



#FASHION & BEAUTY

The fire on treetops



The cold wave that has swept in makes it hard to believe, but spring is almost here. And just as the trees begin to put on a show, the *palash* or the flame of the forest comes ablaze in vermillion, birds begin nesting on the green leaves, the eager bees and the cuckoos instigate an orchestral magnificence. Bards and poets from ages have responded to this very beautiful season quite imaginatively. And maybe that's why Tagore had tonnes of poems penned in admiration of the season—*And with Phalgun's springtime's surge of desire
Clove vines would ring with their ankle bells
As damsels unfurled their flowing tresses in the south wind!*

- ELEM NOTUN DESHE, RABINDRANTAH TAGORE
 Photo: Sazzad Ibne Sayed
 Model: Riba and Raj
 Wardrobe: Qrius
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