

Farewell not my friend

SYED SHAMSUL HAQ

IN Shamsur Rahman the nation has lost a poet and I have lost a friend and a close co-traveller in our literary journey. With poet Hasan Hafizur Rahman, Sayeed Atiqullah and Abu Zafar Obaidullah gone long before Rahman, I now feel icily alone as the sole surviving member of a generation of poets who took up pens in the early fifties of the twentieth century. After being in the writing business for over half a century, at the passing away of Shamsur Rahman I find myself lost for words even to record my tears for him and for the valiant time, when by writing in Bangla that was handed down to us, we successfully stood against the threats posed by the then Pakistani authorities to our language itself. Also, in the then East Bengal, we found that most of our people's literary and artistic sensibilities were still rooted in the middle ages, so to speak. A great historical responsibility to hitch our people to a modern and contemporary mindset fell on our young and green shoulders. Shamsur Rahman played a large part, along with some of us, in setting the standard for 'modern poetry' in Bangladesh. It is not easy to say adieu to such a poet and a friend. Shamsur Rahman was the foremost interpreter in poetry of our people's dreams. His was an inspiring voice in the struggle, which is still continuing, for our total emancipation from all kinds of bondage. He was one of the most sensitive recorders, in verse, of our agonies and anguish in dark days, and of our struggles and triumphs. He is no more. Man may go but art lives on. In his large oeuvre of poetry Shamsur Rahman will ever be with us as long as the Banglae, Bangla

language and Bangla literature are there. Shamsur Rahman, in his earlier days, appeared to be a product of Bangla poetry of the thirties, but soon, to be precise in the mid-sixties of last century, he was able to find his own forte and his distinctive voice emerged by the end of the decade. That decade coincided with our struggle for political emancipation leading to the genocide unleashed by the army junta of Pakistan, and then to our War of Liberation. These historical turns over time brought about a radical change in his poetry. Shamsur Rahman became one of the finest political poets of our time. Perhaps he is the greatest political poet in the history of Bangla poetry so far. But I am still in mourning for him. I need a little more time to accept a world sans Shamsur Rahman. Memories are still fresh and with his passing are rushing in full flood. I remember the days of our growing up, the endless address in various restaurants and street corners and in his house at Ashiq Lane where his mother would never fail to offer us, starving young poets, mouth watering and belly-filling snacks of chilli peppered parched rice, bakarkhani breads and suti-kebab delicacy of old Dhaka. And the long midnight walks with Shamsur Rahman on the Nababpur Street! We returning from our adda on the Stadium gallery still row with freshly laid concrete, or at the fashionable Kashba restaurant if by chance, on a particular evening, we were rich from our honorarium for poetry published, a meagre ten taka perhaps; returning at midnight to our respective residences, saying

