

# DULCET AND DISMAL TUNES



DEBASISH MAJUMDER

Copyright © 2019, Debasish Majumder  
All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording or any information storage and retrieval system now known or to be invented, without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who wishes to quote brief passages in connection with a review written for inclusion in a magazine, newspaper or broadcast.

Published in India by Prowess Publishing,  
YRK Towers, Thadikara Swamy Koil St, Alandur, Chennai,  
Tamil Nadu 600016

ISBN-10: 1-5457-4385-1  
ISBN-13: 978-1-5457-4385-0  
ePUB ISBN: 978-1-5457-4386-7  
Mobi ISBN: 978-1-5457-4387-4

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication

# CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

*IDEA, THE ONLY MASTER*

*STARS, AN ENIGMA*

*ENIGMA OF LIFE*

*FALLACY OF DEATH*

*ELEGANCE OF CONDOLENCE*

*'IF', A WORD OF MISTY*

*A TRIBUTE TO MENTORS*

*'DEAR', A WORD OF WONDER*

*DAD—AN ACRONYM FOR DEDICATION AND DUTY*

*MARRIAGE, A TRUE SOLACE?*

*TOXIC PEOPLE, AMAZING!*

*A TRIBUTE TO A LEGEND*

*CATERPILLAR, A VIVID WONDER*

*FALLACY OF PRAISE*

*PARALLELS OF PLATITUDE*

*MYSTIC ELECTRON*

*HONEY, MONEY AND CACOPHONY*

*APPLE, A FRUIT OF ENIGMA*

*OUR YEARN FOR LEARN*

*APPALLING HUMANITY*

*TEARS, A WONDERFUL BOON*

*BIZARRE PHILOSOPHY OF CRIME*

*ENIGMA OF LOVE!*

*INTRIGUING QUALITY OF AN ARTIST!*

*BLOOD, AN AMAZING VEHICLE!*

*WONDERS OF UNIVERSE!*

*MYSTIC SLUMBER!*

*TREES, WHO ALONE BRING SOOTHING BREEZE!*

*GRAND ODYSSEY OF BRAND!*

*FALLACY IN FIVE POINTS!*

*INTRIGUING MOTION! IS IT A BOON OR BANE?*

*CONTRADICTIONS IN LIFE ADHERE!*

*THREE IN ONE, AN INTRIGUING DESIGN TO CHURN!*

*IMBROGLIO WITH SIGNALS!*

*HUMAN BRAIN, AN INTRIGUING TRAIN!*

*INTRIGUING MOTION OF EMOTION!*

*CRY OF A BALLOON!*

*MELODRAMA IN MATTER!*

*INTRIGUING STARDOM!*

*INTRIGUING IDEAS!*

*TRYST OF A SEED!*

*SPEED, A LUCRATIVE STYLE TO BECKON PERIL!*

*MIND OVER MATTER! A CONUNDRUM!*

*LIFE, THE ONLY PRIME!*

*DILEMMA WITH 'I'!*

*TUNE OF MISTY!*

*INTRIGUING WISDOM!*

*IMBROGLIO IN ILLUMINATION!*

*INTRIGUING FRUITS!*

*THOUGHT—A MYSTIC KNOT!*

# **INTRODUCTION**

The poet captures the bounty and vagaries of nature and the reflection being produced by nature in social fabric with his passionate feelings, a catharsis to find solace for myriad.

# IDEA, THE ONLY MASTER

Idea, a genius freak  
What we ordinary miss  
It is the creation of rare brain  
What we notice only and acclaim!  
A prodigy, navigate us to a new echelon  
Clairvoyant they are, therefore, they are icon  
We salute to them, they enjoy stardom  
Become a cult, with a unique halo  
They are rare gift, not abundant, but mellow  
We are shallow, comparing to their depth,  
knowledge and sincere attribute  
Later, we pay only our hearties tribute!

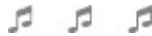


They are gifted with unique strength  
No avarice, no price can dictate them  
They are stubborn to manifest their game  
They glow like chrome, chuckle with fame!  
For their unique creation  
We beneficiaries enjoy the variation  
Life become a fray, they explore with gay  
The beauty they produce, the symphony they adduce  
We are marooned and bemuse  
With their brain, they reign  
Toying with us in a delectable majesty  
We wonder how they garner such amazing strain and capacity!  
To engender a new vision

Template it as our mission  
Guiding us for better envision  
Mankind progress for their mission  
Are they disruption? Or harbinger of change for progress?  
Are not they true envoy of human civilization to ingress?



They are champion out of their prodigy  
We may be prodigal; we sometimes failed  
to honour such precious quality  
Falter, and equate them as mere commodity  
We may slay them out of our ineptness and audacity  
We suffer for our foolish trait  
They become larger than life out of their own trait  
Thus idea reign, we remain slave  
Under their phenomenal musical gamut with octave!



