

Poetry Series

**Prabhata Kumar Sahoo**  
**- poems -**

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## Prabhata Kumar Sahoo(7.6.1960)

Writing since shed in many periodicals both in English & en three worked as Editor of a technical bulletin (monthly) 'Buddhabhai' from 1985 to 2001 published in Odisha.

# A Wish

I wish,  
I would go on picking  
Everybody's sleep  
Everybody's blanket  
For a while,  
To gather an eternal sleep  
For me.  
But, strange!  
Could I die  
Even for a moment?

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# A Fire Festival

A great fire festival  
Started in my labour room  
Burnt on my marriage altar.  
And it will be continued  
Up to my crematory  
Where the last flame  
Would touch the sky  
To burn me to ashes.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# A God

The master was lonely, widower  
His children on job abroad  
Having everything own to cater  
His needs, include pains age old.

Three stomachs, he, his dog and servant  
Fill daily upto neck with his money  
Dog, his company, his friend, his heart  
But, the servant, busy only sucking honey.

The master a day was held outside  
By dacoits when dog jumped to rescue  
But the servant cunningly went on hide  
Master escaped mishap everybody knew.

Now the dog became god in his eye  
Man appeared unman no more tie.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

## A Miscall

I want to be hurt  
To bleed enough  
Heart to be pierced  
To cry clasping my soul.

I need no spike, knife  
To Shed blood from my heart  
Not a bludgeon to strike my ribs  
Not a match-stick to burn my dreams.

A forlorn hope that I have  
To get a miscall from you  
Your name on my cell display once  
Oh! enough to crush, cut, part, fire me  
To make me deep hurt life after life.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# A Top Secret

To immerse in silvery moonshine  
The sky has to miss herds of stars  
To Adorn the tress with lighted flowers  
The sky must lose the moon.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# An Ad For God

A simple fresh green coconut,  
Beautiful, numinous  
An adept builder takes pain  
To build it for months  
To quench your thirst,  
To fill your stomach with taste of purity  
And touch of love & sanctity.

Lo, where is ad for this creator  
Ahhaaa..  
Never seen on TV drinking coconut water  
While surfing, picnicking or serving  
Who will remunerate his ad?

He, himself is his ad for ever  
Without any charge do hardest labour.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo



# An Afternoon

As much the life prolongs  
So the world seems obscure;  
Myself and Yourself  
As if everything is false  
Illusive  
And complex.

Through the gaps of the life  
All of a sudden I see  
We both transform into  
A standing questionnaire  
Before me.

While deeply asleep  
I feel the proximity  
Of an Invisible  
Chanting  
'I am the eternal answer  
Of you & vice versa.'

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Around Miles Of Mist

Unevacuated fatigue,  
Unvacated anguish,  
Around miles of mists  
A life - unevacuated.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Cheer Thy Name

Dear my brothers and sisters  
Say Rama, say Krishna  
Say Hari, say Govinda  
Cheer Thy names thousand times  
Dancing & clapping cheer n cheer.

Today you may have diamond ring  
Who hath seen morrow  
An asleep may not see the sun  
Unseen times may be full of sorrow.

Running after illusion  
Money, money and money  
A six feet creature  
Need only six feet pyre  
Need small small things  
To remain jolly ever.

Say Ram, say Krishna  
Say Hari, say Govinda  
Cheer Thy thousandth names  
Remain happy n illuminated.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Cry For Cloud

My dear Cloud,  
I never forget you stepping down  
On my thatched roof  
To gossip with me  
Mix tune with me  
To muse on the branches of trees  
To massage my soft body  
With your lovely chilled hand  
Through the high green hills.

Alas! Where are you today?  
I am going up hill to hill  
Tree to tree,  
Bush to bush  
To get a handful of cloud  
But, in vain!  
Depression mount me with empty hands  
Months, years and years together  
Never heard the brooks are chirpy  
The hilly birds are not Being bathed by you.

You forgot, you hate  
To come back to bald mountains  
I am going up, up and up  
Crying for a handful of cloud  
Planting trees to invite with hope  
You would touch me that day  
To rest me in eternal peace  
In the lap of my dear hills.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Effect Suicide

Let us not finish ourselves  
To turn into a small paper clipping  
Which goes to dustbin next day  
Or to packaging agents.

