

Poetry Series

Reza Raza
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2023

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Reza Raza(18 April,1970)

Reza Raza, a Poet, Translator, Physicist and Thinker was born in Manikganj, Bangladesh. He has studied Physics in Dhaka University.

He is a bilingual poet. He writes poems both in English and Bengali.

He has six books of poetry and he has translated a story book named ' Laughable Loves' by Milan Kundera from English to Bengali and it has been published in Bangladesh. He also has translated a lot of poetry of international poets from English to Bengali.



PoemHunter.com

Cliff Of Desire

Beneath the blue sky, the towering cliff pulls him in.
Weird illusion of desire haunts the skull of the xebec!
Yearning voice of desire draws the sweat of love into the lover's body-
The voice of quicksand is in its mind.
Nandini's dark gaze of hidden desire stays suspended- the fruit of the ages,
River folds, deep umbilical cord.

Your eyes obsessed in multi-dimensional nights and days are the mundane form.
Oh, lovely love, you don't have time to look at this.
But you are still deeply in the yard.
Staring at the lustful water mirror.
The wind blows here in tune with the waves of blue stream of inherent pain.
The bubbling line of thought is the shadow of the forest of invisible eyes.
A coral island of blue neurons glows at the edges of the blue light-
Amazing Love is in its body.
A stream of blood spreads in the veins of the swan.
Unseen bow hopes for the warmth of pens' charming chest.

Here lies the broken palace of Maya civilization beneath your relaxed posture
The mind gets drunk with its glory.
Gradually slipped nectar of the melting glacier is in the bosom of the angry night.
A tired stream of blood goes the way of a rugged path
Falls in the desired door of its crater
Here grows the magic of the gloomy water.
You have gone far away floating in the vast waves,
Floating on the wings of the wind of highness,
Resonance of desire paints the colorful form of pollen in the eye.

The anguish of shattered life draws the dead face of time
In the gloomy neck of meaningless desire
Failure paints an image in the history of arts.
The buzzing of the fly at the root of the passion tears the aesthetic thread,
Tears rolls down its chin in a speechless copper signal of pain.

Still, I am waiting like swallow for your gracious feet,
The meditation of Valmiki will get nirvana if you come.
The song of fog will be written in the soul of dew.
The life of a unique flower will be lustrous in the sun.

Dreams And Other Songs

The eyes of clouds shed tears before the monsoon,
Light-seeking moths mate in the explorer's world.
In the chest of the night, it plays the song of the stars.

Scent of soil and the jump of the Flat Fish in the lake
Dreams a dream of sleeping with me
Dreams of the dreamy sky is the colorful ecstasy.

If the breath gets intense, its image is drawn in desire.
In the body of the leaf the eternal poem is written by plasma ink.
Song of the timid heart is played by the secret desire of the beloved.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Abstract, All Abstract

The bell has rung and the train has left,
The depressed crimson eyes of the hearse ambulance are fading;
As if it is the obsession of the red closing eyes for huge drinking.
Smell of fading blood-salt and its ecstasy is a blind emotional wretch.
Once brilliant, now at a slow pace, plays the melody of deceleration.

The refulgence of the sun shines through the ice-covered lens-
Swims around the eyeballs in the chilly weather.
Digit being unfolded turns upside down in Retina's love;
The cat roar of pleasure is in its body in the union.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Double Captives

As if the lightning vine, the song of distant stars in her eyes-
I am reflected in those eyes.

Krishna by born I desire love all the time.

Bankrupt heart by silent love hears the strict law of iron chains.

Yet the unquenchable thirst for water awakens in two Swallow hearts.

Water is born and blood clots are raised by the waves in the windmill.

On the bosom of the fickle wind hangs the doll of a fallen life;
Its breath brings the color of every coin to the sound of stone.

Flying in the blue wind, you are the butterfly, the senseless flight of the moth-
I am imprisoned in an abstract bond.

Songs of day and night play in the pupil of your eyes in broken signals

Like a rare riddle with broken ribs.

At night in desert, two unintelligible laments are carved in the air-

The meditation of Ajanta is in her eyes.

You are Malvika melancholy Manjulika, the fragrance of flower held in hands;

Water accumulated in the corner of the eye of the universe.

All time lover of the vagabond wayfarer on the shore of love

Like a single point of light at the top of the pitchblack night.

The sun shines on your face, the colorful glow it brings to romance

It is like the glory of a few stars in the stream of time.

Reza Raza

Keep Me In Any Way

Sow me in any way-
Bury me in any way-
Be sure, I must sprout,
And will be a huge tree of shelter.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Will Drift Away

It will drift away-

It will drift away by the stream of words -

The standard size dumbbell of the Observatory,

A flash of light erupted from the clenched teeth

Or on the breath of the path extended in the wide horizon,

The endless fountain of the swarm of flying flies!

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Function And Consequence

When the first rain of Baisakh brought the smell of fire-
I cross the Satmukhi lake to smell it;
The so-called pundits giggle staring at each other.

The whole body inundated by flood -
Rubbing the Super Moon spreads the rays of light;
By moth-jumping it registers its name in the martyr's list.
The so-called pundits smile through gritted teeth.

If the old love gets nostalgic-
Forgetting her huff-
The ex-lover becomes ready to kiss me
Returning to her sprouted youth of twenty.

As a gift when I give her my poetry manuscript of-
One thousand three hundred and forty two years old
The so-called pundits tying my hands and feet in joy
Throw me into the stream of the Mahananda.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Obsessed Poet In Turmoil

Terrible broken life is there across the coast,
Sudden rage of tempest is raising the fallen spirit-
But the poet's eyes are filled with obsessed dream.
Although the daily values are being sold at the rate of Kg-
The agony of love, blood salty sweat, flowers of sweet words,
The coiled smoke of cigarette, the illusion of exchange.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Equation Of Limitation

Breeze translates the silence of the gusty forest in Indian oak branch,
Aquatic colors die and fade in the pupil of eyes.
Confused idol lies in the flames of extinguishing light in pathetic temple.
Then what happened today in the dead forest of the mating season?
Not desirable, not desirable forever in the lake of sorrow.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

The Quicksand Of Desire

A dormant volcano is hidden-
In the invisible forest of the bosom of the chilly evening;
But the pollen of desire rolls in the wind-chariot.

Born blind swims in the murky water-
The night-blind strange fishes and blue neuron.
Blunt and brazen skull hang dangerously by ant's bite.
On the extended tongue of the molten water-clock.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

In The Rain Of Impeccable Beauty

Crossing the Sahara, the beloved city is soaking in beautiful rain-
I'm stuck in the drunken banter of Hornbill-Twilight.
Water-temple of melancholy cries out on the silvery summit of dreams.
I want nirvana absorbing the warmth of your luscious lips shining with lightning.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Writing Poetry

The body of night in its melancholy violin-
Has been the raven of the surreal universe.
Illusory tears run down the night's cheek.
The frothy fountain of wine overflows in golden glasses;
In the dim light of the tavern-
The gloomy clouds of the city crowd around and whisper.
When the luster of Vodka in the Shaking goblet -
Is poured for the eighth time, in the poet's drunken eyes -
Lot of unearthly imagery of poetry emerges.
At this Extreme moment, the lonely poet -
Writes infinite poetry of the color of eyes of a dragon-fly.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

In Search Of Own Tune

A cloud in search of its own tune-
Rubbing his flying-life keeps the light on- days, months, years.
Passion burns at the root of desire -
With intensive practice spreads the wind like a fan -
It spreads the smooth horse mane, unearthly neigh.
Kaliganga's marshy breeze blows towards the densely-loved coast.

