

Poetry Series

**Pravat Kumar Mandal**  
**- poems -**

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# Pravat Kumar Mandal()

Pravat Kumar Mandal, born on 2nd November, 1970 in a small village named Sankuria in the district of Murshidabad, State - West Bengal, Country - India, is an assistant teacher in a higher secondary school named Bagmara Niketan, Murshidabad, West Bengal, India, though his first school was Gayespur High School in the same district.

He currently lives at Berhampore, West Bengal, India with his wife Bobby Mandal, his daughter Arunima Mandal and his son Ayash Mandal. His mother lives in the village along with his two younger brothers and mother brother lives in the other town in a nearby district. He received his primary education from his village parhsala where his father was the Headmaster. Then he studied at Amritakunda mandir and passed 1987 under WBBSE and then H.S. Exam. from Krishnath College Schol, Berhampore under WBCHSE. He passed in English from Rampurhat College from The University of Burdwan in 1993. In this time he met an accident. Finally he received his M.A. degree in English from the same university in 1995. In 2001 he was appointed as an assistant teacher. He received . training as a deputed candidate from Katwa College in the same university in 2006.

Since childhood he is interested in literature, especially English Literature. He started creating poetry since childhood but they were few in number. Now he writes poems, essays, short stories both in Bengali and English. He has had several poems published and posted in facebook, and many Bilingual Magazines. His first book of Bengali poetry ATMASTHA, EK PRATIBAD was published in Mushidabad Book Fair 2020, Berhampore. This book consists of 61 poems. In between teaching he spends all his spare time writing poems and his poems have been read widely on the Internet and in print.

# A Homage To The Constitution

A Homage to The Constitution  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

You have many epithets  
To you we pay our respects.

You are our protector  
So you are our favour.

You give us safety more  
We are free from horror.

You bring freedom to our door  
We carry this potent lore.

You are in our deep core  
We love, admire and adore.

26th JANUARY,2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# A Torn Replica

A Torn Replica

Pravat Kumar Mandal

In the solitary world of relatives  
What does it say, but deportation?  
In the sky the stars are at their meeting  
Despite the distance, they're in a relation.

In the moment of greedy grey thought  
Is the heart in the form of scarecrow  
Eager to meet innumerable dreams?  
Like the stars it's the form of sorrow.

Love is on the edge of lifelessness  
Is it, however, a grey manuscript?  
To get right of a flowerless couch  
It is a torn replica in solitude.

(1st June,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# After Philandering

After Philandering  
P. K. Mandal

O Dear! Let us love again  
Let's forget the new pain -  
The pain of philandering.  
Let's renew our love-making.

O Dear! Don't hesitate.  
We are both magistrate  
In our love kingdom.  
Let's live in our own Rome.

O Dear! Give me a chance.  
Let me amend my lapse.  
If you find any offence,  
I'll not proceed for defence.

O Dear! Don't be egotist.  
Care I not if you insist.  
I will smell yours again  
And our love will regain.

O Dear! Excuse me please  
You may think I'm a tease.  
Being tired of philandering  
Now I'm a peace-abiding.

(28th February,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Alarm

ALARM

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Don't shout.  
It's a rhyme.  
Silent!  
It's a crime.

Don't laugh.  
It's a fool.  
Modest!  
It's a cool.

Don't gobble.  
It's a greed.  
Revolt!  
It's a creed.

Don't snatch.  
It's a sin.  
Impressed!  
It's a bin.

Don't oppose.  
It's a felon.  
Adjust!  
It's a colon.

Berhampore, West Bengal, India.  
24th January, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Alive

ALIVE

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Those who are the sky passengers  
The official darling guests.  
Those who are the oppressed workers  
In this world no right to take rest.

The guests are equal to the gods  
They aren't showed any disregard  
Let the native workers be trampled  
Thus let the number be reduced.

We call ourselves human beings  
Living with dreams; dying with dreams  
Our faces are veiled with fake shinings  
See, how we survive in our streams.  
(9th May,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# An Appeal Of A Street Dog

An Appeal of A Street Dog  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

I'm a street dog thin and little  
Neglected and despicable.

O naughty boys, don't throw the stones  
That hurt me hard and break my bones.

For a long time I haven't been fed  
So, I'm too weak to raise my head.

Unkindly I'm kicked and beaten.  
I have to sleep in the open.

So many stains on my body  
Make me morbid, glum and moody.

I am traumatised with your tease.  
I want to live, let me live please.

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# Anxiety

Anxiety

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Whenever I think of my existence,  
In my shaky life your sudden presence  
Like a comet, makes me bright with your light.  
I'm empowered to live in my dark night.

Whenever I think of my free movement  
This an unwanted question I repent,  
And this you conceive a shocking entry  
You're all in all in my life and poetry.

Whenever I think of my loneliness  
I take a look at your beautiful face  
That rehashes me dazzling like the moon  
Loneliness becomes happiness very soon.

Whenever I think of my depression,  
My appetite grows for your impression  
And your sweet voice. So to forget myself,  
I always aspire in your faithful help.

Whenever I think of my hectic life  
My instability hangs like a sharp knife  
As if it always ready to make short  
And you protect me with your best effort.

And whenever I think of you fondly,  
I'm proud to be one in your family.  
I wish you to live, in my creation  
Where I'll be alive in your intention.

Whenever I think of my existence,  
Alas! I truly forget my presence  
In this world I'm nothing but a puppet  
Alas! I am really back-dated.

2nd February, 2020



# Apathy In Love

Apathy in Love

Pravat Kumar Mandal

After a long wait I saw you  
When the sun on the horizon.  
At a glance I saw your poor view  
Pale but cool just like a new one.

Nature was quiet and grave, of course  
With the lifeless companion.  
For panic, though there was no source  
You kept yourself dumb like session.

I had a lot of confidence  
So I was very close to you.  
But your motionless banal sense  
Ambiguity in my love grew.

Suddenly I called for passion  
And apprised you my deep amor.  
Yet I could find no emotion  
I worried you might have hoped more.

August 27,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Appeal For Humanity

APPEAL FOR HUMANITY

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Behold! Humanity crying  
If you take a peep at your mind  
And you are warily avoiding  
No empathy, no love, no kind.

If you take a look at your soul,  
You will find Selfishness weeping  
And you remain silent and loll  
No regretting and no feeling.

If you are a human being,  
You are entitled to humanity  
Your love should not be for feigning  
It should be for humanity.

Humanity is a true home  
The purest passion of your mind.  
If you grieve on the ruin of Rome,  
It should be good for the mankind.

Today the world is very sick  
Everyone is affected here  
Man is very helpless and weak  
You the man be the right helper.

You the man, don't limit your love,  
You the man don't measure your kindness,  
In adversity keep strong your nerve  
And move forward for the goodness.

19/07/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# As I Am

As I Am

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Today I reach half-century  
Not through the state of penury  
Nor through the life of luxury  
But through very ordinary.

Since my first sense I a finder  
Still I remain non-succeeder  
Maybe, call me a pretender  
May be, but not a philander.

May God bless me to be a man  
O God! I want to be a man.

02/11/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Asking

Asking

P. K. Mandal

Looking for happiness I found sorrow  
I came to die in the invocation of life.

To realize the mind I became desperado  
I was in the nostalgia of the scandal today.

Yet love comes secretly in the dream  
Living as an unholy earthly life.

The hope of heavenly happiness in the body  
The disgusting breath of salty smell on the face.

Then the two minds in the shameful happiness  
Happy to ask for shame, if so now.

(03/03/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# At Your Touch

AT YOUR TOUCH

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Your touch when I got first  
Grew more and more my lust  
My love reached the extreme  
That I dreamt in my dream.

Your touch so much soft  
On my rough barren croft  
I had to embrace  
Without hoping your grace.

Your touch so powerful  
That broke down social rule  
Your touch with immortal kiss  
Made my heart heavenly bliss.

(18th January,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Be Careful

BE CAREFUL

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Hit the iron when it is hot  
See or not now - it's a lame slot.

Dodge carefully the secret smile  
It's an ominous deadly guile.

Obey courtesy, suppress the rogue  
It's a lively popular vogue.

Shun the lip that's not the real face  
Sometimes it carries drastic stress.

Joy and sorrow equally share  
Otherwise suffer in despair.

Make love with your heartiest dear  
Otherwise it'll spoil forever.

Be careful! Life is a struggle  
Face it, or you'll fall in tangle.

(11/07/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# Choice

CHOICE

Pravat Kumar Mandal

What we need most is junk  
None can avoid the junk.  
Though no life in ravage,  
Life must have a garbage.

A league of good and bad  
Or that of glad and sad  
Life flows at it's own whim  
With reality and dream.

What is good is welcome  
Bad is forced to assume.  
Life is sure to be bright  
If one chooses the right.

So the choice is the main  
You will choose which lane  
Life you want to rejoice  
You've to choose the right choice.

(07/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Conscience

Conscience  
P. K. Mandal

You may call me an atheist  
I have no objection.  
What is true, I think, I know well.  
So I have no obstruction.

God, to me, is a consciousness  
He judges the sinners.  
Unseenly He does what He wants  
And good to well-wishers.

Now what is Corona doing?  
Nothing but punishing  
Those of us who have neglected  
His firm viewless footing.

