Sayeed Abubakar (21 September 1972)

Sayeed Abubakar, an epic-poet of Bengali language, was born on September 21, 1972 at Jessore District in Bangladesh. He is regarded as the major modern poet of 90th decade. His father Nur Mohammad Biswas was a renowned social worker and mother Amena Khatun a hard-working village housewife. He obtained Honours and Masters degree in English literature from Rajshahi University. He married Alimun Nahar Fatema in 1998 and they are now proud parents of two daughters and one son namely Humaira Tasnim, Maimuna Tasnim Nusaiba and Shish Mohammad. He is now working as an assistant professor of English in Sirajganj Govt. College.

Literary Life:

Sayeed Abubakar started writing poems at a very early age. He was only 11 then. Many of those poems were published in the local newspapers of Jessore and Khulna namely `The Daily Sphulingo', 'The Daily Ranar', 'The Daily Purbanchal', 'The Daily Janmabhumi' and so on. He used to compose 60-70 poems every day, for he was determined to defeat Rabindranath Tagore by the number of poems. Reason is that Rabindranath started composing poems at his 8 and Sayeed Abubakar at his 11. Really it was a peculiar type of 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.

His poem was first published in any national daily newspaper in 1988. It was the Daily Ittefaq, the most popular newspaper of that time. He was then a student of class XI at BL Govt. College in Khulna. While in Rajshahi University, he completed composing some of his best lyric-poems. All those were published in the most popular national newspapers and national literary journals such as the Ittefaq, the Sangbad, the Dainik Bangla, the Inqilab, the Pakkhik Shoily, the Sachitra Bangladesh and so on. His first collection of poems `Pranoyer Prathom Pap' (First Sin of Love) was published in 1996. It attracted the attention of the famous living poets of Bangladesh and made him famous as a poet. The second edition of `Pranoyer Prathom Pap' was published in 2008. Now he has 13 collections of poems including his &quot;Shrestha Kabita&quot; (Best Poems) [2015]. His poems have been published in many languages such as English, Spanish, Chinese, Russian, Arabic, Persian and Odia.

He is the editor of 'Bangla Literature', the only English literary journal in Bangladesh.

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
He was given many literary awards for his contribution to literature such as Shabdoshilon Award 2008, Lalon Award 2009, Panjia Sahitya Sommelon Sommanona 2010, Utsanga Srijan Chintan Sammanona 2012, Sristishil Lekhoksongho Sammanona 2014, DCL Literary Award 2015, Banglar Kabita O Sahitta Forum Award 2015, Syed Ali Ahsan Award 2017, Rock Pebbles International Literary Award 2017 (India), Porichoi Literary Award 2017.
12.12.12

When you will read this poem composed in tears after one hundred years,
remember, on this day of three twelves
we swore by God dedicating us to ourselves
we would love like no others loved before;

we swore
we would die loving each other this way.
12.12.2012 on this very day
we loved like a flower and a bee; and on your
12.12.2112, you all will love too sure.
On that day for one moment remember our love;
like you, we had sung a song here me and my dove.

Sayeed Abubakar
A Broom's Prayer

Often have I swept the floor, the veranda, the yard
and all the passages of the house.
I do not know whether as dedication or devotion
the rough hand of the housewife has,
by my daily use, swept our household clean.

And there are so many brooms accomplishing
such simple household chores!
O God, find for me a hardy and effective sweeper,
Who, with me, will once and for all, sweep the whole world clean.

How abundantly the earth is polluted with terrorism
and how immeasurably dust and dirt accumulate on all sides of the
world causing it to bloat like a decaying corpse,
frantically spreading its unmistakable, bad smell
And pervading and filling the very air we breathe.
O God, find for me a hardy and effective sweeper,
Who, with me, will once and for all,
sweep the whole earth clean.

Sayeed Abubakar
A Caged Bird

I am like a caged bird
that doesn't ever get tired
to find the way to fly
in the lovely blue sky.

I will fly, float and run
in the deep blue ocean.
I will sing when I roam;
Then I will come back home.

Sayeed Abubakar
A Contrast

Look how the sun rises and sets,
Earth becomes heaven where man lives;
It is man who gets and forgets;
It is God who gives and forgives.

Roses bloom and nightingales sing,
Rivers run, their waves fall and rise;
It is God, gets joy by giving;
It is man, only takes and dies.

It is man who has made the law
and has destroyed everyone's peace.
If you look, you will find no flaw
in God's work and in His justice

Sayeed Abubakar
A Fairy Tale

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

One day on these paths  
the princesses used to go by the pea-cock boats.  
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,  
am I telling you a fairy tale?

* Dedicated to all the dead rivers of Bangladesh


Sayeed Abubakar
A Hero's Song

You can kill me;
You cannot defeat me
any way.

Sayeed Abubakar
A Love Poem

You and me
me and you
flower-bee
glass and dew.

Sayeed Abubakar
A Poet's Beloved

If you give in to a rich man, he may give you a mansion, delicious foods, nice clothes and physical pleasure; he may give you a heart as dead as a withered river; he may love you too and make you the owner of a vast land.

Tell me, o virgin, can a mere land be the price of your body? Those who are the slaves of body are not able to recognize the secret mines of mystery lying into the folds of your body. Only the goldsmiths know the value of gold.

None but a poet knows what a jewel your beauty is. Be my beloved, o girl, you will gain the life of a nymph. For your one wink, I will give you the heart of all flowers and compose the new verses of kiss on your lips.

If you offer me your heart, o virgin, don't get afraid, all on a sudden, I will write an immortal epic for you.

Sayeed Abubakar
A Poet's Prayer

Immortal and undecaying these poems, I know, will die one day; one day all fame and immortality will fall flat among the debris. The Himalayas, the Twin Tower and the Great Wall of China will be flying in the air like the light dry skins of onions. The eyes of Newton and Einstein will be upturned; upon those eyes, the blue ashes of the utterly destroyed stars will be falling down ceaselessly. Alas! where will be lost for ever science, technology, art, literature, music and paintings earned through thousand years?

When these poems will die one day; when all fame and immortality will fall flat one day among the debris; when the Himalayas, the Twin Tower and the Great Wall of China will be flying in the air like the light dry skins of onions; when the eyes of Newton and Einstein will be upturned; when upon those eyes, the blue ashes of the utterly destroyed stars will be falling down ceaselessly; alas, when where will be lost for ever science, technology, art, literature, music and paintings earned through thousand years; that day, o God, pour down those poems into my soul, listening to which, all the nymphs and inhabitants of Paradise will start dancing in joy.

I walk bearing such a soul which plays like a flute, sings like a cuckoo, runs stirring murmuring sounds like a spring and dances unfolding its feathers like a pea-cock. If I were not submerged utterly into the darkness of the worldly life, my soul would play such a way, your sky would start trembling; it would sing such a way, the passers-by would remain standing by speechless; it would run stirring murmuring sound such a way, poems after poems would fall down into the souls of the poets; and it would dance unfolding its feathers such a way, the eyes of the beauty-lovers would be dazzled in wonder. My soul is, as it were, a cuckoo that has mistakenly entered a city; it sings songs but the outcry of the machine-monsters does not let them enter the ears of lords and ladies.
A Rose

A rose has
bloomed so far,
I get smell,
can't see her.

A rose has
bloomed so high,
Nose gets smell,
can't see Eye.

Daylight comes,
daylight goes;
Sleepless I
love the rose.

Sayeed Abubakar
A Song Of Faith

Blow the sail, boatman, in this unruly wind. 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 kinsman of your existence.

Boatman, keep singing your soul-crushing song in his name. In his name, raise an uncontrollable uproar of wailing. Watch the river resonate 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*!'

*Mohammad(Sm)

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
[Translation of Bangla poem 'Pathor Bir' taken from the poet's first book
'Pronoyer Prothom Pap' (1996) ]

Sayeed Abubakar
A Strange Boy

An innocent boy leaving the lap of mother
opened his fearful eyes in the war-trodden world
and asked 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
further asked,
'Will you tell me how man lives in this hell? '

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

Translated from Bangla by Nazib Wadood

SPANISH VERSION

Un niño extraño

Un niño inocente saliendo del regazo de mama
Abrió sus temeroso ojos en el mundo pisoteado por la guerra,
Y dijo con voz deprimente, ¿De dónde vengo? '

Le dije el nombre de la tierra.

El niño miró en los rincones de la tierra
Y con asombro y dolor, viendo las ciudades y caminos
Llenos de cadáveres y sangrientos corazones desgarrados
Además dijo,
'Dime cómo el hombre vive en este infierno.

Yo le dije, 'Oh, es una pena!
¿Dónde estás viendo hombre en este infierno? '

Traducido por Alma Lorena Lopez Velazquez

Russian version:
[It is a translation of Bengali poem 'Aschorjo Balok' taken from the www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive]

Sayeed Abubakar
A Supreme Slave

Every day I swear:
I won't ever let her enter my heart.
But breaking down my resolve,
the foolish phone
reaches her number every day.

Lover is he who laments every moment
laying down his heart
beneath his beloved's feet.

Truly, love makes a man
a perfect coward
and a supreme slave.

Sayeed Abubakar
A Tragedy

I have forgotten her face once I loved.
I have forgotten her name once I recited in dream.
I have forgotten her love which made me insane.
I have forgotten all- meat, fish, sweets and ice-cream.

What is love then when it's lost forever?
What is life then when it's frost forever?

Sayeed Abubakar
After Many Hundred Years

After many hundred years when my fame
Will reach the sky, when new poets reading
My poems will rejoice and when my name
Will be uttered in air, where will I sing
Then my new songs in which flower-garden?
Will I sing at all? How can a bird live
Without singing? Life will be a burden
If I can't sing. Oceans are born to give,
Not to take water; Birds are born to sing,
Not to listen. After many hundred
Years when on earth all will rejoice reading
My poems, where will I be? On which bed
Will I lie? Lying, which song will I compose?
Will I find there these men, this moon, this rose?

Sayeed Abubakar
An Isolated Tree

Do you tell me to set my roots into air?
Say, when and where did the procession of trees
raise the slogan of storm and seize the blue of the sky
with their palms, being isolated from soil?

Do you call it living? Say, this continual isolation
of a tree and soil, is it the name of living?

Think of that soil, o Love, on whose breast
there exist no trees, no carpet of herbs, leaves and grass,
where no farmer comes ever taking his plow
to sing the song of crops and no bird comes
to fill the arteries of wind with the song of blood,
where only the dust and the sand round the year
mourn and scream soundless like a grave;
do you want to be such a soil, such a waste land?

O my Soil, I will give you forests, a vast world
of eternal green where animals roam, birds crowd
and chirp; I will give you clouds, rains and storms
of peace if you, loving me, devour all my roots.

Sayeed Abubakar
Appetite

There is no appetite in heart,
appetite arises only in body-
the infinite desolate appetite
remains into my two eyes.

There is no appetite in heart
because my heart is over-loaded
with your love.

Sayeed Abubakar
Apu's Letter To Durga Didi

At last, you too, O my sister, have eaten
the fruit of the forbidden tree*!
Those who eat its fruit are thrown away by God
from the garden of Eden into the dustbin of Earth.
Those who eat its fruit discover youth
within their bodies; that youth sets fire
to all the organs of body; then men, like drunkards,
go to live in a forest leaving their homes behind,
and build there with a great devotion
their Spring-dwellings.

Now I play on my old bamboo-flute sitting alone
into Kashful garden as white as a dhuti.
Crossing the border, its tone cannot reach you
at your father-in-law's house in Odisha.
It is many years you went to your husband's house.
After your departure, barbed wires came
in the border.
How will I go to you, O Didi*,
when the border guards, like hunters, raise their
hungry guns towards us as if we were the tasty
Horial doves* sitting on the boughs of a peepul tree?

Now when the fields of Autumn get full
of mustard-flowers, your memory gets alive;
you wearing the yellow sari used to run like a fairy
on the dew wet boundaries of mustard-fields
catching my one hand tightly- I started panting-
I only recollect those sweet scenes now.

When the mango trees get surged now with small
green mangoes, I rush to our kitchen to steal away
some salt and then I start sharpening oyster
on the cemented ghat of our pond-
it seems to me you are coming within a moment
filling the loose end of your sari with mangoes
and addressing me, you say, 'Look at, Apu,
how big the mangoes are! Surely seeds have grown
within them.'
O my sister, leaving those wild pleasures behind, which pleasures do you run after now? 
Which peace does one get by getting married, Which peace does one get by going to a father-in-law's house, Which peace does one get by getting mad with body when the salty tears of separation raise waves into her Apu's two eyes?

Was Adam happy for a moment leaving the garden of Eden? O Durgadi, are you happy too, leaving your Apu behind?

Yours
Apu

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*Tree of the Knowledge
*'Didi' means 'elder sister'
*A kind of dove in Bengal

Sayeed Abubakar
At Midnight

At midnight, I went to bed
but failed to sleep.

In the air, I listened the cry of people
under bombing and the cry of children
in hunger.

'What can I do for them? ' I shouted.

A pen said, 'Pick me up
and write a terrific poem
to teach the oppressors.'

A sword said, 'Seize me
and start fighting for them.'

I picked up the pen in one hand
and the sword in the other.
My blood started dancing.
Now I can neither eat nor sleep.

Sayeed Abubakar
Lying at the ancient shrine, a few bones of man
Listen to the sound of a night-bird. The hill of memory
Descends upon his solid night making it more condensed.
All these nights are only to talk to ownselves.
I know, the traveler, the guest of dust, dreamt once
With pleasure in much illusion a beautiful world;
All his crowded memories are now futile dirge of life,
The sound of the night-bird. His grave, a collected heap
Of darkness, as it were a shoal of sand; both sides of it,
There flows a fierce stream of life, full of waves;
On that lifeless white shoal of sand, beside the coffin,
There plays the Tom-tom. Into the old bricks, who hear
the innumerable mistakes falling down into death's caves?
The sound of the night-bird makes the shrine ancient tremble.

6.9.2017 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar
Aung San Suu Kyi

I cultivated roses in my garden;
I thought I would offer you a garland.
But when the flowers heard your name,
they all fell off in shame like dead leaves.

Now there are only thorns for you.

I cultivated birds in my forest;
I thought I would make you hear their songs.
But when they heard your name,
they all fell down dead in sorrow.

Now there is only hatred for you.

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
Bangladesh

Sitting on the peak of mountain, whose face
frequently I see; walking with my beloved
on the streets of Rome, whose words I remember;
like a pet pigeon, to whom my heart and body
come back when the sun sets; setting whose eyes
into my eyes, I see the beauty of a yellow bird
and seeing the prosaic fly of crow and shalik
I get every day speechless both in joy and wonder-

she is my Bangladesh, as dearest to me as water for thirst
at a noon of Chaitra; in a winter-morning she is my shawl
of Kashmir, my safe home during a storm and rain, and the sail
of my good luck upstream swelling like a tandur-bread.
Writing my name on that sail, I, the last boatman of century,
have started rowing my boat laying stake to life.

*shalik- a kind of bird * tandur- a kind of big bread

Sayeed Abubakar
Because I Have Conquered You

I don't look at the ripe mangoes now
since I have looked at you.

I don't listen to the songs of cuckoos now
because I have heard your sweet voice.

I don't want to see the depth of oceans now;
your heart is deeper than all oceans.

I don't want to explore the sky now
since I have explored your eyes.

I don't want to conquer any land like Alexander
because I have conquered you.

Sayeed Abubakar
Blue-Eyed Dove

The night is growing dark and deep;
And leaving me alone awake,
You're going to sleep.
I will pass the night for your sake
And will cry for your love,
My blue-eyed Dove.

Sayeed Abubakar
Borderless

Break down all the walls,
all the boundaries man-made.
The whole earth is a country
where we live.

We are the citizens
of one country, one planet.

God is our king.

Break down all the walls,
all the boundaries man-made.
Let us live in a border-less human-country.

Sayeed Abubakar
'Coolies And Day-Labourers' By Kazi Nazrul Islam

Once I saw on the rail-way, -
a lord pushed down a man just for being a coolie.
My eyes were burst with tears; will the weak be beaten
this way, throughout the world?
The steam-vehicle was made with Dadhichi's bones;
the lord got on that, the coolies were fallen underneath.
Do you say you have paid wages? Shut up, great liars!
Tell, by paying how many pennies to the coolies,
how many crore you have earned!
Motor-cars ply through high-ways, ships cruise over seas
and steam-vehicles run on rail-ways; the whole country
is filled with machines; tell, whose contributions
are all these? With whose blood, are your buildings
painted red? Remove the glass from your eyes
and read what is written on each brick.
You may not know but each and every grain of dust
knows the meaning of those roads, vessels,
vehicles and pallaces.

The good days are coming; day by day, the debt
has increased enough, it is high time to pay.
Those who broke the hills with hammers, crowbars
and pick-axes, their bones are strewn on either side
of those hill-cut roads;
those who, in order to render your service,
became labourers, porters and coolies;
those who, in order to carry you, smeared their
holy bodies with dust; they are only men,
only gods they are, I sing their song;
new revolution comes setting her foot
on their afflicted bosoms!
You will recline at ease on the third floor
and we will stay underneath;
still, we will call you god, those days are gone by!
The helm of the world's vessel will remain
at the hands of those whose bodies and minds
are soaked with the affection of soil!
I will pick up the dust of his walking on my head
as a sacred offering who journeyed with others
through the tiresome roads. 
Smeared with the blood of the pain-striken suffering of the world, today the new sun of new dawn is rising reddened above the horizon, 
Smash today all the rusty shutters of narrow congested hearts and take off the artificial garments covering colored skins. 
Unlock all the bars and let all the winds of sky, which have become coagulated blue, enter this bosom besotted with joy. 
Let all the skies break down upon our cottages; let the Sun, the Moon and stars fall down upon our heads. 
Rush, all people of all countries and of all times, to this confluence, and standing here, listen to the flute of harmony. 
If one is tormented here, that torment plays equally into all people's bosoms. Here, one's dishonour is shame to the whole mankind, humiliation to all people.

Today is the day of upheaval of great Human-beings and of great pain; God smiles in heaven, Satan trembles underneath.

Translation: 17.6.2017 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar
Country

Birds have no country,
fishes no country.
Rivers do not count Army or border.

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

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

Sayeed Abubakar
Darkness

[Dedicated to Aung San Suu Kyi, the greatest Fraud of all times]

Darkness like Halagu Khan is running
taking sword in hand;
Light is fleeing raising its tail.

The decorated dream-city will lose its
electricity for ever;
in all directions, the slogan of hyenas
will be heard only.

Going to the shade of Bodhi Tree,
I asked Gautama Buddha,
'By tasting which poisonous fruit,
your disciples have become insane
and have been involved in massacre
in Myanmar?'

