

Classic Poetry Series

Sikander Abu Zafar

- poems -

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Sikander Abu Zafar(19 March 1919 - 5 August 1975)

Sikander Abu Zafar (Bengali: সিকান্দার আবু জাফর) was a Bangladeshi litterateur and journalist.

 Early Life

He was born at Tentulia in Satkhira (greater Khulna) where his grandfather Syed Alam Shah Hashemi had settled after coming from Peshwar in Pakistan. His full name is Syed Al Hashemi Abu Zafar Muhammad Bakht Sikander.

He passed Entrance examination (1936) from the neighbouring Tala B Dey Institute and received his IA degree from Ripon College, Kolkata. He started his career in the military accounts section (1939) in Kolkata and then applied for a job in the civil supply office. He also worked with the Globe News Agency of Satyendranath Majumdar for some time while operating his own business.

 Literary Life

He came to Dhaka from Kolkata in 1950 and worked as a journalist for the Daily nabajug, the ittefaq, the sangbad and the Millat. He founded and edited (1959-1970) a monthly magazine called samakal. He also set up a printing press called Samakal Mudrayan and a publishing house named Samakal Prakashani in 1958.

Abu Zafar was one of the champions of the cultural movement that propagated Bengali nationalism in East Bengal in the 1960's. During the war of liberation in 1971, he composed a number of lyrics of patriotic and revolutionary nature to encourage the people of his country. His song 'Amader sangram chalbei' (Our struggle must continue) inspired people through out the country during the liberation war.

 Works

Although he is chiefly remembered as a poet, he was also proficient in prose. His translated works include Yadur Kalas (Magical pitcher, 1959), Rubayyat: Omar Khayyam (Quatrains of Omar Khayyam, 1966), etc.

He was awarded the Bangla Academy Award (1966) for his plays and the Ekushey Padak (1984, posthumous).

He died in Dhaka, Bangladesh. He lies buried at Banani graveyard.

Bangla Chharo

Sikander Abu Zafar

Gotanugatik

Sikander Abu Zafar

Jonotar Shongram Cholbey

Sikander Abu Zafar

My Dream

Earth, O earth,
Would you remember me
When many many years had rolled by?
When your dilapidated cottages
Would be freshly thatched
And no rains would stream down
Their gaping holes any more,
And the inmates of your home would sleep in peace
On cool mats spread on the dry floor- -
Would you, in the quiet hour of such a happy night
Remember me?
Would you remember that as I lay in my crumbling room
And wasted away in consumptive fever
I used to dream all the time of such an hour as this?

[Translated by Kabir Chowdhury]

Sikander Abu Zafar