

Brevity of Life – A Selection of Poems



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CERTIFICATE OF APPROVAL

I hereby declare that this thesis is the student's own work and effort. All sources of information incorporated here have been duly acknowledged. This thesis has been submitted with my approval.

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DECLARATION

This thesis is a presentation of my original research work. Wherever contributions of others are involved, every effort is made to indicate this clearly, with due reference to the literature, and acknowledgement of collaborative research and discussions.

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Dedication

This selection of poems would be dedicated to my father who has stood by me throughout the entirety of my life. Without whom, this work would have been very tough to complete. He is the one responsible for my development shaping to be a person who I am today. He made me believe in myself and see the World in a lens that many fail. It is him who I owe the most.

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Introduction

Poetry is the language of souls, a kind of art that involves our conscious imagination to manifest some overpowering emotions over significant issues, which is why I consider poetry as an articulation of emotions. It creates opportunities for the readers as well as the writers to see the world differently. It most certainly allows an individual to be more observant, as in everything a poet can see, is the covert elegance that lies within. Moreover, poetry is generally contemplated as one of the most powerful forms of self-expression as it allows the poet to give life to their own unique experience, like painting a portrait of their unique perspective on life. Therefore, writing a poem seems like breathing life into one's emotions to me, and for this reason, I chose to write a selection of poems to conclude my journey of academic creative writing.

The theme of writing a poem allows a poet to give a hint of the aspects of his own nature. I always find myself luxuriating in brevity when expressing my thoughts. We are always surrounded by crowds of strangers and the unwanted chaos of life, but peace comes whenever we silence our mind. Also, it creates scope for an individual to earn different perspectives on the current occurrence of life. We deal with various kinds of personalities in our regular life; however, we find only a few people who could understand our silence, with the power of their observation and the power of observation is what we need to achieve wisdom in life, that only comes when we celebrate brevity in life. A silenced mind is a must to earn peace along with thinking clearly. Any measured step that we take to find balance in the most trembling situation comes right after we possess the control of our thoughts. As I believe, the Almighty responds to our prayer in silence. Hence, brevity is what we need to acquire sagacity in life. Therefore, I chose 'Brevity' as the theme of this selection of poems.

The poems I have written for this selection, explicitly signify how brevity is celebrated in life and how solitude brings satisfaction and lessens the stress of life. One can always get a vivid picture behind the different shades of human behaviour if they master the ability to become a silent observer. Most of the poems reveal the perspective of a silent observer of different shades of human nature. Besides, some of the poems show encouragement towards a patient mind, who silently endures the long hours of waiting. To sum up the idea of having brevity in life is more likely to have tranquillity in mind, this selection of poems has been formed. Furthermore, I feel more intrigued to the ideology of the postmodern world although it emphasizes the idea of anarchy, yet I possess the quality of silence, or how poets of the

modern era as well as the late romantic period like W. B. Yeats and T.S Eliot talk about never ending chaos in “The Second Coming” as well as “The Wasteland” which portrays the deep aspects of life working as an inspiration for me to pave a way in order to choose the theme I wanted to work on. The very first spark to write poems was through William Wordsworth’s “Daffodils” as it enhanced my appreciation of nature by seeing it with a different lens. Therefore, I can claim myself to be a poet of the late romantic poet writing in free verse.

To speak of the aesthetics of these poems, all of them convey a particular thought, the thought of relishing the silence within. The images used in these poems describe a scene or a story of perplexity and how the situation has been dealt with by a silent mind, with a pleasant, positive, and artful approach towards those elements. All the poems are written in a way that gives an expression of tacit wisdom which leaves a compelling impact on its readers. To avoid the confusion, a consistent transparency has been maintained by an intriguing narrative with plausible symbolism.

The purpose of writing such poems is to be myself in the truest way possible, and that’s what I support in human beings. On the contrary, nowadays most people we encounter in life, have become so lost in impersonating others that we can’t even believe what has been shown unless we have the insight of understanding the truth behind lies. People always tend to impersonate their role models with the help of commodities resulting in more chaos as their sense of being happy is assumed to be dependent on materialistic things. Among other things, my aim for these poems is to encourage the readers to have such sagacity in life that they can transcend crude materialism.

