Me and my city

I took a long deep breath as I stepped down from the bus after returning from my week long trip away from the capital. Not to my surprise, there was nothing fresh about the gust of air that filled up my lungs instantly; I tasted the same odorous sting, the pungency of the pollution, the dust particles. Nothing had changed in this city in the past one week. But a strange sense of exhilaration filled me up as I staggered along the familiar pavement with my luggage.

Swimming through an endless sea of passersby, I gleefully muttered to myself, "Dear Dhaka, it's good to be home again!"

Like me, every dweller of every city of the world shares a special bond with their metropolis. Just as any city is simply a desolate land lying there lifeless without its inhabitants, any individual without a city they can call their own has no address and no place to call home.

As a matter of fact, unlike many fortunate ones who are born and raised in the same city, several people spend a lifetime struggling to find a city they can call their own.

MY LIFE IN MYMENSINGH
"The moment I step into the town, I feel like I can finally breathe freely without any restrictions," confessed Rabeya Akter Khatun, former Senior Officer of Sonali Bank, Mymensingh branch. Although it has been over seven years since she settled down in Dhaka, she feels like she has left her roots back in her house at Ramkrishna Mission Road, Mymensingh town.

"I still remember the days when I used to spend time jotting down poems on small chits during my leisure time at work, as I gazed through the window at the waves crashing against the banks of the Brahmaputra River," recalled Rabeya, who is a writer herself.

Long walks at the Zainul Abedin Park, Muktagacha's monda and sweets from Shudhir Ghosh's shop are few of the many things she misses the most about her hometown.

She feels like her hometown is strongly connected to her soul and eagerly waits for her short trips there every three months or so when she gets to feel at home again.