Poetry Series

Rahman Henry - poems -

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Rahman Henry(14 January 1970)

Poet, Literary Critic, Translator of world Poetry and an author of 14 books of poetry from Bangladesh. Henry is The Editor of a poetry Magazine 'POET TREE'. His book of translated poems: 'Poetry Of Nobel Laureates' (in Bengali) is the first Book ever published in Bengali.

Henry likes to introduce himself as a reader of World Poetry.

Henry composes Ordinary Poems for extraordinary readers.

He is fond of German football, South African cricket and Hindi films...

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@ Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

The Rose - Poem by Gabriela Mistal

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

I Am Not Alone- Poem by Gabriela Mistral

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#AghaShahidAliPoems

13 Axiom For Iblis

1. In brief, It's better to call Iblisic(satanic) axiom, as Iblisic;

2. When you address them as Iblis, Iblis of any tribe becomes publicly angry and secretly feels proud;

3. They are unisex, and in general, all the devil is Iblis;

4. Through activities, behaviour, utterance and pride of others, they express their existance;

5. To express themselves, in fact, They need some kings and emperors;

6. Their speech is based on first person (singular or plural):

7. Their speech never be completed without blackening third person (singular or plural):

8. They are unisex, so, always vocal with gender neutrality;

9. Although two are visible, actually, they are one-eyed;

10. Like the demons of fable, what is said to the opposite in action;

11. Although life expectancy is five, ten of fifteen years; they are active even after death;

12. Extremely, they are ponder on past events and chew the cud;

13. They never confess, debate always.

Options given to us Of the two, which one We like to choose: Either a Lion or a Tiger will Eat us up;

No more alternative, We had to choose both And thus the story started From then, we have been being In a Lion's or a tiger's stomach

A Garden

A garden In the painting Brushed with water color

No flower No bird No deer at all

In my daily dream I see you walking there As soon as you enter the garden There are flowers Birds and deer

I find no entrance to join you Is it Eden?

A 27th-February-Eve

Perhaps all my memories gone in oblivion Concealed in the white sheet of time Except a 27th-February-eve Stands all by itself in a silent storm

Waiting Weeping Bleeding Sighing All alone on the Ashulia Road...

A serenade turns the eve into a mature night

A Biliteral But Onesided Poem

You came,

Have your breakfast, lunch and dinner From your own food you brought with

You took Gave And returned too.

Yet, Honorable Mister! Just think a while Have not you left away Anything precious?

A Bird Of Mystery

At a salty forest of the south, An unimaginable bird of mystery Sings out in fine tune and lovely sad voice;

Where there are monotonous hue and cry of machines Procession of CFC gas____ I make my ears attentive And hear a melancholy You, only you were, once practiced with Songs of this kind.

Those who gets love become The brightest stars in the sky; Those who only loves but get no returning May become a bird in the salty forest of the south.

In my mind, still there are burning a fire With flame of love, repentance and fragrance of grief.

A Cod

My beloved, an escapist, A cod

I caught her With ashes in my hands

Yet, the cod escaped Far away from me

Swimming in the Atlantic

A Cricket Sings

All colors fade away Gradually Day light deminishes into Upcoming eve I sit here awaking In the deep dark night alone

All the night long A cricket sings your name

A Day Of Revival

Birds made of glass Bees of wax Butterflies of plastic Horses of sweet globules Waiting eagerly Looking for A day of revival

When stones would blossom out With the soft touch of moonlit

And

From the oblivion, people would awake In a body, and a carnival Spring out of deadly silence

Towards horizon A narrow path will widen itself To make you disappear With all your pride and proclamation

A Deer's Cry

Leaves of the wild creepers Move to and fro in night breeze Piercing stony silence A deer's cry blows all the night long A tiger's cry roars

The sundarbans is in adversity So do the geen delta called Bangladesh

A Dream-Color Marble

Look my love, my fugitive queen!

Everyday is a today, and Every upcoming day is Tomorrow that never comes;

We have a lot of yesterday To postmortem, Unfold them all and look for The truth we cultivated silently.

All the yesterday collectively Creates a reusable hidden world, That's the only place Where we can discover ourselves.

Our love is a dream-color marble, Lost in the world of yesterday!

