

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.

21 February

Ka, Kha, Ga, Gha....

When I read each bangla letter

I remember with deep respect

Salam, Barkat, Rafiq Jabbar...

Ka, Kha, Ga, Gha....

When I write each bangla letter.

I can see with my heart's eye

Your faces reflected in them.

How deep love can be

for which blood can be given

with a smiling face?

How deep love can be

for which blood can be given

so much to form a deep red ocean?

In this month of February

To you our nation feel

a humble gratitude,

In the court of our conscience

Our head is bowed down

in deep silence.

Nazmul Haque

A Cup Of Tea

Life is but taking a cup of tea..
Living it in an easy
and careless way.

After feeling a lot of tension,
After running on the race of life,
After my dream is broken into pieces-
I just need a cup of tea
To stand up again-
In new spirit.

The warmth of sweet relation,
the fellow feeling-
When you, I - we all
sit together in a tea-stall
And drink, speak, smile..
up to the heart's limit,
Our friendly circle-
Where else can I find it.

Life is but taking a cup of tea..
In Shakil Vai's Tea Stall.
Life is but taking a cup of tea..
Drink it,
Live it,
In an easy and careless way.

Nazmul Haque

A Second Liberation War

The whole country stands up together,
The platform is prepared now,
A second Libeation War -to be fought
Not with guns, but with the spirit of hearts.
Sixty crores hearts but only one heart-beat
Every single citizen speaking in one tune,
This time we want it-want it right now
To clean up the roton piosonous blood
from the forehead of my dear Mother-
My most-beloved dear mother-land.
Look, our mother still is crying...
Looking at us-she keeps calling
'Save me, save my dignity'.
This time we no nothing of fear,
We have come to smile at death
We have come to prove
that when the honour of my mother
Is at stake, we can die smiling-
Smiling to the last breath,
To the last drop of our blood.

Nazmul Haque

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't 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

Come Silently In The Middle Of The Night

O, my love
Come silently in the middle of the night
With your tender touch
Bring sweet dreams to my eyes.

O, my love,
never again I will need to open the door,
Come quietly through the door of my heart
Be there forever in my sweet memory.

Come as the fragrance
of an un-blossomed flower,
prevailing in the evening breeze-
Sing out my name
over and over again
Like love-stricken evening bird
in the wilderness.

Come as tear drops in my eyes,
Whisper in my ears
like soothing tune of flute
Come as my lost love
O my ever lost love-
And be there as eternal pain in my heart.

Nazmul Haque

Dear, It's My Heart

Dear, its my heart
And if only you could know it-
That the softest part of it
Cuts the deepest -
And, I'm offering you the softest part,
That you can cut it the easiest way,
And while cutting
Least be hurt.

Nazmul Haque

Death - An Welcome Guest

Why do we love life so much?
Why are we so afraid of death?
Have you ever thought about it?

Time is passing away
And Death is coming nearer and nearer,
But we have not truly lived yet.

Life is the sweetest drink from God,
But we haven't yet drunk of it,
We have just been breathing in and out,
But Life hasn't yet happened to us,
We have not known the ecstasy
which life is;
We have not known the bliss
which life can offer;
we have not yet known nothing of it.

Life has been just an unfulfilled hope
and death is coming near.
Life has not yet truly happened
and if death happens before it,
We will be afraid of it,
That is natural
as we are not yet prepared for the climax.

They who've fulfilled what they dreamt of
They who've drunk the juice of life to its last drop,
They are ready to welcome death in a thankful heart.
Then death comes not as a break,
Rather it comes as a continuation.
Then death is not an enemy to life,
Rather it becomes the fulfillment of it.
It is the fulfillment, it is the peak,
it is the climax, it is the last gift
that life can offer to us.

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 my 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

Don'T

Man is born free,
but everywhere he is in chain-
Our life has become nothing but to say 'no'...
don't do this, don't do that,
just close up yourself
in safety and security,
never take any risk,
never move on the unknown way....
Our life has become just staying back-
never to take part in the action!

Our life has become suppression-
a continuous suppression...
But don't forget that whatever you suppress,
you are never free of it;
when you repress something
it goes deeper into your unconscious mind,
and sets up a strong home in there,
It reaches to your very roots
and poisons your whole being.

whatever you suppress
Deep inside, you will always carry it
like a shadow following its substance
your suppressed desire will always haunt you
like a ghost.

