



**Let There Be Rain**  
**Shafiqul Islam**

## **Introductory Word...**

Searching the insight of life through the lens of poem is the main objective of the poet. Though hope, aspiration, frustration, deprivation of life stir  
The poet yet the poet always remain enthusiastic with his poetic sprit and It is clearly reflected.

Nature and love is the source of endless inspiration  
In his poetry. The poet give the language to the untold emotion of youth's heart through his poem which turn into external expression of universal emotion.

## **Life Sketch of Poet Shafiqul Islam**



Shafiqul Islam is Ex Metropolitan Magistrate and Ex Additional District Magistrate, Ex General Manager at Bangladesh Road Transport Corporation, Now Deputy Secretary of the people's Republic of Bangladesh.

He is a Poet & Lyricist of Bangladesh Radio and Television. Awarded "Bangladesh Council Literature Award" and "Nazrul Gold Medal Award" for his poetic excellence.

Written some books of poetry...

"Tobu O Bristy Asuk(Thirst for Rain), "Srabon Diner Kabbo(Song of Rainy Days), "Megh Bhanga Roddur(Sunlight on Cloud), "Dohon Kaler Kabbo"(Verses of Firey Days)and "Protoyee Jatra"(Indomitable Journey).

Sulota,

This is dedicated to  
Your endless memory,

When I will be no more,  
My verses will be waiting for you  
Till that very day too...

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## Preface

"Tobu O Bristi Asuq" (Let There Be Rain) is a collection of 41 poems of variegated tastes and flavor mostly of personal trend and characteristics by Shafiqul Islam a young Poet of great erudition bestowed with an attractive poetic vein.

Besides the poem which bears the title of the collection in the mid portion of it 'Bohu din por Aaz'(Today after a long time) there is a poem 'Akjon Beer Joddha'(A heroic fighter ).Two addressed to the mother two addressed to the dead father .One addressed to one "D"(princess Diana of England), one addressed to life and the rest are addressed to one Sulota with whom the speaker had a deep either secret or open correspondence /love but that Sulota is not within his reach though she does not seem to have married/loved another man but it is clear from the description of the speaker that she has left the speaker treading the fair love and Intimacy of the speaker.

It seems to me that the poet wanted to compose a book absolutely on love the mental anguish of separation or desertion. But he has an intellectual negation to be identified in that condition and so he has inserted few poems of different types in the collection just to bedim that factual truth .However the poet has every right to do it. In the poem 'Bohu din por Aaz' , the poet addresses the rain after a long time as blessing as a symbol of life and freshness. The proposed rain may tend a new life and fruition to all the sandy region of the globe , all the drought inflicted areas of the world despite personal sorrows and suffering of the poet from the rain if it really comes down . The poet is eagerly awaiting the rain and mentally prepared to undergo all sorts of disadvantages from the rain.

At times a poet can not be easily detected .He speaks and narrates things from a distance. We have such an example of a piece of poetry in this collection of poems ,namely- "D" (D for Diana) .The second poem addressed to a late lady of universal decency and decorum ,it may not be easy for the young and most readers of the poem who this lady is . It is known best to the poet himself but so far our observation looks in the past and from the description of the poet--

“In the bustle of this world  
Once you had your harmonious tone  
On the highways of this world  
You let fall your invaluable footsteps”

The poem might have been composed on the all-accepted ,all-loved lady ever born and ever entered the Buckingham palace as a bride and she is nobody but princess Diana who died in a miserable car accident in the last decade but having her all human and divine virtues that impressed our poet .The lady in question died as a result of psychological at war between heaven and earth .She herself represented the heaven .She had an indomitable love for the people of the world and she proved her that glorious traits of love by traveling different countries and her so-called free but innocent mixing with them left her to a state of being neglected by her husband . She understanding her position , although a mother of two sons, could not remain connected within the palace bereft of husband's love and got family indifference.s

The poet is cut to the quick to understand all of the members of the royal family for this cold behavior with her . He though belonging to another caste and creed, can not help showing his hearty sympathy for her ill-fate and consoling himself in the following sketch.

“But you in my heart  
That the rare picture has drawn on it  
Neither in sun-shine nor in water of the world  
I know that will ever be effaced.  
'D' now you are an inhabitant of the world hereafter-  
One day you descended here wrongly  
To our poor earth having loved us.

The poem is in the spirit of an elegy and the poet has registered all his poetic strength to make her (Diana) ever living and ever adorable for her divine qualities among the crowds of simple /ordinary faces of women ornamenting high seats and positions among us -- home and abroad but quite unworthy of being equal in status from the standpoints of ever immortal human virtues as possessed by the late 'D' Princess Diana of England.

The third poem , "Akjon Beer Jodda" a sketch on a political figure does not appear to me to be a new something .We are accustomed to coming across compositions like this one. This poem portrays the saddest story of a national hero who fought for the liberation of the motherland of the poet but he was mercilessly Killed by his associates as an armless hero.

“In our heart  
He is an ever victorious hero  
Returned from the war, enemy overcoming hero.”

The poet has written three poems absolutely of personal cadres on his mother and father. In the poem on his mother he portrays a mother as a perennial source of inspiration in the onward movement in the struggle of life. In two pieces of poetry

composed on his departed father, the poet sorrowfully accepts the loss of his father whose kind behavior in the past disturbs his peaceful living at the moment. The poet had in his mind to write elegy. His portrayal of his parents indicates his possessive mind devoted to them.