Hanging his head, said Gautama, 'Darkness.'

Going to Bethlehem, I asked Jesus Christ,
'By drinking which grape-juice,
your disciples have become insane
and have been involved in massacre in Mosul,
Baghdad and Syria singing of democracy?

Hanging his head, said Jesus, 'Darkness.'

Going to the holy home of Moses,
I bowed down my head and said, 'Would you
tell me, by eating which Manna and Salwa
your disciples have become insane
and have been involved in killing children
and women in holy Palestine?'

Hanging his head, said Moses, 'Darkness.'

Going to Mathura city, I said to Lord Krishna,
'Please tell me, by eating which food
offering to deity, your disciples have become insane and have been involved in massacre in Kashmir, Delhi and Gujarat?'

Hanging his head, said Krishna, 'Darkness.'

Darkness like Halagu Khan is running taking sword in hand; Light is fleeing raising its tail.

Again the days of darkness have descended on earth. I have been searching Abdul-Muttalib's son Abdullah's house in Pharaoh's city— in such a thick darkness, no doubt, the Sun of the desert had risen in the lap of Amina!

[Translated by the poet from Bengali]

Sayeed Abubakar
Desire

Had I been a river, I would have run
to meet the sea.
Had I been the moon, I would have floated
smiling on the sky.

Had I been a cloud, I would have poured down water
over the paddy and jute-fields.
Had I been a lamp, I would have spread light
in each corner of each dark house.

Had I been crops, I would have grown
being gold.
Had I been fire, I would have burnt
the body of an oppressor.

But if I had been a missile, I would have killed those
who bring only war on this earth.

[Translation of Bangla poem 'Akangkha' taken from the poet's first book
'Pronoyer Prothom Pap' (1996) ]

Sayeed Abubakar
Destiny

Following strictly
the rules of health,
he died at the age of 52.

His brother Kesmat Ali
smoking punctually
died at the age of 80.

Sayeed Abubakar
Distance

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

Yet you stay
Far from me,
Moon the way
Far from sea.

Sayeed Abubakar
Each Day Comes

Each day comes to push us
to the door of the Past;
After the day, nothing
remains but the darkness.

Like Homer or John Keats
we will be mere the Past;
Men may remember us
or utterly forget.

What lasts on earth for good?
Here immortality,
like our life, is also
mortal and perishable.

Sayeed Abubakar
Easy And Difficult

Death is very easy;
difficult is birth.

Destruction is very easy;
difficult is construction.

Thorn is very easy;
difficult is flower.

Hatred is very easy;
difficult is love.

War is very easy;
difficult is civilization.

Sayeed Abubakar
'Equality' By Kazi Nazrul Islam

I sing the song of equality—
Here, fresh happiness blossoms in all hearts of men,
fresh life on all faces.
Comrade, nobody is king here, nobody subject,
nobody poor, nobody wealthy;
nobody eats broken bits of rice here,
nobody milk-film-cream.
Here, nobody bows down before those
who ride horses or get on motor-cars;
Seeing here the black men, hatred does not spring up
in the whit men's breasts..
It is the place of equality—
here, the black and the white have no
separate graveyards nor any separate churches.
Here is no fear from sentries or police-men.
It is the heaven where there is no division;
here leaving all quarrels aside,
man have clasped their hands as brothers.
Here is no division between religions,
no noise for scriptures;
Christian clergyman, Hindu priest, Muslim jurist
and Buddhist monk drink water, here,
from the same container.
This body, this mind is God's prayer-house here;
here His throne of sorrow is amidst the miseries of men.
He responds to each call, by whatever name
whoever appeals to Him, which way a child
gets response from its mother.
Here, nobody quarrels on trouser, pants or dhuti;
here clothed in dusty costumes
everyone is happy.

23.6.2017 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar
Ever A Heart

My Existence said to me,
'The tongue is so vulgar-
day and night it chatters untiring.
Is there any way to silence it?'
I said, 'Why, keep a pebble into your mouth.'

After few days, the Existence once again said to me,
'The tongue has been silent. Now is there
any way to silence the heart?'
I said to him, 'Alas!
Nothing but death can silence a heart ever.'

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.

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

Now when I go passing her,
it seems that she never knew me.

Now when I see her,
life seems to be very false.
How meaningless the promises of a girl
may be!

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

Sayeed Abubakar
Fast

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

Sayeed Abubakar
Few Lines For The Rohingya

Still men love men
except few cows
and a handful dogs;
the rest all join the peace-procession
loving the fellow men.

Look, men like the tide of rivers have come
in each corner of the world;
look at the intolerable pangs of the world's conscience
in the pages of newspapers;
look, hatred is bursting open like the toasted paddy
on the screen of television.

Those who thought they would wipe out
the existence of the Rohingya,
the world people have started roaring against them.
Now the world has come to know that there is no man
in Myanmar except the Rohingya;
Myanmar is now the jungle of Suu Kyi
and her pet man-eater wolves.
How will men reside with the wolves?

Standing on the corridor of the United Nations,
I want to declare: without delay, by cleansing this jungle
it must be made habitable for men.
Otherwise, by throwing
my poem more powerful than an atomic bomb,
Myanmar must be vanished from the world map.
Then her destiny will be like that of the Atlantis.
She will be sunk eternally
into the unfathomable darkness of oblivion.

Sayeed Abubakar
Let others say whatever they wish,
but why didn't you say: 'Love is never a sin'?
Why didn't you say standing for a while in the court
of love: 'The man who loves may become a killer,
a fire, a storm or a tidal surge;
if you afford the power, either kill him or exile
but never call him a sinner'?

Could Abel love you more than I do, Aclima?
Was Abel more manly, more war-loving,
more love-mongering?
Was Abel more destitute to the world of love
than I?

It is I who only for you
stroke his brother's head 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, Aclima,
I invited the cruel Death
to the eternal din of life.

What is my fault, tell me-
why did you get so lucrative
like the alluring grapes?
Why did you get so irresistibly delicious
like the colorful 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 my youth and baking the bread of heart so severely?

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

Oh Aclima, is love then a sin? Is love a fruit of the forbidden tree?

SPANISH VERSION

Primer Pecado de Amor

Que otros digan lo que quieran, ¿por qué no dices: El amor nunca es un pecado?
Porque nunca se ha dicho, mientras se esta de pie en la corte del amor:
La persona comprometida con el amor se convierte en asesino, se convierte en fuego.
se convierte en tormenta, se convierte en marejada

si le otorgas el poder, para matarlo o para exiliarlo sin que le llamen pecador?

¿Abel comando con mas habilidad para el amor que tu, Aklima?
¿Es Abel más varonil, mas amante de la Guerra, mas amante que yo?
¿Está Abel más desprovisto en el mundo del amor que yo?

Soy yo -quien sólo por ti- rompí el cerebro de tu hermano en pedazos como un cristal que se rompe con un simple golpe.
Con la incesante lluvia de sangre hice humedecer y manche las milpas
Y solo por tu bien, Aklima, invite a la muerte cruel
En el eterno fragor de la vida

Revelar cual es la culpa que cargo - ¿Por qué sacaste tanto provecho mi como de las cautivadoras uvas?
¿Porqué eres tan deliciosamente irresistible como los mangos maduros hasta su Corazón?
¿Porque comenzaste- por calumniar el fuego de la belleza en los labios y en las ardientes mejillas, como el horno, el sartén de la juventud y horneas el pan del corazón tan severamente?

Solo por tu bien, me atrevi a desobedecer al Señor de las tinieblas y la luz; Además me rechazad de una manera muy extraña llamándome cruel!
Solo por tu bien, invente con rudeza el festival de la muerte en la tierra; 
y todavía sorpresivamente me arrojaste dentro del basurero de la desesperación

Aklima, ¿es el amor un pecado? ¿Es el amor un fruto del árbol prohibido?

Translator: Alma Lorena Lopez Velazquez

[Translation of Bangla poem 'Pronoyer Prothom Pap' taken from the poet's first 
book 'Pronoyer Prothom Pap' (1996) ]

Sayeed Abubakar
Florist

I went to a flower-shop of my town.
I asked the florist, 'Why have you chosen
this profession? Is it the cause that you
love flowers most? ' He said, 'No, sir, I have
chosen it because it's profitable
and people now spend money in buying
flowers.' I asked, 'Why do people buy it?
Is it the cause that they love flowers most? ' He said, 'No. They buy it because it helps
them get cheap inconstant love of others.'

Sayeed Abubakar
For Ever

When dusk appears here,
it dawns in your country.
Night marches with snake's hood;
my heart and eyebrow tremble in fear.

When night approaches at your home,
our magpies whistle here;
your whole body sweats in fright
as if there were venom in the air.

Lorena, my sweet bride,
we won't live more on two distant shores;
we will taste the honey of same flowers
and cultivate love-crops in the same fields.

With our four eyes, we will watch the same dawn
touching the same night by our two hearts;
If we become two graves for our love, we will be
but we will stay side by side in the same soil for ever.

Sayeed Abubakar
For Your One Kiss

I can sacrifice all,
both big and small;

I can give free
my sky and my country;

I can jump into fire
(I am no liar)

for your one kiss, o Love
my peace, o Love.

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
calm, green, soft, new.

Sayeed Abubakar
Full Man

To a Lady:

You love your children-
a good mother;

you love your husband-
a good wife;

you love your family-
a good homemaker;

you love your country-
a good patriot;
But still you are not a full man.

If you loved your children and the whole world
your husband and the whole world
your family and the whole world
your country and the whole world
only then you would be a full man.

To a Man:

You love your children-
a good father;

you love your wife-
a good husband;
you love your family-
a good guardian;

you love your country-
a good patriot;
But still you are not a full man.

If you loved your children
and the whole world

your wife
and the whole world

your family
and the whole world

your country
and the whole world

only then
you would be a full man.

Sayeed Abubakar
Ghost

Body is walking, soul is gone.
You can touch and kiss
But surely something you will miss
Body is walking, soul is gone.

Soul is gone, lips are talking.
You can come and hear
But surely you will miss something near
Soul is gone, lips are talking.

Like Jocasta and Oedipus Rex
You may have wild love and sex
But surely you will miss something dear.

Body is walking, soul is gone.

Sayeed Abubakar
Give Me Pain

Give me pain;
I will give you poem in return.

Give me storm;
I will raise beautiful buildings for you
on its devastation.

Give me desert;
I will make an eye-cooled oasis for you
within it.

Only do not give me any flower-offerings;
I will be lost then like Eurydice
into bottomless darkness.

Sayeed Abubakar
O brother, who are you scouring the sky and the earth
for the Lord of the world?
Who are you wandering through the wilderness
and ascending the mountain-peaks?
It's a pity, O hermit, O dervish,
you are looking for the jewel of heart from country to country
holding it into your bosom!
The whole creation stares at you
while you are keeping your eyes shut;
You look for God— actually you are looking for your ownself.
O will-blind man! Open your eyes,
look at your image in the mirror, you will see
His shadow has fallen on your entire body.
Don't shudder,
don't get frightened of the scholars of scriptures, o hero—
they are not surely God's private secretaries!
He is revealed among all, He is in all.
Seeing myself, I can recognize my unseen creator!
The merchants deal in jewels on the sea-shore—
Never ask them about the jewel-mine.
They are merely the traders of jewels
but they pretend they know the jewel-mine!
They have not dived into the unfathomable depth
of the jewel-bearing sea.
O friend, instead of delving into scriptures,
dive into the water of Truth-sea.

Translation: 1/3/2016 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar
Goodbye

If today becomes the last day
and if I die
before I say
goodbye,
forgive me then,
children.

Forgive, o Sun.
Forgive, o Moon.
I could not understand
I have to go so soon.

Goodbye, all men.
Goodbye, all birds.
Goodbye, children,
farmers, shepherds.

Sayeed Abubakar
Grace Of Perfume

Let us move to that land
where only flowers are cultivated,
where gardens throughout the year
remain full of flowers;

there men satisfy their hunger
only on perfume
and quench their thirst
on beauty.

Sayeed Abubakar
Greed

I dream a scene
where a baby falls asleep
having sucked a pair of breasts
resembling two pomegranates weighing ten kg;

I desire a blue sky
which is not adulterated
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
He Says Democracy

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.

This is the reason, for which he hates me.
This is the reason, for which I hate him.

Sayeed Abubakar
Her Two Eyes

I have forgotten her face;
Only her two eyes
yet float into my eyes.

Still those two eyes
make me mad
and make me love her blindly.

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

Sayeed Abubakar
How Far Is Mexico

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

'How long does one need to reach Mexico?'
A boatman said, 'Months after months.'

A pilot said, 'At least half a day.'

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

I said, '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 Borrap* which explores earth and the sky faster than the speed of light.'

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

SPANISH VERSION

¿Qué tan lejos está México?

¿Qué tan lejos está México?
Un geografo diria, 'a Miles de Kilometros'

¿Cuánto tiempo se necesita uno para llegar a México?
Un marinero diria, 'Meses y meses'
Un piloto diría, 'Al menos medio día'

Cuando les digo,
Llegare diario en pocos segundos
se sorprendieron,
¿Como es posible?

Digo, 'Hay muchas cosas extrañas
que suceden cuando hay amor.
Soy el pobre Orfeo the Bangladesh
My Euridice Lorena vive en Mexico.
La visito a cada instante, y ella me visita también
No necesitamos un barco o un avión
sky  Nuestro amor es nuestro *Borrak que explora la tierra y el cielo
tan rápido como la luz.

No pueden entender mis palabras.

*Un vehiculo milagroso que transportaba al Profeta Mohammed (Sm)  del trono
de Allah crusando los siete cielos en un momento.

Translator: Alma Lorena Lopez Velazquez

Sayeed Abubakar
How Fast

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

Sayeed Abubakar
How Many Lives I Live

How many lives I live!
To son-daughters I give
Love, affection, kindness,
Teaching, shelter, fine dress.

To my bad harmful foes
Only my hatred goes,
Nothing good I give them;
Isn't a matter of shame?

To my friends I am kind,
My cruelty others find.
In the mosque I like loss,
In office a cruel boss.

For this life that I live
Will dear God Heaven give?

Sayeed Abubakar
How Shall I Prove My Love

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

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

Sayeed Abubakar
Hypocrisy

You say that you love rain.  
But when it starts raining, you raise  
your umbrella over your head.

You say you love the Sun.  
But when it spreads its rays, you start  
looking for shade.

You say that you love storm.  
But when it starts blowing, closing doors and  
windows, you alone get seated.

You say that you love man.  
But when a poor man comes at your door in danger,  
in anger and in scorn your face turns red.

You say you love revolution.  
But when revolution knocks at your door,  
you fall asleep fast on your bed.

O my Love, in that way  
do you say to me 'I love you' each day?

Sayeed Abubakar
I Am Into Your Heart

You say I am into your heart;
and sitting on its bough
in your sleep and waking, I start
singing sweet love-song now;
and then you ask me, how?

You ask me how I entered there
and how I love-song sing;
O my Love, like the swiftest hare
I leap fast and leaping

reached your two eyes; and through your eyes
I entered your heart, Love;
now I live there (for my heart dies
save you) and sing like dove.

Sayeed Abubakar
I Cannot Realize

I can realize buds, flowers
and their blooming in the gardens of earth;
only I cannot realize their falling down from trees.

I can realize clouds, rain
and the sweet soft sound of their fall;
only I cannot realize thunder.

Rivers, fields, oceans, forests,
hills and mountains—
I can realize them all;
only I cannot realize deserts.

I can realize fishes, sharks, deer
and the bright striped tigers;
only I cannot realize a shark beside a fish
and a tiger beside a deer.

I can realize life
and many turns of life I can realize very clearly;
only I cannot realize the ice-cold death any way.

Sayeed Abubakar
I Don't Understand And Understand

I don't understand beautiful and ugly;
I only understand woman, woman's lotus like mind
and her two hands wet with peace.

I don't understand forbidden;
I only understand rice, one plate steamy rice
as bright as pearls.

I don't understand socialism, democracy or capitalism;
I only understand my motherland, her holy flag,
her independence as red as blood
and her increasing peace and enrichment gradually.

Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Buddhist- I understand none;
I only understand man, man's happiness, sorrow, love,
smile, song, austere endeavor and perfection.

Sayeed Abubakar
I Dream A World

I dream a world where there's no war,  
no suffering, crying, sorrow.  
I dream a world where all are rich,  
a man needs nothing to borrow.

I dream a world- there's no hatred;  
both Love and Peace run there their rule.  
I dream a world full of delight,  
smile and smell- the most beautiful.

I dream a world where no children  
and the disabled cry for alms,  
where all men live equally,  
all are for peace always welcome.

I dream a world where no woman  
is tortured and no virgin raped,  
no acid-throwing on a girl's face  
defORMs, our daughters' lives are safe.

Sayeed Abubakar
I feel sad when I see
We, men, are not still free;
Religion still runs rule
Over all human fools;

Still earth is not ours,
Many blind wild powers
Its green map occupy;
They all dance, people die.

I feel sad when I find
Still cry the whole mankind,
Only a handful Trumps
Play here their pleasure-drums.

Are we only Christian, Jew,
Muslim, Jain and Hindu?
Have we yet not been Man?
If we can't be, who can?

Sayeed Abubakar
I Have A Heart

I have such a heart
utterly broken
and destitute;

I fear to show her.

I fear she may turn her face from me
if she ever sees it.

Sayeed Abubakar
I Have Forgotten

I can recognize her if I see again.
Only I have forgotten her address.

Her sweet face, her blue eyes- I can remember all.
Only I have forgotten her mind
that was like a red rose.

Sayeed Abubakar
I Live With Your Heart Now

I live with your heart now
and you with mine.
So my life's desert now
beautiful, fine.

Though we stay so far now,
we live so near.
We roam everywhere now
as if two deer.

Sayeed Abubakar
I Sigh For You

I sigh for you, Lorena, day and night-
as a blind man sighs every day for light,
as a mother sighs for lost son-daughter
and falling on soil a fish for water.

I sigh in waking and in sleep I sigh;
I die and get alive, again I die.

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
I Wish Nothing But Your Company

It's a small hut among the innumerable stars of the sky having windows between each one hand gap; through those windows, the light of stars enters in; eyes get stuck to half light and half darkness; it is neither a day nor a night- what a sight it is! lying on the bed, watching the sky is the only task that has no end; fascination remains in two eyes, joy within heart; in that desolation, O my Love, I wish nothing but your company.

Sayeed Abubakar
If I Forget You

If I forget you, Love,
no dove
will sing in the forests;
all the sparrows, leaving their nests,
will fly in the blue sky
and die
wailing;
no spring
will come more on this earth;
animals will stop giving birth
to calves; civilization will come to an end;
and God will send
all happiness to hell for good;
it should
be so because, o Love, if I
forget you, every thing will be meaningless, wrong and lie.