Live, bear and face the tempests within  
For a while  
The world around would be more meaningful  
For us, try a little,  
The newspapers may cover us daily  
Let us not finish ourselves.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# End Of The Murky Night

My murky night won't end if,  
The master of the cosmos turns foe.  
Unless He rises as Sun everyday  
Scattering rays to lighten the world.

My mind-fish wearing scales of illusions  
Swimming here & there, boundless  
Time is the fisherman, waiting ahead  
To net to put me into fetter  
I fear, I may be away from Thee.

You have earned fame in this earth  
Sanctioning mercy to poors  
I wish, pray, holding your names  
To end my night soon.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# First Mistake Of The Universe

So many sins I have done  
Also praying for it.  
But, never excuse me God  
Because, it would be Your first mistake  
After creation of universe  
If You grant favour me.  
I am sure.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Flag Of Fame(By Katakabi Laxmikanta Mohapatra In Odia)

Depriving of all the things  
Which flag of fame would you hoist  
Having taken away everything from me  
What else would you snatch out my Lord?

Who longs for earthly wants  
Would remain with you  
After disruption of all faith on you  
How can you frighten me any more?

Swindling me from time to time  
I understood you are shrewd  
Do you think of misguiding me  
Amidst the crowd to stand feckless?

To avoid your cunning plans  
I pushed off all my burdens  
You have cut down all the ropes  
So, how will you put me in your net?

You allure me, call me  
To enjoy sadistic my dance  
Once again to deceit me,  
To offend me on road  
squeezing my ears.  
Deprived of all the things  
Which flag of fame would U hoist?

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo



# Gajanan Mishra Ph Express

Gajanan Mishra, PH express  
24110 poems & 228725 points  
Ganapati Baba, moriya.

(a tribute)

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Gender Of The Time

My present is real goes on foot  
With cargo of hopes;  
My future is dark runs in front  
With cargo of dreams,  
And my past is bright follows me back  
With cargo of memories.

Who goes forward is male;  
Who comes following is female,  
But who walks in middle....  
An absolute neuter!

As myself, a male  
Love my past as the beloved;  
Treat my future as rival  
And welcome the present  
As my best simple-hearted friend.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

## Gift Of A Fifth Hand(A Question To Him)

O dwarf Brahmin, the Great  
Why a third navel leg  
I shall't wonder  
To see your thousandth leg, if any  
To subdue a single Bali  
Bali, the great king & giver  
For crores of ages.

I listen your four hands  
Those bear four things always  
Give to many  
But, never believe  
A third leg may appear  
But, never a fifth hand my God  
To give them something  
Those rush to You day n night  
With a hope  
Very little hope at least.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# God Picnicks

The life is a far off mountain  
Look charming and beautiful  
Its womb fill with caves of pain  
There the God picnicks  
And I am His firewood till stock last.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Grammar Of My Life

O my creator!  
My life is an utterance,  
A sentence of your mouth  
Having number of commas,  
Semicolon  
Colons and so many things  
Awaiting a full stop  
And you are the grammar  
Of your own sweet language.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Heron's Fair-Election Is There

That long desired notification  
'Fishing will be there in big tank'  
Appeared suddenly there  
In the fishermen's hamlet  
That's all.

White herons  
As well pond herons  
Made queues to the hamlet  
The fair was quite jam  
Traffic indiscipline  
Other animals feel disgust.

Some got concealed in their homes  
Who don't fear these herons?  
The gentlemen sunk in wonderment  
Where these flock of herons were on the earth!  
But, nobody could follow  
Whether fishes are wending into the net  
Or the net is crawling over the fishes.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# His Smiling Home

I see you smiling  
Smiling over day & night  
As the Sun,  
Moon and twinkle stars  
You slip down from the blue heaven  
As smiling rain-drops to the green earth  
Golden flowers smile in the corn field  
Also shines dew-bath grass blossoms  
The homeward cows smile all the way  
The babies smile sweet deep asleep  
You warble in the hilly land as wild birds  
But, my Lord,  
My master,  
Could I smile at all  
At all in your ever smiling Home?

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# I Am Your Wife, Touch Me Not

The globe is hot  
Days seem long, but  
Nights are short  
I am 'She' not,  
I am your wife  
Touch me not.

We have a flat  
With gangs of rat  
Morn to eve, you merely chat  
Doing nothing widen in fat  
More than you, I need a cat  
I am 'She' not,  
I am your wife  
Touch me not.