It is they who bear pain  
To give birth and nurture their idea  
Protect it from eccentric traits  
Who are culpable to decimate their game?  
And have fancied causing mayhem  
They are sincere that their effort may not go in vain  
Thus humanity reign, ideas train  
Fecundity with blooming plenty of primroses and lily  
Lovely picturesque, idea tossing with vigor and gravity  
We cherish with heart's content galore  
How they adorn our milieu, like gem  
We are jewels of the crown idea adorn  
A king of our heart  
A true benevolent despot, who never hurt  
Never showed belligerence to us, though bore excruciating pain  
Still kind to us, thus humanity progress without fuss

It is idea alone, who is champion, make us joyous!



# STARS, AN ENIGMA

Dark sky at night  
Full of stars  
Twinkling eyes, twinkling stars!  
I am in fuss, which one is happening faster?  
Eyes or the stars, in rapture  
Delighted with awe, reverence it draws  
Ephemeral its beauty  
Day emerge with its duty  
A single star Sun with mighty glow  
Disappeared all in a blow!



Morning star or evening star  
Away from us, millions of light years  
Pole star at night  
Navigate us with might  
We may not deviate from our fray  
The beauty of celestial luminaries, adorn in a tray  
Our minds dance in gay  
What beauty nature endows at our bay  
We swim in the battle of life  
Never fatigued to cross the ebb and tide  
We go on sailing our life  
Stars are fluttering in the minstrel note, excited in our vibes  
They took pride; we make them jubilant and alive!



They glow on their own light  
Though faint, yet it soothes our soul  
Enlighten and illuminate us, we behold  
We enjoy the jocund company of stars  
Unlike Sun, they don't scorch us  
Like a balm to our heart  
Makes us calm, like the tune of Mozart  
Peaceful its presence, holy its essence  
A heavenly delights, reduce our plight  
Stars, you are our fancy, you are eternal  
We satiate our eyes, you are resilient, and you are lustrous  
You are sheer phenomenal!



Accolades bring stars  
We rate and evaluate mundane glory by stars  
But, Alas! Our stars often lost their glow  
Eclipsed by praise, they often lost their halo  
Become a mere insignia  
Deviate from their inertia  
Slowly sails away from our bay  
Millions of light years away  
As universe has no axis  
We never know their crisis!



Stars are our solace  
When we are in solitary state  
Not a grimace for a mind to devastate  
Wither away from our memory  
To become a star of fallacy  
We love stars not to malign with mendacity  
We adore stars for our sole searching ingenuity  
Stars are bliss, we cherish it lonely

Stars are grace, we amuse with symphony  
The tune we enjoy alone  
We never feel we are lone  
A lustrous trail in the dark sky  
With a grail we ruminare  
We may resort to your lap  
To have a decent nap!



# ENIGMA OF LIFE

Life is full of hype  
In the waves of ebb and tide  
Hard to swim  
As if we are in the brim  
Jittery engulf us to ride  
How we may keep balance  
Erect ourselves with elegance  
Enjoy the life with its fullest  
Comply its design, which is an asset  
Life is a gala, where galaxies are guiding  
Enabling to navigate us as a law abiding  
Makes us composed, nourishes us  
Enrich life with consolidate status.



Upstream and down stream  
Melancholy and acrimony  
Euphoria and eulogy  
Clouded with obscurantism and romanticism  
What a rendition of hypnotism!  
Life, a challenging fanaticism!



All are rolling with enthusiasm  
Entirely oblivious to death, an inevitable destiny  
Some are moving with mournful and excruciating symphony  
Some are marooned with galore of opulence and luxury

Mundane pleasure and displeasure  
Intricately configure life with enigmatic exposure  
Small eventful journey  
Abruptly end without cacophony  
Becomes a mere dot in the sand of time  
Yet evolved with a continuous change  
A fashion with a strain  
Augment the pace of civilization's train  
Makes a print in the process of progress  
Enable mankind to explore and ingress  
Odyssey of life moves on with gamut of hues  
We enjoy life with its diverse queues.



Like a spinning wheel, it moves with variety  
Where antiquity refurbished with new magnitude and gravity  
Sometimes forlorn, sometimes with fruition  
Life thus appears, unique and champion!



Life is a gift of love and pain  
Dulcet and dismal events are not in vain  
It teaches us how to swim in the ocean of time  
To add new dimension to the prime!



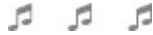
# FALLACY OF DEATH

Death, the only hegemony on life  
In myriad facets, makes us amaze with rife  
Whether homicide, suicide or natural demise  
The ultimate destiny of life, clouded us abruptly with might  
Though keeps us in plight  
But strangely ephemeral its presence  
Dispel quickly its impact and essence  
A memory it becomes in a sudden  
and unpredictable revelation  
Death-horror to living, but have no reminiscence  
in human perception  
A conundrum, having no confining melodrama  
What an amazing creature to have such panorama!  
having no parley with living psychosis  
Entirely woven by human analysis  
But, beyond death, a sheer hypothesis!  
We human can only celebrate death as festive  
Weird we are to deal with such pre-emptive!