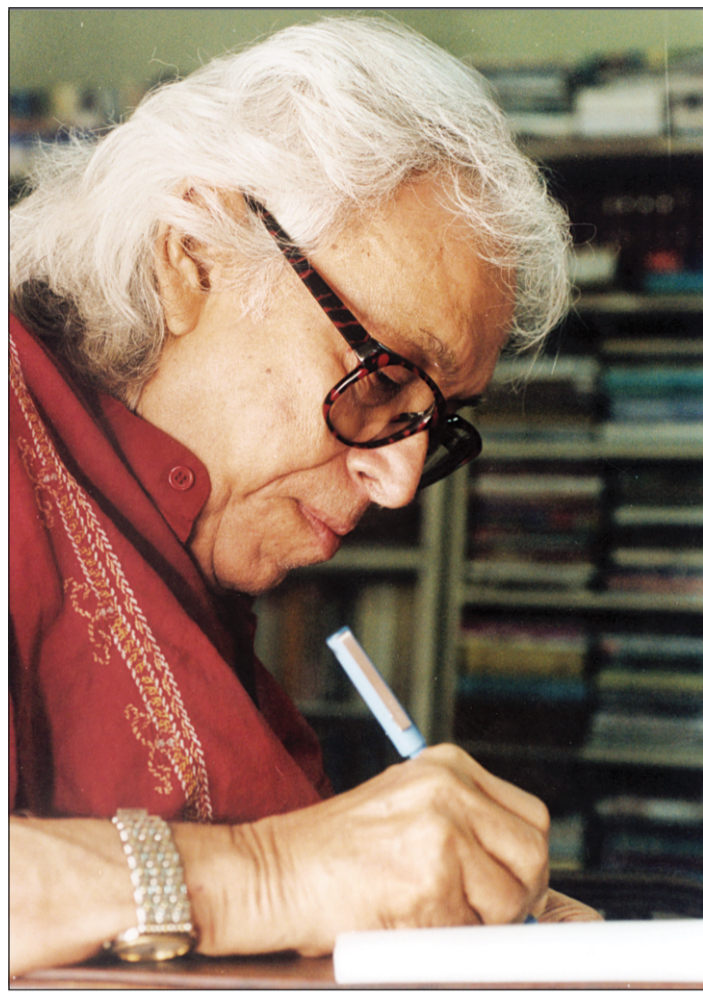
goodnight at the corner of Victoria Park to meet again next morning, perhaps at Beauty Boarding or at Govinda Dham, actually a coal-hole but serving tea on deferred payment; but not taking leave yet, we are not yet ready to leave, wish the night would be longer, still lingering on the street, still reciting poems in full throat delivery. If I would recite some lines from Jibananda, Shamsur Rahman would join in with lines from Budhadev Basu, and if Shadid Quaderi was around on a particular midnight, he would supplement the recital with Amiya Chakravarty to the stars of night sky and the bunch of street dogs silently following us from Stadium to the Park, the whole length, amused perhaps with our lot but expecting some food that they thought we were carrying in our pockets. If only they knew that it was only poems and slim volumes of poetry with us. Nourishment for us, but barely even chewable to them. Ah, Shamsur Rahman, let us take to the streets again. Let there be midnight walks again to our holes and hovels. Hovels they may be but are they not made with the golden bricks of poetry? Wake up, my friend. Time is still for us, with us, and made by us. I am waiting for you still on the road as you are nestling close to your Mother at Banani, whom you laid to rest with your own hand. Farewell not my friend. If farewell at all, then let it be to the darkness of the moon; in your later poems a persistent imagery of the time we are passing through as a nation.

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An icon of our freedom

RAMENDU MAJUMDAR

LAST Friday morning we were all waiting at the Central Shaheed Minar for him to come, as we used to do on innumerable occasions over the last four decades. He would come here to inaugurate, or preside over, a function or to recite his poems. This time,



too, he came as scheduled, with closed eyes which he will never open again to see the beauty of his beloved country and his beloved people. He came, lifeless, borne on the shoulders of his friends and admirers. It was our greatest modern poet Shamsur Rahman's last visit to the Shaheed Minar.

We do have some icons of our freedom like our national flag, our national anthem or Bangabandhu. Shamsur Rahman, too, became one of these icons through his immortal poems like 'Swadhinata Tumi' or 'Tomake Pawar Jonye,' 'Hey Swadhinata' and his courageous and inspiring role during all progressive movements in independent Bangladesh. He was not a freedom fighter, in the strict sense of the term, but he was more than that. His poems written during the liberation war of Bangladesh inspired the freedom fighters. He turned into an institution which represented the freedom struggle, the fight against communalism, or fundamentalism, and the aspiration for an exploitation free peaceful Bangladesh. The greatness of Shamsur Rahman lies not only in his ability to write extraordinary poems based on aesthetics, human values or relationships between individuals, but also in his involvement in all the progressive movements of our country, which made him highly respected and loved. He was vocal, in own inimitable way, against all oppressions and injustices. He would always rise to the occasion, compose a poem or come to the streets in protest. His immortal poems on our Language Movement, mass upsurge of 1969, Liberation War, and the like, have crossed the barriers of time to become classics which will inspire the readers from generation to generation. As a poet he will be ranked with Rabindranath, Nazrul and Jibananda in Bengali literature. For cultural activists like us, Shamsur Rahman was a big shelter. With his passing away, we have become like orphans. As if a cyclone had uprooted the huge shade which was always there over us. We can fondly remember his active role from the early days of our Shammilito