Isn't he doing anything good?  
He helps us find leisure,  
He brings family together,  
He acts like a joiner.

Those we lost in our business  
Unknowingly got back.  
Mother's affection, father's love -  
Tell me who gave these back.

Sitting next to the grandparents,  
Nowadays no matter,  
Working with the dearest wife and  
Gossiping together.

Spending time playing with the children  
The happiest moment.  
Frankly tell me who brought all these,  
Showing no sentiment.

Well, what has Corona done wrong?

Tell me reasonably.  
He's been killing people a lot  
But not mercilessly.

His secret presence around the world  
As the starvation maker.  
One more charge, he has been bestowed  
As the pandemic maker.

That's right, Corona has no sense.  
Are we pure basil leaves?  
The wars, the Great Wars we conducted  
Slaughtered how many lives?

Observe two natures - ours and his  
I find no difference.  
If Corona is a virus,  
What is our essence?

How many lives become lifeless  
In our religion?  
Will God be able to answer  
This imbecile question?

As I raise the questions on God,  
Call me an atheist.  
And, as I do believe on Hope,  
I am an optimist.

(April 29,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Contentment

Contentment

Pravat Kumar Mandal

When I lived in my country home  
Among my simple bosom friends,  
No false vanity, no false trends  
I felt as if I lived in Rome.

No one ever got up so late  
As I do in this cramped city  
Among the false showy gaiety.  
So I like to get my old mates.

Mine will be done with heart's content  
I will do whatever I wish  
I will enjoy heavenly bliss  
Then I will feel my full contentment.

18/07/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Corona

Corona

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Nowadays lots of speculation  
Corona will soon lose his motion  
He is a killer  
He is a sinner  
Above all he lessens pollution.  
05/05/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Crave For Freedom

Crave For Freedom

Pravat Kumar Mandal

In ruthless oppression, inhuman, injustice  
In the Tsunami of blood, the helpless cry:  
Freedom was only one demand  
The freedom for free of the country.

Thousands of lives didn't reach their finishing line  
Thousands of women silently crying and frozen  
Thousands of mothers waiting for their son to return  
But the freedom songs sung in chorus by the children  
The children who lost their fathers  
We call them freedom fighters  
We call them great patriots  
We call them immortal martyrs.

One day that auspicious moment came  
But alas! Where is the freedom?  
Identity and dreams are getting blurred  
Even today people are under the wild shame  
Inside the human ear can be heard  
The crave for freedom, the longing for freedom  
The most unromantic but strong slogan:  
I want freedom, I want freedom.

12/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Crossing The Limit

Crossing the Limit

I have the courage to cross the limit.  
It makes me feel deeply with great pleasure.  
It brings consciousness into my conceit.  
It teaches me how to overcome fear.

I have the vigour to cross the limit.  
It makes me proud of my self-confidence.  
It gives me light to fully exhibit.  
It trains me how to avoid imminence.

I have a strong will to cross the limit.  
It shows me purely of my perfection.  
It allows me to think of my exist.  
Crossing the limitpaysme conviction.

26/07/2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Cry And Laugh

Cry and Laugh  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

I am ready to cry  
But I can't.  
I carry on my try  
But I can't.  
Nothing to cry about  
Hence I fail.  
No time to cry on doubt.  
Hence I fail.

Laughing very easy  
I think so.  
To tame it makes me busy  
I think so.  
Alas! Where is my laugh?  
It's a cry.  
Cry and laugh both are tough  
Who will try?

Berhampore, Msd.  
October 31,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# Dawn Of My Life Begins

Dawn of My Life Begins  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Dawn of my life begins from that moment  
When thy sight with strange pose knocks at my door  
And I'm eager to unlock my statement  
That had been colourless in my deep core.

Morn of my love becomes bright with thy smile  
That flashes on face after a long pause  
And I am ripe to open my closed file  
That had been suppressed in my depressed cause.

Dusk of my hope is enlightened with cheer  
When thy warm exhalation makes me warmth  
And I am ready to swipe thee as beer  
If thou come before my villainous path.

So thou art beware of my haughtiness  
Or consign thyself to me with boldness.

October 11,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Death

Death

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Death has two aspects - good and bad  
Sometimes benign, sometimes ruthless.  
Though all death is sad, very sad  
He relieves us from the distress.

Who wants to leave this happy home?  
'No' is an apparent answer.  
If the home full of troublesome,  
The answer loses its temper.

Life and Death both untouchable  
Life is full of experience,  
But Death indecipherable  
Obliged to obey in silence.

Death constant, free from pretension  
No one can deny his power.  
Formless limitless expansion  
Known as an absolute slumber.

(26/11/2019)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Defiance

Defiance

Pravat Kumar Mandal

O dear two-legged beast,  
How long will you rest?  
How often will you wag  
Like the yellow-dog?

Whatev'r is said or done  
May be condemnation.  
It doesn't matter to you  
And unable to mew.

O beloved creature  
Amusing your gestures.  
Your roaring and howling  
Just like the child yelling.

O dear, don't be a feeder  
You yourself your leader.  
Then why to be a stooge?  
Under the branded rogues!

Dear, remove your coating  
Be a human being.  
Remember, they are few  
They're nothing without you.

07/09/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Delusive Dream

Delusive Dream

P. K. Mandal

Morning dream, or dreamy morning  
Both are enjoyable to me.  
But the dream turns into mourning  
When the busy day welcomes me.

Dance on the song, or song for dance  
In my life both essential.  
The life becomes tasteless and harsh  
When they are rough unmusical.

The fragrant rose, or its fragrance  
Both make my forlorn love complete  
That love is still vivid ageless  
When the rose has no scent and bright.

Story for life, or life story  
Both are parts of civilisation.  
Life and story become gory  
When man loses all his position

Real fantasy, or fancy real  
Both are really deadly and grim.  
I regain my human ideal  
When they break my delusive dream.

(April 6,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Demand

Demand

P. K. Mandal

One night in my dream I saw you walking  
I spread my hand to hold your swinging hand  
Startled I heard a rhythmic voice talking  
Very faintly you claimed your pending demand.

No response to your love - it was my fault  
As I was a big question in those days  
I had no answer and no wealthy vault  
Only emptiness and I was a blank page.

Then one day my identity was born  
I adapted myself to meet your needs  
But when your hand bade me goodbye with mourn  
On the blank page I planned on the next deeds.

Ev'n in dream I have no right to this hand  
Now it's for someone else, so no demand.

(26/4/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Destination

DESTINATION

Pravat Kumar Mandal

I am getting ready  
For an unknown journey.  
I will remain steady  
To find my destiny.

The journey starts slowly  
Through an intimate path.  
The mind feels very homely  
I find no one uncouth.

The beauty of silence  
I taste at every step  
And enjoy a new sense.  
Here everyone is safe.

At once darkness rolls down  
Eyesight becomes feeble,  
A nefarious frown  
With a strange visible.

I don't know where I stand.  
Those I see are the strangers  
In this desolate land  
They're the static sleepers.

Is this the hell of pain?  
Though no aches prevail,  
But a blood clotted drain  
And unbearable smell.

None can control the fate  
I am no exception.  
Now I'm in such a state  
That I get perception.

Is this destination

Of mine I hoped since long?  
I feel satisfaction  
Among the silent throng.

(26/5/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Evocation

## EVOCATION

Pravat Kumar Mandal

I call on such a path  
There'll be no violence.  
In human outrage  
No peace existence.

I call on such a path  
There'll be no jealousy.  
In the selfishness  
There's no ecstasy.

I call on such a path  
There'll be no aversion.  
In malevolence  
There's no salvation.

I call on such a path  
There'll be no collision.  
In suspicion  
There is no liaison.

I call on such a path  
There'll be no annoyance.  
In the confusion  
There is no confidence.

I call on such a path  
There'll be no enmity.  
In the contempt  
There's no humanity.

04/08/2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# Exam Hall

EXAM HALL

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Exam hall is a Haildom  
Not a play ground.  
To express their wisdom  
Wait without sound.

Exam hall is a hot room  
It's winter though.  
Het up to make their doom  
If the pens don't go.

Exam hall full of fear  
No wind motion.  
No one to take their care  
Except tension.

Exam hall a cave of pales  
With a watcher.  
A deep tension prevails  
And a pressure.

Exam hall a grim battle  
Fight the fighters.  
With the sound of every bell  
Promote encounters.

Exam hall just like a hell  
Silent hearings.  
End after the final bell  
Creepy feelings.

August 15,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Extra Love

EXTRA LOVE

Pravat Kumar Mandal

That's the day you whispered a lot  
The sick love turning black with rot.  
Hot lava, you were then fourteen  
The pure face pink full of passion.

That's the day you said your secret  
Forbidden love which wasn't correct.  
Petals fell off on the warm flows  
Moments passed with the broken vows.

That's the day you said in silence  
Dreamy hopes by the river fence  
No past, no present, no future  
Just contentment full of pleasure.

Now you are very much prudent  
For such an intimate moment.  
In such extra love I and you  
Always be ready to renew.

25/09/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# For Corona Virus

For Corona Virus  
P. K. Mandal

You the modern people  
You are helpless  
Against a stress -  
Corona, the Devil.

Today the world trembles  
Terror has spread.  
On your cool bed  
Where Corona rambles.