Oh, unfortunate cloud!
The forest that touches the retina of the day's shining eyes
Has hidden your tune in its folds,
And that is your own personal tune.
Song of the wind-mill, the hymn of the stars plays in nights folds
The quiet mist looks for the tune-seeking cloud's silent tears.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Want To Stay Like Me

A little ice of sadness melts in the latent heat of the winter sun
There sits an underwater iceberg of sadness.
It Plays little tone in my poetry-
Leaving the poetic atmosphere, I am afraid, if the talkative crow
Surrounds the silence of poetry with its cunning noise.
I have a little burning desire-
I want to stay like me forever,
And I don't owe any master,
Even it is impossible to love me.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

White Building

Scattered light on the chest-
Vertical Bigfoot mooring mast-
A sleepless watchman from birth
Huge house-
Leaning tower with full moon on top-
A large, well-chested watchman of the colony.

The wild wind blows,
White house-
The magic barrel of the sleepy colony
The illusion of a thousand nights in its eyes.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Classical Image

He turns around and speaks in depth.
Strong desire, low pitched hip flexion-
Maghi Purnima sleeps in the sandalwood forest.

The moon dances in the dream tower in the eyes of an angel
The bell rings in dormant gesture in the city of drowsiness,
Eternal desire is in the luster of fishes
Now at the midnight -
The concealed golden youth in turmoil-
Brings ancient temple, huge school building with a strong force.
The lovely hem of beloved one's saree like the bank of a river
And Image of germinated youth floats, watercolor image drifts away.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Watercolor Image And Syntax

Accumulating contaminated material in the hip of midnight
The pain radiates magic to the hip area
Dreams fade into the retina of the night painted on the windows of the silent
wind.

Citizens cry at the feet of the rural scenery in heart-wrenching pain
Critical situation -
Even if a lot of dust falls on the mirror of memory
The green body of the prehistoric storm swayed innocently in the corner of the
eye
The green grove of thick reeds silently beckons me.

Beautiful sentences of all languages finally fell like torrents of rain in the night
courtyard
Cutting through the chest of darkness these syntaxes whistle in the curled hair of
a depressed man.

A unique melody is in the Esraj of rain
Rubbing the body against the broken body of the falling night
It heats up the strange jubilation of the drooping machine.

Reza Raza

The Courtyard Of Imagination

If the eyes count nine eight seven
Being full of joy in my yard
Rolls down the generous sky
The deep secret stream of glacier flows -
With the convulsed nerve of tiger with excitement.

If I stay in the humble peak of meditation
In the knee-deep Flood at my door,
You catch the tail of the fish, the hum of the wind
Disruptive period fever leaves with sweat
You and me, me and you
Beautiful permutation and combination.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Was Reluctant To Come

Leaving very comfortable warmth
I was reluctant to come
Forcefully I have been sent to
The blazing fire of the earthen furnace
Even there was no relief of huge crying
From the bone crushing claws of the Harpy eagle.

Seeing a lot of claptrap and complexity
Seeing the dirty politics of knotting hair
Sent myself to the solitary forest from scratch
To be lonely in this manner is the best in the world
Staying inside the shell of a snail is an immaculate beauty.

From the time of arrival there was a rush to go back
However, Chand Miah, the fact is that-
At the time of departure, looking back-
I don't know where, I see a hard twist,
I feel a pathetic pull inside!

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Rainfall And Life

Started the huge rain-
Drunk with the stream of heavy water fall
The great Valley of Kunjaban is inundated.

Then the heavy downpour ended
Raindrops hanging on the leaves
As if it is nothing but my own life
Swinging on the turmoil of Uncertainty.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Dilemma

Unique fellow she is, only playing the flute
There is no escape from her gravity.

On the other hand, the wheel of life
Always gets stuck in heavy mud
Complicated life is on the run.

And some pitiful people keep staring at me
Energy and plasma they will take from me in need.

Deep blue color remains silent around
A drop of crystal-clear water falls from a leaf.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Infinite Deep Inside

I am in the void, floating in the boundless void
Learning the amorphous plucking-
Flying like a balloon in the sky.

The unfathomable sea inside me with dense mist
Flowers and fruit gardens with pictures and images only
Infinite images float inside and it draws endless images
Tears of Watercolor paintings fall on the bottom of the chest.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Endless Desire

Endless is the flame
And it does not desire nirvana
It is always standing, an unseen tower.

The harpy eagle rests on the top, aimless flies on its wings
Sharply gazes at rat speed-
The fairies drift lazily in the soft night breeze.

Quick sand still follows, clings like a leech
Everywhere, at all times, in all places.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Effect Of Redness

As the blush of a lovely breast spreads
Harpy eagle's desire hovers over the Tigris river
Taurus rides the high tide of excitement.

The Cliff gets inundated by huge floods
Turbulent is the danger time boat-
Turning the inkpot upside down-
Principia Mathematica gets blurred
Young sailor is disoriented without a lighthouse
Falling are the rudder and mast on the waves.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

It Stays Immersed In Depth

Cat's sleeping with arms and legs loose,
Instantly enlightens consciousness by breaking inertia
Removes idleness by shaking
That is the charm of subconscious, the bark of slumber.

Immersed Ice Berge, the huge Ice Berge
Ambushes and drowns in the vast Atlantic
Immersed island, the impeccable beauty stays in swimming
The Classic and eternal body.

The time on the clock of Salvador Dali melts
The melting time melts forever.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Disillusioned Distant Sirius

Let them take whatever they need
Filling a large bark sack
If the bark suddenly gets opened-
If the cat of bag falls out
If its sound spreads in all directions,
There is no distress
Let the distant Sirius stay completely disillusioned.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Then She Leaves

Infinite is her gravitational force-
An extreme black hole-
Only knows how to take, it is the totalitarian,
Leaving nothing.

The gas balloon flies up
Damayanti's sari floats across the floor.
Even the innocuous railway line goes—
far, far away-
Jhik Jhik Pom Pom Jhik Jhik Pom Pom.

Leaving doesn't mean the end though-
Finally, she leaves-
In the rainy wind-
It howls-
Pitifully laments the wonder tin-drum.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Senseless Cymbal Of Mind

The moon rises in the confusion of the mind
And the rays of moonlight are scattered
Concentrated juice of the cultivator rolls down
The absurd mediocrity tumbles over
The magical boundary of the lurking wall
Indicating stones diagonally burst into laughter.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

In This Spring, In That Spring

Strange game by coloring-
The noisy herds of elephants
Watercolor painting of the echoed and lustful sticks is falling
Emitted heat waved all around in ether-
The tail of a red kite flickers the fire of my heart
The quicksand pulls the bait of the slit between the silver thighs.

In the gust of wind, the body folds in desired navel lagoon-
The complex circuit, generated intense heat
The body falls under the illusion of the body
Acute to subacute flow-
All cold, static in the end—
Whipping water-splashes, scattered leaves fly.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Flying Mind

Sometimes mind is-

The flying seagull over the Padma

Bears the song of silence of the wings of air of the sun.

