

When life completes a full circle

Bashanta wakes us up from slumber. The melancholia of a harsh winter now completely erased from our lives, nature takes on a new look in a riot of colours found in the blooms of the season. We borrow traces of the hues abundant and re-invent, re-interpret them in our social psyche. Times have changed, the seasons no longer matter to us as they used to, but Bashanta is a clear exception, as it is still the time of the year when the whole of Bangladesh awakens in a celebration of love, a celebration of life.



We have learned to look beyond the unbelievably stagnant traffic, the water logging or the stench of the soil coming from putrid potholes. If not, we should. Rain in the city gives us some hope, the decaying city that we live in has some hope, some vitality in it. Showers inevitably bring memories of small things that matter still, or mattered once. And perhaps, should matter still. People running in the rain in search of shelter; street children making merry with the neighbourhood canines; young boys planning a game of 5-a-side football – these are the subtleties that now make life in the city still bearable, still worth living. All one needs is an observant eye.

The beauty of rain is the memory of the first raindrop on your head while holding hands with your loved ones, it's the late night coffees at work waiting for the rain to stop.

By Mannan Mashhur Zarif

Photo: Sazzad Ibne Sayed

Models: Naziba, Iccha, Aura, Kripa, Ina

Styling: Sonia Yeasmin Isha

Makeup: Farzana Shakil's Makeover Salon