The literature of Bangladesh is quite rich in tradition as it consists of various forms of novels and poetry. Not to mention that it has been produced in several languages and had an efflorescence during the medieval period. Bengali poetry has been through three successive stages of development: poetry of the early age, the Medieval period, and the age of modern poetry. From my standpoint, I can see myself as a poet of the age of modern poetry in Bangladesh. Furthermore, to draw a line along the region from where I can hope my readers can be identified, I must say, it is supposed to be South Asia, however, due to the chosen theme and the language of the poems, the region can also be considered as universal since the theme itself is acknowledged worldwide as well as the language.

Although the poems may initially give an impression of being written under the influence of postcolonialism as I am a non-European writer who writes his poems in English, one of the reasons for my writing the poems are to create an opportunity to correspond it vividly and spread it worldwide. As it is well-known to the whole world, the fundamental concept of any postcolonial writing is, it must relate to both colonizer and colonized. On the other hand, none of the poems of this paper speaks of cultural dominance, racism, inequality, or colonization.

In the present world of literature, I believe I can be categorized slightly as an objectivist as well as abstractionist. The objectivists are also known as second-generation Modernists, who treat poetry as an object by focusing on the events of everyday life and turning it into a poem that evinces the poet's coherent vision of the world. Most of the poems of this selection speak of intelligence, sagacity, and gives a clear picture of the poet's perspective which are measured as objects in the poems. I believe I have acclimatized myself to this way of writing poems as I also try to show my wisdom of everyday life events with the help of abstraction emphasizing on sincerity, patience, intelligence that are acquired by having brevity in life and would allow readers to comprehend as what makes sense to their own comprehensibility. As I appreciate the writings of the Modern age or the late Romantic period, hence it seems quite reasonable for me to be categorised in that particular movement.

The anglophone poetry goes perfectly with the kind of poems I produce as it refers to the literature written in English in any former British colonies. However, it mostly refers to the literature produced in English in the western world except for the United States, especially in West Africa which can reflect their diverse experience of the socio-cultural, political and economic brass tacks of the sub-continent. Sometimes it is also an expression of their private experience which eventually caused many anglophone writers to come up with unique ways of producing poetry by means of using their personal and manifold images and obscure symbols. Moreover, it is easily fathomable from the reading of such poems that how intensely they felt their insecurities in their societies. What I believe, poetry needs a little change in terms of their way of writing. One might say, it requires a new kind of seriousness which exposes the poet's competency and eagerness to come face to face with the tyrannical world with their wisdom as weapon, and not for a moment to think of giving up. This shows and breeds courage and inspiration in mind which in my opinion are missing in the writers of the postmodern world.

On the other hand, we can see another diversification in Anglophone Poetry from the colonial Indian subcontinent. Their writing mainly signifies their complications with the extremists, religion, the practice of patriarchy, gender division and a lot of other issues, some of which might still be in practice in the culture of this subcontinent. However, I'm more enthralled by the way they enriched themselves with accurate vocabulary and reliable cultural and historical reference and how significantly they reshaped their understanding of English language considering the literary culture, even though it's a colonizer's language. I assume I have adapted this fact well in my writing as an anglophone poet.

I believe that these poems below will portray a vivid image regarding how one unconsciously acts the way they act and how being in silence allows an individual to have a picture on how the subconscious mind usually navigates the conscious mind to act certainly the way it does. As far of journey of life, I have learned to be able to speak the last, yet the universe tells us to listen. One should be able to master to talk at the very last that eventually creates an impression on the person speaking at first to think that they are being heard.

Felicity

It is not the wind that brings thrill
It begins with the cold light of the day
A well-burnt skin doesn't long for the warmth of the sun
Yet, it learnt to find ease in scorching heat anyway
The winter is not far away
Awaiting numbness by the icy breeze at night
An escape from the shroud of phony crowd
A moment of harmony for a lone knight.

