**Poetry Series**

# Nazmul Haque

## - poems -

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## Nazmul Haque (1st March,1978)

I am now Lecturer in English, Shahzadpur Govt. College, Sirajgong, Bangladesh.

Works:

not yet published any book.

**An Address to Death**

Can death really take you away from us?
How it can?
When you were alive,
We thought you but only once or twice,
But from now on you will be remebered
in every moment, with every single breath.
From now on we make our heart your home,
Come and live there forever.

Death, look at our eyes, can't you see sea there?
Look into our hearts, whose face can you find there?
...Now that every heart is  crying for him in one tune,
Death, how can you take him away from us?

Oh crownless king, Who says that you are dead?
Let him be sure that -
We have covered your death
with the covering of your remembrance.

Nazmul Haque

**Can You Prove God?**

Can you prove there is God?
No, you can't,
So, it is proved that there is no God.

I can't prove it,
But deep within my soul
I can feel something missing

I cannot prove God,
But I can feel someone living inside,
Someone apart from flesh and blood,
I can feel my inner self,
But I can't prove it.

I can'nt prove God
But looking at the endless sky,
I can feel the endless

Who gives me
my endless faculty of 'Imagination',
The range of my soul -
which no width and length can measure,
My endless soul is proof enough
of my endless God.

Can you prove there is no God?
No, you can never,
So, it is proved that there is  God.

Nazmul Haque

**Distance**

This distance between us
Is the way to feel our nearness.
Though the ocean lies between us,
It's just a matter of closing the eyes.

Your absence tells me that
you'r ever present,
Your memory is but the covering
of your remembrance.

The gap that lies between us
Is like a bridge to come and go
across the bank of our hearts.

Who say that I am alone?
Next to my eye I may find
that you are missing,
But next to may heart, I can feel
that you'r always standing.

One may be as close as the ribs
when counted from eye to eye,
But one may be as far as the poles
when counted from heart to heart.

I feel that you are there
always in and around me,
whenever I feel the need
I just close my eye to see.

Nazmul Haque

**First Lover's View**

Yet to say that -
I am in love very new,
Yet to say that -
I  love you;
That, love in my heart
is like rose Full of dew.

When she  fixed her eye upon me,
It caused to wave in my heart,
But I couldn't  make myself impart.

Her eye is like star  in the sky,
Her hair like spring,
Everytime in day and night
in my heart it ring.

Her  face is like a bright-full moon,
Her  laughing is the beam,
I want to make a love with her,
That  is my aim.

But, as a lover I am very new,
Yet couldn't say that I love you.

Nazmul Haque

**God - The Ultimate Satisfaction**

Satisfaction is just a moment's illusion,
One has not even felt it and it is gone-
Just a dewdropp slipping on the grass leaf;

God is the one who satisfies,
Without God there is no satisfaction.
You can go on searching-
You may find many things in life-
but nothing is going to satisfy.

That's how you come across satisfaction,
one desire is satisfied –
for a moment you feel good,
But as one desire disappears,
ten desires arise in its place,
and the non-ending process goes on.

Only with God does that process stop,
that wheel moves no more.
When you come to see God,
feel God, live God,
all desiring disappears –
You are utterly satisfied, now and forever.

Everything else in life only promises,
but they are false promises,
the goods are never delivered - only dreaming,
It is always there like the horizon –
ever seen but never crossed by.

So whatsoever satisfies you
totally, absolutely and forever,
is what God is-
God is another name for
that which satisfies.

Nazmul Haque

**Grenade**

Envy is not for envy's sake, but....
of love I speak,
because I'm only of love's born.

Some eyes hide within them the rage of burning fire;
From outside, he seemed like cool, calm water-
a soft, silent person,
But from inside he held the raging fire-
burning inside his heart.

Anger is not only for anger's sake, but..
It was love that drove me out from home to the war-field,
Blood is not only for blood's sake, but...
Out of love I devoured it into my throat,
And held the exploding grenade firmly
inside my grip with fearless courage.

There is in it a wounded heart inside that grenade,
And a dewy rose that is shivering within-
waiting to be bloomed into a new flower,
And there is in it also the sleeping dream and desire-
waiting to be exploded through the invisible humanity.

War is not only for war's sake, but..
Bangladesh, oh my mother, to offer you
my birth-day gift, through a river of blood-
I've brought this grenade.

Nazmul Haque

**How!**

How  one can decide how my day will pass,
with a smile,
How the joy of  my whole day
I must seek in the whiteness of her eye.

How my sleeping heart must need to wake up,
her unasked permission.
How things take shape in the way I like,
When she likes them to be.
How the unseen string of her eyes arrests my soul,
setting rules for it to chastise.

How I must install her in the throne of my heart
Giving her that place of which I was the king.
How I must come out of my way
to tread backward,
Knowing that the same way long
I have to come back To catch the rhythm of my own pace.
How the mistake surpasses the right in attraction,
And I surrender myself before her mystic beauty.