My dear cot,  
Poetry will one day make you rot  
House tasks lot  
You are unfit to lift a pot  
I am 'She' not,  
I'm your wife  
Touch me not.

Poetry will not put a hat  
On your bald head nobody pat  
Sure, 'She' not  
My dear bat,  
I am your wife  
Touch me not.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo



# Ice Cream

Ice cream,  
Mount Everest of mine  
When I was in nine.  
Ice cream,  
Only rainbow of mine  
Its marvellous colours draw me line.  
Ice cream,  
Only gift of mine  
Who gift is my friend & fine.  
Ice cream,  
Only friend of mine  
Any contract for it I would sign.  
Ice cream,  
Only dream of mine  
In night, move in dream vine.  
Ice cream  
Oh no! I am fifty nine  
Blood sugar is high, how to dine?

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Infant To Parent

Myself was a butterfly once  
Flying flower to flower  
And plant to plant  
To catch thousand of tiny butterflies  
In my mini school garden.

But, bowing my head before the order  
Of a great Butterfly  
I came back one day  
Into an unknown darkness  
Under an unknown green leaf  
To be the parent of some unknown  
Terrific caterpillars!

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Intruders

Switch on idiot box  
Thousands will intrude  
Solitude transform to solace.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Itinerary Of A Jade

Surpassing an unreturned prolix highway of the time  
With onerous cargo on the back  
This nimble life-horse see  
Disastrous frontier of a desert  
Just a little ahead.

Exhaustion, desperation and throe of the old age  
Disarray sometimes rapid music of its trotting  
And the restless dust-storm of remembrances  
Created after running hoofs  
Once incapable of touching its tail  
Now jumps over it again and again.

Its sweaty gummy hairs  
Embrass the particles of remembrances  
Very deeply  
This Jade become helpless  
Absolute helpless  
Making up itself a 'Statue of dusts'.

May a State is ahead  
On which highway  
Procession of dusts shall forerun  
And the jade shall drag its body  
Being choked amidst the heavy darkness  
With the blessings of that procession  
To pour a strong kiss  
On the last line of that nebulous State.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Levelcrossing

Hours whatever be  
Exactly from one direction  
She rush into me on my psychic rail  
Like a nimble night express  
Lighting a long way ahead.

My heart shivers  
Smoke fills the life  
Eyes shut down  
Signalling 'Stop' all sides  
Till the tail lamp disappear  
At the last line of my  
Distant horizon.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# My Balance Sheet

My Balance Sheet

Pain, my valuable assets  
Pleasure, usual liabilities  
Balance remains a poem, my profit.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# My Mother

A deity of trillion life cells  
Charged once with some gigatons energy  
To push me out from dark to light.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# My Play-Mate

Lord Jagannath, my black diamond,  
Is your holy Grand Road & Great temple  
Forbidden to me?

Can U play alone my dear on grand road  
You fright to your shadow  
Can you walk single on dust  
Solitude makes you feverish?

I shall obey you not  
Because, I live in crockery  
While you stay in neem  
Lo! neem germinate in me.

My Lord, are U still in mind  
To forbid the entrance  
Of your Great empire my God?  
But, I shall obey U not.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo



# My School Prayer (By Sri Ramakrishna Nanda In Odia)

O kind itinerant of the universe,  
My submission may please be taken.  
In water, plains, forest, hills, sky  
Your act is ubiquitous.

You teach good morale  
Guide me towards noble path  
Make my works perfect  
Add delight to my face.  
I tender my head at your feet  
Kindly empower me with courage.

I stand folding hands at a distance  
From people with pretentious nature  
Do not allow me to be with them  
Give me vicinity of saint and savant  
Kindness and sobriety may garnish me  
Nobody be pained because of me.

To serve the people in need  
My feet and hands be empowered  
To speak the truth, why shall I fear  
Rather opt to die for the same  
No need for attachments with wealth & kins  
This much of teaching kindly be imparted to me.

(This was our prayer in school written by  
Sri Ramakrishna Nanda in odia) .

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# My Slut In Blacky Night

Blacky night deepens  
Firmament bedews the earth  
Silence reign all over  
I lose my conscious  
Under the grave of deep sleep.

