

Classic Poetry Series

**Abul Hussain**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Abul Hussain(15 August 1922 -)

Abul Hussain is a well-acclaimed Bangladeshi poet who is recognized as the first modern Bengali poet in Bangladesh. Abul Hussain is the leading exponent of modernism in Bangladeshi poetry. He expresses in his verse a cynical and anguished mood that reflects his lifelong search for a philosophical and religious position from which to analyze and comprehend the individual life in relation to society; the political instability and economic uncertainties in his country; and his suspicion of progress without human feeling. He is a writer of 25 books.

## <b> Life </b>

Abul Hussain was born in Khulna, a southern district in Bangladesh, in 1922. He studied Economics at the Calcutta Presidency College and Calcutta University. For more than three decades thereafter he worked in national and international organizations, at home and abroad, as a civil servant. At the same time he has been a major Bengali writer, excelling both in poetry and prose. He has been awarded state and other national prizes for his poetical works. He also represented his country in literary conferences and festivals in Belgium, USSR, Yugoslavia and India. Abul Hussain has traveled widely in Asia, Europe, USSR and the USA.

## <b> Awards </b>

Abul Hussain received several awards for his literary achievements. Among them, following are notable:

Bangla Academy Award (1963)

Nasiruddin Gold Medal

Ekushey Padak (1980)

1942

Abul Hussain

# A Choice

The ancient track our fathers knew,  
The road they trod for years,  
Is charted well and not beset  
With nameless spooks or fears.

But there afar I see a trail  
Where you must walk alone;  
Its many turnings, bends and twists  
Abound in risks unknown.

I do not care how long or dark  
That road appears to be.  
It is the one that I must take,  
The only choice for me.

For life without unsavoured thrills  
Is not a life I love.  
Let hazards be my daily fare  
And risks my manhood prove.

Abul Hussain

# Chil

Abul Hussain

# Moner Khelna

Abul Hussain

# Mora Fuler Fansh

Abul Hussain

# Shesh Kotha

Abul Hussain

# The Ancient Mariner

He was outside his porch, all crumpled up,  
Eyes shrunken, weather-beaten, bent and weak,  
Coughing, hands trembling, puffing hard  
At his old hookah, when the siren's wail  
Reached him, a long and rippling note, across  
The lake at Chapiagachi and the docks,  
Over the rows of trees at Hanna, like  
Soft music from an old piano which  
Breaks in upon the calm of villages  
Nestled among tall trees.

The twilight skies  
Darkened; a flock of wild geese flashed as they  
Flew past.

The sailor stirred; he felt a throb  
In his old heart, and his eyes glistened. He  
Was back once more on his boat on the seas  
Manning the steering wheel. Around him stretched  
The waters for to the horizon's end,  
Treeless, without a sign of land. Ice floats  
Glinted in sunlight, white, red, blue, dark brown,  
Changing in color, he among them, eyes,  
Fixed on the sea.

The scene returned; he thought  
Of dreams he's dreamt amid those winds and waves.

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