

DEWAN MUKTO

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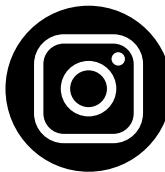


Dewan M.I. Mukto is a hobbyist author and poet born and raised in Sylhet, Bangladesh. Although his actual academic interests and professional occupations differ from the usual works of literature, Mukto aims to inspire and entertain countless people through the few publications he can spare.

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SYNAESTHETIC SYMPHONIES

By

Dewan Mukto



Life is fate's mirror to let a spiritual touch of
'hope' to materialize in.

Life has a devotion towards literature.
And aesthetic literature is quite rare to find.
Wonder if this is the book your life was ever
yearning for!

D. Mukto

Episode 01

NATURE

DEAR NOCTURNUM

**Choking silence engulfed the hazy night,
With a sky clear, and the moon illuminated bright,
Shedding silvery leaves in the acoustic moonlight,
Casting healthy flavours of darkness as an insight.**

Like knights clad in shining armor, moonlight raced down the sky,
Reflecting off surrendered ponds and craven solids polished dry,
As it levitated atop a river of nightly sounds like a hoverfly,
Encrypting its meaning in a cosmic riddle for the human eye.

**A velvety breeze covered all flora and fauna in chilblains,
Whilst lustrous rainfall of moonlight left behind gleaming stains;
The slow rhythm of nightfall made the world drop its curtains,
As the shifting silence came alive with the acclaim it gains.**



Photo by Thula Na on Unsplash

A WINTRY DAY

Chilly furrows crept up my ears
As I tried to recall my summer tears,
Of times spent in eternal desirable sunlight
That the sudden cold migrated its flight,
Of trees feathered by frosty smiles,
Of flowers roasting away to the cold defiles,
Of assimilating chaos in the hearts of birds,
And of memories floating away like a pack of cards.

Fogs settled in the silent air; birds forgot how to speak,
The sun forgot how to laugh; the morning dew was meek.
The rain clouds had faded away, leaving only their fake clones
Who never shared their true gift other than the frozen stones
Which enlightened the snowy season with translucent sugary crystals
That refracted light rays toward the heralding mistral.

Cold was cold, as cold as the day winter began,
Wrapping my toes, fingers, limbs, and neck like a cardigan.
There seemed to exist no end to the cold, only hope
That eventually will arrive a day for spring and winter to elope,
Leaving behind a fresh fruity scent of the last winter's trace,
And a promise that a year later shall we again embrace.



Photo by Simon Berger on Unsplash

THORNS

Unwanted and unnatural, protruding out for danger,
Fortifying the family, keeping out materials stranger,
We are knights sworn since birth to protect and persevere
To tend to the battlements, where lurking predators may dare
Disrupt the safe sanctuary of our vivid princesses' palace;
We are the incognito agents who pursue and repel malice.

Growing strong, living harder, dying toughest - we don't loiter,
Our lives are strict - we are the final pieces in a game of solitaire,
We understand little pain for we, in truth, dispense agony
To the hearts of those who delve in minds darker than mahogany.

Our purpose is a reflection of the safe care-free faces we guard,
We're born heroes - we die as martyrs; sacrifice is our reward,
Pledged knee-deep into our family roots, we are united by a song
Of peace and plenty, of defense and valiance, and legends lived long.



Photo by Joshua Harris on Unsplash

WILDFLOWERS

**Hidden gems sleeping under the sun,
Colors twinkling in all shades of joy and fun,
Gently wagging their heads to how the winds run,
Petals warming up after a quick stun.**

Unknown and isolated they grew
With blessings and motivation from the morning dew,
Calling out to the butterflies with their exotic hue,
But always curious to play hide-and-seek with you.

**Where all the wildflowers lie, where all the wildflowers die,
Sheltered in some meadow, orchard or forest – find them if you try,
Though it's obvious that they are rather delicate and shy;
Fissured out with assurance that you need help from a butterfly.**

Close enough you may arrive; close enough to say “hi”,
In your hands they suddenly wilt... in this harsh world, all things must die.

**You hold them to your heart, feed them your tears, and kiss
them goodbye...**

**Fallen petals turn to memory and the innocent soil hears you
cry...**



Photo by Irina Iriser on Unsplash

Episode 02

EMOTION

INSOMNIA

**Drowsy with dew from unrelenting sleep disorder,
Eyes tampered to paralysis, sanity at the last border,
Here I am sitting on a throne of lethargy,
Avoiding all sorts of attentiveness like some sort of allergy.**

Watching hours of life's activity detach and drift by,
I couldn't set my mind to rest no matter how hard I try;
The mental jigsaw puzzle just didn't interlock again,
Leaving me in a trance that every drug addict would refrain.