The mind never seems tired of seeing-

The embodied and abstract pictures of the whole world -

Or the surreal grasshopper on a tender green leaf

In all directions of eyes, the eyes of the mind-

Sees the cliff of scenes -

The vast land of the unseen

Meteorite, violent thunder storm on the skilled brush of the artist.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Beautiful Woman

Her arrival means
Babylon's ancient
But-
Dazzling eyes in the intense light
Her sari of Indian Oak color
The folds fall right into place
The light of the distant stars
A wonderful flute set its tune.

Spread in the absolute diffusion
The crazy odor of her body
As if-
After the First rain of Summer-
The sensual scent of the soil is washed away
There comes out of the navel valley
The intoxicated scent of the musk
Enchanted with the unbearable pleasure-
I am subdued in the magic of perfume-seller.



Alluring Spheres of flesh-
The sensual massive breast-
Strong friction of tectonic plate-
The tremors are terrible.
Moreover-
Lovely city port in relaxed clothes-
The talkative nature is also dumb.

On the majestic map of her open back
A beautiful crystal lake in the heart of pictorial Gobi
Her own reflected face in the water.

In the fear of her infinite beauty
Forty, thirty, twenty-
Even goes down in the nimble eighteen years
Increasing age line.
The secret stealth fades the current
The song of quicksand is sung.

People, The Flying Cranes

Throwing myself in the midst of work-
I become the Lesser Coucal-
I become a huge tall aigrette
Eating small fishes as much as I want, fly in the vast sky
I fly in the vast Bengal, in the whole world.

It's not only me-
I See countless people -
Leaving themselves, just flying around
All around they are just flying.
A flight of cranes fly with wings spread.

I just feel weird-
Strange world, strange locality;
Keeping himself busy, he only flies around
By keeping himself busy with work-
He just flies the songs of the seagull in the wings of the sun.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

A Rare Encounter

I Meet lot of people along the way;
I suddenly met myself today!
I didn't recognize him at first.
What a strange thing happening these days!

Moon phases get tangled in the flames of confusion
Flaky intense blue gets burst into pieces
Duality of known and unknown floats in the hidden mirror.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Implicit Thought

Life is a wonderful myth-
Thousand skulls painted on the pages of the universe to catch the absurd,
Hydrocarbons get diminished off being burned.

Gradually desire the new-
Illusory life searching new gets crushed on Ghaseti Begum's mortar
Yet the cliff of basic principle remains unchanged.

If a miraculous power is revealed-
I don't care-
May be good, or bad
The horizon is the infinite twang of bow string of love or nothingness ever.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Lamentation Of Deviation

Coming to the dying wharf,
Swimming life is trembling like a leaf
Deviation is a must in the stream.
Pushing the current along the nose,
Really tough to reach Siddhartha's court
Even your meditating mind is also
Deviating daily like the forbidden fruit eating Adam.

You will give the boon avoiding the youthful elephants,
The sands of this hope are now finished,
But I chant to you, on the edge of the burning life
Wait for the revelation and the stream of beehive breaking honey!
The conscious antenna to catch your gift also falls down in the worldly storm
The mast breaks down, the primordial deep blue of the horizon burst into pieces
Desert sands fly, rows of camel caravans move, burning ashes in the fire of
misery.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Sudden Flashes

Opening the glands of my complex days
A silent sigh -
Through Manikganj, Dhaka, Emirates, London-
Will reach the roads of Alberta
There knocking at your long rusty door
Will suddenly startle you!

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Absurd Song

The drum Still plays in the chest
Wandering minstrel wind always makes tune
On the wings of the sleeking sun light
Rider is the bird of mind
The deception overwhelms everyone
Unreasonably unreasonably
In the deep green foliage
The bird of the mind sings in an illusory melody
Stumbling on the way
Falling behind all the time
Yet his mind goes away, his mind goes away
In the drunken game of defeat.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Invisible Wall

The blue melody of the underworld
Finally volatile it is.
The mind flies with the peacock's wings
Yet the need just cuts
The leaves of creation of a birth
And the unique beams, pillars, materials of construction
Invisible walls are created by the uncontrollable need
Between the thirsty area and the creation bar
On the eve of the majestic pleasure
Extinguished, destroyed, finally spoiled at last.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

System Loss, System Gain

Thirsty area fills up
Filled with water in a huge youth
Strong storms erupt.

On the shores of the Salt-Sea
The tip of the hungry tongue
The golden fire burns
Time-top keeps burning in turn
Keeps the burning of fire.

Desires water, cool extract
An endothermic water will absorb soft fire.
Forest shrubs and forest get burnt to ashes
In a complex magic-
The fireplace stays awake
In the flames of eternal hunger.

Suddenly
The system is turned on,
Attracting system
The tunnel of mystery goes down the path
Great diver, the golden Fish
Float is dragged down to the abyss
Lightning strikes
Long, torn, tumultuous ground
Floating in the stream of pleasure
Huge stairs
Sweating relieves fever on sensitive skin
The fat of Fatigue is removed
Secret story is written in history.

Reza Raza

If You Would Know

If you would know

I think -

You just would wish to see

The navel of the field full of ripe crops

In a small stream of water with impeccable beauty-

Like the teary face of a beautiful woman

There is a sad flower in bloom!

At your service if you would know

With two hundred and fifty beautiful moons

Sitting in the yard-

The latent desire of the immortal soul of a lover!

If you would know the source of infinite beauty

The hidden message goes from vein to vein

Hovering the Night Heron in the sky

Or-

Captive is the heart of the dove in a cage

Why does it lament with eyes full of tears?

Tearing the chest of the night!

If you would understand

The abyss of the illusory sea

Is torn in pain

Infinite magic is embedded in the eyeballs!

Or one's own unknown future

If you would know or understand

You would roll with infinite joy

Or-

Tears would come down with the heavy load of pain!

Reza Raza

Endless Scenery

In the river braking banks -
It was as if a tree had suddenly sunk
Night falls in the riddle of dazzling eyes
Plunging into water the Kingfisher picks up the fish.

The young woman in the intensive cottage nearby-
Opening window of the blouse
Getting wind at the crest of the Chimbuk mountain
A torn yarn goes away floating idle.

a crazy lover-
A little farther on
Secretly drawing the imprint of his own blood-
On the nipple of the massive breasts of his sweetheart.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Lover Boatman

Had this mind not been indweller, would it realize that you also fell in love?
When you came so close from afar,
But it's me who have brought you back to the abyss of salty water
From where you came?
Oh, my impeccably beautiful anther
The soft comfort of a bunch of soft cotton on my pillow
Now lonely you are dying with grief
Oh, my strange silence of the rolling moment in the dense bushes
The wonderful magic of my very beautiful slim smart tender shoot of the bottle-
gourd plant.
The wonder kink of a huge rope of length hundred cubits.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Insomnia And Some Incidents

Insomnia is a huge sad bird in a tree
Messenger of injured heart -
Sometimes flies at the corner of the Shipping Company
Crushes the Ginger, cumin, turmeric and chilli into love-powder
On the mortar of Ghaseti Begum.

Silent is the golden bowl in the corner of the room
Suddenly caresses heroine's breasts with growing hands
The life of the stars falls tragically on the metallic roof.

In the courtyard the violent wind blows-
Searches with searchlight on wet love hole at night-
The strange ointment of sleep-bringing music.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Attacks And Explosions

By hitting the brass bowl
The fun of the words gets silent
The vibrations fade, the huge golden glow erupts

This ward that ward-
In all neighborhoods, in all cattle-sheds
The united flunkeys trample
Morning breeze timely -
The obsessed cymbal plays miserable in turbulent times.

