

Classic Poetry Series

**Sayeed Abubakar**  
**- poems -**

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# Sayeed Abubakar(21 September 1972)

Sayeed Abubakar, a modern epic-poet of Bengali language, was born on September 21,1972 in Jashore, Bangladesh. He is regarded as the major poet of 90th decade. His father was Nur Mohammad Biswas and mother Amena Khatun. He obtained Honours and Masters degree in English 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 Associate Professor of English in Directorate of Secondary and Higher Education Bangladesh, Dhaka.

## 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 'Shrestha Kabita' 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.

He was given many literary awards for his contribution to literature such as

Shabdoshilon Award 2008, Lalon Award 2009, Panjia Sahitya Sommilon  
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 Bhuvaneswar, India, Porichoi Literary Award  
2017, Desoj Literary Award 2017, Bhasa Smarok 2018 Uttar Kolkata Bangla  
Bhasa Chorchakendra, Kolkata-700 009.

## 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 I have swept the floor, the veranda, the yard  
And all the passages of the house.

I don't know whether as dedication or devotion  
The rough hand of the housewife has,  
By my daily use, swept our household clean.

There are so many brooms to accomplish  
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 earth  
Causing it to bloat like a decaying corpse,  
Frantically spreading its intolerable, 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 Day After My Death

The sun has risen and the dews no more  
On grass. Birds are singing, farmers working,  
Housewives cooking and beggars on the door.  
Seeing unknown people, dogs are barking

And the naughty boys playing in the field  
Fleeing from school. Newsreaders are reading  
War-news on TV and showing people killed  
By air-attack. Some people are bidding

Farewell to someone with their cry and tears;  
Some are welcoming the newborn with smile.  
Someone proudly denies God, someone fears  
Him with love. Leaders are like crocodile

Are dealing with men. Who are in this time  
Recollecting me and my fiery rhyme?

Sayeed Abubakar



# A Dead Man Was Crying

A dead man was crying into his grave  
Having come just in the graveyard.  
His neighbors rushed to him  
And asked, "O new brother,  
Why are you crying?"

"I am crying because my beloved ones-  
Sons, daughters, brothers, relatives-  
Didn't come to bury me,  
Even not to give a glass of water  
While I was dying."

They got astonished and asked again,  
"Why? Were you a war-criminal?"

He said, "No. I was a fresh man.  
Throughout my whole life,  
I was a good husband, a good father,  
A good relative, a good neighbor  
And a good patriot."

They got astonished more and asked,  
"Why did it happen to you then?"

He said, "Not to me only,  
It is happening now to all in the whole world  
Who are going to die."

They could not believe his words  
And said, "We don't believe that  
Suddenly men on earth have become so cruel."

He said, "I myself didn't believe it too.  
But when Covid-19 attacked me  
And I died of Corona,  
My heart got broken  
Seeing the indifference and selfishness  
Of my beloved ones."

They asked, &quot;What is Covid-19?  
What is Corona? &quot;

He said, &quot;I knew very little about it.  
They said, it's a kind of virus  
Cultivated by the Chinese.  
If you are eager to learn more,  
Visit China and ask the Chinese President.&quot;

Sayeed Abubakar

# A Drop Of Dew

I fell in love with a drop of dew on the grass.  
Her beauty dazzled my eyes. Where-ever I looked,  
I saw nothing but that dew-drop shining like a  
Star into my heart. My heart was stuck to her love  
And I could not move a step anywhere. I thought  
My stay with her would not come to an end as if  
We had been in the world of eternity. My  
Illusion disappeared when the sun appeared with  
Full rage in the sky. I found the grass dry. Who would  
Say, a drop of dew had been here! What is truth then-  
Me, grass, the dew-drop or the sun in the vast sky?

Sayeed Abubakar

# A Fairy Tale

[Dedicated to all the dead rivers of Bangladesh]

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?

Sayeed Abubakar

# A Love Poem

You and me  
Me and you  
Flower-bee  
Grass and dew.

Sayeed Abubakar

# A Mad Young Man

A mad young man like a storm holding the map of earth  
Says, I will break all, I will destroy everything...

Holding cry, lamentation, ruin, sorrow,  
Welcome, success, greetings, clapping, peace-bed,  
Lust, frustration and hope into his fist,  
Says non-stop his only language:  
I will break all, I will destroy everything...

Weal and woe, birth and death, mourning, strike,  
Blood-shedding, murder... all these ancient new  
Like the cups in tea-stalls touch everyday  
Innumerable hands and lips of men;  
That is why, the mad young man waving his destructive hands  
Says like a storm in clear voice:  
I will break all, I will destroy everything,  
I will turn everything upside down...

Actually the mad young man into our deep existence  
Wages war, makes earth-quakes and wiping the Atlantis  
Creates the Atlantic ocean.

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 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-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

# 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 my country is- it doesn't  
Get cracked into parts in drought of sorrow!

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 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:

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Translated by Valentin Savin

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(?Sophy Chen?? 2016-01-25 )

[It is a translation of Bengali poem 'Aschorjo Balok' taken from the

poet's first book 'Pronoyer Prothom Pap' (1996) ]

Sayeed Abubakar

# A Supreme Slave

How often I swear, I won't ever  
Let her enter my heart!  
But breaking down my resolve,  
My foolish phone reaches her 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

# A Tree's Life

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 live a day  
If I become a tree

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

# All The Past Not Mine

All the Past are not mine. My intimacy  
Is not with all the Past.  
There are few that make me ashamed  
And I become speechless.  
There are few too, when they come back  
I proudly talk to them and never get tired.

The passed moonlit-nights come back like nymphs  
And the dark nights like witches.  
I set my ears to the ascetic air,  
The farthest Future whispers I listen.

When the Future will dive into the Past ocean,  
I wish the Past were only mine;  
I wish to be what I am,  
That which is detestable and dark is not me.

All the Past are not mine. Some passed-myself  
Are sorrowful, painful and shameful  
As if they were the convicts for death.

Sayeed Abubakar

# An Isolated Tree's Song

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 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,  
For 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

- - - - -

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

Sayeed Abubakar

## At An Ancient Shrine (Poem By Farrukh Ahmad)

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 themselves.  
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

# At Midnight

At midnight, I go to bed  
But sleep doesn't descend.

In the air, I listen people's cry  
Under bombing and the children's cry  
In hunger.

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

My pen says, 'Pick me up  
And compose a terrific poem  
To teach the oppressors a lesson.'

My sword says, 'Seize me  
And start fighting for them.'

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

Sayeed Abubakar



# Autobiography Of A Poet

## Chapter: 1

I was nourished in a family where education was adored as a holy thing. My mother taught me how to show honour to a book, even to a detached page of a book, what kind of book it was, was not the matter. All kinds of books were holy books to us because no mean type of book or unbecoming book had any chance to reach our home in that beautiful calm sweet-breathing village. Francis Bacon said that people are of three types: those who are very simple, admire the books; the cunning, condemn them; the wise, use them. We were not wise people at all; but we were the true admirers of books. Many a day I have seen my mother offering alms to the beggars, especially rice collected from our own fields, if ever any book happened to fall down from our hands. Not only that, instantly we picked up the book from the ground and kissed its cover-page again and again. Still now I do it when the same thing happens to any book I hold. Modern men may consider it superstition; but this superstition helped me become a lover of books.

All the words written in a book I found near my hand during my childhood days were like the tasty foods. I devoured them all with a great appetite. Whatever the fuel is, if it comes ever to a fire, it gets burnt because the nature of fire is that it spares none. It is cruel; but through this cruelty, light is born to charm the eyes of the onlookers. My father collected books for me, carried them at home and my mother made me learn how to deal with them with fear and honour.

Throughout my whole life, I was nothing but a poet. I was born as a poet because a poet can never be made, he is born. And a poet means nothing but a fire. But I was then the hidden fire within the wood. One day I was suddenly kindled while reading an essay on our great Bengali poet Rabindranath Tagore. I was then only 11. But a fire need not have any age. Fire is ferocious at any age; it looks for an opportunity to be kindled, and if once kindled, it starts burning everything it gets nearby. Going through the essay, when I came to know that Rabindranath started writing poems at his 8, I became frustrated, envious and furious for being so late to start. Three years had already passed leaving me far behind. I became shocked as if I had been in a race to compete with Rabindranath. However, getting furious, I started running and that race of mine is still going on. This way I was kindled and thus I have been burning incessantly since that day of my 11th year.

## Chapter: 2

Every incident of life in the past seems to be dramatic and miraculous now. How I dared to compete with a gigantic poet like Rabindranath at that very stage of my primary school-life is still a wonder to me. I have mused over it many a time to find out the reasons. Two reasons might cause against such an ambition: one is, discovering Rabindranath's first composition of poem at the age of eight; second, an intolerable communal comment of a senior Hindu student of my high school on my nation. It accidentally happened one day in my school while we, almost all the boys of all classes, were playing or gossiping in the playground during our leisure period. In those days, girls were not allowed to play or gossip with us; they passed their time by playing or gossiping in their large common room. However, a handful students of several classes including me were discussing on various topics on that day.

We, the boys, who were talking together standing at a place, were the most brilliant students of our school. All were the first boys. I was the youngest one among them, just promoted from class six to class seven. Gopalda was the tallest and senior one. Two years ago, he came in Bangladesh from India and started living permanently at his maternal uncle's house. After joining in class nine, he stood first in all examinations defeating the former first boy Zahurulbhai. Gopalda was the most aged boy in the school and many students made fun with him addressing as Gopalchacha ('Gopalda' means 'brother Gopal' whereas 'Gopalchacha' means 'uncle Gopal') . I was given the award of the best student of the school for scoring the highest marks in the annual examination. That might cause jealousy in his mind. I was not aware of it. I often felt shy in front of him because of his seniority and agedness.

That day, without any obvious reason as far as I recollect, Gopalda suddenly started talking ill of the Muslims. He felt proud of his own nation. In his words: &quot;The Hindus are greater than the Muslims.&quot; Though small, I protested his words, &quot;Not always, Gopalda.&quot; He got irritated and said at a stretch with satirical tone, &quot;Every time every where. In the field of science, we have Jagadish Chandra Bosu, who is yours? We have the great mathematician Jadab Chakraborti, have you any? We have Rabindranath Thakur, have you any? &quot; He divided us as the Hindu and the Muslim and specified me as a Muslim boy only. I got shocked, irritated and humiliated. Communalism breeds nothing but communalism itself; hurriedly it spreads and contaminates all who come with its touch. I tried to defend myself saying, &quot;Why not, we have Nazrul and...&quot;

He did not let me complete my speech. He interrupted me and asked with a horrible pride, &quot;Our Rabindranath has got the Nobel Prize; has your Nazrul

got? &quot; I became stunned, speechless and utterly dumb. I had nothing to say but to put up with the intolerable pain of humiliation standing in front of an aged communal Hindu boy. I felt like crying because I got defeated in the battlefield. My mind revolted; my anger burst within me like an atom bomb and I rushed from there like a wounded lion. I silently accused the Nobel committee of not awarding our great rebel poet Kazi Nazrul Islam.