**An inflation of depression and fatigue immolated my senses;
I'm not able to figure out my past and present tenses,
For I'm caged by the fire of time-frozen anti-sleep spears
That recedes from forcing out my boredom tears.**



Photo by Polina Kuzovkova on Unsplash

BROKEN

Chipped...stabbed...shattered...

Clipped...hurt...battered...

Heart bleeding in my betrayed arms,

My mind burning with the unfair terms,

Don't know why I ever let this happen;

I wish to rewind and refresh the tides of time again

Never knew how far this'd go; never knew it'd turn me insane;

Great rivers of sadness echo behind my eyes

Which helped to absorb all those flurries of true lies...

Let down...given up...surrendering...

Defeated...regretting... rehabilitating...

I'm revealed to the world in which I'm concealed,

Broken in a way that can't be treated nor healed,

Because I've lost my grip on the only medicine;

In your absence, I'm assaulted by depression unseen...

Fractured...ruptured...blistering...

Fading...forgetting...memories flickering...

I'm lost in a corrupt forest of heartless fate

Waiting for you to return; hope it's not too late;

Dear mortal me, I've been a fool to make upset thee

For without you, nobody better can understand me.

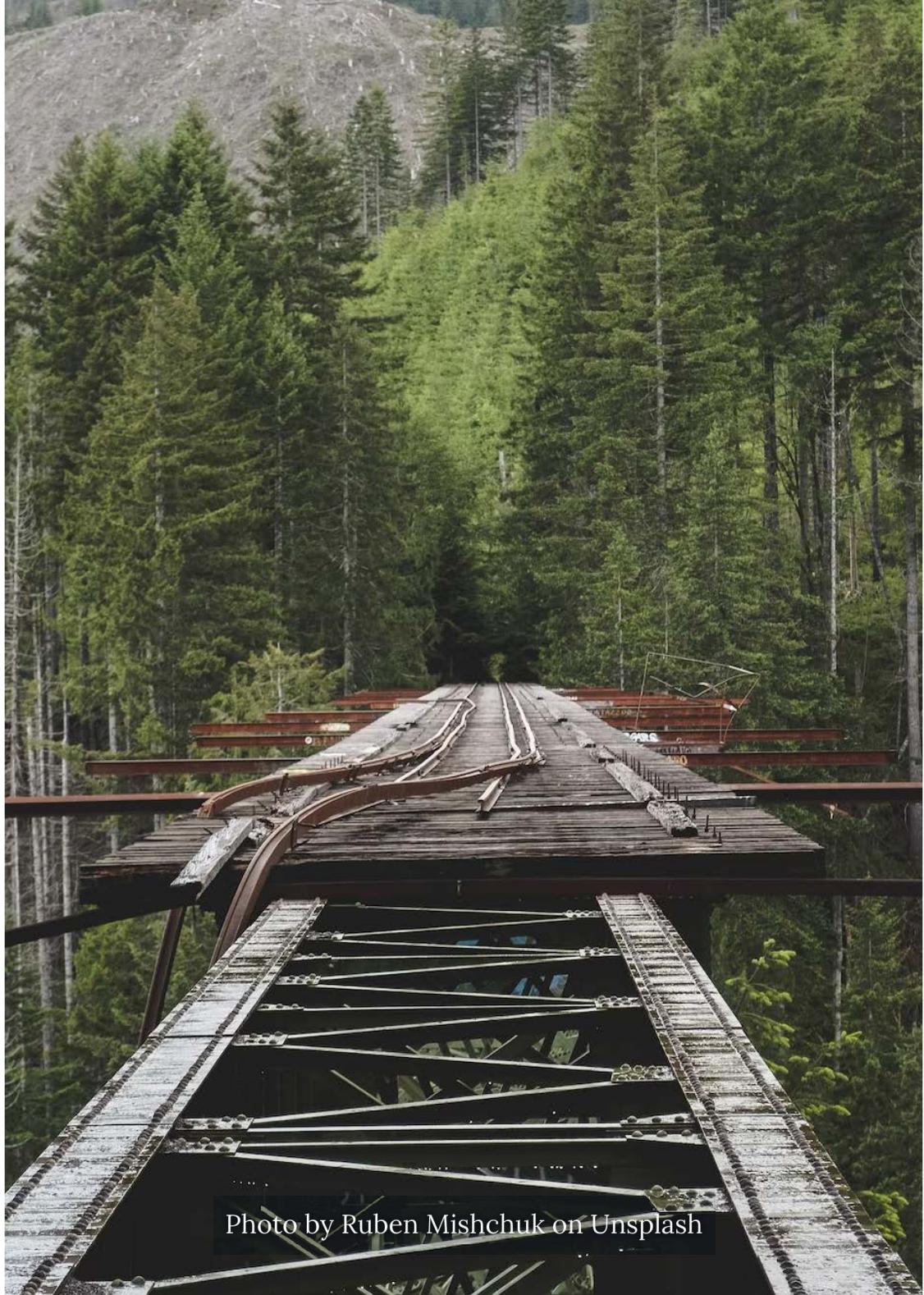


Photo by Ruben Mishchuk on Unsplash

HANDICAPPED

**Fingertips restrained from the tactile sensations,
Mouth barred from uttering another word; oh damnations!
Seizures of frustation and innocence reverberating within,
I had to let go of my physical weakness, through thick or thin.**

Eyes blindly following every footstep of every sound,
Though my dumb ears couldn't percept it precisely around;
Nobody's there for me now, it's all on me to prove
That I'm unique; my words will make mountains move.

**Why is the world so cruel for me to be born like this?
I'm chained to a pole of restriction, I'm rooted like trees;
Days become months become years; my suffering faces no ending,
And to purge this handicap, my prayers are still pending.**

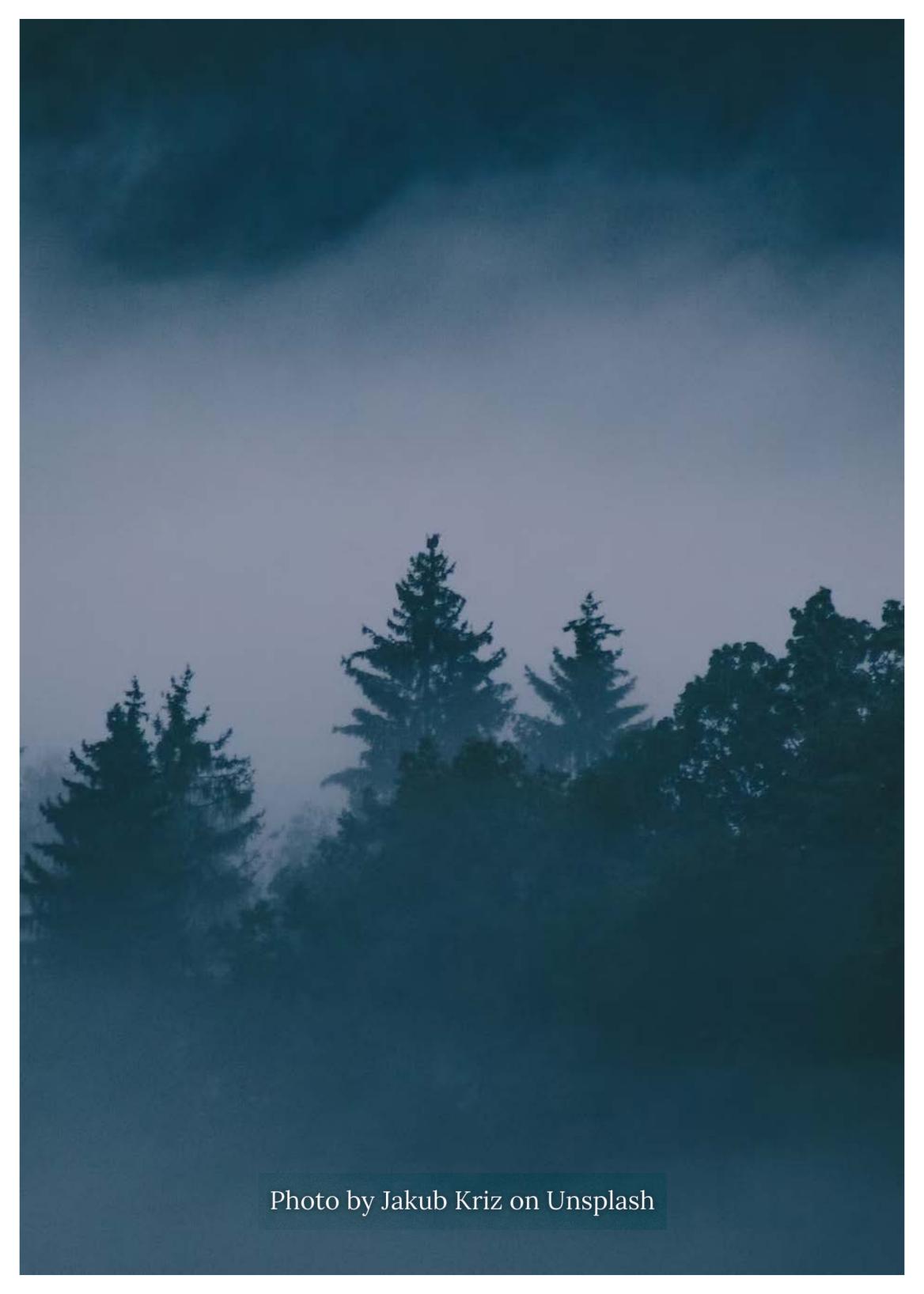
A dark, moody photograph showing the silhouettes of several tall evergreen trees against a sky filled with heavy, grey clouds. The lighting is low, creating a somber and atmospheric scene.