By the sudden explosion of the dark square
The canal of pus falls out through the alley of hollow teeth.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Will Be Going On

No songs -
No celebration-
Or extensive preparation
Simple boat will be floating
In plain river water-
Goalless-
Such as the life in addiction.

The twine of the thread of desire -
Open one by one straight-
Becomes a thin rope
No more lumps
Excessive, intense arrangement.

There is no
New preparations-
Float in the water
Ballads composed of life-
The law of eternal nature.

Reza Raza

Some Pictures, Some Words

A shiny sharp knife

Piercing the beautiful morning of apple color

Running fast in the noise of the colony

Someone shouts from the roof-

Hey horrible group of foxes, leave the hands of immobile people

A few poor people float idle by the side of the ear

Sniffing the smell of steamed rice.

The Tufan mail goes away blowing huge smoke

Severe shortness of breath in the ribs of the chest

There is only one shadow companion - a devout animal

The group of tailed foxes go away eating meat and marrow.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Illusory Car

Nobody is there around
Blue water, blue night alone
In sleep dreams of-
Rare clouds fly in steam carts
Cold flow in the veins of the neuron
At night the illusory runner goes on with bag on the shoulder.

Groaning of air brings star-bloomed flower
A distant whistle blows.

Whose summons, whose departure, whose calling?
A swarm of wind buzzing in the neurons
Someone goes, someone comes
Come and go, come and go
With Spooky headlights, an illusory car runs.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Trio

A calm soft growing sprouted-youth China rose
An exotic blue bumblebee groaning
Have the golden sun falling in secret love
Mental bird dances and sings with flying wings.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

The Birth Of A Poem

As soon as the mirror broke on three sides
The redness of Marilyn Monroe's lips turned pale
On the other side, careless silence is on the solid wall
The sigh of endangered poetry came out.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Fallen Love

Fallen Love is a dry wood
The fatal ax of the time
Violently chops the fire wood
Magical 'Sisim fuk' means 'Open the door'
Builds the chopped body of poetry-
Dangerous chopping game
Two pieces, two parts
Becomes two rivers by rolling-
In the water body of Paturia-Daulatdia
As the Padma Jamuna rivers get devided;

Unheated is the flow of time-
The two do not talk anymore!

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Haradhon Loses Everything

From the day I destroyed my own invisible world-
Surrounding me all around
By trampling all the streets and avenues of deviations
I sacrificed the meditation of the intense silence of thousand century
And I wanted to build a very damn Burja-al-king-
It went by-
Like the students go one by one
Making the classroom empty
After the School closing bell rings,
The radiance of the most beautiful eyes
The unshakable redness of the wonderful sun of early morning
Exquisite palm tree with long hair as advanced guard!

And a few more days later-
Opening the latch escaped from the house
The glorious majesty of my exalted Minaret.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Feelings, Bizarre Feelings

A feeling is born inside me-

A lot of feelings-

Clotted blood trampling feelings

volatile, formless yet formidable desires of Rainbow spreading in the wide horizon.

Clutching on to your heart

Your faint sounds of love

Its humming makes the longitude of my desolate still tower of the silent night.

Ever become a boatman on a huge river

I hoist mast over the living Nile

The vibrant white masts of the boat of mind

Moving vessel is basically a dreamy delicate lamp of lifespan running out of oil.

The awakened veins burn in the Latent heat of sleeping volcano

The specific heat spent for one liter of sleeping blood

To raise its temperature by only one degree

The hidden desires of my soul fall down like broken wing

In the melody of the music makes shedding tears.

Reza Raza

A Silent Viewer

Scenes within the limits of vision-
Gardens, flowers and the abstract songs of leaves
Their ways of life
The unseen cover of difference
With many languages in mind
I see their silent family ties.

My inner self-
As if an illusory mirror-
Looking meditatively
It also looks with strange eyes-
Stares at a stranger.

The night grows darker-
In the chest of the night-
With a lantern in hand, it searches for
Or-
Rotates like a radar to find
The extreme art of oyster-pearls combination.

Tired is a night-bird of groaning
In the gap of leaves
Alive is the night-
Blows its aquatic wind -
I see the Moon-
Rolling down my fingers
Stars are looking with sleepy eyes

Silent bricks of the building-
Absolute despair in their eyes-
All the answers written in their silence.

Reza Raza

Fruitless Flames

Although flame of fire was in it
It Couldn't burn anything-
On the other hand, it has burnt itself
It remained low like the diminishing straw-fire
Life trembling with great desire, I see.

The peak of the fake target is flying
By nature, it follows the laws of falling bodies
Crashed are the gutter and mast of the boat
The entire object has secretly merged
Still, you could not sense, I wonder!

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Transcendental And Eternal Lover

The reflection of the illusory image of the beloved is in the showcase glass
Walking Surprisingly at a slow pace with wonder-eyes
Came out of the glass cage
With bangali clothing with quite disheveled hair
Reticent with impeccable beauty as if lost her words
Sun-shadow, careless and anxious midnight in her sight
moonlit smeared and scented by Night Blooming Jasmine
With saffron color clothing - trembling with verse-language.

A few beautiful flowers blooming in the veranda tub
The magic spells are intertwined and created
One wonderfully beautiful heavenly garland;

Flying like a bird, like a cloud
In the unearthly neck of this sad beloved
A fancy necklace hung
Overflowing with the magic of love
Surprised I kept staring silently.

Reza Raza

The Straw Of The Past Life

Hanging on a wire is a life of luxury
The lotus-air drinks you more than the wind
Wrapped in an illusory sheet of fog
You flew the red scarf
Spread the golden dew drops
All at once.

Vast sky is in pain
Clouds across the clusters of stars
Applying perfume and eye-brow
I covered your lips with sunlight.
The shade of the trees is on the banks of the river
That squint of the eye
Tiger cubs in the Hetal forest
Flashed like lightning.



PoemHunter.com

In the name of pearly tears on the lips
The shadow of the afflicted kiss goes away
The marks of caress remain on the sad cheek
You are mine forever.

Reza Raza

Eternal Waiting Turn

Then a lot of hair and pubic hair grew up
They grew up and rolled his legs on the ground.

As if a long-winded root of an entire Banyan tree
Crossing the Armpit valley
Came to the ground-
Exquisite beauty images were embodied
But the eternal waiting turn was yet to finish.

There was a lot of whispering and whispering
A lot things were cut and a lot of knots were tied
By Cutting and binding
It made a gigantic straw-stack of farmer's house
Like a very big mountain
Exquisite beauty images were embodied
But the eternal waiting turn was yet to finish.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Various Complexity

Doesn't know what to say.
Or knows-
Weeps, falling into the dry pond of Saipara-
The wind blown over the head-
By the Falcon flight-
Remains as an inverted scream -
The mockery of a distant word.

How can I say?
How can I say?
This is the-
Biggest problem.
Dilemma in mind-
Becomes the knot of Nylon yarn
Makes the multiple combinations
Grins loudly the brown fox.

The worst condition exists
I am on the run-
Everything is in complex situation-
Extremely panting is the crazy mind.

Reza Raza

Instinctive

Creeping the tender stalk of wind one day it will come-
The Huge heat of suddenly exploded gun-powder
Flying breath of powerful quicksand
Then with the extreme excitement of an Ox
With its unbridled rise leaning tower will meet
With the hanging garden of Babylon.

