

DULCET AND DISMAL TUNES



DEBASISH MAJUMDER

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INTRODUCTION

The poet captures the bounty and vagaries of nature and the reflection being produced by nature in social fabric with his passionate feelings, a catharsis to find solace for myriad.

IDEA, THE ONLY MASTER

Idea, a genius freak
What we ordinary miss
It is the creation of rare brain
What we notice only and acclaim!
A prodigy, navigate us to a new echelon
Clairvoyant they are, therefore, they are icon
We salute to them, they enjoy stardom
Become a cult, with a unique halo
They are rare gift, not abundant, but mellow
We are shallow, comparing to their depth,
knowledge and sincere attribute
Later, we pay only our hearties tribute!



They are gifted with unique strength
No avarice, no price can dictate them
They are stubborn to manifest their game
They glow like chrome, chuckle with fame!
For their unique creation
We beneficiaries enjoy the variation
Life become a fray, they explore with gay
The beauty they produce, the symphony they adduce
We are marooned and bemuse
With their brain, they reign
Toying with us in a delectable majesty
We wonder how they garner such amazing strain and capacity!
To engender a new vision

Template it as our mission
Guiding us for better envision
Mankind progress for their mission
Are they disruption? Or harbinger of change for progress?
Are not they true envoy of human civilization to ingress?



They are champion out of their prodigy
We may be prodigal; we sometimes failed
to honour such precious quality
Falter, and equate them as mere commodity
We may slay them out of our ineptness and audacity
We suffer for our foolish trait
They become larger than life out of their own trait
Thus idea reign, we remain slave
Under their phenomenal musical gamut with octave!



It is they who bear pain
To give birth and nurture their idea
Protect it from eccentric traits
Who are culpable to decimate their game?
And have fancied causing mayhem
They are sincere that their effort may not go in vain
Thus humanity reign, ideas train
Fecundity with blooming plenty of primroses and lily
Lovely picturesque, idea tossing with vigor and gravity
We cherish with heart's content galore
How they adorn our milieu, like gem
We are jewels of the crown idea adorn
A king of our heart
A true benevolent despot, who never hurt
Never showed belligerence to us, though bore excruciating pain
Still kind to us, thus humanity progress without fuss

It is idea alone, who is champion, make us joyous!



STARS, AN ENIGMA

Dark sky at night
Full of stars
Twinkling eyes, twinkling stars!
I am in fuss, which one is happening faster?
Eyes or the stars, in rapture
Delighted with awe, reverence it draws
Ephemeral its beauty
Day emerge with its duty
A single star Sun with mighty glow
Disappeared all in a blow!



Morning star or evening star
Away from us, millions of light years
Pole star at night
Navigate us with might
We may not deviate from our fray
The beauty of celestial luminaries, adorn in a tray
Our minds dance in gay
What beauty nature endows at our bay
We swim in the battle of life
Never fatigued to cross the ebb and tide
We go on sailing our life
Stars are fluttering in the minstrel note, excited in our vibes
They took pride; we make them jubilant and alive!



They glow on their own light
Though faint, yet it soothes our soul
Enlighten and illuminate us, we behold
We enjoy the jocund company of stars
Unlike Sun, they don't scorch us
Like a balm to our heart
Makes us calm, like the tune of Mozart
Peaceful its presence, holy its essence
A heavenly delights, reduce our plight
Stars, you are our fancy, you are eternal
We satiate our eyes, you are resilient, and you are lustrous
You are sheer phenomenal!



Accolades bring stars
We rate and evaluate mundane glory by stars
But, Alas! Our stars often lost their glow
Eclipsed by praise, they often lost their halo
Become a mere insignia
Deviate from their inertia
Slowly sails away from our bay
Millions of light years away
As universe has no axis
We never know their crisis!



Stars are our solace
When we are in solitary state
Not a grimace for a mind to devastate
Wither away from our memory
To become a star of fallacy
We love stars not to malign with mendacity
We adore stars for our sole searching ingenuity
Stars are bliss, we cherish it lonely

Stars are grace, we amuse with symphony
The tune we enjoy alone
We never feel we are lone
A lustrous trail in the dark sky
With a grail we ruminare
We may resort to your lap
To have a decent nap!



ENIGMA OF LIFE

Life is full of hype
In the waves of ebb and tide
Hard to swim
As if we are in the brim
Jittery engulf us to ride
How we may keep balance
Erect ourselves with elegance
Enjoy the life with its fullest
Comply its design, which is an asset
Life is a gala, where galaxies are guiding
Enabling to navigate us as a law abiding
Makes us composed, nourishes us
Enrich life with consolidate status.



Upstream and down stream
Melancholy and acrimony
Euphoria and eulogy
Clouded with obscurantism and romanticism
What a rendition of hypnotism!
Life, a challenging fanaticism!



All are rolling with enthusiasm
Entirely oblivious to death, an inevitable destiny
Some are moving with mournful and excruciating symphony
Some are marooned with galore of opulence and luxury

Mundane pleasure and displeasure
Intricately configure life with enigmatic exposure
Small eventful journey
Abruptly end without cacophony
Becomes a mere dot in the sand of time
Yet evolved with a continuous change
A fashion with a strain
Augment the pace of civilization's train
Makes a print in the process of progress
Enable mankind to explore and ingress
Odyssey of life moves on with gamut of hues
We enjoy life with its diverse queues.



Like a spinning wheel, it moves with variety
Where antiquity refurbished with new magnitude and gravity
Sometimes forlorn, sometimes with fruition
Life thus appears, unique and champion!