There is another poem 'The three losses' upholding before the readers how the poet has crossed from his childhood to youth, bidding adieu to the sweet memories and objects of enjoyments and comforts. There is a small poem, "heja jiban, Akdin Tumi Chhela" in the collection. It is a poem of high appreciation painting life from multifarious platforms like some philosophical poet's interpreting life as a puzzling mystery. This poem teems with poetic fervor both in matter and manner and it surely makes the poet powerful and observing the fleeting but touching modes of Life— an ever inexorable riddle.

In "three fourths of water and one in hand" the poet leaves heavy sighs and despair on life being utterly dissatisfied with the go of the world. Life hangs very heavy with the poet finding no other way to survive from his mentally emerging state. He is confirmed that his sweet dreams will never be realized and his is a life meant for shedding tears in the sea with unquenching thirst for getting the object in mission.

Our review over the poems of the collection discovers that the cost of the poems forming an overwhelming majority disturbs or tortures the speaker in season or out of season ceaselessly in the surname of either the Nandita or all the time in the name of Sulota --- a woman whom the speaker liked or loved heart and soul. The speaker can not help being a puppet at the witchery of her past mixing or mutually loving each other and at the moment standing aside and suffering the pain of separation.

There is ample weakness of the speaker towards Sulota whom he helplessly requested to come back to him and thereby save him from being destroyed in the piece "Sulota, yet there is time".

"Sulota, yet there is time".  
Yet come back to this breast.  
If otherwise out of one heart's groaning  
This world in a second  
Will be a sad isolated island."

To the speaker, Sulata is a peerless woman for him to like and love. In fact Sulota can not be forgotten and speaker is not in a state of losing. Sulota in oblivion. She is a young woman, a great excellence and hence the speaker can not but describe Sulota's physical beauty with those of the greatest object of nature ever known to him. Sulota's physical beauty is innocently portrayed by the poet in the following touches in the poem "The cloud of the sky too at a time".

"The modulation of her tone  
As if it were the greatest music of the world

Her youthful strong built body  
As if it were the greatest  
sculptures in the world" .

The aforesaid similes with which the poet draws Sulota's divine beauty undoubtedly speaks of the poet's wide range of knowledge as well as his vast possession of pure literary terms to describe things of aesthetic beauty and we find a ground to appreciate his so-called grave geniality.

In the second page of the front cover the concluding sentence is 'The poetic collection has contained a set of poems full of memories of the past love , and separation enriched with conscience and illumining on this assertive statement supplied by the poet we can certainly say that 'Tabu O Brishti Asuq ' is a collection of poems mostly on deserted love and moan of separation.

As regards the choice of words I like to say that the poet was conscious enough to use the fit and concrete word to the matter he had chosen to highlight ,Credit goes to him for guarding him against the use of popularly cheap or slang words which are found in our folk songs or poems .The poet has a mentionable control over his expressions and he seems to be in search of new and never images and illustrations .I also say that his expressions are of his own but I do not preach that he is classic in mode but I claim that if he has not succeeded in all the poems, surely has not failed in all of them .Some of the expressions are ,no doubt, the triumphed and the height of blank verse at the hand of a mounting poet in the horizon of Bangla poetry.

-- Prof. A.Noor

## Thirst for Rain

After many days  
Today wind beckons a immediate rainfall  
And nectar smell of clay spread in the air-  
Everyone is worried about  
Thinking immediate shower.  
Everybody is eager to return home  
Before starting rain  
Yet there is no worry in my mind  
No remarkable hastiness is visible  
In my movement.

After a long heat wave  
Possibility of coveted shower  
Spread joy furtively in my warm heart.  
I await eagerly for rainfall.  
Let it rain now  
Let it come down after long  
Though there is no shade of big tree  
To take shelter,  
Even I have no umbrella  
If rain water soaks my whole body,  
Wearing clothes--  
In spite of that let the rain come  
May it fall over the whole sky  
Let the rain drop submerging  
fields and meadows.  
If that unfrugal rain water drowns me  
Even engulfs my homestead  
There is no loss--  
Yet, be it rained  
In Ethiopia, Sudan

Drought-engulfed famine-stricken  
Most unfortunate Africa--  
Let vast waste land of Africa  
Be filled with green crops.  
Before happening all  
Let the rain fall  
In the desert of conscience  
May the humanity bloom there  
Alike flower.  
And the world and evils of mind  
Be purified.  
Let man's love for one another  
Turns into fountain  
Mixing with rain water.  
Let it flows as endless wave  
Touching every thirsty soul.  
Now, after a long time  
May it rain in torrent  
This time, profusely  
Across our fields and meadows  
Of dust-covered filthy heart.