Recognition

What is the point of explaining
If it means nothing to you
I'm sure you're trying
Yet it's not enough
As my pain engulfed well in the trials
Something turned me into
Someone completely unknown
Even to me
However, if you cannot deal with my silence,
How can I expect you to understand
My tears!

Know No Noise!

Word - feels like noise

I see they liberate themselves

From the shackles of noise they possess

And I'm tired of watching them express

The last thing I would ask for

Is them to parole their fuss

On my face

How about, for at least one shot

Try to get out of their blind spot

Just listen, and don't talk

Then, hear my silenced thought

Yet if they want to express

Please whisper - in my ear

I'll have goosebumps for sure

And this will take me higher

And higher...

All Ears

I hear a voice inside my head
Louder than my thoughts
Quieter than my screams
I respond with keen observation.
That inescapable voice
Sometimes a guide to success
Sometimes a battlefield between
My desire and action.
I pray for a day
When the voice will finally agree
With my cravings for going astray.

Perceiver

I have learned to play with fire
My back learned to accept the knives
I may not complain anymore
Yet I will always smile at lies
Watching them all flashy and comforting
I can see the approaching snake in disguise
I may not say a word or run away
I would rather like to stare at their eyes!
Everything seems quite intimidating
To watch them come along with little surprise!
One thing I'd like to make sure,
There will be no time to reprise.

Clandestine Story

Stars reveal many secrets
Silently every night, in my eyes
I have always been keeping a close watch
How they fall, how they shine
How they make connection to each other
Like an impalpable string they fetch toward them
I wonder if I can be the wide dark sky
And my thoughts be illuminating
Like the thousand stars in the night sky
I pay attention to the half split moon
Sometimes hidden behind the cloud
like its own torn curtain hanging in its bedroom
And I be trying to remove the curtain
As if softly caressing off its face
So I can stare a little longer
At its beautiful broken face
I wish to see what happens to it
At the night of separation from clouds
I wish to see how it survives
The overshadowing power of eclipse

Solitude

The warmth I get from holding
A hot cup of coffee in winter morning
Gives me courage to feel the cold wind
More than anyone with me standing
For I know, I can hold the cup
As long as I want to,
As long as I stand by the window.
Whenever my breaths fogg up the glass
I enjoy drawing a smiling face
And watch through it outside
As long as I know
I be standing alone
And no one will be fading away with time,
Leaving the window covered with dust
Cause I love to draw faces in fogged glass
Certainly not in dust.
Morning might be now without laughter
It is also without tears whatsoever.

Deterioration

My shoulders are bent
With the weight of coat I wear
Everyday, before leaving home

All day long
Among the crowd
And struggle to see eye to eye
Cognize each one of them in the crowd
But everytime I look into mirror
I see a stranger, smirking at me
I see a tired old man
Slowly decaying, with his shoulder bent

I can't wait any longer
To go home and take off my coat
I know my days are running out
The dusky evening drifting in my breath
And filling my heart with
The fear of inability,
The fear of being captive
Of the crowd of obscurity.

Ballgame

I never knew truth
The whole truth of somebody
The truth of their being the way they are
The truth of their continuous shots
For pretending someone they are not

The reason of the truth
The reason of their struggle
To accept the truth
The reason of their persistence
Of suppressing the truth
Until I stop believing their words
And start finding truth in their eyes
So vulnerable!
Yet delightful!

I never knew of my strength
My strength of receiving lies
And shaking hands with the vulnerable ones
Without breaking their arms
Until I decide to enjoy the truth
In silence, all alone!

Eudemonia

I used to believe

Rich are those

Who live in luxury.

I wanted to believe

Rich are those

Who has great friends and family.

I came to believe

Rich are those

Who gets to live alone peacefully

By making a pact,

No matter what, they won't consume

Or be consumed

By the grief of loss

And live accordingly.