Chapter: 3

Now my headache became only to become a big poet in the world. So I started writing which way Rabindranath had started. Rabindranath had written:

Jal pore  
Pata nore.

I wrote:

Oi je mosha  
Janlai bosa.

Competition continued. I used to compose 60-70 poems every day in order to outnumber Rabindranath's. Rabindranath wrote:

Amsatya dudhe feli,  
Tahate kadoli doil,  
Sandesh makhia nia tate;

Hapus hupus shabdo,  
Charidik nistabdo,  
Pipra kadia jai pate.

But I could not compose any poem like that. I tried again and again but failed every time the same way. I failed because I had no knowledge in prosody. I was only aware of rhyme but I knew nothing about rhythm. That deficit could not intervene me from composing more and more poems.

Actually, I did not know that my poems were not becoming poems at all; only I could feel that those were not like Rabindranath's. I sent my poems by post to the local newspapers. Among them, the Dainik Sphulingo and the Dainik Ranar were the remarkable ones. They published my poems with a great care. Collecting those newspapers I showed them to my teachers. They inspired me to write more and more. Several high school teachers of mine namely Mr.

Sudhanno Kumar Mollik, Mr. Din Mohammad, Mr. Mosharraf Hosen and H. Rahman were very interested in my writing. Later, another teacher named Gazi Afsar Uddin came in our school who inspired me a lot too.

The most popular national daily of that time, the Ittefaq, was the official newspaper in our school. In this newspaper two literary pages were published two days in a week: pure literature on Thursday and juvenile as well as children literature on Friday. Two pages were edited by two famous poets: Thursday's "Sahitya Samoiki" by Al Mujahidy and Friday's "Kachi-Kachar Asor" by Rokonuzzaman Khan. My honorable teacher Sudhanno Kumar Mollik made me read these two pages punctually. He also made me read the major works of Rabindranath, Nazrul, Bankimchandra and Sharotchandra by providing books from the school-library. I acquired a minimum idea about our classic Bengali literature by reading those books. Besides, the literature published in the Ittefaq helped me have some idea about our modern literature including modern poetry, short story, essay and chhara (limerick) .

By this time, I became famous as a poet not only in my school but also in my locality. I started believing that like Nazrul, Modhusudon, Rabindranath or Jasimuddin, I am also a poet. Did Rabindranath alone provoke me to be a poet? Perhaps, that is not the whole truth. Another poet inspired me to be a poet too, not merely a simple poet, rather an epic-poet like him. He is Michael Modhusudon Dutt. We were born on the same soil. Same ambition, madness and patriotic zeal we bore within us. I did not know rhythm but I started composing sonnets with a miraculous power. A poem consisting of 14 lines having 14 letters in each line is called sonnet in Bengali. I built that Taj Mahal within few moments one after one; how? I did not know how and that made the general people surprised more and more about me. Now when I recollect those days, those incidents, those sonnets and poems that I have lost for ever, I feel ashamed of my idiocy. Truly Shakespeare said: there are three types of mads: poet, lover and madman. What is created on earth without madness?

#### Chapter: 4

The place where I was born and where I was growing up was wonderfully beautiful. It was like a picture drawn by a skilled artist. My every moment was full of delight there. My life was flooded with the celestial light. I was then like a krisnachura tree whose whole body and soul were full of flowers and fragrance. Nature and me became inseparable from each other. My eyes were charmed with the beauty of my small village, neighbouring villages, their green fields, lily-bogs, lotus-ponds, deep dark lakes and the large blue sky; my mind often started dancing with joy and my pen produced poems after poems day and night. I was

the devoted reader of those poems and read again and again with a great wonder. It seemed to me that I had already been a great poet though that foolish boy did not know that Mecca is very far and that beyond the blue sky, there lie many other skies.

Was that madness of composing poems childish, a mere wastage of time? I do not think so. No struggle for any genuine goal goes futile ever. Those poems, though immature, unfruitful and meaningless, paved the way of my future success. Playing the day-night game with rhyme and words made me ready for the battle in future. Another thing which came out from this madness was that the horizons of my imagination, like magic-doors, were opened one after one.

However, I was writing without any interval and sending them by post office to the local newspapers and magazines and sometimes to national newspapers like the Dainik Bangla or the Ittefaq. One day I got a parcel from Muktagachha, Mymensing which contained two copies of a colourful magazine named &quot;Moutusi&quot;, in which one of my poems was published. The poem was published so gorgeously in green colour that my two eyes got dazzled. How many times a day I read that poem on the sly and got immense pleasure by showing it to my teachers and class-friends. I had preserved it many years though, in the long run, it got lost for ever and even I forgot not only any line of this poem but also its title. I got its address from the newspaper and sent a poem which was published later.

Another address I collected from somewhere and sent poem there too by post office. It was the address of a children magazine published from Agartala, Tripura. After one month, I got a post-card written by Chuni Das, the editor. The handwriting of Chuni Das was excellent, extra-ordinary, superb. His letter was full of my praise and it was sent to me just to inform that my poem was going to be published in the next issue. Timely I received the magazine, in which my poem was published. I was thrilled with this thought that my poem had been published not only in Bangladesh but also in India. But how far is Dhaka, our capital city, the centre of Bengali language and Bengali literature? Why don't they publish my poems there? I often asked myself and consoled myself too saying that great men were always neglected at their birth-place.

Chapter: 5

Did I only want to be a poet from my childhood? Many things I wanted to become. A child falls in love with all the things he finds new and lucrative and fights to have them in his possession. The same case started happening with me too. My father was a great dreamer; the dreams of various professions were

emerged from his head and I hankered after them madly for a while and then I stopped. Only the dream, after which my race never came to an end, was to be a poet, a banyan-like poet in the world. However, I wanted to be an army officer, a very powerful man like Ayub Khan, having a royal stick at hand, I would move and all would salute me, I would only nod my head. So I needed to get myself admitted into a cadet college first. While in class seven, I took leave for one month from my school. I was lodged in a cadet coaching centre in Jhenidah named Motalib Cadet Coaching. I stayed there with other students at night.

It was the first time I left home for education purpose. Though my stay at Motalib sir's coaching was short as Sheuly or Daffodil flowers, it occupied a small room into my sweet memory. Within two days I was proved to be the most brilliant student among them. A test was taken on three subjects: Mathematics, English and General Knowledge; I stood first in that examination. All got suddenly interested in me. We were kept busy with our study round the clock day and night except our eating and sleeping hours. Before evening, we were given only 40 minutes for outing. But we did not go anywhere alone; a teacher who was our guide accompanied us wherever we went.

We stayed in a building beside the Dhaka-Jhenidah high way attached to nature, a little far from the Jhenidah town. It was the time of winter then. Beside our residence, there was spread a very long vast green field full of various types of crops and trees. Specially, tobacco, vegetables, wheat and banana-trees were seen to be cultivated here and there. When the golden moment of going outside arrived, we leaped like the fawns to get lost into the heart of fathomless heavenly beauty. My friends of that coaching centre and my teachers had no idea about my poetic power. I kept it hidden from their knowledge. Even I did not write any poem there, not only for lack of time but also for shyness. But I could not control myself while walking or running with my friends in open field full of green wonders. A boy named Sathi whose father was DC of Magura became very intimate with me. His memory was somewhat dull but nice a heart he possessed to befriend others easily. Looking at my excitement on the lap of nature, he often asked me which things made me so delighted. I did not know the answer. Only I remained silent pretending that I had not heard his question.

Truly, it is the beauty of Nature which made me a poet first. The beauty of my birth-place Jessore is the most attractive one in my eyes. My eyes became ever blind with her beauty which way a lover's eyes become blind with his beloved. Jhenidah is the second district in my life which attracted me with colour, scent and taste. Still those several days of my boyhood in Jhenidah make me nostalgic that I can't forget ever. My stay in Jhenidah came to an end within one month. After participating in the written examination, I left Jhenidah bag and baggage

and went back to my high school. But my mind was in Jhenidah and I was eagerly waiting for my admission result.

My admission result was published on time and I was called for viva voce examination. All became happy for my success in the written examination and my dream to be a cadet as well as an army officer made me fly like a kite in the sky of ambition. My father carried me to Jhenidah Cadet College again. My performance in viva voce examination was not bad but I became disqualified in the medical test; what was my fault was unknown to me. So I was ousted from the list of final result, all my sweet dreams broke down like a sand-barrage and I returned home with a broken heart like a defeated soldier in the battle-field. But I did not know what a wonder was awaiting me in my old school which I wanted to forsake for ever.

#### Chapter: 6

Whenever I have failed to achieve anything in my life, it is poetry to whom I have returned for solace and security. It started happening in my life from my very boyhood. Having failed to get admitted into cadet college, whether I cried or not is not in my memory now; but freshly I can remember that all the members of my family felt very sad and condoled me not to get worried. But I severely I got worried and did not go to school for one week. These days I confined myself into my own room and got obsessed with composing poems after poems. I composed new poems and recited alone to soothe my ears. When I got tired with composing poems, I left my room for Nature and walked slowly hours after hours in our green fields. I have always seen that the soft, innocent, lovely touch of Nature has cured my mind like a medicine in all my mental crises and sufferings. I heard the name of William Wordsworth after many years but miraculously I was a Wordsworth in my boyhood. The life and fate of a born-poet, an original poet, in any corner of this beautiful earth is always same.

Like all other village girls and boys, I used to go to school on foot. Our children cannot now imagine how much we the village students in those days struggled with hard labour to have education from our schools. My own high school named Garvanga High School was about two miles far from our house. So I had to walk nearly four miles every day, two miles to go and two miles to return. Besides, the the village-roads were very rough and muddy. The road, through which I was to go to school, was very zig-zag and it ran through the green fields. During the rainy season, the fields got utterly filled with green paddy and long jute plants, our school going narrow path became dark and while going through that path on foot, it seemed that we were going through a jungle-path. Going alone through this path was undoubtedly one kind of adventure. How many days I felt frightened while crossing a particular place of this path beside a dark pond

named `Kanadighi'. It was a large deep pond surrounded by thick bushes. The colour of its water was deep black. Panic seized me while walking alone I looked at its ghostly water. Who dug this pond into the heart of desolate fields and how many days ago it was dug was unknown to me. I never saw any body bathing, swimming or catching fish in this pond. Still it remains as a mysterious pond into the annals of my childhood.

During the rainy season, we carried our shoes at hand and reaching near our school we washed our mud-covered feet in the pond. Then we entered our school. When after one week's interval I reached my school and entered my classroom, my class friends welcomed me. I always sat on the first bench of the class because I was the first boy in the class and all the first boys of all classes (I never saw any girl to be first here) were accustomed to sit traditionally at the beginning of the first bench.