Set your spirit free
Don't make your heart a prisoner
of the prison-cell,
let your heart's desires
find a way out
to taste the open air and light
of the free earth.

Nazmul Haque

Don'T Stay Away

Don't stay away, so far away, my dear-
Just take a look into my empty eyes
And hold me tight with the string of love
Deep inside your heart...

Don't stay away, so far away, Dear-
Not anymore, my dear.

Tonight I will bring down the moon
only for you-
Come dear only to me,
Sit upon my heart's throne,
Just open up the door of you heart
And spell it out -this sweet love.

I will be the butterfly of your love,
Sing out this love from flower to flower,
Call me in -right into your heart
And bathe into the perfume of love.

Don't stay away, so far away, Dear-
Not anymore, my dear.

Nazmul Haque

Endless Rain

Endless rain
silently keeps falling
from the corners of my eyes,
Oh my sweetheart,
you only just don't care...

The lamp of hope within my heart
almost dying out,
Oh my sweetheart,
you only just don't care...

Dear, is the feeling same with you
the way I am feeling it now,
when the night falls down
upon the wing of darkness,
do you share the same loneliness
that's eating into my heart,
eyes teared,
heart shattered,
but, Oh my sweetheart,
you only just don't care...

Nazmul Haque

Feel It If You Can

The deep silence is trying to cry,
Hear it if you can with your heart's ear.

The dark sorrow is trying to twinkle
See it if you can with your heart's eye.

The unshed tear is overflowing the heart's shore,
Feel it if you can with your heart's heart.

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 collapses
Each time she attacks with her eye,
How I like to draw the comparison,
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

Hunger

There is no need of poetic ecstasy,
Poetry, I say good-bye to you
Coz when Hunger shows its ugly teeth
The world seems out of rhythm,
And the bright full Moon
Looks as if a roasted bread!

Nazmul Haque

I And You

I am the only one of yours
Don't you understand
In in a firy sunny day
I'm the cool shadow
covering around you.

You are the only one of mine
Don't you understand
In my heart's temple
your are my deepest prayer.

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 I

If I tell you are only mine
with my truest heart,
why then this wall
should stand in between us?

If I welcome you
to the home of my heart
will you come in
to be the queen forever?

Love needs no words-
a heart - all it needs;
I keep you so close to my heart,
yet I walk my way
keeping so much distance.
I preserve my love
safely within my wounded heart.

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

It Doesn'T Matter

Ah! When the tears rolls down
from the depth of heart,
It doesn't matter whether
Its the rainy season or not.

Ah! When pain pinches the heart
from deep within,
Its does not matther whether
The arrow is red or not.

Ah! When ray of hope is lost
from the lamp of life,
Its does not matther whether
You belong to me or not.

Nazmul Haque

It Is A Joy

It is a joy when spring comes
and flowers keep smiling,
It is a joy when rain-drops fall
after so many days of earnest waiting.
It is a joy to sleep silently
putting your head in the lap of mother,
It is a joy to get your first love
in this loveless world.

But nothing is as joyful as
to be the father of a child.

Nazmul Haque

It's Autumn Now

It's now autumn season,
and have you noticed
the mystical change
that nature now is going through?

Autumn is the promise
that Summer has made
to the upcoming Winter.

It would not be of so much loss
if you find a afternoon
just to pass some time
in the midst of nature,
walk by the bank of the river
and enjoy the western sky
standing face to face with the setting sun...

Nazmul Haque

Justice Is Crying

The Constitution is unclothed,
The Supreme Court is turned
into a notorious brothel house,
Justice is crying like a naked prostitute,
And the Criminals are laughing
like the lecharous pimps...

Nazmul Haque

Loneliness

Too much lonely am I -
Like my own shadow,
Like the eternal emptiness,
Like a tree standing alone,
Like an isolated river,
Like a single island in the vast ocean,
Like a silent mountain,
Like a prisoner enclosed in the jail
for a life-time imprisonment...

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

Me, The Supreme Center

The real music is already set
deep inside the heart
and every outside music is just
the reflection.
The real rhythm is already there
inside the heart,
the physical movement is just
the imitation.

