



Introductory Word...

Searching the insight of life through the lens of poem is the main objective of the poet. Though hope, aspiration, frustration, deprivation of life stir the poet yet the poet always remain enthusiastic with his poetic spirit and It is clearly reflected.

Nature and love is the source of endless inspiration In his poetry. The poet give the language to the untold emotion of youth's heart through his poem which turn into external expression of universal emotion.



Poet Shafiqul Islam is a symbol of youth and Rebellion. The main theme of his poetry is love and rebellion. Besides writing poetry, he wrote a lot of songs. His patriotic and social-conscious songs attempt to stir up the people against discrimination and exploitation. He is enlisted lyricist in Bangladesh radio and television.

Shafiqul Islam was born on February 10, 1963 AD at khuliapara of Shekhghat in Sylhet district.. His father, Mantaz Ali was by profession a customs officer. his mother's name is Shamsun Nahar, a housewife.

He passed SSC from Aided High School in Sylhet district and HSC from Madan Mohan College. He later received his Master's degree in Economics and Social Welfare from the University of Dhaka. He obtained MA degree in Islamic Studies from the Asian University of Bangladesh. While studying in the university he was awarded Gold Medal for his outstanding academic excellence

An honest and sincere officer poet Shafiqul Islam belongs to the BCS (Administration) cadre. His career began in Kushtia DC office as Assistant Commissioner. Later, he became Metropolitan Magistrate in the CMM Court of Dhaka City. He was former ADC, Brahmanbaria district. He also served as General Manager in the Road Transport Corporation of Bangladesh and deputy director of the Directorate of Relief and Rehabilitation. He also held position of Senior Assistant Secretary to the Ministry of home affairs, deputy secretary in Economic Relations Division in the Ministry of Finance and At present, he is working as deputy secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, Government of the Peoples' Republic of Bangladesh. During his career, Shafiqul Islam traveled many countries for official purpose, among them--

Britain, Thailand, Malaysia, Vietnam, South Korea, Philippines and Singapore are noteworthy.

He has been writing poetry since childhood. During his college life he published a literary journal named 'Spandan' edited by beating out a name. Moreover, during study in college his poems and short stories were being published in his college magazine. Later, his writings were published in the local, national dailies as well as online newspapers. In 1981, he obtained 'Bangladesh Council Literature Prize' in the nationwide literary competition organized by the then Ministry of Sports and Culture on the occasion of Ekushey February, the International Mother Language Day. The author also received Writer Honorary Award-2008. Recently, he received Nazrul Gold Medal award for his poetic excellence.

Apparently, many people described him as a poet of love and Separation but reading the poems in his books especially in the "Dohon Kaler Kabbyo (Verses of Fiery Days) and "Protoyee Jatra (Indomitable Journey) it will be clearly evident to anybody that he is a social-conscious poet of his time. Discrepancies and inequalities of society that has affected his mind very much can be realized easily.

Books of poet Shafiqul Islam: His book of poem is being published one after another at different times in the Book Fair Of Ekushey February. His First published book is Aye Ghar and Aye lokaloy (This Home and This Inhabitant)-2000 published from Proborton Prokashon. Second book is One Sky and Many Clouds)-2004 published by Amir Prokashoni. His famous book is Tobu O Bristi Asuk (Let There Be Rain) -2007 which is the publication of Agamee Prokashoni. Srabon Diner Kabbo (Song of Rainy Days)-2010 and a compilation of lyrics Megh Bhanga Roddur (Sunlight on Cloud)-2008 are also published from Agamee Prokashoni. His mostly social conscious books are Dohon Kaler Kabbyo (Verses of Firey Days)-2011 and "Protoyee Jatra (Indomitable Journey)-2012, both are published from Mizan Publishers.

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Sulota,

This is dedicated to
Your endless memory,

When I will be no more,
My verses will be waiting for you
Till that very day too...

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Preface

Let There Be Rain (Tobuo Bristi Asuk) is a collection of 41 poems of variegated tastes and flavor mostly of personal trend and characteristics by Shafiqul Islam, a young Poet of great erudition bestowed with an attractive poetic vein.

Besides the poem which bears the title of the collection in the mid portion of it Let there be Rain (Tobuo Bristi Asuk) there is a poem 'Akjon Beer Joddha (A valiant warrior). Two addressed to the mother two addressed to the dead father .One addressed to one "D"(princess Diana of England), one addressed to life and the rest are addressed to one Sulota with whom the speaker had a deep either secret or open correspondence /love but that Sulota is not within his reach though she does not seem to have married/loved another man but it is clear from the description of the speaker that she has left the speaker treading the fair love and Intimacy of the speaker.

It seems to me that the poet wanted to compose a book absolutely on love the mental anguish of separation or desertion. But he has an intellectual negation to be identified in that condition and so he has inserted few poems of different types in the collection just to bedim that factual truth .However the poet has every right to do it. In the poem Tobuo Bristi Asuk (Let There Be Rain), the poet addresses the rain after a long time as blessing as a symbol of life and freshness. The proposed rain may tend a new life and fruition to all the sandy region of the globe, all the drought inflicted areas of the world despite personal sorrows and suffering of the poet from the rain if it really comes down. The poet is eagerly awaiting the rain and mentally prepared to undergo all sorts of disadvantages from the rain.

