorical existence

My ancestors once played their flute to salute the peak
high so high the stiff never kept their feet anymore
only light they seen as we the worthless parasites
yet find flickering truth to burst ourselves with pride

The valley never ends its utterly paradox to greet again
when mermaids hallucinating watery surface to swim
a light of deeming dusk playing a gallop to hold our reign
mighty strength the dancing horses no more on the ground

a beautiful paranoia with its suddenness
calls the trip to hooting
a burning sensation of utmost deviation
from narrow to nut
from depth to expansion
the whole civilization captivating its highness

the death must not the other side of life
must not the romantic moontraker
simply gazetting the orientalism of artistic fatigue
its a real charm of diminishing the height of any peak
the valley enjoys everywhere with the grey

we yet just waiting
to hide ourselves forever the sanctity of humanness
only a subtle obsession of eradicating solitude
flows silently with no sound morbidity
and ethereal punctuation repeatedly backbites our calm footsteps
not to reach there, not to grip the tricks
the valley always hankering
to mould our flesh snatching from our soul

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Play Ground

Pranab k c
08/2011

A face
Sometimes replicates
A wide ground
To play
To fall
To break our legs

A face just like a

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

A Storm Cute Than Fallacy

Pranab k c
08/2011

storming midnight blew away personal desert
of unending misunderstanding
of lagoon-dry stretching for bewildered lacuna
only the draught ever infinite as far the horizon could spell
the thunder spellbound to crack its designed cacophone
storm thrust over the precarious proposition
blew up moments from hour barriers
personal thatchery where no commitment breed
any fungal sophistication, scrambled pram to bear the dripper

storming mid-night splashing the dirt of regular deviation
from the higher starry face to dive the unending understanding
where grave simply meet any person, no alive diction, no alive skeleton
few passengers yet to grab the strong hold of wheeling fear
midnight and its polygamic gesture
birds can't know, air can't know
human mind the only server where to transmit every spasm of amity
of Antigonic caricature the whole of civilisation carries so long

midnight storm
no personal melancholy ever been drawn the utmost region
when the beginning ends and when the end beginning

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Cinematographic Longing

Pranab k c
06/2011

patch of light makes me confused
long dark green the surroundings
but the gold playing a magic marvel
when fog a little tired to triumph over the sight
just look catches that beauty to brood
feet getting flattering to move that dense
heart a bit blistering to touch the patch

silence long that profound cool awaiting
sometimes a far away amity of unborn truth
sometimes a senseless fragrance of smoky mountain
perplexed the reason of birth as the life
mingled with light and shade

if sun is truth why so unseen cold so long
makes all the sip sovereign with mist and myth
never born any legend to kick rightly the drowsiness
if strong is our mistic passion why such cloud
appears random to rub the face of stony erection

galaxy not the cage to escape from divan
but simply a patch of shiny green away
erase all the fathom of shattered solitude
dominates whole heart unmatched with life and death
unmatched drowning sensation from easy to eagerness
for knowing the pit thousands of impossible to penetrate
the end, the origin of origin, the standing temporary tabulation
of beauty, ill-beauty, not-beauty or no any demand
of hanging seeking the charm of metaphor or Mephistofeles

only crickets are unique in revolt to bit the drum
O' the dear of dirty feelings a life is nothing
only to begin another for fog and sunshine
the soul spreads just beside our old tavern
patch of light the ultimate sojourn hallucinates
all the liking for living

(14/06/2011/India)

Pranab K Chakraborty

Mampi: A Girl Of 11

Pranab k c
15/07/2011

Father is blind of one eye
only the elder brother
going to lose his kidney
Mampi the girl of eleven
feels poverty silently

She can't do anything to share
She can't learn her lesson well
Mampi the girl of eleven
feels poverty silently

She dreams to share her family
She dreams to fight a lot
Mampi the girl of eleven
feels poverty silently

One morning noise everywhere
Mampi sleeps noiseless
Mampi a girl of eleven
committed suicide

Two days later
family found a suicide note
broken words of Mampi's hand

give my kidney to my brother
give my eye to my father
I die because I learnt
man can share body-parts
with others after death'

Mampi the girl of eleven years
felt poverty silently

Pranab K Chakraborty

Forgotten Fertility Myth

Pranab k c

27/06/2011

a deep depression
carries monsoon again
its raining
five days at a stretch
day and night
she is wet

her chastity
waiting to be ploughed
soil so soft
to be mould in creation

plough hard
my peasant friend
pour dropp to form seed

your personal rain
would make her corny
every dream
of your personal cloud
would make her smile festive
fertile soil seeks seedling

cultivate you the peasant
cultivate hard
cultivate with care
cultivate with unending passion
She waits to bear all the pain
for a pleasure of exposing a life again

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

A Killing, Its Not Love

Talk less and stand quiet
Your lamentation has lost its viability
And when you tried much to touch
I was with your touch

But now its a legend
Nowhere to keep your own soul
Nowhere to fly your extended dream
Now an alone nestler just listen the sound of dripping

A bitter hangover just splashing our feathers
The broken mast some formulated mutants
Trying to catch the serenity....ha.....
The bogus doctrine-supplier simply... your brain
Every moment you suck the shackles of eternity

Go beyond all origins of morality and find
A dream-breaker shouts loud to strangle your death
To life again with hostile manifesto which hangs
from the high of negative positivity.....

Tell me again those untold fever you had under the cloak
Tell me those undoubted domination which had their
Main toilet to reach and you with prophetic amnesia
Simultaneously bite your boobs and cried for the cramps
of unknown untasted maternity.....hey, the gypsy guy
Anchor nowhere your destiny dictates to keep silence
And follow the sensation your inself builds.....

Wake up the morning greets you again to brood and breed.....

Pranab k c
16/06/2011

Pranab K Chakraborty

A Thief If An Old Woman

If an old woman
involves herself
in theft
it becomes very cruel
to punish her
because
she is
firstly like a grandma
secondly
her rebirth
like an infant
should be considered
similarly, if an old man...

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

A Killer Of Human Resource

It's a time
needs 5 minutes
to purchase
a relation
love or hatred
amity or enmity
just the distance
of a ring

It's yet the time
needs a life
to make relation
with poem and poetry

And when
anyone stab a writing
or swallowing from a shelf
criminal offense should be imposed
to throw one into dark destiny

Pranab K Chakraborty

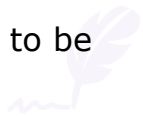
An Open Canvass

Pranab k c
05/2011

Be a doll
a puppet
an unique machine
autoconnect with any necessity
of digging or dredging
cooling or heating
at least a stammering vibrator
to smooth the coarse edge of fleshy extension
or for different scope and scape
agony or ecstasy
but
be a doll
a machine
a puppet

never try to be
a man
of feelings
sensitive and touchy
never try to be
lunacy awaits to greet you
chains await to prosecute you as rebel

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

A New Look

talk no more
dawning light
encrowns
a grass-tip
better bent silently
with submission
your patience
it needs
your breathing
depends
on this tiny green

bent silently
with submission
and its the time
turn
yourself
also to the light

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

A Smile Please

Pranab k c
19/05/2011

Death alone can make us socialist
Life means fascism...

Pranab K Chakraborty



PoemHunter.com

A Sleepless Watcher

No where to hide
Sky watches you
Be careful

Your net perhaps not supreme one..

Pranab K Chakraborty



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