Just at this moment  
Silently, thief or dacoit  
Can't guess  
Somebody enters my home  
But, at my gate  
Your sweet remembrances bark suddenly  
The dumb night trembles  
My soul-lion got up with a cry  
Mini, Mini....  
I run with a torch  
But, got nobody other than your remembrance  
Licking my soul in dalliance  
Lion falls in love with the slut  
And blacky night deepens again.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Not To Oil Much

Some centuries back on this soil  
Declared a Prophet some fact on oil.

Once upon a time the oils will reign  
Nature's balance will go in vain.'

The men Will talk more words with oil  
Merely to please kings & every thing spoil.

Food will float on oil than matter  
Men will choose the hospitals better.

To get fuel, the earth will be dug  
Machines will manage men-women's hug.

De-oiled knee elbows, men will tear  
Nature will be deaf dumb, shall't hear.

My dear Friends please pay me ear  
Prophecy may go wrong if we rear.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# One Way Traffic

To avoid face to face crash  
If the life and its problems  
Day & night  
Pleasure & sorrow  
Come and go on different ways  
Being one sided, then?

There would be no rare moment  
Of anxiety & crisis  
No beauty of morn & eve  
Only the spiritless life would run  
Its way in a state of  
Subconsciousness.

So, on one way traffic  
Where the pleasure doesn't build  
The gate to welcome sorrow  
Day doesn't embrace night,  
Life does not care its problems  
Then, what is there....?

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Paper Now Scarce

1.

Earth going treeless  
Paper now scarce  
Satisfy with haiku.

2.

Baby ice apples,  
Pinky, soft as born chicks  
Its Creator, dresser & eater  
All incredible, skilled.

3.

Go around for fragrances  
Fruits, flowers, spices but,  
Fresh note from ATM smells better.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Poet's Life

Poet's life

Dreamy and bubbly

Chanting vehemently

Like cuckoo's cooee during spring

If only I can be sweet to all of you.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Promise Thrice

May the river come back  
Heaving billow of desperation from Sea.

Lakhs of devotees may return from Thy temple  
With pains of callous inanity.

The death-God may turn his face  
Not arresting the life of His target.  
A sloping meteor may swim back to its orbit  
But, you my Chere-amie,  
The string of my life  
Sovereign of my heart  
Would never be back from me  
Never  
Promise, promise, promise  
My sweet-heart.

You are the billow of cheers  
In the capacious inanity within me  
For ages.

You would be lighting my hut  
My darling  
You would never be back from me  
I promise, Promise thrice to you.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Rails Lying

Rails Lying

Rails parallel lying long  
Left is life, right, the death  
Wait to collide at a cross.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo



# Remembrance

Everyday, to a many the cornea is to witness  
But never think to store them nor to stash.

One day, all on a sudden, somebody starts to startle  
And trespass direct into the retina without hurdle.

Trespasser is not a rolling reel picture  
But embossed? on the heart for ever and ever.

Times roll on crooning song for little peace  
But Alas, sore somewhere as if somebody Pierce.

Blood transparent stain from heart to eyes  
Feel morning after mornings the sun won't rise.

Some pictures in life are not merely picture  
An item from rolling reel may make you puncture.

The long journey of life ends at last  
Stevedoring remembrances that often blast.

(Posted for you only my dear)

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Rest Up To You

I extend my empty hands  
My dear Lord Jagannath  
Rest up to you.  
I am a little blossom of a hopeless tree  
Never intend to bear the fruit  
Myself a little lamp  
Tremble in the stormy night  
Never hope to be a twinkle star.  
But, still I desire  
To be placed in your garland  
To enlighten your Great Temple  
My dear God  
I merely wish  
But rest up to You.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Sand Castle And Little Squaw

Like the autumnal full moon  
Her sweet remembrances,  
Those bygone agile days  
Still peer into my mind sky.  
I am in quest of them once again.

The sandcastle in the mango grove  
Child game with my play mates  
All canter towards me  
Every day, thru the gaps of time  
Sigh tearing out the ribs  
Can I find them once again?

A little angel was my queen  
And I was the sovereign  
Very small was my family, very sweet  
My squaw was so lovely, so suave  
No tension, no thought to make mind heavy.

One clap make her loony  
To gallop towards mango grove in single breath  
Like SriRadha to SriKrishna  
To catch butterfly & stand sand castles.

She sets fire with the fireplace  
I go for grocery exchanging sarsens  
Marvellous taste was the meal  
Cooked with leaves, grass and soil.

