



MY FIRST

REMEMBRANCES

BIBHOR PATRA

Copyright © 2019, Bibhor Patra
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: 978-93-89097-96-2

eISBN: 978-93-89097-97-9

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication

CONTENTS

Cynicism Tinted Reality

Carpe Diem

To Suck The Marrow Of Life

Won't Call It A Day

The Universal Flow

He

A Day Yet To Come

Rat Race

If Tomorrow I Bite The Dust

One

Living Beyond Self Wish

Denials

Solitude

One Last Call

Cemeteries Of Words

For Perception Changed It All

Hope

The Mirror Of The Past

You

The Symphonies Of My Heart

The Smile That Does It All

The Sound Of The Silence

My Mind Is No Masonic Pyramid

Feet Fettered By Cynicism

The Dead Hand From The Past

No One's Ready To Not Mourn And Relish

When I'll Kiss The Sky

The Sun Again Is Put To A New Start

Dark

Skyline

CYNICISM TINTED REALITY



*The seasons of haze have flew,
So have the symphonies of mellow idealism,
Have faded the gleeful summer skies,
Of the astral graces that glinted as a prism.*

*The trail of gaiety, it seems, is done,
Like the divine dawn of the blindfolded acumen,
Leaving behind a sober sad soul,
Desperately losing his fellow crewmen,
Making his way into each fragment,
In search of soothing idealistic aids,
Exhausted with a few,
Of a universe of realism's cynical shades.*

CARPE DIEM



*Nowhere far is the moment, the day,
when would be you left with a body cold,
hymns willing your peace and the pyre of yours,
and the last words being retold.*

*“Carpe diem”, they said,
“seize the day”
and emboss your glorious deeds,
all over the way.*

*For today isn’t returning,
Neither is the opportune,
you are to pitch your notes,
no later but soon.*

*Carve your glorious arcs of holy deeds,
that would gain the whole’s glance,
worthless is the life of the being,
that couldn’t even seek considerance.*

TO SUCK THE MARROW OF LIFE



*To suck your marrow,
I'm dead set on,
With great passion and firmness,
And feelings, all stubborn.*

*To unveil your true face,
Even to the blind,
To trace your true aspect,
I am determined.*

*To analyse your reality,
To my last breathe, I'll fight,
And strive so hard,
In the name of that idealistic delight.*

*I'll wait for the day,
When I can boast, I fought,
And realised life,
was never what we thought.*

You've Just Finished your Free Sample

Enjoyed the preview?

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