Sayeed Abubakar
Illusion

At last she came.
Her name
was uttered in the air.
My hair
stood erect in awe. My
eyes got upturned. And I
got afraid like a deer.
She smiled and said 'O Dear!'
Then she came near.
I stared at her but saw there none.
She's gone!

Sayeed Abubakar
Into Your Heart

I live so far (in sorrow my heart dies!) ,
so far from you;
For this separation, from your two eyes
fall down sad dew.

But don't worry, to you all my loves bend;
Into your heart
always I stay. With you all my nights end
and my days start.

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 it turns the body and the soul into ashes
burning them cruelly.

Sayeed Abubakar
Kapatakkha River By Michael Modhusudan Dutt

Always, o river, you peep in my mind.  
Always I think you in this loneliness.  
Always I soothe my ears with the murmur  
Of your waters in illusion, the way  
Men hear songs of illusion in a dream.  
Many a river I have seen on earth;  
But which can quench my thirst the way you do?  
You’re the flow of milk in my homeland’s breasts.

Will I meet you ever? As long as you  
Go to kinglike ocean to pay the tax  
Of water, I beg to you, sing my name  
Into the ears of people of Bengal,  
Sing his name, o dear, who in this far land  
Sings your name in all his songs for Bengal.

Sayeed Abubakar
Language Does Not Work

Language does not work
when two hearts speak.  
When two souls talk,  
language becomes dumb.

Language becomes then  
stars of the sky,  
drives of the sea  
and leaves of trees.

This night we need not talk,  
let us listen to the dumb words  
of our two united sad souls  
sighing, laughing and weeping in pleasure.

Sayeed Abubakar
Last Hope Of Earth

From night to day,
sorrow to peace,
pride to courtesy,
hatred to love
is our journey.

We can't turn back.
We can't stop here.
Man is crying,
crying children,
flowers and birds;

Friends, we are the
last hope of Earth.

Sayeed Abubakar
Last Trap Of Zulaikha

Zulaikha:

What a bird you are, o red-billed Bird,
you don't eat reddish mangoes!

By eating which ash, will you exist then

in this bower of fate?

Yusuf:

That there is any fruit better than the name of God
and any food better than piety is not known to me.

Zulaikha:

Having eaten the fairy tale, you are living on earth;
How will you know the taste of a mango, o Bird?

If the roots can't touch the soil, how will the boughs
have the taste of soil?

Look, this ripe mango freshly collected from the tree-
what a taste and fragrance it bears

and being what an easy food, it is hanging

just near your hungry beak!

O very obstinate Bird, raising your deep dark eyes,
stare for once and eat this mango tearing with your beak
red as lac-dye.

Eat for once and say how tasty it is!

Yusuf: (Soliloquy)

O God! Now we have reached a very mad age of blood;
If you don't guide us into this darkness, we will fill up
the fertile land of youth with wrong weeds and wrong grasses
like an unskilled farmer.

Zulaikha:

O Prince, how beautiful your eyes are!
Come near, let me get drowned
into your wavy Nile-eyes
setting my peacock-boat eyes there.

Yusuf:

O Lady, imagine that loathsome scene for once
when these bright eyes, after death, will fall down
upon our face getting melted like burning candles!

Zulaikha:

Yet, o young man, there have risen bank-breaking waves
of youth into the river of our colorful eyes; doesn't it have
any meaning? O foolish inexperienced young man,
hasn't God kept the touch of His skilled hand there?
Keep it in mind, there is nothing negligible on earth,
not false, not meaningless.
So, come near me, come here into this bosom where
my bastard born-blind heart is burning day and night
like a volcano.
Come near- a little more- set sweetly your eyes for once
into these swallow-eyes-
I am telling you, o handsome Prince with beautiful hair,
I am calling you towards this ripe, holly garden full of grapes;
All my riches I will give you- all which are in my whole body
and all which are arranged in rows into my mind.
I will give you love, offerings of worship, tidal surge of pain
and intense passion of storm which will fill up your heart.
O proud divine man, how beautiful your bushy black hair are,
as if multitude of torn clouds have gathered together
on your head. And my heart, forgetting public disgrace,
dilemma and fear, has tumbled upon that hair.

Yusuf:
How will this hair look when, very soon,
it will fall off on the hungry dust of blind grave?

Listen to me, o the golden wife of noble family,
what you are seeing in the mad dazzled light of youth
is nothing but the illusion of lust; when the dust
of your two eyes is flown, you will see, o disoriented lady,
you are riding not upon the horse, it is an ass
on whose back you are.

Zulaikha:

What is my fault, tell me, o the handsome sunny Prince?

Your beautiful face seems to be the full Moon of the night;
Looking at this face, who can remain sane,
who does not lose his sense?
May be, every thing on earth is merely dream
and false illusion; but is the flame of beauty
burning on your Moon-face false too?

Yusuf:

This face will be the food of the soil of grave one day;
On that rotten face, the hungry, wild and blind insects
will come in a body to attack;
This way you, me and all will become the night-food
of insects.

Julaikha:
If that happens, let it happen so; Still I want to be for once,
only for once, your food, o Yusuf, as tasty as Manna-Salwa.
O my life-long dream's attractive man, come near,
a little more, come like a lion and touch me- -

Yusuf:
What an ugly call do you throw to me, o woman?
But your husband, honorable Aziz, my Lord
has given me shelter; how do you tell me
to treason against him? Won't I be as faithful
as a dog? Won't I be an obedient grateful servant?
Those who are not grateful can never be successful.

Julaikha:
How illiterate you are! In the primitive solitude
and dumb darkness, we have only two identities:
not bridegroom, not bride, not brother, not sister,
not lord and slave-girl, not lady and slave-
Like day and night, there are two inevitable names-
everlasting, indestructible:

woman and man.

Yusuf:

That is a rootless beastly life.

But in this civilized mortal city, we have a social mind,

bound with inevitable rules and customs; you can

break that, o bewildered, strayed woman;

Can we who have the fear of hell do that?

That which you call light is called darkness by us;

That which you call Love is called adultery by us.

By God and by the piety of father Jacob,

Yusuf will never give in to the waste, blue, forbidden lust.

(He runs towards the door with the speed of a storm)

Julaikha:

Stay, o young man; don't go; hear my last words-

But he's gone away- Julaikha, have you seen your illiteracy?

You wanted to catch the lion of God with gossamer!

Tell, where is that trap, by which I will catch him again

and then confine him into the golden cage of this blind heart;

If he flees away breaking that cage too,
I won't get tired of losing him,

I will set my trap again and again in forests to catch him finally.

Sayeed Abubakar
Last Words On Earth

If I leave earth, I wish to leave saying it
to the whole world: 'I have no sorrow in mind.'
'No sorrow I have'—writing these words and
wreathing them in mind, I wish to leave silently
feeling the warmth of happiness on my body.

I have seen Rose; its thorn has not got shelter
into my mind. Being a Chital fish, I have swum
in the unfathomable youth; age and decay
have never been able to touch my soul.
Winter has retreated; cuckoos have started singing
the song of flowers throughout my existence.

If I go back, I wish to go saying it: 'True and
beautiful is the muddy hut made with affection
on the desert of life. True and beautiful are
Night's moonlight, Day's civilization, mother's
honey-call, child's face and beloved's sweet words.'

Sayeed Abubakar
Let Us Move To Forests

The heroes are villains here,
the villains the heroes.

Let us move to forests, O friend,
where the tigers are still tigers,
the deer still the deer.

Sayeed Abubakar
'Liar' By Kazi Nazrul Islam

Who torments your mind for your telling a lie?
Sin does not touch him who tells a lie on behalf of truth.
The whole truth does not consists in only speaking the truth;
Even by telling lies, we can be truthful.
Speaking the truth is not a great thing; how many people are veracious?
How many truthful have sacrificed their lives for truth?
Those who are more fearful and more infirm in mind
are more priggish, the more they pretend to speak the truth.
the heroes veracious, who are adorable for their truth-loving,
got beheaded laughing for the sake of truth.
Perhaps they uttered many lies throughout their lives;
still they are heroes—they sacrificed their lives to protect the truth.
Who is he, weighing truth like a grocer?
He thinks, what a great work he has done, how prudent he is!
I say, o the truth-trader, is truth rice or pulse?
You will rebuke for decreasing the weight of truth.
The information of a truth-trader is as follows:
such a measure of truth has decreased in the life of that hero!
OMG! Who come here? They all weigh truth and they count too.
I burst out into laughter seeing that they have bound truth with ten words.
All aunts of truth came carrying scales and ropes;
Weighing, they filled sacks and counting, they bound goats.
Comrade, don't listen to the debate on elephants and horses,
if you bear truthfulness within you, tell lies carelessly.

30.6.2017 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar
Life

I was a babe
who always feared darkness and grave;

Then I started growing
throwing
all fear aside;
and now I hide
myself seeing snakelike men who deny love and truth
though I am in full youth.

Sayeed Abubakar
Life Of A Song-Bird

When a song-bird
gets tired
of singing love-songs, then
the bird does not remain
a song-bird more.

Therefore
twenty four hours I sing,
I am singing,
And I will sing for you, my rose.
This way my life will go and goes.

Sayeed Abubakar
Life Of A Tree

1.
I love trees
but never I wish
to be a tree.

Trees wave their
green heads
in the air;

Seeing that waving,
my mind dances
in delight.

Yet I won't be
a tree ever.

2.
I can't realize
how trees live
being trees.

Moving in the world
they could not see
countries, continents, seas, forests-
could not see
the great waves of men-
What a life it is!

I won't be able to live a day
if I become a tree.

Sayeed Abubakar
Like The Branches Of A Tree In Storm

No control we have, no power.
Like the branches of a tree in storm, our
lives are here run
in darkness of the night and in the sun.

Only the fools among the crowd
boast of strength and feel proud
as if they were Pharaohs. When they get drowned
into the fathomless failure of life, their crowns
seem to be dust
so fast
and then they cry
before they die but their eyes remain stone-like dry.

We are like the branches of a tree in a storm.
We look for only His mercy who forms
and who destroys
like toys.

Sayeed Abubakar
Losing And Having Her

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

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!

Spanish Version

Amor

Amor, un atomo, 
Destruye nuestra vida.

Amor, un veneno, 
nos conduce a la muerte.

Amor, una tormenta, 
Desarraiga nuestra paz.

Sin embargo estoy listo 
para morir por amor. 
Que tragedia, 
Morir por amor

Translator: Alma Lorena Lopez Velazquez

Sayeed Abubakar
Love And Hatred

It is love which can bind
the whole mankind.
It is hatred
that can divide
and affect all,
the poor, the rich, the big, the small.

It's time to lead
a war against hatred;
it's time to fight
for the love, beautiful and bright.

Sayeed Abubakar
Love Is A Thing

You love the Rose
and want to get;
But it has thorns,
Do not forget.

You love the Sea,
blue, deep and dark-
What a beauty!
But it has sharks.

You love forests,
abode of birds;
It has deer and
also leopards.

Love is a thing-
divine we say;
without hindrance,
it cannot stay.

Sayeed Abubakar
Love Is Born

When soul conquers 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.

Sayeed Abubakar
Love, A Light

Where does love come from and gets settled in our heart?
It makes one's life heaven though once it was desert.

Love means a light; all lights come to remove darkness;
From God it comes on earth, returns to its birth-place.

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
He was getting flushed with shame.
He was scolding all the animals
calling them uncivil and uncultured.
Then he was forcefully dressing all those
that 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 on the streets.

The towns-folk burst into laughter
seeing his acts.
Looking at them, 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
Sometimes he cannot recognize himself.
He cannot recognize his own hands, own legs, own body,
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 hand 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
'Man' By Kazi Nazrul Islam

I sing the song of equality—
There's nothing greater than man,
nothing more majestic than man.
There's no difference of country, age and person;
There's no partition in religion and caste;
Man is man's kinsman throughout all ages
in all countries, in every house.

'O worshipper, open the door!
The god of hunger is at your doorstep
and it's the time to worship! '
Awakened by such a dream, the agitated priest
opened the door of temple.
Surely he might be a king today
with the boon of god, he thought.
A wayfarer with shabby dress whose body is thin
and hungry voice is feeble, said, 'Open the door, o Father;
I have been hungry for seven days.'

Suddenly the temple got closed; the hungry man went back.
It was dark night; the gem of his hunger burnt on his way.
The hungry man said loudly, 'O God! That temple
belongs to the priest, not to you.'

Yesterday there was sweetmeet at mosque;
immense meat and bread remained uneaten;
That's why, the mollah is overjoyed.
At that moment, a traveller came wearing shabby dress
and said, 'O Father, I have been unfed for seven days.'
Getting annoyed, the mollah said, 'What a botheration!
You are hungry—then die going to the ground for dumping dead cows! O chap,
do you say your prayers? '
The hungry traveller said, 'No, Father! '
The mollah shouted, 'Then o rascal, get out! '
Carrying meat and bread, he locked the door of mosque.
The hungry traveller went back
and said walking, 'O God! I have lived for eighty years
and never called upon you. Yet you have never
deprived me of my food. Now in your mosque and temple
there's no right of man. Mollah and priest
have locked all their doors.'

Where are you, O Genghis, Mahmud of Ghazni
and Kala Pahar? Break down
all the locked doors of the house of worship!
Who shuts the doors of the house of God?
Who puts locks on them?
All its doors will remain unlocked—strike them
with hammers and crowbars.

O the House of God,
the hypocrites sing of the victory of their self-interest
climbing over your minaret!

Having hated human beings, who are they
kissing the Quran, the Vedas, the Bible? Fie! What a shame!
Snatch away those scriptures by force from their mouths.
The hypocrites are worshipping books by killing those
who have, in fact, brought these books on earth!
O the ignorant, listen: it is man who has brought the books;
books have not brought any man.
Adam, David, Jesus, Moses, Abraham, Mohammad,
Krishna, Buddha, Nanak, Kabir—all are the treasures
of the world; they are ours forefathers; their blood,
more or less, runs through our veins.
We're their children, kinsmen—we're of the same body;
who knows when some of us may become like them!

Don't laugh, my friend! the self within me
is fathomless and infinite;
Do I know or does any body know
who the great exists in me?
Perhaps Kakli is emerging in me, Mahdi and Jesus in you;
Who knows what is one's limit or origin?
Who can find one's trace?
Whom do you hate, O brother,
whom do you kick?
Perhaps God resides day and night
within his heart!
Or perhaps he is nothing—not great, not of high esteem;
He is just covered with filth, badly wounded
and burning in the flame of sorrow;
Yet all the holy books and houses of worship of the world
are not as holly as that tiny body of him!
Perhaps in his semen, in his cottage
someone will be born unmatched in the history of the world.
Perhaps he who will deliver such a speech the world has not
yet heard and whose great power the world has not yet witnessed is coming in
his house!

Who is he? A Chandal? Why do you startle?
He is no despicable being.
He may be Harishchandra or Shiva of crematorium.
Today Chandal but tomorrow he may be a great yogi-emperor;
Tomorrow you will come to him with offerings
and sing of his eulogy.
Whom do you neglect as a shepherd? That negligence
plays on someone's flute.
Perhaps Gopal of Brojo has come in a shepherd's disguise.

You hate a man for being a peasant!
Observe whether father Balarama has come
in a peasant's disguise.
All the prophets were the shepherds of lambs;
they ploughed too, and those very men
carried the eternal messages which exist till now
and will exist for ever.
Every day begging men and women turn away from each door;
Perhaps Bholanath and Girijaya came among them—
we could not recognize.
You were in fear you would lose your wealth if you gave alms;
That's why, you made your doorman beat the beggar
and thus you chased away a god.
That beating are recorded and who knows
whether you are forgiven by the humiliated goddess!
O friend, your bosom is full of greed,
your two eyes are full of self-interest;
otherwise you would see
the god has become a coolie to serve you.
O beast, will you plunder the god within a man's heart
and the nectar churned out of his pain to appease your hunger?
Your Mandodari the food of your hunger knows well
in which location of your palace lies your death-arrow.
O beast, through the ages, your desire-queen
has dragged you into your death-holes.

Translation: 3/3/2016 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar
Mary's Mother

When she was born,
the moon of the sky smiled
but her mother's bright face
turned pale.

She remembered her past
and got frightened
because being a girl was
a matter of shame in her dark village;
she had been neglected too in
every sphere of life.

She looked at the beautiful face
of her daughter
and tears flooded her two deep eyes.

When her husband came to see them,
she cried, 'Alas! I've given birth
to a daughter. Let me flee taking her away.'
He asked her smiling, 'Why? '
Her father-in-law came and asked her, 'Why? '
Her mother-in-law came and asked her, 'Why? '

She looked at their faces and said,
'Nobody loves a girl in this village.'

Her father-in-law laughed and said,
'Time has changed. Now both a girl and a boy
Are welcomed here equally.'

She couldn't believe her ears.
She again looked at their smiling faces.
Her baby cried in hunger. Her
mother-in-law said, 'Go you all.
Let us care our baby.'

The male left naming the daughter Mary.
Meaningless

The foolish bird
gets tired
trying to go out of the blue sky;
it may go and go and will die
before finding
its end. O Love, I sing
your song and will sing for good so
because without you this life meaningless, I know.

Sayeed Abubakar
I love Mexico; it's a land of love. 
On its green trees nightingale, myna, dove 
sing songs all months. Its wind is wet always 
with fragrance of roses. Its Sun gives rays, 
its Moon the shadow of the Paradise. 
Its cities are full of blue nymphs. Here lies 
the peace of all heroes. In this dreamland 
lives Lorena without whom this life's sand, 
this life's hell, this life's a complete lie. So 
I love Lorena and her Mexico.

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
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.
Is there any friend? Come and prevent my mind
from destroying the civilization
of all my fruits and flowers.

Sayeed Abubakar
Mother

Like medicine in pain,
like cool water in thirst
and like pleasure in gain,
mother, you were to me,
though I could not at first
realize it. Now I see
my earth without you hell;
sorrow rings here like bell.

Sayeed Abubakar
My Daughter

A rose
every day goes
to school all see.
She is only
Nine.

Blooming a rose is fine
but going far away leaving me alone
is like keeping on heart a heavy stone.

Sayeed Abubakar
My Earth Moves

My earth moves round my three kids round the clock.
I need no new stars more; they are my all.
No stream is so much sweet as their voice is;
No nightingale so soothing as their call.

I have seen no flowers on earth like them.
No gem I know as precious as they are.
Like hymn, day and night I recite their names.
Within me they stay, they don't remain far.

Sayeed Abubakar
My Haiku

1.
sudden summer-rain-
the withered leaves stir on trees;
earth seems paradise.