The tide of the time was rushing to us  
The tempest of earthly loads & sorrows  
Engulfed those happy holy days  
Snatched away my little queen  
Burning the heart for time indefinite.

The heavenly pleasure of the sand house  
Free from unholy and ambiguity  
Mingled in the space  
The life marched to a dismal cavity

The world is momentary  
Wherein I shall vanish a day.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Soul Is Lost

My soul is lost  
Committing suicide in this life-well.  
Outside this circumference  
May some wonders are happening.  
As if, everything dwindle  
Keeping aside me and my life.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Sunnymoon

The moon, my childhood uncle  
Lied doggo in the sky as honeymoon  
The day, I spliced with a sprite in thirty  
And today, he transformed to Sunnymoon  
As if I am a waif at my sixty.

(a 5 W's poem)

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# The Anthill

Monsoon has stepped in  
Sky clad with black clouds  
Wind wet with rainy dance  
This exactly was our time  
To build bunkers of love.

We built our anthill  
With tear-bathed softest soil  
Of untold pain & pleasure  
And more than thirty monsoons  
Have elapsed, our hill stand still.

Our bygone days of celestial love  
Dreamy fairy tales on your lap  
Your missing amidst tide way  
Witness the hill with flow of time.

My eyes spew stream of tears  
The sky pour heavy rains ever  
But, like your heart  
The anthill stand unwashed, hard  
Unhurt, cruel  
What shall I do?

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# The Champak

Slowly and gently the yellow champak  
Blooms,  
Opening her veil.  
It is so charming, so delicate,  
When I see it bloom,  
My heart leaps with delight.

She decks herself  
With care  
Dedicate all her sweet fragrance  
To the bee who leaves her  
After lifting the veil.

She, then, bends softly down  
With beautiful grief,  
Hoping  
The bee will come  
Once more.

The bee never come  
But, the champak...  
Awaits with lovelorn expectation.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo



# The Galaxy Shines

Has the love any end?  
Errants may have.

From an unknown remote  
Rows of hot tears roll down  
Over my inane existence  
On whose command I know not  
For days, months & years.

The epic of eternal love  
Spreads, shines with a glow  
From soil to wind  
Wind to blues  
And blues to galaxies.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# The Indians' Wedding

ONE desire  
Two decide so  
To walk together  
And four will have to agree with.

Fourteen people look each other  
Forty queries come up  
But, all unanswered before One.

Now, two walked  
Walked to end with a zero  
An absolute zero.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# The Moonlit Night

The Moon, full or half or quarter  
Cosmic brother of the Earth, our mother.

He is lovely, our Uncle Moon  
His shiny presence embellish the earth soon.

He hypnotises, hurts not to whom  
The moonlit earth dance with boom.

All are his fans, selenophiles  
He amuses all to keep them smile.

The poets claim moon their born copyright  
They feel feverish in moonless night.

Moonstruck old guys sigh over their past  
Mothers feeding babies take his resort last.

Moonshine is panacea for beauty & eroticism  
Its magnetic power pulls out all our pessimism.

Uncle moon should be always bright and far  
We must keep his house clean like our car.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# The Postman

I count, if not wrong  
I have lived  
Twenty one thousand five hundred noons  
And some four thousand out of it  
Only waiting the postman.

I know not, how painful was it  
How important was he in my life  
What blissful to listen encore bells  
Of his old bicycle passing through  
Or a sweet knock at my door  
By his sweaty, dirty, but beautiful fingers!

A blue colour envelop in my name  
Written by the known pink fingers  
Oh! what was he for me in that moment  
One thousand crores lottery in his hand  
My most faithful friend in the world  
Expect nothing, so simple, so honest  
But so lovely my postman.

I still remember you my friend  
In this e-age, your missing bell resound  
I still wait with eager  
A blue colour envelop in your hand.

(In memory of the noble friend, my old postman)

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# The Soul Within

The ocean of consciousness be turbulent  
The Himalaya of emotions be dissolved  
To wash away the Earth  
Of hypocrisy & hot lies.

Tears be overflown;  
The stream of simple truth  
To drench my little soul  
A prolong wait for  
Heartful pure truths  
Shall be end with  
To rest me in tacit peace.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# The Vermilion

My dear,  
(I feel so shame to speak)  
Since I wore a dot of vermilion  
Like the baby-Sun rising above horizon  
Beauty pounced over me with tacit horror  
I allured to watch it before the mirror.