Corona, the virus  
Strolls here and there  
It does not care  
Your medicine or rush.

Hey vain men, be careful  
Death approaches.  
To pace your race  
You be more powerful.

(March15,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# For Only Love

For Only Love  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Yesterday different  
Another one I passed my valentine  
I don't remember last year how I spent  
So I do not feel fine.

This year versus last year  
More spiritless, lifeless and yawnyful  
Dull, dim, lustreless and old, o my dear  
Alas! Both we are fool.

I am jealous of them  
Who walk lazily keeping hand in hand,  
Head on the shoulder and, their words of shame  
A genuine loveband.

We are much happier  
We don't pretend, our love more impressive  
Heartfelt, more appealing that has no share  
For only love we live.  
(15th February,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Freedom

FREEDOM

Pravat Kumar Mandal

It's true that we are chained inherently  
I think none of us can deny the fact.  
The freedom we enjoy apparently  
Just a legal licence how we'll react.

We are enchanted by the praise of freedom  
The poets do loftily in their writings.  
They sing of the birds flying at random  
In the sky the clouds freely floating.

We demand our freedom accordingly.  
But alas! What they assess and praise is wrong  
Birds are caged, clouds are obstructed hourly  
And we blithely lend our lips with their song.

Freedom is chained and bound by certain rules  
It should be used in life like useful tools.

31/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# From The Hills

From the Hills  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Take the winding path up  
Then, you will reach the hills  
From there you take a view,  
This needs for your sad fills.

At the height of the hills  
Worldly account fades.  
To realize yourself  
Stand under their green shades.

By extending your hand  
You may touch the earth's roof  
Here the wandering clouds  
Courteous but aloof.

The fountains are flowing  
The clouds and the mountains  
Busy in their meeting  
To tempt their visitants.

Here the rain and the sun  
Love to play hide-and-peek  
Nature herself takes shape  
Never does she feel sick.

Here's no din and bustle  
No cause of anxiety  
Here's no fret and hustle  
Here's only satiety.

(18th May,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# From The Zenana Of Life

From the Zenana of Life  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

"Why are you in tears? "  
Asks angry Sorrow,  
"I'm not one of fears  
Think of tomorrow.  
I'm a part of life  
With me and your joy  
You have to survive  
Master, don't be coy."

"Why are you speechless? "  
Asks Joy in surprise,  
"You become sightless  
I beg to apprise.  
I'm a part of life  
Don't be afraid more  
You have to survive  
Master, don't be sore."

Joy and Sorrow both  
Motivate me to live  
With vigour and youth  
For the days to arrive.  
Life and Death are mute  
And, like the onlookers  
They watch my upshot  
And triumph as winners.

Joy, Sorrow, Life, Death  
They're latent figures  
They make a nice wreath  
In my mortal corpse.  
First two are in basis  
Last two are in contrast  
They all give me a wish:  
"May you live in your trust! "

(13th July,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# Grudge On Corona

Grudge on Corona  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Corona, avaunt  
You are poisonous  
Stop your panic hunt  
You're just a virus.

You're a trespasser  
You are unwelcome.  
You're an intruder  
You are troublesome.

Don't cross your limit  
You are out of ours.  
Never try to meet  
With your viral spurs.

Be quick for a trudge  
You have no place here.  
Away from our grudge  
Find your own shelter.

Never show your face  
I think you'll not miss.  
You're out of the race.  
Let us live in peace.

(16/5/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Hubbub Hullabaloo

Hubbub Hullabaloo  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Who says it's not a good?  
Hubbub hullabaloo  
That always I follow  
As it's a tasty food.

Who says it be foolish?  
If ignore open eyes  
As to refuse this prize  
And think it so rubbish.

Who says it goofy guest?  
Toot tablas as I wish  
Roister on my boyish  
Or else Time will be rest.

Who says about my love?  
Hubbub hullabaloo  
That always I follow  
As it is not a grub.

August 18,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Human Parts And Their Functions

We've many parts  
And  
To know let's start.

Eyes work to see  
And  
Make us blind free.

Ears work to hear  
And  
Make the sense clear.

Nose works to smell  
And  
Saves us from pell.

Mouth works to speak  
And  
Helps us to meek.

Tongue works to taste  
And  
Contents the best.

Hands work to touch  
And  
To bless they stretch.

Legs work to move  
And  
Stand still or rove.

Heart works to feel  
And  
Removes trouble.

Head all in all  
We're  
Under its control.

17/09/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# I Am A Happy Father

I AM A HAPPY FATHER  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

I am a happy father  
In this Father's Day  
I am gifted a daughter  
With a joyful ray.

An unlimited pleasure  
I've ne'er had before.  
This day I am a father  
With a promise more.

I am now a proud father  
For such a sweet light.  
She and her sweet brother  
Make me always bright.

(21/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# I Don't Care

I Don't Care

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Hit me here, hurt me there  
I don't care, I don't fear.

Love me dear, hate me dear  
I don't care I don't fear.

All these ills I just bear  
I don't rear, I don't spare.

Down me near, throw me far  
I don't rear, I don't spare.

Show me fair, give me glare  
I don't care, I don't fear.

03/11/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# If I Could Say

If I could Say

Pravat Kumar Mandal

If I could say my life my favourite,  
I would be the happiest in this earth.  
If I could say my decision was right,  
My life would be full with heavenly mirth.

If I could say my wish was the last word,  
My range of happiness would be boundless  
If I could say I maintained my standard,  
My beauty would be tangible no less.

If I could say what belongs to me not yours,  
My soul would take fresh air with heart's content  
If I could say the words came out of the core,  
Surely it'd be the most entertainment.

Then you'd contempt me for being selfish  
And throw me from your heart as rubbish.

(21st February,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# If Possible

IF POSSIBLE

Pravat Kumar Mandal

If possible I want to be young  
I want to get back my verdant age  
I want to hear the past cradle songs  
And I want to get back the old craze.

If possible I want to be stripling  
I want to get back my village friends  
I want to get wet with the sprinkling  
And I want to hear the tales of legends.

If possible I want to be younker  
I want to get back parents' discipline  
I want to play as a peacemaker  
And I want to save ourselves from decline.

23/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# I'm Very Close To Fifty

I'm Very Close To Fifty  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

I'm very close to fifty  
As before I'm still nifty.

My wife sometimes calls me 'old'  
And, again she calls me 'gold'.

But I don't know - old or gold  
I always want to be cold.

I'm steady against her blow  
I'm bright with her deep red glow.

I'm vexed when she is silent  
And benumbed for a moment.

As before I'm still nifty  
I'm very close to fifty.

(4th July,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Impression

Impression  
P. K. Mandal

Alone  
In the lone room  
Wait  
For the last doom.

Single  
On the sick bed  
Hope  
For the safe shed.

Solo  
In the short dirge  
Stand  
By the trek verge.

Only  
Before the love  
Bye  
With the brief sob.

Hearty  
On the pale face  
Gift  
For the last trace.

(15/04/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# In Dilemma

In Dilemma

[During Pandemic]

P. K. Mandal

If Corona touches my life,  
I know it will ravish it's right  
In my body and will survive  
Then my only one goal is fight.

I will get so many soldiers  
To fight the single enemy.  
Doctors, nurses, healthcare workers  
They all dutiful and gamy.

I am not afraid of being persecuted  
As I have doubts about myself.  
By whom was I, as man, created?  
Who created the gods without shape?

Yet if I'm embarrassed by Death  
I wish to quench my long desire  
Am I an atheist if no faith  
As I don't know God's creator.

I would've no complaints if I die  
Since I would've lost my enmity  
But if not so, I've to leave a sigh  
For the dismal humanity.

Tell me the answer ere long  
Who am I in this universe?  
Before being stopped my heart's song  
Tell me how many read my verse.

(14/04/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# In Old Love

In Old Love

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Old love does appeal love no more  
Old body has lost its fragrance  
Old mind has sheltered its deep sore  
In the old heart there's no old sense

In the old way the tale is old,  
Old language has lost its breath,  
The old hearing has waned its bold  
And old eye does arrange no wreath.

Old face reflects mourning image  
The old kiss has consumed its warmth  
Old hand finds its touch with old rage  
The old embrace has lost its depth.

Old memories ambrosial  
Newness in love is a fake show  
The old is not commercial  
Old happiness is welcome so.

(9th February,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# In Shravan Mood

IN SHRAVAN MOOD

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Shravan always wet  
I'm lost in anguish  
In the songs of melt  
I find joy and peace  
Please let me rejoice.

In the morning rain  
Mind filled with sadness  
Mizzling nonchalant  
Source of moroseness  
Grouch and gloominess.

In the midst of noon  
Eyes feel lethargy  
Evening comes down  
A blind, with energy  
Singing in crazy.

Shravan clouds attack,  
The sky becomes dark.  
In the shaky shacks  
People fear havoc  
For the coming dark.

Patter natter sound  
Features in this time  
Music all-around  
But the gust, the prime  
Weakens my poem's rhyme.

In this period  
Rivers overflow  
Boats are wayward  
My mind and heart flow  
With the rainy glow.

In the rainy days  
Patches here and there  
Cover the sun rays  
Howling and capture,  
Random their nature.