The real perfume is already set
within the core of the heart
What the flower has is not its own.
Think of the hand that is behind the rose
And see the real fragrance comes
from the hand,
What the rose gives is just
a borrowed thing.

The real beauty is not in the face
Real beauty is in the loving eyes.
A beautiful face is just a cover
Until it's reflected into the mirror of love.
Ask a mother if her child is beautiful-
And see none is less beautiful in this world.

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

My Fulfilled Bangladesh

If anyone asks what's inside my heart,
I will write the name -'Bangladesh'.
This love-story smells like the soil-
forever absorbed in the sweet rosy scent.
Here the rivers flow on with the overflowing love
of my spell-bound heart from ages to ages.

Upon the breast of the Padma
the boat of sun-shine moves on forever,
and the silvery hair of the dancing waves forever flows on-
I'd like to draw such comparison.

In love or in hatred I quench my thirst
drinking upto my soul the nectar of the Meghna,
rich as the age-old sky they are-
within my heart's land.

In the name of God, I can say -
Bangladesh is mine, ya she is mine and mine only,
In the name of my deepest love I can say -
she belongs only to me.
Look at the blue sky,
that's the reflection of my heart's colour.
When my love melts down as dew-drops,
all the grasses of the world take the shower in them.

They whose hearts held fiftysix thousand green spheres-
they are the martyrs,
at the cost of blood they have bought this ever-green land.
Some monsters now want to loot their dream-land,
time has come to hit them back.

Take a look into my heart once again,
just have one more look-
see my Bangladesh has flourished
beyond the space of the universe.
Today I'll spread around
the endless green of my flag from sky to sky.

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 around me
I love very much,
She sprinkles my heart
with her tranquil touch.

Nazmul Haque

Never Give Up

The root of confidence may be shattered
like a mirror broken into pieces,
The way of life may take a different turn
like a ship that's lost its way
but never, never never give up.

The ray of hope may be out of vision
like a lamp that's almost dying out,
The beating of heart may lose its rhythm
like a flute that has lost its tune
but never, never never give up.

Stand up against all the odds
That may block your way
Never say 'I dare not'
That takes your spirit away.

What you want and what get-
there may be always some gap
But never, never, never give up.

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

Ode To Venus

Who says Paris was wrong
in giving the golden apple to Venus -
I would have done the same
if I were Paris...
Ah! but I wish I were Paris
I'd have said-
I don't want Helen for one life-time,
I want you Venus for one little moment;
a moment of kiss from you
is worth a life-time husbandship of Helen.

Nazmul Haque

Oh My Heart!

Why shed these tears of sorrow?
Why shed these tears of grief?
Oh my heart how soon you forget,
After trials come sweet relief.

Why turn you from Ar-Rahman?
Why yearn for a listening friend?
Oh my heart, do you not remember,
On ALLAH, you must depend?

Read you not those stories,
of the trials in days gone by,
Of the Sahabi beloved by Allah,
Who for Allah's cause did strive?

Why loosen your hold upon him?
Why fling away, His outstretched Hand?
Oh my heart, do you not remember,
Bilal's sabr on the blazing sand?

"Ahad! Ahad! " He cried,
While his flesh did drip and burn.
"Ahad! Ahad! " He cried,
To Allah alone he turned.

Forget you the firmness of Hamza,
As the gleaming swords did fall?
With Sabr he turned to Allah,
as the qureish did slice and maul.

Why drown in salty teardrops?
How can you dare compare your pain?
To that of Yasir and Summayah,
As they lay tortured on the scorching plain?
Forget you the pain of Khabbab,
As on burning coals he lay?
Oh my heart, how little your suffering is,
Wherefore do you lose your way?

Why befriend you not Al-Wali?
Why not in Salat to Him complain?
Like Job who only to Allah,
Turned in all his grief and pain?

Forget you those trials in this life,
Cleanse your heart and make it clean,
Oh my heart, why all this sadness?
Do you not wish your heart to gleam?

Be patient in all your hardships,
Allah hears your cries of woe.
So trust Him and His hikma,
For He knows best and you don't know.

So tighten your hold upon him,
Lest He withdraw His outstretched Hand!
And remember the example of Bilal,
As he lay anchored on the blazing sand.