Tormented is the rose garden with rose petals
At the end evolves the higher heat of boiling lime-water
It rains with tiring but splendid white exhaustion
Falling off the mast the sailor gets stranded
At the end of bellow's roar, it touches the gentle breeze.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Frozen Darkness

Then across the city grocery stores
Laments the sad faces of-
Poor human faces-
With pounded bones-
Cash gets Scanty.

In the dirty pockets of pauper
There intensely blooms-
The Seed mantra of darkness.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Baul And Bandhan Sanyal

Sweat of these extreme hot days-
falls tragically like the song of dew;
Twisted it falls down by the Falcon call,
Fire-
In the air in the sky;
And the panting heat-
Like a 200-watt bulb on the skull
Scatters through the pores like Electron rage.

Meanwhile, beloved Bandhan Sanyal-
breaking the hem of her loose sari
Falls down the fountain of light-
The eyes of the star get melted in it-
As if rolling a dark liquid molasses
With the skillful handle of a craftsman.

In the undivided stillness of the solar system
I write the noon song in my memory
Sweet tone plays in its wonderful melody -
Plays the crazy flute of the past.

Across the brain these days there exist-
The great lament of the troubled soul
Regret of the killer time
They fall with dim eyes
Terribly combination of sad pictures.

Drawing the sign is the farewell time signal
The vision of the world is fixed, there is despair.

Being detenu in the middle of the day
The all-time baul mind is stuck in -
The Worldly matters-
The chain sounds-
Produces metallic sounds.
On the other hand, tied with elastic rope-
My dearest darling Bandhan Sanyal.

Adverse

Desolate desert-
Here lies the heart of Shiuli flower
Ashes on the rocks of the blazing fire
Cracked Dry lands -
Fish lives with severe shortness of breath
Shipwrecked sailor-
The tempest raging in the deep sea.

Tired, exhausted and helpless
Extreme Loneliness
No one is there-
Nobody to-
Extend its helping hands.

Nobody else,
Only the sky keeps staring -
At the solitary silence of my depressed mind-
The illusion of a frosty night in its eyes.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Endangered Time

Sudden toxin bite in the marrow
Wailing in the leafy air
Decays in the foliage
Only decays-
The huge melody of vitality.

Homeless, lonely bird life-
Slides over the pitiful glacier
Drifts down the stream-
The endangered flying of the migratory birds.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Still Hear Krishna's Flute

Still awake-

The evening stars stay awake

Eternal life-

When stuck in my throat

The ruthless sharp edge of scimitar

And worn in the head

The terrible iron masks

As if today's chained

Man, in the Iron Mask.

Intense silence of the Earth-

Deep in to the simple and careless soil

There floats the melted stone

Liquid life of Magma-

Aesthetic fire burning in his soul

Still remains awaiting.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Current Time

Now with a sharp razor in the skull
There happens the lamentation of stripped marrow
Falls down on the fragile chest
The bark of the monstrous sound.

Pathetic dying hidden in layers
The lamentation of Sigh
Trembling heaven-
The dying moon at the tip of the animal's nose
But what a surprise -
Silent rain falling on the chest of the stone.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Unique Cliff

No submissive currents-
In the copper pages of innumerable histories
On which various paintings are painted;
Not his destiny-
Suitable avenue surrounded by the shadow of the art guru
Rather, he is lonely from birth in the endangered world
Pearl at the peak of concentrated meditation of an yogi
Although not at all hypocrite.
Pushing the huge noise of killer time -
Pushing the huge noise-
He is unique,
Shining the light on desire
Dew glows-
Lonely soul in a single sunlight.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Moon Light And Darkness

Darkness is removed by the light of his skull
There becomes dawn on the ground
But what a terrible deception
In the treaty of stupid interests
Deep in the water, on the ground, in the sky-
Darkness of the pubic hair
Swallows the golden stream of the sun
Snarling of time is added.
Still-
To light a lamp rubbing some darkness
The strong desire for awakens
In the simple skull of the dissociated Sirius.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Miracle World

Maybe-

One day

On the way to complete silence-

See you-

Intense silence in the green leaf forest

Holy meditation of a group of crows -

Nimble soul of land of the wind

Suddenly deep lonely family

Or-

Immersed in the thought of Nirvana

The endangered mind of busy times.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Breathing Of Pitiful Days

Now search the song of roof-making
The consolation of a slow motion day-
Romantic body of the Olive Barb in sight
Of Bioscope smeared colorful childhood-
Inundated with Cheerful voice.

Now in the cataract
The hum of flying flies-
The wonder Spell-
Spreading fragrance seeks amorous pleasure.
In Copper ground-
Passionate craftsmanship of baffled muslin
There is a deep breath of darkness.
Shady damp wind
Raise huge Mace in its hairy hands.

Now the smoke coil of death flies-
Lolling flames-
Crackling and flying tongue of crematorium wood
Welcome to its thirsty body.

There is huge laughter in the death house
At the door of the bloodshot eyes in hard liquor
The last heaven of the convicted Raicharan.

The allure of Dodder revolves around the swing
Windmill suction engine-
Relaxation of Machinerics -
Corporate animals seek satisfaction.

The breeze of the past Scattered-
Suddenly with the regret of dull desire-
The tail of the flying kite is lost
The red magic barrel is lost
Once lost the lofty youth.
Still why does it sound?

The melody of the bell rings
In the intense heat of the day?

Regret the day with broken bones-
Stuck in the waterlogging of Nirvana
The breathing system is collapsed.

Reza Raza

Inner History

Now on the face
Huge deep yellow color's
Tragic spread.

In the history of time
The melancholy flag, motionless
Remains bent, leaning head.

Swims in the strong current
Aquatic plants of Satmukhi lake
As if rolling over
The sigh of the trembling soul.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Pulls The Rooted Roots

Bee hive of Lemon Garden of Ande Villa-
Its humming fills up the entire brain
Below is the hue and cry of hiding game.
Now in the midnight-
Sleepless I am-
In the gaps of the sleepy city buildings
The past constantly rings illusory bells.

Now all the grabby lanes
Those I cross deep inside me in my genre-
The flute plays; -
Plays the crazy singing flute of the village
Makes melody-
Innocent Glass of Silence breaks into pieces -
Falls into the heart of the night.

Then-
In their declared exile
In the pen of the exiled poet
A lot of pictures of village Krishnapura fall
The song of unseen tears floats
In the waters of river Kaliganga.

Reza Raza

Poem Of The Time

Ploughing the mud of complex day
The shadow of long fatigue has descended-
The illusion of a gloomy evening-
As if blowing along the meditation of a Yogi
Flowing is the time line.

Then-
Night falls-
With the stream of moonlight
Beautiful sky -
In the window-
There falls the light of sprouted youth of full moon-
Complete silence is expected.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Illussory Waves And Peace

The wind in the window-
Ignored, alone I am -
But the -
moonlight falls down -
The hymn of God makes melody.

Irritated-
In the sleepy eyelids-
It arouses sometimes-
The latent heat of quicksand.

Amulets tied on the wrist
Walks all alone-
The endless effort of neurons.

Purple orchids on the porch-
Unlimited detriment is the capital-
Comfort air blows in the soul
The rain drops the body of sadness
Endangered lives narrowly escape death.

Reza Raza

Anti-Poetry-1

At dead of night from the window of my study
A red Moon is visible -
In its fallen youth-
Upset Moon-
Depressed Moon-
Sad Moon-
The moon is moving on the wheels of the night!

But I am still unable to compose poems on it
I'm sorry-
But my disability too is not less beautiful
Oh Moon, Oh Moon, my brother
Oh Oh Oh!

