Poetry Series

Sayeed Abubakar

- 112 poems -

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Sayeed Abubakar (21 September 1972 -)

Sayeed Abubakar, son of Nur Mohammad Biswas and Amena Khatun, was born on September 21,1972 at Rambhodrapur under Keshabpur upazilla of Jessore district, Bangladesh.

Literary Life

Sayeed Abubakar started writing poems at a very early age. Then he was only 11. Many of those poems were published in local newspapers namely The Daily Sphulingo and The Daily Ranar. In those days he used to compose 60-70 poems per day because he was determined to defeat Rabindranath Tagore by the number of poems. Really it was a peculiar silly attempt of a young poet. Later he realized his mistake. But it helped him to be skilled both in rhymes and rhythm at the early stage of his life.

He never stopped running after poems. Actually poetry got mixed with his blood and soul. He was a brilliant student. He passed his SSC and HSC examinations in First Division in 1987 and 1989 respectively. Then he obtained his BA (Honours) In English Literature in 1992 and Masters Degree in English Literature in 1993 from Rajshahi University successfully. Then he joined the popular national fortnightly Palabadal as a sub-editor. He edited this literary magazine from 1998 to 1999. Then he left Dhaka city for Chittagong. He joined Faujdarhat Cadet College as a lecturer of English. The hills and the Bay of Bengal attracted the poet very much but the strict routine-bound life of cadet college did not suit him. He left Faujdarhat Cadet College in 2003 and joined Govt. Lalon Shah College passing the prestigious BCS examination. He is now assistant professor of English working at Sirajganj Govt. College. But not a single day he forgot his mission of writing poetry.

In national daily his poem was first published in 1988. Then he was the student of claas XI at BL Govt. College in Khulna. While in Rajshahi University, he completed writing some of his best lyrics. All those were published then in all the most popular national newspapers and national magazines like the Ittefaq, the Sangbad, the Dainik Bangla, the Inqilab, the pakkhik Shoily, the Sachitra Bangladesh etc. His first book of poetry named Pranoyer Prathom Pap (The first sin of love) was published in 1996. It attracted the attention of the living famous poets. This very book made him famous as a poet in Bangladesh. The second edition of Pranoyer Prathom Pap was published in 2008. Now he has seven books of poetry in the market.Many of his poems have been translated in English language and Spanish language.

The famous publishing Company of the USA 'I-Proclaim Press' has published

his two books named 'Anthology of the World Poetry' and 'The Golden Kabin' (Translation of Al Mahmud's 'Sonali Kabin') in 2010.

He is the editor of an English little magazine named 'Bangla Literature'.

Poet Syed Ali Ahsan, Syed Ali Ashraf, Al Mahmud, Abdul Mannan Syed, Hasan Alim, Khurshid Alam Babu, Taufik Zahur, Dr Fazlul Haq Tuhin, Ahmad Basir, Hosne Ara Beauty and others have written articles on this great poet. Al Mahmud has written two times on this poet, which is a rare incident in modern Bangla poetry. Al Mahmud in one of his essays on Sayeed Abubakar says: 'I got surprised while reading his poems published in newspapers.' Abdul Mannan says, ' Sayeed Abubakar is a real poet from top to toe.' Khurshid Alam Babu says: ' It is high time we declared that Sayeed Abubakar is the greatest young poet of Bangladesh.

Awards

For his contribution to Bangla literature, he was given 'Shabdoshilon Award' in 2008. He was given 'Lalon Award' in 2009 for his contribution to poetry. He has been awarded 'Panjia Sahitya Sommelon Sommanona 2010' for his contribution to poetry and translation.

Works:

Poetry

Pronoyer Prothom Pap (First Sin of Love) [1996,2008], Julekhar Shes Jal (Last Trap of Julekha) [2004,2011], Sada Andhokarey Kalo Josnai (Into White Darkness and Black Moonlight) [2006], Mesopotemiar Mme (The Mme of Mesopotemia) [2007], Bongatey Bosoti (Dwelling in Bengal) [2008], Ebar Ektibar Eksathey (Now We All Together) [2010], Kapatakkha Parer Roddur (The Sunrays on the Banks of the Kapatakkha) [2012].

Prose

Kabita Kamal (The Lotus of Poetry) [2006], Kabitar Adhunikata (The Modernity of Poetry) [2010].

Children Book

Chharachhari [2009].

Translation

Modhusudoner Engreji Kabita [2009], The Golden Kabin’(Translation of Al Mahmud's 'Sonali Kabin') [2010].

Editing

Adhunik Bangla Kabita [2009], Anthology of the World Poetry [2010].

Little Magazine

Bangla Literature [1st Issue, February 2011], Bangla Literature [2nd Issue, April 2012].

A Fairy Tale

Once these paths were rivers,
these fields the processions of water.

One day on the paths used to go a princess in pea-cock shed.
On these paths with huge goods the merchants used to move.

These paths were rivers,
these fields the processions of water.

In these fields the silvery fishes, touching the uprising waves,
how nicely rolled up and down in the dark water!

Pedestrian,
Have I told you a fairy tale?

Sayeed Abubakar

A Flower

A flower has bloomed so far,
I get the smell, cannot see her.

A flower has bloomed so high,
Nose gets her smell, cannot see Eye.

Every second, every hour
Yet I love the flower.

Sayeed Abubakar

A Guitar of Light

As though someone has thrown away a dark net
and the town has become a trout in the net;
as though no morning has ever approached here,
the town has submerged in overflowing darkness.

The town is, as it were, the island of a fairy tale.
I wonder who are, like the giants, snatching away
the tip on the forehead of a teen girl,
then devour the bone-marrow in rapture.

I wonder who finally by tearing up the civilization
are eating up its bones and flesh.
Didn't ever a single pir* or saint come
in this darkness here?

If so, you, the poet, take up the charge
and play the guitar of light in the darkness.

* a Muslim religious leader

Sayeed Abubakar

A Love Poem

You and me
me and you
flower and bee
grass and dew.

Sayeed Abubakar

A Stony Hero

Here death, killing, violence, hunger
round the clock play the doom's game;
Snatching, hijacking, injustice, inconvenience
grow the grass of sorrow in the field of life.

Here life is like the Padma@ on whose banks
stands the sandy sad shoal vast, stretched and lonely;
Still life does not bow down to sorrow
but stands erect like the rocks.