Shravan is in bore  
The garden downcast  
I'm at the closed door  
The wind knocks hard  
Despair and depressed.

Falling rain non-stop  
I love to chitchat.  
Let us storm in cup  
With stupid debates  
With Shravan's pat-pat.

13/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# In The Morning

In The Morning

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Son:

Let me sleep now, mom  
Cold outside, here warm.

Mom:

Look, the morning light  
How quiet and bright.

Son:

Some more time, mom please  
Let me feel soft breeze.

Mom:

It's a stupid rest.  
Nothing will be the best.

Son:

Let me dream a dream  
There will be no grim.

Mom:

Son, the morning passes  
Enjoy its calm flashes.

Son:

Yes mom, doing that  
But they moving fast.

Mom:

No no its your doubt  
That's needed to rub out.

Son:

Mom please, trust me now  
I want to know, but how?

Mom:

Wake up, wake up, my son  
Look at the morning sun.

Son:

To me it's troublesome  
Excuse me, o dear mom.

Mom:

How fresh you will feel!  
Your sick mood will heal.

Son:

Ok mom I'm trying

See, my eyes are prying.

Mom:

Call up the poet's say:

"Morning shows the day".

5th January,2020.

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# In Winter

In Winter

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Finally

Here comes the winter.

Beg the sun

To give a little fire.

In the rows

We sit together.

Side by side

We feel hot summer.

With the scent

We taste the dates-juices.

By the fire

Cake pastry with molasses.

In winter

We enjoy the best fun.

The thick mist,

Picnic and excursion.

December 13,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Introspection Of Life

Introspection of Life

Pravat Kumar Mandal

When love ends, hate is born  
The sun sets, darkness grown  
Happy dreams are shattered  
Psychic bond is separated  
Depression hits happiness  
Life becomes motionless.

When joy ends, sorrow born  
Everything becomes wan  
Memories are erased  
Clouds of sadness covered  
Smile is lost forever  
Life becomes blurred mirror.

When time ends, death is born  
No wish, no greed, no corn  
Only wait for the next  
For the eternal rest  
Life gets its primal dwell  
In Heaven or in Hell.

02/09/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Keep Going As It Goes

KEEP GOING AS IT GOES

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Keep going as it goes.  
What is wrong with it?  
You can snore your nose  
No one will ask your fit.

Keep going as it goes.  
Is it not called freedom?  
Your love with black rose  
You can pose your wisdom.

Keep going as it goes  
Any break to this rule?  
Time moves on, no pause.  
It's a living old tool.

August 11,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Killings And Feelings

Killings and Feelings

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Kill, crush, and snatch  
see, snap taken then.  
The armed officials  
Kill and kill with pain.

Death, grief and death  
witness the savage  
The weak onlookers  
Invite the ravage.

Press, thrash and rush  
Latent, innate flow.  
The spineless species  
Remain dull in blow.

Powdery feelings  
Make the poem superb.  
The busy readers  
Don't mock or disturb.

Strong passive tactics  
Prostrates the progress.  
The lame humans  
Invite the regress.

Killings and feelings  
Both are inherent.  
The first one is crime  
And no one consents.

(12/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Late

LATE

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Hello!

They all ask me, "Why are you so late?"

So late!

This weird word that raises my pulse rate.

Late! Late!

Peradventure I'm really late.

In fact,

I'm greedy for free and rebate.

At once,

I regain from an unconscious state.

And so,

I start my conventional debate.

For vote,

Commitment I need to stimulate.

Hush up!

Now I speak of those inanimate.

Bondmen!

Soulless lives live in this dead state.

Like me,

They are all dead and they are late.

08/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Let Me A Space

Let Me A Space

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Let me a space in your heart  
I know you are very smart  
How to shun somebody's eyes  
How to defame their false praise  
But I don't like to be a flirt.

Let me a space in your mind  
I know you are very kind  
How to choke one's flattery  
How to burke cajolery  
But I don't like to wear fake rind.

Let me a space in your soul  
I know you are on your dole  
How to veil your inner stress  
How to roll up your coyness  
But I'm he who is your love soul.

03/09/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Life

Life

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Life is nothing but a number  
Some so-called naysayers say this.  
Life is like wine in a bumper  
Drink it and throw into rubbish.

Life is nothing but an unkempt wreath  
After the futility.  
Life is the opposite of death  
The eternal reality.

Life is nothing but a horizon  
Where the dreams begin and finish.  
Life is nothing but a fruition  
Take it up easy with relish.

(08/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Listen To Me Please

Listen to me please

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Listen to me please.  
Crime before eyes  
How to tolerate?  
Calm or indifferent  
Speechless or tacit.

Listen to me please.  
Crime before eyes  
How to encounter?  
That's a simple way  
Give foolish laughter.

Listen to me please.  
Crime before eyes  
How to resist?  
Nothing my dear  
Provoke or insist.

5 July,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# Little Little Bright Stars

Bedtime song

Little Little Bright Stars

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Little little bright stars

In the sky wearing furs

Sparkling faces with smile

Moving steps with sweet style

Little little bright stars

In the sky wearing furs.

18/09/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Love

LOVE

Pravat Kumar Mandal

What a strange thy look!  
Want to say something?  
In the name of love  
I want no bent ring.

Love has its own right  
It has a delicious taste.  
But it loses all its flavour  
By the attack of lustful fest.

11/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Love Intact

Love Intact

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Only we two far away from the noise  
Face-to-face in a solitary noon  
There we were sharing our boundless joys  
And whispering how to be one too soon.

But we had no time to spend like this  
Touch of twilight back to reality  
And we had no time to enjoy such bliss  
Thus we left the place without satiety.

After twenty five with joy and sorrow  
That memory had been turned into pine  
You're to me a sweet flower - a yarrow  
The scent of which I am still kept in wine.

So I'm still drunk in your love as before  
And your absence has grown my love the more.  
November 6,2019.

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Love Me Or Not

Love me or not  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Love me or not - I do not care  
Happy to know you are with me  
Your feelings for my happiness  
Happy to know you think of me.

Your love not for me precisely  
But I feel proud of your presence  
No penance on this critical.  
You all are in my existence.

11 July,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Masking

Masking

P. K. Mandal

If I put the mask on my face,  
You will not see my scars.  
Being enticed by my fake face  
You will quench your desires.

If I put the mask on my face  
You will not find my fears  
You will laugh at me for this dress  
You did in the past years.

But if I unmask before you  
You will not miss my tears.  
Your senses will wake up anew  
With good eyes and ears.  
(April 25,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Misconduct

Misconduct

Pravat Kumar Mandal

The most talked-about saying  
There is nothing beyond trade  
There may have some oral haying  
But nobody does care its grade.

If you want, you can sell freedom  
If you have it in own right.  
You may live in your own kingdom  
Who dares to come forward to fight?

If you want, you can buy a corpse -  
A living corpse to glut your lust  
Your appetite will never lapse  
Rather will it increase too fast.

Buying something is trivial  
If you have ability  
In money or weapons in real  
You will feel no futility.

Buying and selling are common  
When people are the products.  
When they're possessed by demon  
The blame goes to the misconduct.

28/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Mismatch

Mismatch

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Here the spirits are sleepless  
The faint light of the firefly shines,  
They come more and more in rows  
Stinking, covered with white polythene.

Searching for the grave increases  
The wandering souls are only numbered.  
There is peace in them and no rivalry  
There is no desire to be nurtured.

The lightless sun rises here  
In the darkness of the waking night.  
The spirits keep the pen in their mouths  
They try to get the calculations right.

But the mathematical issue weak here  
Pushing in the crowd is very unbearable  
Distance is needed for the trial  
Harassment in trace! Mismatch discernible.

(29/07/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Money

Money

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Money begets money- it's a saying.  
The rich get richer, the poor get poorer.  
What else can we do without pondering?  
In life money is the determiner.

Money buys happiness; money sells sad  
Money says truth; money draws falsity  
Money plays sensible; money makes mad  
Money brings vice; Money holds dignity.

Money addiction is a disaster  
Money is unlimited corruption.  
Money is a killer; it is a life-saver  
Money is everything without notion.

Money is nothing but a criminal.  
Money always tests us in critical.

14 September,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# My Accepted Life

My Accepted Life

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Out of my life I'm confined in yours  
Many days, many months, many years  
I've spent and enjoyed in that cell  
No complains, no grievances, no tears.

Whenever I'm freed for a moment  
I lose myself in the midst of glare  
In the world of puzzle I forget  
To laugh, to think, and to be aware.

Now I must be obliged to admit  
Confinement is not a punishment  
It's a safe heaven for existence  
No pressure, no panic, no torment.

In the captive your mild disgrace  
I've accepted in my lone heart  
For myself in the near future  
To receive peace, but not to hurt.

November 20, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# My Children

My Children

Pravat Kumar Mandal

My children the nice gifts  
And the joys of my life.  
In the span of three years  
I got them from my wife.

I love their company  
Their sweet voice and their smile  
They believe each other  
They're quiet, sometimes agile.

They share my anxieties  
They're pure and innocent.  
They demand something though,  
Their needs very decent.

Nothing more important  
Than their affection  
They make my world complete  
With full perfection.

November23,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# My Foul Wish

Your charming physique uncultivated  
Barbaric smell of 'mahul' still remains  
In the evening age like the neap tide,  
The choppy mind-ocean becomes restless.