Photo by Jakub Kriz on Unsplash

SARCASM

Brutal fingers clasping around my hysterical mouth
From uttering such things offensive and uncouth,
Holding my blade of a tongue at prosecutors nearby,
Slinging shots of humor camouflaged as a healthy lie,
Farming rusty iron in furnaces fueled by ironic hobbies,
The power of my frictional voice shall grant them grease.

**Selfish selflessness pulsated through comical emotion,
Dilated eager eyes tempted that creepy notion
That something's wrong; something's about to occur,
Though that never really does help hide the false tar
Black as the fib that strums along my verbal guitar.**

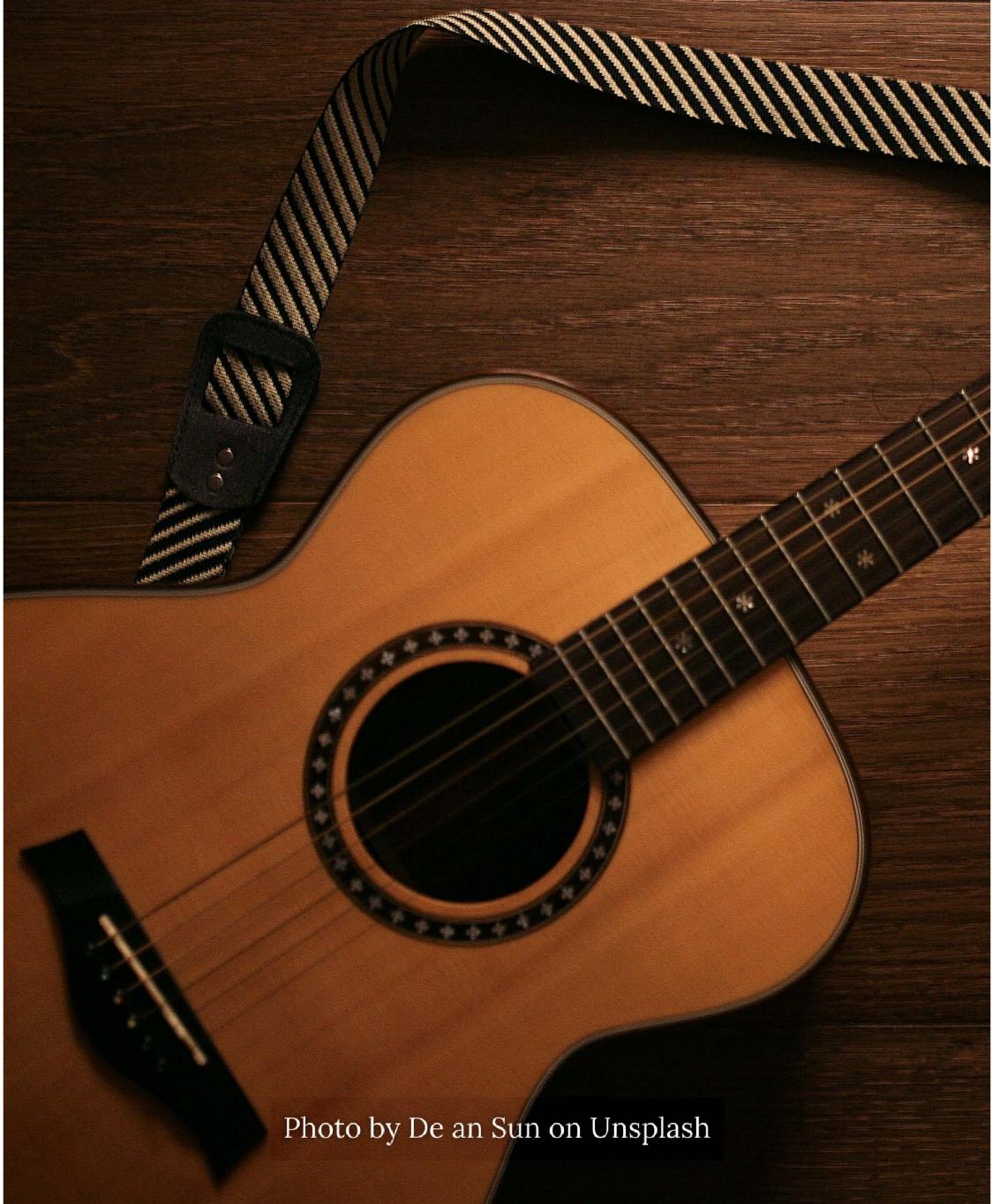


Photo by De an Sun on Unsplash

HEADACHE

**Spiny cones of serrated-edged pain etched shadows
Across the scalp of my head - my psychic meadows,
Burning down ideas after sensations, altering thoughts,
Quenching the thirst of forgotten sundry droughts,
That ache, that curse, that reaped all my mental plots.**

Scathing and churning up bundles of depression,
My head's palace would remain blocked with suppression,
Due to the natural disease of wrecking up my thought bubbles,
Filling my rooftop garden with pests born from troubles,
Shattering the surface to make it rain hurtful pebbles.

**Cyclones of hazardous stress preoccupied the cavity
Resting beneath my skull, preserving that sense of vanity:
Nothing seems to work right, nothing brings happiness,
Nothing can cure the ache, it can only be graded less
If you live a life adorned by independence and not distress.**