## **D (Diana) you,ve left**

D (Diana) you,ve left  
Your motions have rested forever  
So what.  
Does it stop speed of river  
Mute noise of the planet?  
Solar round also didn't stop  
And it'll never stop , we know.  
D you departed  
But unknown ache  
Stopped my heartbeat  
Made me speechless  
I feel ,I am dead  
And you 're awaking slowly  
In the depth of me.  
Invisible earthquake appears  
Inside me as if it has created now  
A vaccum of immense cavity .  
D once you mixed your voice  
In the affairs of the world.  
You kept your valuable footprint  
On the public street.  
That may be also wiped out oneday  
And expunged hit by hit with fountain  
A sudden stroke of time.  
But we know  
Your paramount picture  
That oyu painted in our heart

Can never be wiped out  
By earthly rain or scorching  
D, you belong to haven now  
But oneday you came down mistakenly  
To this world of mortals  
Feeling affection for us.  
It is our failure  
We could'nt catch hold of you  
As you are adamant to leave  
It is our tragic debacle  
to a cute beauty  
You a short lived guest  
A resident of paradise  
Are only our strength now  
Your adolesent youth  
That is full of blosoms  
Spreads ambrosian perfume  
And you spread it  
On the eve of your deperture  
With your generous hands  
That's our resort now  
High-priced bounty gifted by you  
D, your fragrance of breathing  
Is blended with the blowing wind  
In our habitual life.  
Your smile of scarelet lips is  
Mixed in the red glow of  
East sky at dawn.  
Blush of your rosy skin is  
Mixed in the midst of cherry rose  
We've lost and discovered you  
Anew among us in the  
Guise of glamour.  
Our eternal salute to you  
We'll no more see you again  
As the queen of royel palace

We'll no more enjoy a joy of  
your cheerfull glorious appearence  
And thousands of fan  
Right from now, you've been  
The queen of our heart  
In the throne of our hearts.

## **A valient warrior**

A valient warrior  
Who fetched country's independence  
From the hands of enemy  
Risking his own life  
A victor general  
Who ran from frontline to frontline  
To command his fellow solders  
Who did'nt have a time to repose  
Who also fostered dream of liberation  
Of his nativland all the time in mind  
Amid sound of bulet and amunition  
And insence of gunpower  
Oneday he really snatched  
The victory of his dear motherland  
Depending only his self confidence  
Who also established this land  
As soverign and independent one  
In world map.  
That heroic freedom fighter and captain  
Was assasinated unarmed  
At the hands of defint deviated  
Army under his command.  
No,with no bullet of rebel army  
His chest became bullet ridden  
With the bullet of fellow soldiers  
And that inflated chest fostered  
And endless love for his homeland  
And countrymen  
That width and bredth hairy bosom  
Was in comprehensible defence line  
Of biloved motherland

But oneday his chest spilledincessant flow of blood  
Pierceing bullet and rockets  
With the treson of traiters  
That general stained  
The soil of his homeland  
With warm and refreshing blood of kernel  
A military suprimo staying at frontline  
Would order his solders for blitz  
With a roaring"March,Attack"  
Trigered his unconscious countrymen  
That roaring voice  
Has now been stopped forever  
With sudden violent sound of  
Cruel arms of grusome killer  
Who silently came at midnight  
This vaient fighter  
Has never been defeated  
In any frontline battle  
That he became defeated now  
In the posterior attack  
Of gunmen.  
In a stormy uneven  
And unarmed battle  
We certainly know  
The conspiring killer group  
Assasinated him shooting from behind  
Though rival force  
Could'nt defeat him  
And they won't ever  
He who's undefeatable hero  
In frontline battle  
Who's clad in warfare outfit in the battle field  
A mighty hero in one front to another front  
We bow down and pay armed salute to you  
Our red salute to you  
Who's indomitable champion

Over enemy and battle  
He's victorious hero  
In our heart forever  
War and enemy hero.

## **When I Remember mother**

When I Remember mother  
I get back shade of a tree  
That expands cool and shady  
Branches and twigs on me  
It also reminds me  
An illusive moonlit  
That has dark extinguishing  
Cold light having no heat  
It again reminds me  
A past of a silent lake  
Just at noon of summer heat chaitra  
That instantly cures  
Pains of body and mind.  
While jumping its water  
Also makes me think of both  
The untiring eyes  
And gaze that's full of caring  
What's steady every moment  
Like a shadow in my departure  
Havenly feel of that cheerfull sight  
Kept me safe from all sins and pains  
Mother's commemoration  
Also reminds me  
Sweet smell of unseen  
Wild flower evaporated in the air  
On my movement  
That in a moment spreading  
A gentle fragrance all the time  
Triggers my sense  
In every turn of my life  
It provides me

A refreshing inspiration  
Uninterrupted to my journey  
And I make my way slowly and slowly  
Go forward more and more  
And finally I reach to my destination.

## **Sulota, after long days**

Sulota, after long days  
I had atouch of your soft hand  
Full of anxiety-  
As you have tested  
The degree of temperature  
Touching my feverish forehead  
By your soft palm  
Since then I felt gradual cure  
And it's your magic touch  
Oh! Su-lota cover me up  
Under your saree's Anchal  
Give me warm of your  
soft breast  
And you see,how soon  
I come round  
Without any diet  
Whenever I think of healing  
An abnormal tention  
Grips me intensely  
It always causes  
Me to think of  
My healing means  
A deperture from your sweet  
Company for few more days  
And my realease from your  
Worried and sincere nursing  
May be you don't know  
Without you how much sick  
I am in unsick life  
Perhaps you don't know  
How unhappy I'm  
Foe want of your close proximity

Without you ,deathless death  
Comes down in my life.

## **Father, once a little boy**

Father, once a little boy  
who didn't know  
Exact traffic rules of moving left and right  
By catching hand you took him out  
To the path of life,  
Where you've gone today  
Father, tell me  
Leaving that child  
Alone in the midst of life  
Making him embarrassed.