Was the past dreamy expectation wrong?  
The fragrance in your dear caring garden  
The sound of the heart sounds like a plight song  
Was the secret illegal love mistaken?

Fear of slander and humiliation  
Wailing and regretting year after year  
Looking at the moonlight with deep tension  
At the end of life for the remainder.

Still I fidget for yours flirtatious  
To quench my foul wish in defaced disgrace.

16/09/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# My Love My Pray

My Love My Pray  
P. K. Mandal

Every day and night  
Your look very bright.  
Your face and your sight  
My love on your might.

In my every wink  
I would like to sink  
Into your physique  
Deeply and to drink.

I just feel your touch  
But I miss you much.  
And somehow your watch  
Turns aside me much.

How firm on my dole  
You are, and your soul  
Your heart that my goal  
I'll gain with my soul.

On your eyes I gaze  
In order to raise  
Your love and I praise  
Your whim and your craze.

O Love! Don't be pale.  
Uplift your dim veil  
And peep into my vale  
You'll find my love's tale.

Every night and day  
Your smile and your gay  
And your jovial say  
Make my love my pray.

(March 12,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# My Repentance

My Repentance

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Listen, what would have been better  
If I had been anywhere else?  
Being a shameless parasite there  
I'd have written long long tales,  
The tales would tell many stories  
About the poor in poor countries.

Listen, what would have been better  
If I had said nothing about me?  
Negating my own human share  
I'd pass away my life with glee,  
My tales would warble your dirty:  
About you and your poverty.

Listen, what would have been better  
If I'd get the reward the best?  
Being glad with the next treasure  
I'd repent deeply for the rest,  
You'd cheer me and my origin  
But neither my tales nor my sin.

Chennai, 15/10/2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# My Sincere Ecstasy

My Sincere Ecstasy  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

The twenty first of October  
One of the happiest days.  
I was gifted a cheerful star  
With the captivating rays.

Another gift I'd been gifted  
On the twenty first of June.  
That day I had been uplifted  
When I had got a sweet moon.

Now both are my world in this world  
Along with my beloved wife.  
My parents and other households  
Of course all complete my life.

I am grateful to all people  
As I belong to their lane.  
Really I'm so delightful  
Who does care sorrow and pain?

I'd like to live forever  
In this land of fantasy.  
As I find myself everywhere,  
I feel sincere ecstasy.

21/10/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# My Wistful Longing

My Wistful Longing  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Sometimes in isolation  
I am  
Far away from reality  
In the intoxication  
Of sweet intensity.

Sometimes in meditation  
I am  
Far away from the noise  
In the propagation  
Of the mental poise.

Sometimes in satisfaction  
I am  
Far away from desire  
In the conjugation  
Of carnal pleasure.

Sometimes in resolution  
I am  
Far away from thinking  
In the authorization  
Of wistful longing.

19th January,2020.

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# My World

MY WORLD

Pravat Kumar Mandal

My world soundful when you're by my side  
Doubt born in me when your sweet smile you hide.

My world beautiful when your radiance  
Spreads on me like a constant vigilance.

I am thankful to have you as a bride  
Since then my world is meaningful with pride.

How lucky I am as I'm not alone  
And in my world no sound of clarion.

Now I have only one dream and desire:  
May my world remain intact forever.

(26th June,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Now The Rain

Now The Rain

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Now the rain  
Yet no stain  
In the sky.  
At a noon  
Twinkling tune  
With no sigh.

Lazy time passing  
With the drizzling  
In the city.  
All roads and drains  
Full of black rains  
There's no safety.

Like the river  
Moving water  
Slows down with dross.  
Trap in water  
Plastic carrier  
Doth not mean the laws.

Water water water  
Here there everywhere  
Rain rain heavy rain.  
Traffic congestion  
No time protection  
Fear of office men.

Sticky mud soil  
The most pure spoil  
On the body cover.  
From top to bottom  
The joy is extreme.  
Let everyone aware.

01/08/2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# O Little Baby

O Little Baby

Pravat Kumar Mandal

[ 1 ]

O little baby, don't worry

I'm with you.

O little baby, don't sorry

Have a nice view.

[ 2 ]

O little baby, don't cry

I'm your toy.

O little baby, don't cry

You're my joy.

23/10/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# On Love's Manifesto

On Love's Manifesto

P. K. Mandal

I love to hear the old stories  
Where there are full of man's glories.

I love to laugh off heartily  
So that my heart becomes lively.

I love to live with my kinsmen  
To get rid of the lonely pain.

I love to talk fiddle-faddle  
And so I hate to be standstill.

I love to feel the attachment  
So I dislike the impeachment.

I love playing with myself  
The game of love for myself.

I love to show my entity  
Where there will be no vanity.

I love my mother very much  
Always eager to get her touch.

Whom I trusted was my father  
To me he was a great pillar.

I love my son and my daughter  
They are my backbone and power.

Nothing less my love on my wife  
Whose attachment completes my life.

(March 6,2020)



# One Day I Lost My Visualized Life

One day I lost my visualized life  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

One day I lost my visualized life  
On the long way of my aimless ferry  
Today in the intense I wish to carry  
My funky hands on your side to survive.  
It's uncertain to find the happy days  
Like a buskin what is lost doesn't come back  
And lasts as the token of the old crack  
Grabbing the lost memory I feel gay.

If you surrender yourself fully to me  
As before I'll give you satisfaction  
If you can't curb your curiosity  
As before you can frankly relish me.  
In me if fail to find your perfection  
My punk heart will take the liability.

August 19,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# One More Year Passed

One More Year Passed  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

One more year passed  
Laughing crying,  
feeling sad and proud  
Wrapping joy and sorrow  
The village and the town  
In the garbage of shattered memories.

Bondage of moving twelve months  
The age increases for all  
The fuel stored in the memory  
The vibrant reservoir in the future.

Matching the unaccounted for life  
The look in life  
On the last page of year  
In the twilight of the year  
The tired body  
Waits for the new dawn.

Feeling fresh, O human family,  
Promise for spreading eternal love.

31st December,2019.

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# Oomph

Oomph

Pravat Kumar Mandal

In an unknown fascination  
I had gone crazy with your flesh  
Forbidden unlawful action  
Aversely approved the false bliss.

What a joyful moment I'd felt!  
Heavenly mirth with heart's content  
You'd been drooping like the spring melt  
With deep breathe and amorous vent.

From then on you'd have bowed your head  
And my chest trembling with strange fear.  
Today the long past makes me void  
And consumes me my happy share.

Now you belong to someone else  
And I'm possessed by some other.  
Yet the past intuition no less  
Once more let us spend together.

08/10/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Out Of Outfit

OUT OF OUTFIT

Pravat Kumar Mandal

When everyone screams, I keep quiet  
As I will not find right hearer  
To judge me, my face and my byte,  
I wait when they stop together.

But Time passes by his own pose  
And becomes a good adviser.  
I sit and take a rest and doze  
Alas! No one stops together.

Suddenly a pin drop silence  
Startles me and I'm awoken  
And with myeyes I flash a glance  
Everyone keeps their eyes open.

I try to catch on who they are  
Some are weeping, others tacit  
Some are praising and others slur  
I feel I am out of their outfit.

19 / 10 / 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Perseverance

PERSEVERANCE

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Failures may come in our life  
They're the stepping-stones to success.  
They fail when perseverance pushes  
And brings win in their perdue strife.

Doubts may crop up in our vain mind  
They may cause scare and depression  
They may leave a deep impression  
And our joys are left far behind.

Obstacles may come on our way  
Like the sudden puffy storms,  
And they may come in any forms  
Perseverance sweeps them away.

Many great men of the world rose  
To sign by sheer perseverance.  
We should take their experience  
Like the salt, the medicine dose.

We know the story of King Bruce  
It learns how to mount up the towers.  
Success not of luck but of perspires  
Perseverance a secret of life, of course.

30/07/2020]

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Physical Desire

Physical Desire

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Strong desire to eat  
Hope isn't fulfilled yet.  
Body becomes hunger  
For physical desire.

My fist takes sweet taste  
With your seasoned breasts.  
Your juicy lips trembling  
With the mind of swerving.

The veil covers the shame  
Age disturbs the last aim.  
On the roseless hard bed  
Love becomes dejected.

In your deep deep ravine  
Fear of my gentle ruin.  
Yet body makes merry  
To get the pure victory.

22/10/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Poem

Poem

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Poem is excellent

When it is read outspoken

It has good talent.

(04/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Poetry

POETRY

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Poetry means a whole human being  
His everything - body, mind, consciousness  
A flawless colourful route for living  
In cry and sorrow, love and happiness.

Poetry like the Atlantic ocean  
Brightened in various forms and colours.  
Sometimes gloomy grey, sometimes blue pleasance  
Sometimes turbulent and sometimes sober.

Poetry means the delightful festival  
Children's laughs and their loud recitation.  
Heart-to-heart love and the life-long Carnival  
Enjoyment for bygone's ruminantion.

Poetry the vehicle of creation  
That travels on every path of this big ball.  
Poetry the deed of civilization  
The summons that touches the heart and soul.