We human are strange creature  
After death what will happen is our only obsession and culture  
Have we ever pondered seriously about the conservation of mass?  
We are crazy about tentative spirit which is guiding us  
We cannot see electron in our naked eye  
Then why should we bother about spirit?  
To escape from the ambit  
When we are supposed to dispense our duty

Death is retribution to our fallacy and beauty  
It reveals that we are nothing but dunce  
Where we fail to gauge our abundance  
We have a velocity with an optimum limit to play a certain role  
Afterwards we become moribund, death becomes our only goal.



Thus, death becomes a recluse for a tired soul  
Give it a space with a decent role  
Life is a matter, death, sublimation with added hour  
It gives a new dimension to the available mundane matter  
Thus civilization rolls on, mankind becomes exuberant  
Death is a lovely note to proliferate life with magnificence  
We admire life; we adore death, its eventuality with jubilation  
Thus, funeral becomes a joyous and glorious celebration!



# ELEGANCE OF CONDOLENCE

My presence I feel in a plate  
Where tectonics are the inevitable effect  
Creates doldrums for my humdrum  
What a fascinating and unique conundrum!



I could feel the jive of life  
So many are here to care and share their vibes  
So many I know by virtue of ether  
But they resonates my heart, they are my guitar  
What a fabulous instrument I possess!  
Where the strings produce music, I am obsessed  
I am no longer lone, myriad moan  
I feel their impulse, their sincere tone  
My heartiest tribute to all who touched my minds chord  
I am dedicated to deliver for their accord  
Who am I? An insignificant mass  
But waves of many beautiful minds uphold my truss  
I felt my presence with plenty of support and exuberance  
The strength of their love and care  
Showering on me like a holy affair!



What an amazing rendition, I bemused and stare  
People are the only force, can change any course  
Having only ability to write their history  
Why not they work more elaborately? It is only the Mistry!



I am marooned by their affection  
They are my only strength, my only solace and elation  
Devotion in emotion, keeps us in utter jubilation  
I am in glee, to feel the melee  
I dare to breathe even in grave  
Death could be a dulcet  
Out of peoples magnanimous thread!



I will live by thee  
My beloved and jocund company  
The music of life reverberate with symphony  
It is pristine, an overwhelming melody  
Makes death a ceremony  
I am immersed in such unique presence of epiphany!



I can sense the elegance in people's condolence  
Only they can script my obituary  
Only if they feel, I am moribund, having no essence  
They can slay with élan my presence  
It is condolence exuberance  
Death appears alive in presence  
We mortals can only make immortals  
It is our sole discretion  
Condolence is an honest reflection  
Which nature pave with perfection  
Thus lives become vociferous, beyond annihilation!



# 'IF', A WORD OF MISTY

'If', a small word  
But having big impact in human world  
Triggers one to involve in a shadow boxing  
Invigorate one to render with scintillating  
Influence livings channel  
Determine one's appraisal  
'If' instigates people for chicken to count  
Before noticing the eggs amount  
Thus 'If' intricate people with a fuss  
'If' literally ruins them in a buzz!



While sailing in the ocean of life  
Tying their hands, showing their prowess  
Guessing plenty of accolades  
But, alas! Sharks eat up their heads!  
A tragic end emerge with disgrace  
Majority of lives are thus immersed  
Effect of 'If' is so mighty  
Eclipsed the life with unrestrained gravity  
Grimace pierced the heart of majority  
Who are dedicated to 'If', unfortunately?  
Become the worst victim of it with grief!  
Thus they concluded in brief.



'If' can only script the obituary

Shatter a life with abrupt acrimony  
But creates an enigmatic sanctuary  
Where myriad venture with illusion and cacophony  
Hoping to change everything with a dream of euphoria  
Stirring only for a lustrous utopia  
Slice of whole being achieved by one  
Ego, vanity, complex, makes one isolate and moribund  
Beckoning the jeopardy, accuses fate and destiny  
Thus being decimated with grief and agony  
'If' thus concludes one's odyssey of life  
Spectra of impossibilities predominantly paves for demise!



Yet, 'If' can propel one to soar high  
If one capable to anchor tight  
From the soil of reality it engender  
'If' could be a boon to become successful and superior  
Provided having focus to usher mankind  
'If' can be the only torch bearer  
A sensible harbinger  
For posterity with might  
With an approach to make the world bright  
A true haven with delight!



'If' sometimes appear as an abscess to life  
Emanates gimmicks, vitiates the vibes  
Suspends people in an ideological eco-chamber  
One evil needs brain to copy with misnomer  
'If' is full of iffy  
Steal solace with ignominy  
It is wonder, why none can sanitize 'If'  
'If' has both in its fetus, happiness and grief  
We cannot eliminate 'If'

As it triggers us to live  
We are utterly different from all animate  
Thus, the beauty of 'If' engulfs us in a jubilant state!



**You've Just Finished your Free Sample**

**Enjoyed the preview?**

**Buy: <https://store.prowesspub.com>**