

12 May

IRIE IMRAN

FIRST WALK ALONE



ONCE UPON A TIME

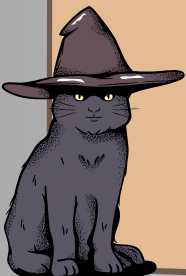
First Walk Alone

In choosing between which poems I include in my compilation volumes, two related considerations have largely preoccupied me. The first being, which of my poems do I feel are my strongest and, the second, which of my poems do I want to represent my whole body of work. The first in fact tends to involve very little thought. My opinions regarding my own poetry is almost always solidly formed on my own initial reads; once I've completed a piece of writing there's an immediate sense of how good it is in general. I'd say my abilities tend to be largely consistent but the work that I regard as my strongest is always viewed as such because it distinguishes itself in some way thematically, stylistically, etc that expresses something original in a sufficiently well-crafted manner. The poems I'm less enthusiastic about then are the ones that either don't have anything sufficiently unique about them and or the ones that suffer from some degree of inelegance in articulation. As for the question of what poems I want to represent me as a writer; this is slightly trickier. But only because in my poetry collections there are invariably several equally competent poems that I can't distinguish all that much in terms of quality. And yet I'll want to include some of these more than others because some convey facets of myself as a person or artist that I think adds more to the appreciation of my work. In short, they contribute to a more panoramic perspective.

Poetry is probably my favorite form of writing to engage in because it offers the most freedom. In all other literary endeavors there are definitely more obligations to grapple with but, in poetry, a writer can exercise their complete liberty with words; it's like a private gymnasium for the pen. Or keyboard as the case may be.

The point is, in poetry we have no limitations except those we impose on ourselves. And, as a near-equally voracious reader of poetry, this is one of the things I most respond to when I'm the one holding someone else's book. Because it's a truly wonderful pleasure to engage with a piece of creative writing where the author is clearing new ground: personally or culturally. It has vitality. And so naturally my hope is that these poems will provide something similar for others.

Whether or not that's possible in individual cases isn't up to me but this compilation of my work over the past years of my Life or I can say Phase of life, I think, a most favorable means to that end.



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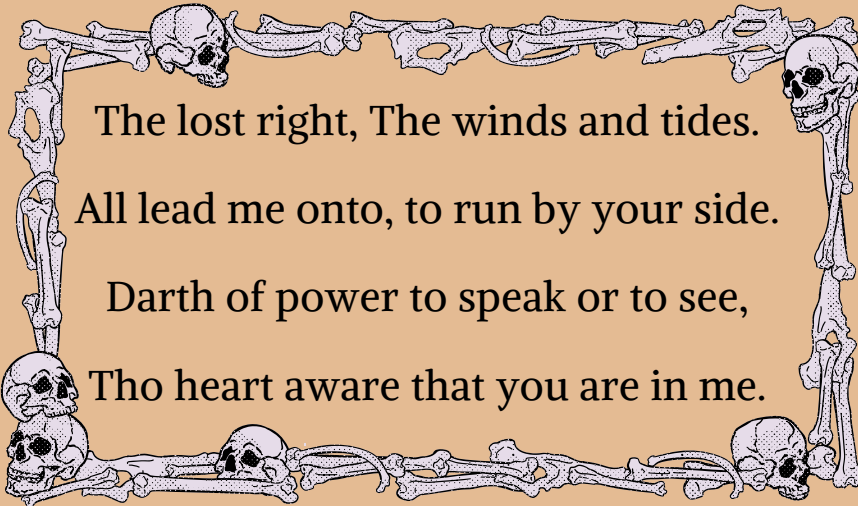
First Walk Alone

This is me, I am the author
I am the chef and I am the halibut
I present myself to you
Scales glistening with ocean brine, a heavy flank
Of tough flesh underneath, muscle
From swimming my entire life
And my dull eyes, unaccustomed to anything
Lucid or bright, but the knives
Speak my language
As I carve up my body to offer you this
Fresh sushi, exorbitantly priced;
My dismembered self, ornately presented
On a public table
A bloodless fishman, made from leftover scraps
Smiling with impeccable practice
And you, tenured professors at your core
Examining what's on offer
Before just feeding it to any stray cat.

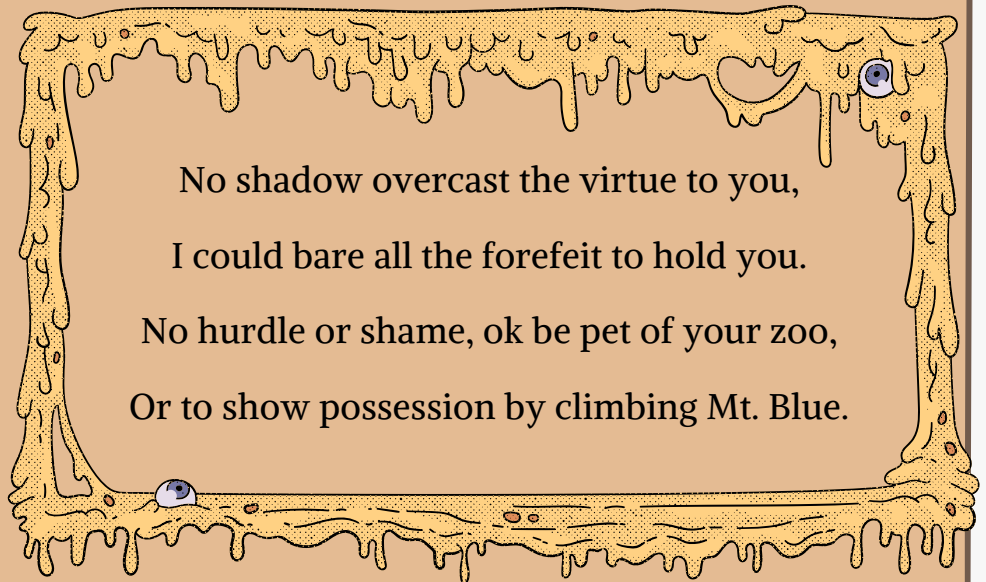


ONCE UPON A TIME
First Walk Alone

Running on the Lane



The lost right, The winds and tides.
All lead me onto, to run by your side.
Darth of power to speak or to see,
Tho heart aware that you are in me.

