



FATHER, TEACHER AND GRANDFATHER

Old men are beautiful of fineness in immensity
Of loveliness as father, teacher and grandfather,
They are sitting in colorful passage where
Dense outstares at shining visuals of arrivals,
New generations – birth and death,
And people gather there for observing fest, in a sea of
Baul Songs, Harinam Sankirtan, Bhakti Songs, Bansuri.
They are seeing the arrangement over the place,
Where bubbles of aspiration, fire, burn, and lastly
Emptiness, beyond grief, arrives in oceanic humans.

We Write Poetry Wordshop™ Forum

[1,804 members](#)

Member Leave



ASIM KUMAR PAUL

Independent Writing and Editing Professional

FATHER, TEACHER AND GRANDFATHER

FATHER, TEACHER AND GRANDFATHER

Old men are beautiful of fineness in immensity
Of loveliness as father, teacher and grandfather,
They are sitting in colorful passage where
Dense out-stares at shining visuals of arrivals,
New generations – birth and death,
And people gather there for observing fest, in a sea of
Baul Songs, Harinam Sankirtan, Bhakti Songs, Bansuri.
They are seeing the arrangement over the place,
Where bubbles of aspiration, fire, burn, and lastly
Emptiness, beyond grief, arrives in oceanic humans.

This poem posted in the link: <https://asimkumarpaul.wordpress.com/2017/01/24/father-teacher-and-grandfather/>



FATHER, TEACHER AND GRANDFATHER

LikeComment

23

1d



Barbara Franzen This has an intuitive beauty to me. I deeply feel and see this poem without totally understanding it due to cultural barriers. I love "bubbles of inspiration."

Unlike

You

11h



ASIM KUMAR PAUL Thanks to [Barbara Franzen](#) for comments. It was the photo I have snapped of a group of elderly men sitting in the corner of a make-shift tea stall and watching Bhakti songs, Baul songs, Songs of Rabindranath Tagore, Harinam Sankirtan, etc. performed by artists upon a big stage surrounded by huge crowd of all ages, men, women, children, around the venue. My thinking then just goes with these elderly men. And I tried to write this poem. The photo is in my blog link above.

11h



marjon van bruggen I love the intensity in the eyes and body of these elderly men. Now that I know they are listening to songs and poetry (I adore Rabindranath Tagore) even more. Fascinating.

Unlike

You

23m



Poetry Review and Discuss

14,063 members

Member Leave



ASIM KUMAR PAUL

Independent Writing and Editing Professional

Please comment my poem, FATHER, TEACHER AND GRANDFATHER

FATHER, TEACHER AND GRANDFATHER

Old men are beautiful of fineness in immensity
Of loveliness as father, teacher and grandfather,
They are sitting in colorful passage where
Dense out-stares at shining visuals of arrivals,
New generations – birth and death,
And people gather there for observing fest, in a sea of
Baul Songs, Harinam Sankirtan, Bhakti Songs, Bansuri.
They are seeing the arrangement over the place,
Where bubbles of aspiration, fire, burn, and lastly
Emptiness, beyond grief, arrives in oceanic humans.

This poem posted at:



FATHER, TEACHER AND GRANDFATHER

Old men are beautiful of fineness in immensity Of loveliness as father, teacher and grandfather, They are sitting in colorful passage where Dense outstares at shining visuals of arrivals, New gener...



FATHER, TEACHER AND GRANDFATHER

Old men are beautiful of fineness in immensity Of loveliness as father, teacher and grandfather, They are sitting in colorful passage where Dense outstares at shining visuals of arrivals, New gener...

LikeComment

22



henry york "This poem works , my friend. But, what about the old women? Contrast and comparison is lacking, in my opinion - obviously, but the poem works, I assure you." H-YORKsed.

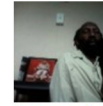
Unlike

You



ASIM KUMAR PAUL Thanks to [henry york](#) for comments. Yes, I have had thinking about women when I write this poem. It was the photo I have snapped of a group of elderly men sitting in the corner of a make-shift tea stall and watching Bhakti songs, Baul songs, Songs of Rabindranath Tagore, Harinam Sankirtan, etc. performed by artists upon a big stage surrounded by huge crowd of all ages, men, women, children, around the venue. Strangely there was no woman just close to these men's sitting place, either talking with them or otherwise. My thinking then just goes with these elderly men. And I tried to write this poem. The photo is in my blog link above. I take note of your point, and wish to write about women. Regards.

1



henry york "Now there's the point, my friend: there weren't any women THERE, but in your mind - where the poem is originally incubated - there, inevitably, will be. I do like the poem as it is and, also, you can do a lot more with it, if you so choose..... Keep writing my friend, I feel you have plenty to offer." H-Yorksed.

Unlike

You + 1

17h



ASIM KUMAR PAUL Thanks to henry york. REGARDS. Idea just grew that time, and finished the poem later on.

There is also another poem written yesterday, given in the link

<https://asimkumarpaul.wordpress.com/2017/01/25/genesis/>

And full poem is here in the link:

<https://www.linkedin.com/groups/77360/77360-6230049846720598020>

2

23h

17h



Bon (Bonnie) Flach your poems are always deep and well thought out Asim, they come from the soul.

Unlike

You

13h



23h

ASIM KUMAR PAUL Thanks to [Bon \(Bonnie\) Flach](#) for comments.



FATHER, TEACHER AND GRANDFATHER

Old men are beautiful of fineness in immensity
Of loveliness as father, teacher and grandfather,
They are sitting in colorful passage where
Dense outstares at shining visuals of arrivals,
New generations – birth and death,
And people gather there for observing fest, in a sea of
Baul Songs, Harinam Sankirtan, Bhakti Songs, Bansuri.
They are seeing the arrangement over the place,
Where bubbles of aspiration, fire, burn, and lastly
Emptiness, beyond grief, arrives in oceanic humans.