At times a poet cannot be easily detected .He speaks and narrates things from a distance. We have such an example of a piece of poetry in this collection of poems, namely- "D" (D for Diana) .The second poem addressed to a late lady of universal decency and decorum, it may not be easy for the young and most readers of the poem who this lady is . It is known best to the

poet himself but so far our observation looks in the past and from the description of the poet--

“In the bustle of this world
Once you had your harmonious tone
On the highways of this world
You let fall your invaluable footsteps.”

The poem might have been composed on the all-accepted, all-loved lady ever born and ever entered the Buckingham palace as a bride and she is nobody but princess Diana who died in a miserable car accident in the last decade but having her all human and divine virtues that impressed our poet. The lady in question died as a result of psychological war between heaven and earth. She herself represented the heaven. She had an indomitable love for the people of the world and she proved her glorious traits of love by traveling different countries and her so-called free but innocent mixing with them left her to a state of being neglected by her husband. She understanding her position, although a mother of two sons, could not remain connected within the palace bereft of husband's love and got family indifferences.

The poet is cut to the quick to understand all of the members of the royal family for this cold behavior with her. He though belonging to another caste and creed, cannot help showing his hearty sympathy for her ill-fate and consoling himself in the following sketch.

“But you in my heart
That the rare picture has drawn on it
Neither in sun-shine nor in water of the world
I know that will ever be effaced.
‘D’ now you are an inhabitant of the world hereafter-
One day you descended here wrongly
To our poor earth having loved us.

The poem is in the spirit of an elegy and the poet has registered all his poetic strength to make her (Diana) ever living and ever adorable for her divine qualities among the crowds of simple /ordinary faces of women ornamenting high seats and positions among us -- home and abroad but quite

unworthy of being equal in status from the standpoints of ever immortal human virtues as possessed by the late 'D' Princess Diana of England.

The third poem, "Akjon Beer Jodda" (A valiant warrior) a sketch on a political figure does not appear to me to be a new something. We are accustomed to coming across compositions like this one. This poem portrays the saddest story of a national hero who fought for the liberation of the motherland of the poet but he was mercilessly killed by his associates as an armless hero.

“In our heart
He is an ever victorious hero
Returned from the war,
Enemy overcoming hero.”

The poet has written three poems absolutely of personal cadres on his mother and father. In the poem on his mother he portrays a mother as a perennial source of inspiration in the onward movement in the struggle of life. In two pieces of poetry composed on his departed father, the poet sorrowfully accepts the loss of his father whose kind behavior in the past disturbs his peaceful living at the moment. The poet had in his mind to write elegy. His portrayal of his parents indicates his possessive mind devoted to them.

There is another poem Tinti khoti (Three Casualties) upholding before the readers how the poet has crossed from his childhood to youth, bidding adieu to the sweet memories and objects of enjoyments and comforts. There is a small poem, "hea jiban, Akdin Tumi Chhela (O, my life one day you're) in the collection. It is a poem of high appreciation painting life from multifarious platforms like some philosophical poet's interpreting life as a puzzling mystery. This poem teems with poetic fervor both in matter and manner and it surely makes the poet powerful and observing the fleeting but touching modes of life— an ever inexorable riddle.

In "Prithibir tin vag jol Ak vug sthol (Three-fourth of earth is water) the poet leaves heavy sighs and despair on life being utterly dissatisfied with the go of the world. Life hangs very heavy with the poet finding no other way to survive from his mentally emerging state. He is confirmed that his

sweet dreams will never be realized and his is a life mean for shedding tears in the sea with unquenching thirst for getting the object in mission.

Our review over the poems of the collection discovers that the cost of the poems forming an overwhelming majority disturbs or tortures the speaker in season or out of season ceaselessly in the surname of either the Nandita or all the time in the name of Sulota-- a woman whom the speaker liked or loved heart and soul. The speaker cannot help being a puppet at the witchery of her past mixing or mutually loving each other and at the moment standing aside and suffering the pain of separation.

There is ample weakness of the speaker towards Sulota whom he helplessly requested to come back to him and thereby save him from being destroyed. In the piece "Sulota, Akhono Shomoy Ase (Sulota, yet there is time)--

“Sulota, yet there is time
Please return to this heart,
Else this planet will turn into
A tragic and lonely island,
In a twinkling of an eye
out of one heart’s groaning.”

To the speaker, Sulata is a peerless woman for him to like and love. In fact Sulota cannot be forgotten and speaker is not in a state of losing .Sulota in oblivion. She is a young woman, a great excellence and hence the speaker cannot but describe Sulota's physical beauty with those of the greatest object of nature ever known to him. Sulota's physical beauty is innocently portrayed by the poet in the following touches in the poem "Akasher Megho Ak Shomoy (The cloud of the sky too at a time)--

"The modulation of her tone
As if it were the greatest music of the world
Her youthful strong built body
As if it were the greatest
sculptures in the world."

The aforesaid similes with which the poet draws Sulota's divine beauty undoubtedly speaks of the poet's wide range of knowledge as well as his vast possession of pure literary terms to describe things of aesthetic beauty and we find a ground to appreciate his so-called grave geniality.

In the second page of the front cover the concluding sentence is 'The poetic collection has contained a set of poems full of memories of the past love, and separation enriched with conscience and illumining on this assertive statement supplied by the poet we can certainly say that 'Tabu O Brishti Asuk (Let There Be Rain) is a collection of poems mostly on deserted love and moan of separation.