A Few Stones Of Hatred

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Our tube-wells, wells, even the pond-water, You have absorbed them all- and burnt up the paddy fields. You have taken our jobs away, seized our lands; our fathers and brothers-You have put them in jail, and killed our mothers-You have given false speech about our raped sisters— You have ousted us from our ancestral homelands, burnt our homes. You picked up our friends and shot them: We have identified their dead-bodies in the pool, in the remote woodland, unending empty lands and in the morgue-You also have picked up a lot of others-We can not even imagine, let alone guess what happened to their fates. You have kept us starved countless days: You never believed how many we were- how many crores of us-After all these you have done to us, we have said nothing! Our innocent children could not take it-They threw their symbolic protests towards you like stones— Now, in lobbyist activation,

You have gathered the whole world around you

to blame us! Uh! the team of heroes!

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*Translated from original Bengali into English

by Razia Sultana

A Foggy Day

It's a foggy day; Migratory birds in mist, Winter peeps at Bay.

A Foretell

Beautifully alone pond In a deep woods I love to hide you in the core of my dreams Never go amid the past

An angel would come Soon in my life Both of us desire you Desire to bathe all the noon long

I want not to disclose her name The angel hidden in my mind Would come out, O pond, for you!

And a delta would repair herself greener

A Frightened Drake

*[An letter to HER]

Here, in Bangladesh, a glazing sky burns, Long trunk of eucalyptus burns in solitude,

This winter came here as direct as sudden death, Now running towards picnic.

A blanket of darkness conceals Something inside its womb;

In your area, a frightened drake Looking for the Fort Worth Metroplex, alone, Fidgets and quacks in Grapevine Lake;

Can you hear the sound?

A Glimpse Of Original Scenario

The autumn train running with whistel Smell of corpses denoting a future

It's dawn inside the shoes

All over the azure fields, there are bodies Beheaded, some plants also flowering!
A Green Delta

No distance at all From Cradle and grave, live here, In a green delta!

A Half-Finished River

Nothing to write in poem or in prose I return towards childhood And see a grasshopper sits on The hand of a revers clock

Nothing to say or talk with I go to a dumb barber His scissors speaks alone Closer to my ears

Nothing to read or study I gaze on calender Days, months, years... A bird flies away to disappear

A half-finished river flows in solitude

A Happiness

Remembering you A happiness, my weeping soul, A happiness to me.

A Laconic Word

Hopeless days and dreamless nights Go on The wolf in you has dressed a lamb's dress

You speak of a lot of democracy A lot of patriotism A lot of betterment of the poor Your orators deliver a lot of speech All are of your praise

But we know what the hell is going on We have nothing to say Nothing to protest with

We only know: A day would come When we the people should use Just a laconic word against you That's nothing but a 'No'.

A Lifetime Of Affection

Take off all the cream of resound from the stillness

provide me a lifetime as short as the Autumn noon But beauty spreading, peaceful and majestic

O sinless Deity, Come to my life, and sing a love song

Living a very short life as that of the noon I'll console myself that I've enjoyed all the respects of an everlasting life

And let me inscribe this thought On this silent stone of steam!

A Little Poetry

I saw a new born baby lying unattended On the footpath; as a poetry, neglected. With due respect I hold her in my hands, as if I found some gold; While kissing those holy feet, I told: 'O mother Angel, these are my sin, Let me be mended! '

That's all the story happened had been.

Thus I made humanity sin-free And named her: 'A little Poetry'.

A Neighboring Country

At the beginning, I heard of the name— Burma And later on, of— Myanmar

Now She has two names;

Yet, the sole religion she owns, is: - `Cleansing the Rohingya'-

A New Language

Night. Quiet. Silence. A dawm breaking up all the Stones; a new language!

A Persiflage

At the beginning, We were ignorant.

You came with reversed light And taught us:

'Swallowing mass-voice is The only way to Democracy'.

We are well-learnt now.

Accept our acknowledgement:

O deity, The mother of Democracy!

And wait Till the morning comes...

A Prophesy

I don't love you as because of all the girls you are smart sexy beauty and you are the rose-girl; but I love you as because you are the beauty of my heart, you are the beauty of my mind, and all the concepts of beauty generates from a girl who is none but you. I have no intention to achieve the heaven, the hell, the rebirth in this universe or some other options... I only look up you in the heaven hell earth universe galaxy or in some other places. Once again we can talk to; I need not to understand what the hell is called: cancer. What the hell is called something that's incurable. I've no interest and intention at all. I can only say and proclaim that I'll never give up until and unless I hear from you. I'll deny the end of the time. Time is endless. I'll never admit the end of time. You just come and speak the last words for me. You just come and hear the last words by the last human being that's me, and guess how a man can love more perfect than a god or goddess that you believe to be the owner of this earth or verse or universe....