Shangskritic Jote. It was the custom, in the early years, that the front ranking poets would recite their poems on the inaugural day of our Ekushey February programmes. Obviously, Shamsur Rahman was the main attraction of that soiree. He was the inspiring figure behind the Jatiyo Kabita Parishad which came into existence during the autocratic regime of General Ershad who could successfully bribe some of our poets to give him a humane face. From that very day, poetry in Bangladesh got a new dimension. It became a sharp weapon in the fight against the oppressive forces and establish the rights of common people. The tradition Shamsur Rahman set still goes on, and will continue even in his absence. Shamsur Rahman's resignation from the post of Editor of *Dainik Bangla* was a big boost to the movement against the autocratic regime. On a number of occasions, Shammilito Shangskritic Jote, Bangladesh Group Theatre Federation and many other socio-cultural organizations invited him to inaugurate, or preside over, many events. When many respected figures of our society failed to maintain their dignity and ideology and became disputed, Shamsur Rahman was the obvious choice. Today we feel guilty when we recollect that he had to attend many functions, in spite of his failing health, at the insistence of the organizers. Some one sitting next to him on the dais helping him with eye-drops was a familiar sight. In spite of his fragile health he was out and out a courageous person. Real greatness makes a man, or woman, humble and polite. Shamsur Rahman was a living example of this statement. Anyone could approach him, could come close enough to him to him to call

him 'Rahman Bhai'. His quiet and charming personality would move anyone around him. He would always speak the truth, and never tried to utter words to win the favour of powerful people. I had the opportunity to be present on a few occasions when most of the people were speaking what the then Prime Minister, Sheikh Hasina, would be pleased to hear. Shamsur Rahman's was the lone voice speaking the hard truth. Sheikh Hasina, too, had the grace to accept his criticism. The poet, our conscious keeper, is dead. When his presence is absolutely necessary at this critical time of our national history, he will not be here to guide us, or kindle the brave spirit in us. But his immortal poems will inspire us for ages to come. Shamsur Rahman's memory will last as long as Bengali literature and culture will live. Rahman Bhai, could you love on Friday how much people love you, adore you, respect you? We have not seen, in the recent past, such a spontaneous presence of thousands of admirers to pay their last respects to their beloved poet. The State failed to honour you in your last journey, but the people did not. We will fail in our duties if we don't express our gratitude to Tia, the poet's daughter-in-law. She was more than his daughter taking care of him all these years. The poet felt assured when Tia was around him. May god bless her for her good deeds! Shamsur Rahman is dead. Long live his memory.

The author is a theatre personality

Yes to Shamsur Rahman, no to death!

AZFAR HUSSAIN

SHAMSUR Rahman -- our foremost poet -- struggled to write against death even when he was sure that death was approaching him. He died on August 17. But the spirit of Rahman's struggle for life stubbornly refuses to die. For that very spirit comes to characterise Rahman's own poetry. Although some of his early works do not range beyond a certain kind of romanticism, Shamsur Rahman hardly romanticises death itself. Rather he tells us unequivocally and even repeatedly: "I don't like death." That pronouncement reminds me of Eduardo Galeano, the Uruguayan writer, whom I had the opportunity of discussing with Rahman himself more than a decade ago. In his piece called "In Defense of the Word," written at a time when military dictatorships in Latin America were threatening the freedom of the word itself, Galeano asserts: "One writes in order to deflect death and strangle the spectres that haunt us." And Shamsur Rahman writes (let me keep using the present tense, yes!) in order to deflect death. In fact, he keeps telling us that life is far more significant than death itself, and that death is uninteresting, unattractive, and always unwelcome. Of course, the word and the world Rahman has offered us keep lending credence to that very message, while making the point that poetry can be a material force, a life-