As regards the choice of words I like to say that the poet was conscious enough to use the fit and concrete word to the matter he had chosen to highlight. Credit goes to him for guarding him against the use of popularly cheap or slang words which are found in our folk songs or poems. The poet has a mentionable control over his expressions and he seems to be in search of new and never images and illustrations. I also say that his expressions are of his own but I do not preach that he is classic in mode but I claim that if he has not succeeded in all the poems, surely has not failed in all of them. Some of the expressions are, no doubt, the triumphed and the height of blank verse at the hand of a mounting poet in the horizon of Bangla poetry.

-- Prof. A. Noor

Let there be Rain

After many days
Today wind beckons a immediate rainfall
And nectar smell of clay spread in the air-
Everyone is worried about
Thinking immediate shower.
Everybody is eager to return home
Before starting rain
Yet there is no worry in my mind
No remarkable hastiness is visible
In my movement.

After a long heat wave
Possibility of coveted shower
Spread joy furtively in my warm heart.
I await eagerly for rainfall.
Let it rain now
Let it come down after long
Though there is no shade of big tree
To take shelter,
Even I have no umbrella
If rain water soaks my whole body,
Wearing clothes--
In spite of that let the rain come
May it fall over the whole sky
Let the rain drop submerging
fields and meadows.
If that unfrugal rain water drowns me
Even engulfs my homestead
There is no loss--
Yet, be it rained
In Ethiopia, Sudan
Drought-engulfed famine-stricken

Most unfortunate Africa--
Let vast waste land of Africa
Be filled with green crops.
Before happening all
Let there be Rain
In the desert of conscience,
May the humanity bloom there
Alike flower.
And the world and evils of mind
Be purified.
Let man's love for one another
Turns into fountain
Mixing with rain water.
Let it flows as endless wave
Touching every thirsty soul.
Now, after a long time
May it rain in torrent
This time, profusely
Across our fields and meadows
Of dust-covered filthy heart.

D (Diana) you've left

D (Diana) you've left
Your motions have rested forever
So what.
Does it stop speed of river
Mute noise of the planet?
Solar round also didn't stop
And it'll never stop , we know.
D you departed
But unknown ache
Stopped my heartbeat
Made me speechless
I feel ,I am dead
And you 're awaking slowly
In the depth of me.
Invisible earthquake appears
Inside me as if it has created now
A vacuum of immense cavity .
D once you mixed your voice
In the affairs of the world.
You kept your valuable footprint
On the public street.
That may be also wiped out one day
And expunged hit by hit with fountain
A sudden stroke of time.
But we know
Your paramount picture
That you painted in our heart
Can never be wiped out

By earthly rain or scorching
D, you belong to haven now
But one day you came down mistakenly
To this world of mortals
Feeling affection for us.
It is our failure
We couldn't catch hold of you
As you are adamant to leave
It is our tragic debacle
to a cute beauty
You a short lived guest
A resident of paradise
Are only our strength now
Your adolescent youth
That is full of blossoms
Spreads ambrosial perfume
And you spread it
On the eve of your departure
With your generous hands
That's our resort now
High-priced bounty gifted by you
D, your fragrance of breathing
Is blended with the blowing wind
In our habitual life.
Your smile of scarlet lips is
Mixed in the red glow of
East sky at dawn.
Blush of your rosy skin is
Mixed in the midst of cherry rose
We've lost and discovered you
Anew among us in the
Guise of glamour.
Our eternal salute to you
We'll no more see you again
As the queen of royal palace
We'll no more enjoy a joy of

your cheerful glorious appearance
And thousands of fan
Right from now, you've been
The queen of our heart
In the throne of our hearts.

A valiant warrior

A valiant warrior
Who fetched country's independence
From the hands of enemy
Risking his own life
A victor general
Who ran from frontline to frontline
To command his fellow soldiers
Who didn't have a time to repose
Who also fostered dream of liberation
Of his native land all the time in mind
Amid sound of bullet and ammunition
And incense of gunpowder
One day he really snatched
The victory of his dear motherland
Depending only his self confidence
Who also established this land
As sovereign and independent one
In world map.
That heroic freedom fighter and captain
Was assassinated unarmed
At the hands of defiant deviated
Army under his command.
Now, with no bullet of rebel army
His chest became bullet ridden
With the bullet of fellow soldiers
And that inflated chest fostered
And endless love for his homeland
And countrymen
That width and breadth hairy bosom
Was in comprehensible defense line
Of beloved motherland
But one day his chest spilled

incessant flow of blood
Piercing bullet and rockets
With the treason of traitors
That general stained
The soil of his homeland
With warm and refreshing blood of kernel
A military suprimo staying at frontline
Would order his solders for blitz
With a roaring "March, Attack"
Triggered his unconscious countrymen
That roaring voice
Has now been stopped forever
With sudden violent sound of
Cruel arms of gruesome killer
Who silently came at midnight
This valiant fighter
Has never been defeated
In any frontline battle
That he became defeated now
In the posterior attack
Of gunmen.
In a stormy uneven
And unarmed battle
We certainly know
The conspiring killer group
Assassinated him shooting from behind
Though rival force
Couldn't defeat him
And they won't ever
He who's undefeatable hero
In frontline battle
Who's clad in warfare outfit in the battle field
A mighty hero in one front to another front
We bow down and pay armed salute to you
Our red salute to you
Who's indomitable champion

Over enemy and battle
He's victorious hero
In our heart forever
War and enemy hero.