2.
spring-flowers have bloomed-
song-birds make a noise on boughs;
my Beloved nowhere.

3.
a fox on high way-
a blind car ran over it;
the midnight shed tears.

4.
month of the best fruits-
air gets wet with smell and taste;
hunger grows stronger.

5.
dew drops, grass gets wet-
two white feet walk on the grass;
I can't turn my eyes.

6.
a leaf falls in pond-
small waves dance on the water;
sky trembles on it.

Sayeed Abubakar
My Haiku: 2

1. it's the month of rain-
eyes are wet like olive-leaves;
heart is sunk in pain.

2. sky is full of mirth;
autumn has spread her rich crops
on the lap of earth.

3. morning smiles in trees-
spring has stirred flowers and birds;
sweet is southern breeze.

4. snow with fog and cold-
lambs are on the mountain-tops,
trembling young and old.

5. wind bites in thick fog;
winter has spread her sharp wings
everywhere on earth.

Sayeed Abubakar
My Heart

My heart doesn't let me sleep whole night
shouting loudly like an ass.
When I close my eyes,
he hurts by throwing his legs.

If I forbid to stop,
he pursues me like a leopard.
I ask, 'What happens to you? '
He says, 'I won't tell you.'
'Let me sleep then', I say.
He says, 'I won't let you sleep.'

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,
for she's my killer.

Sayeed Abubakar
My Heart Is Cool

My heart is cool,
for it is full
of your sweet memory.

My eyes are calm,
for they've become
Eden of your sweet love.

Sayeed Abubakar
My Kids Ask Me

My kids ask me, 'O dad,
why don't we have home?
Why do we, like gypsies,
from place to place roam?

See, birds fly; before night
they come back in nest;
Only we have no home
on earth to take rest.'

How do I tell my kids:
one day I too had
a country; when I remember
it, I feel so sad!

How do I tell them: the
rich robbers of earth,
like dragons, have swallowed
the place of my birth?

They come in the name of
democracy; so
we salute them, because
to democracy, who can say 'No'?

Sayeed Abubakar
My Moon

Never love came to me so deep,
Never love came to me so high;
Now without you I cannot sleep,
Without your love now I do die
As a fish dies without water,
As a tree can't live without soil.
O my Love, Nature's cute daughter,
Without you now all my dreams spoil.

The Moon now looks ugly and fake
As I have got you, o my Moon;
There is now no beautiful lake,
Beautiful sea and fair monsoon,
All the beauties of Nature break
Looking at your face, o my Moon.

Sayeed Abubakar
My Mother

My kind mother my paradise
when closed her eyes,
my earth got lost
fast in darkness. Now frost
grows on eyelid,
for I am a helpless motherless kid.

Sayeed Abubakar
My Paradise

My heart does cry 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
Those who will go back to the cow-cart's civilization,
will go back to the civilization of hand-made palm-leaf's fan;

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

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

Those who think 'dogs are more faithful than men',
and trust on the fate-ghosts
more than on struggle, slogan and procession;

Those who will destroy people's dwellings with bulldozers,
then on that debris will build up the palace
for foxes and boars;

for those idiots
my poetry, as angry as cobra and
as ferocious as hyena,
bear sad news burnt in fire.

Sayeed Abubakar
My Sorrow

My sorrow-
once I knew you.
My sorrow-
now I do not know you.

My sorrow-
once I loved you.
My sorrow-
now I do not love you.

Sayeed Abubakar
My Two Eyes

My two eyes seem dead
like the dead rivers of Bangladesh
where there is no sign of water now.

But within my heart
there flows a sweet river
very dark and deep;
the tide of pain rises there
twenty four hours every day.

Sayeed Abubakar
My War

I won't come back my home
till the rapists I slay
in Delhi, New York, Rome
any place where they stay.

My war against those beasts
who love my mother's meat
who together make feast
with her body and eat.

I am in battlefield,
like Hercules I roam.
till the rapists are killed
I won't come back my home.

Sayeed Abubakar
Allah, only you the supreme power.
Our
All good and bad
Which make happy and sad
Are only on your hand.
I earnestly believe and understand
Nothing there is impossible for you.
So I pray with cry with eyes full of dew:
Place my sister in Paradise
Because she dies
To respond your inevitable call
Leaving on earth her all.

Sayeed Abubakar
Necessary

It is axe which is needed
to cut a wood
and it is love which is needed
to win a heart.

Sayeed Abubakar
No Love, No Enemy

Those who get rejected in love
may turn into foe.

My blind heart has never fallen in love;
throughout the whole life,
it has walked alone on the dry path
putting on a pair of old shoes.

That is why, I have no enemy
on earth.

Sayeed Abubakar
Nothing So Important But Love

Meaningless is the song of a cuckoo
and the song of a dove;
Nothing is so much important
on earth but love.

Meaningless is the gold of Africa,
diamond and pearl;
Nothing is so much important
but the love of a girl.

Meaningless is the throne of USA
and the President's power;
Nothing is so much important
but the peak of love's tower.

Sayeed Abubakar
Nothing To Do But To Wait For You

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

When you told me
you would remain busy for a whole week,
I got dumb like a piece of stone.

I got dumb because I knew
one week means seven years here.

Still 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 My Love

Bees, birds, winds and forests say
you were born on 8th May
in a joyous morning
while all nightingales were singing
to celebrate your birth
on earth.

O my Love, my red Princess Rose,
since then, my day comes and day goes,
night comes and passes night;
I, in darkness or light,
adore you and take your sweet smell
and to the world your sovereignty I tell.

Sayeed Abubakar
O My Love Red Red Rose

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

O my Love, rose like red,
why have we come so close
if this love once hatred?
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 ago, where were you?
When your mother was a little girl
growing like a pine tree, did anyone conceive
a hero-like man was hidden in the folds of the her body
resembling a pan swelling up with heated date 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 mother's body
while unfolding her like a sari in the pitch-black darkness
of her youth?
If the case was so, where were you then?

Hundred years hence
where will you be like the smoke of a cigar?

Love existed on earth
when you were out of existence.
Then darkness like a wrestler, too,
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 women, too, like the 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 any undying tree, o the cowboy
nor you've seen any deathless lamb;
then why do you want to capture in your fist for good
the breast of earth degraded with rapes since her birth?

[Translation of Bangla poem 'He Rakhal' taken from the poet's first
book 'Pronoyer Prothom Pap' (1996) ]
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'? Having got 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 the Owner of the infinite'? How has it to be said cowardishly?

But I can't help offering a basket of snail-kisses when a woman like a duck stretches her lips wet with 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, which dress you stay in, your beauty
speaks penetrating each cell of your whole body.

Sayeed Abubakar
Oily Men's Song

We want to oil the heads of oily men only.
No oil we have for those having no oil at all.

The owners and traders of oil
are our relatives and friends only;
we want to declare it again and again.

But those who are poor and beggars,
who are going to embrace death
are none to us
and they have no value on earth.

Sayeed Abubakar
Once And Now

Once you were yours
and I was mine;
to our pleasures
we were confined.

Now you are mine
and I am yours;
our refined love
all our pains cures.

Sayeed Abubakar
Once Into A Rose Garden

Once I was with her into a rose garden.
I was looking at the roses and at her;
I said with relief, 'Thanks God,
No rise is like my beloved.'

Sayeed Abubakar
Only Few Drops Of Your Blood

Two deaths-
death of my sister and that of my mom-
hold out my breath
when I look back.

They needed blood;
I, like a beggar, ran from door to door
to have a few drops from the flood
of mercy of others.

Only few drops of your blood, o Brothers,
can save
one's life; though very little work
but so noble and brave.

Sayeed Abubakar
Opening Your Window

Opening your window,
look at the Sun, Lorena, in your Mexico
in the morning each day.
You will find the Sun with red rosy ray.
This ray is my love she borrowed from me.
I saw this Sun in Bangladesh which now you see.

Opening your window,
look at the Moon, Lorena, in your Mexico
at night. You will find the silver-
Moon beautiful with her
white ray. This ray is my love she borrowed from me.
I saw this Moon in Bangladesh which now you see.

Sayeed Abubakar
Our Knowledge

What will happen in our life tomorrow-
we do not know.

We cannot say
what will happen after one hour today.

Sayeed Abubakar
Paper Flowers

PREFACE
Immortal and undecaying these poems, I know, shall die one day; one day all fame and immortality shall fall flat among the debris. The Keokaradang, the Himalayas, the Twin Tower and the Great Wall of China shall be flying in the air like the light dry skins of onions. The eyes of Newton and Einstein shall be upturned; upon those eyes, the blue ashes of the utterly destroyed stars shall be falling down ceaselessly. Alas, where will be lost for ever science, technology, art, literature, music and paintings earned through thousand years!

When these poems will die one day; when all fame and immortality shall fall flat one day among the debris; when the Keokaradang, the Himalayas, the Twin Tower and the Great Wall of China will be flying in the air like the light dry skins of onions; when the eyes of Newton and Einstein will be upturned; when upon those eyes, the blue ashes of the utterly destroyed stars will be falling down ceaselessly; alas, when where will be lost for ever science, technology, art, literature, music and paintings earned through thousand years; that day, o God, pour down those poems into my soul, listening to which, all the nymphs and inhabitants of Paradise will start dancing in joy.

I walk bearing such a soul which plays like a flute, sings like a cuckoo, runs stirring murmuring sounds like a spring and dances unfolding its feathers like a pea-cock. If I were not submerged utterly into the darkness of the worldly life, my soul would play such a way, your sky would start trembling; it would sing such a way, the passers-by would remain standing by speechless; it would run stirring murmuring sound such a way, poems after poems would fall down into the souls of the poets; and it would dance unfolding its feathers such a way, the eyes of the beauty-lovers would be dazzled in wonder. My soul is, as it were, a cuckoo who has mistakenly entered a city; he sings songs but the outcry of the machine-monsters does not let them enter the ears of lords and ladies.

RIDDLE
The wise say, our soul does not die. But, alas, my soul is utterly dead now! The way the water of a pond reaches its bottom for the terrible drought of Summar, the fishes of the pond cannot save then themselves from the clutch of death though they hide into mud; that way, my soul has lost its existence dying gradually everyday by my own torture. Hi, what is the way to live now? My murshid said, The way the seeds sowed into the soil get back becoming trees again; the way the herds of fishes come out of their eggs mixed with the bottom of a bog dry like a log, when water get stocked in it; that way, dead

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souls return to life if they get rain, if, in that incessant rain, darkness is washed away for ever.'

I asked, 'What is true then—life or death? What is the difference between life and death, o lord?'

'You won't be able to comprehend the shape of truth if the light of day and the darkness of night are not removed from your eyes. If the eyes of skin are not destroyed, the eye of soul cannot see properly. And how will those, who have not conquered their body, fly in the indefinite sky with the wings of Gabriel? O lad, you have fallen, I see, into the riddle of life and death. May God bless you.'

THE DIVINE EYE

He wanted to be exposed. So the universe was created. The hills and mountains, oceans, rivers, forests and the sky were created. Were created the Sun, the Moon, the nebula, the galaxy way, darkness and light. Tigers, lions, bears, deer, sheep, goats and dogs were created. Were created even the cockroach, snakes and the earth-worms. The lightning-speedy angels and Jins. Adam and Eve.

Man said to Him, 'Won't we be able to see you? ' He said, 'The eyed ones will see. Those who possess ears will hear me. Those who have noses will smell me. And those who are the owners of heart will be able to feel me deeply.'

Then He spread politics, states, science, knowledge, good and bad among men creating them within a moment. He created love, created hatred. Created honey and bitter. Creating days and nights, He said to them, 'Touch each other if you can!' Then few men returned to Him. He asked, 'Could you see me? ' Most of them looked at Him in bewilderment as if they had been dumb by birth; it seemed that they did not hear and understood nothing. Only a handful men opened their mouth joyfully. Someone said, 'Seeing the Kanchenjunga, the moonshine flooded nights, the swelling feathers of pea-cocks, the peaks of two breasts of my beloved, the softness of rain, the green darkness of a deep forest, the morning dew lying on the blade of grass and the heaps of waves tumbling down on the breast of ocean, I understood that they all are samples of your eternal beauty.'

Another one said, 'I could see you into sounds. When the spring songs of cuckoos, the howling of clouds of the rainy season, the whistle of magpies during autumn, the sad tone of the hilly brooks, the swelling music of the wave-lyres of seas and your nectar speeches playing into the throats of men entered into my ears, I could see you within my existence.' Another one said, 'I startled having the perfume of bakul flowers. I asked the kathalchapa flowers, 'Who has given you this scent? ' The hasnahena flowers of the night spread the intoxication of perfumes into my sleep. Setting my nose on the kadom flowers of rain, the sheuli flowers of morning and the lemon flowers bloomed on the bank of pond, I continued seeing closing my eyes the spreading light of your smell.' Then the last man said, 'Picking up my first child into my lap, I could see you. The red china
rose love of a lass pierced like a spear into my heart opened the doors of my two eyes. It seemed that crossing the seven skies I rushed somewhere where the current of the eternity has got united. Surrounding it, there exist the songs of cuckoos, the strange perfumes of roses and the soft sunrays of dawn. One day seeing the footprints of elephants on the soil of a forest, I exactly told my friends that elephants lived in that forest. Witnessing the truth, they all became astonished. But they kept their faces aside when I told them about your presence everywhere. I said, 'The unfathomable ocean is telling me, 'He exists.' The sky is telling me, 'He exists.' They raised the question, 'Then why can't we see Him?' I said, 'Because a veil has drawn on your eyes. So you won't be able to see Him.' Then, you know, how ferociously they all jumped upon me like hyenas! Tearing me into pieces, they buried me beneath the soil. Hi, if they could realise! If they could see! If they were not blind like the born blind men!

TIGER AND DEER
I asked him, 'Tigers devour deer; why do deer live beside the tigers then?' 'They will live beside tigers. It is the doctrine. Tigers never jump over deer if they don't feel hungry. If the deer did not stay beside tigers, they would extinct from earth many days ago. Men would then enter the Sundarbans, loading trucks with deer would come back to slaughter-house and destroy them over night.'

FEAR
Saying 'Where has gone fear?', a man was running breathlessly. I rushed to him and asked, 'Hi, what are you looking for this way?' Halting abruptly, pantingly he said, 'Fear! I'm looking for fear but it's not being found anywhere in this city of Pharaoh.'

'Alas, I see nothing in this city but fear!', I said. 'Where I stare, I see only fear: the fear of gun, the fear of falchion, the fear of slaughtering, the fear of being arrested, the fear of bombing by plane, the fear of famine, the fear of hijacking, the fear of being kidnapped. Floating on so many fears, are you looking for fear on the streets this way?'

He said, 'Yes, I'm looking for that fear, losing what, this city has become a living hell; losing what, man is devouring man like a hyena tearing his bones, flesh, dreams and desires. I'm looking for that fear, having which into bosom, the whole body would turn into a volcano with valour; having which into bosom, the heart would turn into the Atlantic ocean and its waves would sing and dance with joy day and night. I'm looking for that fear, having which into bosom, the sword of Simar*, the death-sentence by hanging, the pan of boiling oil, sorrows, miseries, prison, suppression, oppression and injustice would seem to be nothing at all; having which into bosom, it would be as easy as that of Yusuf to throw away the nude youth of Zulekha like a piece of torn dirty cloth; having which into bosom, the believers would forsake this city for ever like the dog of the
seven sleepers and take shelter into the inevitable den of death.'
I got stunned and asked, 'Which fear is it?'
He kept his mouth into my ear and said in a whisper, 'The fear of Allah.' Then he
got lost into the bright daylight of civilization which way a shadow gets lost into
noon. Groping into the darkness of my worm-eaten heart, I asked myself with
wonder, 'Hi, can you say, o Sayeed, where lies that fear? '

*the killer of Imam Hosen(R), the grandson of prophet Mohammad (Sm)

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
Poem Of New Year

A boy sitting beside the high way from dawn to dusk
either in the sun or in the rain without umbrella
breaks down bricks with hammer every day;
the dream risen gray into his two eyes
is to get only a plate of coarse rice,
either the pilao nor the korma kabab.
Yet he starves and passes his poisonous days
in the sun, in the rain - who tries to know that?

New Year comes and spreads pleasures everywhere;
you, the happy and the rich, fill up your two hands
with those pleasures heavenly;
you satisfy your hunger with what you desire;
But, tell me, why doesn't that poor boy
have a plate of rice on this very day?

Sayeed Abubakar
Poem's Socrates

I have walked enough having been a city-baul. 
Enough I have wandered on the pied myna's foot 
in the pompous sun of electricity to look for art's food. 
In anger, grievance and pain, I have spitted much 
on the face of capitalism and imperialism. 
Uttering the name of humanity, I have passed many black days 
on the high way wet with blood. Singing of paper-flowers 
and stone-paradise, the cuckoo's throat in the long run 
has got tired.

Now soil calls me. The coolness of intense green 
and the silence of unbounded blue call me. 
Two banks of the Kapatakkha river and the fig-trees 
standing on those banks call me for ever.

I will go back to the soil where my fore-fathers 
are taking eternal rest. I will go back 
to the shade of trees, the fields of grass 
and the maddening perfume of Shefali flowers.

A magpie whistles in the darkness-wrapped morning air 
sitting on the bough of horseradish tree. Drinking 
its whistle like hemlock, I, the Socrates of poetry, 
will lie for ever on the lap of eternity.

Sayeed Abubakar
Poet

Stealing the trumpet of Israfil,
how many times will I blow
standing on the worm-eaten heart of civilization?
Like Prometheus, how many times
will I steal the fire from Paradise
for men?
How many times will men go astray
and I will go on war having sword on my shoulder
keeping aside my flower-cultivation?
How many times will earth become a hell
and I will hand over to men making it a paradise
with rain and love?

2.
Standing on the debris of Hiroshima and Nagasaki,
I foretold men about the new civilization;
Snatching guns from their hands, I offered them
a plant and said, "Water it everyday; within short time
this earth will become Eden which will amaze your eyes." Then they went to the Moon flying, and roaming from planets to planets returned to earth
and found that Eden on earth full of green,
crops, fruits, flowers and incense.
Their eyes got upturned with wonder.

After that, how many incidents took place!
Having reached the peak of success in art,
literature and science, men fell down again
into fathomless darkness which way Adam
took down on earth from heaven.
Again men's earth is surrounded with war,
death, bloodshedding, killing and darkness.
How many times will I steal the fire from Paradise
for men?