"Ahad! Ahad! " he cried,
While his flesh did drip and burn.
"Ahad! Ahad! " he cried,
To Allah alone he turned.

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.

Painfully Joyous

Our joy is our pain unmasked,
Our pain is our joy enclosed.

The same river from which
Our laughter arises,
Very often filled with our tears.

The deeper that sorrow
Wounds into our heart,
The more joy we can contain.

Is not the same flute
That sweetens our soul,
The same wood that's
Injured with knives?

When you are Joyous,
Look deep into your heart,
See, the one who gave you pain
Is the one that is giving you joy.

When you are in pain,
Look again in your heart,
See, you are weeping for the one
Who has once been your delight.

Some say, 'Joy is greater than sorrow, '
Yet others say, 'Sorrow is the greater.'
But in truth they are in-separable.

Joy and Pain infact come together,
When 'Joy' sits with you at your table,
'Pain' is asleep waitng upon your bed.

Verily we are suspended like scales
Between our sorrow and our joy.

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 servant;
I will bless you with the light of wisdom
And enlighten 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 dilemma I am in!

Which one to choose, 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 choosing 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 be 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

Poet And Woman

Woman, you are incomplete without poet,
Poet, you are also imperfect without woman.

The soil is incomplete without the root of trees,
The sky is incomplete without the clouds,
stars or the shining Moon,
The river is dead without the dancing of waves,
And, the poet's heart is a desert without a woman's love.

The forest is incomplete without the wild animals,
The sun is lost in darkness without its light,
The trees are but a row of emptiness-
without the chirping of the birds,
And, a woman is but half without a poet's imagination.

Nazmul Haque

Pure Love

What is pure love?

Pure love is giving your life
just for the sake of giving -
Enjoying the very act of 'giving',
Not waiting for any reward.

The moment any motive gets in,
Love becomes impure;
Unmotivated love is pure,
The moment there is a demand,
Love is polluted,
And the beauty inside is no more.

The love falls from the skies
And becomes very muddy.
Love is the most innocent
Until the seed of desire is sown,
It becomes cunning and clever
And the innocence is lost forever.

Before the serpent persuaded Eve
To eat the fruit of knowledge,
Love was pure.
Thereafter it was no more love-
It was lust.

Hence they became guilty,
Ashamed of being naked.
Love can be naked-
The innocent nakedness,
As it knows nothing of shame,
It knows nothing of guilt.

It is so pure, so innocent,
Like a child,
That it need not hide.
But lust hides,
Lust needs some layer
To cover up its guilty face.

Before the serpent won Eve over,
Love was there.
The Fruit of Knowledge being eaten,
The Fall takes place,
This is the Original Fall-
The fall from love to knowledge,
From the heart to the head,
From innocence to cunningness.

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

Sin And My Confession

Oh my God,
I keep you so close to my heart,
yet I walk my way
keeping so much distance.

Oh my God,
When I slips away from your way,
You know my heart cries
with every wrong step I take,
But I just can't help it anyway.

Oh my God,
The power of my belief is so poor,
And the face of Sin is so beautiful;
The oar of my conscience is so soft,
and the waves of Sin are so hard
that I can't move on-
breaking through the waves.

Oh my God,
I silently cry when
the moment's excitement subsides;
You know, the drops of my tears
bear the proof of my silent confession.

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 nursery-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 Art Of Love

When you love,
You love the way
A painter paints or
A poet composes his poetry or
A musician plays his music.

Love should happen
the way gentle breeze passes by,
Love should happen
the way little waves dance on
Love should happen
the way your eyelids fall
Upon your tired eyes.

Love never should be forced,
Love should never be an attempt,
When love happens, it has beauty,
When love is made to happen,
It is ugly.

Nazmul Haque

The Best Part Is Never Achieved

The best part of the song is that
which remain ever unheard,
The best part of love is that
which remain ever unfelt,
The best part of the poem is that
which remain ever unwritten,
The best part of the word is that
which remain ever unsaid,
The best part of tear is that
which remain ever unshed,
The best part of the work is that
which remain ever undone.
The best part of sorrow is that
which remain ever unshown.
The best part of sex is that
which remain ever unsatisfied,
The best part of life is that
which remain ever unlived.