Here drought, flood, tidal surge
come like giants in greed of life
and then inflicts raids and riots
on life like Azrael*.

Yet what a stony hero this country is- that does not
get cracked into parts in drought of sorrow!

@the biggest river of Bangladesh, now dead
* the angel of death

Sayeed Abubakar

A Strange Boy

An innocent boy leaving the lap of mom
Opened his fearful eyes in the war-trodden world,
And said in a depressed voice, 'Where have I come? '
I told him the name of the earth.

The boy looked at the corners of the earth
And with wonder and pain, seeing the towns and paths
Full of corpses and heart-rending bloods
He further said,
'Tell me how man lives in this hell.'

I said to him, 'Oh, it's a shame!
Where do you see man in this hell? '

Sayeed Abubakar

Appetite

There's no appetite in heart,
appetite rises only in body-
remains infinite desolate appetite
into my two eyes.

There's no appetite in heart
for, o darling,
my heart is over-loaded with your love.

Sayeed Abubakar

At Midnight

I go to bed at midnight but cannot sleep.
In the air I can hear the cry of the suppressed and the oppressed.

Some are crying under bombing, some for hunger.
I ask myself, 'What can I do for them? '

The pen said, 'Take me and compose such a poem
so that the oppressors may be taught a lesson.'

The sword said, 'Catch me; May the war start.
For survival there's no substitute for dying and kiling some culprits.'

I catch the pen in one hand, the sword in another;
My blood starts dancing. By that dance
eating and sleeping of mine have been forbidden for ever.

[Translated from Bengali by the poet]

Sayeed Abubakar

Bangabandhu

How many poems you have written, o Tagore!
How many poems, o Jibananando Das!
How many immortal pictures you have drawn, o Joinul!
How many songs you have composed, o Nazrul!

Bangabandhu throughout his whole life
has written only one poem -'Bangladesh'.
Only one song he has sung with the tune of heart
and only one picture he has drawn-'Bangladesh'.

Sayeed Abubakar

Borderless

Break down all walls.
Break down all boundaries.
The whole world is a country
where we live.

We are the citizens of one country named Earth.
All are equal here- men and women,
the haves and the have-nots.
Our king is our God, only who knows
how to judge equally.

Break down all walls.
Let us live in a border-less human country.

Sayeed Abubakar

By No Means I Can Realize

I realize the bud, the flower, its blooming in the garden of the earth;
Only I can't realize its falling down from the tree.

I realize the cloud, the rain and its melodious sound;
Only I can't realize the thunder.

Rivers, fields, oceans, forests, hills, mountains— I realize all;
Only I can't realize the deserts.

I realize the fish, the shark, the beautiful deer and the striped tiger;
Only the shark beside the fish and the tiger beside the deer I can't realize.

I realize life, many turns of life I realize very clearly;
Only by no means I can realize the ice-cold death.

Sayeed Abubakar

Country

Birds have no country,
Fishes no country.
Rivers count no Army, no Border.

Showing thumbs to all raising guns and mighty kings,
the rivers move running, tearing all barbed wires
of the Border.

O Man, where have you got the Border
and the border-guards?

Sayeed Abubakar

Desire

If I were a river, I would go to see the sea;
If the moon, I would float smiling.on the sky

If I were a cloud, I would pour water over Paddy and Jute;
If a lamp, I would spread light in the corner of a dark house.

If I were crops, I would grow being gold;
If fire, I would burn the whole body of an oppressior.

But if I were a missile, I would kill those
Who bring only war on this beautiful earth.

[Translated from Bengali by the poet]

Sayeed Abubakar

Destiny

He lived fifty two years
strictly following the rules of health.

His brother Kesmat Ali lived eighty years
smoking punctually.

Sayeed Abubakar

Easier and Difficult

Death is easier.
Difficult is birth.

Destruction is easier.
Difficult is construction.

Thorn is easier.
Difficult is flower.

Hatred is easier.
Difficult is love.

War is easier.
Difficult is civilization.

Sayeed Abubakar

False

Once her false speeches tasted very sweet;
all the chamchams* of Porabari@ became tasteless in shame.

Once her false promises seemed to be
the inevitable laws of Constitution which must be implemented
by the government of Bangladesh.

Once her false smiles faded the smiling face of Mona Lisa,
and considering her love-letters valuable assets, I preserved them into an iron-box.

Now when I go passing the boundary of her heavenly house,
it does not seem that I was once familiar with her.

When I see her, life seems to be very false
and how meaningless the promises of the mankind are!

* one kind of sweetmeat
@ a place in Bangladesh famous for this particular sweetmeat

Sayeed Abubakar

First Sin of Love

Let others say whatever they like, why didn't you say: ‘Love is never a sin'?
Why haven't you once said, standing for a while in the court of love:
‘The person engaged in love-making becomes the killer, becomes the fire,
becomes the storm, becomes the tidal surge
if you afford the power, either kill him or exile
but never call him a sinner'?

Did Abel command more capability to love thee, Aklima?
Was Abel more manly, more war-loving, more love-mongering than I?
Was Abel more destitute to the world of love than I?

It is I- who only for you- stroke the brother's brain
into pieces like a glass broken at a single blow.
With the ceaseless rain of blood I made the cornfield stained and damp.
And only for your sake, Aklima, I invited the cruel Death
in the eternal din of life.

Disclose what's the fault I bear- why did you get so lucrative
like the alluring grapes?
Why did you get so irresistibly delicious
like the colourful mangoes ripe to the core?
Why did you start- by smearing the fire of beauty
on lips and cheeks- heating, as the oven, the fry-pan of youth
and baking the bread of heart so severely?

For only your sake, I ventured to disobey the Lord of darkness and light;
yet how strangely you rejected me by calling me heartless!
For only your sake, I rudely invented the festival of killing on earth;
still how surprisingly you flung me into the dustbin of despair.

Aklima, is love a sin? Is love a fruit of the forbidden tree?

Sayeed Abubakar

Forget Me Not

Forget me not,
Forget not me.
Forget day hot,
Keep night with thee.

I will touch you
In thought, in dream.
My love soft dew,
Summer's ice-cream.

Forget me not,
I won't too you.
You my sweet thought
green, calm, soft, new.