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Discovery

It's dawn like every day
Hiding the moon and the stars
A big round sun came up in the blue sky
What a wonderful shiver in the air
On such a day in Manideepa's long black eyes
I first found in three pieces of frozen darkness
A firefly- the enchanting form of blazing light
And a golden bright cliff of impeccable beauty.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Destination: The High Mound Of Kapildanga

The old pain in the skull seems to be
heading Kapildanga means
a mound with a high plaque
The mound surrounded by a wall is not far away!

Badu, Kalu, Falu, Yadali's parents are always there
The game is over, he said.
Assalamualaikum ahelal kubur.
There have been many changes in these years in Kapildanga
Broken are many branches of the Blackboard tree next to it
Its leaves became yellow,
The surrounding forest has been cleared,
The sudden oozing of the spotted Dove of salty fig bushes,
A song of amorous cuckoo ripping through the still air
The sound of the rushing water,
Gallinules's cry, lament
The recently disappeared 'Tub Tub' sound of the Watercock
Gently pulls me to the past holding my hands.

Let me go then, Salam!
Crossing the bank of Saipara lake
If I Walk along the side of Namavita
Surrounded by a wall with high plaque of Kapildanga
Is not supposed to be far away.

Reza Raza

In The City Of Memories

And in this great city I have spent the last 300 years
Like the rising moon and the setting moon-sun-stars
With few hopes, ten dreams, a dozen nightmares
I am alive with it, still alive.

At the top of the bald building of Muchiram Deuri
With an invisible boat I deliver my luxury dreams
Blue thought falls down like drizzle.

Every day the copper dawn evolves
In the nimble wheels of time
My age grows,
Like the tender stalk of a calabash
The night becomes dark
The stars show the way to mild moonlight.

A flock of white birds comes in the guise of strange clouds;
Entering through the rusty bars of window
Convey greetings and bow down head
With thousand wet kisses to an unknown poet with deep emotion.
The night air, heavy with the smell of cannabis,
Then it falls down, suddenly falls down
Some stars tied in the edge of the old moon -lady
Lonely night heron flows to the top of the building in the dark.

With desperate depression
I stay awake in this city,
Wine drunk night gets drowsy
On the massive breasts of Tilottama and Nandini;
Climbing the stairs
Suddenly a pleasant smell of soil
Finally searches for me -
Gets Tired of searching in the rule of fatigue.

Reza Raza

On A Rainy Night

On a rainy night-
At midnight-
From the forest of Indian Oak-
Comes up the singing frog
The frog of the aquatic plants

Thin Gallinule grows
Like a woman in coition
Breaking the the mist of water
Or matching twisted air
The illusory building is built
Home of equilibrium of the earth
Imbalanced leaping flying of leaves.

The tick tick clock moves
Bread color on its wrist
Drawers get empty
Burst suddenly
Accumulated regrets of centuries.

Reza Raza

Beautiful Time

In the tea stall of Razat
There comes a soft flying afternoon
Then the beauty of the twilight
Then the beauty falls off.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

The Pain Of Creation

And I-
Beyond the forest, beyond the mind
Came over-
Kandapara's field
Before the evening puja
In the journey of this path to eternity.

The thought of ending awoke
Immense pressure of urine in the abdomen
Bubbles of words that have sprouted
In the mystic life of blue-necked bird.

Colored goods-
Splendid poems-
Wanders in brain,
But-
Saint's meditation on locusts
Daily poking of material thorns;
Remains-
Still remains-
The golden words remain airy
The treasure of the heart in strange language-
The fruit of hard nectar hangs;
Eternity hangs
As if the motionless
Strange pendulum.

Deepening music-melody of heart
Remains waiting -
Waiting for a suitable time
Extreme coition of Zeus-
The merry sound of reunion
The voice of indistinct desire
In the lap of the murmured waves
Sex-satisfied body sounds good
In the secret and thirsty part of Leda.

Poem Written In A Dark Room

When all the lights go out
The house is filled with endless beauty
Still the window face when open
Song of stars plays in the heart of darkness.

Neighboring lights are like one
Strange artist, great painter
Painted walls in a strange picture
Tireless is painted with huge labor
Long walls of gloomy darkness
Abstract you are in his hands.

Pleased with the beauty of darkness
Rubbing the beauty with the beauty of darkness-
Light up the light of darkness.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Very Simple Poem

Mass noise after crossing door-frame
Everyone is intoxicated with theological debates
The ascent is in the conduct of infidels
As much splendor in one's own religion
In smoking someone tries in vain to
Reduce the extreme excitement.

They want me to join too
In their theoretical discussion.

Scared-
Terrified I am in silence
Flee away-
Careless simplehearted I am.
Flee away
Where the green of the abandoned forest exists
I close my eyes and meditate
Wonderful calligraphy that I see in illusory mirror-
Humanism is the best, nothing else is above it.

Reza Raza

Fire And Surrender

Fire and surrender

Observing the motion of distant planets
Walking in the path, city and port
Strange regrets come to mind-
Heads are fragmented in guillotine.

Rusty and thirsty body desires shelter
Desires a little indulgence as well-
Want some latent heat of visible pairs of fruits-
Lukewarm heat-
Emergency lean heat.

Burning eyes watch urban shape
Double spheres tempt in a Cuckoo calling day
Seeing that the agony disappears.
Oh! You Devi of impeccable beauty-
Thirsty birds want to be asleep.

The sublime valley of the thighs in bloom
The sweat of youth has flowed in both hands
Some fragrance has spread-
The sensual smell wakes up.
The convicted is the criminal woke up.

The master's fang sways
Sweaty beam head
Forest in desire
Picture of wonderland.

Dense clouds spread out
A bunch of rose petals
Melts down the life blood of the dews
The agitated rejoice of the bow.
Juicy lips want lip juice, heat
Lips enjoy the softness of the lips
All the ashes are burnt in the heat of the breath

Extinguish the latent fire in heavy rain.

Miracle vehicle goes to the ground

Avoid noise in both hands

Divine vision is meditative

Motion, in periodic motion

Gone is the world of nature-

Evening at the end of twilight

Wailing in the bosom of night.

Reza Raza

Nostalgic Wind

Fraying yellow envelope of gray days
Shaking thick layer of dust -
Spreads love, tears and sweat
Falls down dew drops in the morning -
As if the Sad memory smeared sweat
Ancient whistle blows, the wind blows.

Old image of village Kandapara -
Swelling water of Kaliganga -
Everything seen suddenly in clear water
Nipple line of young girl-
Curved bend of river Dhaleshwari
Draw all the pictures in the landscape.

Musk fragrance of green forest-
Pictorial delusion calls the deer
The glory of love spread -
Planted seeds call dreams-
Bird of the latent mind flies
Free colorful Swan turns around.

Reza Raza

Thunder: Awesome Beauty Reservoir

Giant fire mountain-
Like the blazing sun
From the grass, mud-water, Dadders of the Earth
Wide in space is your lightning root, branching
Or you are a beautiful fire with a bunch of roots
What a horror!

Huge suspending tongue-
Pictorial fire;
The solemn sound of the moment
Flying missiles-
Reservoir of eternal beauty
Of the Satmukhi lake-
Where jumps up the giant Snakehead fish.

Stunned by your fire of unforgiving beauty
Stranded giant animals, insects seeing you
Suddenly lost direction-
Frightened, fast moving.