There two rows of benches into our classroom: one for the girls and other one for the boys. Looking at the first bench of the girls' side, I got astonished. A very beautiful girl wearing very rich costume was smiling like the full moon of the sky. The colour of my face became red in shy. I stared again on the sly at her and she at me. We exchanged our eye-sights and she sent the signal of her heart's desire to me through a destructive beautiful smile. My heart came just into my mouth and my breathing became thick. I was struggling hard to control myself and to hide my emotions from my classmates and teacher. Our teacher was reading out a text loudly and I turned back my eyes at the page he was reading but my mind was roaming outside. O God, what a moment and what a surprise! Is it the reward of my pain I suffered from these days? I thought and thought but got no answer.

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 mine, 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.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Because I Have Conquered Your Love

I have seen you;  
I don't look at the ripe mangoes now.

I have heard your sweet voice;  
I don't hear the songs of cuckoos now.

I have measured your heart;  
I don't want to measure the depth of seas now.

I have explored your eyes;  
I don't want to explore any heaven now.

I don't want to conquer any country now  
Because I have conquered your love.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Black Lives Matter

By birth, pitch-black; Besides, poverty  
Has hidden his beauty-mine of strength;  
He is, as it were, a cool oasis  
Grown on the desert of indifference,  
Negligence and deprivation.

Perfect bodied, as if a tiger in strength;  
Heart contains infinite pure love;  
Only black color has segregated him  
And has not let him belong to civilization.

Man's eye-ball is black; With that black ball  
Seeing the black, Man turns back his face;  
What is got with the white mine  
Except a moment's pleasure of eyes?

The black are best in intercourse  
And best in speed; the black's love  
Cools and soothes men's hearts;  
Nevertheless, men run after the white  
Like a mad losing all senses.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Blind Lover's Call

Love is the waves of a sea. Carrying those waves  
Into my heart, I summoned you saying "River! River!"  
Hearing that call, o my lady, you became a courageous river  
And like the Ganges, you resolved making the sky hear:  
"Coming out of home, I will get mixed with the dream-sea  
In this spring."  
Then keeping all the debts of the past behind,  
You commenced running to get mixed with the sea.

This way a sea makes a river leave her home.  
This way a sea makes a river bewildered.

Love is the storm of song. Bearing the storm into my heart,  
I summoned you cooing like a cuckoo. Hearing my call,  
You, like a dry leaf, said binding the tamarind-wind  
At the loose end of your sari: "Now it has been the vow of my life:  
I won't stay lifeless on the grass of earth anymore;  
Like the lovely cloud, I will fly fair in the unlimited sky.

This way a storm summons  
The dry leaves of earth.

When the sea summons, how does a river remain isolated?  
And when the storm summons, how do the dry leaves  
lie down on the grasses of earth?  
Likewise, o my lady, loving you when I summon,  
How can a dead man's sleep come down  
Into the grave-abode of your love-wet eyes?

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

# Call

Even a dog runs  
Listening to a dog's call;  
Listening to a bird's call,  
Even a caged bird flaps its wings;  
Only you, o man,  
Didn't leave your home  
Listening men's call;  
Your heart didn't cry  
Listening to men's cry.

You are confined only  
Within the boundary of your country;  
You are circling only  
The maze of your religion;  
Your eyes don't see  
How the killers kill men,  
How the earth is wet with men's blood.

Won't your heart cry for once  
For those who are crying on the banks  
Of the Congo, the Lualaba, the Amazon,  
The Tigris, the Ganges and in Palestine,  
Arakan, Uyghur and Kashmir?

Sayeed Abubakar



# Completely Beautiful

Your beauty spreads from village to village;  
O girl, illusive-palace, peace-abode,  
Come here and stand silently near this poet;  
Opening your veil, let me see your face.

Uncover the chest-cloth, o white beauty,  
Let me see which wealth you have hidden there;  
Removing your Muslin, get nude, girl,  
Let me see what beauty-goods in that shop.

You are the store of beauty, not a lie;  
I have observed your beauty with stunned eyes;  
Beauty's civilization smiles on you;  
No doubt, you are extremely beautiful.

But if you had built home into this poet's heart,  
Completely you would have been beautiful then.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Coolies And Day-Laborers (Poem By Kazi Nazrul Islam)

On the rail-way once I saw  
A lord pushed down a man for his being a coolie.  
My eyes got burst with tears;  
Will the weak be beaten this way  
Throughout the world?

The steam-vehicle was made of Dadhichi's bones;  
The lord got on it;  
The coolies were fallen underneath.  
Do you say that 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 palaces.

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 laborers, porters and coolies;  
Those who, in order to carry you,  
Smear'd 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.  
Smearred with the blood  
Of the pain-stricken 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 dishonor 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

## Corpse (Poem By Farrukh Ahmad)

Where the turn has gone revolving the broad street,  
Where dust has left no scratch on the black tarred colour,  
Beside the street, there lie corpses hiding faces on earth;  
The evening crowd, I know, never keep themselves  
Informed of those dead.

I know, human carcasses are lying  
Hiding faces on earth;  
The hungry insensate bodies are lying benumbed and still  
Falling prey to starvation.  
Crossing those corpses, well-dressed fiends, men and women, go;  
-Stone houses,  
Death prisons,  
The adorned clever harlots have opened their brothels  
With honey speech:  
Who are ploughing the earth with exploitation and oppression-  
That evidence is lying on the high way of earth,  
Three and half cubit skeleton is composing the ultimate grave for man.

Along with the dead, there lies the dead humanity  
Hiding visage on the road.  
The sky has disappeared behind the arrogant's vaults and domes.  
With the bellies being swollen everyday, they are dying here  
On the soil, hiding faces on earth.

The devilish greed of these bestial inhuman hard-hearted shameless robbers  
Is abolishing the universal human existence and man's legitimate rights;  
Closing the doors, they snatch away the morsel of hungry mouth.  
Now they build the sports-houses with human bones.  
Its evidence is the corpses lying flat on earth.

The swollen bellied barbaric civilization-  
This bestiality,  
This cruelest curse of the century  
Is poisoning the world of day  
And the sky of night.

What civilization is this, mocking the extreme existence of man?  
What devil, throwing man into death-trap, mocks now?

What Satan kicks now man's dead body?  
Soaking the ugly body in blood and wine,  
What evil spirit bursts out into laughter?  
Man's lamentation reaches all the skies of the universe.

Into which instinct are they trapped now?  
What Satan is throwing rubbish and mud on rose-petals?  
With the poisonous desire, who fills the sky's colourful vault?

Keeping hand on whose hand, woman walks as sex-partner?  
Of what civilization?  
Whose hand drives knife without difficulty on the throat of child?  
Of what civilization?  
Cutting the rib-bone, who stirs the dance-tune?  
Whose wine-cup glows with the blood-shed of workers?  
Of what civilization?

How long ago man sacrificed himself to you, -  
You take revenge of that, O the materialistic  
civilization-satan!  
Offering smile, you are drinking the child's blood,  
You are torturing the raped woman's body without hesitation,  
So easily climbing high through the stairs of people,  
You throw them away on the edge of path beside the drain.

O the indolent destitute civilization!  
Whose slave are you?  
Or what animals are slave to you?  
What a vile stage of man it is-  
After whose torture, this tranquility; mud-house; burial alive  
is lying flat hiding visage on earth.

Well-dressed people who are slaves to this material civilization,  
Under whose feet's crash the earth and the sky wail,  
They do not mark what a foul bad odour of excrement  
Engulfs their whole existence bringing them to the level of beasts!  
Dogs and bitches  
In what adultery are stabbing each other with deception-knives  
And bringing bastards under the sole of what dead civilization!  
Showing the gesture of thighs, their women walk towards death;  
Having intense greed in their hearts, the tyrant males  
Walk towards the abyss of death discarding human course.

The panic of their exploitation  
Has engulfed  
The abode of tranquility,  
Where the thin corpses are lying, hiding visage on earth.

O the material civilization!  
O the pot-bellied exploiting society, the slaves to the dead civilization!  
Go carrying the curse of man.  
When the golden moment will come  
Throughout the world,  
Setting kick on your chained loin  
I will drag you to the gate of hell.  
Bear the curse of the tortured dying universe today:  
Be ruined.  
It is you, be exterminated.

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



# Covid-19

We all were running like machines;  
Suddenly he came and said, &quot;Stop.&quot;;  
Our mouths were talking much and fast;  
Coming, he said, &quot;Stop.&quot;;

Since then, everything has been stopped,  
Everything silent.  
The waters of intoxication have retreated  
To the black sea.  
Tumult, outcry,  
Processions, meetings,  
The uproar of the aggressive  
Bombing air-planes-  
Nothing can be heard now.

Everything has been stopped.  
Only awake is our heart, in which  
There lies the horror of ghostly death.  
Our thirsty ears look for only a tune, a song  
Of rain and peace in the endangered air.

Sayeed Abubakar

# 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

# 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,  
Have your disciples 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,  
Have your disciples 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!

Sayeed Abubakar

# Desire

Were I a river, I would run  
To meet the sea.  
Were I the moon, I would float  
Smiling on the sky.

Were I a cloud, I would pour down water  
Over paddy and jute-fields.  
Were I a lamp, I would spread light  
In every nook of every dark house.

Were I crops, I would grow  
Being gold.  
Were I fire, I would burn  
Through the body of the oppressor.

But if I were a missile,  
I would kill those  
Who bring war  
On earth.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Destiny

Abiding by 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 (Poem By Kazi Nazrul Islam)

I sing the song of equality—  
Here, fresh happiness blossoms  
Into the hearts of all men  
And fresh life on all faces.  
Comrade, nobody is a king here, nobody a subject,  
Nobody poor, nobody wealthy;  
Nobody eats broken bits of rice here,  
Nobody milk-film-cream.  
Here, nobody bows down head before those  
Who ride horses or get on motor-cars;  
Seeing here the black men,  
Hatred does not spring up  
Into the white men's breasts.

It is the place of equality—  
Here, the black and the white  
Have no separate graveyards  
Nor any sperate churches.  
Here is no fear from sentries or police-men.  
It is the heaven where there is no division;  
Here leaving all quarrels aside,  
Men 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.

Translation: 23.6.2017 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar

# Eurydice

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

Eurydice, my Love, come back on my earth;  
I want to see your flower-bloomed face  
In the sunrise of morning again.  
In the moonlit-night, I want to see again  
Your sweet smile flowing like a spring  
Among the hills.

Sayeed Abubakar

# False

Once her false speeches  
Tasted very sweet;  
All the sweetmeats  
Turned tasteless in shame.

Once her false promises  
Seemed the inevitable laws of Constitution  
That must be implemented by the government.

Once her false smiles  
Faded the smiling face of Mona Lisa,  
And considering her love-letters a valuable asset,  
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!