Sayeed Abubakar

Grace of Perfume

Let's move to a land where flowers are only cultivated.
gardens throughout the year remain full of flowers;
where man satisfies his hunger only on perfume
and satisfies his thirst of Sahara-soul in beauty.

Sayeed Abubakar

Greed

I dream a scene of a baby falling asleep
having sucked a pair of breasts resembling
two pomegranates weighing ten kgs;
I desire a blue sky unadulterated
by vulture-like coquettishly killing planes;
and, o my Love, I bear the inborn greed to stare at you
in the open corridor of life by sitting thousand years together.

Sayeed Abubakar

Her Face Once I Loved

I have forgotten her face once I loved.
I have forgotten her name once I recited in dream.
I have forgotten my love once I got mad for.
Forgotten all meat, all fish, all sweets, all cream.

What is love then, when it is lost forever?
What is life then, when it is frost forever?

Sayeed Abubakar

Heroes Are Villain Here

All the heroes are villain here,
all the villains hero.
O friend, let us move in jungle
because there tigers are tiger yet,
deer deer.

Sayeed Abubakar

How Far Is Mexico

How far is Mexico?
An expert of Geography says, 'Thousand miles.'

How long does one need to reach Mexico?
A boatman says, 'Months after months.'
A pilot says, 'At least half a day.'

When I say to them,
'I reach there within few seconds every day',
they all get astonished,
'How is it possible? '

I say, 'There are many things strange
which happen in case of love.
I am the poor Orpheus of Bangladesh.
My Eurydice Lorena lives in Mexico.
Every moment I visit her, she visits me.
We need not have any boat or any aircraft.
Our love is our Borrak* which explores earth and the sky
faster than the speed of light.'

They cannot understand my words.

* a miraculous vehicle which carried Prophet Mohammed (Sm) to the throne of Allah crossing seven skies within moments.

Sayeed Abubakar

How Fast

How fast our hair grows gray!
Before we pray
Our evening prayer, the night falls.
Death calls
Our name
Before we attain success and fame.

Sayeed Abubakar

How Shall I Prove My Love

My heart cries for you;
You can't hear that cry.
My eyes get wet with dew;
Before you see it, it gets dry.

Tell me, o Dove,
How shall I prove my love?

Sayeed Abubakar

I Dream a World

I dream a world where there is no war,
no suffering, no cry and sorrow.
I dream a world where all are rich,
a man needs nothing to borrow.

I dream a world where there is no hatred;
only Love reigns her rule.
I dream a world filled with pleasure,
smile and smell-extremely beautiful.

I dream a world where there is no USA,
no snake, no shirk.
I dream a world full of flowers and men,
no hyena and mad dogs bark.

Sayeed Abubakar

I Fear To Show

I have a heart broken and destitute;
I fear to show her that.
If she sees ever, she may turn her face back
and forget me for good.

[Translated from Bengali by the poet]

Sayeed Abubakar

I Have Forgotten Her Face

I have forgotten her face;
Only her two eyes yet float into my eyes.
Her those eyes make me mad
and make me love her blindly.

Sayeed Abubakar

I Live Into Your Heart

I'm into the heart of Sirajganj city now,
very far from you;
that's why, I know, from your two eyes
fall down sad dew.

But don't forget, my Love,
I live always into your heart.
With you my nights end,
with you my days start.

Sayeed Abubakar

I Look for Her

Losing her again and again,
I look for her here and there.
Getting her again and again,
I lose her now and then.

Sayeed Abubakar

I Love You Means

I love you means I love all.
I love you means I love both great and small.

Love begins at home and home means you.
You are ever old, you are ever new.

Sayeed Abubakar

I Will Love You

I will love you, my bird,
Until you become tired,
Until you say in grief,
'Let me love you and sleep.'

You will fall asleep then
On my heart half-broken.
In your dream you will find
My love before, behind.

When you open your eye,
You will see earth and sky
Full of my love, pure, fine,
Soft as dew and divine.

I will love you, my bird
Until you say, 'Tired! Tired! '

Sayeed Abubakar

If

If it becomes the last day,
Before I say
Goodbye
I die,
Forgive me then,
My children.

Forgive, o Sun
Forgive, o Moon
I couldn't understand
I have to go so soon
Leaving all
Great and small.

Sayeed Abubakar

If I See

I recognize her if I see
but have forgotten her home.

Her face, her eyes-I can remember all;
only I have forgotten her mind
which was like a rose.

Sayeed Abubakar

If No Sorrow, No Cry

What a life is it if there is no sorrow?
What a life is it if there is no cry?
O Sayeed, your two eyes seem to be two dead rivers,
for the eyes haven't been deluded with the pain of love.

Sayeed Abubakar

Islam

Islam is in books now,
Islam is in sermon.
Once the world saw Islam in eyes;
That memory smiles in lecture.

Like flowers, Islam remained getting bloomed once;
People tell that tale, o Lord.
We have read Islam; we have heard Islam;
But we have never seen it, o Lord.

Translated from Bengali by the poet

Sayeed Abubakar

It's Such A Night

It's such a night that never wants to be dawn..
It's such a flame that never gets extinguished.
It's such a pain that has no remedy,
only turns the body and the soul into ashes burning them cruelly.

Translated from Bengali by the poet

Sayeed Abubakar

Life of a Bird

When a bird
gets tired
of singing love-songs, then
it doesn't remain
a bird more.
Therefore
twenty four hours I sing,
I am singing,
I will sing for you, o my rose.
This way my life goes.

Sayeed Abubakar

Lorena

My heart has fallen down under your feet;
Listening to your love-song
coming from the distant shore of the Atlantic ocean,
my heart has utterly been destroyed like the land
fallen prey to an earthquake,
and I, taking the flute of Orpheus at my hand,
have been obsessed in singing you day and night.

Lorena, my Eurydice, will you then come back on this earth?
I shall see your flower-bloomed face
in the sunrise of morning again.
In the moonlight of night, I shall see again
your sweet smile flowing like a spring among the hills.

Sayeed Abubakar

Love

Love, an atom,
destroys our life.

Love, a poison,
carries our death.

Love, a storm,
uproots our peace.

Yet I am ready
to die for love.
What a tragedy,
I die for love!

Sayeed Abubakar

Love Is Something Secret

Love is something secret-
you know I know.
It does not let
me go
one inch far from you.
It is beautiful but it has no hue.