My dear,  
(Do you know a top secret?)

Owing to our (may be) love with care  
A pinch of vermilion your chin share  
With thousands time your beauty glare  
Forgetting everything I merely stare.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Those Birds In Love

Before stepping into an amour  
Be careful to measure  
Its length, breadth, depth & height  
To efficiently swim across the river  
With conscious, strength and vigour.

Not to be hurry, my dear  
Length of love is quite long  
From birth to death,  
Height spread over galaxies  
Depth is not upto bottom  
Maximum it's a deep well of hot tears.

But, width is sensitive  
Difficult to measure by any love-meter  
Unless, you are calm and quiet  
To listen and feel the radius of the warm breath.

My dear lovers,  
Open your heart  
Unscreen your knowledge, conscience  
Use the love meter every now & then  
Before a guide you like most.

Amour may make u blind & erotic  
But never wise nor talent  
Lovesick sucks the blood as witches  
Invite quakes, cardiac fail  
To vapourise your entity  
And drown amidst a whirlpool.

Hence, remain alert & careful.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# To An Indian Sister

You came from the same kingdom  
In the way I had come  
There is no record  
Of the number of times we have drenched  
Our lips in a single stream  
Leaping from one end to other of breasts  
The water of which has been transformed  
Into the blood in our veins.

We have grown in a single state  
Under the flag of single 'care of'  
Ours only life song and the constitution  
Everything is going to its end  
Manjula, this is our last moment.

You will depart for a distant state  
Time is too panic and grim  
Your untorn credential  
As the sister of mine,  
As the second cord of single navel  
Is going soon to be invalid.

Let's go, but never grieve  
You build up your home  
Run on your special highway  
May be with pleasure & sorrow  
But, never bother the God  
At your will  
Asking anything time to time.

But, when you feel,  
Your wherry being toddled  
In stormy dark night  
Amidst the worldly ocean  
Choking your breath  
And before your last hope lost beneath the sea,  
Raise your hands up  
Towards the open sky  
No doubt,



You will find you on the strand.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# To Let

O homeless God,  
Don't you see  
From time immemorial  
My house is vacant.

I wait & long  
Since then  
You would come  
One day  
To fill my house,  
My world.

I shall be going  
To any corner  
With 'To let' board  
On my chest, my heart  
Wishing your kind appearance  
At my door.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# To The Sailor

Mind goes nowhere  
I am tired, awaiting a boat  
Standing helpless  
To across the river.  
My exile for which crime  
I am dizzy herein magic island  
Yelling in be wilderness  
The Sun is afraid of my sin  
O my Sailor  
Be kind to me in this unending dark night.

I still wait a bell-call  
Heralding termination of my exile  
I pray you my boatman  
To sail for me once then  
Once only O Benign.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# To The Sun Of 2017

You appear with a smile  
Before my drunken mind  
I went thru all my file  
And got nothing of your kind.

Still shines civilisation in Nile  
Ahead breaks a nucleur bomb  
Look my Master, your man's style  
He writes his epitaph on his tomb!

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Who Is Great

Undercurrents swallow the man  
Deep in the ocean of sorrow  
Churn his heart & mind  
Burn him to ashes of words  
Assuring some lines of poem.

The pen sketch the stream of words  
Paper carry all of them  
Saying, I hold you, Oh Poem  
I am great  
Pen say, Oh no!  
I am the great  
Words grumble, they are great  
And also heart and mind  
Claims them great.

The human, so poor & fool  
Confused and tremble in fear  
Who is great  
And sleep down like an ass.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Wife N Life

Life boring

If wife roaring

Not anything pouring

Better go snoring.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# Without You....

Everything vacuous  
Without you.

Cloudless naked sky  
River waveless  
Like a motionless & speechless tree  
My heart is silent, blank  
Without you.

You may stand as you  
On the chest of the world  
Truly without me....  
But, I....?

Never ever have in mind  
I can stay as  
I  
For a moment  
Without you.....

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

# World's Best Fragrance

Go round the world  
In quest of fragrances  
Of flowers, of fruits, of spices  
But, nothing excel the fresh notes  
Delivered in ATMs  
Signed by the Governor of Reserve Bank  
Those smell better and best  
Leaving everything to its next.

Prabhata Kumar Sahoo



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Prabhata Kumar Sahoo

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Prabhata Kumar Sahoo