

Poetry Series

Riffat Samad
- poems -

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Born in 1984, Dhaka, Bangladesh. Completed BA (Bachelor of Arts) and MA (Master of Arts) in English from a renowned public university of Bangladesh. Now continuing (Master of Philosophy) in the same university. Now living in a town outside Dhaka.

Another Life

Sometimes I fly
Over the sea bed,
Over the mountains,
Even over the endless sky.

My season is summer,
Bed is autumn's cloud,
In spring I'll sing
After defeat the winter.

My time is sun light,
My space is full of wind;
Evening star reminds me home
For a dreamy night.

Riffat Samad

For Truth

The world is truth just like the truth is,
The life is truth and obedient to true life,
Suddenly the fire of truth purifies the world.

Falsity grabbed the earth,
In spite of that it has been driven.
How obedient the truth is!

This true life hid behind the mirage of falsehood.

Riffat Samad

O' Mirror

All day long roaming around
Sometimes I stand before the mirror,
See my own image looks at me,
Yet I'm puzzled not to find my `self' there.

I see the quiet nature depicted on my complexion,
And I know my `self' is veiled by a humane mask.
In the mirror my image looks like any other human,
My hand-face-eyes all are normal and intact.

Yet behind that intact wall
How many wounded memories, how much pain of loss,
And emptiness lives
Only my heart knows.

Where does my heart live?
Nobody knows that, even the mirror does not.

Still I look at with deep wonder
To find where in my heart
Inconsistent pain and imperfections are;
In the outer shell of mine I find only indifference.

This mirror shows very strange image;
It does not find my own world, -
My emptiness, frustration, the heart breaking emotion-
It does not show me anything.

Only those impassive eyes look at me,
How much tribulation of heart it hides!
In the outer quiet nature none of that be found;
O' Mirror, show me the image of my heart, if you can.

Riffat Samad

Spring Evening Chant

Let the breeze blow,
Let the river flow,
In the spring evening
Let the moon come slow.

The music of the fallen leaves around
Or when they rolling on the forest ground,
Does it remind you the song
I've sung in a whispering sound?

The bird comes back to its nest,
And the sun sets down in the west,
The wrapper of the sky is disappeared,
Still I find in my mind unrest.

Let the breeze blow inside our mind's hollow,
Let the river flow and carry our heart's sorrow,
In the spring evening
Let the moon pass its way slow.

Riffat Samad

Still I Feel...

Darling, thou are not exist in our world now
But still in some nights I feel...
(And I) think with surprise that
Thou are still exist in our memory.

Sometimes a star in the late evening sky
That thou saw a few days ago
Who still thinks about thou
And stays up far into the capricious night,
Then I feel thou are still exist in our world.

I see the morning light slowly opens its eyes
Through the thick mist,
After awaking many birds start flying,
Are thou not still with them?

I feel in the heart of a little bird
Sitting in my window cornice
The fire of hope is still burning;
I know thou are still exist in our world
And so is thy love.

Riffat Samad

The Human

I see a beggar begging
In the bus stop everyday,
I see a boy
In the field, playing,
I see a doctor in his chamber,
And a school teacher
Comes back home every evening.

Their lives are not same at all
And not also their professions;
But one thing is common in them
That they share same human emotions.

Riffat Samad

To Pain

I can give thou pain in return for pain,
Let all the love be spoiled in vain.
If there is any thing called heart, my dear,
Let it be pierced with the pain like spear.

Yet I'll say, it is this pain
In which true delight we find,
It is this pain which
Brings spring in our mind.

Our eyes be filled with tears
When we feel pique and put our hands
Into the hands of pain,
It is this pain which
In the lonely Shraavan night
Causes to come down rain.

It is this pain which once teaches us love
And again teaches us indifference
When both of us forgetting each other
Go to two different ways.

(Note: `Shraavan'-the fourth month of Bengali calender usually remarkable for heavy rain.)

Riffat Samad

Two Roads

Two roads have gone
To the same direction:
One is full of stone
With two parallel bars of iron
Where I've never ridden on.

Other is carpeted by stone
And full of busy horn
Where competition is common.
Through this one I've gone
To my direction.

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Wrong Person

Once you have come to that wrong person
And have not tell him what you want,
In your heart the light you have turned on
Have not enlightened the heart of that wrong person.
Is that the reason that you have gone
Very far away without saying any word of forlorn?
But why he makes mistakes, why he fails,
You have never understood him, you have never known.
That person loves a wrong woman
And does not turn from her though he gets pain.
Is the pain you have gotten for loving him the reason
That in the feeling of pique you have left him alone?

From the heart of that person
He also loved you once in any unknown reason;
Suddenly a mistake drove him to a storm
And took him away very far from (you) .

Now that person burns in regret,
What his fault is that you have left (him) .
You are not with him now a days,
There is no solace to forget pains.
He knows that he has done wrong in everything,
May be death will be the pay for his wrongdoing.

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