Dark black Clouds running strip
The yellow color of the terrible tiger's eyes
In the silent mirror.

Rain in torrents-
Cracks in the sky up to the horizon
Your burning fire
Oh! you beautiful
You are a terrible sounding beauty
In the shape of electricity.

Reza Raza

The Sirius Life

Daytime public movement is smooth
Train motion of thousands of ants, noise
The colorful foods and drinks of tycoons
But the careless Sirius is in innate meditation.

The shell of desire floats layer by layer
The fallen foliage is washed away by the evil current.
It hurts the traveler.
The softness of a broken morning-
Spreads the fragrance of flowers.

Blood, salt, sweat, in the life of grass-
Introduces it in playing musical instruments-
But-
Lonely soul keeps calculating
The splendour of the stars-
Measures the meditation of stars.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Loving River Flow

The river flows like a tributary of life
The green signal of the heart-
The radiant youth of the month Ashar is mixed
Unique pictures remain in the retina of the eye
The immense majesty of the two sides depicted.

In the province of distant stars-
Her sprouted youth-
It blooms in the hanging garden
Her restless mind-
In the flying wings of butterfly.

Anklet's song on its feet
Disappears on the horizon-
Impeccable beauty of the sky
In the signal of romantic reunion.

Still in the-
Human hostile needs
Detrimental terrible eyes
The terrible touch of evil desires
The life of waves is lost.

Reza Raza

Watercolor Image Of The Past

Fish life- in Kusum Ali's pond
Enchanted Indian Oak forest on the bank-
The shiver of winter's cold water-
From the depths of water with the wings of memory
Ancient winds blow -
It comes flying-
Fluently floats on the cool wings
As if the careless flying of the soft fog.

That is the venom of the catfish
Nerve is still blue with its venom.
The poisoned Blue-necked bird -
Torn off with sweet pain.

Today looks beyond the eyes
Far-flung flower show-
Sweating hanging in the heat-

Bursting youth-
The splendid branch of the northern cane bush-
Spiral path next to water hyacinth-
Skull walls depicted in the picture
Like the touch of an artist's skilled brush.

Meanwhile-
The bubble of the endless words of the heart
Floating in the waves -
Floating in the waves.

Reza Raza

Song Of Water

Dew breath deposited on leaves in pin drop-
Sings the song of reunion;
Beautiful face goes down in the mirror of transparent water
In the organic chemistry of desire-
Like homeless lover goes in an attempt to reconcile.

Pearls of the fallen soul disappear instantly in water-
As the mermaid merges into the depths of water.

Bewildered-
Happy touch of the lust of water
Like the strong orgasm of happy intercourse
Bankrupt with extreme happiness.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Lonely

Red, blue and green noise of frequent visits'
Boiling point measures the lonely life of world
Fine, charming romanticism remains untouchable-
Green leaves sway in the strong wind
Lover's random hair flies densely.

The invisible hood of humming noise pours poison
The Balmiki heart is detached in response
Viral attacks destroy the weak tonsils.

Cat life that flows like a silent river
Dark, in the hard sheet of total darkness.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Complex Deed Of Loneliness

Water color-
Aquatic life-
By drinking water solution
This is me now-
Immersed in the waterbody
But I listen-
Endless call of endangered Jacobin cuckoo
Dry throat-
The crest of hopeless fog.

The Cobra wind in the window-
I give heed to the breathing of the closed walls
Four walls staring to each other -
Eyes on a gloomy evening?
Decaying time in the heat of the incense burner
Frightened by fear - fleeing birds.

Sad crow of the time to flies
Seeing all the emptiness
Oh, what a crow life-
Endangered glands.

Cheeks rolled up inside
Frightened snails on their hind legs
The spiral prisoner of life.

In the foam of the clown's high-pitched words
Stuck-
The normal speed of a flowing river
In the journey of tomorrow-
The direction and speed change.

But why so many incense burners
So many worships are organized
The smell of alcohol in the drunken air?

The light of distant stars
Erodes in the knot of times
Fixed at a distant point-
The evening feathers flew
On the shores of poetry.
Desire swims with strong obsession
Happy Holi game smears color
On the romantic skin of impeccable beauty!

Reza Raza

Breathing Of Fragile Times

Loving smooth breeze of morning
In a sweet caressing voice
Gently slap back
With consolation-
Gradually flows -
Gives a soft touch of catkin
Then-
The voice of the unseen floats-
Immerse yourself in holy deeds
Row your boat on the vast waves
Drive your miracle vehicle.
Enemy enemy games inside
Eats up-
Eats up -
Monsters with thousand heads at their own pace
And the terrible and destructive miasm
Builds the stout building block;
And my stealth greed-
Destroys the golden idol of mine.

Envious greedy beasts-
Like ruthless Stem Borers
Eat up the life of green leaves.
In the soft petals of its wonderful rose
Evil is about to enter-
Huge sensual organ is about to pierce.

What else did I get?
In the pitiful cultivation of this land?
When settling in hope-
The texture of the chest
In the infallible watch of solitary silence
And at the level of my skull
They only die-
Woken -
Images of infinite beauty.
As if-
The recently bloomed flowers-

Get suddenly dried in severe drought.

Meanwhile depressed you are -
Rising in the East at dawn
Like a depressed decaying moon
But you are disappearing fast
To another careless infinite horizon;
No talking-
No vocabulary-
You are in the vase of endangered times
Stale flower-
Rotting and will be going away-
The rest will be left-
In the dirty rags of all time!

This is a great nightmare
Intense Sultry of the month of Vadra
But in the bosom of youthful time
A sublime swing of soft Palm
Here is the intense heat of the ground
As if breathing in the roaring fire
The procession of corpses is being burnt
Being burnt Our faces have been-
Rugged lands made by chicken pox
Acid scorching distorted face
Pitiful hell of once impeccable beauty.

Endangered festival of depressed faces
As if the ancient cave painted by human regret
Hidden in the fragrance of woods
Illusory signal of surprising clock.
Here produced the huge sound of a strong Bow.

Suddenly floated-
The porpoise that dives into the water
Capitalizing its eternal desire
I write-
The dirt and regret of meaningless life
The Wonder deeds of endless illusion.

Hilsa Life

Butterfly hobby-
Smearing fascinating colors-
You come aquatic life of silver Moon.

The life of the sand under the deep water
Smearing and eating sand
Dancing the belly dance
You raise-
The desirable fragrance of 'Naughty Girl' scent.

All sounds good in tears of rain
Goes with the message
Spread the seeds of your clan-
In the fertile field of water,
Scattered, rioting out
Life in water world- Lamp of the nation.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

New Love New Life

Someday suddenly-
If love comes and says-
How many bundles did you cut?
How many bundles did you tie?
In this life?
Idiot you rather start a new one
In the wake of new life.
What will you do?

Idiot I know you
Live in the same field-
Cultivate in the same field-
Yielding grain at the end -
Enjoying women
Having big feast at the end.

Dimly burns -
Burning fire-
Without wood, oil
Idiot you rather find a new one
Find a new turn in life
Play the colored bamboo flute.

Reza Raza



PoemHunter.com

Khushbu Villa And The Pen

Its affluent but -
Its hands beckon
Exquisite rose of the retina-
Like the call of the beloved
Infinite delusional forest;
It's the splendid Khushbu Villa-
With her sprouted youth-
The endless majesty.

Avoiding the noise of evening
With flying random hair
You absent minded are returning -
In the cheeks of the night -
Floating all day long-
As if the Pen returning home.