When I Remember mother

When I Remember mother
I get back shade of a tree
That expands cool and shady
Branches and twigs on me
It also reminds me
An illusive moonlit
That has dark extinguishing
Cold light having no heat
It again reminds me
A past of a silent lake
Just at noon of summer heat chaitra
That instantly cures
Pains of body and mind.
While jumping its water
Also makes me think of both
The untiring eyes
And gaze that's full of caring
What's steady every moment
Like a shadow in my departure
Heavenly feel of that cheerful sight
Kept me safe from all sins and pains
Mother's commemoration
Also reminds me
Sweet smell of unseen
Wild flower evaporated in the air
On my movement
That in a moment spreading
A gentle fragrance all the time
Triggers my sense
In every turn of my life
It provides me

A refreshing inspiration
Uninterrupted to my journey
And I make my way slowly and slowly
Go forward more and more
And finally I reach to my destination.

Sulota, after long days

Sulota, after long days
I had a touch of your soft hand
Full of anxiety-
As you have tested
The degree of temperature
Touching my feverish forehead
By your soft palm
Since then I felt gradual cure
And it's your magic touch
Oh! Sulota cover me up
Under your saree's Anchal
Give me warm of your soft breast
And you see, how soon
I come round
Without any diet
Whenever I think of healing
An abnormal tension
Grips me intensely
It always causes
Me to think of
My healing means
A departure from your sweet
Company for few more days
And my release from your
Worried and sincere nursing
May be you don't know
Without you how much sick
I am in unsick life
Perhaps you don't know
How unhappy I'm
Foe want of your close proximity
Without you ,deathless death
Comes down in my life.

Father, once a little boy

Father, once a little boy
who didn't know
Exact traffic rules of moving left and right
By catching hand you took him out
To the path of life,
Where you've gone today
Father, tell me
Leaving that child
Alone in the midst of life
Making him embarrassed.

That very child
Who even forgot to return home
In the late afternoon
Being engaged in playing.
In the evening, found him out
From the foot of sheuli-tree
Took me up catching my hand
Scolding affectionately.
But today, you've forgotten
To raise, your loud cry
To bring your affectionate child
To make return to your tiny tot
Even at night.

Your little boy
Whom you took to the river Ghat
At childhood to learn swimming,
Didn't leave his hand alone
Lest your babe should wash away
With violent stream.

Today your child
Struggles floating in the stormy
Wave of life-
And arouses his surroundings
Raising wailing sound- "father, father"
Yet you forgot
To extend your hand as well.

Today what type of indifference
Grips you profoundly.
Alas! you're now away
From all kinds of
Earthly phenomena.

Three Casualties

I remember my childhood
When I eagerly collected a white toy horse
Out of great passion
One day while playing
A limb of that horse was damaged accidentally—
I tried to recover lost beauty of that horse
By transplanting its organ—
But I couldn't.
For many days I could not forget
Sorrow of that failure
And loss of physical beauty
Arising out of injury of that horse.
One day that horse also lost somewhere.
In the passage of time,
I forgot that sadness of childhood.

Other day unmindfully I took another toys
Though I don't know
When it came to my hand.
After attaining adolescence
While playing my favorite cricket game
In the field with a favorite cricket ball
Suddenly rolling and rolling
That ball also got watery grave
Into the water of canal
Following violent stroke of my bat.
After searching repeatedly
I didn't find that green little cricket ball
Which was playmate of my early age.

For a long time I fostered my childhood day's
Sorrow of losing that cricket ball.
One day that sorrow of adolescent days
Gradually faded in the womb of time.
But I didn't look back
When I had been enticed with other play.

Now in my youthful days
The loss of missing you
Can never be forgotten—
The vacuum of your separation
Seems to be irreparable.
Your comparison can be made with you
And only with you.
Your unbearable absence
can not be filled up without you.
The loss arising out of missing you
Remains as permanent injury-mark
In the midst of my chest.

My heart feels an acute pain

My heart feels an acute pain
For a few days
In the middle of my chest.
All specialists of chest-disease
Failed to diagnose
In this case.

This ailment
Stretched up to the inner part of the heart
Beyond the line of cardiograph and x-ray plate.
How they will know
Whose heartless cruelty
Develops heart-disease in this soft chest
Whose absence created such a large vacuum
In this tiny heart?
Though one day
Heart-beat of this bosom
Was supposed to be more refreshing
Having your sweet companion.
Yet my heart beat has now been stopped
And comes to a standstill
Like pointer of a watch
Which is out of order,
Due to your unbeatable separation
In the midst of busy life.