How I must make her happy
so that I can have a share of that happiness,
How I must sell my heart in the open market
In exchange of a simple, meaningless smile.
How the foundation of my heart collaspes
Each time she attacks  with her eye,
How I like to draw the comparision,
It falls like the Twin Tower all at once.

How is it that Beauty exists in her absolute shape,
that the more she is simple, the more she looks beautiful.
How one who attacks and who breaks
can be the same person;
How one lose the battle each time before it is fought.
How I want to come in her everyday simple thinking,
that if she forgets to forget and I am remembered once.

How I like to lose more than I like to win,
How I water the tree of my hope
so that I can cut it well when it is fully grown.
How the same thing may seem to be
blessing and curse both,
How logic and madness defeat each other
in the field of continuous battle.
How the image lies within the ball of my eyes,
and the worshiping goes on within the core of my heart.

How the softness within,
I must hide with the hardness without.
How I  always remember that I must forget her.
How  when she loves a little,

she hides it a lot,
How when she has much to say,
she speaks in the language of silence.

Nazmul Haque

## I Wish I Could

I wish I could put my whole life
into this moment,
And never let it go,
The moment you give me your first kiss!

Your kiss just doesn't touch my lips,
It touches right into the
innermost region of my soul,
Setting up an earthly-heaven in there.

I wish I could stop the motion of Time,
And put the past and future
back into the present,
And make this feeling last-
Now and forever.

I wish I could put my whole life
into this moment,
And never let it go,
The moment you give me your first kiss!

Nazmul Haque

**If You**

If you let me have you,
How then could I ever have you all?
If you were not missing,
How then could I ever find you?
If you did not hate me,
...How then could I ever know what love is?
Dear, if you not be the memory,
How then could I ever remember you in this life?

Nazmul Haque

**Lovely than Love**

What is more lovely than love?
the heart that bears it.
What is more beautiful than beauty?
the eyes that reflect it.
What is more lively than life?
your smile when I look at you.
What is more black than darkness?
your hear when you let it fall.
What is more endless than the end?
the limit to which you love me.
What is more memorable than memory?
the moments you are beside me.
What is more of me than myself?
my image in you painted with love.

Nazmul Haque

**My Dearest Someone**

You are my dearest someone,
a flock of birds flying
in my heart's sky,
restless waves moving
on the shoreless sea...

You are the sweetest of dreams
crowding inside my mind,
you are the gentle light
flooding down from the moon,
you are a way filled with
the petals of roses,
you are a promise made
keeping eye on eye-

You are my dearest someone...
when you make a home
inside my heart- I don't know,
each moment now
filled with sweet emotion,
-a debt that can never be paid,
You my little coloured boat
crossing through  the river of life...

You are my dearest someone,
a flock of birds flying
in my heart's sky,
restless waves moving
on the shoreless sea...

Nazmul Haque

**Nature of My Motherland**

Whoever goes wherever,
but  I will be right here,
The moon in the sky, the lotus in the pond,
what is so much fair.

The first golden shine of the sun
will touch my chin,
through my window  beside the river
fragrant flower will be seen.

At twilight when the shepherd boy
will be on his way to home,
then, amid the meadow in joyful heart
I will roam.

While in summer,
I will bath in the rain;
smearing my body with soil
I will forget my pain.

Natural  beauty all arround me
I love very much,
She  sprinkles my heart
with her tranquil touch.

Nazmul Haque

**No More Tear**

No more tear, my heart
Its time to be free and smile
There is the full moon smiling on the sky
why do I need to think of her sweet face?

The rose is still the same, its scent is still as fair
Why should I want to smell the sweet scent of her hair?
The morning pure and fresh air touches myself
why do I still think of her sweet touch?

If she can dream and smile of new life
Why should I shed fresh tear on old grief?
The way of life is calling me to step onward
Why should I  stick to the dark meaningless past?

No more tear, my heart
Its time to be free and smile.

Nazmul Haque

**Oh Nature!**

Let there be no more war, oh nature!
Let us make an agreement(!)  of peaceful harmony.
In this cruel world-
now your survival is in question,
The bond between you and us
must now take an ultimate change.

Oh nature, listen, listen carefully...
Your own way of sustaining,
your motherly care of saving life,
your primeval strategy -
Everything is now stolen, uncovered, unclothed.

That's not all, oh nature!
Mankind now holds so many developed techniques,
The weapons of mass-destruction
is breeding up like generations-
so much that no number can count them.

Oh nature, take now the lesson of cruelty from mankind,
Murder, assassination, the most updated way of self-suicide…
Borrow from us, oh river,  the heart-shattering
horrific sound of war-ships, the volcano, war-fire…

Borrow from us, oh ocean, chemical war-weapons,
Borrow earth-quake,  borrow from us –
the civilization-destroying  master-mind.

Oh nature, listen, listen carefully…
Now, the time  has come,
You have to be like us, have to keep pace with us;
Let us share the violence together, take up in your hand, oh nature-
the  secret weapon of mass-destruction,
Let between man and nature be set up –
A violent equilibrium.

Oh nature, listen, listen carefully…
The core of your heart, the ever-green  fresh face of yours,
is now  at the target of nuclear attack.