I live at the Panthaghat-
By Illusory boat I cross
The mirage of delusion
On your way back-
In the light darkness
The enchanted curve stares at,
Khushbu Villa - full of delusion
As if the attraction of delusion's shadow.

Reza Raza

Call Of Kaligonga

Call of hectic time-

Lost in the deep emptiness of solitude

There grows desire in the lonely heart

For the beloved one.

But-

Nobody is there in the infinite loneliness

Husky voice of mourning goes on-

As if the Gallinule tired of groaning.

And free of illusion-

Hands of surreal clock moves on.

Then-

The river Breaks the silence

And welcomes-

Welcomes from the core of its heart

And That's river Kaligonga-

Along with its crystal-clear water

Welcomes me in its soothing voice.

Reza Raza

Night's Barking Deer

Night is the life of an intense silence
It's stunned, it's cold-
Bedridden-
But still it is-
The disillusioned flow of endless time.
It is Painted with drunken eyes
The canvas of the constellations.

Meanwhile, the sleeping Highways-
Roll on the feet of the extreme drunk
The magical foliage of the night vacillates.

At the crest of submerged silence
Falls down-
Just falls down-
The song of deep secret pain
Of the countless stars
disillusioned attempts get stranded.



PoemHunter.com

The life of a sleeping bird
Only dreams of
The shadows of
The melted dreams.

Reza Raza

Scenery In The Period Of Sound

Visual surroundings-

Some of it are monotonous -

Tiring are Some of it sometimes-

Maybe traditional scenes

Unknowingly builds the pinnacle -

Of the dreamless minaret.

Or-

Talk about rubbish

That rains incessantly

Disturbs the Subconscious.

Rather in the darkness of decade

Or-

It can be seen in the solitary silence-

Painted canvas of exquisite scenery.

Conducting these affordable scenes

Covers the retina with a lot of glitter

Landscape disoriented at the huge gathering.

Sweaty hands on a busy day

The magic of a sad face-

Awesome romantic radiance

Accustomed to seeing and done-

Splendid revealed stanzas

Still flew away by seeing-

The volatile spotted bird flies away.

When violin strings of rage and love

Frightened, bewildered- trembling all over

Frozen ice is then the lifeblood of Balmiki.

It is difficult today to be on account of-

The huge horizon of potentiality is now over

At a limit of negligible fifty meters.

The supply line is about to close
Became apprehensive-
The pure heart of the original poet
Tragic song of rare moments of the heart
On the barren desert is invisible
On the barren ground.

Then-
Rubbing the gathering dark
I keep the latent fire burning
Dark-
As soon as I see in lightless eyes
The craftsmanship of the antique building woke up
Lying in a black boat on the chest of Padma-
Excellent co-existence with salty body
Of the farmer with the bundles of paddy
Beautiful scene of love on the waterbody.

When meditating in the dark-
Embodies the arrangement of scenes
One after another-
As if it were an illusory movie-
The memorable past displayed.

Slipping hands, rolls down-
The wonder freak of time
Measures the distance of time-
The complex magic of loneliness.

On the wall of careless white building
Painted the rusty copper grating
Cold air mixes with its hot air.

Snarling of cruel time-
All the traumatic events-
The evil wound makes tired
The sad eyes of the Sirius-

By disturbance of fly buzzing
Being extremely disturbed-
Chooses he voluntary exile
The simple heart of the unique worker.

Melting the long arm of the cruel time
Falls down-
The plaster of the decaying building
Of Baliati Palace-
Tears rolled by its Salty brick-dust.
Distant becomes near through binoculars-
Far distant star becomes nearer
In the illusory binoculars of the eyes
It looks so beautiful-
The Reflection of the ancient house.

Noise of the crowd-
The huge noise of the crowd
The hall is full of noise
Yet he is the eye of the mind
Seeing through illusory binoculars-
In the dry canal of Mayapur
Sound of the beautiful rainy season.

Suddenly-
Murmured and called out-
Flows-
And in the darkness of night
Fills her dry body
Swells up the chest waves
The exuberance of life flows
In the presence of innumerable stars
Stares at its water-
That is the bright full moon.

Lots of crowds, huge views
Yet the particles of light in the sad mind-
Dimly glows-

Pushes into the illusory world-
Dawn in the fog
Twilight in the evening in the Gallinule's call
In Coucals' loud groaning
Broken is the day's silence
In the chest of night-
In the flickering light of the firefly
Lonely Black Heron recognizes the path-
In its 'wag-wag' sounds-
The silence of the night gets broken.

Submerged in the instrumental noise-
Fleeing life in the frown of words
The fish market licks and eats
The Soul of Silence-
The subconscious mind is overwhelmed
On the wall of the monotonous scene
Yet there is a lonely Sirius soul-
Meditating -
In the unseen colorful world.

Reza Raza

Days Go By In The Stream Of Sunlight

Days Go By In The Stream Of Sunlight

Then your falling youth
How pitiful!
In long-term use-
Suspending, feeble breasts-
Obsessed, nostalgic-
Recalling the lustrous sunlight.

There grows-
The line of oblivion of quarter century
There grows-
In the line of the setting sun.
As if the rays coming from hidden gold under dust
And it scatters into wonder light rays.

The beautiful rainbow remains suspended
In the stream of light of the blue sky
Smears the melody of a bow on its body.
The lust of a voluptuous woman
Diminishes off in the horizon
At the end of the day
The majesty of a pigeon
Returns to its nest
With exhausted flying wings
At the end of the day.

The drunk hem of the sari
Flies on the roof
The silver rays of light remain playful
Play in the dancing style
Breath in the burning sweat point after fall
Life searches for nirvana in exhalation.

But-
The bright day hides in the darkness of night
Then days go by, just go by
And the sprouted youth horse tramples
The pitiful shadow of old grandfather.

Reza Raza

Nostalgic Melody

Deep, deeper-
Your voice sounds in temporal words
When I look up, it falls like-
Disillusioned oscillations of devoted pendulum.

If the dirt on my retina
Is removed suddenly-
It opens the sigh of the edge of
The gray old letters.

The pale face of the old shadow leaning down
Terrified with the blue line of my hand
The melody of the flute is instantaneous.
I also dare to play Hamelin's flute.

Falls from the fair breasts of full moon
The milk of memory - in the line of the still night.
Falls the tears of smart painting brush and
Sound of sleeping deer with long black eyes.

In the wounded, far-wounded time
Bizarre glands paint the sun on the
Scorched face of violent noise
In the balcony.

Breathless, merciless hang-
Captive is the fish soul
And its life is in doubt.
Mounds of flesh covers surprising
Beauty of the pretty woman;
Abdominal fat deposits
Flying bow of her once lofty youth
Surrounded by the protruded forest
The two lives remain unhappy
In a meaningless embrace.

Still on the tip of your beautiful nose

The golden sweat of age twenty
Reminds me the splendor of pearls.
Mysterious poems of wonder times
Caught on its own illusory antenna.

But the killer time puts on
Tight bonds of grouped chain
Glands of unuttered pain of dying bird
Loses the living exhalation.

Maybe you are a detenu in the circle of illusory boundaries
Gather flowers in the garden surrounded by walls
Falling into a trance
The sparkle of memorable words
Maybe the wonder sesame on your cheeks
Peeking at your past
The wonder of the love bird flew
Maybe just maybe you are suddenly nostalgic.

Reza Raza