Liberated

You got to need a little bit of fire
To light a lantern
And a little bit of patience
To hold it till it's completely lit
And ready to go up in the sky
But it takes pretty good amount of courage
To let it go
And watch it from the ground
Flying away, further away.
There is nothing much left to do
Except for staring at it alone
How gracefully it creates its significance
Where its meant to be
Up in the dark sky...
Asserting that I must master this art
Of letting go
Cause it's the only thing left to do
At the moment,
From the day I saw that
Little spark in you!

Silenced Pain

The room got filled with emptiness
Instantly when the storm started
Deadly wind outside;
Made things fractious inside
Where I could sense the presence of tranquility
Even when it was completely gone
Yet the ever lingering relishes
Bit by bit growing into me
As if my legs are being wrung
With a poisonous climbing tree.
I have been conditioned to silence the pain,
Compress my mouth from screaming
And sit still as long as it takes the wind
To go easy on me.

Daydream

An awakening thought
Keeps me well occupied
Thousand times more than
The thousand steps I take
To reach my destination
Every single day, every single night
I try to make
A powerful observation
On the roads I've been walking along,
All alone
To reach my destination,
To reach home...
However the thought,
Quite a perpetual one
Occur in mind, like a spiral binding,
Even when I sit calm
To find my center,
To watch time pass with every tick
Synced to my heartbeat,
Will probably follow me to my grave
Unless I learn to ignore
Even my own self
Just like I did with my dreams
That used to cling to eye,
Every single day, every single night.
Now all it got to see is delusion,

Let alone dream anymore.

Serenity

Your frowned eyebrows,
Wrinkles underneath,
Slowly closing your eyes
And rubbing them
With thumb and index finger,
Then finding little glee
As you open it and look at me,
By straightening your clenched forehead
Before I could see,
Trying to break the ice
And start a conversation
With a relieving sigh;
Just to make me buy,
'You are doing fine',
Say more than your words...
Let your lips be sealed!
Speaking may worsen
The thing we have right now
Between you and me,
Prevailing in this Serenity!

Perseverance

If you think you can
Break the wall,
The one I built to protect
From sudden rise and fall,
I would rather like to see
How you climb the mountain,
Find your balance while tripping
And do not abandon.
If you think you can
Be the sweetest distraction
And create a noise
To get me high on,
I would first watch you dance
And follow the lead
With the sound of silence
Without being withheld.

Reality Check

Everyone knows
After rain comes the rainbows
Something delightful to all
However, the rain seems to me
Rather hypnotic above all
I hear rattles in every drop
Like it had a long day
With the thunder strikes and clouds;
Had to go through a lot
Just in order to fall.
Tension is released
In each drop of molecules
And loses its shapes
Every time it kisses the ground
I can feel if I want,
How it falls...
All I have to do
Is to extend my hand
Unlike the rainbows,
That doesn't even feel real after all!

Lucidity

I see you writing
With invisible ink
You must have left nothing
But a blank paper
That's what I thought too
But there was wriggle movement
Somewhat touched with soil
You left your fingerprints everywhere
I can obviously tell
You were weeping
On the paper given to you
All I want to say,
It is okay to weep
And not to write at all.

Sycophancy

Here we are again
Enduring the nausea
By painting a big smile
On a tired pruned up surface
For the sake of our admirers
With their eternal beauties;
Must have been served
By the mighty deity they serve
With all the ceaseless wheedling...
I hope they see themselves
Everyday in the mirror
And observe their own gaze
Just to remember,
The face of a slick flatterer!
As I'm pretty sure, if I ever dare
Acquaint them with their psyche,
They may fall in the dilemma,
Whether to wither
Or die!

No Selfless Act

How can you possibly think of breaking
The tiniest edge of crystal
That was once a part of beautiful sculpture
Quite a magnificent one!
And admired by a lot...

Now that it's broken from the core,
It doesn't shine anymore
Only cuts through whoever touches the edges;
Tries fixing it; fails to rebuild it!
Only the restless, grabby hands
Throw it again, on the floor!
As if to release their grievance
That they ever tried to rebuild the sculpture,
For the sake of their own hunger!