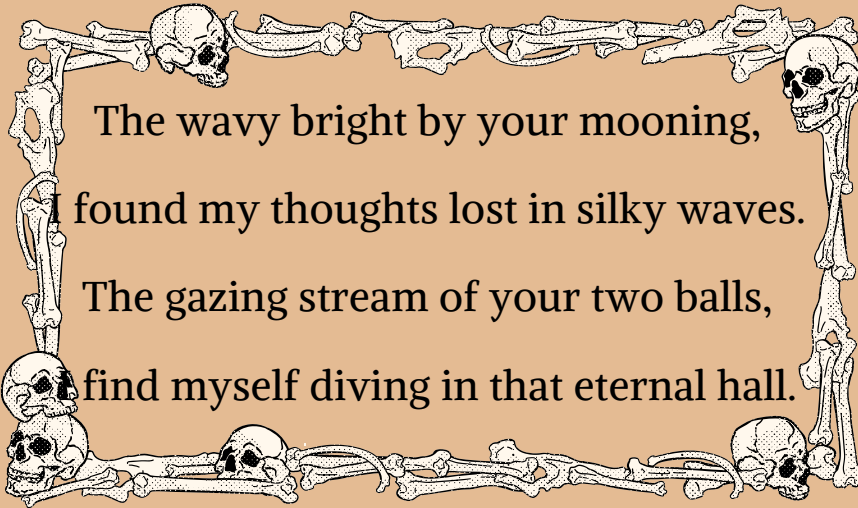


No shadow overcast the virtue to you,
I could bare all the forefeit to hold you.
No hurdle or shame, ok be pet of your zoo,
Or to show possession by climbing Mt. Blue.

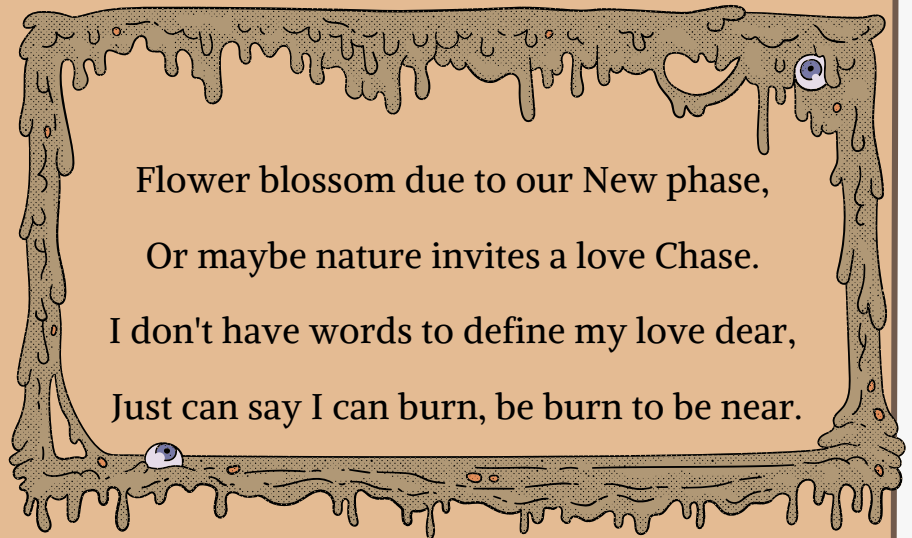


ONCE UPON A TIME
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Mooning Over the Moon



The wavy bright by your mooning,
I found my thoughts lost in silky waves.
The gazing stream of your two balls,
I find myself diving in that eternal hall.



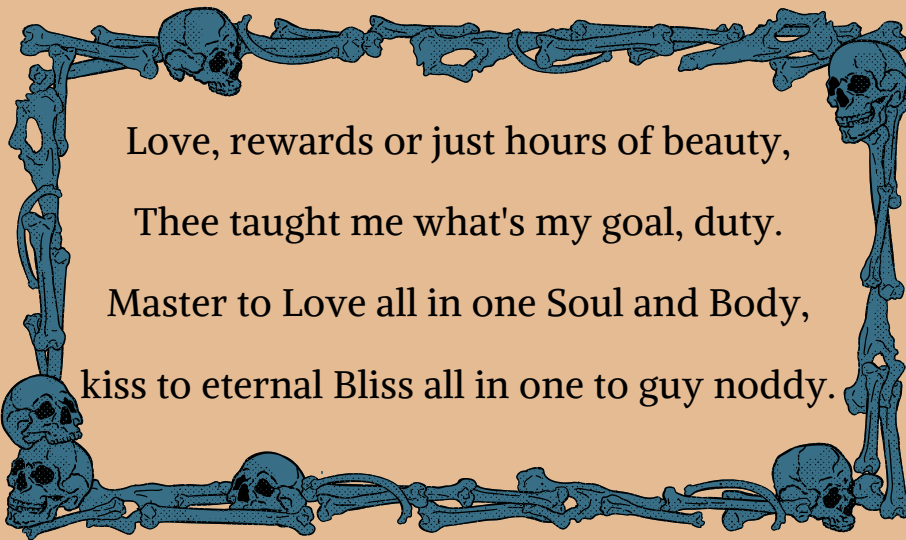
Flower blossom due to our New phase,
Or maybe nature invites a love Chase.
I don't have words to define my love dear,
Just can say I can burn, be burn to be near.