That very child  
Who even forgot to return home  
In the late afternoon  
Being engaged in playing.  
In the evening, found him out  
From the foot of sheuli-tree  
Took me up catching my hand  
Scolding affectionately.  
But today, you've forgotten  
To raise, your loud cry  
To bring your affectionate child  
To make return to your tiny tot  
Even at night.

Your little boy  
Whom you took to the river Ghat  
At childhood to learn swimming,  
Didn't leave his hand alone  
Lest your babe should wash away  
With violent stream.

Today your child  
Struggles floating in the stormy  
Wave of life-  
And arouses his surroundings  
Raising wailing sound- "father, father"  
Yet you forgot  
To extend your hand as well.

Today what type of indifference  
Grips you profoundly.  
Alas! you're now away  
From all kinds of  
Earthly phenomena.

### Three Casualties

I remember my childhood  
When I eagerly collected a white toy horse  
Out of great passion  
Oneday while playing  
A limb of that horse was damaged accidentally—  
I tried to recover lost beauty of that horse  
By transplanting its organ—  
But I couldn't.  
For many days I could not forget  
Sorrow of that failure  
And loss of physical beauty  
Arising out of injury of that horse.  
Oneday that horse also lost somewhere.  
In the passage of time,  
I forgot that sadness of childhood.

Other day unmindfully I took another toys  
Though I don't know  
When it came to my hand.  
After attaining addolesence  
While playing my favourite cricket game  
In the field with a favourite cricket ball  
Suddenly rolling and rolling  
That ball also got watery grave  
Into the water of canal  
Following violent stroke of my bat.  
After searching repeatedly  
I didn't find that green little cricket ball  
Which was playmate of my early age.

For a long time I fostered my childhood day's  
Sorrow of losing that cricket ball.  
Oneday that sorrow of adolescent days  
Gradually faded in the womb of time.  
But I didn't look back  
When I had been enticed with other play.

Now in my youthful days  
The loss of missing you  
Can never be forgotten—  
The vacuum of your separation  
Seems to be irreparable.  
Your comparison can be made with you  
And only with you.  
Your unbearable absence  
can not be filled up without you.  
The loss arising out of missing you  
Remains as permanent injury-mark  
In the midst of my chest.

## **My heart feels an acute pain**

My heart feels an acute pain  
For a few days  
In the middle of my chest.  
All specialists of chest-disease  
Failed to diagnose  
In this case.

This ailment  
Stretched up to the inner part of the heart  
Beyond the line of cardiograph and x-ray plate.  
How they will know  
Whose heartless cruelty  
Develops heart-disease in this soft chest  
Whose absence created such a large vacuum  
In this tiny heart?  
Though one day  
Heart-beat of this bosom  
Was supposed to be more refreshing  
Having your sweet companion.  
Yet my heart beat has now been stopped  
And comes to a standstill  
Like pointer of a watch  
Which is out of order,  
Due to your unbeatable separation  
In the midst of busy life.

## **You were along with me for long**

You were along with me for long  
That time I could not feel  
How much influence you spread in my mind.  
Now I see such a big house  
Looks deserted in your absence.  
Wherever I stare at  
I feel sign of your memories  
The shirt hung in the ulna,  
The broken spectacles on the showcase,  
The old rusty wrist-watch on the side-table  
Half-read inanimate book of poetry laid on tripod,  
Everything tells your memory  
With soundless sound  
Still the evaporation from your  
Perfume-mixed sweating lovely body  
Spreads a tempting sweet fragrance in the air

Though the fact is that  
You have left me long ago.  
Still I remember your restless sound  
Being irked by failing to find out something  
Calling me Mou..Mou..Mou.  
"Where are you" where had you been?  
Yet I hear that sweet annoying sound  
Mixed with affection.  
If I pay hear to your footfall in the whole house  
One day you felt my necessity crazily in your life.  
But today I am like a  
Ending part of a burning cigarette  
Left abandoned in an ash-tray.  
Now I am going to be gutted

Burning day by day.  
For long time you didn't try to get me  
You have forgotten me for a long time.

## **Shulota, why you burnt**

Shulota, why you burnt  
This heart in the fire of lust  
If you don't surrender  
In the wish of Falgoon--  
Birds build their nest  
For the cause of love  
And rivers also flow to the sea  
only for that reason-  
But why I am vagrant  
in spite of loving you.  
You didn't provide me an abode-  
But gave me blessing-  
Separation-fraught painful memory.  
I flounder in the deep-sea of sufferings  
And think over & over again  
After having bitter poison of detachment  
Won't I get nectar of meeting you  
Won,t I get it in life?

## **Whenever I remember you**

Whenever I remember you  
It reminds me of  
endless vacuum of remote space--  
It also reminds waves of endless solitude sea  
Which break one after another  
And I am floating  
In a deserted raft-  
No one and nothing around me.  
When I think of you  
It reminds me  
Wailing sound of a bewildered traveler  
Who is lost in an endless desert--  
The sound that is echoed  
In a silent horizon .

## **O, restless aspiration!**

O, restless aspiration!  
Why you are weeping  
restlessly inside the heart  
When have taken deprivation and  
Failure as my unavoidable destiny  
In the helpless heart.  
Why you want to be established  
Being deceived frequently.  
Why you speak, coming to my dream.  
I have nothing to offer you  
Except expressing emotion for you;  
Why you stand in front of me.  
O, crazy aspiration  
Release me from the prison of desire  
Don't capture me  
In the dreamy ring of illusion .