Life is a gift of love and pain
Dulcet and dismal events are not in vain
It teaches us how to swim in the ocean of time
To add new dimension to the prime!



FALLACY OF DEATH

Death, the only hegemony on life
In myriad facets, makes us amaze with rife
Whether homicide, suicide or natural demise
The ultimate destiny of life, clouded us abruptly with might
 Though keeps us in plight
 But strangely ephemeral its presence
 Dispel quickly its impact and essence
 A memory it becomes in a sudden
 and unpredictable revelation
Death-horror to living, but have no reminiscence
 in human perception
A conundrum, having no confining melodrama
What an amazing creature to have such panorama!
 having no parley with living psychosis
 Entirely woven by human analysis
 But, beyond death, a sheer hypothesis!
We human can only celebrate death as festive
Weird we are to deal with such pre-emptive!



We human are strange creature
After death what will happen is our only obsession and culture
Have we ever pondered seriously about the conservation of mass?
We are crazy about tentative spirit which is guiding us
 We cannot see electron in our naked eye
 Then why should we bother about spirit?
 To escape from the ambit
When we are supposed to dispense our duty

Death is retribution to our fallacy and beauty
It reveals that we are nothing but dunce
Where we fail to gauge our abundance
We have a velocity with an optimum limit to play a certain role
Afterwards we become moribund, death becomes our only goal.



Thus, death becomes a recluse for a tired soul
Give it a space with a decent role
Life is a matter, death, sublimation with added hour
It gives a new dimension to the available mundane matter
Thus civilization rolls on, mankind becomes exuberant
Death is a lovely note to proliferate life with magnificence
We admire life; we adore death, its eventuality with jubilation
Thus, funeral becomes a joyous and glorious celebration!



ELEGANCE OF CONDOLENCE

My presence I feel in a plate
Where tectonics are the inevitable effect
Creates doldrums for my humdrum
What a fascinating and unique conundrum!



I could feel the jive of life
So many are here to care and share their vibes
So many I know by virtue of ether
But they resonates my heart, they are my guitar
What a fabulous instrument I possess!
Where the strings produce music, I am obsessed
I am no longer lone, myriad moan
I feel their impulse, their sincere tone
My heartiest tribute to all who touched my minds chord
I am dedicated to deliver for their accord
Who am I? An insignificant mass
But waves of many beautiful minds uphold my truss
I felt my presence with plenty of support and exuberance
The strength of their love and care
Showering on me like a holy affair!



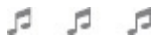
What an amazing rendition, I bemused and stare
People are the only force, can change any course
Having only ability to write their history
Why not they work more elaborately? It is only the Mistry!



I am marooned by their affection
They are my only strength, my only solace and elation
Devotion in emotion, keeps us in utter jubilation
I am in glee, to feel the melee
I dare to breathe even in grave
Death could be a dulcet
Out of peoples magnanimous thread!



I will live by thee
My beloved and jocund company
The music of life reverberate with symphony
It is pristine, an overwhelming melody
Makes death a ceremony
I am immersed in such unique presence of epiphany!



I can sense the elegance in people's condolence
Only they can script my obituary
Only if they feel, I am moribund, having no essence
They can slay with élan my presence
It is condolence exuberance
Death appears alive in presence
We mortals can only make immortals
It is our sole discretion
Condolence is an honest reflection
Which nature pave with perfection
Thus lives become vociferous, beyond annihilation!



'IF', A WORD OF MISTY

'If', a small word
But having big impact in human world
Triggers one to involve in a shadow boxing
Invigorate one to render with scintillating
Influence livings channel
Determine one's appraisal
'If' instigates people for chicken to count
Before noticing the eggs amount
Thus 'If' intricate people with a fuss
'If' literally ruins them in a buzz!

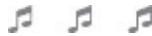


While sailing in the ocean of life
Tying their hands, showing their prowess
Guessing plenty of accolades
But, alas! Sharks eat up their heads!
A tragic end emerge with disgrace
Majority of lives are thus immersed
Effect of 'If' is so mighty
Eclipsed the life with unrestrained gravity
Grimace pierced the heart of majority
Who are dedicated to 'If', unfortunately?
Become the worst victim of it with grief!
Thus they concluded in brief.

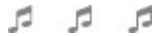


'If' can only script the obituary

Shatter a life with abrupt acrimony
But creates an enigmatic sanctuary
Where myriad venture with illusion and cacophony
Hoping to change everything with a dream of euphoria
Stirring only for a lustrous utopia
Slice of whole being achieved by one
Ego, vanity, complex, makes one isolate and moribund
Beckoning the jeopardy, accuses fate and destiny
Thus being decimated with grief and agony
'If' thus concludes one's odyssey of life
Spectra of impossibilities predominantly paves for demise!



Yet, 'If' can propel one to soar high
If one capable to anchor tight
From the soil of reality it engender
'If' could be a boon to become successful and superior
Provided having focus to usher mankind
'If' can be the only torch bearer
A sensible harbinger
For posterity with might
With an approach to make the world bright
A true haven with delight!



'If' sometimes appear as an abscess to life
Emanates gimmicks, vitiates the vibes
Suspends people in an ideological eco-chamber
One evil needs brain to copy with misnomer
'If' is full of iffy
Steal solace with ignominy
It is wonder, why none can sanitize 'If'
'If' has both in its fetus, happiness and grief
We cannot eliminate 'If'

As it triggers us to live
We are utterly different from all animate
Thus, the beauty of 'If' engulfs us in a jubilant state!



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