Nazmul Haque

**Paris and the Golden Apple**

The best of possessions
I am holding in my hand-
The Golden Apple on which is written-
'For the most fairest'.

Strange is the way Fate works,
And I, a mortal, is chosen to select
Who among Hera, Athene and Venus
is the most fairest!

Hera said-
'Power is the ultimate goal of life,
every head must bow down before power-
with love or with fear-
The world stands before you trembling,
And you will govern it with iron rod.
Give me the apple and see
what I have to offer.'

Athene Said -
Knowledge is Power, and
Power is but the shadow of Wisdom-
always following like a faithful servent;
I will bless you with the light of wisdom
And elighten your soul from within
So that you can  judge the past, present and future.

Venus smiled and said -
What drink can quench the thirst of the soul?
And can remove the hundred fevers of heart?
Can Wisdom or Power do this?
no, they don't.
Only Beauty can touch the soul softly
and can revive its vitality.
Then give me the apple and in return
Take the best of gifts the world can offer-
The most beautiful woman as your wife.

What a real dellima I am in!
Which on to chose, which one to avoid-
between Power, Wisdom and Beauty?
Power is a weapon,
But, Wisdom is the mind's eye,
Yet Beauty is  the only pleasure
of the eye and soul.
So, Beauty I prefer to Power and Wisdom;
I will offer the apple to Venus
and will have the most beautiful woman as my wife.

Did Paris make a mistake
In chosing Beauty over Power and Wisdom?
Well, History holds proof of this-

Look at the burning Troy
and take lesson therefrom;
Let not one more Troy burn,
Let not one more Paris is born.

Nazmul Haque

**Pessimist vs Optimist**

The pessimist goes on looking at
the darker side of things-
goes on denying the whiter side,
he accepts only half of the truth.

The optimist goes on denying
the darker side of things-
accepts only the whiter side,
he is also half true.

Neither of them accepts
the whole truth-
because the whole truth is both
summer and winter,
God and devil,
darkness and light,
good and evil,
life and death-
The whole truth is both.

The pessimist and the optimist,
Both are doing the same exercise-
they are denying the half
and accepting the other half.

If the pessimist is wrong,
the optimist is  wrong also.
None is ready to accept
the truth as it is.

Don't choose to be,
Let truth be as it is;
Don't try to paint it
in your own mood.
Try to see truth in its own colour.
Don't bring your mood in,
don't look through hope,
neither look through frustration.
Don't be positive
and don't be negative-
just be neutral like the colour of water.

Nazmul Haque

**Saying 'Good-Bye'**

Hardly have I got time
to say you - 'Good morning',
The time to say 'Good-bye'
knocks at the door.

It seems Time has wings,
Unless how can it pass away so soon!
It seems like a sweet dream -
softly broken apart...

My heart doesn't want to let you go,
Yet who can avoid the call of time?
The garland requests the flower to stay back,
Still the flowers wither away,
And the bond is broken....

Going away doesn't mean separation,
Messages can still be sent
from heart to heart,
If the network of relation
Can cover up  the distance.

Hardly have I got time
to say you - 'Good morning',
The time to say 'Good-bye'
knocks at the door.

Nazmul Haque

**Silently Now and Forever**

My days pass by looking at your way,
My heart burns on thinking of your sweet face.
Can't bear any more the pain within,
And my heart's eye cries silently now and forever.

For whom I sail on my life's boat,
Rhythm of my life goes on...
Does the cries of my heart reaches her ear?
Does she cares a bit of my dying heart?

The one whom I keep thinking on,
The one whom my heart always desires for
Will I ever get her in the canvas of my life?

For whom eternal rain keep falling in my heart's land,
Somethimes it feels like the month of 'Shrabon'
And tears crowd in the corner of my eyes
without giving me a message,
My tears turn into rain-drops-
The never-ending ever-starting tear-season.

My days pass by looking at your way,
My heart burns on thinking of your sweet face.
Can't bear any more the pain within,
And my heart's eye cries silently now and forever.

Nazmul Haque

**Soul is the Seed, God the Flower**

O my restless soul,
you have travelled eight million times
the painful ways of life to death,
to find the measured land,
the body of the man.

Why did you let such human earth
turn to wasteland?
Cultivated, it could have yielded
a harvest of gold.

Take up, my heart, the spade of devotion,
wipe out the weeds of sin;
the seed of faith will grow.
Just destroy obstacles-
If you remove hate,
love starts flowing.
Just remove the hate within,
and you will see love streaming.
Remove the negative,
and the positive starts unfolding itself.
Take up, my heart, the spade of devotion,
wrench out the weeds of sin;
the seed of faith will grow.

You are carrying the seed within,
It is already treasured up
in the deepest core of your being,
waiting and waiting and waiting
to be sprout out...
You are the seed and
God is going to be the flower
out of this seed.

Nazmul Haque

**Such is The Day!**

Such is the day when it can be said to her,
Such is the day of deep-dark never-ending rain-fall.