Nazmul Haque

The Bridge Of Love

</>Love is the only bliss in life -
everything else deceives,
everything else is a mirage.

Life allures you
but it never satisfies you.
On the contrary-
it leaves a feeling of great frustration.

Love gives you
the first taste of satisfaction.
You feel perfectly satisfied-
as you are,
and in that state of satisfaction
God comes in.

You are open to God
only when you are in a state of contentment.
The door only opens then-
for God to step in.

The discontented man
is so obsessed with himself,
that he remains closed.
Even if God knocks on his door,
he cannot hear it,
there is so much noise inside him.

But when one is contented
there is silence, deep silence inside him.
Everything is quiet,
then one starts hearing
the whispering of God-
from everywhere.

The cuckoo calls from the distance-
and He has called you.
In laughters and in tears
only He is felt then.

Then He is day and He is night.
Then He is life and He is death.

The wind blowing
through the pine trees-
it is God whispering.
The river running
towards the ocean,
and the sound of the water-
it is God's song.

Nazmul Haque

The Calling

Look, who is calling me from deep within,
Ya, its my dear God.

So long forgetting my own address,
So long searching for my own shadow,
So long living with the unsatisfied thirst;
Now it seems my heart's boat
Has at last found its shore.

Look, who is calling me from deep within,
Ya, its my dear God.

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 Confession Of Albert Einstein

When Albert Einstein was dying,
he felt frustrated.
He felt upset thinking
what he has achieved
and what he has missed in life.

'I've discovered $E=mc^2$
the equation to unlock the atomic power,
but the equation to unlock
the mystires of the soul
ever remain undiscovered'

'I have moved into
the centre of things,
and realised the mystery of matter,
but as far as my own self is concerned
it still remained unrealised. '

Nazmul Haque

The Court Of Conscience

God gives you beauty,
And He gives me the thirst,
A strong desire takes me in
Just at the very first glance.

In my heart I unknowingly feel
The unspeakable desire,
Breaking the limit of all morals
I just want to see how it tastes.

Ya, to myself, I confess it,
The sin is committed
Deep within my heart
And the judgement takes place
In the court of my conscience.

Who is to blame then?

Firstly I blame myself,
I put myself
In the court of my conscience,
I feel the pain deep down my heart
as soon as I commit the sin.

Secondly, I blame beauty-
The sweet poison
that works softly but surely,
This poor little heart
has no power to stand
Against the call of beauty.

Thirdly, and mostly, I blame God.
On the one side
He sets the outstanding beauty,
On the other side
He sets the never-ending thirst,
And then puts the two sides together-
This is the way He likes to play the game.

Tell me, Oh God,
Can You blame ice,
If it melts down in touch of fire?

Nazmul Haque

The Definition Of Beauty

Beauty is a creation of love.
It is the loving eye that imparts it-
that creates it.

Beauty doesn't belong to the beautiful,
People think they love
because the beloved is so beautiful.
but, the reality is just the opposite:
Infact the beloved looks so beautiful
because he is in love with her,
because he looks at her
not with the eye,
but with the heart.

When you are in love
the beloved appears so exceptional;
when you are not in love,
the same person looks so common.
Infact it is love
that is creating the difference.

Look with the eyes of love,
and the whole existence becomes beautiful.
Look with hate,
and everything becomes ugly.

It all depends on you,
-what kind of world
you want to live in?
If you want to live in hell,
create more and more hate
and you will be in hell.
If you want to be in heaven,
create more and more love,
and see - you are in heaven.

Love will go on creating beauty
to each and every thing
that surrounds you.

This same world becomes divine
when looked through the eyes of love.
This same world becomes hellish
when looked through the eyes of hate.

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 Eternal Love

Dear, it's the same you I fall in love - a hundred times,
In a hundred forms - endlessly from now and forever.
It's the same loving heart singing forever the same love-song,
In so many tunes have you heard it,
the same ever-new feeling of love-
endlessly from now and forever.

The more I hear the eternal tale, the eternal pain of love,
I can feel the pain as my own,
Looking back into the infinite, I can see your eternal face,
Twinkling through the eternal dark night
like the Polar star upon my heart's sky.