Sayeed Abubakar

Lovenama

Every day I swear,
every day I determine:
I will never let her enter my heart.
But my foolish phone breaking down my determination
reaches her number every day.

Lover is he who laments every moment
laying down his heart under the feet of his beloved.
Truly love makes a man a perfect coward and a supreme slave.

Sayeed Abubakar

Mad: 1

He was angling fish sitting on the high way,
frequently making the hook dance
and all on a sudden, pulling the fishing rod so forcefully that
it seemed a big catfish had certainly swallowed the hook.
He was then repenting loudly showing others
really a big fish had been successful to flee making him a fool.

Pedestrians were watching him shaking their necks
and bursting into laughter.
An unhappy man stopped his purple colored car beside the road
and opening the window asked him aloud, 'Brother,
have you got any fish? '

He raised his eyes at forehead with surprise and said, 'Alas!
Who has ever got any fish on a dry street? '

Sayeed Abubakar

Mad: 2

He walks on the water of an ocean;
his legs don't get wet.
He walks through the incessant rain;
his body doesn't get wet.

One day someone invited him at his home
and offered a room to sleep.
At midnight he started shouting-'Help! Help! '
because he was floating like water-hyacinth
on the water of the house.

Sayeed Abubakar

Mad: 3

He was getting flushed with shame.
He was scolding all the animals
calling them uncivil and uncultured.
Then he was forcefully dressing all those
who were unknowingly going near him.

The dogs were sweating in heat
wearing the civil attire.
The cocks and hens were running to and fro
with discomfort.
Wearing the ultramodern tight British dress,
the helpless cats were mewing in the streets.

The towns-folk burst into laughter
seeing his acts.
Seeing that, he suddenly cried out in anger,
'Brethren or gentlemen, now you, yes you,
kindly start putting off all your cloths.
You have no right to be covered with this civil dress
because you have already lost that right.'

Sayeed Abubakar

Mad: 4

Sometimes he cannot recognize himself.
He cannot recognize his own hands, own legs, own shape,
even his own voice. It seems to him that he is an alien,
a man of different language who has been haunting him
for twenty four hours like a shadow.

Sometimes he calls himself by his own name.
It seems to him that thousand years have already passed.
Has his corpse been rotten then, or has he himself
been a mummy? Is he in a dwelling house or in a museum?

All on a sudden, he shouted loudly saying 'Thief! Thief! '
Saying 'Police! Police! ', he caught red-handed
his one hand by the other and said to himself, 'Who are you
at this inopportune moment here? ' And instantly he releases
that hand, nobody knows why, getting afraid very much.

Sayeed Abubakar

Mind Burnt In Love

Mind has been burnt in love,
the branches of shimul* tree covered with flowers;
I sense the advent of spring that had appeared
in the age of ice.

* silk-cotton

Sayeed Abubakar

More Valuable

A tree is valuable,
more valuable are its fruits;
when the tree dies, the fruits become the next trees.

A river is valuable,
more valuable is its water;
if there is no water, the river dies.

Sayeed Abubakar

My Blue-Eyed Dove

Night is growing dark and deep.
I see my farthest friend going to sleep
leaving me alone awake.
I will pass the night this way for your sake
for your love,
my blue-eyed dove.

Sayeed Abubakar

My Daughter

A red rose
everyday goes
to school people see.
She is only
Nine.
Blooming a rose is fine
but going far away leaving me alone
is like keeping on my heart a heavy stone.

Sayeed Abubakar

My Heart

My heart doesn't let me sleep for a single moment,
the whole night he shouts loudly like an ass.
When I close my eyes, he hurts me throwing his legs.
If I forbid to stop, he runs after me like a leopard.
I ask, 'What's happened to you? '
He says, 'I won't tell you.'
'Let me sleep then', I say.
He replies, 'I won't let you.'

Translated from Bengali by the poet

Sayeed Abubakar

My Heart Aches

My heart aches
for her who bakes
my heart putting on an oven.

My heart cries
for her who fries
my heart putting on an oven.

My heart worships her
because she is my killer.

Sayeed Abubakar

My Life

I was a babe
who always feared darkness and grave.

Then I started growing
and throwing
all fear aside.

Now I hide
myself seeing snakelike men who deny love and truth
though I am in full youth.

O river, o sky, o bird,
am I a coward?

Sayeed Abubakar

My Mind Has Gone Insane

My mind has gone insane
as if it were a mad-river flowing desperately
breaking the civilization of its two banks.
Come and prevent my mind, o friend,
from destroying the civilization of all my fruits and flowers.

Sayeed Abubakar

My Mother

My mother my paradise
when closed her eyes,
my earth got lost
in darkness. Now frost
grows on my eyelid.
On earth I'm a helpless motherless kid.

Sayeed Abubakar

My Paradise

My heart cries for you
and dew,
O Love, my Paradise,
grows on my eyes.
Every moment here I only
feel bored and lonely-
Can you kill it?
My mind always runs after you, do you feel it?

Sayeed Abubakar

My Poems

Those who will go back to the civilization of cow carts,
Those who will go back to the age of the hand fans made of the palm-leaves;

Those who want to cross seven oceans and thirteen rivers on foot;
Those who want to fill up the the east and the west by the odours of dead men;

Those who will go back to the spell of witches,
Those who will go back to talismans and superstitions;

Those who believe dogs are more faithful than men;
Those who trust on the ghosts of fate more than on war, procession and slogan;

Those who will destroy the dwellings of the mankind with bulldozers;
then they will build up with love on that debris the palace for fox and boar;

My poems bear bad news born in fire
only for those idiots angry like cobra and ferocious like hyena.

Translated by Sayeed Abubakar from Bengali

Sayeed Abubakar

My Sorrow

My sorrow
once I knew you.
My sorrow
now I don't know you.

My sorrow
once I loved you.
My sorrow
now I don't love you.

Sayeed Abubakar

My Two Eyes

My two eyes may seem to be dead like the dead rivers of Bangladesh
where there is no sign of water now.
But, o my Love,
within my heart there flows a sweet river very dark and deep;
the tide of pain rises there 24 hours every day.

Sayeed Abubakar

Needed

Axe is needed to cut wood;
Love is to cut a heart.

Sayeed Abubakar

No Foe I Have

If someone is rejected in love, s/he shall turn into a foe.
My born-blind heart has never fallen in love
with anybody; throughout the whole life, he has walked alone
on the dry path putting on a pair of old shoes.
That's why, I have enmity with none.