02/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Poetry And Prose

Poetry and Prose

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Poetry written in prose  
Glamorous with glum greed.  
Its smell like a dry rose  
Demands with a queer creed.

Prose is born from the head  
Poetry from the heart.  
Both grand and dignified  
In the creative art.

Prose provides sense and tense  
Poetry shines feelings,  
No logical maintenance  
Just impulsive ailing.

Prose comprehensible  
Poetry readable.  
The first one sensible  
The last unknowable.

Poetry in prose attractive  
But so-called prose-poetry  
Into heart dull and passive  
And forces a sick entry.

(16/07/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Postulata

POSTULATA

P. K. Mandal

Like a child I want to cry  
For getting back my childly age  
When fantasy was my best game.

Like a bird I want to fly  
Into the sky - a vast blue page  
If written there is my name.

Like a hill I want to be strong  
To survive in adverse conditions  
Which are enough to break the love.

Like a rose I want to blossom  
To express my heart's true missions  
The only aim of which is love.

Like a star I want to stare  
To make the darkness shine and shine  
Nothing else is invisible.

As a man I want to declare  
That to be a real being  
Though I know it's not possible.

(23rd February,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# Prayer

PRAYER

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Even before the hardships were traded  
Nothing has changed yet.  
As we used to pray and wait for the good,  
We still do and wait.

Our prayers stem from our plebeian faith  
That begets from fear.  
Love for man is one that's top of the line  
It's a real prayer.

See, the humans are praying for your love,  
Your touch and some food.  
Let's pray for the worried humanity  
Only for the good.

06/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Reminiscence

REMINISCENCE

Pravat Kumar Mandal

In a small village I spent my childhood.  
Many a busy morning I past well.  
Plenty of trees here and there though no wood  
With the serenity, no din and bustle.

I did three major tasks at certain times.  
Studying, schooling, playing and then studying.  
This busy living life could find no crimes.  
Then the age of subjection for everything.

I myself built my own world as I wished  
Where my dreams were kept awake day and night.  
To an unknown future it could have led  
Me, and though I'm still fighting in that fight.

The past is the past, it does not come back.  
Actions of the past make the present track.

August 22,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Rumour

Rumour

P. K. Mandal

I am a rumour  
I have no humour  
With my chic glamour  
Reveal my figure.

I am a rumour  
I have no pressure.  
With false exposure  
Create mixed clamour.

I am a rumour  
I have no flavour  
My taste runs up more  
When I get valour.

I am a rumour  
I have no favour.  
Proper or improper  
Whatever, I don't care.  
(23/4/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Searching

## SEARCHING

Pravat Kumar Mandal

In a sudden storm many leaves fell  
Arid and green leaves that are diseased.  
The storm will stop, maybe a few days left  
By then all will be crashed and messed.

In the disgrace of your Almighty  
Are you insulted? Tears in your eyes?  
The power of Almighty is crippled  
For the green souls the evil strikes.

Even when fighting, youths are dying,  
Alas! You have no surveillance.  
Religion is now unconscious to itself  
Is it needful to brag about greatness?

Walking in the dark black path of mind  
Every day I'm awfully stumbling.  
The dead are being taken to heaven  
Hearing, but the truth I'm still searching.

(06/05/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Seduction

Seduction

Pravat Kumar Mandal

One day I found my delight in sorrow  
Sitting single on a lonely sad shore  
With some uncanny vacant mood she bore  
Though obsessed by the scent of wild yarrow.  
She sat silently like an ascetic  
Wandering in the paradise of dreams  
Lost herself there like a weary pilgrim  
Deeply rooted for something prophetic.

Then I sat down next to her in silence  
I was letting out my long breaths in fear  
If my presence might hamper her thought  
Ev'n the river stopped flowing in a trance.  
On a sudden she asked me in whisper:  
After thy need, will thou do me the 'nought'?

02/11/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Self-Assessment

Self-assessment

Pravat Kumar Mandal

I make flaws, you do too  
I hide mine, express yours.  
Justice my real motto  
Only for you of course.

The crime you do, I don't  
I'm innocent, neutral.  
I am always upfront  
For my crime reversal.

You fight against the bastards  
While I'm a big zero.  
Yet I call you a coward  
And myself a hero.

07/10/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Self-Judgement

Self-judgement

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Give me a hard slap  
If I do something offense  
Don't spur with a clap  
Then, if I have gained no sense,  
Please revile me a nonsense.

Dispense me a slang  
If I do something unjust  
Don't mark with a rank  
Then, if I can't restore trust,  
Please address me a bastard.

Despise me a lot  
If I do something misdeed  
Don't ignore the blot  
Then, if I can't mend the deed,  
Please punish me justified.

Bestow me a fraud  
If I do something vengeance  
Never spare the rod  
Then, if I can't correct the sense,  
Please give me a fair sentence.

(6th July,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Sense

Sense

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Now I am an old stag  
Free from anxiety  
Here's no din and bustle  
And no false gaiety.

What I like the most  
Free from tension.  
What I want eagerly  
Life but burden.

I'm indebted to my will  
Makes me sensible.  
Now I have no false eye  
Makes me trouble.

Bad feelings strike me hard  
But I don't care.  
I have a strong sense  
Uncovers my fear.

Now I am an old stag  
Free from anxiety.  
None can know the base  
But my Almighty.

8th June,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# Sentiments The Secrets

Sentiments the Secrets

Once I had a little bag  
So many secrets in it.  
They were enframed in a tag  
To reveal them needed a hit.  
Hits were coupes with a hammer  
One after another blow.  
They were the same in rumour;  
They came in similar flow.

An emotional torture  
Suddenly hit on my mind.  
They were ready to scatter  
There was no excuse, no kind.  
The secrets became silent  
And waited for the next hit.  
A voice proclaimed in a bent  
They were not really fit.

Still they lived together  
In the frame of blood and flesh.  
They did not blame each other  
They stayed away from rush race.  
Joy and sorrow, smile and cry  
They all lived in their own right.  
When one kept the other dry,  
The other returned with fight.

These sentiments the secrets  
They built the fleshy frame strong.  
No hit could freely separate  
The tight bond which had no wrong.  
There was no hesitation  
In sentimental movements,  
But in rigid relation  
They never fade, never faint.

September 7,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Shelter

SHELTER

P. K. Mandal

Nothing can make a son more prosperous  
Than listening to his mother's phone call:  
'Hello 'beta' how are you - safe you all  
I know you well, as you are boisterous.'  
Nothing can make a son more glorious  
Than receiving his mother's deep blessing  
The mother who always gives her wishing:  
'May you be happy, son and gracious.'

The son perceives proud of his mother's norm  
Still he is anxious for the mother  
Eroded the world today by a worm  
That worm has kept mother and son afar  
Waiting for stopping the untimely storm  
Then the son will get a secure shelter.

(April 03,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Silence

Silence

P. K. Mandal

I want to say a lot  
But I do not have time  
If I had any chance,  
I wouldn't have this crime.

Silence is an answer  
Sometimes it concessive  
Sometimes disapproving  
I think it aggressive.

I don't want to change it  
To me this more important  
Silence a part of life  
That creates no opponent.

(14 March,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Smoke

SMOKE

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Grey smoke irritates the eyes  
Its strange smelling chokes breath  
Its coil continues to rise  
A civilisation wreath.

Smoke is out from everywhere  
When people started walking.  
From every nook and corner  
Smoke coming out and spreading.

Smoke is toxic and fatal  
That's a cause of pollution.  
But the smoke is more lethal  
The smoke that emits from tension.

After being dejected  
He spends in nicotine smoke.  
After being rejected  
He embraces eternal choke.

30/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Some Stories Of My Life

Some Stories of My Life

P. K. Mandal

Only two days before my first big test  
My grandfather took his eternal rest  
I had to pass a shocking emotion  
In my heavy heart with full of tension.

Then the first two days of my second one  
Not so good, I think, again not so wan  
But the next two days sudden dysentery  
Made obstruction of my easy entry.

Before the part-I exam one mishap  
Almost changed my recognizable shape  
I thought I would never regain my pace  
I would lapse forever in today's race.

Just when dreams were not dreaming in my eyes  
Just when the heart was yielding to my cries  
Just when life was falling apart from life,  
The loveless touch of childhood came to life.

Time was moving fast into my fourth phase.  
Pedagogic life and personal craze  
I was cherishing with my passion  
So I had to invite my destruction.

A new journey began with my helpmate  
I had to consign myself to my fate  
&quot;We shall overcome&quot; - inspired me a lot  
And the lost courage returned on its spot.

After this I found my reality  
A deep hole whose no visibility  
A deep dark through which no way to step out  
So my role would come to an end, no doubt.

In such a crisis, I got a relief,

Soon I regained the popular belief:  
No sweat, no sweet - an absolute armor  
As a result, I became a teacher.  
(19th February, 2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Spooky Shadow

Spooky Shadow

Pravat Kumar Mandal

On a silent moonlit midnight  
Through the open barren field  
We walked holding each other tight.  
The black shadow made our mouths sealed.

The shape was constantly changing  
Sometimes getting small, sometimes large  
Sometimes still, sometimes tottering  
And we're stunned to a single marge.

What sign it signalled, ominous  
Or something future promising.  
We hardly believed, it's obvious  
We all stared so that nothing missing.

