Stumbling along with drops of Bangla

CHINTITO

Happy Nobo Barsho! Happy Nobo Barsho!
Arguably we rejoice on *pahela* just for show
New *saree*, boutique attire, nose paint
Spiced potato and *panta* not for the quaint
Fatik wonders if polao would be a big big folly

Haal-khata tale begins with 'Once upon a time...'
Business today lesser related to *paisa* than dime
Three thousand square feet for *huzoor's* chamber
His paternal *bari* candle-lit, the town in various amber
Bina's workplace is a seat of two bricks under a brolly

Mancha slows down further the traffic in the capital
Tempo sways away from paddy fields, rivers and *khaal*
Fourteen *kuti* wish to celebrate as the festivity bodes
But can you on a sunken stomach and in *chera* clothes?
Lalu has two taka from mom to buy him and Apu a lolly

Mukhosh of happiness many a mask over reality
Vanity giants treading *rajpath* depict vain ability
Janagan not from all walks of life dance and sing
It is *barsho* fourteen sixteen they are ringing in
Rahela watches the merriment recede with the rally

In the *mela* they sell what not, but not all throng to buy
Salam and *namashkar* taken over by take care and hi
Sangskriti firmly displaced by channel and internet
We'd be caught dead with a *Bangla* book, you bet
Taleb for one hundred taka a day vends from a trolley

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That's a different kind of Pahela Boisakh, by golly

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