How can they not see
Nobody asked to get fixed!
Nobody is thirsty for remedy!
It just wanted to let it be...

Hogwash

Colors are overrated,
Shadow that speaks the aesthetics
Shows the origin of ourselves
From where we begin,
Where we shall meet again...
At the very end of the magic show
That brings ephemeral bliss...
Seeing clowns with colorful masks,
Listening to hyped up music,
Getting lost in materialistics
Then questioning their deeds.
What is not enough to know
Is that we are here
To buy momentary guffaw
And we must not be afraid
Of what happens after the show.

Dead Dreams

I see them dying,
Dreaming about death
Or dream till death..
Some die in their dreams,
Others dream of dying.
Having their body spread
Like a corpse on their bed,
Everynight, nothing has changed.
They think of their dreams till death
Without an effort towards the dream
They keep on dreaming
As long as they are out of breath
As if they await death
Like Godot of their lives.
I see them dreaming,
Like hopeless dreamer
With no will of living
But dream to live.

Delusion

I take a walk everyday
In the crowds of cowards,
There is nothing to say
Except to watch and move forward.
A long walk provides me with
So many unasked answers.
What they know
What they see
What they hear
And keep asking what do I fear
What brings out my tear
What I perceive, they can't bear.
Yet they want to hear.
And from the silence they get,
I don't care!
Yet the silence in me I rear,
In the silence they may find
Their long awaited answer.

Strayed

Peace is lost

Every morning when I wake up

Next to some dead flowers,

Covered with rotten petals.

Peace is lost

Every day as I found myself surfing

Over the crazy waves of ocean,

Failing to get back to the shore.

Peace is lost

Every night with the surprise visit

Of some uninvited parasites,

Alter my sleep with fracas.

I see there's no escape

From the anarchy of interruption

Let alone savoring the impermanence.

Intrepidity

The strongest is always alone
Like the lone wolf in the woods,
Creeps forward in silence;
Stands alone, stands apart
As he is certain of his strength.
He sure is silent behind the bush
And will step out when needed.
Neither ignorant,
Nor arrogant
Yet he fights alone
So the pack remains guarded.

Bystander

What you see in me
Is nothing but camouflage
Of your own perception.
I'm an anti hero in some fiction
While I am writing my own nonfiction
I am the survivor of my own
With a hell lot of action.
Some see me as champion
For others, I'm a side companion
Or someone with an abstraction.
But I be a silent audience
Observing all deception.

Hushed

Silence speaks a lot
When there is no word
To express the things cannot be heard
And the fidelity is blurred.
I hear them ignoring each other
I hear when nobody says they care
I hear the suppressed screams they bear,
When there is ghostly silence in the air.
Silence speaks of wounds
Which is deeply buried inside;
Silence speaks of the end,
When the soul has died.

Countenance

The first rule of poker
You got to learn to read the face
Of everyone at the table.
Be prepared to receive
Bluffs impersonating benignities.
Out of thousand possibilities
Of facing adversities,
You got to know the one
You have to deal with,
As there's no fun in convincing a loser
That he lost the game.
The real fun begins
With staring at a winner's eye,
Without blinking,
Until he gives up
And you win his game.

Unknown

The quietness before the chaos
Is always intriguing
When it's hard to fathom
The moment of transformation.
Like a sealed envelope
With the classified information.
Nobody knows what's in it
Until the very moment
It is about to be opened.
The very last unknown moment
Is what brings the utmost passion.
And after that,
Sometimes, a call for celebration
Or, just another facial contortion.

The Corpse

I bury dead bodies!

Six feet down from which

Nothing can be retrieved.

Also I stumble upon the bodies

Buried by others a long time ago...

It's all nothing

But just another desultory body

Came on earth for a purpose

And returned as a failure!