We two have come floating through the river of Eternal Love,
Deep within the Eternal Heart this love was born;
We two have played this game within a thousands lovers,
In tearful eyes or in joyful heart,
Old yet ever-new - such is this love.

Now this eternal love has found its shore,
Let me put down all my love near your feet,
All the love of the universe, all its sorrow and joy-
Has lost into one single love;
It's the same love song -
sung by all poets of all ages.

Nazmul Haque

The Eye Of The Wild Star

I will rather be a flying-bird,
and swim in the golden ray of the sun,
I'll wear the ornaments of moon-light
and shed as dew-drops upon the boat of night.

The clouds will sing a flowery tale
as I'll lose my way singing the monsoon song.
I'll take the radiance from the eye of the wild star
and fly the thin wave of gentle breeze in the sky.

On the wings of clouds I'll build up my dream,
upon my beak I'll hold the silvery Kirtinasha
and overflow it with the fountain of my heart.

The eye of the sky will shed tears,
and the earth will find the infinite in a land of illusion.
All around will fly broken pieces of memory
as I draw a flowery sorrow with the ink of my heart.

Upon the sky the rainbow will draw a tragic tale,
the fire of my heart will burn the vase of flowers,
still the wings of the birds attract me,
I know well the bird
and the bird also knows me very well.

Nazmul Haque

The Fall Of Humanity

Nearness flies away with the wing of Distance,
Reality sleeps into the lap of Dream,
Presence buried down into the womb of memory,
and Hope shattered into the pieces of Despire.

Height fallen into the depth of Abyss
Mercy smashed with the hammar of Horror,
Light blinded under the shade of Darkness,
and Humanity fettered under the feet of Brutality.

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'll 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 surface of the lake-
rain-drops' rhythmic 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 Make Up

Who are you?

You are nothing but an actor-
playing different roles
in different situations.

All the world is a stage
and the men and women are just players.
You are playing many parts
and you have many faces.

What you seem to be
that you not really are,
you look like the innocent flower
but you are the insect hidden under it.

In the morning you
have a different face,
a different role to play;
then in the office you take
yet another one;
back home you are changed again.

You go on changing the whole day,
from moment to moment,
whenever you have to play a role,
you create a face,
and you become an actor.

Nazmul Haque

The Meaning Of Going Away

Going away doesn't mean
-an entire separation,
Going away doesn't mean
-nights full of secret tears,
When you have gone-
You will belong all the more
to me....
Just in a different way.

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 Other Side

Height is afraid of being fallen down,
Relation is afraid of being separated,
Memory is afraid of being forgotten,
And the way is afraid of being left behind.

The lamp is afraid of the darkness,
The eye is afraid of the tear drops,
The start is afraid of the end,
And The present is afraid of being the past.

Example is afraid of the exception,
Conscience is afraid of the compunction,
The best is afraid of the better,
And life is afraid of death.

Love is afraid of being lost,
The lips are afraid of being kissed,
The feeling is afraid of being expressed,
And the heart is afraid of saying 'good bye'.

Nazmul Haque

The Queen Of Night

She was soft to the touch as a cloud,
To see her hair was to imagine
that a whole winter did not contain
darkness enough to form its shadow.

She had pagan eyes,
full of nocturnal mysteries....
Her mouth seemed formed
less to speak than to quiver,
less to quiver than to kiss,
less to kiss than to curl.

The closing-line of her lips formed
with almost geometric precision,
Her presence brought memories of
the tropical midnights;
her moods recalled Lotus-eaters...
her motions, the ebb and flow of the sea;
her voice, the violin of Orphius...

Nazmul Haque

The Question Forever

How can you be
so simply, so easily indifferent?
Why me alone
should put up with this heavy load?

How can you smile
so freely, so frankly?
How your heart's sky be
so fresh, so blue, so cloudless?

Why should I cry
so deeply, so silently?
Why my heart's sky be
so gloomy, so dark, so full of clouds?

Why it's me alone
should engage a war with myself?
Standing accused in the court
of my own conscience?

You are like the freely moving waves
Of the river,
Singing sweetly as you move on,
And me the oar-less sailor
Trying hard to go against
with my little broken boat.

How can you be
so simply, so easily indiffeent?
Why me alone
should put up with this heavy load?

It's the gravest insult in the world
to care and be uncared for.

