

READERS' POEMS

Summer's Love

The orange sun was too tired to glare,
The leaves were too lazy to rustle,
And I was to deep in my dreams about you,
To feel the water playing at my feet.

It was summer, and you were out at sea,
Waiting to find some new land.
And, I, my love, was waiting for you.
Waiting to find you.
Waiting to hold you, and breathe you
I was waiting for you.

The summer breeze was playing with
golden strands
tickling my ears, talking to me.
Telling me you would come soon.
And raised a new hope that I would be able
to hold you soon.

The butter-gold butterflies danced before my eye
The red tulips gently swayed in the breeze
The sparrows came to invite me to their nests
The yellow canaries and white pigeons flew by
Mother Nature talked to me.

My feet were dipped in the blue 'River of Dreams'
Where the sweet, cold water caressed my skin
I wet my hand in the 'River of Dreams'
And saw my future sparkle in the sun.
I saw your face glitter in the water, happy,
So near--yet so far.

I was waiting for you to come
To breathe your breath
To touch you, to feel your skin
To dream in the 'River of Dreams', with you.

The gentle summer breeze in my golden strands
The red tulips swaying in the breeze
The silence of the lazy leaves
Your glittering face in the river
Were all signs.
All signs, that my only dream--to find you,
Was soon to come true.
That my summer's wait would end soon.

Sophia Carmine
Dhaka

Tanguar Haor*

A moonlit night in autumn
She beacons me in her abode
With the dancing of waves, melody and songs
The silver-fish girl.
She descends from the heaven
'Shakuntala', my darling
charming nectar adorns her corporeal beauty
enchanted I am
I am bustling about from one place to another.

Water, vast expanse of water all around,
Delighted beauty looms large beneath the dark blue sky,
The white, black, torn clouds
As if they had sweet friendship with the fish-girl.
A hill is there, it allures as a lying paramour,
Green attachment inside the crystal water.
Ceaseless tight embrace of hijol, karach and barun
What an intoxication amidst the green karach
The top of hijol resembles the long, clustered hair of Nazrul
A new world is created in this world.

Her name is not in the dictionary, no picture on the Internet
All beauty, above...

The smell fo hasnahena, songs of baul
The sweet note of doel, the melody of pastoral flute
All these are mixed up confusedly at the house of the fish-girl
It seems I am within my house
All melody, rhythm, musical tempo are in the dream and feeling.
In this world of white twilight, all are dissolved
In this reservoir of water

In this *Tanguar Haor*.

**Tanguar Haor*: a great marshy land in Sunamganj District.

Mohammed Ali Khan
(translated by Shampad Barua)
Sylhet

Sleep My Sweet Laxmi

Mom why are you so late?
I feel bored locked inside
Mom why do you look sick?
You know I had a dream.

Mom, do you know
Next door Uncle bought a color TV
And a fluffy teddy bear for Rekhu Apu
And a bicycle for Rony Bhai.

Mon, who is Mr. Sarkar?
He knocked at the door
And said he would come again
And left this letter.

Mom, who gave you the flowers?
And the beautiful sari
And the perfume
And the bracelet?

Mom, my teacher was angry
My nails were not pared
My socks were dirty
My hair was not brushed.

Sleep well my sweetie...

The church bell's struck twelve
The Burgis and the Razakars out there
Sleep, sleep my sweet Laxmi.

Dr. Rabiul Hossain
Dhaka

Unknown Feelings

Not more but less years have passed
I'm not in same mood passing ups and downs of life
Several times chat with unknown feelings of closed dark room
Or the sound of roaming snake of mythology in imagination
But the crackling sound of the mechanical world
Brings me from the imagination to reality.
After short course, useless effort
To see the reflection of my imagination in a coffee mug
Stand my unknown feelings to the front line.
I am tired working in a mechanical world
In leisure time my childish pleasure
Jerks me back to unknown feelings
Tears falling gradually
Sometimes I fail to recognize myself
All green feelings laid down
By the touch of frustration of a free world.

Tanvir Ahmed
Barisal

Earthquake

What and how is the world's go
Does it go down or upward grow?
It's not stable trembling always
To stand still there is no place
Now all the world is on quake
And none is there who can check
What kind of quake is it then
Is everything there subject to bane?
Now upward all things will go
Nor everybody is the quake's foe
Somebody is rising somebody falling
Everywhere downfall the quake not bring
The quake the world meets not a real one
Littles are falling down bigs are ungone
Come a quake where subject is all
Where nothing to rise or nobody to fall.

Devjyoti Kundu
Khulna

Land of the Free

Little blue pills for
my mother
Little red pills for
my father
And all kinds of other pills
for me and my sister

America land of the free
One happy drug store
Its shelves groaning
with little red, white and blue
pills pills pills

Have a headache?
Take a pill dear!
Mend a broken heart?
Take a pill darling!
Lost your dog?
Why, take a pill and
shut up sweetheart!

Take a pill, take a pill
This is the land of the free!

Arshad Mollah

Heaving A Deep Sigh

Each life has its own sorrows
Mine one is a withered bloom
Each life has its memories
Thine one is chasing butterflies
Each life has its joys
Mine one is swimming in the river
Everyone has something to wish
Thine one is peep well, dear,
Each life has something to write
Mine one is lighting a fire by rubbing life
Each life has its own privations
Thine one is growing into a woman
Everyone has his own dream
Mine one it to turn into a cage
Each life has its own brook
Thine one is a pool of tears
Each life has one to be loved (madhabi)
Mine one is to heave a deep sigh.