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

# First Sin Of Love

Let others say whatever they wish;  
Why didn't you say: "Love is never a sin"?  
Why didn't you say standing for a while in the court of love:  
"He who loves becomes a killer, a fire, a storm, 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 personacomprometida 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 humedecery 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?  
¿Porque 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 extrañallamándome 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 desesperacion

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

Translator: Alma Lorena Lopez Velazquez

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,  
Big, small;

I can give free  
My sky and my country;

I can jump into fire  
(I am no liar)

My Love, my peace,  
For your one kiss.

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 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 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 but soul is gone.

You can touch and kiss  
Surely something you will miss  
Body is walking but 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 but soul is gone.

Sayeed Abubakar



# Give, Don't Give

Give pain;  
I will give you poem in return.

Give storm;  
I will raise beautiful buildings  
On its devastation.

Give me desert;  
I will make an eye-cooled oasis  
W

Within it.

Only don't give any flower-offerings;  
I will be lost then like Eurydice  
Into bottomless darkness.

Sayeed Abubakar

# God (Poem By Kazi Nazrul Islam)

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 and 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—  
surely they are not 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.

01.03.2016 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar

# God And A Sinner

Sinner:

When a sinner cries with sigh, pain and tears,  
What do You do, O God, tell me. Tell me,  
What do You do with him who cries and fears  
Your wrath falling into the dark sin-sea?

God:

O the son of Adam, don't get hopeless;  
I love those eyes that in fear don't get dry.  
My love is stronger than my wrath always.  
I love to forgive; so repent and cry

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

# 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



## 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 ear.

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

# Heart

Once my Being 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, my Being said to me,  
"The tongue has been silent.  
Now is there any way  
To silence the heart? "  
I said, "Alas!  
Nothing but death can silence a heart ever."

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

# Hero

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 and asked,  
'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 lives in Mexico.  
Every moment I visit her, she visits me.  
We need not have any boat or any aircraft.  
Our love is our Borrak which explores earth  
And the sky faster than the speed of light.'

## SPANISH VERSION

¿Que tan lejos está Mexico?

¿Que tan lejos está Mexico?

Un geografo diria, 'a Miles de Kilometros'

¿Cuánto tiempo se necesita uno para llegar aMéxico?

Un marinero diria, 'Meses y meses'

Un piloto diria, 'Al menos medio dia'

Cuando les digo,

Llegare diario en pocos segundos

se sorprendieron,  
¿Como es possible?

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 avion  
skyNuestro 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

# How Will I Forget

How will I forget the day you saved me  
From the clutch of Dragon? You stood by me  
And we together defeated our foe,  
Our common foe of life and sovereignty.

During the months of flowers, many birds come  
And fill the air with their sweet songs. Those songs  
Don't touch our soul. We love the birds that sing  
Their love songs both in our winter and spring.

Long live my friend, my friend in battle field.  
How will I forget the sword you offered me?

Sayeed Abubakar

# Hypocrisy

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

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

You say that you love storm.  
But when it starts blowing,  
Closing doors and windows  
You lie on bed.

You say that you love Man.  
But when the poor come at your door,  
You turn your face aside.

You say you love revolution.  
But when revolution calls you,  
You fall asleep.

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 (without you, dies  
My heart) and sing like dove.

Sayeed Abubakar

# I Am Tired Of Seeing

I am tired of seeing the beautiful earth  
Getting damaged by those beasts who look like  
Men too. All the thrones have been occupied  
By those everywhere who have no souls, no

Love, no sympathy to men; they only  
Reign with harshness and hatred; they don't care  
Justice, morality, rationality;  
Greed, lust, brutality are their weapons.

I am tired of seeing genocide after  
Genocide on this beautiful earth where  
Men, women and children are crying and dying,  
Where killers are the heroes, where evils

Are considered good, fools are honored and  
The Communal and the capitalist  
Show their sharp teeth as if they were hungry  
Sharks, hyenas, tigers or crocodiles.

Sayeed Abubakar

# I Cannot Realize

I realize buds, flowers and their blooming;  
Only I cannot realize their shedding.

I realize clouds, rain and the sweet soft sound  
Of their fall;  
Only I cannot realize thunder.

Rivers, fields, oceans, forests,  
Hills and mountains—  
I realize them all;  
Only I cannot realize deserts.

I 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 realize life, and many turns of life  
I realize very clearly;  
Only I cannot realize anyway  
The ice-cold death.

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 Fear Him

I fear him who has no fear in his heart;  
I fear him whose eyes are dry like desert.

I fear him who only laughs, does not cry;  
I fear him whose heart like desert is dry.

Sayeed Abubakar

# I Fear To Open My Eyes And Ears

I can't open my eyes because I fear  
To see the hell they build here every day.

They kill those who go against them.  
They shoot them which way a hunter shoot birds.  
They kill them which way a tiger kills deer.  
They destroy them which way a bombing plane destroys a city.

I can't open my ears because I fear  
To hear the lies they tell here every day.

They call them terrorists who go against them.  
They call them terrorists who they shoot like birds.  
They call them killers who they kill mercilessly.  
They fill earth with injustice in the name of establishing justice.  
In the name of establishing democracy, like lions  
They jump upon the lives of the people.  
They become inhumane in the name of ensuring humanity.  
They hate but they say they love.  
They destroy but they say they construct.

O God, your earth has gone in the hands of beasts.  
The liars have filled your earth with lies.  
Truth has been ousted from every door.  
I fear to open my eyes and open my ears.

Sayeed Abubakar

# I Feel Sad

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

Still the 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 a heart which is  
Broken and destitute;  
I fear to show her that,  
In case she turns away  
Her sweet face in hatred.

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 Want

The way a snail conceals its face  
Getting afraid of the presence of man;  
Getting afraid of the presence of man,  
The way a snake coils whole body;

The way a deer jumps to flee like lightning  
Getting aware of the presence of a tiger;  
Getting the smell of a lion nearby, the way  
A lioness flees taking calves into mouth;

That way I want to hide myself or I want to  
Flee somewhere having my children with me  
Because more ferocious than a tiger or lion  
A blind creature howls and is getting prepared

To chase us. The only word it utters-  
Democracy. It says Democracy but it  
Implies tyranny, injustice, torture,  
Exploitation, death, rape and ignorance.

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 The Long Night

I walk so smart  
Carrying a destroyed heart.  
I talk so sweet  
While my heart beats  
With bitterness.  
I wear the pleasure dress  
While my mind fights  
To survive into the long night.

You cannot say  
What night remains in day.

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

# Islam

Islam lies only in scriptures, sermons and history now.  
Once people could see Islam at daylight;  
That sweet memory smiles now only in lectures.

Like flowers, Islam was bloomed;  
People tell that tale now.  
O Lord, we have read Islam  
And heard about Islam;  
Only we do not see it anywhere.

Sayeed Abubakar



# It Is Raining So Rough

It is raining so leaves of trees  
Are shedding tears. My heart has got soaked in  
Pain. Where are you, my sweet bird? Where, in which  
Forest, are you getting drenched alone? Come,  
Come here; Let us bathe in pain together.

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

# 'King And Subjects' By Kazi Nazrul Islam

Ofequality,I sing  
where we all have become brothers  
with the same pain.  
It is a simple question—  
We are the same children of earth  
but why is some a king, some a subject?  
It is a queer philosophy—  
If I utterthis simple word,  
I will be charged with sedition.  
The subject turns a traitor to the king,  
but whom shall I ask:  
Why isn't a king condemnedas a traitor  
to the subjects, committing so many crimes?  
The subjects have created a king,  
the king not the subjects;  
Is that the reason why the king has castrated  
them catching?  
You have burst out into laughter, o friend;  
Remember, we are nothing  
but coolies and servants in our own home.

We have sacrificed our manliness for others;  
what have we got in return?  
We have become eunuchs going to guard  
the king, kingdom and harem!  
Whom shall I tell this pain:  
My home is not mine, the idle knave  
get the betterof the honest toiler!

Those who make up the kingdom  
have no rights in it;  
The king-god enjoys all foods,  
we remain hungry.  
Whom shall I complain to  
of this grievous injustice?  
All around we hear:  
&quot;God save the king. Victory to him.&quot;  
We the subjects are always judged,  
not the king

because the court of justice belongs to him!  
The war-drums sound horribly  
and the youths rush to the battle-fields;  
They offer their heart-rendering blood  
and lives with smiles on lips.  
Their dear ones sigh  
and weep with bitter tears;  
the ravens fly over the roofs.  
The royal road gets ready—  
Rejoice, o citizens,  
we see the victorious chariot yonder!  
Weep, o mothers;  
o sisters, roll about on the ground in grief;  
Wipe out your vermilion, o wives,  
keep silent  
because war is over.  
Haven't your sons come back?  
Your brothers? Your husbands?  
Why do you feel sad?  
They now sleep in the lap of goddess of victory!  
Today in the whole country  
the slogan "God save the king!  
Victory to the King!"  
surfaces the flood of sorrow.

Play the drums! Rejoice, o citizens!  
After so many days, the king has come out  
of the fort!  
The chariot of the king is running fast  
trampling underneath  
both the dead and wounded heroes.  
Flee and keep off the roads,  
o the lame, disabled, war-returned soldiers!

Friend, it happens so—  
The subjects fought and won the battle  
but they sang the victory of the king!  
The subjects provide with the food and apparel, but what a pity, the king is not  
servant  
to the subjects,  
subjects are servants to him!  
We will bow down our heads to those

who are our servants!  
Come, o you all and look at the public servants!  
Revolve, o the wheels of time!  
What a shame,  
one hundred and fifty thieves are  
on the shoulders of one and a half crore people!  
It is not a day-dream of ours,  
nor is the day very far  
when we will hear all the kings sing together  
the victory of subjects.

18/09/2018 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar

# King Lear

O King Lear, what a senility!  
You were the king of Paradise;  
Whimsically you quit the throne-  
Thus affection and love got victorious.

The true speech of Cordelia  
Didn't find any room into your heart;  
Found room there only the sweet poison-word  
And the deceit of Regan and Goneril.

At last, you could realize  
Man's ears listen much wrong;  
Which tastes sweet to the foolish ears  
Bring terrible consequence.

&quot;O obstinate mind, forget luxury;  
May truth dawn on you,  
Though that truth tastes sour;  
Lie brings only the disaster.&quot;

Saying this, you sigh now  
And say, &quot;All blame goes to fate! &quot;  
You who were an eagle have become now  
A broken winged crane that cannot fly.

All are mad for throne.  
For the throne, man slaughters man.  
Man becomes wild and ferocious  
Like Hyena, for this throne!

Only what a senile you became,  
You wanted to quit the throne!  
What the fatigue came upon you,  
You became so faint-hearted!

Having lost the power, you could realize  
(If you, Lear, realized earlier!)  
If power gone, nobody comes more to tread  
The shade- may be daughter, son or wife.