A Rosary - Poem By Ko Un (Bengali Version) : ???? ?????:

*A Rosary - Poem by Ko Un

Angulimala was a devil of a cutthroat. That fellow sliced off the fingers of the people he killed and wore them strung dingle-dangle around his neck, including his father's fingers.

That was a real hundred-eight bead rosary. Every bead on the string a life.

* * Bengali Translation (Bengalized) by Rahman Henry

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A Slaughter-House Smiles

Look upwards, verses! Downwards: narrow alleyway; A slaughter-house smiles!

A Tiger Of Zoo

A tiger of zoo Even , fears the gentle deer ; Does our queen know it?

A Time Showering

Once a noon told me: Look, There is no horizon;

I looked at, Really there was none.

And what a wonder! Immediate after that I could see the noon pouring out As a heavy shower of rain;

That was for the first time I've watched a time showering.

A Triad

Beloved! You, the lovebird, chest of my chest; Leaving me aside, flew towards horizon... Lonely me, as barren as a rain-forest.

A Tribute To Grazia Deledda (From Bangladesh)

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* A Tribute To Grazia Deledda FROM BANGLADESH

A Truth Behind The Truth

Every king I've seen Seems to me a corpse

Every palace I've seen Seems to me a graveyard

There are angels' gloves Blood bathed

Still all these are glazing As innocent as a child's smile!

A Voice Of Cut Off Tongue

What a heaven built we have been! Where speaking the truth is a sin.

Really, we the people are happiest of all time! As dreaming is prohibited and a cognizable crime.

Our desire, future and destiny all are but a play! Our lives is a cycle no-get-rid-of-clay.

Only the road circling we are cyclic night and day, The order: A follows B, B follows C, C follows A.

The heaven cuts off our wings with comply And command us: Explore your freedom and fly!

The Heaven cuts of our stings, fingers and tongue And we got cheer up! played the violin and sung!

Dear heaven! as world peace is, you too are vague! Just bow to us, 'cause mercy you ought to beg.

As, still now, I can rise a nation's voice and noise, And still we can walk slow but steady as the tortoise.

Abhay Das Lane

I went to find out a road, Abhay Das Lane, I didn't find it.

I searched the entire old town ins and outs, From Ramakrishna Mission to Swamibag, From Hatkhola to the George Golli, All roads are there, only no Abhay Das Lane.

Since then,

By day and at night, in every dream and awakening, Openly and secret, in eyes and in mind, I look only for Abhay Das Lane, but unable to.

I dig my bones inside this body, creat a tunnel And jump into it: running from Tikatuli to Manik Nagor, From the Ittefaq turning to Golapbag intersection, All these to reach at that very Lane;

No where I can find Abhay Das Lane.

Afraid Of

Never going to hoist the sky in my room The sky is not much eligible and effective Hanging up those green-gold that bloom Afraid of, my love may leave me, irritative

Ages Of Tyranny

Storm Sunligt Rain Sunlight Fog Sunlight

An old poster fades away Behind those dragon grass

All The Noon

All the noon, Mango, a green fruit, became polite, more polite... fallen...

Alliance

Even snakes and frogs are Friends! When power invites, they hunt People as insects.

An Unclaimed Deadbody

An unclaimed deadbody Emerging through out history books People are spellbound

Another Morning

Chirping of the birds, Crimson roses still weeping; Another morning breathes.

As It Is

Silent books And a song more silent than those Sitting around my minaret of painfulness, without a word— That's all. I never seek more.

Have the books become selfreaders? Meanwhile

The lyricless song was playing in its mind An appropriate tune— And the minaret of painfulness is astonished;

Which of these three are you? The question Is still not important;

If the past and the future have the same tensionous steam in a common river, then that question can be of importance. For the time being,

The stone is the main focus. Pregnant. With all possibilities of blossom Labor pain moans

Asadh

No rain. Without net, Through deep woods, moves your Asadh— I'm waiting for her.

Aswin

Jackdaw weeps for a Jackfruit, Dawdling light glitters. The month of Aswin.

At Those Rural Townships

Our bashful poems are living At those rural townships, moving On hooded rickshaws, amid dirt

The rebel young poet is dying Tonight

Far away Inside someone's heart

Awating

Awating for her; A century gone, running, Coming another

Away From Glass

I've lost my childhood-marbles In that very childhood

My only resource remained were: Two mirrors

I've lost one

And the other You've broken and demolished.

Now the glass left for me Is: Water all over the world.

Baby, You Are Mine!

Can you still hear me? Feel me? I wanna whisper: 'Baby, you are mine'!