The world seems an illusion,
Meaningless seems all the din and bustle of life,
...Only drinking the wine of beauty from eye to eye,
And all the rest is lost in darkness.

Such is the day when it can be said to her,
Such is the day of deep-dark never-ending rain-fall.

Nazmul Haque

**Sweet Mistake**

Let my heart not make that sweet mistake,
Let not now or ever.

In love, the heart sets on fire and the eye floats on sea,
In love, the heart becomes a furnace and the eye a fountain.

In love, you have to lose yourself,
You have to smile keeping you tears hidden.

In love you cannot but surrender your 'self',
In love, you have to barely show the weakest part within.

In love you can neither drowne nor reach to the shore,
In love, you can neither take in nor  give up-
And keep standing in 'no man's land'.

In love you buy sorrow of lifetime for a moment's joy,
In love, you are hurt, but you cannot hurt,
In love, nothing of you is left to yours.

Let my heart not make that sweet mistake,
Let not now or ever.

Nazmul Haque

**The Absolute Truth**

So many ways to tread,
So many variations of truth,
So many divisions of beliefs -
Which one to take, which one to avoid,
I am lost in an endless paradox!

Death cuts the thread of life,
What lies on the other side of it,
We don't know;
Life here and the life hereafter-
One is known and the other is imagined,
But I want to know the absolute truth -
Who can teach me?

Our beliefs clash with each  other,
So do our vision of the other world,
No one has seen the other side of the coin,
And everyone has his own version of the story.

How fine it could be
If I could see beyond the unseen,
If the mystery of life is unfold before me
As easy  as a nursary-level story book.

So many ways to tread,
So many variations of truth,
So many divisions of beliefs -
Which one to take, which one to avoid,
I am lost in an endless paradox!

Nazmul Haque

**The Anatomy of Love**

Hate is love-
just standing upside-down.

Love and hate are not real opposites,
They are just the opposite sides
of the same coin.
Hate can become love very easily:
and love also can become hate
with the twinkle of an eye.

Hate  is not very far from love,
Hate is just love in a disturbed state.
It is only a question of re-arranging
and hate is turned into  love.

Love can become hate,
and hate can become love as well,
You hate a person
and you love the same person as well.
One moment you hate,
another moment you love-
love and hate are two sides
of the same coin.

Love and Fear are the real opposites,
Fear can never become love-
there is no way.
And love can never be fear,
there is no way.

Fear has to be dropped,
then love arises;
or love has to be forgotten,
then fear is there.

Nazmul Haque

**The Concrete and the Abstract**

The concrete is visible,
the abstract is invisible.
The concrete is the outside,
the abstract is the inside.
The concrete is objective,
the abstract is subjective.

People go on searching for
God in the concrete.
'We would like to see God'
-they say.

But only the concrete can be seen;
the abstract has to be felt.
The concrete can be seen-
with the eyes open,
the abstract has to be seen-
with eyes closed.

God is inside you, as you.
You cannot stand outside God
and see Him;
you can see Him
only from the inside-
by being Him.

If you see a flower,
you can look at it scientifically.
You look at the chemistry of it,
You dissect it and
you come to know
about the components of it.

But something is missed
in that very analysis.
The beauty is missed,
because beauty is not a component.
If you ask the scientist -
'Where is the beauty that was in the flower? ' he will say-
'That was not there,
it was just an illusion.'

'I have dissected it-
all and all,
and these are the things
that I have found.
These chemicals were there,
this matter was there,
these atoms, these molecules....
but there was no beauty.'

But when the scientist

gives the flower  to his wife,
he knows deep within his heart
he is not giving her
something chemical,
He is giving to her
the beauty of the flower.

A poet said -
'Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder',
But I say it lies in the heart of the lover.
That beauty is not be seen,
it has to be felt,
not from the outside,
but from the inside
by being the flower itself.

Nazmul Haque

**The Equation of Love**

What is more acute?
The joy of love accepted, or
The pain of love rejected.

The whole world seems like heaven,
And the feeling within-
seems more  heavenly than the heaven itself.
Inside the corridor of my heart
Evergreen spring reigns forever-
Dear, It's all about the reason you said - 'Yes'.

The  fire of pain that keep burning inside me
Turning the core of my heart into ashes,
Deep within my heart-
there is  eternal emptiness,
And dark loneliness is covering my 'self'
Eating into my secret soul-
Dear, It's all about the reason you said - 'No'.

The joy of first love,
And the pain of first rejection,
Comes only once in a lifetime,
And the same cannot have the two feelings,
All at once-
Being one person and having one life.

Nazmul Haque

**The Foundation of Life**

Love is the rock,
on which we can build
the temple of life,
the temple of God.

Everything else is just sand-
except love.
to make a house on anything else
is just a waste of  time and  energy;

The foundation of  a house
remains hidden underground,
It remains out of sight,
but it gives the house stability,
so does love-
Love is an underground energy,
It is very silent,
it is hidden at the root of life,
It shows life the way
but it is itself invisible.

All that is significant, is invisible
Love is invisible, God is invisible,
life itself is invisible.
What we see is only the body
in which life lives,
but never see life itself.
What we see is only the garment
but never the spirit.