You were along with me for long

You were along with me for long
That time I could not feel
How much influence you spread in my mind.
Now I see such a big house
Looks deserted in your absence.
Wherever I stare at
I feel sign of your memories
The shirt hung in the ulna,
The broken spectacles on the showcase,
The old rusty wrist-watch on the side-table
Half-read inanimate book of poetry laid on tripod,
Everything tells your memory
With soundless sound
Still the evaporation from your
Perfume-mixed sweating lovely body
Spreads a tempting sweet fragrance in the air

Though the fact is that
You have left me long ago.
Still I remember your restless sound
Being irked by failing to find out something
Calling me Mou, Mou, Mou.
"Where are you" where had you been?
Yet I hear that sweet annoying sound
Mixed with affection.
If I pay hear to your footfall in the whole house
One day you felt my necessity crazily in your life.
But today I am like a
Ending part of a burning cigarette
Left abandoned in an ash-tray.
Now I am going to be gutted

Burning day by day.
For long time you didn't try to get me
You have forgotten me for a long time.

Shulota, why you burnt

Shulota, why you burnt
This heart in the fire of lust
If you don't surrender
In the wish of Falgoon--
Birds build their nest
For the cause of love
And rivers also flow to the sea
only for that reason-
But why I am vagrant
in spite of loving you.
You didn't provide me an abode-
But gave me blessing-
Separation-fraught painful memory.
I flounder in the deep-sea of sufferings
And think over & over again
After having bitter poison of detachment
Won't I get nectar of meeting you
Won't I get it in life?

Whenever I remember you

Whenever I remember you
It reminds me of
endless vacuum of remote space--
It also reminds waves of endless solitude sea
Which break one after another
And I am floating
In a deserted raft-
No one and nothing around me.
When I think of you
It reminds me
Wailing sound of a bewildered traveler
Who is lost in an endless desert--
The sound that is echoed
In a silent horizon .

O, restless aspiration!

O, restless aspiration!
Why you are weeping
restlessly inside the heart
When have taken deprivation and
Failure as my unavoidable destiny
In the helpless heart.
Why you want to be established
Being deceived frequently.
Why you speak, coming to my dream.
I have nothing to offer you
Except expressing emotion for you;
Why you stand in front of me.
O, crazy aspiration
Release me from the prison of desire
Don't capture me
In the dreamy ring of illusion .

Mother I remember

Mother I remember
One day you said 'man after death
Becomes star in the sky'.
Mother you are no more
You had left us untimely
And left forever heartlessly!
Have you been star in the distant sky?
That's why I cannot sleep
While stare at the star-crowded sky.
And I remember you again and again
Spending whole night without sleep
Beside the open window
Looking at the endless sky.
And look for you
amid thousands of stars.

Mother you're no more
Now disarrayed clothes
Of your boy kept in the ulna
Lying haphazardly day after day
Books of your child remain
Scattered around
On the reading table and bed.
None put them in order carefully
With unselfish sincerity.
None takes the leftover utensils of kitchen
To the ghat of pond.
To clean them shining.

While being tired I return home
No one comes forward to wipe

Sweat from my forehead affectionately
With the sarri's anchal.
No one says, putting of clothes
Come my boy to eat
Don't be late.
None becomes busy to arrange
The dishes in the dining table.
Having been ill
While sleeping in bed at night
No one comes with careful silence
To measure The degree of illness
Putting her hand
On my warm forehead.
No one draws up the dislocate blanket
That slipped away from my body
With affectionate carefulness
Lest the boy should get up from sleep.
While I sleep reading without closing
The book open slightly.
None comes to switch off the light
Closing the half-open book.

Mother it is for your
Unbearable absence
Disorder and mismanagement is seen everywhere
In the life of your beloved child.
Negligence and innumerable defeat
Is also available.
Mother recollecting you again and again
One day I will be star in the sky.
Searching you again and again
One day I will also be lost
In the sky of stars
And you will not get opportunity
To forbid me.

Sulota, yet there is time

Sulota, yet there is time
Please return to this heart,
Else this planet will turn into
A tragic and lonely island,
In a twinkling of an eye
out of one heart's groaning.

Wind of this world will be heavier
Crossing the danger level
With the long sigh of a heart
The level of sea water will exceed
Its danger mark
With the tears of eyes of a heart.

Sulota, please come back
Come back please
To save a heart
And for the cause of a beautiful world.

'Love is ever undefeatable'
To prove the universal truth
Of this eternal maxim
You rather come back
I call you to come back
In the name of a beautiful world
Again I call you to come back
In the name of saving of a dying heart
I beg you to return
In the name of the prospect of future.

Please you come back
And no more hesitation
You come on please
Having faith in love.

I know, you've forgotten all now

I know, you've forgotten all now
Yet, forgotten memories
Strike my mind
Over and again mistakenly-
May be you're now watching
Blue sky and raft of white cloud
Sitting on Balcony
Under the shade of the closing afternoon.
When all my negligent-wounded memories
Remain lying carelessly in corner
Beside your mind.
Who knew your love
Changes rout hundred times
Like a river.
Today multidimensional pains of life
have come and mixed in my life.
It will be wrong
If you think
I have been more alone than earlier
After your departure.
Just to remind you I am telling you
I am not alone
I have your memories with me—
And carrying pain of love
Inside the heart
I was floated long way alone.

Sulota, you're no more here

Sulota, you're no more here
None comes to this room now-
This abandoned room cries
With melancholy solitude
Like a damaged nest.

Sulota, you're not here
No more voice like sound of bangles
Is heard now and then in this room.
Only an uninterrupted compressed silence
Surrounds this house and yard like the sky
All the time.