giving force, if it comes to grip the people. And the people -- known by their struggles against death that ultimately prove their humanity -- are always there in the work of Shamsur Rahman. Certainly, out of a need 'to communicate and to commune with' the people, to use Galeano's words again, Shamsur Rahman relentlessly wrote for more than half a century. His first poem appeared in print in 1949. But one had to wait until 1960 to see his first volume of poems published -- Pratham Gan Dityo Mrittyur Aagay (The First Song Preceding the Second Death). As a poet he had been active since then. He had produced more than fifty volumes of poems, including selected and collected works, among other works in prose, accounting for his own differentialia specifica or even carving a distinctive Rahmanism in Bangla poetry. Also, I feel tempted to say that no other living poet in the "Third World" has been as prolific and productive as Shamsur Rahman. And his productivity, one might say, is probably at once his weakness and his strength. Perhaps it is more strength than weakness. For Rahman's productivity eventually helps the poet bring out the best in him. Now, given the range and magnitude of his oeuvre, it is impossible here to even touch upon, let alone evaluate, all aspects of Shamsur Rahman's work. However, I intend to raise a couple of questions about certain kinds of critical works which

"If events are the real dialectics of history" -- as Antonio Gramsci once put it -- then certain crucial events like our Language Movement of 1952, our Liberation Movement of 1971, our anti-Ershad movement in the late eighties and early nineties, and other movements of the people -- including many apparently small incidents constituting and characterising our history of struggles and life -- all forge a particularly significant dialectic in Shamsur Rahman's work that in the final instance asserts and celebrates life and humanity against the forces of destruction and death.

erto produced on Rahman, while making some observations regarding a few aspects of his work: observations that are admittedly vectored by my interest in the interplay between the aesthetic and the political, or in the dialectic of struggles that bring to the fore what I wish to call -- invoking some politically engaged poets and theorists -- "poetry in the flesh." One pet assumption of some traditional Rahman critics, then, is that Shamsur Rahman inherits his 'modernism' from the poet of the thirties. It is true that Rahman in his early life enthusiastically contributed to the poetry journal called *Kabita* edited by none other than Buddhadev Bose himself -- one of the foremost Bengali modernists of the 1930s. It is also true that like those Bengali modernists Rahman was -- at some point at least -- interested in certain canonical motifs and themes: Baudelairean Ennui or Laforguean irony or Hopkinsian-Eliotesque intertemporality or even in a certain Mallarmean predilection for the asemantic, to name but a few. But I'd argue that even the early Rahman

evinces productive transactions and tensions with the thirties, while his work -- by and large -- exemplifies almost equally creative tensions and transactions with the entire lyrical tradition in Bangla poetry from *Charyapada* to the medieval lyrics to Bharilal to Tagore to Jibananda Das. Indeed, Shamsur Rahman ranges beyond the aesthetic zodiac of the thirties, particularly, if not exclusively, because Rahman enacts a fiercely animating dialectic not only between the lyrical and even the utterly prosaic as such, but also -- and more significantly -- between the aesthetic and the political in such a way that the separation between the two turns out to be a false one. In fact, Rahman ably evolves a poetic language capable of negotiating a fruitful interface between the two -- evident as that interface is from his second volume of poems *Roudro Korotite* onwards, and certainly fully orchestrated in such works as *Nij Bashbhume* and *Bandi Shibir Theke*. It is also customary to assume that Shamsur Rahman progresses

from the lyrical and empirical 'I' to the historical and political 'we'. One usually refers to the poem "The Manuscript of an Autobiography," including his first volume of poems, and to his later, proverbially famous, poem "Freedom You Are," in order to account for a linear, sequential movement from the presence of the 'I' to its absence in Rahman's poetry. I think this is a misleading characterisation of Rahman's own dialectics of thematic and stylistic struggles. For Rahman's 'I' and 'we' remain differentially responsive to one another in such a way that one's presence cannot be seen at the expense of the other. Certainly Rahman is never a so-called 'classicist' in a way that he would 'annihilate' or eliminate the 'I'; nor is his 'I' ever romantically celebratory of the 'egotistical sublime' as such (ah, egotistical sublime!); nor is his 'I' confessionally exposed in bare or cubic detail; nor is his 'I' immensely dwarfed into even a tiny speck of dust in an existentialist fashion. And his 'I' by no means can be taken as an example of what some have come to call 'self-fashioning.' In fact, Rahman's 'I' resists fixity