3.
Many a time I, like Orpheus, have played
the flute of love sitting on the banks of
the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Indus, the Nile.
Many a time I, like rain, have made the boughs
and roots of life wet which were prey to drought.
Many a time I, being the lyre of Spring, have enthralled
the ears of civilization.
Yet men have gone astray again and again;
taking stones at their hands, like Cain,
they have thrown on their brothers’ heads
and I like a madman have rushed to all the doors
of men and shouted, "Beware, brothers!
Tidal surge will come to submerge you;
Come bag and baggage and take shelter
into the Ark of Noah."
Hearing my words, they all have burst into laughter
and laughing like Kenan, they have been drowned
into the inevitable ruin.
Alas! Forgetting to compose the lines of my poems,
how many times will I be the postman
to distribute the bad news bearing letters
from door to door?

4.
Again and again men go astray.
Again and again men go on evil paths.
Again and again men go on wrong paths.
On the bank of the Ganges I have seen
the horrible human sacrifice.
I have seen the savage laughter of suttee
on the burning funeral pyre.
Dumbfounded I have seen the thick darkness of Arab;
I have seen the play of burying the girl-infants alive under the sands.
I have seen the evil palace of the Aztec
built with the skulls of women and children.
I have seen the tearful eyes of slaves
on the banks of the Mississippi.
I have seen in the country of great Mao-se-tung
the festival of killing girl-embryo
in the name of one child policy.
I have seen in Myanmar the witch Su Kye's wild madness
for killing innocent people.
Again and again men go astray.
Again and again men go on evil paths.
Again and again men go on wrong paths.
5.
When men go astray, women suffer;
losing their chastity and respect,
they become the goods of pleasure on earth.
When men go astray,
the savage slavery come back in a new guise
and invaluable men are sold cheap
in the labor-markets of the capitalists.
And when men become inhuman,
Earth gets defeated to evil;
Those who were free lose their freedom;
Those who sang songs become dumb;
Those who blossomed flowers pick up revolver,
stengun, bomb and gun-powder at their hands.
When men become inhuman, beasts of the forests
flee in the deep forests in shame.

6.
I tell men to be men again.
I tell men to go back to their golden past again.
Or I tell men to build again a new civilization.
How many times will I tell?

Sayeed Abubakar
Rain And You

Rain is divine,
Lovely is rain,
Medicine fine
That kills all pains.

When I feel bored
And when lonely,
Rain opens door
Of peace only.

It offers peace
To my desert.
But it can't reach
Throne of my heart

Because this throne
God made for you;
Though it I own,
God made for you.

Sayeed Abubakar
Rain has come, long awaited rain, in the arable hamlets
Beside the Padma and the Meghna. Rain has come by the east wind.
The burnt sky and the fileds have been covered with dark shades.
Lightning, the beautiful fairy, has boarded the clouds.
Looking at her incomparable beauty in all directions,
Keya, the shy flower on a rainy day, shudders in excitement,
The paddy-fields burnt in the sun want to have her touch today,
Flood in the crevices of rivers bring the tide replete with life.

The harsh uneven field like the skinny hand of an ill old beggar
Listens to the melody of that rainfall;
Along with the thirsty forest, the thirsty mind wakes up
And wants to pass the long way and the uneven desolate field
Where the forgotten days are lying lonely, detached from all;
There the clouds of rain remain vigilant gloomy and lovely.

4.9.2017 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar
Sakira Has Bought An Island

Where lies the happiness of man-
I can
not understand.
Sakira* has bought an island;
Has it made her
happier?

Isn't she more valuable than that?
Her hat,
her song, her melody
and her body?

* the great singer

Sayeed Abubakar
Sayeed Day

No Valentine ever did love like me;
Who where loved his beloved from so far
as I love you, Lorena? If you see
anyone in whole world, I'm a liar.

No Valentine suffered ever as I
do for your love. For my isolation
from you, every day, Lorena, I die
and get alive for you with full passion.

From Bangladesh every second I pull
your heart; my heart peacefully rests with you.
Seeing my love, Valentine becomes a fool,
all the eyes of lovers get full with dew.

Lorena, o my Mexican nymph, say:
'It's not Valentine, it's my Sayeed Day.'

Sayeed Abubakar
Sayeed Day: 2

Sweet spring.
Birds sing.
Bees dance.
Fragrance
so dear
in air.

All say:
'Sayeed Day!'

Sayeed Abubakar
Seeing The Happiness Of Souls

Bodies die of getting envious, seeing the happiness of souls; the souls seem to lead the flowery life of fairies. Seeing it, bodies spread the sighs of hell into their eyes, lips and faces.

Their two souls, as it were, becoming a butterfly, fly in infinite pleasure with two colorful wings; Love has given them the speed of light; their two lives become full to the brim in faith.

How far Mexico is and how far Bengal! Still their two souls flirt together at one place every moment day and night; they have built their palace everywhere in air, in water and on soil.

Seeing the happiness of souls, their two bodies get perplexed and cry for each other in two different countries.

Sayeed Abubakar
Seller

Illiterate and impious is he
who lives on selling nut;
and his brother runs his family
selling Jhal-Muri*.

But you, o the bull of religion,
live on selling religion.
But you hope they will go to hell
and you will be rewarded
with the big blue-eyed hoor al-Ayn of paradise.

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

Sayeed Abubakar
Senryu-1

white cow in the field
afternoon sleeps on her back -
I don't want to die.

Sayeed Abubakar
'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 is the problem you face? ' 
He said, 'I may cost my life for it.'

Listening to his cry, 
the black dog itself 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 have no knowledge of it.'

Sayeed Abubakar
She: 1

She looks fine when she laughs.
She looks fine when she weeps.
She looks fine when she gets angry.

Sayeed, which way you watch the Moon,
she always remains 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 at 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
Show

Fruits show soil,
sons the father;
a true leader
shows the country.

Sayeed Abubakar
'Sin' By Kazi Nazrul Islam

I sing the song of equality, —
All the sinners and repentants
are my brothers and sisters.
Among men and women,
who has not committed sin in this sinful world?
We are the contemptible persons,
even the helmsmen of sinners are sunk into sin!
For the heavy sin of 33 crore gods,
Heaven is in a tottering condition.
Demons enter Heaven
through the sinful path of gods.
From Adam down to this Nazrul,
all have, more or less, slaughtered virtue
with the knife of sin.
The world is the abode of sin;
half of it is God, half of it is Satan.
Listen, o fanatics,
count your own sin before counting other's.
The lotus of virtue grows out of the quagmire of sin,
here sin is in all flowers!
This beautiful earth is replete with deception and curse.
Unable to avoid these sins, all the ancient incarnations
pledged their souls and lives to virtue
and bodies to sin.
Friend, I have not told any lie,
leave aside men,
from Brahma, Bishnu and Shiva,
come down gradually to all the devotees,
sages, saints and hermits—
their souls are the sacrificing ascetics,
their bodies the hedonists!
This world is the store of sin;
here the empty sack of virtue lies
on the back of Religion's ass.
Here all are equally sinful;
we weigh other's sins in the scale
with the weight of our own sins.
If you are none but a god,
why do you ask for an explanation of our conduct?
Putting on a cap or keeping a tuft of hair on head,  
you always speak as though you were not a sinner!  
If not a sinner, why is there  
such an extravagant show of trademark?  
Wearing the costume of Police  
you have been the criminal of sin concealing yourself.

Friend, hear a funny story:  
one the innocent angels assembled at a meeting  
of Heaven were discussing the laws of God  
complaining against Him—  
'Day and night we worship so much and try to satisfy Him,  
yet He does not seem pleased with us—all His love  
and mercy fall only on the mankind who are  
addicted to sin and made of clay! '  
God the omniscient listened all  
and told them smiling, 'They are the children  
of humble dust with very frail minds;  
in every flower there lies the pain of mistakes,  
in eyes and on lips there remains curse,  
there is the burning desire of lust in sandal wood  
and thirst for kisses in the Moon!  
There is collyrium in maiden's eyes,  
silver chain on her waist,  
lac-dye on the borders of her feet  
and on her lips, the hue of chewed betel-leaf;  
seeing that, Cupid himself falls dead.  
Beautiful Satan guards there with vigilant eyes.  
In every breast there is the crescent bow of flowers  
and the arrow of flowers in every eye.  
All the angels said, 'Lord, let us see how the Earth is  
and how flowers blossom there, at whose head  
there lie death and decrepitude! '  
God said, 'Let the best two among you go to Earth  
and come to know how awful its temptation is! '  
Haroot and Maroot, the glory as the Sun  
and the Moon of all angels,  
came down into human habitation  
and became partners of the Earth of dust.  
Here is illusion in every human shape  
and trap in every shadow;  
in its lotus-lake, the Moon of the sky has become
seven hundred Moons!
Sound, smell and colour have set up here
a magic noose;
in every bank of rivers, laughter overflows the pitchers
and flute moans in every meadow!
Within two days, the heart of the Fire-Angels
Was soaked with the juice of Earth;
the amorous look of carp-like eyes set deep marks
on their bosoms.
Waving garment, overflowing water
in the pitcher set on her waist, goes the coquette Zohra—
the ambassadors of Heaven got captivated by that beauty
and surrendered themselves at her red feet!
The fear for Hell was sunk in the juice of her pine-apple lips;
and the earthen bowl was intoxicated
with the blood-red juice of grapes!
The barrage of self-restraint was washed away,
the wall of prohibition was broken down,
they drank the wine of Earth on her flowery lips
to their heart's content.
God said smiling to all the angels in Heaven,
'See what the evil Earth has done to Haroot and Maroot!'
Damsel knows magic here; with one inkling of her eyes,
the meditation of million ages disappears in the air!
The beautiful Earth possesses an eternal youth;
Not Shiva, her lord is Cupid!

11.8.2017 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar
Skeleton, Body And Soul

We need skeleton for human body;
But nobody falls in love with skeleton ever.

We need body for our existence;
But nobody falls in love with body ever
if there is no soul.

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 were being slaughtered like bulls
felling them on the ground,
still their guns were into deep sleep.

Someone, having come 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 this way;
even after the doomsday, we want to see that
no one has come to break their innocent sleep.'

* a mythical monster mentioned in the Indian epic Ramayana who slept six months at a stretch.

Sayeed Abubakar
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
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 Time

How many faces have been sunk under the fathomless depth of Time!
How many countries and nations drowned eternally into the ocean of oblivion!
How many warriors occupying how many states became overjoyed with the
festival of victory- no more are their names uttered anywhere!
How many letters on the page of Time have been rubbed out as if they were
written with chaulk!
How many sorrows and how many pleasures have got mixed with each other!
All the flowers are in the dustbin; the flower- basket is lying blank!

The leaves of trees are trembling in the fear of falling off;
Pouring down my heart, the poems I have composed - whether they will last in
the minds of future generation, my mind jumps and brags in that tension like the
cut walking fish on the pan!
Will anybody read with wet eyes in the reddened evening the verses I have
composed at dawn?

Sayeed Abubakar
Songs

1.

Day comes and dark night goes;
It is high time you rose.
Don't sleep more, o brothers.

If you rise,
Darkness dies,
Sun will peek in the sky happily with others.

How do you sleep
closing your door?
When everywhere
Cry all the poor?

Crying women;
Dying children;
Listen, crying mankind,
old fathers and mothers.

2.

Recite La Ilaha Illalla.
Fight for La Ilaha Illalla.
None is God but Allah.

Who blows the wind?
Allah.
Who is so kind?
Allah.
He keeps us fine.
For our guideline
he has sent the Quran and Mohammad Rasulullah.

Allah is our creator,
Mohammad our Prophet.
We do worship Allah
and the Satan we hate.
Who gives water?
Allah.
Son and daughter?
Allah.
He gives us all
both big and small,
best gift is the Quran and Mohammad Rasulullah.

3.

Jews are dancing in Gaza;
Europe is laughing.
Muslims are dying in Gaza;
America is laughing.
Where are you, O Humanity,
What's happening on earth, come here and see.

How many death is called massacre?
How many death is called genocide?
The Jew-beasts are blindly hunting lives;
Thousands of children-women have died.
Here is flowing the red blood-sea.
Where are you, O Humanity,
What's happening on earth, come here and see.

Rise, all the youths of the Muslim world.
How long this way will you stay asleep?
It is time to uproot Israel;
It is time for you to howl and leap.
Tear up Jew-beasts' brutality.
Where are you, O Humanity,
What's happening on earth, come here and see.

4.

Come to salat, O man,
To fulfil your Iman.
Salat is the door to Zannah
Which is full of hoor and manna.

Our Present, Past and Tomorrow
Will be full of sigh and sorrow
If we forget to pray,
If we forget to say,
'We only love and worship you, O Lord Rahman.'

Salat is the Miraj of those
Who love Allah purely as Rose.
Salat five times a day
Cures those men's souls who say,
'There's no god but Allah; only He is Rahman.'

5.

People on earth are crying;
Women-children are dying;
We need here you, ya rasulullah
Ya nabi, ya habibullah.

People on earth want peace,
want mercy and justice;
Who can give it but you, ya rasulullah?
Ya nabi, ya habibullah.

You knew how to love man,
and knew how to forgive;
When all were in darkness,
you gave new life to live.

Darkness is now on earth;
Babies are crying from birth;
Who can save them but you, ya rasulullah?
Ya nabi, ya habibullah.

23 Ramadan 1436
11/07/2015

Sayeed Abubakar
Sorrow Of Bud

'Why does there lie sorrow and gloom on thy face?'
'Because I have to bloom' the bud says.

Yet the bud blooms,
then begins to die,
like dewdrops falling down on tombs says, 'Goodbye.'

Sayeed Abubakar


Sound Of Love

Every love has its sound;
It creates and it breaks.
A foil stands like gray hound
Against it and tragedy makes.

But don't worry, a dove
sings sweet and cares no gun;
What lasts on earth but love?
It removes darkness like the Sun.

With heaven it is bound,
To reach God is its goal;
Every love has its sound;
it's the sound of winning a soul.

Sayeed Abubakar
Still Man Is True

Still Man is true; I come back to Man again and again. Leaving all the blue sins and filthiness of civilization behind, I rush to join Man's procession.

Neither forest nor loneliness, I adore only the maddened din and bustle of life; the soul that longs for the blind self-success is now detestable corpse, the food for a vulture.

Those who will go to the Moon leaving men on earth; those who desire the blue-eyed nymphs of heaven; those who are always indifferent to men's defeat and bad news; I wish they succeed in building gold-house in heaven and I live and die here only with Man.

Sayeed Abubakar
Still Some People

Still here are some people
who love the darkness of nights
and love to go back to villages
with their wives and children.
At least at the departure of electricity
(Victory to load-shedding!) some people
climb the roof for free air and look upward
to the sky by mistake.

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

Still here are some people
who, seeing the axes and the woodcutters,
feel their hearts being heavy
with pain and disgust.

Still here are some people
who love trees,
love rivers
and extract pleasure from fertile women.

* a Bangali singer

Sayeed Abubakar
Sudden Rain In Spring

Rain came without giving any notice beforehand.
All the song-birds stopped singing and took shelter under big leaves.
All became silent.
Only the Rain started singing her song.
No bird can sing so sweet a song;
No flute can offer so sweet a tune;
No brook can create so sweet a murmur.
My two ears started dancing in joy.
I can leave everything for a little touch of such a rain.

Sayeed Abubakar
The Best

The fish that flees away
breaking the hook
seems to be the best;
and the lips, you haven't given me
to kiss, seem to be the best.

Sayeed Abubakar
The Cry Of Eternity

Whose cry, do I hear, mingling with the waves
of eternity-ocean?
Scream of which ethnic group
do I hear in the endangered air?
From the debris of Incas, Aztecs,
Mesopotamian and Mayan civilizations,
the defeat of humanity comes back again and again.

Still the people flee like the deer
chased by the wolves;
The detestable dumping grounds everyday
get filled with the dead bodies of babies and women;
Is there anyone who will be able
to wipe the wounds of revenge
from the bosom of civilization?
Is it all for us only to watch in this way
the dissected bones of the mankind?

I become speechless when men, like beasts,
launch an attack upon men, sometimes
in the name of religion, sometimes
in the name of the state;
Many a doctrine has emerged
just to dig the dumb graves of cry
on our earth to satisfy the evil.

How many times will the killers get victorious
and men defeated?
Nevertheless, they must come to know:
men are still alive and the killers dead.

Sayeed Abubakar
The Earth

Darkness devours here catching lights,
the way a lizard devours mosquitoes
catching one after one with its tongue.
Here terrorism swallows captured lives,
the way demons in folk-tales
crunch a man's bones.
Here distrust eats up catching hearts,
like a jackal eats up every bit
of an ill-burnt corpse on a pyre.

By tearing all the graves of Mohenjo-daro
and Mesopotamia,
by kindling lamps of atomic bombs,
here, the herds of wolves start dancing
at the pompous Festival of Feast;
they belch with satisfaction,
begin to brush their teeth, absorbed in fun.

Here, the dead men, injured from bombs,
cry out, 'Help! Help!'
Here, the living men, eyes smeared with death
and nightmare, enter like Pharaoh's mummy.
Here, the fine arts, binding talismans on their necks,
recite again and again the name of Satan.
Here, poems, like slaughtered wild pigeons,
flutter their wings on blood.

Yet, the Sun, as usual, illuminates all regions, every day;
yet, the Moon, as usual, deludes all directions with her beauty.

Translation: 15 June, 2017

Sayeed Abubakar
'The Egalitarian' By Kazi Nazrul Islam

I sing the song of equality,
in which all obstacles and distance are dissolved,
in which the Hindus, the Buddhists, the Muslims
and the Christians have got united.
I sing the song of equality!

Who are you? A Persian? A Jain? A Jew?
A Santhal, a Bhil, a Garo?
O friend, whoever you are,
whatever books and scriptures you carry
into stomach, on back, on shoulder and into brain,
the Quran, the Puranas, the Vedas, the Bible, the Tripitaka—
the Zend-Avestha, the Granth Sahib—
read as much as you desire.
But why do you waste your labour?
Why are you throwing spears into your brain?
Why do you haggle in a shop when fresh flowers
bloom at your roadside?

The wisdom of all scriptures and ages lie within you.
O friend, open your heart, you will find all scriptures there.
Within you lie all religions, all the prophets of all ages
and your heart is the world-temple of everyone’s gods.
Why do you look for God in the skeletons of dead books?
He smiles into the secret concealment of your immortal heart!
O friend, I have not told a lie—
It is the place where all crowns tumble and toss.
This very heart is the Nilachal, Kashi, Mathura, Brindaban;
It is Bodh-Gaya, Jerusalem, Medina and Kaaba.
It is the mosque, it is the temple, it is the church;
Sitting here, Jesus and Moses found the identity of truth.

In this battlefield, the young flute player sang the Bhagavad Gita;
In this pasture, the sheep-grazing prophets became friends to God.
Sitting in the meditation-cave of this heart, Shakyamuni abandoned his kingdom
hearing the call of men's great sufferings.
In this cave, the Prince of Arabia used to hear the divine call;
sitting here, he sang the Quran's equality-song.
O brother, what I have heard is not a lie—
there is no temple, no Kaaba greater than this heart.