Bangladesh

They seem not to stop Piercing continous even the corpse With sharp spears

The victim is but our mother Our beloved Bangladesh

And the killers are his inheritors Who faught for the delta till his death!

Bangladesh: Towards 5th January

Congratulations, Bangladesh!

No one is ashamed of your shameless stubbornness, Greed, hunger for aggression and controversy.

You need the book; not 'we, the people' Who adopted, enacted and given to themselves that book.

You need all powers; not the people's supremacy Who belong to all powers in the Republic.

You need a trial as a ladder to the crown, reusable; not justice.

You need a creamy slogan taken off from the holy war For our national independence; not sovereignty, Freedom, democracy, economic and social justice.

You need the state religion to ensure secularism. You need all the wealth and *'Sona-Dana'; not **'Amar Sonar Bangla'.

You need no Democracy; rather the vermilion of stigma On your mythological forehead, and that is: 5th January,2014.

Well done, Bangladesh! I hereby congratulate you.

NOTES:

* Sona-Dana: Gold and all other precious Gems;

** 'Amar Sonar Bangla': The National Anthem of Bangladesh which indicates here The People's Republic of Bangladesh;

[Rahman Henry]
Bangladesh: 2

Our days and nights are brown and green The sky brown and green Landscape brown and green

The bay also brown and green roars restlessly And throughout everything flows a red fluid

Our Savior holds secret daggers in hands— Our dreams deceived, in soil depth Still the day, Countless fresh skeletons of our own people—

Bangladesh: Two

All the dead people— standing downfaced, walking, Sitting, working, sleeping, taking part in Reproductive labor; strange livinghood. There Flying the flocks of dead birds over their heads— and Below, on ground, near the feet, just like Lizard-tails, Trembling: their own fallen tongues—

There are interested trees too! they come out On the streets to seek living ones;

Frame all these scenario, then copy the frame, and Hang them on the walls! That would form an actual map, and there would appear: A country—

Bashfulness

At the very beginning, He appeared. The Lord showed me His holdings, No border lines —

Said: "Just cultivate it; meet your needs, And leave the rest, in my name"—

My needs are versatile. I could not mange to mitigate them. And have not kept anything for Him;

Now, when I'm in crisis, Badly, I need to meet again— No way to stand before Him,

Bashfulness. Hesitation. I've hidden my face inside life—

Bear With A Little

Flaming leaves, ah tree! Bear with, bear with a little Heavy shower waits

Beauty Is A Light

At times and in some cases Truth can be mixed with Guile and guilt Truth can be manipulated

Beauty is mightier than the truth

Beauty tastes sweet Even in a lit-less night Where no moon is visible

Beauty herself is a light That no darkness can conceal

Belove Me!

Belove me!

And I'll prove it Heaven on the Earth;

Bank on me!

I'll show that the sun is But a reflection of 7.349 billion hearts.

Bengali Version Of (Still I Rise Maya Angelou)

Bengali Version of (Still I Rise Maya Angelou)

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 @ Bengalized (Translated into Bengali by Rahman Henry

Bengalize, Bengalization, Bengalized: A Note On Translation

BENGALIZE:

To translate into Bengali (espacially for poetry translation) :

BENGALIZATION:

Poetry translation into Bengali is named Bengalization(Rahmna Henry) :

BENGALIZED:

Past and past participle of Bengalize; [Example] The poem is Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Betrayal - Poem by 'Young Heart'

A knife to the heart A stealer of souls A broken oath till the day runs old A hidden frown And poisoned smile That friendly trigger which shot me down An endless night With nowhere to hide I am alone with my aimless cry

** Bengali Version (Bengalized) by Rahman Henry

Bhishmaworthy

Kurukshetra-

Invisibly Lieing down on the bed of arrows It's the war that I watch:

(Endless Chakravyuhas— Shakuni, the king of Gandhara laughs ;)

I think of the Pandavas and Kauravas; farther I think: Is he only the maternal uncle of both parties? or between the two, He is maternal aunt of the Kauravas!

Certainly, Lord Krishna is present here! Yet, His desire is Inaccessible, instantly—

Blossom

All the flowers are but one. Varieties: In eyes, mind, gardens or songs; And in printing.

[I did not mention camera; as because, It's an eye, also printing.]

And blows. Because, a tree itself Stable fire; and It wants to express this truth—

Those who don't blow— cryptogamous; But, no way to call them as fireless—

* Blow Of An Ax - Poem by Yosa Buson

Blow of an ax, pine scent, the winter woods.