Hectic wind
Cast glance to the room
Trembling the screen hung in the window -
But finding you no more
It disappears with a heavy heart
Towards an unknown destination.
The full moon at moonlit night
Looks for you by peeping
But becomes silent with a pensive look
Without having trace of you,
Sulota, you are no more.

If I wish I can go

If I wish I can go
Wherever I like--
Even beyond this field of mustard,
Beyond this turning of road
By passing transparent water of lake
And green allusion of Krishnachura.

I can freely move anywhere.
But I can't leave you
I return to you again and again.
Here and there everywhere I go;
In spite of leaving all
Finally, I stay with you.

One day Cloud of the sky too

One day Cloud of the sky too
turning into raindrop also fall,
River water also dry out sometimes,
Stone also diminishes one day
But why doesn't memory exhaust?
Why does her memory
Float like unchanged picture
In the ambit of mind?

In the mean time,
a long era and centuries Seems to have passed
Since we met long ago.
Yet I remember her exact appearance
That exact lovely face,
Eyebrow-pattern,
Split potol-shaped long eyes,
And red line of her rose-petal like lips,
That flood of hair as black as cloud of Srabon.

Everything comes to memory
Full stop, comma, semicolon
With every punctuation mark—
Her every word seems to be
A line of the world's best verse,
Modulation of her voice
Sounds like best song of the world.
Her youthful lovely figure
Appears to be best sculpture of the world.
Forgetting her cannot be possible,
Can it be?
No, it is difficult to forget her.

Dear, you tell me

Dear, you tell me
How I can change your topic
It is you who is my favorite issue
Without you what is rest for me?
All the time your face
Stands before my eyes.
It is you and you alone
Who remains in my heart.
Each turning of your figure,
Even little fat in the fold
Of your lovely skin
All are memorized in my mind.
And every moment
I recite your glamour.
When I stand before the mirror,
Even I cannot feel
When your lovely face reflects there
Covering my image.
When I go to temple for Worship
I cannot feel
When the idol of goddess
Turn into your shape
And I return worshipping you.

Fragrance of flower

Fragrance of flower
spreads all-around
in this just-arrived spring.
Birds' chirping and Bees' humming
Make surroundings noisy.
For whom such eager waiting of mine
For these days of Spring,
For whom my making of this floral wreath
With first-bloomed flowers of Spring ;
Where is she...
Who is close to my heart
Who is nearest to my dream
My subject of most endeavor .
Today in this fresh-arrived Spring
Why such torrential rain
Prevailing in my mind's sky.
Why such deep black clouds of Shrabon
Spread over my eyes.
What a crying sound
Beats my heart
Surpassing bird's and bee's humming .
Will this new spring of mine
Pass alone
Bearing pain of separation in mind.
Won't I have her meet?
Will my desire of paying her floral reception
Remain unfulfilled ?
Today grandeur of Spring all over the nature
And Shrabon in all my heart .
With the return of Spring

Song of cuckoo come again
Lots of flower bloomed again .
But without you Spring will
Never come to my life-
Whole of my life will be exhausted
With one season of Shrabon.

Three-fourth of earth is water

Three-fourth of earth is water
And one-fourth land
But no portion of my life has land-
Total portion is water.
Solitude and sorrow
Have accompanied me
Throughout my life.
Still I am surviving
Having recourse to tears.
I am floundering in the sea of tears.
Lot of tears fall in drops
From my eyelid .
Yet why deep thirst prevailing
In my throat whole of my life .
My eye makeup
Wipe out with the tears.
Again and again wipes out.
By stroke of tears
That run down incessantly
From my hazy eyes
All my dreams disappear-
Desire of dreaming a dream
Remains dream only.

Dad, how you went away

Dad, how you went away
Following a sudden untimely departure
Without giving notice and early declaration
Without bidding farewell
That is given out of inherent courtesy
Without affectionate kiss
To the cheek of your own child.

The watch kept on the table,
The Punjabi hung on the ulna
And unfolded spectacles with thick lens
Was lying where it was—
And in an odd time
Ominous siesta grasped you forever.
It seems, ages-long tiredness
Stretched all over your appearance.
The effect of countless sleepless-night
Visible in your half-closed eyes-
And your eye-lid
Laden with deep sleep.

You who kept rousing
The entire house with a hue and cry
Today what a hidden anger
Made you silent suddenly forever.
We'll never hear again
Selfless advice of carefulness
Without expecting return
“Boy, move on the road very carefully,
While crossing the road
Looking your left and right side. ”

Father, on the street
There is unbearable traffic jam today—
Your kid's breathing
Becomes throttled with
Poisonous smoke of running vehicles
That flood the roads.
Invisible assassin, snatcher
And disguised kidnapper
Wait in ambush in turning of roads,
here and there and in shady and dark lane.
And there's certain fears
Of being crushed anytime
Following clear enmity
Of speedy and inhuman vehicles,

Father, who'll direct
My way today amid
This toughest complication
To my way of movement ?
Who'll show me the way of release
Who'll give me assurance and hope.

Father, you tell me
Over which passionate anger
You had been silent forever—
What secret deep injury drove you untimely
Towards such a sudden departure.
Tell me for what an untold annoyance
You are lying now forever
Showing back to life—
You are not responding to anyone's call
Not even looking back to anyone
Why you are frozen in a deep sleep
Even in such a rising time--
Awaking your child
For infinitive period.