Translation: 1/3/2016 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar
How can I write poems on the Moon tonight when fight is going on against those wild beasts who are doing feast with the meat of my brothers and sisters?

How can I write verses tonight on stars when the soil of Earth is soaked with the blood of my people? When flood of death and suffering has submerged my home, then how can I sing the songs of Spring? I play the flute of war day and night, night and day forgetting the moonlight, beloved's kiss and all false peace.

Sayeed Abubakar
The Game Of Pleasure

In the forests where there are
only cuckoos and flowers;
In the fields where there are
only the fairs of crops;

In the sky where there are
only the full grown moon
and the luster of its silent beauty;

In the water where there swim
only the chital fishes-

My heart plays there the game
of Spring festival.

My heart, like moonlight,
plays the game of pleasure
moving around all the beauties
of the universe.

Sayeed Abubakar
'The Golden Kabin' (Sonnets)  By Al Mahmud

The Golden Kabin

No gold coin I have; Don't demand any dower, O my Doe;
If you take, I can give my dowerless two hands.
I haven't stored any self-selling gold,
for the cunning frown wounds and hurts me all around everywhere.

If you love me, in return I'll give my kiss?
It's my only business, for I haven't learnt how to deceive a lady.
If you give your body, you'll get mine, too. O my Love,
no capital but body I have, by which I can purchase ornaments for you.

If you get nude, you'll find me simple;
Even no olive-leaves will remain there, which may envelop my virility;
If you start tasting, please give me a share of those fruits, too;
In consciousness and unconsciousness we'll remain ever-known to each other.

Although all my distressed veins and arteries wounded severely,
I ain't defeated, O Love, poets don't know how to give in.

2.
Supporting my hands, O my venomous snake, ascend on my Pati1;
Fold up your hood now, don't compose any black verse within my heart.
Whatever darkness you can pour out by each of your snaps,
every moment I become bluer than that darkness in fear of your bite.

In which tricks and artifices have you worn the Nilambor2 sari?
Flowing in drops, the color of night becomes more black.
I think I can jump into that deep darkness
if you pick up my death spreading out the edge of your sari.

Would you permit me to write down my name without any title and shine,
with the scratch of slow trembling nails on your chest? If you get shy,
I'll wipe off the first letter, the blood-alphabet, not Aryan and ancient,
with my untiring wet kisses.

O Kalabati3 mine, make the sport of Bangali race wavy,
the sport which Batsayan did not know and knew no girls of the Aryan.
3.
Turning round the curve of your neck, come near, O my wild duck;
Uncovering your feathers, give me the ease of your warm body.
I pass my days bowing down to Nature. Today the name of this man,
skillful in words, will open the door of ecstasy.

The arrow of Kakka's words, the command of sylvan soul,
summons you eighteen times, hear attentively, O my eighteenth.
Untie your closed serpent-like plait with your own fingers? then ascend on
dark-blue bed-sheet and get seated nude with me to quench our two thirsts.

Let's go to an uncultivated valley
having the sound of two violent waters with us, like that of a hungry river.
Untie all the folds of your body like the soil of a bar;
May the flesh of Ugol fish be happy in your mud;

Moistening all the artistry of pleasure with the lake dye of lips,
let us sink fast, O Love, into the revolving riddle of blood.

4.
If you want to visit my shrine, walk slowly, O my sweet Love.
The blood of Mukundaram is mixed with this soil.
Catching the torn palm-leaves, let us recite his verse.
We don't know how many drops of tear there are on this torn palm-leaves.

Would you come, O wild lass, being the desire of a poet?
Then be aware that python is my totem in poverty.
Like a fresh murder, I'll draw the vaccine of cinnabar
and the love of a poor man on your red forehead.

How can I win you, my Love,
by which Mantra of what clan, can I take you at my home?
I've my belief in Kapila only. Has Love ever taken refuge in religion or
in any Sanghha? Remember, only the grass of grave remains after all deaths.

As long as you've the form of copper-colored body, you've value;
If you lose it ever, nothing exists more; then it is history which bursts alone into
laughter

5.
Have the fruits of cotton-plant exploded beside my home?
Wear the garland of Gunja, O girl, the Fowler of my heart;
Where have you kept the earthen bottle of Mahua10?  
Please carry it here in this moonbeam and let us rinse it down together with pleasure.

Who says that I won't recognize you in the aboriginal dress of a fowler?  
Does a hunter ever mistake to recognize the clan of birds?  
In whatever Mantras Khona11 is opened to unravel the mystery of Nature,  
remember, that same magic lies within the souls of poets.

I've learnt from the book of Nature from my childhood that  
all-piercing root of Green pierces even love; No everlasting  
society has ever been built anywhere; The fingers of all artists  
of Egypt, Greece and Serasine have failed to do that.

By the strike of Age's plane, all the arts tremble in fear;  
O Girl, the lips of a poet are not more painful than that.

6.  
I've no faith in Pisces, Girl; I'm a man of Kauma society  
who only create the sound of simple equality in your town.  
I've never composed a single verse after the name of any chieftain;  
I'm the poet on whose baldhead always hangs the law of oppressor.

Long long ago my ancestors were slaves of some emperor;  
They used to compose the pound of sentences selling their conscience;  
That scandal, yet now, hisses in the wind of Bengal;  
Alaul12, the rider of the horse of Rosang, hides his face in shame.

Isn't it better to be a poor minstrel, who is looking for  
the neighbour living in Arshi nagar13?  
Braid my hair today making diadem over my head;  
Become my Aktara14, O Love, I would be your young Lalon15.

All the mistakes I've made due to the undesired sentiment of devotion, ?  
Today I'll rectify them all and create the warbling of new words.

7.  
Having lost your gold ear-ring are you crying, my Love?  
The boughs of Anaj16 bend down outside in terrible storm;  
Is it possible to get back the Jeor17 from the hands of a thief?  
Perhaps the coquette of the thief has worn that ring now.
All the elegant conscience of this country has been eaten into by worms; Selling the brain, the learned society is happy very much; How long can the truth be concealed under the lid of civility when the art of a rebellious poem cries loudly within the soul?

Don't break your bracelet; yet there are some lath of sandalwood at my home, by which I'll fill up the holes of your ears. In the discourse of Dhrupada18, suddenly I have sung the Kheur19; Pardon me, O virgin, forgive the songs of this upset cuckoo.

The gold cat will drink all the milk of your bowl?how long would you tolerate, O unsteady girl, pretending that you've noticed nothing at all?

8
The age of Monosa20 has touched me in my profound sleep. A serpent has entered, O Chaste, into the bridal chamber of iron; Will we notice ever a new morning after this very night and the sun, the emperor of warmth, which rises everyday?

My whole body, getting blue by the rage of venom, trembles in fear; O my Behula21, lift me up now over your body; Embrace me, O my chaste Love, binding me by your two hands; Today the son of Ebb, who always blasphemes gods and goddesses, will lie down on your immersion.

If my life comes to an end for the fraud venom of age, start bewailing with your disheveled hair. Hearing your cry, the life-bird will return breaking the cage of death. Viewing the audacity of life, may the life-eater Zam22 bow down its head.

Rending your dress, start dancing, O Love, beside my death; May the chubby coin of you reverse the system of our living.

9.
Through the current of ancestry, O my proud Love, you've got this verdant splendor in your body; Remember, those ancestors had once built the city of Pundra. They all have been the food of soil. But I didn't know the roots of Banyan trees always drink the blood of a black nation.

My dwelling is also in the country of red-colored soil. My forefathers were pride of Pattikera23 city. The waves of monstrous bush have devoured all.
The praise of Amitava Gautama collides now with the screech of crickets.

In the Past, of whose fear, the Vedic fire of dividing men into classes
dared not advance one inch crossing the Karatoa24; Have the foundations
of their dwellings been eaten into by the worms of hypocrisy?
The sound of elegant equality frequently goes futile.

The Borgis25 are looting our paddy, the whole country is being filled with blood
and death;
O my dark-complexioned Love, the danger of crops is here more serious than
your beauty.

10.
The savage have raised their hands by the Mantra of laborer-equality;
Behold, O Love, peace has set in the country of Hiensung;
Let us stick the badge of a hero on the dresses of them
who carry the invitation of equality for the working class people in Asia.

May the equal distribution of crops be our only religion;
Start singing the song of extirpation of class, motivated by the Mantra
of utmost relief. Pronounce such a speech of love with courage
so that no class-distinction can ever enter into the folk-religion.

Then if you want to refer to the context of lust, come behind
the concealment of corn-field and uncover the yellow of your youth;
From the side of crops how much love I can give,
I'll give you more than that, the cordial affection of coitus.

I've caught your silk-sari with much bashful courage;
O my sweet-voiced Love, don't delay, acknowledge me your hero.

11.
I've heard from my boyhood, O Girl, Bangladesh is the lying-in-room for wise
men;
All our past wisdom-trees were born here during the incessant rain;
See now into that room of knowledge, there hang only some depressed bats.
O my amiable Love, how difficult it has been today to have faith in the Past!

How would I accept it's the birthplace of Srigyan26
and Shilbhadra27 had inhaled the first air from here?
If we exclude its part, it loses its everything mentionable;
only a few sinanthropous cough in our schools.
Within the last exaltation of this stone-age, where would you flee, 
O Girl upset, in which bush would you hide yourself? 
In your body the color of an independent deer remains, too. 
When the blades of stones are thrown from behind the curtain, 

the existentialist-giraffes have lengthened their individual necks 
into our art-centre and all our workmanship. 

12. 
Suddenly hearing the sound of high tide at midnight 
from the village adjacent to the river, a farmer gropes 
for his beloved wife whether she is beside him or not 
who opens the door of wealth and corn; 

Likewise, grasp my hand, O Love, at this blind night, full of fear. 
If the smell of crops remains in your body, 
the enemy of food may bring the ferocious attack of greed; 
we'll return that panic created by food-greedy Rahu28. 

As a peasant of upland, who eats his food standing in water, 
establishes his utmost right on the newly risen bar, 
that way I've hoisted the flag of justice over your head; 
The flag of mine, bright colored, is firm both in kindness and right. 

Behold, the northeast is trembling in fear by the ear-splitting thunder; 
Swearing by the name of storm, tell me, O Girl, whom are you of? 

13. 
Open your two eyes, O my beautiful Love, reddened by the odor of Loban29, 
the two designed borders of your sari tremble by my breath; 
Had you been the sylvan pigeon bent down to shyness? 
You're trembling as if you were the root of a cane fallen in storm. 

Your chignon has been unloosed in wind, O my smiling girl; look at me, 
crossing your Tikli30, my heart palpitates in fear. All the villagers waiting 
for you, having paddy in their auspicious winnowing platters; the Khai31 of Binni32 
are spread on the yard; 33 Attar and Aguru34 on your bed. 

Having accepted this lucky Dhan-durba35 with reverence, 
loosening your Purdah36, O my noble Love, put up again your hair into a bun.
Your sisters-in-law of the same age have caught the threshold, coming to you; Be simple like them and listen to the first Sabak37 of your family.

All the women from my mother's side have gathered to welcome you as a bridegroom; O Girl, say spontaneously like the waves of a river? 'Kobul! Kobul!'

14. For Rain's sake, O Bibi, for sesame-colored paddy's sake, For the sake of fish and meat and for the sacred milch animals'; For plough, yoke and scythe's sake, for the sake of windy sail, Believe, no poet neglects the religion of heart.

If I ever profane my tongue breaking my promise, may you turn into the blade of lightning; and rending my heart, may your divorce fall down upon my head. Then, O my Love, give me no piece of fish for my health.

Which way the innocent waves break down on the body of a water-bird floating in the night's river, likewise I'll incessantly pour out all my kisses on your body setting you free from the chain of shyness.

If it happens otherwise, O Banu,38 for the mother tongue's and the love-poetry's sake, may your curse fall down upon my head like a thunderbolt.


Sayeed Abubakar
The Guitar Of Light

It seems someone has cast a dark net
and the town has become a trout caught in that net;
It seems no morning has ever approached here,
the town has sub-merged in an over-flowing darkness.

The town seems to be an island of fairy tale.
It seems someones, like giants, are snatching away
the ornament from a teen girl's forehead
and then devouring her bone-marrow with rapture.

It seems someones, by tearing the civilization into pieces,
are eating up finally its bones and flesh.
Hadn't ever a single monk or saint come
amid the darkness here?

Then you, o poet, take the responsibility
and play the guitar of light into this darkness.

[Translation of the Bengali poem 'Alor Guitar' taken from the poet's first book
'Pronoyer Prothom Pap' (1996)  ]

Sayeed Abubakar
The Hand Of A Jew

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

No sooner had I kept my hand on his hand
than it 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.

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

[[Translation of Bangla poem 'Ehudir Hat' taken from the poet's first book 'Pronoyer Prothom Pap' (1996) ]

Sayeed Abubakar
The Ism Of Life

Those who stretched out their chests like lions in front of the 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,
are now mere broken graveyard surrounded by dreary emptiness.

Actually those who have learned to detest the eyes of vultures have the right of living only.
Only those who have learned 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 learned to play with life like chopper and spear and who have learned to shed one river blood for flowers and poems, for men 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 lies 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) ]
The Month Of Flowers

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

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 Most Beautiful

If hair beautiful, you are beautiful.
If eye beautiful, you are beautiful.

If nose beautiful, you are beautiful.
If tooth beautiful, you are beautiful.

If lips beautiful, you are beautiful.
If breasts beautiful, you are beautiful.

But if your mind is beautiful, o girl,
By God, you are the most beautiful.

Sayeed Abubakar
The Mujibnama: Book 1

The Mujibnama
An Epic on Sheikh Mujib, the Father of Nation
by Sayeed Abubakar
Translation in English: Sayeed Abubakar

Book 1

It was a hero who roared like thunder
With the voice of a lion on the seventh
March of Nineteen Hundred Seventy One,
At the Racecourse Ground of Dhaka, saying:
'The people of Bengal want to get free;
The people of Bengal want to live; the
People of Bengal want to have their rights';
He, like Prometheus, nourished into
His two eyes the dream of stealing fire
From Paradise and had a pain within
His bosom for the disgraced and oppressed
People of his motherland which surged up
Like the flood-tide of its thousand rivers.
It was a hero as green as trees who
Roared like Royal Bengal Tiger on the
Seventh March of Nineteen Hundred Seventy One
bathing in the silvery light of
The blazing Sun at the Racecourse Ground of
Dhaka, saying: 'The struggle for this time
Is the struggle of liberation; the
Struggle for this time is the struggle of
Independence'; In his voice people heard
The tiger-tone of Haji Shariatullah,
Lion-man Isha Khan of Sonargaon and
Mansur-ul-Mulk Siraj ud-Daulah, the
Last independent Nawab of Bengal;
Spreading the cool shade of Banyan tree
All around, touching the blue sky with the
Firm head of Nazrul, it was a hero
Who at the Racecourse Ground of Dhaka, in
The fire-shedding March of Nineteen Hundred Seventy One, having stolen the voice
Of Thunder asleep, uttered the call to
Get free; the crowd found in his large forehead
Lighting like stars the blood-stained flower-like
Souls of Sher-e-Bangla A K Fazlul
Haque, Abdul Hamid Khan Bhashani,
Huseyn Shaheed Suhrawardy and
All the language-martyrs of Nineteen
Hundred Fifty Two; I am one of his sons
Afflicted with grief, the last poet of this
Century, born at Ramvodrapur in
Keshabpur Upazilla of Jessore
District; I have stood here with a heart as
Broken as an earthen jar having a
Desire to sing his song. I will sing of
His victory, by whose name my country
Gets awake everyday and by whose call
The sleep of whole Bengal was suddenly
Broken one day, the song of liberty
Started ringing even on the lips of
The wing-broken magpies and in the long
Run, a blood-wet wonder-flower got bloomed
In the garden of earth named Bangladesh;
Bangladesh—the most beautiful homeland
Of mine—whose legends have been written on
The page of Age with the letters of gold.

I know, O God, the leaves of trees do not
Shake without your order; by your command,
The Sun provides its light tirelessly from
One corner to another corner of
Earth every day in the same way; by your
Command, flowers spread fragrance in air and
Birds sing in forests; for your kindness, so
Bright is the Moon, rivers are so wavy,
Erect are the Himalayas, oceans
Are so full of water, the pillarless
Sky is so blue, green are the forests and
This soil is so productive—all are so
By your mercy; your benevolence has
Made the flowers beautiful and the fruits
Tasty; who has such strength, can step a foot
On earth without your warm kindness? He, on
Whom you take pity, survives on the page
Of time getting immortal; all other
Names get obliterated easily
Like the letters written on the water
Of sea. If you smile on someone with your
Pity, even though he is a slave, he
Becomes the king; and if you get angry
With someone, even though he is a king,
He, getting beggar, begs from door to door.
Which way the Sun after day bows down in
Fear in front of you, and which way the full
Moon at the end of night sinks with bowing
Head and with eyes full of tears into your
Eternity, the same way, o God, my
Existence has stumbled upon your feet
Like a betel-nut tree broken by storm;
If you give light, I will be enlightened,
By that light my poem will dazzle the
Eyes of the whole world like the white moonlight
Of Autumn; if you give me strength, my verse
Following the path of Milton, Dante
and Homer will walk on the bosom of
Eternity; if you get pleased with me,
I, too, clasping the hand of my father
epic-poet Madhusudan, will cross
The impassable ocean of epic.

The resolve I have made in this morning,
O the most glorious, is known to you;
And I know, without your mercy, no hope
Is possible to be fulfilled and no
Expedition gets successful; I will
Sing of his ballad who is the greatest
Son of the great Bengali nation in
Thousand years, by whose bright declaration
The Sun of independence which had set
Suddenly at Plassey in Seventeen
Hundred Fifty Seven peeped again in
The sky of Bengal, by whose beckoning
Of finger the shackles of hundred year
Slavery were broken miraculously
And the whole nation started dancing in
Pleasure. I will sing of his ballad which
Way Valmiki filled the air of earth with
The hymn of Rama. Give melody in
My voice; and let my soul bask in the fierce
Sunshine which fetches bright morning on earth
Piercing the darkness of night; and pour down
Great infatuation of poesy
Maddened with patriotism into my eyes.

