

Polash

In Love with Madhobi

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Those pensive afternoons don't come back. The fallen leaves rustle against the stillness. The bare trees alter the colours of life. And afterwards the tender leaves of bronze usher in a new life in nature. Destruction and recreation come by turns in nature.

Tokon recalls his childhood. The hillocks across the field figure prominently in his memory. He reminisces about the countless afternoons he had sat idle on the grass carpet. Sweet and sour *boroi* is the only fruit of this season. Those days of eating *boroi* with salt and green chilly will never come back. The fields of *Rabi*-crop look bare after the harvest. A couple of martins and herons gather at a distance. The dangling tender leaves look just like butterflies. The sunlight spreads far and wide and a strong wind dashes over the land.

Spring was just round the corner and has arrived rather quickly. The grass carpet is dotted with a lot of colours. The guest flowers remain the same in their look though they have lost some of their glamour. The cascade of seasonal flowers *Polash* (*Butea monosperma*), *Parijat* (*Erythrina variegata*), Gliricidia (*Gliricidia maculata*), *Monimala* (*Millettia ovalifolia*), Nilmoni (*Petrea volubilis*), Madhobi (*Hiptage benghalensis*), *Ashok* (*Saraca asoca*), *Shimul* (*Bombax ceiba*), *Roktokanchon* (*Bauhinia veriegata*), *Udal* (*Sterculiaceae villosa*), *Vantful* (*Clerodendrum viscosum*), *Kanakchampa* (*Ochna spuarrosa*),



Konokchampa



Nagesshor

Rudrapalash (Spathodea campanulata) and the list goes on. Such a unique combination is rare in nature. The air is filled with the aroma of mango flowers. *Palash* ushers spring. This flower, however, is not very common in the urban areas. Gliricidia sheds leaves at the end of winter. The whole tree is covered with flowers; such an exuberance of flowers is rarely seen.

Milletia also catches our attention from afar. Nature is adorned with her violet colour. When the *Palash* and *Madhabi* fades a bit, yellowish flower buds peep in the bare branches of *Gamari* (*Gmelina arborea*). *Udal* looks like raw turmeric. They bloom in the early spring. Her fruits are more beautiful than her flowers. The *Parijat* buds remain dormant in the backdrop of the blue sky. The red of *Shimul* is distinctly visible everywhere. The chirping of martin and parrots add a different dimension to the colours of Shimul. *Roktokanchan* appears as another fountain of