and closure, although it is possible to say that his 'I' remains variously alive to and active in the world -- or variously opposed to death -- by renewing and re-energising its contact with the living beings or people themselves, as can be seen in his works ranging from at least *Nij Bashbhume* and *Bandi Shibir Theke*, through, say, *Deshdrohi Hote Locher Kore* and *Buk Taar Bangladesh* Hridoy, to his very last poem. His 'I/eye and his works - taken together -- then seem to be exemplifying what Galeano says: "What one writes can be historically useful only when in some way it coincides with the need of the collectivity to achieve its identity. In saying 'This is who I am,' in revealing oneself, the writer can help others to become aware of who they are." And Shamsur Rahman makes us aware of who we are -- particularly who the middle-class folks are, insofar as Shamsur Rahman specifically, if not exclusively, gives voice to middle-class experiences on different registers. Some Rahman critics have already characterised him as a poet of middle-class

Bengali nationalism. It is true that some of his works explore and mobilise not only nationalism itself, but also its anti-colonial character and content; and that almost his entire oeuvre remains rooted in the past, present, and even future of Bangladesh. But by no means does Rahman underwrite and advocate the kind of chauvinist, self-fetishising nationalism -- let alone reactionary indigenism -- that Edward Said critically interrogates and even fiercely contests in *Culture and Imperialism*. In a number of ways, Shamsur Rahman is also an internationalist -- responsive as he remains to different forms and forces of creative human interventions and to various social movements at both local and global levels. In closing, let me quickly sum up a few -- only a few -- of Rahman's numerous contributions. In the first place, he decisively shapes diction in post-Tagorean and post-Jibanandanian Bangla poetry. Also, Rahman offers us the kind of poetry that effectively traverses a wide range of middle-class experiences, while making some politically significant inter-class connections in the interest of animating and inspiring broad-based struggles against oppression and injustice, although his perspective remains infected by a progressive and robust version of liberal humanism. "If events are the real dialectics of history" -- as Antonio Gramsci once put it -- then certain crucial events like our

Language Movement of 1952, our Liberation Movement of 1971, our anti-Ershad movement in the late eighties and early nineties, and other movements of the people -- including many apparently small incidents constituting and characterising our history of struggles and life -- all forge a particularly significant dialectic in Shamsur Rahman's work that in the final instance asserts and celebrates life and humanity against the forces of destruction and death. In fact, what my favourite poet Audre Lorde says about poetry can be applied to our foremost poet Shamsur Rahman: "Poetry is not a luxury. It is a vital necessity of our existence. It forms the quality of life within which we predicate our hopes and dreams toward survival and change, first made into language, then into idea, then into more tangible action. Poetry is the way we help give name to the nameless so it can be thought." And Shamsur Rahman's work can certainly be taken as a vital example of poetry-as-praxis and of a struggle to name the nameless in the Lordean sense. Above all, Rahman's work inspires us to see how it is life that is more abiding and more powerful than death. Yes to Shamsur Rahman and his poetry, no to (his) death!

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'We have only one Shamsur Rahman' Deeply rooted in own tradition