## **Mother I remember**

Mother I remember  
One day you said 'man after death  
Becomes star in the sky'.  
Mother you are no more  
You had left us untimely  
And left forever heartlessly!  
Have you been star in the distant sky?  
That's why I cannot sleep  
While stare at the star-crowded sky.  
And I remember you again and again  
Spending whole night without sleep  
Beside the open window  
Looking at the endless sky.  
And look for you  
amid thousands of stars.

Mother you're no more  
Now disarrayed clothes  
Of your boy kept in the ulna  
Lying haphazardly day after day  
Books of your child remain  
Scattered around  
On the reading table and bed.  
None put them in order carefully  
With unselfish sincerity.  
None takes the leftover utensils of kitchen  
To the ghat of pond.  
To clean them shining.

While being tired I return home  
No one comes forward to wipe

Sweat from my forehead affectionately  
With the sarree's anchal.  
No one says, putting of clothes  
Come my boy to eat  
Don't be late.  
None becomes busy to arrange  
The dishes in the dining table.  
Having been ill  
While sleeping in bed at night  
No one comes with careful silence  
To measure The degree of illness  
Putting her hand  
On my warm forehead.  
No one draws up the dislokate blanket  
That slipped away from my body  
With affectionate carefullness  
Lest the boy should get up from sleep.  
While I sleep reading without closing  
The book open slightly.  
None comes to switch off the light  
Closing the half-open book.

Mother it is for your  
Unbearable absence  
Disorder and mismanagement is seen everywhere  
In the life of your beloved child.  
Neglegence and innumerable defeat  
Is also available.  
Mother recollecting you again and again  
One day I will be star in the sky.  
Searching you again and again  
Oneday I will also be lost  
In the sky of stars  
And you will not get opportunity  
To forbid me.

## **Sulota, it is high time to return**

Sulota, it is high time to return  
Please return to this heart  
Else this planet will turn into  
A tragic and lonely island.  
In a twinkling of an eye  
For wailing of a heart.

Wind of this world will be heavier  
Crossing the danger level  
With the long sigh of a heart  
The level of sea water will exceed  
Its danger mark  
With the tears of eyes of a heart.

Sulota please come back  
Come back please  
To save a heart  
And for the cause of a beautiful world.

'Love is ever undefeatable'  
To prove the universal truth  
Of this eternal maxim  
You rather come back  
I call you to come back  
In the name of a beautiful world  
Again I call you to come back  
In the name of saving of a dying heart  
I beg you to return  
In the name of the prospect of future.

Please you come back  
And no more hesitation

You come on please  
Having faith in love.

## **I know, you've forgotten all now**

I know, you've forgotten all now  
Yet, forgotten memories  
Strike my mind  
Over and again mistakenly-  
May be you're now watching  
Blue sky and raft of white cloud  
Sitting on Balcony  
Under the shade of the closing afternoon.  
When all my negligent-wounded memories  
Remain lying carelessly in corner  
Beside your mind.  
Who knew your love  
Changes rout hundred times  
Like a river.  
Today multidimensional pains of life  
have come and mixed in my life.  
It will be wrong  
If you think  
I have been more alone than earlier  
After your departure.  
Just to remind you I am telling you  
I am not alone  
I have your memories with me—  
And carrying pain of love  
Inside the heart  
I was floated long way alone.

## **Sulota You're no more here**

Sulota, You're no more here  
None comes to this room now-  
This abandoned room cries  
With melancholy solitude  
Like a damaged nest.

Sulota, you're not here  
No more voice like sound of bangles  
Is heard now and then in this room.  
Only an uninterrupted compressed silence  
Surrounds this house and yard like the sky  
All the time.

Hectic wind  
Cast glance to the room  
Trembling the screen hung in the window -  
But finding you no more  
It disappears with a heavy heart  
Towards an unknown destination.  
The full moon at moonlit night  
Looks for you by peeping  
But becomes silent with a pensive look  
Without having trace of you,  
Sulota, you are no more.

## **If I wish I can go**

If I wish I can go  
Wherever I like--  
Even beyond this field of mustard,  
Beyond this turning of road  
By passing transparent water of lake  
And green allusion of Krishnochura.

I can freely move anywhere.  
But I can't leave you  
I return to you again and again.  
Here and there everywhere I go;  
In spite of leaving all  
Finally, I stay with you .

## **One day Cloud of the sky**

One day Cloud of the sky  
turning into raindrop also fall,  
River water also dry out sometimes,  
Stone also diminishes one day  
But why doesn't memory exhaust?  
Why does her memory  
Float like unchanged picture  
In the ambit of mind?

In the mean time,  
a long era and centuries Seems to have passed  
Since we met long ago.  
Yet I remember her exact appearance  
That exact lovely face,  
Eyebrow-pattern,  
Split potol-shaped eyes,  
And red line of her lips,  
That flood of hair as black as cloud of Srabon.

Everything comes to memory  
Full stop, comma, semicolon  
With every punctuation mark—  
Her every word seems to be  
A line of the world's best verse,  
Modulation of her voice  
Sounds like best song of the world.  
Her youthful lovely figure  
Appears to be best sculpture of the world.  
Forgetting her cannot be possible,  
Can it be ?  
No, it is difficult to forget her.

