



The colours of her kind
Poet and bards romance the Bengali belle in blue. For Dhakaiites, monsoon brings incessant rain and waterlogged roads, yet for the hopeless romantics it is the ultimate season for love and lovemaking. Blue represent aqua – the vitality of all life forms.

Maybe because of the seemingly endless expanse of water in the ocean or the canopy of the azure sky, the colour is symbolic to infinity and notions of affection and fondness. Human expression knows no bounds. Although the cynics will disagree, as they always do, monsoon is dear in our Bengali lives, despite the nuisance. This is also the colour that brings us closest to nature, second only to green. **Shades of purity** White is the colour of clarity, to which we respond with

positivity. It also symbolises innocence and purity - a new beginning, and rebirth. Autumn in Dhaka is a season of glum, yet out in the outback, the clouds move about in a clear sky, creating a mesmerising image. From the distance, the kaash seems like a stretch of white carpet. As the wind blows, the tall kans grass bows in harmony, often spreading the cotton-like, pulp in the air. **Red, green and everything in between** Red and green, in a nut-shell, defines

Bangladeshis. The green is quintessential Bengal - a lush land with trees growing in abundance, the field yielding crops and the harvest enough to sustain life. The red represents our struggle to achieve such a blissful setting. As a civilisation, we have experienced trauma as we have experienced joy, and to each of these emotions we respond. The sombre Ekushey, which was once a day marked for the loss of our brethren, is now observed as a salutation to the rich diversity in languages both within Bangladesh and across the world. Language binds humanity in one string, each pearl representing a culture and the ultimate rosary representing the richness of human expressions. The shades of Ekushey have not eclipsed the mourning

black, but somewhat made way for a subtle shade of grey. While we still mourn the loss of lives, we also cherish and pay homage to what their sacrifice has given us. As the cycle of seasons draws to an end, the changing hues in our lives take new forms. In our Bangladeshi existence, there are colours in our lives taken, borrowed or hinted from the world around us; and then there are colours from our lives – shared with fellow countrymen from our collective experiences - the joys, trauma, and pain we share. Colours define our existence and we can safely hope, will continue to do for years to come. *The writer is a sub-editor working for The Daily Star. He can be contacted at zarifmannan@gmail.com*
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