Everyone is busy with ownself;  
Many come to soothe our minds  
With fake loud love; True love  
Doesn't possess sweet language of poetry;

True love doesn't get tune in cuckoo's song  
As if it were a pearl hidden into an oyster;  
But the romantic kings are very fond of  
The false nectar covered with sweetness.

Copyist: Shish Mohammad

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,  
Waves 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  
To the world: 'I have no sorrow in mind.'  
'No sorrow I have'—writing these words and  
Wreathing them in mind, I will leave quietly  
Feeling the warmth of peace on my body.

I have seen Rose; its thorn hasn't got shelter  
Into my mind. Being a fish, I have swum  
In the unfathomable youth; age and  
Decay have never touched my soul. Winter  
Has retreated; then the cuckoos have sung  
The song of flowers throughout my existence.

If I go back, I wish to go saying,  
'True and beautiful is this love-cottage  
In the desert of life. Beautiful are  
Night's moonlight, Day's civilization, child's

Bright face, mother's honey-call, beloved's sweet  
Words and the noise of lives on this green earth.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Leaflet

Still they fix the bolt of their heart;  
Motionless they lie flat on the bed  
Like corpses having no dreams.  
It is the law of the Sun that he, behind  
The scenes, cuts down incessantly  
The deep forest-darkness of the night;  
Still they forget the memory of dawn, forget  
The procession of light in the horizon.

Saying "Rise! Rise! ", I spread in the air  
My untiring call like that of crickets;  
One house wakes up,  
Millions lie down calm and lifeless  
Into the unfathomable sleep.  
That is why, remaining vigilant the whole night,  
I write this leaflet with the letters of blood.

Those who are the non-burnt snake-bitten corpses  
In the crematorium of dream-eater night;  
Those who float like dead animals  
In the current of bad luck;  
Those who do not see any sky over head, only  
See the naked darkness floating everywhere;  
Those who, dipping the water-loving swan-body  
Into that deep darkness, forget the country  
Of the sun and forget the post-office and  
Villages of light;

Remember, beyond this obstinate darkness,  
There is the blue sky;  
Beyond this obstinate darkness,  
There is the abode of the Sun.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Let Us Move To Forests

Heroes are villains here;  
Villains heroes.

Let us move to forests, O friend,  
Where tigers are still tigers,  
Deer 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 consist 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 the truth like a grocer?  
He thinks, what a great work he has done,  
how prudent he is!  
I ask, 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

When I was babe,  
I feared darkness and grave.

Then I started growing  
Throwing  
All fear aside;  
And now I hide  
Myself seeing snake-like men who deny love and truth  
Though I am in full youth.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Life Is Beautiful

Life is so beautiful  
Because you are with me;  
Wind blows so sweet and cool,  
Waves dance on heart of sea.

The sun rises with glee,  
Your face blooms like the rose;  
Anywhere I can flee  
With me if your love goes.

I store my strength whole day  
And wait for the dark night;  
When night comes, "Come", I say,  
"It's time to do delight."

Both night and day peaceful,  
Life so beautiful, dear;  
Wind blows so sweet and cool  
Because I find you near.

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

# Living Eternally

Snakes hissing,  
Sharks gaping their mouths,  
Lions roaring  
And slave-owners setting their traps  
To catch-  
Where will you flee?

Your life is not safe into caves,  
Your life is not safe in waters,  
Your life is not safe in forests  
And your life is not safe in society.

O man, where will you go then?  
Will you die without fighting?  
Man is born to die;  
But dying for making the better earth  
Is not called dying.  
It is called living,  
Living eternally.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Losing And Having Her

Losing her,  
I look for her.  
Having her,  
I lose her again.

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 that 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 is 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

## Mad: 3

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

The towns-folk burst into laughter  
Watching 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

## Mad: 4

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 (Poem By Kazi Nazrul Islam)

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

'O worshiper, 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;  
went back the hungry man.  
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 sweetmeat at mosque;  
immense meat and bread remained uneaten;  
That is why, the mollah is overjoyed.  
At that moment, a traveler 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 traveler said, 'No, Father! '  
The mollah shouted, 'Then o rascal, get out! '  
Carrying meat and bread,  
he locked the door of mosque.  
The hungry traveler 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 is 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 worship 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 our forefathers;  
their blood, more or less, runs through our veins.  
We are their children, kinsmen—  
we are 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 the houses of worship of the world  
are not as holy 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 he is 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 his 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 that you might lose  
your wealth if you gave alms;  
That is why, you made your doorman  
beat the beggar  
and thus you chased away a god.  
That beatings 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.

03 0.3.2016 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar

# Many Mysteries In The Universe

When I stand beside an elephant,  
I can realize my smallness;  
When under a banyan tree,  
I realize my smallness;  
When beside a mountain,  
My smallness ails me.

Standing on the shore of an ocean,  
I cannot find out myself;  
Looking at the blue sky,  
I lose myself into eternity.

Looking at my helplessness,  
My soul comes out  
And says,  
"Largeness does not prove the superiority,  
Smallness the inferiority.  
There are many mysteries in the universe.  
Only eyes cannot show the whole truth.  
Be satisfied with what you are."

Sayeed Abubakar

# Mary

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;  
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.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Mask

When everything is covered with mask-  
There is no ruler within a ruler,  
That is why, tyranny like a venomous snake  
Is snapping;  
There is no judge within a judge, no police  
Within a police, no soldier within a soldier-  
That is why, justice, discipline, peace,  
Motherland and freedom are at stake.

People are crying world-wide, people's  
Cry and lamentation have filled the earth of God  
When the vicious Satan wearing the mask of Man  
Is controlling the civilization;  
Satan in the guise of Man is killing Man  
Applying the poison of lie, deception and conspiracy.

The words of Dictionary have lost their meanings;  
That is why, in shame Truth hides its face  
Behind the curtain of Lie;  
Justice taking the shape of Injustice shows its ugliness;  
Love becoming Deception pierces our hearts with knife;  
Many years back, Democracy has turned into a united autocracy.

Where will Man flee from the oppression of Man?  
It seems Man is safer among snakes, sharks,  
Crocodiles or even among tigers;  
Only he has no safety from Man!

When a child is not safe from a mother,  
When natives are not safe from the motherland,  
When life is not safe from water,  
When respiration is not safe from air-  
At that time, which poem do you tell me to compose?  
Rather, tell me to steal the trumpet of Israfil  
And standing on the middle of this fraud civilization  
To blow into that trumpet to declare the doomsday.

Sayeed Abubakar

# 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 life is meaningless, I know.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Men Are My Brothers

Those who are saints, monks or dervishes can live alone;  
Leaving men, dwelling in Heaven is not a poet's work.  
May be, innumerable miscreants are among the flow of men;  
Still I float on that flow touching these men.

Men are my brothers in all countries, religions and languages  
And women my sisters. This small planet of men  
Are replete with sin and virtue, sorrow and happiness, frustration and hope.  
Loyalty and revolt whirl again and again round these men.

It is all of men; no one is angel here.  
In their bodies, there lies the smell of soil, not of Heaven.  
Day and night I go on writing their words in my song  
And I go on wreathing the garland of rhythm and rhyme with their names.

Men are my brothers and women my sisters;  
I am a small poet of the world only for them.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Mexico

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 the cotton trees  
Covered with flowers;  
I sense the advent of spring  
That had appeared in the age of ice.

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 anyone?  
Come and prevent my mind  
From destroying the civilization  
Of all my fruits and flowers.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Modern War

What a death, where there is no cry,  
Only dumb fear;  
Eyes become stone, sandy and dry  
And don't shed tear!

Silently die, not one, many,  
Utter no words;  
If around you hear sound any,  
That's of the swords.

What a sword, never Achilles  
Nor Genghis saw;  
Earth becomes hell with the blood-seas,  
Benumbed with awe.

Millions die within moment,  
From sky comes death!  
What a sword the killers invent,  
Snatches our breath!

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's song soothing like 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 Heart

My heart shouting loudly like an ass  
Doesn't let me sleep at night

.  
When I close my eyes,  
It hurts by throwing its legs.

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

Sayeed Abubakar

# My Heart Aches

My heart aches  
For her who bakes  
Putting it on oven.

My heart cries  
For her who fries  
Putting it on 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.  
O a 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

# My Poetry

Those who will go back to the cow-cart's civilization  
And to the civilization of hand-made palm-leaf's fan;

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

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

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

Those who will destroy people's dwellings with bulldozers  
And 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 Village

At the farthest corner of the world  
There remains my village 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 in the 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.

Sayeed Abubakar

# My War

I will not come back 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 will not come back home.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Myanmar

Still men love men  
Except few cows  
And a handful dogs;  
The rest of 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

# Nazma

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

# Needed

Axe is needed  
to cut a wood;  
love  
to win a heart.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Night

Never darkness came so profound on earth.  
There is no day here, only night prevails.  
Our eyes see nothing but the blind night's mirth  
Everywhere. Our deep dark sick mind now fails

To remember the memory of light.  
Had ever the sun risen here? The moon  
Brightened ever the ugly face of night?  
In fear again and again our eyes swoon.

The maddened dogs bark, the hungry lions roar,  
The ugly ravens crow and the vultures  
Flap their agitated wings at our door;

We lose our sense in darkness, lose our thought  
And feelings. When we get back sense, we seek  
Something serious but we don't know what.

Sayeed Abubakar

# No Enemy On Earth

Those 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.

I have no enemy on earth.

Sayeed Abubakar

# No War-Monger

Sometimes it seems, the solution to all problems  
Lies only into the pipes of guns.  
Sometimes my heart cries, saying  
'Mao Tse Tung! Mao Tse Tung! '  
Sometimes it seems, only the ammunition of cannons  
And the long-range missile will establish peace on earth.

When I get out of such illusion, I get back myself.  
Then addressing myself, I say,  
&quot;Alas! What's the poets' business with wars?  
You are nothing but a poet, whose only business is  
To create the tune of love into lute,  
By which tune, men getting spell-bound  
Will forget the war,  
By which tune, all the killers of men getting frenzied  
Will become men again.

How long will men cry more?  
How long will men flee more taking souls into their hands  
Like the deer chased by the wolf?  
How long will women and infants shout in fear  
Watching the death-hill?

If men lose the chance to listen to poems,  
Civilization will turn into stone.  
If men lose the chance to listen to songs,  
Earth will turn into hell.  
If men fail to find out love,  
They will turn into the killers of men.

No war, only love is needed on earth.  
No war-monger, only innumerable poets are needed on earth.

Sayeed Abubakar



# None

No fool  
Says his homeland not beautiful.

No mad  
Says his mother so bad.

No bird  
By singing songs, gets tired.

No dove  
Hates love.

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.

You told you would remain busy for a whole week;  
I got dumb like a piece of stone  
Because I knew one week means seven years.

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 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.

