

Gobinda Bhakta

Tired Time

Time! Thou are preyed by pandemic disease.
Demonic disease breaks thy scheduled clock.
Now thou are a vacation of long sleep.
Thou lose thy importance and meaning to man for thy hibernation.

Thou are not a king but a mere slave to human.
Thou can't force human to follow madly after you.
Neither thou can make students busy to studies nor make teachers hurry to complete syllabus within time.
Thou a defeated soldier can't fight against Pandemic who destroy many budding careers in their nip all over the world.

All drivers forget the time table to run their machine.
Sportsmen forget their ground to play.
Doctors forget to face long queue for outdoors patients.
Mechanical productions do not get new lives in industry.

Busy, hurry, swift all time bound words are taking rest under the cell of Pandemic.
All they wait for their saviour of vaccine from the demonic grasp of epidemic.
All forget thy proverb, 'time and tide waits for none'.
All are tired of waiting.
Man forgets thy medicine of "Time is the best healer of all pains".
Thou bring inactivity, boredom, laziness and frustration to all.
O time! Spread thy mighty wings to destroy Pandemic for restarting the activity of human civilization smoothly.

Demonic Depression

Depression! Everywhere spreads thy roots,
Thy birth is in the minds of human beings,
Separation is thy sole companion,
Isolation waters you to grow,
Frustration matures you to bloom.

Thou had come from years' unknown,
Will remain till the Doomsday.
Germinate thy seed of destruction in the mind of the frustrated,
Bit by bit expand thy boundaries from child to the Old.
None can be spared from thy grasp.
Let not humans live normally.
Cut off all the cords of living,
Destroy the land of Happiness and peace.

More Venomous than the venom of King Cobra,
More shocking than the shock of Stroke.
No virus is equal to thy nature.
Medicine can cure all kinds of disease,
No medicine can break thy demonic hand.
Even the Doctor is thy patient.

Not satisfied only securing monarchy in the land of the mind,
But make all the emotions thy slaves.
Imprison human being to thy Kingdom,
Force them to commit suicide.

Nectar Nipples

Nipple! Thou art beauty spot of woman,
Beauty and pride of woman lie on thine.
Thine presence makes woman more attractive and seductive.
Macroscopic world resides on thy microscopic shape.

Thy charm lies on the hidden presence in the lingerie.
Thine unseen shape is more charming than the seen presence.
Thine invisible magnetic power binds everyone on thy orbit.
Direct eye contact on thine makes everyone lunatic.
Soft touch of thine is the balm of all pains.
Childlike suckling of thine is like the tasting of nectar.
Pillowly sleep on thine is like sleep on Heaven.

The two are twine the replica of each other.
And more soft than softness of cotton,
Whatever might be thy colour - brown or black,
Colour is futile of thine beauty.

Thou stands like mountain peak on the breast.

Nothing is found equal to thy virtue,
 No creation is possible without thy donation of nectar,
 How much pain you have to bear in the moment of biting of motherhood,
 Though thou remain intact in the storm of suckling.
 Thou are the signs of motherhood; the creation of living kingdom.

HEARTACHE

A land is secured in heart with deep touch of love and emotion.
 Planting the seed of love with deep feeling and dream.
 Watering and manuring it every day with care of my feeling.
 Day by day it is growing and looking so fresh and charming.
 Source of my Oxygen of living and strengthening me for working.
 Day's journey starts and ends with dreaming of the tree of my life.
 Food of nourishment and the light of living are the tree of mine.
 I tighten its railing with deep bonding of iron fence of love,
 So no intruder can break the fence.

Once a hunter of crude reality comes here with the axe of logic and law to cut down the tree.
 My heart has no such logical words to counter attack with the axeman and accept the defeat.
 Axeman is continuously axing the tree and the deep rooted tree is tossing from side to side.
 No power to protest but to look at the breaking down of the long nourished tree.

No such good morning welcomes me in the morning.
 No such sweet night bid me good night.
 No such rainbow of colour is seen in the heart of sky.
 I only hear the cutting sound of Axe in the heart.
 It's not the pulse beat but the heartache.

About the Poet

Gobinda Bhakta (b.1985) lives in Gobardanga and works presently as an Assistant Professor, Department of English, Rammohan College, Kolkata, India. He worked as an Assistant Teacher in Tamluk High School, Tamluk, East Medinipur. He has completed M.A. in English Literature from Rabindra Bharati University, Kolkata and completed M.Phil in English on Sri

Aurobindo Ghose' s *Savitri* from the University of Calcutta. His special areas of interest are on Dalit Literature and Disable Studies. His research articles have been published in different journals like *The Creative Launcher*, *Erothanatos*. He has also presented paper on *UGC Sponsored International Seminar* on Disability Studies. His creative interest promotes him to pen down his inborn thought into verse form. His poem was published in '*Heart Upon Sleeve*'.