The smoky shadow disappeared  
Gradually into the air.  
We slowly moved to our homeward  
The creepy feeling still we bear.

09/10/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# Stay At Home

Stay At Home

P. K. Mandal

Let us stay at home  
With the dear family.  
Like the close housemates  
We all become homely.

The only stratagem  
We to fight the virus.  
Keeping the distance  
In the human nexus.

&quot;We shall overcome&quot;;,  
If we do determine.  
As we know the disease,  
We know the medicine.

(March 25,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Subho Bijoya

Subho Bijoya

Pravat Kumar Mandal

On this 'Subho Bijoya'  
Greetings to everyone  
Get rid of all phobia  
Be a utilitarian.

Today is such a day  
No feeling of sorrow  
Happy sharing the day  
Best wishes for morrow.

In this beautiful earth  
O Goddess, my prayer:  
Guide me to the right path  
For the human welfare.

26/10/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Teacher

TEACHER

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Teacher is the candle of the dark path  
We the followers are saved from trouble  
Teacher is the symbol of the ideal  
With due respect I am always humble.

Teacher is the backbone of the nation  
So we are able to stand up straight  
Teacher is the caring and worthy friend  
Who nev'r teaches his learners to retreat.

Teacher the craftsman of the society  
The good human beings are his harvest  
Among teachers there some exceptions though  
Is it right to put the same blame on the rest?

Teacher is the director in all sphere  
He helps us to overcome every strife  
Above all, we're each surely a teacher  
And we have at least one teacher in life.

Teacher, to me, the never-fading soul  
I convey my sincere respect to all.  
05/09/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Temporary Fight

Temporary Fight

P. K. Mandal

Let me say something against you  
Strange but not unfamiliar.  
You complain again and again  
To amend my behaviour.

Let me say something against me  
Familiar but no so strange.  
Whenever I think I'll be fine,  
I suddenly lose my courage.

Let me tell the readers something  
Real but not imaginary.  
We extremely fight day and night  
But the fight is temporary.

(May Day,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# The Bliss Of Unwanted Love

The Bliss of Unwanted Love  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

I knew I did not fall in love  
But I frankly said, &quot;I love you.&quot;  
Unknowingly you became glad  
And said, &quot;My all you've to subdue.&quot;

Since then you came slowly to me  
Close, very close to my body.  
Your breathings seemed to me crusty  
But I felt cozy and moody.

This is how your deep attachment  
Continued for a long long time.  
I never interrupted you  
I never thought it was a crime.

These memories covered with dust  
These are now the past dreams broken.  
I bring them down, clean secretly,  
And keep them in my care again.

(30/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# The Clock Hands

The Clock Hands

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Tick tick run the clock hands  
Ne'er they stop at their stands.

Never they take their rest  
They do their work the best.

Their movement is constant  
But their race different.

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# The Fire Of Desire

The Fire of Desire

Pravat Kumar Mandal

I want to fly on the wings of desire  
Losing way I want to be a traveller  
I want to walk on the fire of desire  
In the heart I want to be a preacher.

By the verses I want to be a poet  
With the immortal love I want to create  
Such a world where there'll be no trace of hate  
I'll keep my love in my heart and protect.

In the moonlit night I praise my being  
In the fire of desire I'll keep her awoken.  
In my core full of passion and feelings  
With the ballads I want to be maudlin.

My monk mind is looking for the pleasures  
All such desires are engrossed in gestures.

[ 01/08/2020 ]

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# The Tired Faith

•

The Tired Faith

(A parody of Blake's "The Sick Rose")

Pravat Kumar Mandal

O Faith thou art tired  
The indistinct word  
That strolls in the right  
In the rotten world,

Has found out thy fault  
Of pity heart  
And his dark arrogance  
Does thy life pervert.

21 September, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# Thoughts And Dreams

Thoughts and Dreams  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

If the thoughts had been fixed,  
Peace of mind would have flooded.  
All the limbs would have thrived  
And nicely decorated.

If all the dreams were real,  
A chaos would have occurred.  
They all were partial  
And certainly would have blurred.

If thoughts and dreams were the same  
No troubles found in the mind.  
Hence there was no blame  
And missing peace had no find.

Since then thoughts think for nothing  
But Dreams are dreamt just for sup.  
Here and there thoughts are moving  
And dreams are dreamt to wake up.

19 September,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Through The Rains

Through The Rains  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

After the ev'ning we are back  
With some unknown fears in the black.  
In the midst of violent rain  
Bolt attacks again and again.

The path that runs in the deep dark  
Waits for accident with rough mark.  
We leave it behind and ride fast  
Ignoring the sky overcast.

Frequent Lightning flash the vision  
Moving forward with sharp tension  
The intense desire not to vain  
We two bikers ride through the rains.

1 October,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Time

Do not lose faith in time  
Time will bring good time to live  
Don't worry, be patient.

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Ting Tong

Ting Tong  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Ting tong  
Ting tong  
Ring tone  
My phone.

Ding dong  
Ding dong  
King Kong  
My son.

Ping pong  
Ping pong  
Go long  
My zone.

Sing song  
Sing song  
No wrong  
I Bong.

Come on  
Come on  
So soon  
I gone.

(10th February,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# To A Headworker

To A Headworker  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

O Headworker, you may think  
With your white blink  
It's your choice  
But don't raise your voice  
That's a wrong step  
Disturbing the shape  
Of so-called progress,  
That's called regress.

O Headworker, you may right  
With your strong might  
It's your will  
But don't impose your deal  
That's a lame plea  
Reducing the glee  
Of the pretension  
That's an assertion.

O Headworker, don't worry  
I am not sorry  
You just a headworker  
I'm not your follower  
I'm just a listener  
Like a useless burner  
What you misstate  
I think it's a bet.

(12th January,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# To An Hm

To An HM

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Despotic beauty  
Tip to the teachers  
Not to the students.  
Perfect in duty  
Grave and serious  
Total confident.

Imposing manner  
Work on the next head  
Satanic guile.  
Vile demeanour  
No sorry no shade  
Only agile.

Stubborn in nature  
Glow multifaceted  
Versatile talent.  
Attitude don't care  
Change colour like lizard  
Enjoy all patent.

Meaningless tension  
Most essential  
Prove a creature.  
No recreation  
Just initial  
No full signature.

03/7/2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# To Be A Man

To Be A Man

Pravat Kumar Mandal

I want to be a man now.  
What does he look like?  
It's true I don't know how.  
Is his look godlike?

I hear man has a big heart  
Don't take it a fun.  
Well! Who measures the heart?  
What fool is it done?

I search man, free from the sins -  
The cardinal vices.  
To him all the world his kins  
With the seven graces.

I find a man-made craftsman  
Who will make me perfect.  
Looking for him now I'm wan  
And I shun the project.

On going to be a man  
I halt every step.  
Humanity seeks heaven  
For eternal sleep.

06/10/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# To Death

To Death

Pravat Kumar Mandal

O Death! Don't kiss me now.  
I want to live some more days.  
Let me loose from your paw  
I don't want to feel your age.

O Death! Don't hug me please.  
It's not time to stay with you.  
Let me free from your tease.  
Kind enough you're that's my view.

O Death! Don't love me much.  
I want to be a lover  
Whom you can never touch.  
O Death! Let me stay better.  
(20th January,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# To Fate

TO FATE

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Step by step I'm moving forward  
To catch my first final race rope.  
O Fate! How cruel! Hit me hard,  
Snatch my nearest one, hurt my hope.

Spreading arms and legs I'm crying  
To touch my first happiest pain.  
O Fate! Make my feelings drying  
Leave me alone with a black stain.

Keeping the right index finger  
On the closed lip, I'm just thinking.  
O Fate! You put me in danger  
When I see a small hope blinking.

Bit by bit I am running out  
To reach my last destination.  
O Fate! Don't chuckle me or shout  
Or impose your persecution.

Day by day I am rolling down  
To feel my passion and pleasure.  
O Fate! You do joke me and frown  
So that I guess you a traitor.

By and by I grasp I'm not wrong  
Through my deeds I'm your creator.  
O Fate! Take off your black apron,  
Let me live for a few days more.

24/07/2020]

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# To Rain

To Rain

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Rain, you've been raining since morning  
It's afternoon, it's time for us to play  
It's too much, o Rain, please stop your falling  
Like our adults we can't play in rain and clay.

Rain, you're still raining, don't you know the time?  
Every now and then you're appearing  
Drizzling, sometimes gusts of rains make sweet chime  
And we the gadders do nothing but weeping.

Rain, we know you're very benevolent  
Nature is decorated in dark green  
Farmers rejoice, vagrant sings with content  
Only we feel depressed and crestfallen.

Rain, Rain, look at the crow wet and trembling  
We keenly request you - cease your falling.

01/09/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# To Some Verses

To Some Verses

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Some verses in terse  
There's no lucid narration  
There's some faded farce  
There's only hinted tension  
But no motion, no notion.

(04/06/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# To The Criminal Hitters

To The Criminal Hitters  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Now I can say in a firm and fixed voice  
Criminal, I am criminal.  
You can detect me surely as per choice  
No argument, no terminal.

Habit be good or bad or full of blame.  
No torture but deep affection.  
Rag on the nose, when the eyes have no flame  
Money measures prosecution.