Translated from Bengali by the poet

Sayeed Abubakar

None

There is no fool
who says his homeland is not beautiful.
There is no mad
who says his mother is so bad.
There is no bird
that, singing songs, get tired.
There is no dove
hates love.

Sayeed Abubakar

Nothing To Do But To Wait for You

Now one second seems to be one hour,
one minute one day.
one day one year.

When you said you would remain busy for a whole week,
I got dumb like a piece of stone
because I knew here one week means seven years.

Yet I will wait for you.
I will wait till the end of the week.
I will wait until the doomsday comes.
I will wait because I have nothing to do but to wait for you.

Sayeed Abubakar

O Hero

The play has reached its climax.
The spectators are getting frightened.
O hero, it's high time you came to kill the villains
it's high time you rescued your motherland
it's high time you declared loudly:
'O mother, my soil, don't cry more
because I've returned.'

Sayeed Abubakar

O Lorena

It's a small hut among the innumerable stars of the sky
that has windows between each one hand gap;
through those windows, the light of stars enters in;
eyes get stuck to half light, to half darkness;
it is neither a day nor a night-what a sight it is!
watching the sky lying on the bed is the only task
that has no end;
fascination remains in two eyes, joy within heart;
in that desolation, O Lorena, I wish to have your company.

Sayeed Abubakar

O My Love Red Red Rose

Tomorrow will be today tomorrow,
today will be yesterday.
This happiness will be sorrow
when 'Goodbye' you, Love, say.

O my Love, rose like red,
if this love once hatred-
why have we come so close?
O my Love, red red rose!

Sayeed Abubakar

O Soil

Soil,
Don't be fertile more,
Don't be a mother;
Child-traffickers, like mad dogs,
are moving everywhere.

Don't conceive any green more,
Don't conceive any forest;
The blue-eyed woodcutters, like butchers,
are sharpening their axes.

O Soil,
Rather become a desolate graveyard,
Rather become a melancholic desert.

Translated from Bengali by the poet

Sayeed Abubakar

O the Cowboy

Hundred years back where were you?
When your mom was a little girl growing like a pine tree,
did anyone conceive that a hero-like man was hidden
In the folds of the girl's body resembling a pan swelling up
with heated juice?

Or did your dad- as a vulture from the high sky searches for
a dead cow- nose out the scent of your existence in the rolls
of your mom's body while unfolding her like a sari
in the pitchy darkness of youth?
If the case so, where were you?
Hundred years hence like the smoke of a cigar
where will you be?

Love existed in the world when you were out of existence.
Then too darkness like the wrestler played the mysterious game
with the alien light.
Then women- having spoken of hearts- spent nights wet with lust
beside men blind with love.
When you pass away from the earth, stars will bloom like flowers,
then too women like playful ducks will swim in the lilting sea of night
with their bodies uncovered and undressed.
But you think, no woman in absence of you
any longer becomes a mother,
in absence of you all sports on earth get stopped for ever
like a clock out of order.

Nowhere you've seen an undying tree, o the cowboy
nor you've seen any deathless lamb;
Why do you like to capture in your fist for good
the breast of earth degraded with rapes since her birth?

Sayeed Abubakar

O Yusuf

How does a man- by rejecting woman's enchanting youth ripe and purple
like mangoes- manage to rush towards the power-house
of the invisible as an impotent, incomplete male?
Burning like the coal in the fiery oven of youth,
how does one manage to say: 'I fear the Emperor
of the invisible'?
After getting all glory of woman in hand
how does one, by withdrawing flesh and blood somewhere,
like a coward escape into the chest of the infinite zero
as the chickens safely hide themselves into the breast of hen
in fear of hawks?
How does one manage to turn down the rapturous sex with a woman
most excellent of all, Yusuf?
When Zulekha's hands like pincers grip the sleeves of the shirt
how has it to be said: 'I seek shelter, o owner of the infinite'?
How has it to be said cowardishly?

But the wretched I can't help offering a basket of snail-kisses
when a woman like a duck stretches her lips wet with the sunlight.
When a woman stretches her love-lorn hands, o Yusuf,
I can't refuse her like an impotent male.
As I fail to refuse, there rises the norwester in the beach of life
and evil approaches the earth
and the earth gradually becomes diseased.

In essence, I'm a coward, Yusuf, in essence I'm youthless.
As I'm youthless like the clouds of the rainy season,
my faith remains motionless turning into a dead body
in the stinking dustbin of woman's youth,
motionless remains my soul's skeleton.
As I'm youthless like the clouds of the rainy season,
I can't touch, like you, the perennial perfect summit of the infinite
jumping over the wall of woman's desire, o Yusuf.

Sayeed Abubakar

Ode to Flower

Toiletries are not necessary for your beauty,
silk-sari and gold ornaments are not necessary;
o flower, in which dress you stay
your beauty speaks penetrating each cell of your whole body.

Translated from Bengali by the poet

Sayeed Abubakar

Ode to Lorena

I do not look at the ripe mangoes
because I have looked at you.

I do not listen to the songs of cuckoos
because I have listened to your voice.

I do not want to see the depth of oceans
because I have seen your heart.

I do not want to explore the sky
because I have explored your eyes.

I do not want to conquer any land like Alexander
because I have conquered you.

The whole universe I find in you.
That is why, I do not go anywhere
leaving you alone.

Sayeed Abubakar

Poem of Hatred

When, like cancer, people fear war and death
as a rat fears a cat;
when people detest war and death
like a dead rotten rat that spreads intolerable bad smell
which way a mad dog detests water for its hydrophobia;
when a bright city crowded like a river full to the brim
gets vacant all on a sudden just after seeing a gun-
what can the city be named then?

Avoiding war is the nature of the Queen of Sheba
because a woman means getting boiled like an egg
lying under the aggressive virility of a man
surrendering completely to his lust;
and a man is always like the King Solomon,
at whose beckoning with finger the Queen of Sheba
along with her state gets belonged to him.
But what a city is it, where the disgraced men
hearing the name of war enter the latrines running fast
like the patients of diarrhoea?
What an ill-fated country is it, where men and women
calumniate the war in their sky-rending chorus?