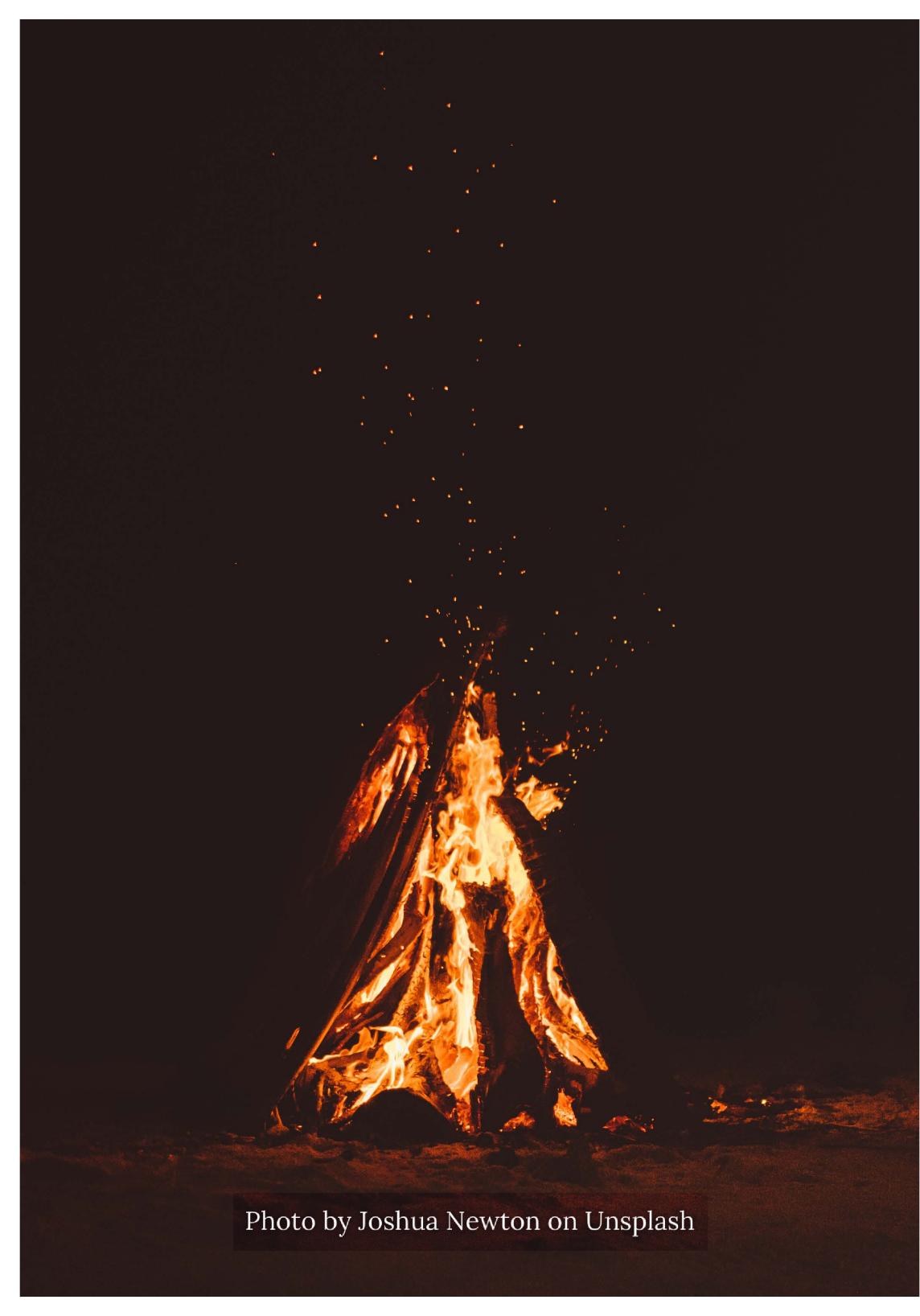


Photo by Joshua Newton on Unsplash

HOPE

**Hope is a seed
Propelled by a need
Believing you'd succeed.**

Hope is a treasure
Only minds can measure
But no one can truly be sure.

**Hope is a tune
Controlling your dear fortune
That won't replenish soon.**

Hope is an open-air cage
Surrounded by petals of courage
That can heal far better than any sage.

**Hope is a butterfly
Flapping wings tattooed by a true lie
That sooner or later, your ambition will die.**

Hope is an emotive feeling
With holy aura penetrating and concealing
A sensation with satisfaction appealing.

**Hope is a shadow
Of curiosity you'll never know
Which even death cannot endow.**



Photo by Nádia A. Maia on Unsplash

Episode 03

ABSTRACT

MOONCORE

The brilliance of the setting moon
In the distant welcoming horizon
Brought on by
A billion bright rosy stars,
Comes alive only when
The pattern of
Light and darkness
Are equally balanced.

In total darkness, comes new light
 Bursting with excitement
 Erupting with emotion
 Exploding with fantasy-
The song of nightcore angels
Attracts and inspires and cures
 Humanity from isolation.

The core of the night
Is hoisted into position
At the summit of euphoria,
 Outlined by the beat
 Of a thousand wings,
 Shattering depression
 Killing anger
 Repairing happiness;
 Embrace the power of music
