Monsoon's offering

Few things herald the coming of a new season than the blooms. Even the most uncaring lot are not oblivious to the change, thanks to the many little boys and girls positioned around traffic stoplights, smiling, ear to ear, having their take on a push pull marketing strategy – if you cannot take Dhakaiites closer to nature; bring nature closer to Dhakaiites!

Kadam is almost synonymous with the first rain of monsoon. From the melodies of Tagore, the folk-inspired renditions of Abbasuddin, or the novellas of Humayun Ahmed - this is one flower that reigns in Bengali literature.

Sometimes, I am awash with fresh waves of nostalgia when it starts to drizzle. I get swept up by a senseless longing for the bitter fragrance of kadam, mingling with the scent of dampened earth. It is quite amazing how a



scent can transcend time and stay alive in our memories.
Countless days may pass by without notice, and yet

whenever a familiar odour floats by, it immediately carries us back in time.

A scent becomes parallel to a moment in our lives. However it is not only the scent of the flower that

makes it the ubiquitous rainy offering.

Kadam symbolises rain, and love, and love-making. The romance of Krishna and Radha under the kadam tree is a legend relived for eons. The Bengali belle romances over kadam; yet it is not worn on the hair bun; neither is it ever

turned into a garland.

A kadam bloom is kept as it is – a flower in yellowishorange bloom in dense, globe-shaped clusters.

A kadam is nature's gift to man, and man's offering to the gods – a mortal gratitude for the powers in heaven.

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