

Masud Bora

## **The Recurrent Note**

Tired gold bars on the falling afternoon,  
Remembering the darkness,  
The retail loses the talk,  
The reddish letter comes,  
Troubled eyes flutter in the far horizon.  
Every character still throws the question,  
The answer lies in love,  
Loses sense of emotions.

## **Who is the Rapist?**

The night speaks quietly  
Tears became louder,  
Blood became feverish,  
Fine bites of furrow bites,  
There is no sleep in the eyes of the streets in fear.  
Masks covered their faces in the light of the day.  
They saw the news and said politely "What a weird!"

## **Curiosity**

Thus, in a single day, hundreds of nights are alive  
I Can not come out of the circle  
I know there is no permanent punctuation on the water stay long life.  
Yet one-eyed fantasy,  
Finally I'm sitting down  
Suddenly sighing,  
Curiosity and curiosity made me  
the blank blackboard.

## **About the Poet**

Masud Bora is studying in 3rd year in the Faculty of Fishery Sciences, under the University of Animal and Fishery Sciences. He published his first poetry collection, named “Bikolango Sohobas” last year from the Barta Publication, and recently published his second poetry collection, “Biyog Chinher Shondhi.”