Sayeed Abubakar

# O The Cowboy

Hundred years ago, where were you?  
When your mother was a little girl  
growing like a pine tree,  
could anybody imagine a hero-like man was hidden  
in the folds of the her body  
resembling a pan swelling up with heated date-juice?

Or could your father, 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 wome, 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 have seen any undying tree, o the cowboy,  
nor you have seen any deathless lamb;  
then, why do you want to capture in your fist for ever  
the breast of earth degraded with rapes since her birth?

Sayeed Abubakar

## O The Unsatisfied Artisan

This chopper cannot cut well;  
Its every blow comes back to itself.  
This knife is very blunt;  
While going to dress a fish,  
Even a living fish  
Gets torn into pieces roughly.  
This plough cannot till well;  
Its blunt coul-ter cannot break down  
The pre-historic pure silt soil.  
This heart cannot love well;  
Getting rusty, it has become a leaky cauldron.

Breaking down the old earth with kicks,  
O the unsatisfied artisan,  
Let us rebuild it.  
Let us break down the rusty language of poetry.  
Destroying the language of polluted love,  
The formalin-mixed knowledge and science,  
Let us rebuild the Taj Mahal.  
Let all the lands of the sun-rising and the sun-setting  
Get crowded with new men and new lives.

Sayeed Abubakar



## O Yusuf

How does a man, by rejecting woman's enchanting youth  
Ripe and purple like mangoes, manage to rush  
Towards the power-house of the invisible  
As an impotent, incomplete male? Burning like the coal  
In the fiery oven of youth, how does one manage to say:  
'I fear the Emperor of the invisible.'?  
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 like a coward?

□

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, in which dress you appear, 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 rose 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

# Only The Poet At Last

Only the poet at last has to take the responsibility of struggle;  
Forgetting the song of heart, he has to sing at last  
the policy of war and peace. Who the oppressor snatches whose peace-  
it seems that the poet has to find out that's solution too!

There is none but the poet peaceful on earth.  
There is none but the poet saviour to men.  
That is why, the life of the world and the responsibility  
of saving the civilization are only at the hand of the weak unarmed poet.

Missiles come like sharks to devour the innocent people;  
The poet has nothing but the broken pen.  
Still this pen knows how to break the sleep of stones  
and how to shake the pillar of earth like a storm.

No imagery, no rhythm, no rhyme any more;  
Today our poem is only the high ways, slogans and processions.

Sayeed Abubakar

# Only Thorns And Hatred

[Dedicated to Aung San Suu Kyi, the cool headed killer of the Rohingya people in Arakan]

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



# 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 Summer, 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

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 For 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,  
neither 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 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 The Sky And The Ocean

Without watching the sky standing on the roof of an attic,  
Heart does not become like the sky;  
Thinking it, once I used to stand on the roof of an attic  
And stared at the sky with open mouth  
And, like a hungry duck, swallowing fully the sky-snail,  
I kept hands on my bosom and thought:  
Now the sky is this bosom,  
The sky this heart.

Without watching the wavy ocean going very close to her,  
Heart does not become like the ocean;  
Thinking it, once I used to go near the ocean  
And stared at her with open mouth  
And all on a sudden, like the miraculous crocodile  
Of Khan Jahan Ali's legendary pond, swallowing fully  
The ocean-cock, I kept hands on my bosom and thought:  
Now the ocean is this bosom,  
The ocean this heart.

Then one day I visited the love-theatre  
And saw there your two trembling eyes;  
And keeping my youth on the fire of your bosom,  
I saw the burning fire of love.

Watching your two trembling eyes,  
My heart became the ocean bottomless;  
And watching the burning fire,  
My heart became the sky unbounded.

Now I tell the world:  
Go to a woman;  
Without watching the love-flooded two eyes of a woman,  
A heart does not become like the ocean;  
Keeping the fuel-youth on her bosom's fire,  
Without watching the burning fire of love,  
A heart does not become like the sky.

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 roamong  
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  
fell 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

# Prelude

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 immortal and undecaying 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.

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' By Farrukh Ahmad

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 fields 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

# Rain In Mexico

Trees have got wet in incessant rain.  
Pouring down water, someone it seems has gone  
making all the lands of earth soaked;  
if foot set, soil will go down.

The wet crows sitting upon the wet coconat-leaves  
are flapping their wings.  
A magpie robin of Bengal is busy with a struggle  
to wipe all waters from its body with beak.

Lorena, sitting in your beloved Mexico  
how much will you cry more?  
How much will you make the earth soaked?  
Won't you stop until you cause anothe deluge of Noah?

Sayeed Abubakar

# 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

# Runa Apa's Sweet-Smelling Handkerchief

Now-a-days hatreds wriggle in a swarm  
within my body and soul. Now, when I  
look at politics, I feel hatred; when  
at democracy, hatred; when at communism,  
hatred; when at fundamentalism, hatred.

To get rid of illiteracy, ignorance and  
superstition, I took shelter into the lap  
of the boastful civilization of Europe  
and America. I got stunned when I saw,  
there people are wriggling like insects  
into the fathomless white darkness. Mothers,  
taking their lads' virility, are playing  
the nasty game like bitches. Fathers are  
sowing seed-corn into the wombs of their  
lasses. Covering my nose with my hand in  
hatred, I fled from there to enter again  
into Asia's darkness.

I thought, perhaps the sunrays are hidden  
into the darkness of Confucius's beard;  
the sunrays, for which the village-women  
cannot dry their wet paddy and the naked  
babies of Bachdanga cobblers-village  
are trembling in cold. But, alas, visiting  
the shrine of Confucius, I saw, a nude  
dragon having nails like a leopard is  
molesting publicly the chastity of poor  
humanity. A wave of nausea engulfed me  
and I started vomiting there in hatred.

Then where will I go to breathe freely  
in the open air? I ran to the holy shrine  
of Shah Makhdum and at 3am of night I  
became dumb seeing, my preceptor  
Asim Kumar Das along with the fakirs of  
home and abroad is taking ganja with joy  
and polluting the air of Rajshahi. Air is  
wet with the smell of ganja. An odd smell

of wild sex, like the bad odor of a rotten corpse, is flying in the air coming from the Nimtali prostitution. Bush and Obama's wild boar-like two penises are pouring down the sperms of democracy within the wombs of Afghan and Iraqi mothers. Runu Apa, give me again that sweet-smelling handkerchief; the handkerchief which you wove with the smell of love and faith, where you built the minaret of love with your tears and with the fragrance of all roses cultivated in your love-garden. Give me again that handkerchief; standing on that minaret, I will give the azan of love; Earth will become holy again, the cold yard of life will be filled with the sweet-smelling sunrays, the hungry naked babies of Bachdanga cobblers-village will cry out with joy drinking the date-juice, &quot;How sweet the date-juice and the sunrays are! &quot;

2 August 2010

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

# Sayed 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.'

Sayed 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

# Shadow Of A Black Dog

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

I asked, 'What 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 (Poem 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 drowned 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:  
once 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 offlowers  
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 700 Moons!  
Sound, smell and colour have set up here  
a magic noose;  
on every bank of rivers,  
laughter overflows the pitchers  
and flute moans in every meadow!  
Within two days, the heart ofthe Fire-Angels  
was soaked with the juice of Earth;  
the amorous lookof carp-like eyes  
set deep marks on their bosoms.  
Waving garment,  
overflowing water in the pitcher  
set on her waist, goes the coquetteZohra—  
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,  
&quot;See what the evil Earth has done  
to Haroot and Maroot! &quot;  
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's Cupid!

11.8.2017 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar

# Skeleton, Body And Soul

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

Body is a must for our existence;  
But nobody falls in love with body  
if there lies 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

# Socrates

Being a city-monk, I have walked enough.  
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

# 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 For Faith

Blow the sail, boatman, in this unruly wind. Removing the sweat  
Of forehead, 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



# Song Of Civilization

Slayers wait in ambush into each corner of civilization;  
Only the ancient communalism exists among men.  
Everyone thinks ownself pure and perfect;  
Has the primitive ignorance decreased ever a bit?

Modern age is more horrible than the medieval age;  
Democracy, fanaticism and chauvinism are, like  
wild sharks, devouring the whole universe;  
Intention of killing other men prevails among men.

To whom will women go and where the infants for shelter?  
Under which sky will the hungry homeless people stay?  
Arakan has turned into ashes being burnt in the fire of hatred;  
Atomic bombs fall like rain on the soil and water of Babylon.

Barbarism of fake civilization has crossed all limits;  
Darkness dazzles our eyes more than light.

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 chalk!  
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

# Sovereignty Of Light

I sing the song of one empire, one rule  
Where the light will reign over the darkness,  
Evil will flee, only the beautiful  
Will prevail everywhere and spread its grace.

Men have suffered enough into the hell  
Of night. Disdain, disgrace have caused much pain.  
How cheap the poor people everyday sell  
Their life and labour; their fruits the rich gain!

I sing the song of sovereignty of light,  
I sing the song of humane one empire  
Where darkness will bow down its head as night  
To the sun, cloud to storm, dry wood to fire.

You may fear the light and love the darkness;  
For your sake, should the light hide its bright face?

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

# Strange

Strange is this life,  
Strange this living;  
Yet men do strife,  
Quarrel and sing.

Within moment  
These men can die;  
Yet for this life  
They cry and sigh.

Life is so short,  
Death is so long!  
Yet men insane  
To hear life's song.

What's true on earth-  
Death or this life?  
If life gets lost,  
Why this mad strife?

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

# 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

# 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 Driver

Raising the umbrella,  
They wanted to prevent the rain  
From falling.  
Still the rain fell down  
Upon the earth,  
Flooded the ponds  
And stained the soil with mud.

Raising the high wall,  
They wanted to prevent the velocity  
Of the storm.  
Still the storm came,  
Flew the tin of the roof and  
Shook down all the mangoes  
From the trees.

Moulding the earth  
With steel and cement,  
They wanted to prevent the earth-quake.  
Still the quake came  
And crumpled up  
Their decorated civilization.

Now they say, "Alas!  
Who reign our earth then? "

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 (Poem By Kazi Nazrul Islam)

I sing the song of equality,  
in which all obstacles and distances 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?  
A Confucian? A follower of Charbak?  
Continue. Tell more.  
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  
lies within you.  
O friend, open your heart,  
you will find all scriptures there.  
Within you, lie all religions,  
lie 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.

01.03.2016 Sirajganj

Sayeed Abubakar

# The Flute Of War

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 (14 Sonnets By Al Mahmud)

## Sonnet-1

No gold coin I have; Do not demand any dower, O my Doe;  
If you take, I can give my dowerless two hands.  
No self-selling gold I have stored ever; All around everywhere  
The cunning frown wounds and hurts me

.  
If you love me, in return I will give my kiss;  
I know no other business as I do not know any deception.  
If you give your body, you will get mine, too. O my Love,  
No capital but body I have, by which I can buy ornaments for you.