## **Dear, you tell me**

Dear, you tell me  
How I can change your topic  
It is you who is my favorite issue  
Without you what is rest for me?  
All the time your face  
Stands before my eyes.  
It is you and you alone  
Who remains in my heart.  
Each turning of your figure,  
Even little fat in the fold  
Of your lovely skin  
All are memorized in my mind.  
And every moment  
I recite your glamour.  
When I stand before the mirror,  
Even I cannot feel  
When your lovely face reflects there  
Covering my image.  
When I go to temple for Worship  
I cannot feel  
When the idol of goddess

Turn into your shape

And I return worshiping you.

## **Fragrance of flower spreads all-around**

Fragrance of flower spreads all-around  
in this just-arrived spring.  
Birds' chirping and Bees' humming  
Make surroundings noisy.  
For whom such eager waiting of mine  
For these days of Spring,  
For whom my making of this floral wreath  
With first-bloomed flowers of Spring ;  
Where is she...  
Who is close to my heart  
Who is nearest to my dream  
My subject of most endeavor .  
Today in this fresh-arrived Spring  
Why such torrential rain  
Prevailing in my mind's sky.  
Why such deep black clouds of Shrabon  
Spread over my eyes.  
What a crying sound  
Beats my heart  
Surpassing bird's and bee's humming .  
Will this new spring of mine  
Pass alone  
Bearing pain of separation in mind.  
Won't I have her meet?  
Will my desire of paying her floral reception  
Remain unfulfilled ?  
Today grandeur of Spring all over the nature  
And Shrabon in all my heart .  
With the return of Spring

Song of cuckoo come again  
Lots of flower bloomed again .  
But without you Spring will  
Never come to my life-  
Whole of my life will be exhausted  
With one season of Shrabon.

## **Three-fourth of earth is water**

Three-fourth of earth is water  
And one-fourth land  
But no portion of my life has land-  
Total portion is water.  
Solitude and sorrow  
Have accompanied me  
Throughout my life.  
Still I am surviving  
Having recourse to tears.  
I am floundering in the sea of tears.  
Lot of tears fall in drops  
From my eyelid .  
Yet why deep thirst prevailing  
In my throat whole of my life .  
My eye makeup  
Wipe out with the tears.  
Again and again wipes out.  
By stroke of tears  
That run down incessantly  
From my hazy eyes  
All my dreams disappear-  
Desire of dreaming a dream  
Remains dream only.

## **Dad, how you went away**

Dad, how you went away  
Following a sudden untimely departure  
Without giving notice and early declaration  
Without bidding farewell  
That is given out of inherent courtesy  
With out affectionate kiss  
To the cheek of your own child.

The watch kept on the table,  
The Punjabi hung on the ulna  
And unfolded spectacles with thick lens  
Was lying where it was—  
And in an odd time  
Ominous siesta grasped you forever.  
It seems, ages-long tiredness  
Stretched all over your appearance.  
The effect of countless sleepless-night  
Visible in your half-closed eyes-  
And your eye-lid  
Laden with deep sleep.

You who kept rousing  
The entire house with a hue and cry  
Today what a hidden anger  
Made you silent suddenly forever.  
We'll never hear again  
Selfless advice of carefulness  
Without expecting return  
“Boy, move on the road very carefully,  
While crossing the road

Looking your left and right side. ”

Father, on the street  
There is unbearable traffic jam today—  
Your kid’s breathing  
Becomes throttled with  
Poisonous smoke of running vehicles  
That flood the roads.  
Invisible assassin, snatcher  
And disguised kidnapper  
Wait in ambush in turning of roads,  
here and there and in shady and dark lane.  
And there’s certain fears  
Of being crushed anytime  
Following clear enmity  
Of speedy and inhuman vehicles,

Father, who’ll direct  
My way today amid  
This toughest complication  
To my way of movement ?  
Who’ll show me the way of release  
Who’ll give me assurance and hope.

Father, you tell me  
Over which passionate anger  
You had been silent forever—  
What secret deep injury drove you untimely  
Towards such a sudden departure.  
Tell me for what an untold annoyance  
You are lying now forever  
Showing back to life—  
You are not responding to anyone’s call  
Not even looking back to anyone  
Why you are frozen in a deep sleep  
Even in such a rising time--

Awaking your child  
For infinitive period.

**Sulota,I'll also disappear oneday**

Sulota,I'll also disappear oneday  
As you.  
The path that you have followed  
Leaving me one day ,  
I'll also follow it some day  
Piercing this circle of relationship.  
The track you've chosen  
I'll pass on the rest of my life  
Searching you on that way.

Sulota,the day when you left me  
Since then this room becomes  
Prison to me.  
Without you  
The whole day of mine  
Turns into an endless dark night.

## Friend, where you go

Friend, where you go  
Far or near  
I'll give you shade like the sky  
And call you often from distance  
Beckoning with the hand .

In Autumn, Rain and Spring  
I'll dress me up with  
Varied new attire—  
But in the heart  
I must remain for you.

I am sea,  
In the heat of Chaitra  
When the thin river of water  
Will also dry up and disappear—  
That day too I'll call you  
To the estuary of sea,  
When you'll not love me  
I'll love you that day also.