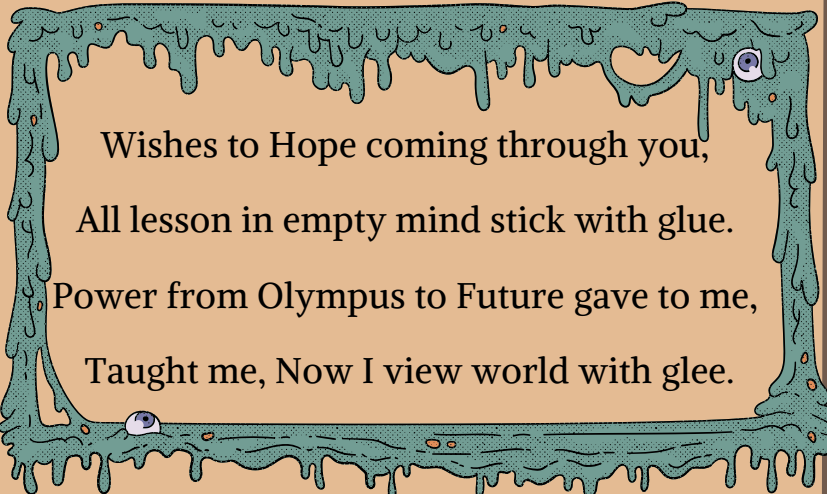
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Learning like a Lion



Love, rewards or just hours of beauty,
Thee taught me what's my goal, duty.
Master to Love all in one Soul and Body,
kiss to eternal Bliss all in one to guy noddy.

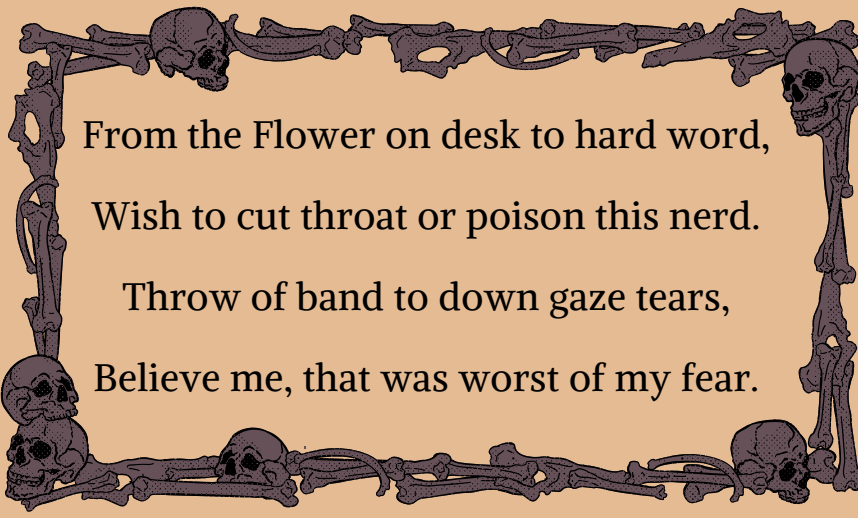


Wishes to Hope coming through you,
All lesson in empty mind stick with glue.
Power from Olympus to Future gave to me,
Taught me, Now I view world with glee.

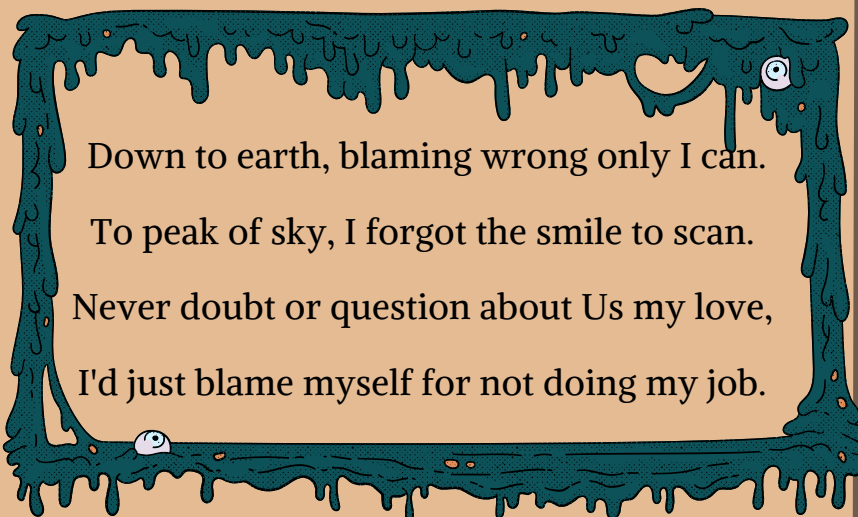


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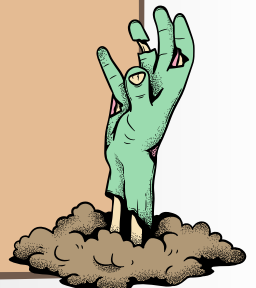
One Promiscuous Mistake



From the Flower on desk to hard word,
Wish to cut throat or poison this nerd.
Throw of band to down gaze tears,
Believe me, that was worst of my fear.

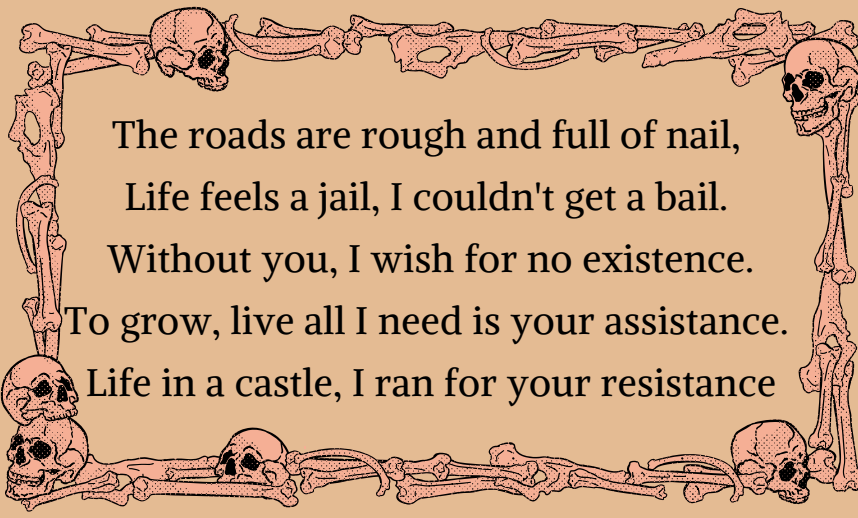


Down to earth, blaming wrong only I can.
To peak of sky, I forgot the smile to scan.
Never doubt or question about Us my love,
I'd just blame myself for not doing my job.