If you get nude, you will find me simple; Even no olive-leaves  
Will remain there to envelop my virility; If you start tasting,  
Please give me a share of those fruits, too; Consciously and  
Unconsciously, we will remain ever-known to each other.

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

#

## Sonnet-2

Supporting my hands, O my venomous snake, ascend on my mat;  
Fold up your hood now, do not compose any black verse on my heart.  
How much darkness you can pour out by each of your snaps,  
Every moment I become blue more than that in fear of bite.

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

Will you permit me to write my name, without any title  
And shine, with the scratch of slow trembling nails on your chest?  
If you get shy, with my untiring wet kisses I will wipe off  
The first letter, the blood-color alphabet, non-Aryan and ancient.

O Kalabati\*mine, make the sport of Bengali race wavy, the sport

That Batsayan did not know and knew no girls of the Aryan.

#

. \* Well-versed classical female musician.

### Sonnet-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-plait with your own fingers, then ascend on Dark-blue  
bed-sheet and getting nude, let us quench our two thirsts.

Making the sound of two violent waters like that of a hungry river,  
Let us go to a valley still uncultivated;  
Untie all the folds of your body like the soil of a bar;  
May the flesh of Ugol fish be happy into 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.

#

\*A small reptile. It is believed that it calls according to its age. That means, if it  
is eight years old, it will make eight sounds

### Sonnet-4

If you want to visit my shrine, walk slowly, O my pretty Love.  
The blood of Mukundaram\* is mixed with this soil.  
Catching the torn palm-leaves, let us recite his verse;  
We do not know how much tears dried on this torn palm-leaves.

Will you come, O wild lass, being the desire of a poet?  
Then be aware that the python of poverty is my totem.  
Like a fresh murder, I will draw the vaccine of cinnabar

And the love of a poor man on your red forehead.

Tell me, by which spell of what clan, will I take you  
At my home? I have my belief only in Kapila\*.  
When did Love take refuge in religion or Sanghha\*?  
Only the grass of a grave remains after all deaths.

You have value as long you possess the copper-colored body;  
Nothing exists after that; only the history bursts into laughter.

#

\*A medieval Bengali poet \*. Kamdhenu (the fabulous cow that grants all wishes)

\*A group or community

#### Sonnet-5

Have the fruits of cotton-plants exploded beside my home?  
Wear the garland of Gunja\*, O girl, the fowler of my heart;  
Where have you kept the earthen bottle of Mahua\*?  
Carry that in this moonbeam; let us rinse it down with pleasure.

Who says I won't recognize you in the aboriginal dress of a fowler?  
Does a hunter mistake ever to recognize the clan of birds?  
By whatever spell, Khana\* unraveled the mystery of Nature,  
Remember, the same magic lies within the souls of all poets.

I have learnt from the book of Nature since my boyhood,  
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 Saracen 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.

#

\*Bunch or cluster of flowers \* A flower-tree \* A legendary astrologer

#### Sonnet-6

I have no faith in Pisces, Girl; I am a man of Kauma society  
Who only create the sound of simple equality in your town.  
I have never composed a single verse after the name of any chieftain;  
I am the poet on whose baldhead the sword of all oppressors hangs.

Long long ago, my ancestors were the slaves of the emperors;  
They used to compose the pound of sentences selling their conscience;  
That scandal, yet now, hisses in the wind of Bengal;  
Alaul\*, 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 neighbor living in Arshi Nagar\*?  
Braid my hair today making diadem over my head;  
Become my Aktara\*, O Love, I would be your young Lalon\*.

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

#

\* A great Bengali poet of medieval age\* A mystical city mentioned in the songs  
of Lalon Shah \*A musical instrument used by Baul singers.\* A great Bengali  
composer, singer and spiritual leader. Rabindranath was influenced by his songs.

### Sonnet-7

Having lost your gold ear-ring, are you crying, my Love?  
The boughs of Anaj\*bend down outside in terrible storm;  
Is it possible to get back the Jeor\* from the hands of a thief?  
Perhaps the coquette of the thief has worn that ring now.

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?

Do not break your bracelet; yet there are some lath of sandalwood  
At my home, by which I will fill up the holes of your ears.  
In the discourse of Dhruvada\*, suddenly I have sung the Kheur\*;  
Pardon me, O virgin, forgive the songs of this upset cuckoo.



The gold cat drinks all the milk of your bowl-How long will you  
Tolerate, O unsteady girl, pretending you have noticed nothing?

#

\*. Green-stuff.\*.A kind of ornament.\*Classic \* Scurrilous poem

### Sonnet-8

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

Getting blue by the rage of venom, my whole body trembles in fear;  
O Behula\*, lift me up over your body; binding me by your two hands, Embrace  
tightly, O Chaste; the son of Ebb who 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.  
ViewingLife's audacity, may the life-eater Zam\* bow down his head.

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

#

\* The Goddess of snake \*Beloved of Lakhinder whom the snake bit at the bridal  
chamber \*Yama who is responsible for death

### Sonnet-9

Through the flow of ancestry, O proud Love, you have got this verdant  
Splendor in your body; Remember, those who once built the city of  
Pundra have been the food to Soil. But I did not know that  
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 the pride of Pattikera\* city.  
The waves of monstrous bush have devoured all.  
The praise of Amitava Gautama collides with the screech of crickets.

In the Past, of whose fear, the Vedic fire of division dared not advance One inch  
crossing the Karatoa\*, have the foundations of their Dwellings been eaten into by  
the worms of hypocrisy?  
The sound of elegant equality frequently goes futile.

The Borgis\* are looting paddy filling the land with blood and death;  
O dark-complexioned bride, crops bring her more danger than your beauty.

#

\* An ancient Bengali city.\*. A river.\*Robbers.

#### Sonnet-10

The savage have raised their hands by the spell of laborer-equality;  
Behold, O Love, peace descends in the country of Hiensung;  
Let us stick the badge of Hero on the dresses of those  
Who bring the invitation of equality for the workers in Asia.

May the equal distribution of crops be our only religion;  
Sing of the extirpation of class, motivated by the spell of  
Utmost relief. Pronounce such a speech of love with courage  
So that no class-distinction can enter ever into the folk-religion.

After that, 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 will give you more than that, the cordial affection of coitus.

I have caught your silk-sari with much bashful courage;  
Acknowledge me your hero, O my sweet-voiced Love, .

#

## Sonnet-11

Since boyhood, I hear Bangladesh is the lying-in-room for wise men;  
Hundreds of banyan trees are born here during the incessant rain;  
See now into that room of wisdom, there hang the depressed bats.  
O my amiable Love, how difficult it is to keep faith in the Past!

How will I agree it was the birthplace of Srigyan\*  
And Shilbhadra\* had inhaled the first air from here?  
If we exclude its past, it has nothing now mentionable;  
Only a few sinanthropous cough in the schools.

Within the last exaltation of this stone-age, where will you flee?  
In which bush, O Girl upset, will you hide yourself?  
The color of the independent deer prevails in your body 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.

#

\* Atish Dipanker, an Bengali Buddhist who visited Tibet getting an invitation from the king of Tibet. \*The Chancellor of Nalanda University in ancient India, a Buddhist scholar

## Sonnet-12

Hearing suddenly the sound of high tide at midnight  
From the village adjacent to the river, a man gropes  
For his beloved wife whether she is beside him  
Who opens the door of wealth and corn;

That way, grasp my hand, O Love, in 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 will return that panic created by food-greedy Rahu\*.

As a peasant of upland, who eats his food standing in water,  
Establishes his utmost right on the newly risen bar,  
That way I have 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?

#

\* A demon said to be the cause of eclipses

### Sonnet-13

Open two eyes, O beautiful bride, reddened by the odor of Loban\*,  
The two designed borders of your sari tremble by my breath;  
When did the sylvan pigeon bend down with shyness?  
You are trembling as if you were the root of a cane fallen in storm.

Your chignon has been unloosed in wind, O the smiling girl. Behold,  
Crossing your Tikli\*, my heart palpitates in fear. All the villagers are Waiting for  
you, having paddy in their auspicious winnowing platters; the Khai\* of Binni\* are  
spread on the yard; Attar\* and Aguru\* on bed.

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

All the women from my mother's side have gathered to welcome you As a bride;  
O Girl, say 'Kobul! Kobul! '\*like the waves of a river

#

\* Benzene \*One kind of ornament used on the forehead of a woman \* Food  
made of rice frying on the oven \* A kind of paddy \*A kind of perfume \* A kind of  
fragrant wood \*. A kind of grass \* Borkha \* Lesson.\* I agree

### Sonnet-14

For rain's sake, O Bibi, \* for the 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 me, no poet neglects the religion of heart.

If I ever profane my tongue breaking my promise,  
May you turn into the blade of lightning;  
Rending my heart, may your divorce fall upon my head,  
And 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 will incessantly pour out all my kisses  
On your body setting you free from the chain of coyness.

If anything happens opposite, O Banu, \* for the mother tongue  
And love-poetry's sake, may your curse fall upon my head.

#

\*Wife \*.Virgin

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 Heartless

Addressing me as Stone,  
people often scold me now.  
The poor peasants lament everyday  
calling me Waste Land.  
Calling me Burnt Field,  
the golden shepherd of the rising sun  
goes back in search of green grass.  
The broken winged drunk bees lament  
calling me Paper Flower.  
Women create the storm of safire  
in the night's erotic air  
calling me Sapless Wood.

Once at a spring afternoon,  
the varsity studying girl Naoroj  
looking like a ripe Chalta  
offered me a red Iranian rose, saying:  
"Red rose greetings to you, o my first man! "  
No sooner had I grasped that rose of good luck  
than all its petals, like dry leaves, fell down on the dust.  
That love-seeking pea-hen girl was blown in shock  
like Orpheus's lyre.  
Then grasping the hand of Evening,  
she went back crying in the pompous star fair  
of the lustrous youth.

While bathing in the pond, I often had the chance  
to meet Thakur family's Basona Boudidi.  
Washing cloths on the ghat of Chinigola Dighi,  
she often asked me, "What's the matter, Thakurpo?  
Why don't you marry? " Saying so,  
she burst into laughter bowing down head  
like the insane moon of summer.

Once in a wicked evening, I came out of home  
for walking. Suddenly, emerging from somewhere  
Storm and Rain chased me like a mad dog.  
Running, I took shelter in Basona Boudi's  
ghost-like home.



My whole body was trembling in cold.  
Swapanda said, &quot;Stay the night here today.&quot;;  
I was given the guest room to sleep.  
In the incessant rain, I fell asleep fast.  
When the night became graveyard,  
Basona Boudi pushed me aside  
whispering &quot;Thakurpo! Thakurpo! &quot;;  
On the naked corridor of the room full of darkness,  
we got obsessed in playing ferociously  
the primitive game of lust.  
Getting defeated in that horrible forbidden wrestling,  
she turned mad. Grasping me tightly like pincers  
on the high hills of her sweet smelling bosom,  
she said, &quot;Flee somewhere this night  
taking me for ever with you.&quot;;  
She started weeping like the clouds of the Monsoon  
setting her head on my chest. But, alas,  
keeping ears on the lifeless cactus of my bosom  
she became timber in fear: &quot;What a horror!  
Why can't I hear the throbbing of your heart? &quot;;  
Then she rushed in fear with her ghostly heart  
to the intolerable room of her destiny.