Love is also like a light
that shows but is not seen.
It lights up  life,
life cannot stand up without love,
The whole of life
has to be built on it, around it, for it.

Nazmul Haque

**The Gateway**

'No' is the way to a better 'yes',
We say 'no' to the lie
so that we can say 'yes' to the truth.

'No' cannot be the ultimate end of life.
If so, then you are committing suicide.
What is the point of living then?
Say a simple no to the whole life
and jump into the river!
What is the point of
saying no, no, no-
throughout the whole life?
Just say a big no and jump off the hill
and be lost.

If you are living for some yes,
then it is good,
then your no is no more negative;
it is serving some positivity.
Even destruction can become
part of the creative process.

It is just like surgery,
If a surgeon thinks,
'How can I cut this man's body? -
Am I a butcher? '
then he'ill fail to do the surgery.
To save the man's life
He has to be a butcher
in deep compassion.

We have to say no to the old
if we want to say yes to the new.
If we are making a new house,
we have to destroy the old one.
While we eat food,
we build up the body
but we destroy the food as well.

Destruction makes the way for a better creation,
And 'no' is the means to attain a higher 'yes'.

Nazmul Haque

**The Inside Edge**

When you look inside
you will find infinite blueness,
a new sky opening up
with as many stars as outside,
with as many suns and moons as outside.

The outer sky is nothing
compared to the inner:
the inner is vaster,
the inner is far more beautiful,
and tremendously fascinating.

Look for the way
to go into the depth
of your own interiority.
Know thyself,
take a jump into the unknown realms
of your inner self,
Many many flowers keep smiling there,
Just step in,
put down your logic, take up your feeling,
let the heart be the master
and the head be the slave.

Then the sun-rise will take place inside you,
all conflict ceases,
all anguish disappears,
and slowly the darkness becomes light,
and even death is transformed
into eternal life.

Nazmul Haque

**The Little Simple Joy**

I want my life to be the way I like,
The little simple joy, the little simple desire.

Looking at the distant horizon
My heart wants to lose its way,
It is as if  a strange indifference
That takes myself away from me.

When the sun makes its way
Towards the western sky-
The mysterious dark beauty
Takes hold of my soul
And I am enlightened from inside me.

The golden wave is having an affair
With the western  sun
I, sitting on the bank is enjoying the scene-
My life is simply fulfilled.

I look at the smiling moon-
Upon the forehead of the sky,
I look at the suface of the lake-
rain-drops' rythymic dance-floor,
I look at the face of life-
a little dream woven with little desire.

I want my life to be the way I like,
The little simple joy with
a little simple desire.

Nazmul Haque

**The Meaning of Things**

The meaning is never in the thing in itself;
it always comes from the beyond.

You can watch a seed,
in itself it is meaningless
unless it sprouts.
Once it sprouts it becomes meaningful.
The tree is the meaning for the seed.

Now the seed exists for a certain reason.
Its existence is not accidental,
it is meaningful.
It has to give birth,
it has to create something;
something that is beyond it,
something that is bigger than it,
something that is more comprehensive.

But then, what is the meaning of the tree in itself?
Again meaning disappears unless
the tree can flower.
The meaning of the tree is in the flowering.
When it flowers,
yes, there is meaning:
the tree has become a mother,
the tree has given birth,
the tree has become significant.

It was not there without any purpose;
the flower is the proof.
It was there meaningfully,
it was there waiting for the flower.

But what is the meaning of the flower in itself
unless the fragrance is released to the winds?
Once the fragrance is released
the flower is meaningful.

The meaning is never in the thing in itself;
it always comes from the beyond.

Nazmul Haque

**The Rhythmic Feeling**

Today the rain in falling all around,
And I am feeling a kind of strange joy.

Sitting at the varanda I like to look outside,
It seems the earth is taking a day-long bath.

The rain-drops may be having an affair
with the surface of the lake-water,
Ah, What a scene!
What a rhythmic dance in circles!

Are they  rain-drops or the tears shed by sky,
Cause the sky has lost its moon,
Dark clouds have overcast its face,
And the pain is falling down as rain.

I never thought I had a poet in me,
The rhythm of rain-fall have the power
to turn any man into a poet,
Look, here another Rabindranath is born,
And another 'Sonchoita' is yet to be written.

Nazmul Haque

## THE SAILOR OF THE SEVEN SEAS

I know not how many black curtains have to be lifted up to bring this morning.
Look in the orange orchard - the green leaves are shivering;
Look at your door-steps - the foam that The seven seas' tide has brought in;

O Sailor of the seven seas, see, your ship calls at your door,
A life unanimated, like a painted picture does it stand there upon the shore.
No water reaches the helm, its sails do remain unwavered,
O Sailor, rise, rise up now, I beseech,

Rise up and join the seamen waiting there,
You will find your ship sailing again in the seas,
Like a full-moon does it seem upon the blue seas,
Overcoming cloudy waves and crossing all obstacles  it moves on.