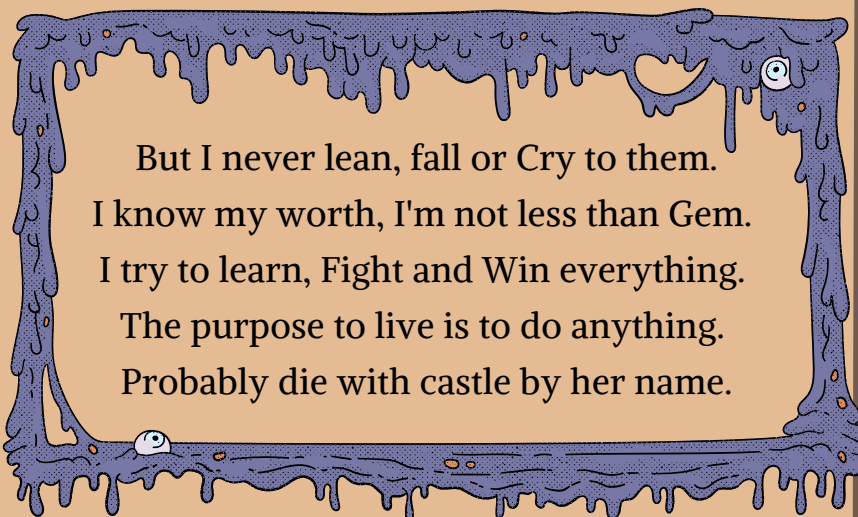


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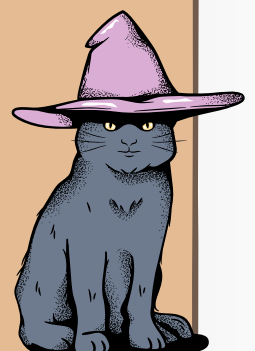
Lone Shadow on Surface



The roads are rough and full of nail,
Life feels a jail, I couldn't get a bail.
Without you, I wish for no existence.
To grow, live all I need is your assistance.
Life in a castle, I ran for your resistance

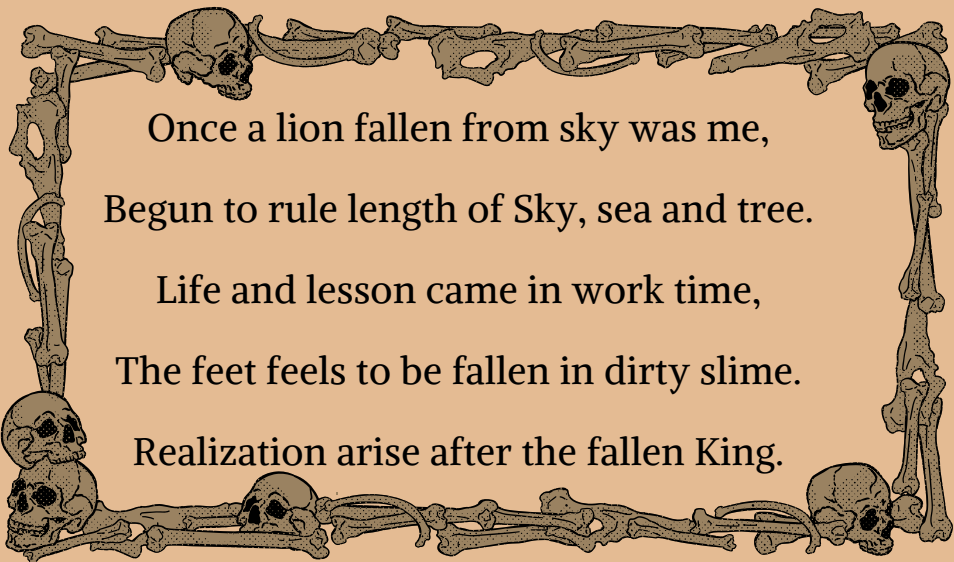


But I never lean, fall or Cry to them.
I know my worth, I'm not less than Gem.
I try to learn, Fight and Win everything.
The purpose to live is to do anything.
Probably die with castle by her name.

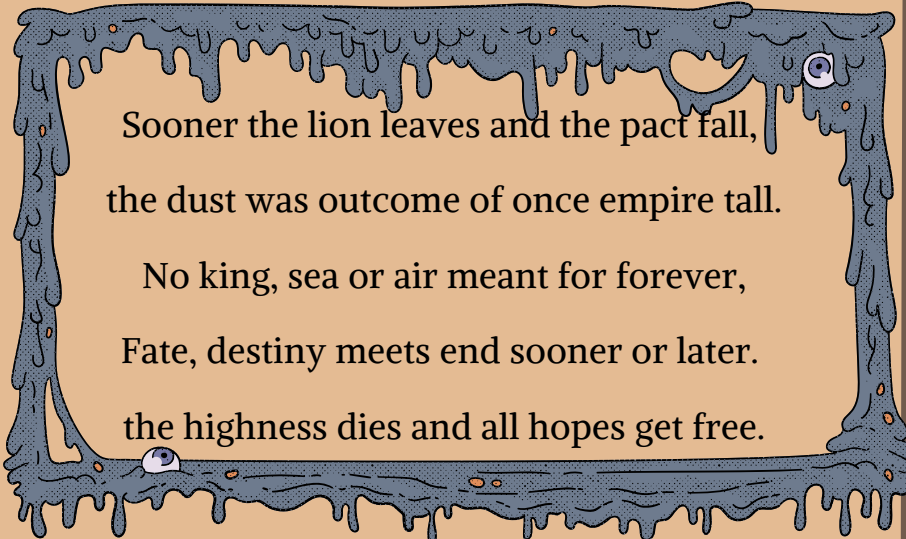


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Lion in Wolves Pact



Once a lion fallen from sky was me,
Begun to rule length of Sky, sea and tree.
Life and lesson came in work time,
The feet feels to be fallen in dirty slime.
Realization arise after the fallen King.