Nazmul Haque

The Rebirth

You lose yourself in ignorance,
and you find yourself into wisdom.
You die as darkness,
and you are born as light.
You die as a lie,
and you are born as a truth.
You die as death,
and you are born as eternity.

Nazmul Haque

The Reflection Of God

Thoughts are like ripples,
gently flowing over
the surface of the mind.

Deep inside us
we bear the image of God,
the ripples of thought break that image
into fragments.

It is as if you are looking in
a lake full of ripples-
It is a full moon night,
and the lake is reflecting
the beautiful moon.

But the lake is full of ripples
You cannot gather the moon together;
the moon goes on splitting
into a thousand fragments.
The whole lake seems to be
spread over by the moon-
the silvery beauty, softly broken apart;
many a fragments is seen floating-
all around.

Then the wind stops,
the ripples disappear:
those fragments start falling into one moon.
The silver that was spread
all over the lake,
now becomes more concentrated
into one place - into one moon.

When the lake
is completely without ripples,
the moon is reflected perfectly.
God is reflected perfectly
when there is no ripple in you.

The Remembrance

When things are down
And you are out of your mind
Remember just remember
Allah is The Kind.

When your life is in darkness
And nothing is right
Remember just remember
Through the darkness, Allah is The Light.

When nothing makes sense
And you're heading for demise
Remember just remember
It doesn't make sense, but Allah is The Wise.

When times are troubled
And no one seems to care
Remember just remember
Allah won't hurt you, He is The Fair.

When your heart is breaking
And your pain makes you fall
Remember just remember
Allah Sees it all.

When you are weak
And the road seems long
Remember just remember
Seek strength from The Strong.

When life is a burden
And everything is unstable
Remember just remember
Allah is The Able.

When the way is cloudy
And there is no one by your side
Remember just remember
Allah is The Only Guide.

When no one wants to listen
Nor is willing to lend an ear
Remember just remember
Allah is always ready to hear.

When you are poor and penniless
And you are stuck in a niche
Remember just remember
Allah is The Rich.

When you are down in your misery
And there is nowhere to run
Remember just remember
You can always run to The One.

And when your wounds are hurting
And your heart is in fear
Remember just remember
Allah is really here.

Nazmul Haque

The Rhythmic Feeling

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

Sitting at the veranda 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 the 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 its breasts.

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

Some say 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 -
separated 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 awaiting ears spread their hearts
to hear it from there.

Nazmul Haque

The Skeletons Of 1971

Skeletons don't speak,
They say.
Why then do I hear a secret whisper
Echoing through the reek of death-
that chills the air around the mass grave?
Skeletons indeed speak,
Often more eloquently
Than the living dead who would not.

Skulls don't see,
They say.
Why then do I see the grieving eyes
Invisible in the hollowed sockets,
Carved deep in the cranium?
Skulls undeniably see,
Often in vision clearer than a society,
That turns a blind eye
To the horror of yesteryear.

On this delta
Of celestial alluvium,
Freedom was looted once.
Humanity was paraded like a naked prostitute.
The monsters of seventy-one,
In their warped preaching of divine rules and roles,
Ravaged our innocence
Into the sewers of myopic religious arrogance.

Seething with rage,
The murderous zealots danced,
Cloaked in sanctimonious divine decree.
The eyes of the executioners
Festered with hollow insanity.
The sullied civilization
Never knew what evil dwelled in them.

The reincarnated bones of a nation
Stand in the court of our collective conscience.
Plaintiffs, demanding just deserts.

A father's execution,
A sister's rape,
The mutilated soul of a nation,
Rebounce the scream and the victim's wail.

Hear no evil, see no evil?
Not now, Not ever again!
A brother's blood,
A mother's tears,
A sister's shame
Scream in deafening silence.

How dare we let ourselves forget?
The hands that rocked the cradle of mankind
Are back!
There is fury in the horizon.
Ominous clouds gather,
As we sit still,
And remain stone-mute.

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 Supreme Transformation

A dropp of water cannot include the ocean
but the ocean includes a dropp of water.

But if this dropp of water
drops into the ocean,
and loses itself, loses its identity,
then that dropp has become the ocean.

I cannot include God,
but God surely includes me.
But if.....