Whose mother is ugly on earth? Mothers
Are as holy as Paradise, dear and
Beautiful to their children. In the same
Way, motherlands are dear to all men.
Whose heart does not get cool looking at the
Face of motherland? Whose eyes do not get
Wet in the hard times of own country? The
Green shepherd too, who grazes cattle on
The withered desert sings of the beauty
Of his homeland. The starving peasant too,
Doing Jhum cultivation with skinny
Body at the bottom of the rough hill,
Sings of the glory of his birthplace with
Joy. Alas! Who is the stone-hearted one
Whose two eyes do not get filled with tears on
The foreign land remembering own land?
Who is the barbarian that makes an
Illicit affair with wanton woman
Violating the chastity of his
Motherland? On one side, there was
The last brightest Sun of Bengal, Bihar
And Orissa, Nawab Siraj ud-Daulah;
On the other side, there was the trap of
Conspiracy made by Ghaseeti Begum,
Mir Jafar, Jagat Seth and the foreign
Pirate Robert Clive; the cumulus of
Danger were spread everywhere.
The well-watered, well-fruitful, well-fertile
Eden-like Bengal, green with abundant corn
Fell in danger again and again for
Her beauty and riches, which way a deer's
Foe is its flesh and a beautiful girl's
Danger is her own beauty. In the past,  
The notorious Maratha cavalry  
Came here to loot Bengal's all property.  
The Mughals came here; Man Singh, the robber,  
Invaded the paddy-fields of Isha  
Khan with his men. But Isha Khan the great  
Responded courageously by breaking  
Down the sword of Man Singh. Later came the  
White bears in Bengal to devour the people  
Sleeping in peace. To devour tearing its  
Whole map, they gathered well-armed at Plassey.  
The trumpet of war started blowing with  
A great noise. On one side, there stood the self-  
Sacrificing patriots; on the other  
Side, there stood the selfish hungry foreign  
Beasts white in color; between them, there were  
A few indigenous ugly vultures.

O Bengal, the beautiful native land  
Of mine, holy motherland! Again and  
Again, what a distress descends on your  
Lot! When were you free of foes? Tell me when  
The venomous cobra of misfortune  
Did not bite your son Lakhindar! By which  
Curse, tell, you are the daughter of sorrow  
Of earth, O beautiful Banga! Your sons  
Who were blessed with milk and rice became  
Again slaves by the irony of fate.  
The Sun of Independence set in the  
Ocean of Time, depth of which was about  
Two hundred years. All the clouds of the sky  
Of Bengal turned black in shame for the red  
Blood of Siraj; the sun-rays wearing the  
Burial cloth entered into graves; and  
A few black cats and all the owls of night  
Sitting into the dense compact darkness  
Started mewing with cry. O Bengal, my  
Pretty land, holy mother, my birth-place!

Who loves to live in the blind iron-cage?
Who does not want a free life? All the birds
Living in the forests spread sweet notes of
Peace in the air hiding the treasure of
Freedom within souls. How freely all the
Fishes of seas move from one water-home
To another water-home! The little
Ants, very insignificant on earth,
Lead what a free life keeping their
Backbones erect! Living with the tigers
In forests, the calm deer, too, run with a
Great joy as free as sun-rays. Only the
Peaceful people of Bengal draw the yoke
Of slavery like bulls in the fields of
Life for the irony of fate. Within
Their eyes, nevertheless, there played the dim
Red light of the setting sun of the lost
Independence and within their bosom
There played the pain of losing liberty
Like the pain of Orpheus after losing
His beloved Eurydice. That pain of
Love became solid, took the shape of clouds
And surrounded the whole country. When those
Clouds collapsed down upon earth with the sound
Of Israfil’s trumpet, there roared a storm
Terrible and destructive. In that fierce
Storm, the throne of British empire was flown
Like the dry leaves of trees. It seemed Bengal
Became free; the branches and green leaves of
The lives of people with delight started
Oscillating in the wind of freedom.
But, alas! Who knew, those who were beside
Us as brothers were sore enemies, our
Killers! They filled the bosom of Bengal
With murder, death, plundering, oppression
And brutality. The irritated
Mob came out on the high ways to protest.
What a dragon came on this land— First, he
devoured her economy, wealth and might;
Then he devoured the blood of Bengalis
and the dignity of women; still his
Hunger remained unsatisfied! At last,
He desired to pierce the heart of men and
Then to eat up their dreams, ambition, hope, Emotion and fancy. Eating up their Mother tongue, he planned to kill this nation Physically and spiritually. With the poisonous nails of that dragon, The language-eater, the high ways of Dhaka became besmeared with the blood of Innocent young men of Bengal who loved Their mothers, mother-tongue and motherland.

In such a cloudy day, the whole nation Waited with eager eyes, which way in an Agitated ocean the passengers Stared helplessly towards the face of their Boatman and screamed aloud uttering the Name of God; as if it were a roaring River, on whose growling waves stumbled down A tempest, falling into its trap a Helpless boat is swinging to and fro and Its passengers are crying loudly saying: ‘Help! Help! ’ because the helmsman of their boat Is an enemy. At last, he who was The savior of the perplexed nation Came in front and roared like a lion; by that Roar, the whole country trembled, as if in a Earthquake; hearing it, the corrupted Souls of the enemies trembled in fear Which way the leaves of a banyan tree Tremble. He came which way the Sun piercing The night comes in the east sky; he came which Way after an intolerable long Load-shedding, electricity comes back In the hot nights of Summer; he came which Way a brief shower comes like cool peace on The torn heart of burnt soil in the month of Choitra. All the Bengalis, from Teknaf To Tetulia, from the shore of the Kapatakkha river to that of the Surma, the Punarbhaba, the Meghna And the Jamuna, welcomed him with a Great joy filling the air with applause and Fire-shedding slogans, bowing down their heads
Before him. Then they dressed his neck with a Garland and wrote 'Bangabandhu', the gold-Name, on his broad forehead with immense love.

[Coronation Episode: Book 1]

Sayeed Abubakar
The Mujibnama: Book 2

Having a bright smile on face, he returned
With a heart swollen with self-confidence
To his home named 'Number Thirty Two'. His
Daughter, as if a golden lotus of
Heaven bloomed just, found out her palace of
Affection on his broad bosom. Saying
'Hasu', he fondled her keeping his hand
Wet with tenderness on her forehead. He
Sighed and started speaking: 
I know your ever busy father roams
Here and there leaving you at home or he
Passes his time into the darkest cell
Of prison; you all look expectantly
For his return which way the swallows
Look expectantly for rain-water. I
Return to you just to flee away from
You again. I remain indifferent to
What you eat, what you wear and how you pass
Your days and nights. Really, to be a
Daughter of a leader is a matter
Of sorrow, o my babe, I know, I feel.

His daughter replied in sweet voice:
You are the friend to Bengal; the people
Of Bengal love you more than their lives; our
Happiness lies in it. Don't get worried
Thinking for us. Fazilatunnesa,
The mother to Bengal, came with slow steps
Towards them. She entered into the talk
Between father and daughter: We have set
You free like a bird of forests. That's why,
You have become Bangabandhu now in
Bengal. Do not forget it ever." In
Reply, said Bangabandhu: "Yes, you have
Set me free; that's why, I wander on the
Streets of Bengal to find out the looted
Liberty of the people of Bengal.

"Talk to mom, Dad. I will just go and come
Back with a glass of milk for you." Saying
It, his Sun like daughter ran away, as
If a storm. The leader of seven crore
Bengalis stared at that storm with pleasant
Eyes for a moment and then turned his eyes
To his better half: "Listen, O Hasu's
Mother, they won't be able to subdue
Us any more. The people of Bengal
Have risen up. All have realized in
The long run, they are not our brothers; they
Are our enemies, our killers. How long
We will tolerate their torture! Bleeding
Souls of the brilliant teacher martyr
Shamsuzzoha and Sergeant Jahurul
Haq don't let me sleep; how compassionately
They stare at my face and calling me, say,
'O Mujib, don't let this blood go in vain.
I cannot let the blood of martyrs go
In vain at all in this Bengal. Listen,
We will defeat them in the battle of
Imminent election of East Pakistan.
This time my Bengalis will not mistake.

Mrs. Mujib, the Mother to Bengal,
Sighed, saying, "May God accept it. But there
In a gathering of his supporters
Maolana Bhashani declared that he
Won't fight in the field of election; his
First demand is food, then election. I
Can't realize politics any way.
It's difficult to realize when who
 Throws stone at which beehive." Don't get worried,
Renu. Time will say who is wrong and who
Is right. They wanted to entrap me by
Filing a false case named 'Agartala
Conspiracy' against me. Questions were
Raised against my 'Six Points'. And I was called
Traitor. Tell me, Renu, who has ever
loved this Bengal more than me, more than
Sheikh Mujib? I recognize every inch
Of Bengal; almost all the faces of
Bengal's men and women are known to me;
Mujib can't treason against his soil and
People. If God smiles on us, I will make
This country golden Bengal you will see.

"I have desired it throughout my whole life.
Never I wished that your milk-white image
Get stained with a little black spot. You are
The leader of seven crore Bengalis,
So dear to them; this love can be purchased
On earth by no money or wealth. I wish
This identity of you lasted in
Bengal for ever. For Agartala
Conspiracy Case, that time you were in
Prison. Thirty five persons were accused.
Trial was going on. Going to visit
You at prison, I came to know that the
Government of Pakistan wanted to
Parole you in order to have you in
An urgent conference. I realized
That it was another conspiracy;
They wanted to destroy perpetually
Your strong personality and your bright
Political existence. I got frightened;
It seemed to me that you would slip this time
On the mud of conspiracy. In a
Frenzy of despair, I shouted, 'Beware!
Don't take parole. If they want to set you
Free, unconditionally they have to
Set you free then. Captive Mujib will go
On a conference- I won't tolerate
It. If something happens like that, then keep
In mind, while coming back home, you will find
Your Renu no more.' Saying it, like a
Lass I started crying aloud. You know,
I have been your life-partner since my teen
Age, never did I revolt against you
This way. Just after then, Sergeant Jahurul
Haq was murdered. The whole country roared in
Anger. ‘Nineteen Sixty Nine Uprising’
Took place. On twenty second February
You got released from prison. The Bengalis
Gave you a warm reception on twenty
Third February at Racecourse Ground and
You returned home like a hero having
The title ‘Bangabandhu’. Saying it,
She wiped her eyes, as if wet with dawn's dew.

Bangabandhu, the leader of poverty-
Stricken people, said in a choked voice:
"Truly, you saved me that day from a great
Danger awaiting me. If you did not
Press me hard that way, something might happen
Terrible. My friends often mock at my
Madness for my wife. If they knew the cause!"

Having the glass of milk at her hand, his
Daughter, as dear as his eye-ball, came
With a slow step. Mrs. Mujib, flooded
With passion, somewhat embarrassed for the
Sudden arrival of their daughter, said
In a cramped voice: "I have cooking. Let me
Go. You talk father and daughter." When she
Left the room hurriedly for the kitchen,
They two saw a light of serenity
Spread over her face. Both the father and
The daughter stared with a steadfast look on
Her going, as if they were watching a
Spring-wind going back giving them a soft
Touch of peace providing a kind
Of sweet coolness within their bodies and
Souls. Absent-minded Mujib, who is the
Greatest man of Bengal, got back his sense
By the call of his daughter, "Milk, Dad."
He sat down on the sofa. Then he took
The glass of milk like a gentle boy from
The hand of his motherly daughter and
Started sipping, as if he were drinking
The sweet water of heaven's brook. Drinking
The milk to the lees, he stared with a smile
At his daughter; a brightened line of a
Green forest spread over his face: "How is
My cow, Hasu? How selfishly I drink
Her milk! I don't get a chance to meet her."

"She is quite well, Dad. When we go to her,
She stares at us like a dumb and look to
And fro for someone. She has, perhaps, come
To know by this time that you are very
Busy with country, party and politics.
That's why, she keeps quiet every moment."

The blue of the great leader's two eyes get
Moist with tears. The thunder of Summer-storm
Is in his voice but, what a billowy
Unfathomable Bay of Bengal flows
Within his heart! —"O my God! I had just
Forgotten her. When I get ready for
Outgoing in the morning, remind me,
I will meet her first, then I will leave home.
All the birds of this Bengal, all the trees,
Animals, flowers, fruits, rivers, canals,
Bogs, fields and the desolate extensive
Plains—they all know me. Farmers, labourers,
Coolaies, fishermen, boatmen, barbers and
All the veiled women of villages, all
The shopkeepers of village-markets, the
Teachers of schools, students, youths, mobs—they all
Forget their sorrows seeing your father.
Seeing your father for once, they all see
The whole country in front of their eyes, the
Country on whose chest has sat firmly the
Autocratic martial beasts of Pakistan,
Who sitting there are sucking like leeches
The life-blood of seven crore Bengalis."

No sooner had he completed his speech
Than his second daughter Sheikh Rehana
Along with Sheikh Russel, his youngest son, 
Came running with laughter and making fun. 
Instantly, a delight-fair was set up 
Surrounding their dear father. Leader was 
He of seven crore people, a strange fire-showering speaker, a magician of 
Musical words who robbed the hearts of men 
And women; the greatest Bengali was 
He in thousand years; but now he became 
Suddenly a loving father among 
His dearest son and daughters. His eldest 
Daughter, as if she were his far-seeing 
Mother Hasina, was watching that scene 
With the eyes of the goddess of earth. With 
The pea-cock eyes, she was watching the great 
Leader's sweet game with his daughter and son 
And was saying in her own mind: 'What a 
Loving world of illusion it is and 
How beautiful Number Thirty Two house is! '

[House Number Thirty Two Episode: Book 2]

Sayeed Abubakar
‘The Rebel’ By Kazi Nazrul Islam

Say, o Hero—
Say, high I hold my head!
Looking at my head, the Himalayas
bow their peaks.
Say, o Hero—
Say, piercing through the great sky of the universe,
reaching above the Moon, the Sun, planets and stars,
breaking through the limits of earth and heavens,
pushing through the Arash, the throne of God,
I have risen as an eternal surprise of the Goddess of earth!
On my forehead shines Shiva, the Destroyer,
as some royal victory's bright emblem.
Say, o Hero—
I hold my head high ever!
I am ever irrepressible, arrogant and merciless:
I am the dancing Shiva of the great cataclysm,
I am cyclone, I am destruction,
I am great terror, the curse of earth,
I am irresistible,
I grind all to pieces!
I am lawless and reckless.
I trample down all restraints, all rules and disciplines!
I care no law,
I sink vessels laden to the brim,
I am torpedo, I am the terrible floating mine!
I am Durjati, I am the tempest of sudden summer
with dishevelled hair!
I am the rebel,
I am the mutinous child of the Goddess of earth!

Say, o Hero—
Say, high I hold my head!
I am storm, I am cyclone,
I go on destroying whatever comes on my path.
I am the dance-intoxicated rhythm,
I dance at my own pleasure,
I am the unfettered joy of life!
I am Hambir, I am Chhayanat, I am Hindol,
I am ever reckless,
Going my way with quick gestures,
suddenly I leap with wonder,
I am Hindol, the quick lightning in the sky!
O brother, I do whatever my mind wants,
I embrace my enemies and wrestle with death,
I am mad, I am tornado!
I am plague, I am great fear of this earth;
I am terror of the ruler, I am destruction,
I am full of a warm restlessness for ever!
Say, o Hero—
ever high stands my head!

I am ever reckless, ever irresistible,
I am irrepressible, the cup of my life
is always, yes always, full to the brim.
I am the sacrificial fire,
I am Yamadagni keeping the sacred fire ever alive,
I am devotion, I am priest, I am fire.
I am creation, I am destruction,
I am habitation, I am the cremation ground,
I am the termination, the end of night!
I am the son of Indrani with the moon
in my hand and the sun on my forehead.
My one hand holds the curved bamboo flute
and the other the trumpet of war!
My throat is black from drinking poison
churned up from the ocean of pain!
I am Shiva, I catch the waters of Gangotri free from bondage!
Say, o Hero—
ever high stands my head!

I am monk, I am the song-soldier,
I am crown-prince, my royal garment is fade brownish red.
I am bedouin, I am Ghengis,
I salute none but myself.
I am thunder, I am the sound of Om on Shiva's horn,
I am the mighty roar of Israfil's trumpet,
I am the tabour and the trident of Pinakpani,
I am the staff of justice of the Great Just.
I am the wheel and the great conch of Vishnu,
I am the fearsome din of the primeval Om!
I am a disciple of the mad sages Durvasa and Viswamitra, 
I am the forest fire, I shall burn the universe to ashes! 
I am open-hearted laughter and exaltation, 
I am enemey to creation, the mighty terror, 
I am the eclipse of the twelve suns on the Doomsday! 
I am serene sometimes, sometimes restless, ruthlessly self-willed, 
I am the youth of dawn, 
I crush the vain glory of fate under my feet! 
I am the fury of storm, 
I am the tumultuous roar of the ocean, 
I am bright, shining ever bright, 
I am the rippling surge of water and the roll of moving waves!

I am the plaited braid of a smart maiden's locks, 
the spark of fire in her blazing eyes. 
I am the wild love that blossoms like lotus 
in the sixteen years old's heart, 
I am fortunate! 
I am the absent mind of an indifferent girl, 
the tearful sigh in a widow's heart 
and the lament of a despairing yearner. 
I am the sorrow of deprivation 
in the heart of the homeless wanderer living on streets, 
I am the heart-pangs of the humiliated, 
venomous pain and regeneration in the heart of the offended! 
I am the plaintive cry of a sensitive aggrieved heart, its intense pain, 
I am the trembling first touch of a virgin 
and I am the throbbing tenderness of her first stolen kiss! 
I am the fleeting glance of the secret beloved 
and her repeated gaze on every pretence, 
I am the love of the restless girl and the jingle of her bracelets. 
I am the eternal child, the adolescent of all times, 
I am the hem of the garment, the breast-cloth and the scarf 
of the village maiden timorous of her youth! 
I am the north wind, the breezes of spring 
and the indifferent air of the east, 
I am the deep melody of a wayfaring bard 
and the music of a bamboo flute. 
I am the raging thirst of summer and the fierce blazing sun, 
I am the trilling spring in desert, 
I am the cool shadowy greenery! 
With an intense joy I rush onward,
What a madness! I am insane!
I have suddenly discovered myself
and all my barriers have fallen off!

I am the rising, I am the fall,
I am the consciousness in the unconscious soul,
I am the banner of victory over the gateway of the world,
I am the flag of human triumph.
I rush, fleet as storm, clapping my hands
that hold heaven and earth,
My carriers, the spirited Borrak and Uchchaisrava,
sprint with challenging neighs!

I am the burning volcano in the bosom of earth,
the forest fire, the holocaust of doom,
and the reverberations of the surging sea of fire
in the bowels of earth!
I climb the lightning and fly, leaping, snapping my fingers,
I cause sudden earthquakes and terrify the world.
I clasp the fangs of Vasuki the snake,
I catch the flaming wings of Gabriel,
I am a heavenly cherub, I am restless,
I am impudent and tear with my teeth
the garment of the mother-earth!