Beating whatever you do is a crime  
Guilty of equal guilt, of course.  
If the rage of massacre is the prime,  
Malversation is the next source.

Hitters, if you hit the rules with your hands,  
You'll get proper education.  
The leader, the police, all the black bands  
Will give you initiation.

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# To The Poets

TO THE POETS

P. K. Mandal

O poets, are there some of you  
To be one like the emergency poet  
Who will heal the world with poetry?  
The world is now worried  
For a horrible pandemic  
That will destroy the human history.

O poets, create such poetry  
That has the power to cure,  
That will be effective in today's sickness.  
The science is now busy  
In it's own lab.  
Hope, we'll soon be glad in its progress.

O poets, invoke your powerful pen  
Either in imagination or in reality  
To console the careworn earth.  
The new generation is waiting  
With keen interest  
To celebrate the human mirth.

(9th April,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# To The Real Cry

ToTheRealCry

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Cry isn't the right vehicle to win the heart  
Only the heart can detect the right choice  
And easily perceive the proper voice  
And no one can touch it with funky smart.  
Crocodile tears is nothing but an art -  
A busivethat can create a mental space  
In the heart, confused in an insane race  
And inflicted with false love like frowsy dirt.

But if the cry comes out from the heart  
And there's no illegal patent colour  
And if the heart makes no wrong from divert,  
It's positive response will be proper.  
Cry - the real cry will never retreat  
And never be lost to get love forever.  
30/12/2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Today When I Recall The Broken Dreams

TODAY WHEN I RECALL THE BROKEN DREAMS

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Today when I recall the broken dreams,  
Dry hopes wake up in torrid temptation  
Dry river of my love is filled in brims  
There's nothing to hide from imputation.

Today when the past events approach near,  
Dry feelings decorate my heart anew  
Dry land of passion is flooded, o dear!  
There's no ban to be crazy with thy view.

Today when the time-worn thoughts peep deeply,  
Intense desire in the desert of mind  
In the heart of painstaking scrapes quietly  
To save the thoughts forever in the hind.

The dreams, the pasts and the thoughts together  
Make love fulfil forever and ever.

7 October, 2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Tonight Good Night

Tonight Good night  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

Tonight  
Good night  
See you tomorrow  
It's true we will grow  
Tonight  
Good night.

19/09/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# Touch

Touch

P. K. Mandal

If you touch her hand,  
You will get her heat.  
If you touch her heart,  
You will feel heartbeat.

Two touches two types:  
First one external;  
Next invisible  
That is internal.

[Some like the first one  
Someone's the latter.  
The choice changes  
As people differ.]

The first one is pleasing  
As it's physical.  
The second one appealing  
And emotional.

Touch depends on touch  
Mainly it's touchy.  
When touch from the cheat,  
It becomes catchy.

(April 20,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Tree

TREE

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Ever since the vibrancy of life began,  
I've been indebted to the tree.  
Peace and tranquillity I gain  
In his shadow and I feel free.

Whenever I come to the tree,  
I'm proud of his multifaceted role  
I'm bless'd to have him as a friend  
Who freshens me my mind and soul.

20/07/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Tribute To Kazi Nazrul Islam

TRIBUTE TO KAZI NAZRUL ISLAM

[On the 44th death anniversary of poet Kazi Nazrul Islam, I pay my sincere respects to the poet.]

Pravat Kumar Mandal

O poet, thou give me salvation  
From the deep darkness of despair  
Thou save me from oblivion  
I keep thy "Bidrohi" with care.

O poet, thou renew me today  
Like every year in this instant.  
Give me some light from thy bright ray  
So that I am freed from overturn.

O poet, thou take my reverence  
Lend me thy voice, thy burning pen  
Let me express thee in thy sense  
Let me feel thy feelings, thy pain.

O poet, you're my philosopher  
Wherever thou live, live in peace  
We're suffering from some fevers  
Bless me and show the path of bliss.

29/08/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Vanity All-Round

Vanity All-round

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Cheat should have a limit.  
No forgiveness of nastiness.  
Ego runs far away  
No departure of haughtiness.  
No welcome of prettiness.

Boast is an extreme grade  
No arrogance of touchiness.  
Brag parades on feelings  
No binding of happiness.  
No language of quietness.

Arrogance paces fast  
No knowledge of narrowness.  
Vanity e'er broken  
No consequence of windiness.  
No conclusion of quietness.

July 23,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Venery

Venery

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Mild thy hand on my head  
Consoling not of mourns today.  
No; soon the day will fade  
And appear with a sparkling ray.

I'm gone back to that noon  
A lonely house, a lonely bed  
A lonely ill-timed moon  
With the sound of the secret tread.

A restless commotion  
I feel very close to thy breast.  
At the final tension  
I don't want to wait for the next.

Now thou art in my arms  
There's no reason for social fear  
For the old banal terms  
We have been scared year after year.

11/10/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# We Are All Ghosts

We Are All Ghosts

Pravat Kumar Mandal

Now, no need for darkness to see the ghosts  
Because we all live in the land of death.  
Wearing the human masks we are all ghosts  
And happy losing our inhuman faith.

Now we are not afraid of any ghost  
Because we are all known to each other  
We are free in this reign, and so we boast  
And happy with our lost vulgarizer.

Now we don't tell the stories of the ghosts  
Because we're not controlled by human soul  
We each other the obedient hosts  
And so, happy to play in our own role.

We've no fear of being sold at any price.  
We are all ghosts - not afraid of demise.

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# We Are Hopeful

We Are Hopeful

P. K. Mandal

We are hopeful in the land of sickness  
Since attacked by Corona the killer.  
By its indomitable dominance  
Gradually increasing its empire.

A rush of panic spreading day by day  
Situation isn't yet out of control.  
What the governmentsays we must obey  
If we want to prevent Corona's role.

Sure, our world will be free from pestilence  
Again we will feel the breath on shoulder  
Again we will spend the hours in silence  
Once again we will embrace each other.

In this way we will survive together  
On the page of this blue world forever.

(28March,2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# We The Flocks

We The Flocks

Pravat Kumar Mandal

We the flocks under a shepherd  
His impressive smile very hard  
Pacing with an underhand rod  
Finding scope to bind with a cord.

Whipping rudely with his sarcasm  
Making cleverly a deep chasm  
In order to keep us busy  
In order to prove us crazy.

Haply he gives us some roses  
With a thousand fragrant poises.  
His fiery voice is like thunder  
With which he hides his great blunder.

We the flocks not so glad fully  
As we are not fed carefully.  
The shepherd's stooges are delight  
Whenev'r we are tight in his right.

December 09,2019

Pravat Kumar Mandal



# What Do You Call Them?

What Do You Call Them?

P. K. Mandal

What do you call them?

I call them brokers.

Their pens are unfair

I call them maskers.

What do you call them?

I call them selfish.

Their pens one-sided

No TRP miss.

What do you call them?

I call them agent.

Their pens they carry

For dashing present.

What do you call them?

I call them brazen.

Their pens are heavy

In need they frozen.

(21/04/2020)

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# What I Want

What I Want

Pravat Kumar Mandal

What I want is a happy life  
In a friendly environment  
No anxiety, no grudge, no strife,  
And no troubled entertainment.

What I want is a cheerful friend  
Happy or sad at any time  
Equal share, equal dividends  
With joyful songs and classy rhymes.

What I want is a true partner  
In the quiet life and family  
The messenger, the peacemaker  
All the households intense homely.

What I want is a dwelling place  
Of wide, open, safe and secure  
No tension, no disease, no race  
Bless'd only by the Savior.

01/11/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# What I Wanted That Day

What I wanted That Day  
Pravat Kumar Mandal

What I wanted that day  
For the intoxication of my insanity  
Your cold soft naked body  
Your sweaty sweet lips  
Your delayed warm breath  
In your swollen breasts  
I eyed the restless commotion.

What I wanted that day  
In the heat of magical restraint  
Let it burn to ashes  
Your longing reticence  
Your humble approbation  
In your waist tho' tender  
My illegitimate behaviour.

What I wanted that day  
With the gust of my emotional storm  
Your thrilled blue eyes  
In the doubtful afternoon  
Climbing the fence of doubtless fear  
Your helpless surrender  
All these what I wanted that day.

20/10/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal

# Will That Day Back

Will That Day Back

Pravat Kumar Mandal

On such a day last year,  
The school field in the rain water  
The boys were playing happily  
Will that day back luckily?

27/07/2020

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Pravat Kumar Mandal

# With Death

With Death

Pravat Kumar Mandal

O Death,  
Let us embrace sweet life  
Let us forget our strife  
Let us renew our frames  
Let us reform the blames.

O Death,  
Do not fash and worry  
Don't fight for the glory  
Do not be repentant  
Do not be arrogant.

O Death,  
Are you well-bred noble?  
Are you charitable?  
Am I your true victim?  
Am I your perfect pimp?

O Death,  
Give me your thoughtful sense  
Give me your providence  
Give me your leniency  
Give me your agency.

O Death,  
I'm truly perfect here  
I am free from nightmare  
I am hopeful for a dream  
I am beyond your stream.

O Death,  
I have much work to do  
I have no time to go  
I've to live with my kins  
I've to meet my designs.

16/10/2020

Pravat Kumar Mandal