Sulota, I'll also disappear one day

Sulota, I'll also disappear one day
As you.
The path that you have followed
Leaving me one day ,
I'll also follow it some day
Piercing this circle of relationship.
The track you've chosen
I'll pass on the rest of my life
Searching you on that way.

Sulota, the day when you left me
Since then this room becomes
Prison to me.
Without you
The whole day of mine
Turns into an endless dark night.

Friend, where you go

Friend, where you go
Far or near
I'll give you shade like the sky
And call you often from distance
Beckoning with the hand .

In Autumn, Rain and Spring
I'll dress me up with
Varied new attire—
But in the heart
I must remain for you.

I am sea,
In the heat of Chaitra
When the thin river of water
Will also dry up and disappear—
That day too I'll call you
To the estuary of sea,
When you'll not love me
I'll love you that day also.

So immense a darkness

So immense a darkness
In my life
That the whole sky is invisible.
Yet I dream of the moon
And remain sitting with a hope
That one day my sky will be illuminated
By the full moon,
I hunt a meaning for survival.

I know there is no garden
In my barren desert
Yet I hope this land of desert
Will be an oasis one day,
Flowery Spring will come
One day to my life,
And flowers will laugh.

Dream is needed for life.
It is also necessary for welcoming
The days coming ahead.
So I dream and dream,
I dream sleeping
And dream more while awaking.

I know in this sea having no beach
Water and water is everywhere
No mark of seashore.
Still I believe
I must find a port
One day in this endless sea;
One day to your Ghat
Boat of my life must anchor.

Sulota, I've many outstanding debts

Sulota, I've many outstanding debts
to you.
Memories that you left
Are invaluable assets in my life.

I have unlimited liabilities to you
Even shedding tears ceaselessly
I know
This obligation will never set aside.

So, I remember you in tears
Only your memory
That I bear for whole of my life
With sadness and loneliness.

Eternity snatches everything of mine

Eternity snatches everything of mine
Like unkind and greedy bandit.
Breath, youth, life
Emotion of heart...
Everything get lost
In the violent tide of infinity.
Everything goes missing
to the womb of time in turn.
Or goes under cover of dust.

Only love and love alone
That remains unsleeping
All over the mind
In the guise of evergreen
Across my senile heart.

Sulota, in this life

Sulota, in this life
I move onto so many roads
Here and there all day long.
I see man , trees, sunrise, sunset-
At last, came back to you
At the end of the day
The path you follow is mine
You are my final destination.

If you ask about my interest
Whether I like flower
Whether I like moon
Honestly I will admit that
I love them but first of all
You are my first choice
And you are my final option.

Excepting you, I have nothing
In this world which is favorite to me.
For survival I need
Light, air and lots of things
Prior to everything I long for you first.
It is you who is my bee of soul
Kept hidden in a pouch
As the story of fairy tale.

All day
I speak of movement
I speak of revolution

I speak of my liking
I speak of love-
In all the issues repeatedly
Your issue comes first
Finally it is you
Who is final end of my life.

Dear, when I feel you're no more

Dear, when I feel you're no more
In front of eyes
Even then you exist in my heart.
When your scared footstep arouse instantly
And disappears in a moment adorn
Still then if I pay ear to
I can hear
Your anklet-worn footfall
That sounds around me ceaselessly.

When I don't see you opening my eyes
I look for you closing my eyes down
I find you're close to me
You're in my feelings
In every vein, sub vein and blood cells,
I feel your touch
In bodiless embrace.

Though you're not in front of eyes
Your seat spread all over my heart today.
Stretching your sari's anchal
You remain sitting in the throne of my heart
Like a queen.
And I've no scope to miss you.

You're surrounding my world
Like a vast sky
You're indivisible like flow of river
And undividable like the wave.
My life and you

Have been combined together
Like the water and bank of a river
Like my love and poem
You have been merged in my heart.

It is a long time you've departed

It is a long time you've departed
Yet in the obsession of drowsiness
I can hear
Jingle of your bangle.
Still I overhear
of your anklet sounding easily.

Smell of your lovely figure
Spreads invisible fragrance,
Looks of your big eyes
Stretched all over the sky.
Everything exists except you.

Green nature flies now
Being your printed sari's anchal
River tide flows like your rhythmic motion
The song of the birds strikes my ear
As your voice .
I don't notice
When you and nature
Has been merged in my heart .

Sulota, I don't know

Sulota, I don't know
where you're now
But one day you're
Inseparable part in my life.
Even I could not think
Of this life without you.
Nevertheless, I live alone today
Without having you beside me.
Even I can't imagine
What type of life it is.

You that very person
Without whom I can't go on
For a single moment
Are no more today.
Many a morning, noon and
Afternoon rolled down
I can't believe
How I could pass time in such a loneliness.

Sulota, can you imagine
River without bank
Cloud without sky, nest without bird?
No, you can't.
Sulota, similarly my existence
Is incredible without you
And thus
My life is unbearable, endangered too.

One day my heart sought release
Resorting to your love.

But you are no more today.
I am as though confined
Like a self-convicted
Captive prisoner in a solitary dark cell
In the prison of pain and depression.

Sulota, please you do come
And take to the light.
I am awaiting you
For endless period.

No One knows

No One knows
When the happy moments of life is lost.
One day there's moon in the sky
Fragrance of flower in the air
As well as I was there too
And there was a vacant seat beside me
Only for you.
But you were not there on that day.
And I was alone.