While seeing me now, Basona Boudidi says,  
&quot;You are the burnt wood of the pyre.&quot;;  
While seeing me now, Basona Boudidi fills the adverse air  
calling me &quot;Heartless! Heartless! &quot;;

O Afroza, how do I tell her, I had only one heart,  
Stealing that heart of mine, you fled away like Eurydice  
in the first spring of my life!

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) ]

Sayeed Abubakar

# 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 Ghaseti 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 mewling 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.

[Corronation Episode: Book 1]

Sayeed Abubakar

# The Mujibnama: Book 2

The Mujibnama

An Epic on Sheikh Mujib, the Father of Nation

by Sayeed Abubakar

Translation in English: Sayeed Abubakar

## 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: "O my daughter,  
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.&quot; In  
Reply, said Bangabandhu: &quot;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.&quot;

&quot;Talk to mom, Dad. I will just go and come  
Back with a glass of milk for you.&quot; 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: &quot;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.&quot;  
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.&quot;

Mrs. Mujib, the Mother to Bengal,  
Sighed, saying, &quot;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.&quot; &quot;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.&quot;

&quot;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'.&quot; 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:  
&quot;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! &quot;

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: &quot;I have cooking. Let me  
Go. You talk father and daughter.&quot; 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, &quot;Milk, Dad.&quot;  
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,  
Coolies, 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 New Year

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

He entertains into his two eyes 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 he remains unfed  
both in the sun and rain beside the road  
passing his poisonous days.  
O happy men, do you think of him once?

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

Sayeed Abubakar

# The Night's Town

The night's town is deluged with intoxication.

The cute dream-women dance on the stage of the town hall.

Men are beyond control; their veins are replete with

Mad emotions; their lips whistle

And their minds play with lust.

Gold drops like rain with the beat of the dancers'

Lotus-legs.

These men are only physical; they lose their senses

Only for the rapture of their lustful bodies.

The stair of their dream has not ascended the heaven,

Rather it has descended to the bottom of the hell's darkness

Where the blind witches cut the foolish hearts of men

With the hatchets of hatred.

Sayeed Abubakar

# The Rebel (Poem 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 disheveled 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 a vagabond, I am Genghis,  
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 tabor 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 enemy 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 Uchchairsrava,  
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 false 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 piles of snow like 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.

Alas! 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.

Sayeed Abubakar



# The Tale Of Men, Dogs And Donkeys

Spreading the sunny pleasant smile on their faces,  
They said to me, "Come and see  
How beautiful our country is!"  
Travelling frequently, I saw the roly-poly Europe  
And the the beauty queen America getting burst with pride.  
I said, "Really beautiful, as if it were the Eden of heaven  
Painted by an artist."  
In pleasure. their faces became the night wet with moonlight.

They said, "Here population is so small but, see, what a big country!  
On the contrary, we don't understand, how you live here so many a man  
In your dirty slums which make us vomit instantly."  
Hearing their words, I remained silent.

They continued, "But, do you know, by sitting here  
We get every thing of earth.  
If we call, at once all the dogs of Asia  
Carrying even the milk of the doe, said, "Please take, sir."  
By our finger's hint, all the granaries of Asia  
And the diamond and gold mines of Africa  
Tumble down upon our feet."  
I remained silent.

They went on saying with a highly delighted tone,  
"See, what a magic life we lead here, as if  
We the gods and goddesses on the Olympus hill  
Are obsessed with lust and pleasure  
While below you are a noisy nation plunged into  
Poverty, hunger, illiteracy, ignorance, barbarianism,  
Quarrel and war."

Sayeed Abubakar

# The Waste Land

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

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

# 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

# Thieves And Robbers (Poem By Kazi Nazrul Islam)

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 is in the United Nations now!  
The palaces of kings rise, being built  
with the congealed blood-bricks of their subjects.  
The docoait-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, the 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 may become Valmiki  
when you meet a real man.

30.6.2017 Sirajgan

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 Beasts

Now I declare war against you.  
Now I take my sword at my hand.  
Get ready to be slaughtered like boar.

You have been killing men for years,  
destroying houses, crops in the fields,  
hopes and dreams  
and raping mothers, sisters, wives and daughters;  
you 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 have died;  
Achilles, Hector, Arjuna, Ali, Rustom, Khalid Saifullah  
and Isha Khan passed away long ago.  
You thought there is no king more,  
you 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 planet.  
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 now.  
It belongs to those who are dying and fleeing in terror.  
All the lands of earth belong only to men,  
not to beasts.  
The time has come all the beasts are to be slaughtered.

You made me forget to sing the songs of love.  
My poem has become sword now.  
If you die by this sword,  
don't blame me.

Sayeed Abubakar

# To God

I am tortured by my two eyes;  
They seduce, my innocence dies.

I am tortured by my two ears;  
They carry me where nymphs, like spears,

Tear my heart with sweet songs and dance-  
Between you and me, grows distance.

How I am tortured by my nose-  
She carries me where the fraud Rose

And her sisters tease me with smell;  
I forget you, Life becomes hell.

My tongue does not let me take rest,  
Makes me mad with various tastes.

This way my body with all missiles  
Attacks me, provokes and beguiles.

My heart in chain, tortured, confined-  
Nevertheless, sings songs divine.

Sayeed Abubakar

# To Lorena

My dove you;  
I love you.

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

# Top News

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

Truth flees like deer  
Since False chases her like tiger.

The followers of Truth are kept in prisons now.  
They are tortured, kidnapped and murdered.  
Law laughs at them.  
People throw stones at them  
And dance in joy finding them hanged by court.

My little son asks, "Who are the judges then? "  
I fear to utter their names. So I start singing  
Lullaby to make him sleep.  
He shouts, "No. Let me know."  
His shouting breaks the silence of the night.  
The buried come out of their graves  
And start shouting with my son.

I ask helplessly, "O God, why did you create Truth  
And made me nothing but a poet? "

Sayeed Abubakar

# Truth-Adulteration

Watching day and nightthe acting,  
Acting seems to be truth now  
And truth seems to be acting.

Sayeed Abubakar

## Two Years And A House-Inmate

Having soaked up her 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 he will also go away like her.

Smearing Kaajal 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

Trees, valuable;  
more valuable, fruits.  
Trees die,  
fruits become trees.

Rivers, valuable,  
more valuable water;  
no water,  
no river.

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 Cannot Change

We cannot change the world until we are  
Changed. Let us change our old outlook. Let us  
Remove the fear from our minds that does not  
Let us face the powerful Ozymandias.

We cry because we do not know how to  
Laugh. We die because we do not know how  
To live. Living means fighting against the  
One-eyed Ozymandias who snatches our

Freedom, who destroys our peace, who makes our  
Life hell with torture and injustice, who  
Builds his palace with our bones, skulls and blood.  
We will die though we do not like. Why do

We die then like a coward? Let us die  
To live and to change the world with courage.

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

# What A Civilization

What a civilization, where whores are adored,  
The chaste despised!

The shameless and the heartless are honored,  
Kindness and modesty considered weakness.

What a civilization, where mothers are ousted,  
Outsiders welcomed!

If you call it civilization, let me go out  
And stay somewhere else.

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-  
But 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?

The success in which there lies the blood of men;  
The success in which the civilization gets scattered,  
disabled and indigent;  
The success in which there rise the sufferings  
And disasters of men;  
The success in which 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-  
But 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

## Whore (Poem By Kazi Nazrul Islam)

Who calls you whore, o mother,  
who spits upon you?  
May be, a chaste woman like Sita  
suckled you milk.  
Though not chaste, you belong to the family  
of our mothers and sisters;  
Your sons are like us, they are our kinsmen;  
Like us, they may earn, too, fame and honor;  
Their devotion may make them reach  
the gate of heaven.

The son of the heaven-whore Ghritachi  
was the great warrior Drona.  
Krishna-Daipayana respected world-wide  
was the son of an unmarried girl.  
Karna, the benevolent charioteer,  
was born of a maiden.  
Ganges expelled from heaven  
got Shiva as her husband.  
King Shantanu, too, begged love to her.  
Their son was immortal Bhishma,  
to whom Krishna paid homage.  
Satya-kama became the sage  
who was the illegitimate son of Jabala.  
Jesus whose birth was a great mystery  
became the great lover!

None is stained with sin here,  
none an object of hatred;  
Millions of holy lotus bloom here  
in the lake of lust.  
Listen to the words of the sage:  
There lies no shame of the mankind  
over their birth.  
You have committed sin; That is why,  
have you no right to return to virtue?  
Gods have committed hundreds of sin;  
still their divineness has not got lost.  
If Ahalya got redemption

and Marry turned to be a goddess,  
why wouldn't you be worthy of worship  
serving the truth?

Who the fanatic speak ill of your son  
calling a bastard?

I ask them only these two questions:

I ask you, o god: One and a half crore children  
are the inhabitants of earth;

How many parents of them desired their sons  
and daughters getting free of lust?

How many are pure and chaste?

How many got obsessed in divine contemplation  
to have children?

For whose sin, do millions of suckling die  
in the cradle?

Purely from the carnal urge,  
men and women copulate;

We are the children born of that lust;  
still what a pride!

O the religious leaders, listen:

There lies no difference between the legitimate  
and the illegitimate.

If the son of an unchaste mother is illegitimate,  
so is the son of an unchaste father, no doubt!

[18.09.2018 Afternoon, Deptt. of English, Siarajganj]

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

# Woman (Poem By Kazi Nazrul Islam)

I sing the song of equality, —  
In my view, there is no disparity  
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.  
Orsin 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?  
Momtaj, 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 the 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 the king;  
the sumptuousness 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 Seeta 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's 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 Can, You Cannot

You can  
kill but  
cannot  
defeat.

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 Earth Run By Robbers

Your earth is run by robbers,  
Killing men with exploitation and torture;  
The wine of blood is their drink;  
Still you are silent at your throne.

Skies, seas, planets and stars  
Move and stop by your order;  
Your reign is active everywhere, -  
At the universe's beginning and end;

Only you have given the charge  
Of ruling earth on man's hands, -  
There the robbers do their business,  
Destroy the civilizations with the strike of arms.

Men are crying, laughing the Satan;  
Your earth turns to ashes by the fire of hatred  
As if she were a crematorium;  
Still you are silent, quiet and dumb.

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,  
Tanpreciado como tu amor.

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

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

Translator: Alma Lorena Lopez Velazquez



Sayeed Abubakar

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Sayeed Abubakar

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Sayeed Abubakar

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