## **So immense a darkness**

So immense a darkness  
In my life  
That the whole sky is invisible.  
Yet I dream of the moon  
And remain sitting with a hope  
That one day my sky will be illuminated  
By the full moon,  
I hunt a meaning for survival.

I know there is no garden  
In my barren desert  
Yet I hope this land of desert  
Will be an oasis one day,  
Flowery Spring will come  
One day to my life,  
And flowers will laugh.

Dream is needed for life.  
It is also necessary for welcoming  
The days coming ahead.  
So I dream and dream,  
I dream sleeping  
And dream more while awaking.

I know in this sea having no beach  
Water and water is everywhere  
No mark of seashore.  
Still I believe  
I must find a port  
One day in this endless sea;  
One day to your Ghat

Boat of my life must anchor.

## **Sulota, I've many outstanding debts**

Sulota, I've many outstanding debts  
to you.

Memories that you left  
Are invaluable assets in my life.

I have unlimited liabilities to you  
Even shedding tears ceaselessly  
I know  
This obligation will never set aside.

So, I remember you in tears  
Only your memory  
That I bear for whole of my life  
With sadness and loneliness.

## **Eternity snatches everything of mine**

Eternity snatches everything of mine  
Like unkind and greedy bandit.  
Breath, youth, life  
Emotion of heart...  
Everything get lost  
In the violent tide of infinity.  
Everything goes missing  
to the womb of time in turn.  
Or goes under cover of dust.

Only love and love alone  
That remains unsleeping  
All over the mind  
In the guise of evergreen  
Across my senile heart.

## **Sulota, in this life**

Sulota,in this life  
I move onto so many roads  
Here and there all day long.  
I see man ,trees, sunrise, sunset-  
At last , came back to you  
At the end of the day  
The path you follow is mine  
You are my final destination.

If you ask about my interest  
whether I like flower  
Whether I like moon  
Honestly I will admit that  
I love them but first of all  
You are my first choice  
And you are my final option.

Excepting you, I have nothing  
In this world which is favorite to me.  
For survival I need  
Light, air and lots of things  
prior to everything I long for you first.  
It is you who is my bee of soul  
Kept hidden in a pouch  
As the story of fairy tale .

All day  
I speak of movement  
I speak of revolution  
I speak of my liking  
I speak of love-  
In all the issues repeatedly

Your issue comes first  
Finally it is you  
Who is final end of my life .

## **Dear, when I feel you're no more**

Dear, when I feel you're no more  
In front of eyes  
Even then you exist in my heart.  
When your scared footstep arouse instantly  
And disappears in a moment adorn  
Still then if I pay ear to  
I can hear  
Your anklet-worn footfall  
That sounds around me ceaselessly.

When I don't see you opening my eyes  
I look for you closing my eyes down  
I find you're close to me  
You're in my feelings  
In every vein, sub vein and blood cells,  
I feel your touch  
In bodiless embrace.

Though you're not in front of eyes  
Your seat spread all over my heart today.  
Stretching your sari's anchal  
You remain sitting in the throne of my heart  
Like a queen.  
And I've no scope to miss you.

You're surrounding my world  
Like a vast sky  
You're indivisible like flow of river  
And undividable like the wave.  
My life and you  
Have been combined together  
Like the water and bank of a river  
Like my love and poem

You have been merged in my heart.

**It is a long time you've departed**

It is a long time you've departed  
Yet in the obsession of drowsiness  
I can hear  
Jingle of your bangle.  
Still I overhear  
of your anklet sounding easily.

Smell of your lovely figure  
Spreads invisible fragrance,  
Looks of your big eyes  
Stretched all over the sky.  
Everything exists except you.

Green nature flies now  
Being your printed sari's anchal  
River tide flows like your rhythmic motion  
The song of the birds strikes my ear  
As your voice .  
I don't notice  
When you and nature  
Has been merged in my heart .

## **Sulota I don't know where you're now**

Sulota I don't know where you're now  
But oneday you're  
Inseperable part in my life.  
Even I could not think  
Of this life without you.  
Nevertheless,I live alone today  
Without having you beside me.  
Even I can't imagine  
What type of life it is.

You that very person  
Without whom I can't go on  
For a single moment  
Are no more today.  
Many a morning,noon and  
Afternoon rolled down  
I can't believe  
How I could pass time in such a loneliness.

Sulota,can you imagine  
River without bank  
Cloud without sky,nest without bird?  
No.you can't.  
Sulota,similarly my existence  
Is incredible without you  
And thus  
My life is unbearable,endangered too.

Oneday my heart sought release  
Resorting to your love.  
But you are no more today.

I am as though confined  
Like a self-convicted  
Captive prisoner in a solitary dark cell  
In the prison of pain and depression.

Sulota, please you do come  
And take to the light.  
I am awaiting you  
For endless period.

## **No One knows**

No One knows  
When the happy moments of life is lost.  
One day there's moon in the sky  
Fragrance of flower in the air  
As well as I was there too  
And there was a vacant seat beside me  
Only for you.  
But you were not there on that day.  
And I was alone.

Today you've come  
In the full dusk of my life  
Though I possess  
Strong desire to see you  
In the light and shade  
But failed to see  
Your total appearance  
Opening both of my eyes  
You seem to be a hazy spectrum.

Though spring days of my life is gone  
You've now sprouted untimely  
Like a bud of hope in my life  
Now such an unfortunate time  
I search in vain a vernal mood in you.