In ancient days women chose only knights and warriors
as their bridegrooms; and for their beloved heroes,
they made ready their shields and swords
so that they could leap into the fathomless beauty of war
if the battle-drum was heard beating.
When they returned to their homes, their wives welcomed them
laying their hearts and tears of eyes under their feet.
If they got martyred, the wives felt proud of losing their husbands,
as the full Moon feels proud of sacrificing her light for the earth.

When a woman gets inclined only to her body,
when no noble thought can enter her brain
except the thought of her uterus, only then
she clasps her bed-mate like pincers
listening to the sweet slogan of a procession.

But tell me, o ass men, which cancer makes men such boneless
like earth-worms? Being affected by which tuberculosis,
men start shouting heart and soul like asses, saying 'Save! Save! '
listening to the maddening war-song in the air and the sky?

When people detest war and death
like a dead rotten rat that spreads intolerable bad smell
which way a mad dog detests water for its hydrophobia, -
that habitation then can be called a country of worthless people
where the sun should not rise ever, it should not rain
and crops should not grow in the fields.

Sayeed Abubakar

Prayer for My Sister

O Allah, only you the supreme power.
Our
Good and bad
Which make us happy and sad
Are only on your hand.
I believe and understand
Nothing there is impossible for you.
So I pray with cry with eyes full of dew:
Save the life of my sister
From danger
From such difficult disease.
I know, for you nothing impossible there is.

Sayeed Abubakar

Prayer of a Broom

Much I have swept floor, veranda, yard,
the shade under mango tree, that of lemon tree,
all the passages of the house. I do not know,
in which intoxication or hobby, the rough hand of
our housewife has made all surroundings neat and tidy
by using me every day.

How many brooms there are to accomplish such
simple household chores!
O God, manage for me such a vigorous sweeper
who will sweep with me the whole earth once.

How many garbage and waste are lying on all sides of earth
as if it were a corpse swollen with rottenness!
It is spreading rapturously a terrible bad smell
and the air is getting wet more and more.

O God, manage today such a vigorous sweeper for me
who will sweep the whole earth.

[Taken from the poet's 4th book 'Into White Darkness and Black Moonlight' (2006)]

Sayeed Abubakar

Sakira Has Bought an Island

Where lies the happiness of man-
not I can
understand.
Sakira* has bought an island;
has it made her
happier?
Isn't she more valuable than that?
Her hat,
her song, her melody,
her body?

* the great singer

Sayeed Abubakar

Seller

Illiterate and impious is he;
he lives on selling nut;
and his brother selling Jhal-Muri*
runs his family with great difficulty.
But you, o the bull of religion,
live on selling religion.

They all will go to hell;
but you will be rewarded
with the big blue-eyed virgins of paradise.

*one kind of Bengali food made of chilly and cereal of rice patched on hot sand

Sayeed Abubakar

Shadow of a Black Dog

'I have walked across the shadow of a black dog.
Alas! What would happen to me? ' saying it,
he started crying loudly.

I asked, 'What's the problem then? '
He said, 'I may cost my life for it.'

Listening to his cry, the black dog came back.
The man said to him, 'O dog,
I have crossed your shadow today.
What would happen to me? '

The dog replied, weeping, 'Brother,
sorry, I don't know it at all.'

Sayeed Abubakar

She: 1

She looks fine when she laughs.
She looks fine when she cries.
She looks fine when she shows anger.

Sayeed, which way you watch the Moon,
she will seem to be the Moon;
the Moon will never look ugly.

Sayeed Abubakar

She: 2

I.
She was like flowers or flowers were like her.
She was like rivers or rivers like her.
She was like stars or stars like her.

II.
If she cried, she seemed to be a cloud falling down with rain.
When she smiled, it seemed that one-sky-Moonlight had engulfed the whole earth.

III.
Borrowing eyes from pea-cocks, she used to stare me
or borrowing eyes from her, the pea-cocks used to stare.
She used to stare at me keeping the Bay of Bengal into her eyes
or the Bay of Bengal used to stare borrowing her two eyes.

Sayeed Abubakar

Sleep

When the enemies surrounded their house,
their guns were sleeping tight pouring oil
into their noses.

When their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters were getting
raped together on the same bed,
their guns were sleeping tight like Kumbhakarna.*

At last when they were attacked and felling them on the ground
they were being slaughtered like bulls,
still their guns were into deep sleep.

Someone coming to them said, 'Brethren,
kindly awake your guns now.'
They, setting hands on his mouth, said,
'By God, never utter such a word
and let the guns sleep peacefully which way they are sleeping
and we want to see them sleeping even after the doomsday,
to see that no one has come break their innocent sleep.'

* a mythical monster who slept six months at a stretch

Sayeed Abubakar

Song of a Hero

O villain, you can kill me
but cannot defeat me anyway.

Sayeed Abubakar

Song of New Year

Both in the sun and rain
without umbrella
a boy beside the road
works ceaselessly from dawn to dusk
breaking the bricks into pieces.

In both eyes he entertains a dream desolate
of merely three handfuls of meals;
the dream certainly not for rich dishes—korma, kabab
nor for princely recipe on the table.

Still everyday remains he unfed
in sun and rain beside the road,
spends his poisonous days-
O the happy men, do you think of him once?

New year, the new guest, sprinkles links of love
in the breast of all.
Collecting those links, you, the rich,
fill up your hands and eat up to your marks
all the things you like best.
But why does that boy remain such a day
helplessly unable to feed himself
with a single handful of plain rice?

Sayeed Abubakar

Song of Skeleton

Skeleton is a must for a human body;
But nobody falls in love with skeleton.

Body is a must for a human being;
But nobody falls in love with body if there lies no soul.

Sayeed Abubakar

Song of the Oily Men

We only want to oil the heads of oily men.
We have no oil for those who are oilless.

You who are the owners of oil and who do
the business of oil are our relatives and friends-
we want to declare it again and again.

But those who are poor and beggars, who are
going to embrace the Death very soon are none to us
and they have no value on earth too.

Translated from Bengali by the poet

Sayeed Abubakar

Still Here Are Some People

Still here are some people
who prefer darkness,
prefer going to village with wife and children.
At least at the departure of electricity
(Victory to load-shedding!) some people move onto the roof
for free air and look upward to the sky by mistake.

Still here are some people
who venture to purchase books of poetry,
listen to Hemonto's* songs,
stare at the starry sky
and groan 'Mom! Mom! ' seeing her face in a dream.