Sheikh Nazrul
Agargaon, Dhaka

Fiery Flesh

I will knock at you door at four-thirty in the afternoon
Broken sunbeams will touch the balcony; one or two sparrows will fly
Curtains of the window will oscillate in Chaitra winds
Weaving a loose gown, lying on dandy bedsheets
You will be sleeping at this hour.
I will knock again. A knock at an inappropriate time
Bewildered, you'll come hastily to open the door.
A puff of cool wind will touch your lips, your eyes,
Your hands and fingers.
The lenses of my eyes will fly among your silky hairs
When I'll try to touch you, you're not there at the door
Your burning body burns for me on the bed.

Shahabuddin Nagari
Tejgaon, Dhaka

Morning Rain

i know it in my sleep
the slow drip drip--
in the still pool
of the commode
by the window
flecks float
over a sooty sky
the grimy flannel of
an February morning--
schoolchildren treading
sodden streets
i brush my teeth
think of my mother
glumly despairing
of English weather
'never the thunder'
she gropes for the
the shawl and sighs
'of a monsoon sky.'

Chitra Mukherjee
London

Humanity

Humanity is
A meaningless pause
For humanitarian
Society.

Nuclear weapons
Brick-and-steel
Skyscrapers is today's
Humanity.

Making an Everest-like
Economy
Capturing business market
In the name of
Globalization is today's
Humanity.

Humanity is
On the axis of zero
Is today's humanity
Humanity!

Syed Hafiz
Sathkira

Defining Old Age

Old age is poised for death
It is the reminiscence of the past
Old age is hankering for the
past glory
It is the reflection of the magnificent youth.

Old age is remembrance of
The bygone love
It is the mirror of the lovelorn
Old age is asking for
Diving blessing
It is the moment for
Closing eyes forever.

For a cynic old age
Is dearest
For an optimist it
Is a curse
For an octogenarian it is
The yearning for teen age.

H. K. Chowdhury
Address not supplied

A Cruel Laughter

The blade of grass fails to hold
Tottering dew-drops, morning's gold.
It is a tailored tale, hoary old
Mutability is the lot of the mould.

Cask and mask
Seed and husk
Things known and unknown
Each has import of its own.

Mannequin is a reality
Neither a Yet nor a Martian
But the sky's the milit
For the human excretion.

We step ahead and look behind
And see intrinsic values of mankind
Are relentlessly devoured
By the yahoos of time.

Cupboard love of human being
Deftly devises ways of fulfillment
But buries cardinal virtues
And quickens utter fall.

Unceasing change and precarious truth
Make a man a chameleon
And a chameleon a man
Only a cruel laughter rends the air, then.

Mujib Rahman
Chittagong

My Expected Day

Just that day,
On straightening up
Under the shadiness of the evergreen creeper
You put into words,
Within the reach of your opening,
To turn up tomorrow.

With keeping a watchful eye on eye,
We'll reminisce the loving expected day.

While sound gets turned into language,
I keep coming back to my senses.

Computing through fingers is on.
Tarrying vexations're commencement.

At the end of the day,
Feelings augment incessantly.
The darkish night with demeanour
Rouses awe in the reason.

I await
Looking forward to the coming
Of the most auspicious trice.

I reflect whether or not
I am capable of letting my sweetheart
Know of my goodwill
With the red rose.

I cogitate whether
I can unclothe the horizon of the heavens
In the dawning of a veil or not.

Much more afflictions go too far
Surmounting the limit of endurance ceaselessly.

I confide in that lingering
Of the minute of time.

Will my expected day come up
With a handful of love and affection
In the midst of us?

Laxman Gour
Tangail

To Float The Boat Again

The river seems so small now
Still I can't cross it. For long,
Longing and watching from the bank
So many are crossing, lean and
Thin, poor and rich, so many so many.
In my presence, crossing easily
Sailing false. If I want fate
betrayed so much so much that
sunk sandy land blocked the boat.
And now trapped by the riverside
Waiting by the bank, should some
Little fish be caught, to gather
Some light and paltry capital. So
That a huge commercial boat could be
Built and float it again in the river
Sailing big with tightened helm.

'Kiran Jahan'

Only And Only Because

i love u
not only because
u have introduced me to this WORLD
i respect u
not only because
u have taught me to say
'excuse me' before interrupting people
i honor u
not only because
u r my first educator
i believe u
not only because
u showed the difference between
right and wrong
i care for u
not only because
u do care for me
i m grateful to u
not only because
everyone deserves this
i owe u
not only because
a very loving call 'maa'
comes from my tender daughter's heart
and
changes my entire being
i obey u
not only because
with your profound knowledge and beauty
u composed a tough song
and
ensured my sound life
whatever i do for u
i do only & only because
u r my 'MAA'.

Nahid Afreen

Do Not Follow The Leaders

Do not follow the leaders
They take no prisoners
They have no conscience
They have no truth
They work not for common good
Their parties are prisons
Their words are lies
They are not men
But devils in disguise.

C. K. Das
Rangamati, Hill District