## **Nondita, where you stay now**

Nondita, where you stay now  
And how you are  
Whose beloved now you are  
I don't know, I don't know.

On that corridor of college and campus  
While climbing up the stairs case  
Many a time we've exchanged looks  
Exchanged our words of minds in a silent look.

Nondita we don't know  
In which ends of two polar  
Of the earth we've staying  
Between that two ends  
Memories of love stretched  
For a long time we could not meet.

With the passage of time  
We don't know where we were thrown  
Like a star which lost its orbit.  
Time is creating invincible distance  
Between us.  
Everything ruins I know  
But still memories of  
Those days alive.

## **When all your claims**

When all your claims  
I have accepted unconditionally  
Why you conflict with me meaninglessly  
Why such type of non-co-operation.

Madhobi, still last moment hasn't been over  
Still there is love, passion, favour  
In the heart.  
Madhobi please come back  
Come back to the heart of my ove.  
Let us make our life meaningful.

Depriving me  
You will have nothing but deception.  
Friend, come on  
Let us make this moon and moonlight  
Smile of blossomed flower meaningful  
With the song of our love.

## **Sulota one day because of your presence**

Sulota one day because of your presence  
I had so many dreams  
Now you are no more in my life  
So there are vast vacuum in my heart  
As though when a caged bird left cage  
Vacuum inside the cage looks.

Sulota you have left me  
My heart becomes now  
A silent solitary fellow land.  
It looks so silent and solitude  
As though after a train having left  
The station,  
The platform of the station  
Remains with a glommy isolation  
And for sometime festival-like  
Hue and cry stopped.  
Sulota such is my heart  
Crying with silent pain  
As silence come down while festival closed.

Sulota in your absence  
Every line of my poem  
Truns into dry drops of tears.  
Sulota in my silent look  
There are tearless silent wailing.  
Sulota you are not with me today,  
With a heavy heart caused by seperation  
I wrote verses of sorrow again and again  
If it solace my heart  
If it make me forget  
Inner sufferings of my heart

For a while.  
I seek at present release  
Under the shelter of poetry.

## **I remain sitting alone**

I remain sitting alone  
Facing a lot of thoughts  
And talk to me by myself.  
River and women never know  
To return.  
It is in vain to remain  
Sitting in waiting  
And making string with tears.

I am sitting alone  
In a gloomy solitude  
Taking in the heart  
Only unending sands  
And endless vacuum.

One have to bear  
Flow of pain emanating  
From river Folgu  
In the chest secretly  
Loving river and woman.

## **I know light of lamp is for all**

I know light of lamp is for all  
But the burning of light  
That know  
Only for unfortunate death of insects.  
Such is your love I know  
To light the heart of all other  
And only to burn me.

I know your attraction for all  
Your love for all  
And I know  
Your negligence only for me  
I know this cruel disregard  
Only for me.

## **Sulota, when I will be no more**

Sulota, when I will be no more  
In this world  
Pain of my seperation  
Will echo and re-echo  
In the soul of all secluded hearts.

My pain arising out of unfulfilled desire  
Will re-echo that day too  
In the silently-fallen flower,  
In the secretly-fallen dewdrops  
In the dark of night.  
My unfortunate long sigh  
And frustration of dissatisfaction  
Will merged with suddenly arrived  
Gusty and squally wind.

The deep black-cloud of Srabon sky  
Being image of my heart  
Will shadow in the heart of my re-dears.  
I know on that day also  
Your stone-like cruel heart  
Won't fall like a spring of compassion.

Sulota because of not-getting you  
"I gained nothing in my life"  
Bearing such type of feeling  
Who spent life;  
For him I know that day also  
You won't shed even  
A little drop of tears.

On that you won't create  
A symbolic oasis for me  
With the flowers of love  
In the arid desert of your mind .  
Sulota on that day also  
You will be marked in my life  
Being a big "No" like the sky.

**O, my life oneday you're**

O, my life, oneday you're  
Of dream and impractical imagination  
Of unpredicted impossibility.

And today  
In the life-driven struggle  
Every moment  
We are injured, blood-spattered  
And tired.

Ah life  
Why you weren't  
Alike a sweet little music  
Alike a rythmic poem.

## **For a long time**

For a long time  
I am bed-ridden in a cabin of hospital.  
And the hospital seems to be my abode.  
No possibility of recovery rests for me.  
I am now passing my days in waiting  
For the last day of my life.

Yet, the bed of hospital  
When I recollect your memory off and on  
I get back spirit of life instantly  
I eagerly wish to survive one more day  
Only to see you one more day.

I am not so unhappy  
With the confirmation of my ensuing death,  
And if I die I cannot see you more  
I cannot think you more  
And that is the deepest sorrow in my life  
At this moment.  
Look how many phial of medicine  
Huge variety of diet dumped in front of me  
And every hour I am getting  
Advice of apron-worn doctor.  
But nothing could cure me  
Even never can.  
And love  
Only your love can save my life.

Dear make me cured  
With your love today.  
With the warm of your soft breast  
Give life to my cool deadbody.  
Capture me with your warm hug  
Death will never be able to snatch me.

**This song, this melody**

This song, this melody  
This flower, this bird  
River and nature  
All are lovely--due to your presence.

This grief, this frustration  
This hoax, this death  
Still pleasant--only because of your love.