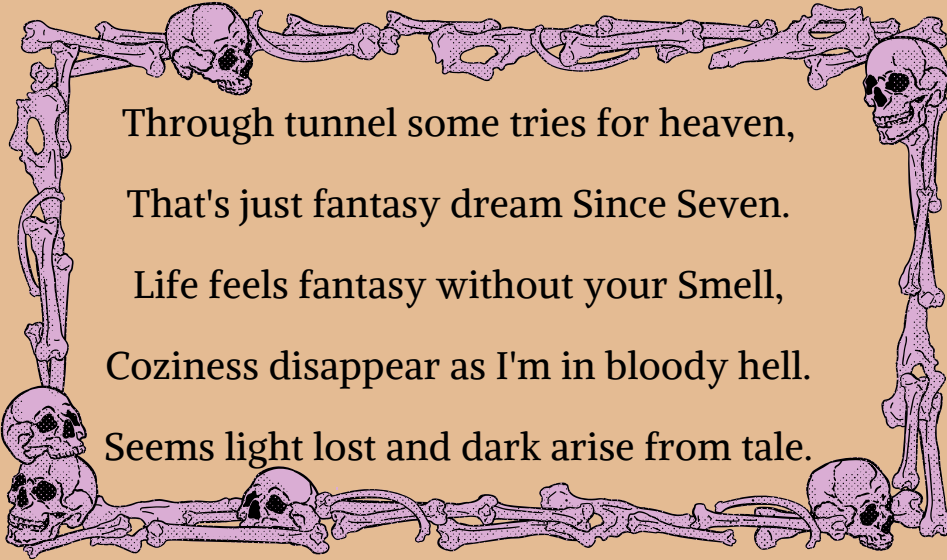
Sooner the lion leaves and the pact fall,
the dust was outcome of once empire tall.
No king, sea or air meant for forever,
Fate, destiny meets end sooner or later.
the highness dies and all hopes get free.



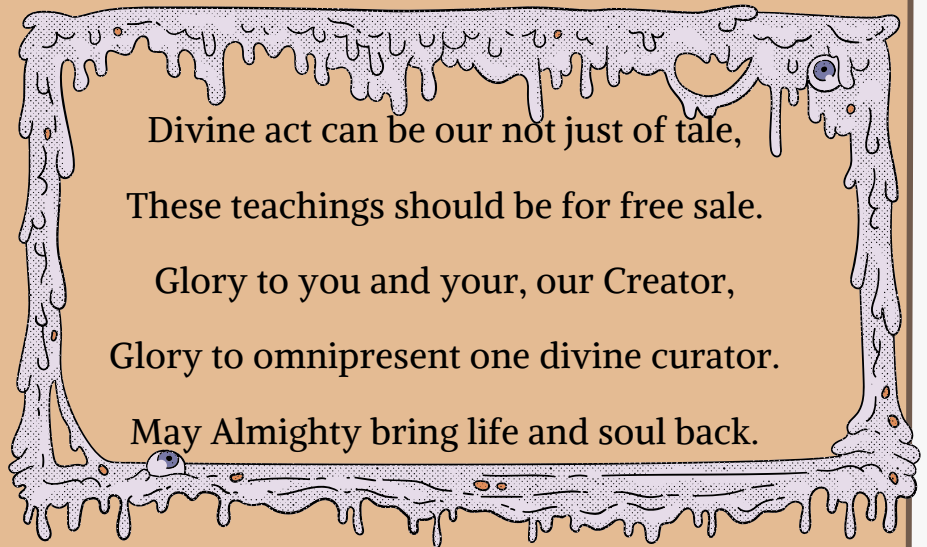
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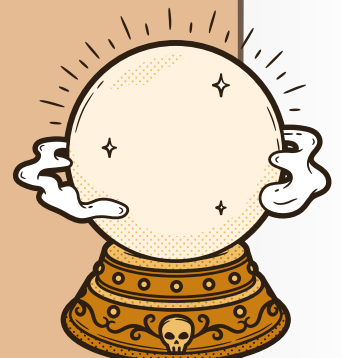
Finding Lost Light



Through tunnel some tries for heaven,
That's just fantasy dream Since Seven.
Life feels fantasy without your Smell,
Coziness disappear as I'm in bloody hell.
Seems light lost and dark arise from tale.



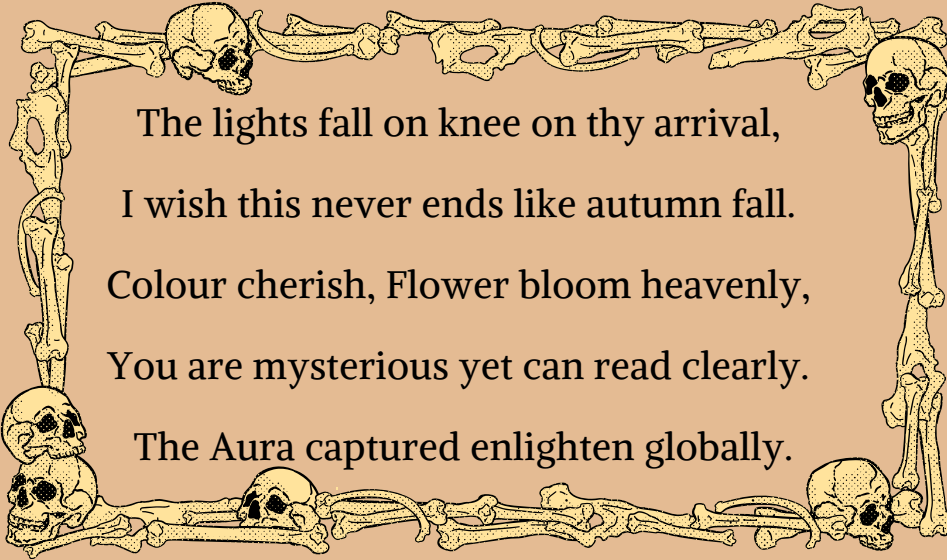
Divine act can be our not just of tale,
These teachings should be for free sale.
Glory to you and your, our Creator,
Glory to omnipresent one divine curator.
May Almighty bring life and soul back.