Still here are some people
who feel their hearts being heavy with pain and disgust
seeing the axes and the woodcutters.
Still here are some people
who love trees,
love rivers
and extract pleasure from fertile women.

* a Bangali singer

Sayeed Abubakar

The Beloved of a Poet

If you offer your body to a rich man, he will give you a shelter,
delicious food three times, clothes and pleasures in all your organs.
He may give you a heart which is as dead as a withered river.
If he loves very much, he may make you owner of a vast land.

Can a vast land be the price of your body?
Those who are slaves of body will not be able to recognize
the secret mine of mystery lying into the folds of your body.
Only the goldsmith knows the value of gold.

Who knows, o girl, what a jewel your beauty is but a poet?
Be the beloved of the poet, you will gain the life of nymph.
If you look at me for a moment, I will give you snatching the heart of flower and compose on your lips the new verses of kiss.

But if you give me your heart, don't get frightened, o sweetie,
an immortal epic of love will be composed for you all on a sudden.

Sayeed Abubakar

The Best

The fish that flees away breaking the hook
seems to be the best;
and the lips of you, o girl,
which you have not given me to kiss,
seem to be the best.

Sayeed Abubakar

The Hand of a Jew

Thinking him a man,
I stretched out my right hand towards him.

As soon as I kept my hand on his hand,
my hand got wet with a horrid smell.

I washed my hand many times
with ashes
and with sweet-smelling soaps.

I went bathing many times in the Ganges
and in all the oceans.

Even I bathed my whole body
with sacredness, hatred and love.

Yet that horrid smell has not vanished at all
from my right hand and from my whole body.

Alas! now I think of that hand-
Was it the hand of a fox scratching corpses?
Or was it the hand of a vulture or of a hyena?

[Taken from the poet's first book 'First Sin of Love']

Sayeed Abubakar

The Ism of Life

Those who stretched out their chests like lions
in front of the pipes of guns are now the kings of highways.
Those who died helplessly jumping into the gape of the invading shark
are now alive in the din and bustle of life.
And those who escaped hiding themselves into the darkness
of their cunning are now mere oblivion,
mere broken graveyard surrounded by dreary emptiness.
Actually those who have learnt to contempt the eyes of vulture
have the right of living only.
Only those who have learnt like pincers to uproot the poisonous teeth of cobra have the right of love.
Those who know how to show thumb to the carnivorous animals
have the right of life.
Freedom and sovereignty are only for those who have learnt to play with life like chopper and spear
and who have learnt to shed one river blood
for flowers and poems,
for man and soil.

Behold, those who were alive are now mere ghosts
having died and got rotten utterly.
But those who sacrificed their lives in the inflame of love
are now reigning in the realm of life.

Truly the detestable death of man is in his foolish living;
life is only in war and death.

Sayeed Abubakar

The Last White Pigeon of Peace

Going to slaughter the death like a bull felling it on ground
binding tightly its four legs, we have made our earth
full of death more.
Going to uproot the shrubs of weeds,
we have filled our life-land with more weeds.
Going to destroy the darkness with all its roots,
we have fallen down slipping into the darkest ditch.

Our wisdom is now eating our whole body
pecking at all limbs like a vulture.
All our books and idle times of our laboratories
are biting our soul and existence, raising their hoods
like a cobra.
We do not know where we have reached
running like a bull tearing its rope.
Our science and technology are pouring black heat
upon our skulls.

Our dull eyes are getting overturned again and again
like an unhappy housewife hanging herself with a ceiling fan.
Even the eyes of our heart are growing feeble and inactive
by getting fade every day.

Spitting upon all our rotten knowledge, wit, welfare and blessing,
spitting upon our democracy twinging like a septic boil
and spitting upon all our destructive inventions,
we are eagerly waiting like swallows, like the thirsty fish
of a dry pond or like the cracked fields of Summer-
if it rains!
if peace descends!
if the last white pigeon comes
flying from the distant sky-civilization out of this sky
engulfed with bombing planes,
carrying the message of peace!

[Taken from the poet's 4th book 'Into White Darkness and Black Moonlight' (2006)]

Sayeed Abubakar

The Month of Flowers

Round the year there was the month of flowers.
Now only the flowers made of paper bloom there..
Once her face was seen among the flowers.
There my heart cries now having lost her for ever.

[Translated from Bengali by the poet]

Sayeed Abubakar

The More My Heart Tries

The more my heart tries
to forget you, Dove,
the More my heart cries
to get your love.

It's much easier to send an elephant
through the hole of a needle than to forget you, Dove.
I can forget everything of earth but I can't,
for a single moment, forget your love.

Sayeed Abubakar

The Saviour

Behold, how horribly the hungry Fire gapes at us
like a python, like a ravenous whale
and like the Bermuda Triangle.
How terribly the maddened Fire devours bricks and stones,
and drinks all the snow-hills like a tasty wine!
Like a demon, the Fire eats crunching the bones of Cain and
the skeleton of Lahab*, eats like the kernel of a palm
uprooting the blue eyes of Genghis.

Where are you running fast, o Man, like a bewildered horse?
O the lost horse, where are you going madly raising your tail?
Breaking down the wall of sight, behold, how horribly
the Fire gapes at us!
It is is such a fire which devours not only our body
but also our invisible soul. Like a rat,
it eats into the coconut of our heart bit by bit.

There is no Jesus more who will absorb all your sins in his cross.
There is no Gautama more who will play the flute of wisdom
sitting under the shade of the pee-pul tree.
There is no Krisna more who will pour down a cloud of love
into the thirsty eyes of Radha.
There is no Mohammad more who will save you running
from the clutch of the hungry Fire.

O Man, O Horse, O Bull,
There is no prophet more, keep it in your mind.
Keep in mind, there is no saviour more except a love-lorn poet.

* the enemy of prophet Mohammad(sm)

Sayeed Abubakar

The Song of Faith

In this unruly wind, blow the sail, boatman. Removing the sweat
of destiny, grip the oar in the blister-stricken hand.
With successive strokes of faith, go forward cutting the angry waves
and keep muttering the name of the relative of your existence.

Boatman, keep singing your soul-crushing song in his name.
In his name, raise an uncontrolled uproar of wailing. Watch the river resonates under the green wind, resonate the banks and waves.
In this wind, boatman, blow your sail of faith.