To come closer, fly higher, live brighter,
 And to breathe life
 Into your ethereal imaginations.



Photo by Victoria Alexandrova on Unsplash

COFFEE

A realm of caffeine
Like an elixir
So clean
So dear,
A dream-inducing potion
Mixed in with
Hundreds of idioms
Describing my depression.



Photo by Janko Ferlič on Unsplash

GLASS

**A transparent wall,
Sometimes small, sometimes tall;
Providing a visionary hall
For the angelic light to crawl.**

Easy to hurt, easy to shatter,
Easy to unite, easy to scatter;
Composed out of pieces of ionic matter,
Its heritage remains a refractive trendsetter.

**A crystal cut true and square
But with no inherited strength to bear,
For its skin, its surface – its gear
Is forged out of a drop of a sandy tear,
Allowing our eyes to 'hear'.**



Photo by Miltiadis Fragkidis on Unsplash

JEALOUSY

**Whispering into my ears
Leaning on my shoulder
A spirit,
Keeps telling me
That I should be the best
Ruining others' fates,
Stealing opportunities from the rest.**



Photo by Simon Wilkes on Unsplash

DEMIGOD

Like a hero out of the blue,
My power would empower the hue
Of justifying the powers of a God,
For the people's respect that can't be flawed;
How can I deny the fact of my origin?
I conquer, devour, and purge the world's sin...
For I am the ruler of the unseen,
I was born to scrape off the history, to make legends
look clean.