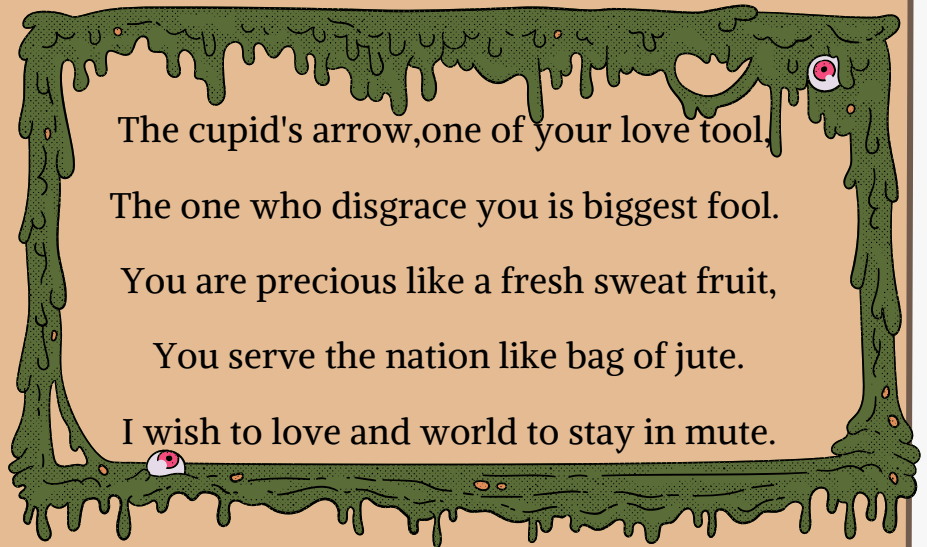
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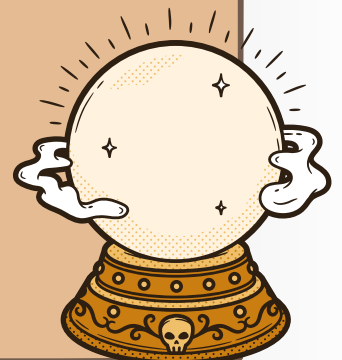
The Retrieval



The lights fall on knee on thy arrival,
I wish this never ends like autumn fall.
Colour cherish, Flower bloom heavenly,
You are mysterious yet can read clearly.
The Aura captured enlighten globally.

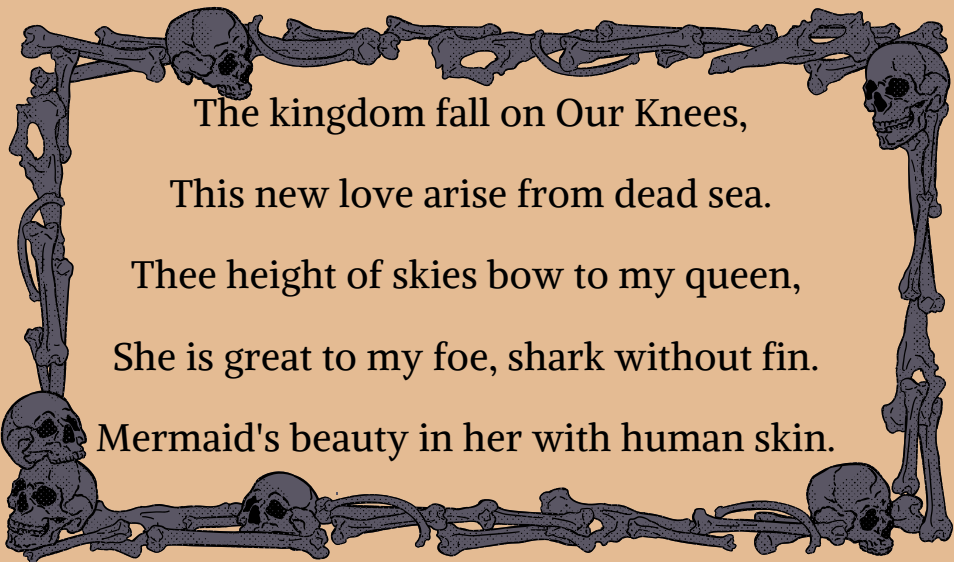


The cupid's arrow, one of your love tool,
The one who disgrace you is biggest fool.
You are precious like a fresh sweat fruit,
You serve the nation like bag of jute.
I wish to love and world to stay in mute.

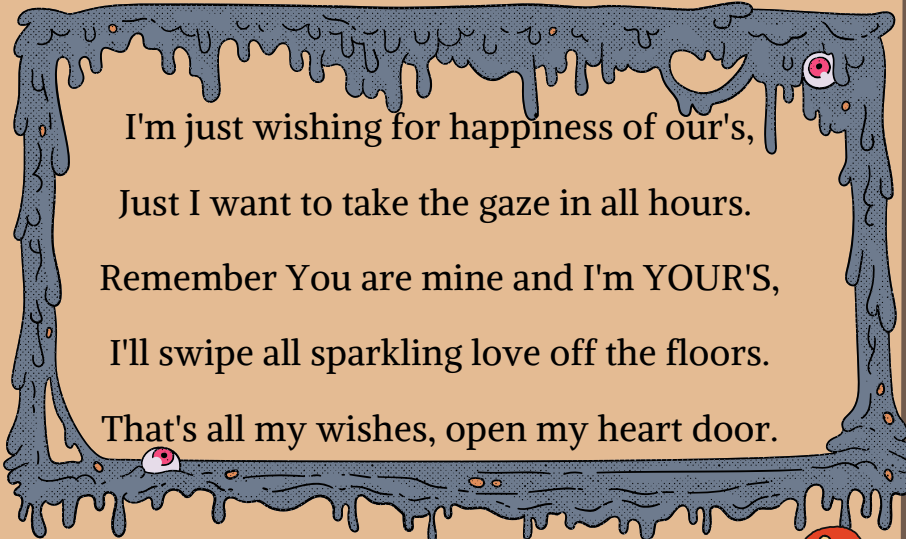


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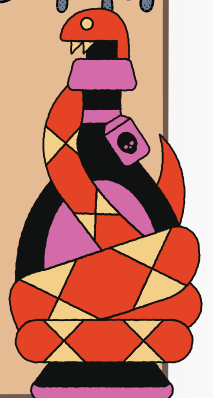
Onto The Tomorrow



The kingdom fall on Our Knees,
This new love arise from dead sea.
Thee height of skies bow to my queen,
She is great to my foe, shark without fin.
Mermaid's beauty in her with human skin.