In his name, the night blooms into dawn shedding down all darkness.
In his name, the moon splits into two pieces of watermelon.
In his name, the river turns into the desired spring of honey.
Keep singing in his name, boatman, the song of faith.

If you cherish the coast of fortune having cut the angry waves,
with the oar in hand, o boatman, start singing 'Rasul! Rasul*! '

* the prophet Mohammad(Sm)

Sayeed Abubakar

The USA

He says democracy.
The world understands democracy.
But I know he means oil.

He says justice.
The world understands justice.
But I know he means brutality.

He says God.
The world understands God.
But I know he means Satan.

That's why, he hates me.
That's why, I hate him.

Sayeed Abubakar

The World at this Moment of Night

The world at this moment of night has turned into a mosque.
The world at this moment of night has turned
a silent sweet mat of prayer.

All the movements have come to a close,
all the dins of horizon have become still.

After the day's toil of tilling sins and virtues like a tractor
the tired locality like a dead body has entered into the stony sleep.
In the province of sleep, only the sleepless stars
bathing in the moonlight of Jikir* blaze to decorate the sky.

The world at this moment of night has turned into a mosque,
has turned into the quite solitude of the grave.

Like a pot made of glass
let the sleep be broken to those
let the sleep be broken to those
let the sleep be broken to those
who are wiling to subdue the moaning of heart
who are wiling to pick up the gold of timeless pardon
in their blissful fists.

*Remembrance of the name of Allah

Sayeed Abubakar

There's Nothing So Important But Love

Meaningless is the song of cuckoo and that of dove.
There's nothing so important on earth but love.

Meaningless is the gold of Africa, the ruby, the pearl.
There's nothing so important but the love of a girl.

Meaningless is the throne of America, the President's power,
There's nothing so important but the peak of love's tower.

Sayeed Abubakar

Top News

I have died.
It's the top news of the day.
I have committed suicide
They say.

I am dead.
It's the top news of the year.
You have already read
Both foe and dear.

Sayeed Abubakar

Truth-adulteration

Watching the acting again and again every day,
acting seems to be true now
and truth to be acting.

Sayeed Abubakar

Two Years and A House-Inmate

Having soaked up two eyes in tears,
one year said in a crying tone,
"Dear,
Adieu! the bell of my departure has rung."

Listening to her moaning, the inmate of the house
Broods over the day when he will also go away like her.

Smearing kajal in eyes, drawing colourful design
on forehead and lips, holding ornaments and expensive sharee
on body, the new year coming hastily knocks the door.

When the inmate opens the door, the new year
showing exceeding joy and raising stormy smile on face
asks, "Dear,
May I come in? "

The inmate, having looked at her, thinks,
this smile of her will disappear if the time expires.

Sayeed Abubakar

Village Modhupur

At the farthest corner of the world
there remains my village Modhupur small and smart.
Birds chirp there, farmers render songs,
flowers sprinkle flavor all the year round.

The sun rises like a silver disk in the east;
at evening it sets in the west.
At night the moon appears to dispel dark.
The village neat and nice has no match at all.

Tasting berries, lichees and mangoes, and sporting
in its fields, I spent my delicious childhood there.
Leaving behind that sweet, splendid, unforgettable village
I wander restlessly now from one country to another.
How long I have not stepped in my village!
But my heart lies there every day every moment.

Sayeed Abubakar

War Is Life

Those who are against hunger
Those who are against death
Those who take arms against the invaders
Along with them I can go in war this very day.

The boars which entering into the fields of civilization destroy all the crops of life
The jackals which digging the graves devour all the corpses of our kith and kin
The vultures which clutching the map of our heart sing the rotten withered song of democracy
Those who are against them
Those who draw irritated hands against their aggressive hands
I can go away along with them leaving my home for ever.

My heart cries now saying war war.
Saying war war, my heart bursts now like an atom bomb.

Life is nothing but war, and warlessness means mere death.
The river whose course is serpentine is the most beautiful one.

[Translated from Bengali by the poet]

Sayeed Abubakar

We Get

We meet up the sea-thirst by diving into the river;
We get our beloved by reading the notes written by her
and we get our heart-loving lord in salty tears of eyes.

Sayeed Abubakar

We The Lovers

The more a fish enters into the depth of water,
the more it feels happy.
The sun feels happy
when it shines fully in the sky.
The more a tree is rooted into soil,
the more it feels happy.
And we the lovers feel happier
when we cry loudly for our beloved.

Sayeed Abubakar

What Is Life

What is life
if there are no struggle and gain?
What is love
if there are no joy and pain?

Living like dead
lying on the bed
of soil
will spoil
the goal of life, o Man.
Who can
be a Mojnu* if he
doesn't fall in the sea
of pain?
Without suffering, there is no gain.

Sayeed Abubakar

When Love

When love
walking across the broken heart of mine
touched your eyes,
your indifferent hair started flying
in the spring air like withered leaves
and drops of happy dew
started gathering on your eye-grass.

Sayeed Abubakar

When She Came

When she came,
her name
was uttered in the air,
got frightened my hair
and tearful my eye.
I
became afraid like a deer.
Seeing it, she said 'O Dear! '
and came near.
I stared at her
and saw there
none.
Alas! I am undone.

Sayeed Abubakar

When She Says

When she says
Goodbye
All my days
Then die

Life loses light
Embracing night.

Sayeed Abubakar

When Soul

When soul conquers our body,
love is born.
When sin gets uprooted,
love is born.

When hatred leaves our mind,
love is born.
When you say 'I love you',
love is born.

If you say 'I love you',
I can jump into fire without any fear.

Sayeed Abubakar

Where We Live

We do not know where we live now.
Here is no difference between man and cow,
between Satan and angel.
We do not know whether we are on earth or in hell.

Here darkness is brighter than light.
Here wrong is preferable to right.
Here love is hated, hatred is admired.
Here people are now tired
Of religion, truth and justice.
Here is no peace.

Sayeed Abubakar

You Only Know

Stone may become spring
if it gets such a touch.
Spring may become stone
if it gets such a blow.

O my Love, you only know
how to transform a spring into a stone;
you do not know how to transform a stone
into a watery murmuring spring.

Sayeed Abubakar

You Want Me

You want me,
I want you;
Sky wants Sea,
Grass wants dew.

Yet you stay
Far from me.
How I may
Get, Love, thee?

Sayeed Abubakar