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 Ultimate You

It is you
who ultimately decide what reality is.
If you are mad,
the whole existence is mad.
If you are silent,
then the whole existence is silent.
If you are in love, you will feel that
the whole existence is loving.

You are divided-
divided between the head and the heart,
You cannot think as one,
Your mind is like a battlefield
where two opposite forces
are continuously at war-
an eternal battle between 'yes' and 'no'
is always going on within you.

Being divided
you cannot meet the undivided God.
Being dual,
you cannot come to the non-dual reality.
If you are dual,
the reality will be dual.
You have to be one,
only then does the reality
begin to be one.

It is you who shape
the quality of the existence around you.
But you are shattered- broken apart,
You think your body and your mind
are two things - not only two,
but contrary, opposed, fighting - enemies.

No, they are not.
They are two extremes
of one rhythm;
they are two poles

of one existence.

The outer is the body,
the inner is the soul,
but between the outer and the inner
you exist.

You are neither the inner-
nor the outer.

The outer is a part of you
and the inner is also a part of you-
you exist just in between.

Nazmul Haque

The Undefined Woman

Only I lose you-
The moment I try to give you a shape.
Only the feeling is lost-
The moment I prepare to take my pen.
Only the reflection disappears-
The moment I just open my eyes.
Only the eyes dry out-
The moment it starts raining in heart's sky.
Only the sweetness evades
The moment pain steps in to stay there forever.

Nazmul Haque

The Unseen Wall

In between every relation
I can see the unseen wall-
standing secretly
on the border of two hearts.

The showy intimacy
Can never remove
The fog of suspicion,
And the thorns of jealousy
always pinch-
deep into the wounded heart.

A little wave of loss and gain
Can break down the base of trust,
A moment's mistake is enough
to break down a life-time relation,
Because, in between every relation
I can see the unseen wall-
standing secretly
on the border of two hearts.

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 Way Of Life

Life is not like a drawingroom,
In which you fix your furniture
and it remains the same.

Life is like a running river,
that moves its course as it runs by,
So many ups and downs,
So many turning points....
Life is like life itself.

Don't ask how life should be,
Whatsoever it is -
Is perfectly beautiful,
Learn to live life that way
Cause you can't chage the way of life.

Your ideas are your enemies,
They are invitation-cards to troubles,
You think life should be like this,
And not like that,
And that's how you invite your trouble.

Let life show its own colour,
Let life take its own course,
Let life prepare the way,
You just be ready to walk upon it,
Endless possibilities are waiting for you
In every turnings,
In every ups and downs,
And there is the true thrill and charm
That life has to offer you.

God is not an engineer
or an architect, a scientist
or a mathematician.
He is a Dreamer,
He loves to create many worlds of dreams,
Loves to draw the colourful Rainbow
And also the colourful canvases of life.

Life is not like a drawingroom,
In which you fix your furniture
and it remains all the same.

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 suppressed,
These days life and love has taken a different colour...

Nazmul Haque

To My Wife

Oh, my better-half,
My beloved wife,
how can I ever say
how much you mean to me!

My life was only a broken dream,
My heart was only an empty home,
You came and my dream came true
my empty home was fulfilled
with your magic touch.

Now I can see
you are going to give me
the best gift of my life
a sweet baby - my life's only joy.

My dear wife,
Thanks you a lot,
It's for you
that I am now going to be a father.

Nazmul Haque

To The First Gentle Breeze Of Spring

Today I can feel
the gentle breeze of spring
softly blowing all around
with its sweet touch.

Ah, what a dreamy feeling
It is creating inside me!
My heart is thrilling
but the reason why I don't know.

Something is happening within,
but I can't figure it out.
My heart is feeling the urge
to fall in love once again.

But I can realise
that many a spring
has already passed away
from the span of my life.

Now I can't solve the equation
of what I should want
and what I can get.

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

Until

Until you've felt the pain,
You haven't been truly in love.
Until you've felt the bliss,
You haven't yet truly cried.

Until you've felt the loneliness,
You haven't been truly a friend.
Until you've left behind,
You haven't truly owned someone.

Until you've felt the distance,
You haven't been truly close to heart.
Until you've felt the feeling,
You haven't truly lived the life.

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 doesn't 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 comparison,
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