Today you've come
In the full dusk of my life
Though I possess
Strong desire to see you
In the light and shade
But failed to see
Your total appearance
Opening both of my eyes
You seem to be a hazy spectrum.

Though spring days of my life is gone
You've now sprouted untimely
Like a bud of hope in my life
Now such an unfortunate time
I search in vain a vernal mood in you.

Nondita, where you stay now

Nondita, where you stay now
And how you are
Whose beloved now you are
I don't know, I don't know.

On that corridor of college and campus
While climbing up the stairs case
Many a time we've exchanged looks
Exchanged our words of minds in a silent look.

Nondita, we don't know
In which ends of two polar
Of the earth we've staying
Between that two ends
Memories of love stretched
For a long time we could not meet.

With the passage of time
We don't know where we were thrown
Like a star which lost its orbit.
Time is creating invincible distance
Between us.
Everything ruins I know
But still memories of
Those days alive.

When all your claims

When all your claims
I have accepted unconditionally
Why you conflict with me meaninglessly
Why such type of non-co-operation.

Madhobi, still last moment hasn't been over
Still there is love, passion, favour
In the heart.
Madhobi, please come back
Come back to the heart of my love.
Let us make our life meaningful.

Depriving me
You will have nothing but deception.
Friend, come on
Let us make this moon and moonlight
Smile of blossomed flower meaningful
With the song of our love.

Sulota one day

Sulota, one day
because of your presence
I had so many dreams
Now you are no more in my life
So there are vast vacuum in my heart
As though when a caged bird left cage
Vacuum inside the cage looks.

Sulota, you have left me
My heart becomes now
A silent solitary fellow land.
It looks so silent and solitude
As though after a train having left
The station,
The platform of the station
Remains with a gloomy isolation
And for sometime festival-like
Hue and cry stopped.
Sulota, such is my heart
Crying with silent pain
As silence come down while festival closed.

Sulota, in your absence
Every line of my poem
Turns into dry drops of tears.
Sulot, a in my silent look
There are tearless silent wailing.
Sulota, you are not with me today,
With a heavy heart caused by separation
I wrote verses of sorrow again and again
If it solace my heart
If it make me forget

Inner sufferings of my heart
For a while.
I seek at present release
Under the shelter of poetry.

I remain sitting alone

I remain sitting alone
Facing a lot of thoughts
And talk to me by myself.
River and women never know
To return.
It is in vain to remain
Sitting in waiting
And making string with tears.

I am sitting alone
In a gloomy solitude
Taking in the heart
Only unending sands
And endless vacuum.

One have to bear
Flow of pain emanating
From river Folgu
In the chest secretly
Loving river and woman.

I know light of lamp is for all

I know light of lamp is for all
But the burning of light
That know
Only for unfortunate death of insects.
Such is your love I know
To light the heart of all other
And only to burn me.

I know your attraction for all
Your love for all
And I know
Your negligence only for me
I know this cruel disregard
Only for me.

Sulota, when I will be no more

Sulota, when I will be no more
In this world
Pain of my separation
Will echo and re-echo
In the soul of all secluded hearts.

My pain arising out of unfulfilled desire
Will re-echo that day too
In the silently-fallen flower,
In the secretly-fallen dewdrops
In the dark of night.
My unfortunate long sigh
And frustration of dissatisfaction
Will merged with suddenly arrived
Gusty and squally wind.

The deep black-cloud of Srabon sky
Being image of my heart
Will shadow in the heart of my readers.
I know on that day also
Your stone-like cruel heart
Won't fall like a spring of compassion.

Sulota because of not-getting you
"I gained nothing in my life"
Bearing such type of feeling
Who spent life;
For him I know that day also
You won't shed even
A little drop of tears.

On that you won't create
A symbolic oasis for me
With the flowers of love
In the arid desert of your mind .
Sulota, on that day also
You will be marked in my life
Being a big "No" like the sky.

O, my life one day you're

O, my life, one day you're
Of dream and impractical imagination
Of unpredicted impossibility.

And today
In the life-driven struggle
Every moment
We are injured, blood-spattered
And tired.

Ah life
Why you weren't
Alike a sweet little music
Alike a rhythmic poem.

For a long time

For a long time
I am bed-ridden in a cabin of hospital.
And the hospital seems to be my abode.
No possibility of recovery rests for me.
I am now passing my days in waiting
For the last day of my life.

Yet, the bed of hospital
When I recollect your memory off and on
I get back spirit of life instantly
I eagerly wish to survive one more day
Only to see you one more day.

I am not so unhappy
With the confirmation of my ensuing death,
And if I die I cannot see you more
I cannot think you more
And that is the deepest sorrow in my life
At this moment.
Look how many phial of medicine
Huge variety of diet dumped in front of me
And every hour I am getting
Advice of apron-worn doctor.
But nothing could cure me
Even never can.
And love
Only your love can save my life.

Dear make me cured
With your love today.
With the warm of your soft breast
Give life to my cool dead body.
Capture me with your warm hug
Death will never be able to snatch me.

This song, this melody

This song, this melody
This flower, this bird
River and nature
All are lovely-- due to your presence.

This grief, this frustration
This hoax, this death
Still pleasant-- only because of your love.