



#LS EDITOR'S NOTE

# BY THE SOMESHWARI

## A River of Dreams

We reached the riverbank when the sun was about to set. The reddish hue of the sinking sun was about to disappear behind the hills of the neighbouring land. It created a magical ambience with the last play of light for the day.

The river starts as the Simsang in Meghalaya, carrying with it the coolness of the hills, and becomes the Someshwari as it enters our plainland through Durgapur, Netrokona. It is as if the river itself were shifting between identities to suit the lands it sustains.

We tried negotiating a fair price for the ride across the shallow waters. The young boatman admitted, "Tourists are sparse this season, Sir. I will give you a good deal. Just pay for the fuel!"

The roar of the engine marked the start of our short journey, and as we were carried across the river's quiet surface, the ferryman pointed to the distant hills: "You cannot go there."

We smiled in response, knowing fully that the hills are strictly off limits.

People were busying themselves as the day prepared to fold into night. The boy, seeking to appear older than his years, lit a Biri and remarked, "The sand grabbing has spoiled the river." His words were heavy for someone so young.

In the monsoon, the Someshwari still swells up. In the dry season, it shrinks, revealing sandbars and narrow channels, yet it never truly vanishes. Even in the scorching heat of Baishakh, its presence reminded the pulse of the villages that it has sustained for centuries.

We reached the bank opposite the paved ghat. As we stepped

onto the loose sand, the water lapped at our feet, pulling grains away. To us urban wanderers, it felt like quicksand. The boatman, watching our careful manoeuvring, drew on his Biri and smiled. He was no stranger to the scene.

We stayed until the sun sank. The Someshwari River is no mere metaphor, yet she often feels like one. Flowing between borders, bridging hills and plains, the Goddess of the Moon embodies the passage of



time itself. To walk by her banks is to step into a living song.

As we returned, the sun had already disappeared, but an afterglow lingered in the western sky. The engine roared once more, overpowering the murmur of the waters. And yet, over the machine's noise, we could catch the river's song, singing

still.

**By Mannan Mashhur Zarif**  
**Photo: Shahrear Kabir Heemel**