M. SHAFIULLAH

THE setting was a banquet in honour of the Queen at the Bangabhaban. Glittering light outside and the luminaries inside the Darbar Hall with the portraits of the illustrious sons of the soil on the wall was the best extravaganza that Bangladesh could put up to flatter the British monarch. On the arriving 1983 evening, the guests were arriving rather much ahead of the time. The sun had just set on the western horizon of the clear late autumn sky of Dhaka. Outside, cars had already jammed the two-way entrance of the Bangabhaban from main gate to porch. Protocol officers of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs were arranging the head table and were placing name cards of the invitees according to the recently revised order of precedent handed down by CMLA's secretariat. From the banquet hall one could tell whether the guest was a civilian or from the armed forces by the clicking sound of boot and noise of salutation of the foot soldiers at the landing of the porch. A mild click and a barely audible voice suggested a civilian car had just left the porch, and a resounding boot click announced the arrival of military vehicles. And the duty officers from inside the banquet hall heard more thunderous rather than faint noise of dignitaries getting off their vehicles! The Queen was expected to arrive in an hour's time, and the Darbar Hall was full to the rafters. All five hundred strong guests showed up for the protocol officers and Bangabhaban staff to cope with. Though there was a curious mix of guests, the number of invitees in white formal dinner jackets with decorations of various descriptions was far greater. Sensing the enormous task of positioning such a huge number of guests to introduce to the Queen before entering the Banquet Hall, deputy chief of protocol and protocol officers began lining up the invitees much ahead of banquet time. It was a bazaar-like situation and many resented being lined up in a disciplined manner.

A good number of eminent citizens, editors, poets, intellectuals, artists were trailing the long line as the ministers, advisers, high civil and military officers took precedence over them according to the new reality of martial law protocol. As soon as the President and CMLA HM Ershad arrived, some of his companions in uniform entered the already fragile line. They pushed their way forward as the tail enders were pushed beyond the door of the Darbar Hall. Poet Shamsur Rahman was one of those who landed outside the door. Their embarrassment was unmistakably visible and the situation turned a bit noisy. With his flowing hair brushed back nicely, in pajama and panjabi, the handsome fair-skinned poet turned red in the face. He asked the deputy chief of protocol why he had to undergo such humiliation. He would better leave the banquet hall and complain to the president next day. It was almost time for the monarch to arrive at the Darbar Hall. No one could persuade the great man to stay and he was about to walk out. A split-second decision was taken by the deputy chief of protocol [DCP] to salvage the most unwanted situation. He rushed to the foreign secretary, Ataul Karim, who was not very far from the door either. The foreign secretary with a firm voice said: "We have only one Shamsur Rahman in Bangladesh. He is our national asset. Go, seek his forgiveness." The DCP did exactly what he was instructed to do by the foreign secretary. Miracle seemed to have happened. With childlike simplicity, the poet embraced the officer and stayed to attend the banquet. After the visit was over, Ataul Karim advised the DCP to waive the laid-down protocol, if need be, to accommodate illustrious sons of the soil like Shamsur Rahman who tower over people that walk on the red carpet just by virtue of holding high office. The odd incident brought the DCP and his wife Rebeka close to the poet, who was fond of songs and music. Just to assure them that he did not hold any grudge, one evening Shamsur Rahman

graced their home. Ataul Karim happily joined the poet. Rebeka sang the favorite songs of the poet. That was an evening the couple cherishes and will hold close to their hearts for the rest of their lives. The last time the couple met the poet at the Beauty Boarding function, which was a favorite place of the poet Shamsur Rahman. Rebeka rendered some of his compositions on March 18, 2005. On his journey to eternity the prayers of all good souls will be with him.



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RAFIQ HASAN

THE year 1960 was significant for Bengali literature since this year saw the publication of Prothom Gan Dityo Mritur Aage (First Song Before the Second Death), a collection of poems by young poet Shamsur Rahman. Rahman, however, was well known in the literary arena by that time as his poems had been in circulation in the literary magazines since 1948. But the book ushered in a new era as it contains poems which were different from the traditional form of Bengali poetry. Rahman, in a span of over half-a-century of literary practice, brought a new dimension to Bengali poetry. He also made a record composing a staggering number of poems covering diverse themes within a very short time. He was perhaps the most productive poet in Bengali literature after Rabindranath Tagore. Rahman authored nearly one hundred books most of which are collection of poems. With the geographical division of Bengal in 1947, its literature also became divided. One was dominated by the writers based in Kolkata, the capital of West Bengal and another by Dhaka, the new capital of the then East Pakistan. The Dhaka-based Bengali poetry was also divided mainly into two groups. Ahsan Habib and Abul Hossain led the progressive group who were deeply influenced by the West Bengali poets of 1930s. The other group led by Farrukh Ahmed and Syed Ali Ahsan was labelled pro-Pakistan. Later, Shamsur Rahman, Al Mahmud and Shaheed Quadri emerged as the most powerful poets on the progressive front in the fifties and sixties. In this group Shamsur Rahman was the most active in composing poetry. Shamsur Rahman is the poet of Dhaka in the true sense. Probably, he was the only successful poet in modern Bengali literature who was born, brought up and spent his whole life in Dhaka. Rahman loved Dhaka very much. He wrote memories of his childhood in a book titled *Smriti Shahar* (The City of Memories) which is considered a classic document of old Dhaka. In over half a century of his literary practice he