Nyctophile

Dreams -

Like wild waves in the head,
Appears to unchain the things
That have been consciously strangled,
Yet subconsciously sketched
Like an inescapable deadend.
Nights are all awakened!
Provided me with a frozen heart
All the nuances of daylight
Passed by like an exhausted sunset,
As I was silently driving
Towards the end...
Yet, the night offers me stillness,
And covers me with tranquility.

Hubris

The front door has been shut for years.
But the guests keep coming
Using the back door.
Indeed it's a surprise
Not for me, but for them
Quite an unpredictability!
Me standing at the back entry
With a pile of blank pages
I welcome them wholeheartedly!
Everyone with a paper
Asked to fill it with sagacity.
But they end up writing
Their own destiny...

Eccedentesiast

The game is on.
Since the day I knew
A conference nowadays
Is nothing but hide and seek.
I discovered an artist
Sometimes a pantomimist,
Sometimes a pinchfist.
Wherever and whenever
I see people smiling uselessly.
But the game is on,
As I too am known as
The master of hiding things.

Silence

Silence, a perpetual endurance

A wavelength so peaceful

Yet at times distressful

The sun and the moon-

Beautiful souls are engulfed with silence

As a treasure buried under the core

Weighing the earth above all

How foolish are we, to believe

As to vocalize is to exercise strongness

Yet to endure is regarded weak

How possible is it for the sun and the moon then

To be in silence

And to stand alone?

Agony

How silently people die in their temple
Without letting anyone know...
Without a shriek, the spirit leaves
Indistinctly rips them off into pieces.
All can be seen
Is just a numb gradually decaying body
Left to go through all the process;
The process of reduction
The process of giving up a habit,
The habit of living
The habit of being
In love,
In life.

Looking Forward

Patience is tested beyond limits
As I have been waiting for a long
All alone, on a pitch dark road
Halfway towards my peaceful destination.
There's no traffic
Yet, stuck at signal
For a long time, I turned the engine off.
Just the headlights on,
The only guide to home
Nobody's watching
Nobody's accompanying
But like a good citizen
I'm waiting for the green light.
Even though, I don't need to
Wait to go...
My home awaits me, I know!
And here I am
Silently enduring the longest hour
As waiting is the only right thing to do.

Void

Blood Drops in the water
Slowly mixes up with the limpid surface
Quietly, leaves any traces of the cut
Water, a translucent abyss
Carries away all the dirt with it
Takes the weights down
As if it never existed on the ground
I think it's time
I swim in the deep...
And let it absorb everything I have
Attached with my body...

Enigma

A night in the silent ocean
An ocean that seldom roars
Is often referred as a dead one
And when it roars, it takes everything inside
Never returns anything to its life...
Yet going deep inside
Cannot be any more riveting
A mysterious ecstasy!
The ocean reveals secret
In every step I take
Knowing that I will be drowned
But I'm happy to be the one
With the bravest heart...
Took the step inside the silent ocean.
I hope the night of exploring
Never ends,
As the ocean will always be
The mysterious one!

The Poet

A poet was born
Out of necessity
To feed the urge of an escapist.
A poet was born
So as it may seem easier
For the unspeakable words to come out.
Like a silent speaker!
His voice is indeed louder
Only a watchful mind!
Writes for another delicate eyes
For the sake of relishing beauty
With purity and sanity
All alone, in silence...

Slow Burn

I watch fire in your nature
In your breaths, in your eyes;
I see blistering flames
Coming out of your mouth.
I choose to enjoy the heat,
Not to put my hands in it
As no fire is strong enough to burn
A hand built in inferno!
If you aren't the one
To pour some water,
Soon, there will be only fumes...
Maybe that's what you are born to be!
For me, as I have always been
A silent audience!
To watch the end of a tyranny.

Farewell

Disappear -

Without a word

As soon as I enter the dark

Disappear, like my own shadow.

I'm not a fan of grand adieu!

Just so I know when it's time

To walk across the bridge

Without looking back

Just the emerging hollowness as an ally

And some tokens I collected

Throughout the entire voyage

The only things to go with me.

Therefore, I don't say goodbye

As I go home with

What's mine!