I am Orpheus's flute,
its music lulls the heaving ocean into drowsy forgetfulness,
and in sleep it kisses the earth and soothes it to complete silence.
I am the flute in the hands of Krishna.
When I rage and rush enveloping the boundless heavens,
the fires of seven hells and Habia flicker
and die in panic!
I am the messenger of revolt all over the earth and the sky!

I am the deluge and floods of Sravan,
Sometimes I make the earth beautiful,
sometimes blessed in destruction—
I shall snatch away the twin girls from Vishnu's bosom.
I am injustice, I am meteor, I am Saturn,
I am the comet's terrific heat, the venomous killer asp!
I am Chandi the headless, I am ruinous Warlord,
Sitting in the fires of hell, I smile like flowers!

I am made of clay, I am formed of spirit,
I am ageless, immortal, inexpendible,
I am inexhaustible!
I am the terror of men, demons and gods,
I am ever unconquerable in the universe,
I am the supreme God over all gods of earth,
I am the superman, the truth,
I dance my way madly over heaven, underworld and earth!
I am insane, I am insane!
I have suddenly discovered myself
and all my barriers have fallen off! 

I am Parsurama's cruel axe,
I shall rid the world of its tribe of warriors
and usher calm, generous peace!
I am the plough on Balaram's shoulders,
I shall uproot with effortless ease this world in chains,
in the joy of creating it anew.

Weary of struggles, I, the great rebel,
shall rest in quiet only on the day
when the wails of the oppressed will not rend the air and the sky,
the scimitar and the sword of the oppressors
will not clang in the fierce arena of battle—
I, the rebel, weary of fighting,
shall be calm that day.

I am Bhrigu, the rebel,
I stamp footprints on the bosom of God!
I am the destruction of the creator,
I shall cleave the heart of capricious God
who smites with grief and anguish!
I am Bhrigu, the rebel,
I shall stamp footprints on the bosom of God!
I shall cleave the bosom of that capricious destiny!

I am the hero, rebel eternal—
Alone, I tower over the universe with my head unbowed.

1-2.7.2017 Sirajganj
Sayeed Abubakar
The Rohingya

All my life has gone away walking upon the thorns;
All my days and nights have passed running over the knives;
Fear of which death do you show me more?

I have forgotten the names of crying, sobbing and shedding tears,
Now my two eyes burn like the fire on the funeral pyre;
Now the desert of the hottest season take rest into my two eyes;
Fear of which hell do you show me more?

Enough have I suffered into the dungeon of your hatred;
Now I will rise like the deluge of Noah;
Now I will burst out like a volcano;
Beware, Su Kye.
Beware, all the beasts of fasle civilization.

Rising is the last solution on earth I know.

Sayeed Abubakar
The Savior

Look, how 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 the plies of snowlike tasty wine!
Like a demon, the Fire eats crunching the bones of Cain, eats the skeleton of Lahab and like the palm's kernel, eats uprooting the blue eyes of Genghis Khan.

Hi, where are you going like a bewildered horse?
O Horse, where are you going raising your obstinate tail, o Bull?
Breaking down the wall of sight, look, how horribly the hungry Fire gapes at us!
Such a fire it is which devours piercing not only our visible body but also the deer of our invisible soul, eats up, like a rat, the invisible coconut of our heart bit by bit.

There is no Jesus more who will absorb all the sins into his cross;
There is no Gautama more who will play day and night the flute of wisdom sitting under the shade of the Bodhi Tree;
There is no Krishna more who will pour down the cloud of love into Radha's thirsty eyes;
There is no Mohammad more who will rush to save you from the clutch of hungry Fire.

O Man, O Horse, O Bull,
Remember, there is no prophet more;
Remember, except a love-lorn poet, there is no savior more.

*Lahab was Prophet Mohammad's (sm) sore enemy.

Sayeed Abubakar
We do not know where we live now.  
Here is no difference between man and cow, 
 between Satan-angel.  
We do not know if 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
The world at this moment of night has turned into a mosque.
The world at this moment of night has become
a silent soft 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 a 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.
The world at this moment of night has become
the quite solitude of a 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 God

[Translation of Bangla poem 'Prithibi Ekhon Ei Ratey' taken from the poet's first
book 'Pronoyer Prothom Pap' (1996) ]

Sayeed Abubakar
There Is 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
who, by singing his songs, gets tired.

There is no dove
hates love.

Sayeed Abubakar
They Are Men Too

They are men, too, like us.  
They have the right to live.  
They need love very much;  
It's our duty to give.

Sayeed Abubakar
Who calls you a robber, o friend? Who calls you a thief?  
All around the robbers beat their drums and the thieves reign.  
Who is the lord of justice judging thieves and robbers?  
Ask him, who is not a robber today throughout the world?  
O Supreme Judge, hold high your mace of justice;  
the great are great today stealing the wealth of the weak.  
The greater the robbery, theft, cheating and exploitation,  
the higher the status in the United Nations now!  
The palaces of kings rise built with the congealed  
blood-bricks of their subjects.  
The docoit-richmen run their factories  
by destroying a million dwelling houses.  
Fraud machinemen, you have set up your machines  
to grind men; the hungry people go in but come out  
like pressed sugar-cane.  
The machinemen, squeezing a million people's humanity,  
fill up their cups with wine and their earthen jars with gold.  
The usurers grow fat-bellied on the food the distressed need;  
Destroying the dwelling-houses of the hungrymen,  
the landlords go riding horses.  
Merchants have set up the brothels of economy in the world,  
Sin, Satan and Cup-bearers sing there the victory of Kuvera.  
Losing bread, health, life, hope, language and all  
bankrupt man is leading to a terrible fall.  
There is no way of escape—  
all around the economy-fiend has dug trenches.  
The whole world is a prison where robbers are the guards;  
all thieves and robbers are cousins, all imposters are friends.  
Who calls you a robber, o friend? Who says you steal?  
You may have stolen money or household utensils,  
But you have not dug a dagger in some one's tender-heart.  
You may be thieves, all right, but not inhuman like them.  
Like Ratnakar, still you can become Valmiki  
when you meet a real man.  

30.6.2017 Sirajganj  

Sayeed Abubakar
Tiger And Deer

I asked him, ‘Tigers devour deer; why do deer live beside the tigers then? ’

‘They will live beside tigers. It is the doctrine. Tigers never jump over deer if they don't feel hungry. If the deer did not stay beside tigers, they would extinct from earth many days ago. Men would then enter the Sundarbans, loading trucks with deer would come back to slaughter-house and destroy them over night.’

Sayeed Abubakar
To A Delicious Roast

O dear delicious roast,
I can't forget thy taste;
Of all foods served by host
and I swallowed as guest,
you looked beautiful most,
you seemed to me the best.

Sayeed Abubakar
To My Eurydice

My heart has fallen downunder 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.

Eurydice, my Love, come back on my 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
To Obama

Your rise to power is the victory of humanity;
You, the real son of America, have saved
your country from disgrace.

Sometimes I ask to myself, 'Is he greater
than Nelson Mandela?'
You may be greater than he or he than you-
it's not the matter; the fact is:
both of you have built the bridge of love
between the black and the white;
and both of you have sung
the song of equality.

I see Abraham Lincoln in you;
In you, I see Martin Luther King.
Now the flag of America glitters like the Sun
because it is at your hand.

I neither wonder looking at the Pacific Ocean
nor I wonder looking at the Himalayas;
Only I wonder when I look at you
because I see in you the infinite waves
of beauty of a man;
because I see in you the iron-like firmness
of truth of a man.

You knew well, it is truth
which makes a man great
and it is truth
which creates beauty in a man;
All colors get defeated to such a beauty.

Sayeed Abubakar
To The Beasts Of Myanmar

If I declare war against you,
don't blame me.
If I take my sword at my hand
and slaughter you like a boar,
don't blame me.

You have been killing innocent people for years,
destroying their houses, crops in the fields,
all their hopes and dreams
and raping their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters;
you are the beast filthiest and ugliest ever born on earth;
Now the time has come to stop you,
Now the time has come to cut you into pieces
and distribute those pieces among our pet dogs.

You thought there is none to stop you.
You thought all the heroes of earth are no more;
Achilles, Hector, Arjuna, Ali, Rustom, Khalid Saifullah
and Isha Khan passed away long ago.
You thought there is no king more on earth,
you are the only ruler now to create panic among men
and to fill the lap of earth with death, blood, rape and crying.
You forgot the poet is the last ruler of this beautiful earth;
When all the warriors flee away from the battle-field,
only the poet remains standing there like a mountain
to protect the mankind.

Myanmar is not your land, o beast,
it is a land of those who are dying and fleeing in terror;
your abode is dark jungle or grave.
All the lands of earth belong only to men,
not to beasts.
The time has come all the beasts are to be slaughtered.

You have made me forget to sing the songs of love.
My poem is my sword now.
If you die by this sword,
don't blame me.
They say
I have died. It's
the top news of the day.

You have already read
the top news of the year-
I am now dead.

Am I
really dead? O friends,
tell, does a poet ever die?

Sayeed Abubakar
Truth-Adulteration

Watching the acting of men and women,
acting seems to be truth now
and truth seems to be acting.

Sayeed Abubakar
Two Years And A House-Inmate

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

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

Smearing kajal in eyes, drawing colorful design
on forehead and lips, holding ornaments and expensive saree
on body, the new year, coming hastily, knocks at 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
Valuable And More Valuable

A tree is valuable,
more valuable its fruits;
the tree dies,
fruits become the trees then.

A river- valuable,
more valuable its water;
if no water,
no river.

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
and at evening sets in the west.
At night the moon appears to dispel dark.
My village, neat and nice, has no match at all.

Tasting berries, litchi 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.

[Translation of Bangla poem 'Modhupur Gram' taken from the poet's first book
'Pronoyer Prothom Pap' (1996) ]

Sayeed Abubakar
War Is Life

I can go to war with those this very day
who are against hunger,
who are against death
and who take arms against the invaders.

Boars are destroying all the crops of life
entering the fields of civilization;
jackals are devouring the corpses of our kith and kin
digging their graves;

vultures are singing the rotten withered songs of democracy
clutching the map of our heart;
leaving my home for ever, I can go away with those
who are against these boars,
who are against these jackals and vultures
and who draw irritated hands
against their aggressive hands.

Now my heart cries
saying war war. Saying war war,
my heart bursts into anger
like an atom bomb.

Life is nothing but war,
and living without war means mere death.
The river whose course is serpentine
is the most beautiful of all.

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 the salty tears of eyes.

Sayeed Abubakar
We See It Nowhere

Islam lies in scriptures now,  
and in sermons.  
One day the whole world could see it;  
That memory smiles now only in lectures.

Like flowers, Islam got bloomed;  
People tell that tale now.  
O Lord, we have read Islam  
and we have heard about it;  
Only we see it nowhere.

Sayeed Abubakar
What A Life

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

Sayeed Abubakar
What's Life

What's life
if there are no struggle and gain?
What's love
if no pleasure and pain?

Existing like the dead
lying on the bed
of soil
will spoil
the goal of life, o Man.

Who can
be a Majnu* if he
does not fall in the sea
of pain?
Without suffering, there's no gain.

*Majnu means Kayes, a legendary lover of Laila

Sayeed Abubakar
When My Love Touched Your Eyes

Walking across the broken heart of mine
when my love 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 Says

When she says,
'Bye! ';
All my days
die.

Life loses light
Embracing night.

Sayeed Abubakar
When We Cry Aloud For Our Beloved

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 happy 
when we cry aloud for our beloved.

Sayeed Abubakar
Where We Will Go

So many deaths, so many corpses,
so much havoc and so much ruins everywhere-
perhaps walking upon them,
we may reach the gate of our dream,
after which remains the green room of success-
and what after that?

Tell, after that, where will we go?
Only the hawks, the vultures and the kites
fly in the vast blue sky.
The hungry foxes cry on the life's high way.
That cry fetches the white wild ugly crows
in flocks.
Men's ears cannot hear any more
the songs of cuckoos.
Men's eyes cannot see any more
the green forests; only they see
a burning hell with no trees, with no flowers.
Perhaps crossing this hell,
we will earn that success
which is often uttered by our lips and souls-
and what after that?
Tell, after that, where will we go?

In which success, there lies the blood of men;
in which success, the civilization gets scattered,
disabled and indigent;
in which success, there rise the sufferings
and disasters of men;
in which success, innumerable corpses of men
lie down upon the paths of the world;
perhaps getting excited with that success,
a long procession may be run on streets,
or standing upon those corpses,
a victorious anthem may be sung with pride-
and what after that?

After that, will we still remain the human race?
After that, will we still bear the human minds
within our hardest bosoms?
Or will we, in the long run, become
the two-legged detestable beasts?

Sayeed Abubakar
Why My Mind Cries

Why my mind cries, mind does not know;
This way many had cried before;
I hear how fast waves of time go
Leaving alone me on the shore.
After many years when no more
I'll be on earth, rivers will flow,
Cuckoos will sing, tigers will roar,
And storm of my sorrow will blow.

Poets are born not to rejoice,
They come like flute only to cry;
When all others make fun and noise,
They burn in pain, burning they die.
Pains of life and people raise voice,
My mind trembles, my eyes burn dry.

Sayeed Abubakar
I sing the song of equality, —
In my view, there is no desparity between man and woman.
Everything that is a great creation and beneficial for ever,
half of it is created by man and another half by woman.
Sins, sufferings, pains and tears that have come on earth,
men have borne half of them and women the rest.
Who belittles you, o woman, calling you a pit in hell?
Tell him, woman is not the original sinner,
it is man-satan who is it.
Or sin or satan is neither man nor woman,
rather it is neuter that flows equally in man and woman.
The flowers that have blossomed on earth
and the fruits that have grown,
it is woman who has added juice, beauty,
nectar and fragrance to them.
You have seen the marble of the Taj Mahal;
have you seen its soul?
Mомtaj, the woman, stays at its heart,
Shahjahan stays outside.
It is woman who is the fortune of wisdom,
the fortune of music and that of harvest;
woman, the fortune of splendour, is roaming in all beauties.
Man has brought the pain of day and its scorching heat;
woman has brought the peace of night, breeze and rain.
Woman has provided strength and courage during the day
and has become wife at night;
Man has come with the thirst of desert,
she has provided nectar.
The crop-field has become fertile, man has ploughed it;
sowing seeds in that field, woman has made it green.
Man carries the plough, woman the water;
from those soil and water mixed together,
crops grew in abundance
in the shape of golden spikes of paddy.

Gold and silver have become jewellery
only for having the touch of woman's organs.
Man has become poet longing for woman
and having union with her;
all his words have become poems,
all his sounds, songs.
Man gives appetite, woman nectar;
from those appetite and nectar mixed together,
great child of great man is born gradually.
All the great victories of the world and all grand voyages
gained grandeur for the sacrifice of mothers, sisters and wives.
How much blood man has offered is recorded in history;
how many women have become widow is not written there.
Beside the memorials of heroes on their tombstones,
who has written how many mothers uprooted their hearts
and how many sisters served them?
Man's sword has never got victorious alone;
woman, the fortune of victory, has given him
inspiration and strength.
King rules the kingdom and queen rules the king;
the sumpathey of queen has washed away
all the disgraces from the kingdom.
Man was heartless; to make him human,
woman borrowed him half of her heart.
All the great celebrities, immortal
whose fame knows no bound
and whom we remember every year
were begotten by their fathers whimsically.
Rama left Lob-Kush in the jungle,
it is Sita who nurtured him!
Woman taught the baby-boy affection, love, kindness
and compassion;
she decorated his eyes with kohl
as a dense shadow of pain.
The harsh man paid that debt in a strange way;
he confined her who had kissed him holding on her bosom.
He was the man-incarnation
who, at the command of father, cut his mother with axe.
Woman, half the Deity, has turned aside in the world's bed;
so long woman was concealed, now concealed is man.
Those days are gone by, when, not men,
only women were confined.
Now it is the age of empathy, of being human and of equality;
that no one would be other's prisoner is being announced
by drum-beat.
If still man imprisons woman, the turn will come
when man will rot and die in the same prison that he built.
It is the justice of Age—
if you torture, that torture will seize you one day.
Listen, o the creatures of earth,
the more you oppress others, the more you will be impotent.

O woman, who confined you in the dungeon of treasure
with the jewellery of gold and silver?
Tell, who is that oppressor?
Now you have no agitation to express yourself;
you, the timid, speak only from behind the curtain!
You cannot stare eye to eye,
still you wear bracelets and anklets;
Tear off, o woman, the veil you wear on head,
break down that chain!
Fly off the veil that has made you timid!
Throw away all ornaments, the symbols of servitude!

Daughter of earth!
Do not roam in the jungle more to sing to trees!
Flying on the wings of night, Pluto, the King of Hades,
came and snatched you to captivity in its dungeon.
Since then, you are captive, you are living dead
in the hell of death; it was the first time
when night descends on earth!
Breaking down the dungeon in Hades,
emerge like the serpent-virgin piercing underworld!
Broken bangles of yours will not show you path in darkness.
The gray hound, that is man't hunger, at the fling of your leg
will drop dead at your feet
along with Yama smashed and destroyed.
So long you have offered ambrosia,
today different is the need;
the hand that offered ambrosia must offer now hemlock.
Not very far is that day
when the world will sing the victory of woman
along with man!

7.7.2017 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar
Women

Women, like vegetables,
are found here and there.

Women, like fish, walk swinging their waists
on the Tulsi ground;
fishermen taking fishing nets in their hands
get puzzled and see nothing but darkness.

Women, like Biryani food, are found
into the rooms of all five star hotels.

Thanks to God! In our muddy cottages,
there live the women having beauty and color;
but more than that, they have much fragrance.

Sayeed Abubakar
You Only Know

A spring may emerge from a stone
if the stone gets such a touch.
And a spring may turn into a stone
if it gets such a blow.

You only know how to transform
a spring into a stone;
you do not know how to transform
a stone into a spring.

Sayeed Abubakar
Your Love

Since my birth
On this earth
I know nothing, o Dove,
As precious as your love.

Birds' twitter
Sounds sweeter;
But your tone the sweetest;
All are good, you the best.

All peace lies
In Paradise;
I won't get peace there so,
With me if you don't go.

SPANISH VERSION

Tu Amor

Desde mi nacimiento
en esta tierra
No se nada, oh Paloma,
Tan preciado como tu amor.

Canto de las aves
dulce sonido;
pero tu tono el mas dulce;
Todos son buenos, tu el major.

Todos se encuentran en paz
En paraiso;
Encontrare paz, no hay
Si tu no vas conmigo.

Translator: Alma Lorena Lopez Velazquez
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