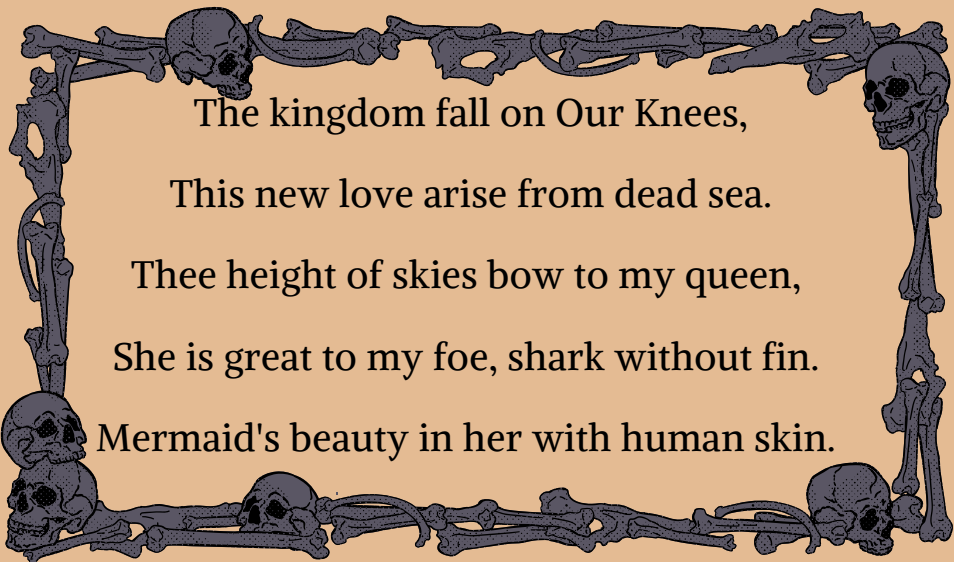


I'm just wishing for happiness of our's,
Just I want to take the gaze in all hours.
Remember You are mine and I'm YOUR'S,
I'll swipe all sparkling love off the floors.
That's all my wishes, open my heart door.

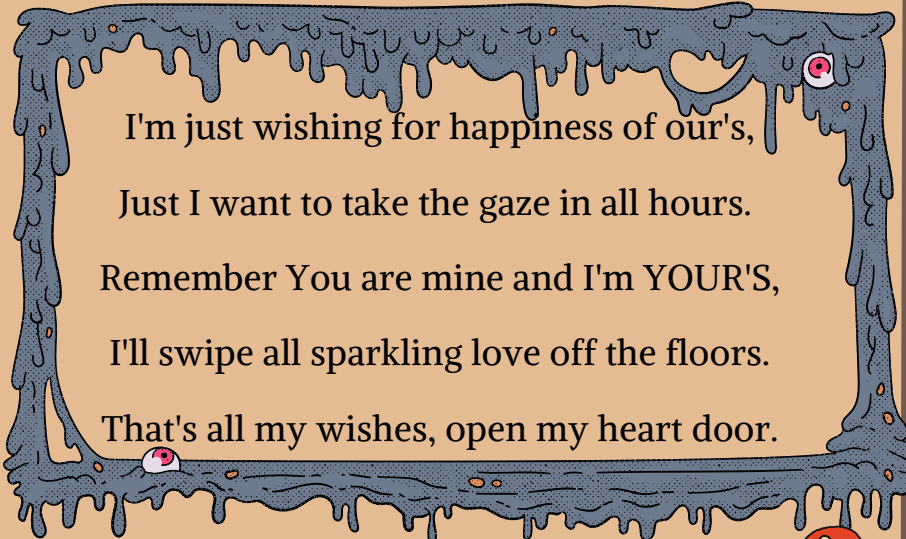


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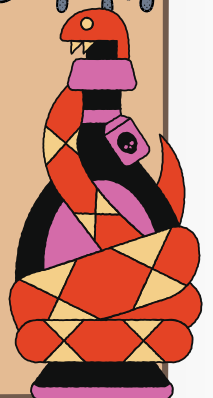
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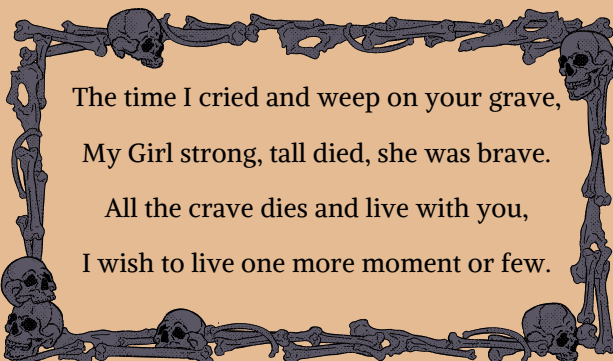
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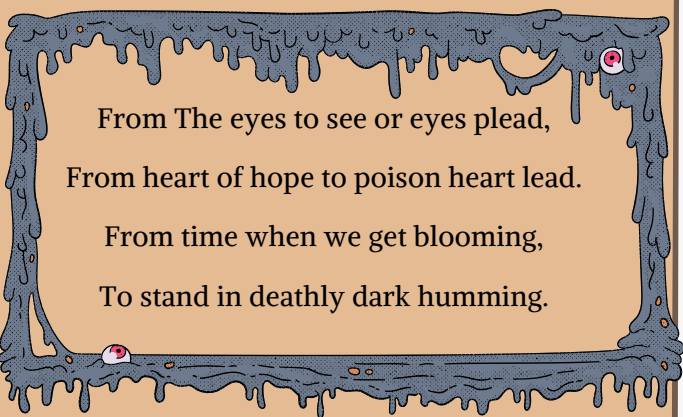
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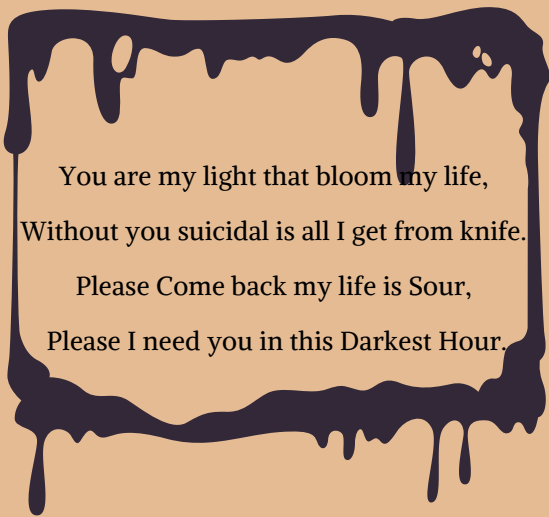
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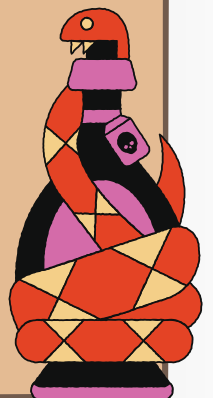
The time I cried and weep on your grave,
My Girl strong, tall died, she was brave.
All the crave dies and live with you,
I wish to live one more moment or few.