wrote five novels, a number of short stories, many patriotic songs and lyrics. Rahman was deeply rooted in his own tradition. He successfully reflected Dhaka's colloquial language in his poems. We can mention the poem "Aaie matowala rath" (This Drunken Night) which is full of Dhakaite idioms and dialect. Rahman successfully used old Dhaka's dialect which is a mix up of Urdu, Persian and Bengali words. Urban themes, symbols, signs and resemblance also figured widely in his poems. Though Rahman composed Bengali poetry in modern forms, many Urdu and Persian words got their appropriate places in his writings. As a poet and a citizen of Dhaka he could not dissociate himself from the political development of East Pakistan which later emerged as Bangladesh. Though he was never active in politics, he composed a number of poems inspiring the freedom fighters of the country. One of his popular poems during that time was "Asad's Shirts" which depicts a young political activist being brutally killed by the police in a protest rally against the repressive army rule. Like bunches of blood-red oleanders, like flaming clouds at sunset/Asad's shirt flutters/ In the gusty wind, in the limitless blue./ To the brother's spotless shirt/ His sister had sown/ With the fine gold and thread/ Of her heart's desire/ Buttons which shone like stars/ How often had his ageing mother/ With such tender care/ Hung that shirt out to dry/ In her sunny courtyard? After independence of Bangladesh, Rahman emerged as the most powerful poet in the country reflecting the true spirit of independence and the freedom fight. He could successfully use the terms and words which were perfect embodiments of our independence. "O, You Independence" was one of his famous poems. In this poem he tried to delve into the inner meaning of independence and freedom. Independence You are/ like the deathless poems and immortal songs of Rabindranath/ Independence you are/ like the way long curly hair of Kazi Nazrul/ Great man, vibrating with the

joy and happiness of creation. Through this piece of poem Rahman reflected the true spirit of independence. Shamsur Rahman was also very active during the struggle against the autocratic rule of Ershad. He even took the risk of losing editorship of government-owned *Dainik Bangla* and joined the protest rally against the Ershad regime. His famous poem, "Odvut uter pidhe choleche swadesh" (The Country Riding On A Peculiar Camel) was about the misuse and political stagnation prevailing in the country during the Ershad regime. Since school days I was very fond of poet Shamsur Rahman. He was like an icon to us and thousands of others who tried to write something in the poetic form. I still remember that I had bought the collected poems of Shamsur Rahman from the money I got as stipend during school days. I had also the chance of getting his autograph on the copy of his books that I bought. We did not see Kazi Nazrul Islam or Jashimuddin who were also huge icons of Bengali poetry and had passed away long ago. But we saw Shamsur Rahman who was very close to us. He joined and rallied with the people fighting for all the great causes the country witnessed in his time. When Poet Kazi Nazrul Islam arrived in Dhaka after independence, Shamsur Rahman visited the ailing poet at a hospital. He wrote later that seeing such a vibrant poet in such condition was very painful for him. After so many years, the same situation happened to him. Going to see him at Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujib Medical University Hospital was very painful for a person like me who has been following his works since childhood. When I first visited him at the intensive care unit of the hospital, he was semi-conscious and moaning in pain. His breathing was very shallow and he was kept alive with artificial support. May his soul rest in peace.

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