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A Heap of Fragmented Images

Shyamal Roy Hakimpara, Siliguri.

Tremendous sufferance, this diseased earth, this ailing earth, The beeline of toil and growth; Culture of developed civilization torn apart, Amid throb stubborn desire to fight!

Spike-profit in these days of crest and troughs, Bleakness, agony in eyes, face and ears; It touches me, this darkness these moments of silence, Vilification, thoughts in pestilence!

> Lo and behold the glare, love humane, Love for this besmeared domain! The simple rural rustics are rhapsodic Resonance felt afar, along and harmonic.

Asking who is that owl old wise, Save our domain and the monuments; Let the fabric of life saved by oblation, Faith impeded may regain!

At the end of the dark tunnel faded light appears, Tides after ebbs or saplings in debris; These ugly creatures, let not the monsters – Capture the victory monuments!

The bodeful miseries, paleness, sobriety lost in amuck The pristine land will come back;



Golden days, golden minds all delights Who will plunder for us those golden wealths!