Still in slumber! While the hasnahena flowers did wither away long before
in the morning.
Still you did not wake up? Still you are asleep?
Do you not hear snake's hissing at your door?

Innumerable hungry people crowd there;
O Sailor! unfold now your merchandise; listen to me,
Or your everything will fall apart,
Don't you see, what illusion they are after?

Ever moving away from the track and going down.
O Sailor! You  know for sure your star has not gone down,
This desert dreams of your moonlit night,
See tulips... bloomed up everywhere;

Then what is it  you are  afraid of, what fear shakes your inner self?
Has your ship collapsed?
Has any cloud covered your star?
Is it why the motionless ship's rudder broken?
Is it why  your empty sail is roaring against the hungry sea wind?

I know not, still I
call you, sailor of the seven seas,
The coral island's coconut-garden sings with the wind.
Your seamen lost their patience for this sleep;

The seven seas raise poisoning foam in blue wrath;
Whereas, unknown passengers are taking sky-routes: the unknown way;
Look in the orange orchard - the green leaves are shivering;

Who fills up your merchandise with precious stones and marble?
Your sleep brings you only the ominous dreams.
Have you not paid yet for the chaotic night?

Hasn't much toll on life yet taken?
It's morning now. Yet asleep?
Yet you could not get up?

Have you forgotten the sweet-scented flowers, the aromatic flavour?
Where saffron buds bloom in gravel and dust?
Where fairy land's dream-maid  Gul-e-Bakauli flower,

Wakes up with a kiss on the white forehead of jasmine?
Have you forgotten that first voyage:
the ship was sailing

Towards the country of unknown flowers;
Have you forgotten that emerald-picking dream
Dazzling in moon-light was every eye!

The ship on sail cut through the salty sea-water,
A tireless explorer,
Tearing through the blue curtain of the horizon,

Proceeding on and on through the seven seas.
I cannot call to mind the unknown port
Where the ship set sail,

It was loaded there with emerald and marble-
This much I can remember.
Violent tempest did tear your sail long ago,

Your dream is now haunted by Python-like nightmares.
They attack your worn-out deadly port,
They have polluted  your caving sky.

Do you listen, do you not hear,
O Sailor of the seven seas,
The thrust of dry air on your closed door!

This is not moon-light, but murmur of dream on coconut-garden,
This is not fairyland's window, but the port of coconut;
It's the people's lamenting on your closed door,

The last jingling of sitar  pervades in the cries of hungry children.
You must set your sail up today,
Let your tattered sail be repaired now,

What if the broken mast makes fun of it,
Still the ship must sail today.
Who knows when your dreamy night ended,

Today the stormy wind knocks  at your door,
Its venomous teeth  indicates death.
Your ivory tower falls down with the strike of its tail.

O Sailor! don't stop by this signal of death,
Even then you must sail on this century's dead sea.
Night prevails here now,

The royal gate of Hera can still be seen far away.
Here people are trembling now in acute hunger,
Here tears roll down in innumerable streams now,

Yet the royal gate of Hera can be seen far away...
Road paved with pebbles,
Many obstacles, seas and mountains,

Noon-time monsters come near crawling,
Vultures cast their shadows over us,
We have lost grass-green groves and all flowering gardens,

Yet the royal gate of Hera can be seen far away...
All the royal gates opened long ago,
The full-moon had enchanted the palace long ago.

O Sailor! Won't you unhook your anchor?
Yet to wait?
O Sailor! Won't you unfold your sail today?

Yet to wait for that?
All your sails waver with the wind,
No more to wait now,

Since your rudder touched salty sea water,
Then no more waiting,
Then blow your trumpet for departure now,

Let th passengers and travelers come,
O Sailor, don't wait now.
It's already very late, you know,

Many a season of sea-sailing has already gone by,
And many a cardamom seed the violent tempests did spread apart,
And the cinnamon branches did strike against forests.

The ghastly wind now has stolen the perfume's fragrance
Death now has caught hold of your throat,
And tidal bore strike at your door;

All your hasnahena flowers dropped long ago.
No fragrance in the flower-garden,
Though green leaves still exist in the orange garden,

Their days are numbered gradually;
Unknown soil's deep and intense pull
Brings an end to the dream for the green.

It knows that, It knows that well.
Yet the soil will bring forth ripe oranges
With all its vitality,

Though the dry  wind does  wither away the grey leaves,
And bring the death-like chill,
Yet within its heart the endless hope ever kindles;

Still it has limitless dream.
O Sailor, you too should not fear,
You too gather the wonders of Hera’s guiding star,

Let orange leaves shed with this wind-
Enough to spare,
They crowd together, where the royal gate of Hera

Shines in the sky.
In that way lie many a desert to cross by
Salty sea-water stands in that route,

Yet halting places exist on the way,
Shadowy groves and fresh water wait for you.
Then set your sail now,

And unhook your anchor;
Now after many a journey for the goal,
You will find the gate of Hera in front of  you.

Nazmul Haque

**The Shepherd Boy**

This is the village and the  shepherd boy
with his  long hair,
Black  is he  like the 'vromor',
but birghter than the red rose.