From The eyes to see or eyes plead,
From heart of hope to poison heart lead.
From time when we get blooming,
To stand in deathly dark humming.



You are my light that bloom my life,
Without you suicidal is all I get from knife.
Please Come back my life is Sour,
Please I need you in this Darkest Hour.

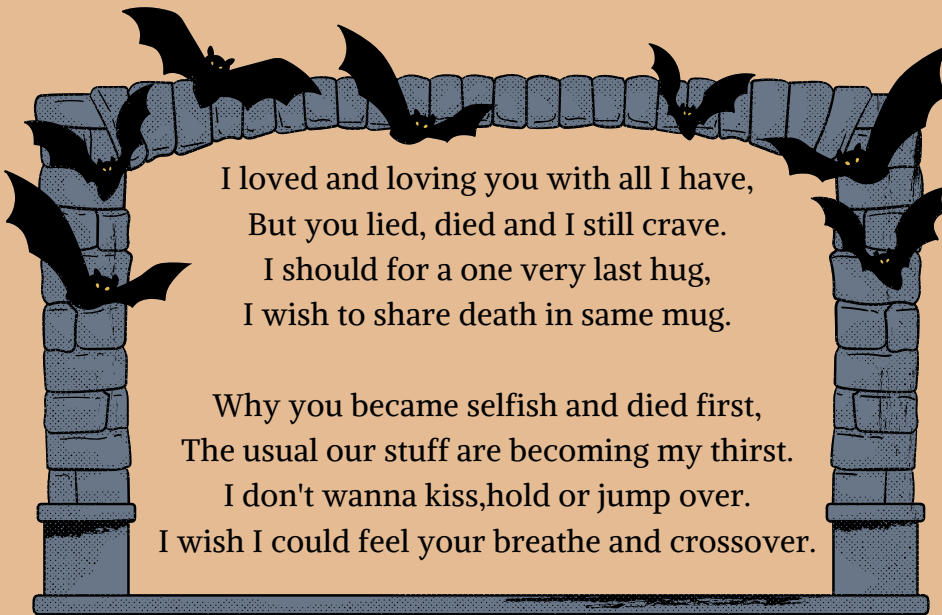


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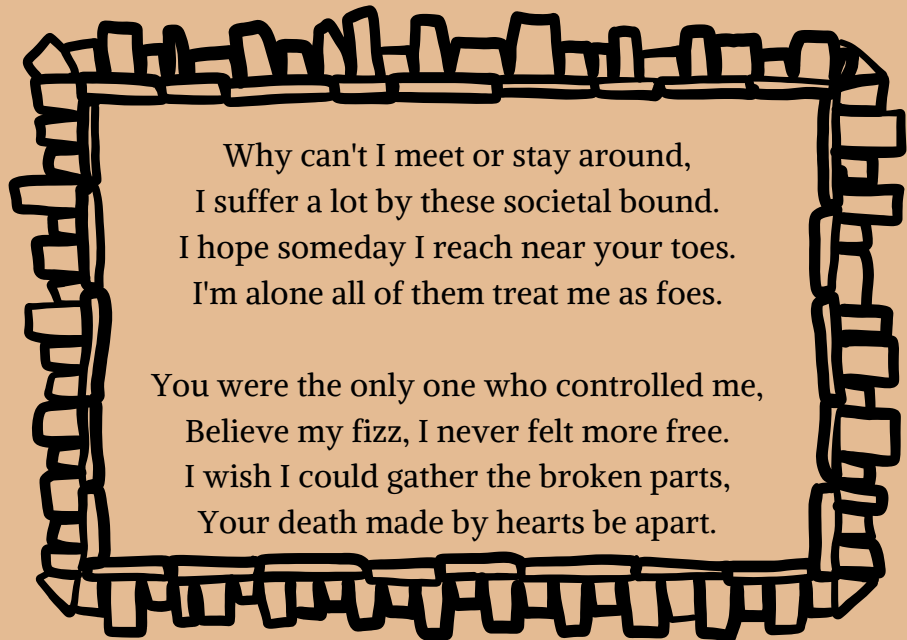


Never Ending Future



I loved and loving you with all I have,
But you lied, died and I still crave.
I should for a one very last hug,
I wish to share death in same mug.

Why you became selfish and died first,
The usual our stuff are becoming my thirst.
I don't wanna kiss,hold or jump over.
I wish I could feel your breathe and crossover.



Why can't I meet or stay around,
I suffer a lot by these societal bound.
I hope someday I reach near your toes.
I'm alone all of them treat me as foes.

You were the only one who controlled me,
Believe my fizz, I never felt more free.
I wish I could gather the broken parts,
Your death made by hearts be apart.

THE END

Written By: Irie Imran



First Walk Alone



What is love,
If not for a season
Or a lifetime?

What is love,
If not for a season—
Or a reason felt?

What is love without
The excitement of it;
Without casting a spell
Of spirit, and mind, and heart
Upon one who casts upon you?
What is love without God's
Spiritual sanction of a divine
Union of two meant to be as one?

What is love,
I say Love is love
Nothing can ever define it.