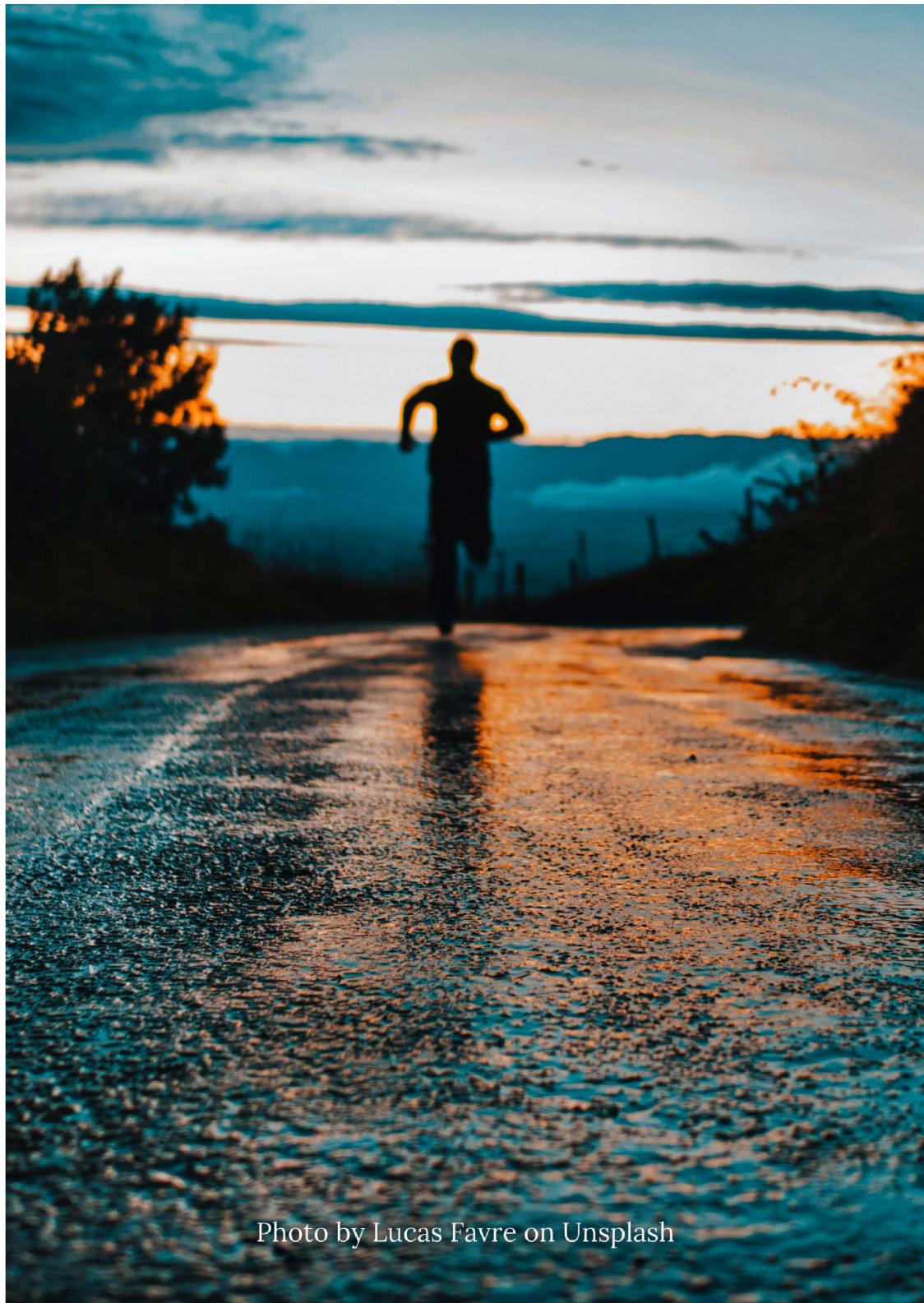


Photo by Lucas Favre on Unsplash

So you've finished reading my poetic tales?
Time for you to decorate the remaining trails
With your own remarkable details!