Like green paddy is the attraction
of his innocent face,
And someone has added the freshness
of green grass to that sweet innocence.

His hands are those as thin as the unripe 'Lao',
His skin is that as like the 'tomal tree' of the 'shaon' month.
His face is such as happiness resides there,
As when a farmer smiles  amidst his puddy fields.

It is with this black eye that we see the colourful world,
It is with this black ink that we write the 'kitab' and 'quran'.
Birth is black and Death as well, and  black reigns all over,
And this black boy of this village has won all altogether.

He who makes the gold, let him proud in vain,
Give me this colour and I will draw a colourful rainbow.  Neither gold, nor silver nor any golden face,
This black boy with his black face give my heart a deep solace.
He is 'Rupai', but silver  is he not, yet more than that,
One day for his name, the name of this village will flash.

Nazmul Haque

**The Shepherd's Song**

(Me and my  friend's house
and the 'khir nodi' in between,
I wish I could fly to there,
but God just did not give me the wings.)

This  village and that village-
and the empty field in between,
Keep writing the story of 'dhan kaon'
and keep always reading.

This village is almost empty,
and some trees here and there,
And houses of the farmers beside them
keep silently standing.

That village out there
does a deep darkness encircle,
And embraces the houses and
adds to the love of the same.

This village looks to that one,
that one looks to this,
And it is as if  a thousand years
would skip as they keep looking.

And the brook in between
with its burning waters keep running,
And look - it holds many a jol-kumudis
upon it breasts.

Two ways from two villages
come and meet here,
And celebrates the meeting
with smiling poddo in the water.

Some says of some distance past
a farmer of this village,
Loved a girl of that village and
embraced death smiling.

This boy walked the careless way to that village,
And that girl was coming with the sweet sound of nupur,
And it was here where they lost their way,
And it is with those 'jol-kumudi' that they are sleeping now.
Who knows but dropping  from their garlands,
That these 'shapla-lota' are smiling on the water.

This village and that village -
sperated by the singing water,
But still there is an unseen bridge
tying them up together.

Some  wife with her pitcher
when waves the water of that bank,
This bank receives that tide
with cordial invitation.

When peasants from this village
cast the spell with their flute,
Tears roll down from the wounded heart
of the girls of that village.

When from here the sad tune of songs
makes its way to there,
The awaitng ears spread their hearts
to hear it from there.

Nazmul Haque

**The Solution To Life**

Planning for the future
we go on missing the present,
our whole life becomes
just a planning for life-
but never a living of it.

We are also worried about the past
because we have done
a thousand and one things
which, we think, were not right.
'I should have done this
rather than that'-
that's what we think forever.

Thus between the past and the future
we are hung up,
between these two rocks
we are sandwiched.

We unnecessarily become
worried about our own self.
'We look before and after
And pine for what is not'-
But, there is not a thing to pine,
not a thing to worry about.

Once you put your trust on God
And leave the load to Him
great freedom arises in you
and life becomes a joy.

God is always providing;
whatsoever is our need
is always looked after.
Once this trust arises,
all the problems of life is solved.

Then there is no past  and no future-
there is only present.
Then you can live life to the maximum.
Then life is not just an endurance,
but an enjoyment.

Nazmul Haque

**The Soul's Desert**

The deepest part of the feeling always remain unexpressed,
The dearest part of the words always remain unsaid,
The weakest part of the heart always remain unshown.

Absence is so painful,
But presense is not so sweet,
So much crowd ouside,
So much isolation inside;
When looked out, everyone is there,
When felt in, no one is near.

Sorrow cuts through happiness,
Happiness dies the moment it's born,
My soul's desret always remains the same.

Life  goes on-
But there is always something missing,
And my soul always suffers from
the unkown thirstiness.

I wants to drink from Life's pot -
The juice to its last drop,
But the drink only touches my lips
And my soul's desert always remain untouched.

Nazmul Haque

**The Thread Of The Garland**

Newton was sitting under the tree
the apple fell and
opened up his eyes,
something that had always been there
became visible to him-
the  Force of Gravitation.

God is the Gravitation,
not only of the earth
but of the total cosmos.
God is the center
that keeps all things together,
Without Him existence
would fall apart.

It would be a heap of flowers,
it would not be a garland.
To make a garland
a thread is needed
which joins all the flowers together,
which runs through them,
God is that thread of the garland.

He is the thread that
keeps this chaos as a cosmos.
He is the running unity
between every two objects,
between trees and mountains,
rivers, man, woman, stars.
He is the glue that keeps
the universe together.

Nazmul Haque

**The Unsolved Riddle**

Eyes are the windows of the soul,
Open it, I want to peep through.

Form days to months to years,
You keep me in drakness,
Neither 'Yes' nor 'No' did you say or mean,
And I am drifting like a sailor,
Losing my way in the middle of the sea.

There is no way
to find the mind's construction upon the face,
When I look at you, your face gives me
Different answers at different times,
And I am left with endless confusion.

To step forward or to step backward
that is the question,
Whether what you say is what you mean,
Or what you mean is what you don't say
That is to be solved yet again.

Is their any way out
to analyse the beats of your heart,
To know which one is of love,
And which one is of betrayal.

You are not what your are that I know,
You are an unsolved riddle,
That will ever  remain as a question
In front of my life.

Nazmul Haque

**The White Globe**

Bring me a  world-map,
I'll rub out the boundary-line
between each two countries -
And see: there is one world, one country!

A world where each one of us
Will be a universal citizen,
A world where none will say-
This is mine, that is yours.

A world where 'I' will be replaced by 'we',
No more I, you or he but only us,
A world where No one will be under anyone,
And all will call one another brother.

A world where there'll be but one religion,
And that is of 'Humanity'
A world where there'll be but one sect,
And that is of 'Humans'.

Bring me a  world-map,
I'll rub out the boundary-line
between each two countries -
And see: there is one world, one country!

Nazmul Haque

**These Days...**

These days my heart is beating with a different rhythm,
These days life appears to me with different meaning.

The same  story but new turning,
The same sight but different outlook,
The same feeling but different sensation,
The same love but new dimensions.....

These days someone who was my heart has become my soul,
These days something which was deep has become yet deeper.

Life has now opened what it kept so long hidden,
Love has now offered which it kept so long supressed,
These days  life and love has taken a different colour...

Nazmul Haque

**Turning Back**

Now I walk on the line that lies
on the boundary of allowance and rejection,
I have now come up to the point
from where I must roll back
to the point I started.

The way prepared itself
for me to walk on,
So long I just followed the track
that Fate shows me.

Step to step that leads to each other
in a line of sequence.
So long things take their shape
to the extent I want them to;

But, now I must see
what for Fate made all these preparations.

Nazmul Haque

**Upon The Banner of My Soul**

The way seems too long,
When you are not beside me.

Walking hand in hand with you
Upon the way of this lonely life,
I cannot think it otherwise.

We don't want to be like the day and night,
One comes only when the other passes away,
We don't want to be like the sun and moon,
One rises only when the other sets down,

We just want to be like the flower and its fragrance,
We just want to be like the body and its soul,
If you take the one and the other lost.

Upon the banner of my soul,
One name is written so deeply that
None can erase it from there
Without erasing the soul itself.

Nazmul Haque

**What Love Has To Be**

Love has to be the key for you-
the master key;
Only one key is enough,
it can unlock all the doors,
it can unlock all the mysteries of life.
It can take you to the innermost
sanctum of existence.

Forget everything else:
remember only love.
Love each and every being.
Don’t bring in
your liking and disliking.
love has nothing to do
with liking or disliking,
Love has to be just your flavor,
your aroma, your fragrance.

Think of a flower-garden
When you pass by the side of it
It does'nt  bother thinking who you are,
black or white, high or low,
Its fragrance is available to you
as much as to anybody else.
Its fragrance is available
to the birds, to the animals, to the trees –
Unconditionally,
without any expectation in return.
Its fragrance is available
even when there is nobody present
to enjoy it, to appreciate it.

It simply just goes on
releasing its fragrance;
it is its nature, its pleasure,
That’s what love has to be.

Nazmul Haque

**Who else?**

Who else have felt love to its deepest
than him who has to uproot
the face of his beloved
from the mirror of his heart
day by day, hour by hour
minute by minute...?

Who else have felt love to its deepest
than him who has to fathom
the depth of his tears
from soul to the heart,
from heart to the eyes...?

Who else have felt love to its deepest
than him who has to keep standing
and see his beloved going away
from far to farther
from farther to the farthest...?

Nazmul Haque

**You**

When a thirsty man takes  a handful of water
from a river full to the brim,
The river does never know what is taken,
But the man does always know what he gets.

When I drink from
the fountain of your beauty,
You lose a little, but I get a lot.

She is beautiful in a way that
you never like to draw no comparision,
You just crown her from right inside
the core of your heart.

A single glance of her face
makes but a full pilgrimage complete,
And the sublime feeling the soul within
does spray the spiritual perfume.

Neither she is nor can I
make her mine forever,
She is like an image upon the water,
that I must not touch if i must keep her.

To ask the reason why
is  to ask in vain,
Its just the magic of the moment
which itself is unexplainable.

To give the feeling a shape
or to send the message from heart to heart,
There is no way out,
but to live with the helplessness.

That she is, is reason enough
to make this life worth-living,
Her very existence makes
today suitable to live in,
and tomorrow to wait upon.

Nazmul Haque

**You don't let me stay at home, my dear!**

Who could hold back her heart,
as when the flute calls it forth,
Let the air be her chariot and
steal her away from herself.

Who is the one that rises the tide
within a sleeping heart?
Who is the one that keeps singing
the eternal love song?

How is the pain that  still feels sweet,
and he never stops from singing,
The fields or farm, nothing can hold him back,
his work goes in vain.

What is it that happens inside him,
he keeps all again thinking,
Now a days he is not to be found
amidst people or crowd of singing.

Nazmul Haque