** Bengali Version/ Bengali Translation

*** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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Bogra Speaks Of Bangladesh

Bogra, reflects nothing but tyranny, injustice-

Yet, you've no ache, no repentance; What a tragedy! Still your crown too shiny, safe and tension free;

And trustworthy your fables of democracy and peace!

Broadcasting

Thou art printed in thousands of eyes You are circulated widely... Here, 'You' refers to both the eyes of you Twin lamented shade in you Not only eyes, Eyes and the chin Love____ Cozy happiness, curling up in sleep,

It seems to be circulated A coldness of pain From spinal cord To downwards...

After falling in love I slept inadvertently It's only the absence of you That makes me wide awake As if, I'm a man____ painted...

Therefore In the midst of current and roaring wave Some people come to know That I'm a poet For long since, Even before composing any poem

The fireflies glitter The evening is overwhelmed With the candle of a priest

And I'm sleepless Distressed by your separation Floating In silence In a lonely-boat

Some stories are broadcast air to air Me, myself, too printed now

In the lace of night In the home of dust, In grass Here, In the non-Aryan sky of Bengal...

Busy Fencing Day

I entered a busy fencing day

All are pouring their labors and intellects in making them. Some are building Some are mending the old onesmaking them stronger.

'The skill of fencing has brought civilization this far'—they said.

'And this very job of fencing one day will conceal our life and death'-I could say. But I didn't.

I said nothing at all.

* Translated into English (from original Bengali) by Razia Sultana

Call For Reconciliation

Open your heart Keep attention in mind Distance does no matter Touching my heart with yours Distance matters not to See and feel my x-ray view

It's a day now for reconciliation Let's be friend again Let's love each other Love can make a hostile earth heaven

Call Me

Call me

Words are tired of bathing deep inside my heart No more introspection, auto-erotism Words are rusted in my blood I'm tired of devil dark

Call me

Call Me By The Name, Would You?

Our name is an ever-growing plant, fast growing arbor, full of offshoots it didn't come to me for long time

Now-a-days people, known and unknown wayfarers and friends are calling me using pronouns even you are doing the same

I am about to forget my name

It has been so long once upon a dead-century you called me once by the name Would you do that again!

* Original: Rahman Henry (Bangla)** Translation: Razia Sultana (English)

Carnival

Returning from Carnival I realized___ Death herself wearing a cute mask Danced all the night long And made me dance too!

It's possible to have festivals... Erasing festivals from thousands of lives Till now it's possible to have Festivals like these;

I realized, none but death is beautiful; In the midst of a glittering darkness Where multicolor bulbs are shining____ Death is fond of dancing, enjoyable, mare amazing!

Death is like those festive and joyous countries; And like our heritage, Death may be treated as favorite And pride to some people too!

Carnival: An assembly to declare the glory of death...

You should attend at least once When it's your turn; Or have you already attended? At those nights of secret dance Of an invisible King's Carnival?

Had you really attended as the one And only invited guest?

Catch Your Dreams

Catch them— too fast, catch your dreams; 'cause, while disembodied, they ars— What can you do? poor pilgrims!

Think: you're but feathers, not birds.

Catch them— too fast, catch your dream; 'cause, while they are escaped, no more— Think: your lives are deserts, barren azure,

Accumulated ice only, white, worthless cream-

Centuries After The Battle Of Karbala

Mourn Yazid! cry! A killer should rain inside Until his eyes dry.

Change

Change we need But for a mysterious greed We like to stay as before we are And wait for angels to full and fill our desire

Chant To Bolivar - Poem By Pablo Neruda (In Begali)

* Chant To Bolivar - Poem by Pablo Neruda

Our Father thou art in Heaven, in water, in air in all our silent and broad latitude everything bears your name, Father in our dwelling: your name raises sweetness in sugar cane Bolivar tin has a Bolivar gleam the Bolívar bird flies over the Bolivar volcano the potato, the saltpeter, the special shadows, the brooks, the phosphorous stone veins everything comes from your extinguished life your legacy was rivers, plains, bell towers your legacy is our daily bread, oh Father.

* Bengali Translation (Bengalized) by Rahman Henry

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Childhood

A delicious ice-cream

At the beginning of path Drained Melting

The rest of the way Just praising of that ice-cream Regretting Weeping

Sigh for the loss

Christmas Box

From the dusk to dawn And dawn to dusk I'm here on the sleepy shore With this Christmas Box in hand

I wish I were with you

But the bay sings a sad song And my dreams go in vain

Yet my wishes for you Always stand beside my love!

Chronicle Of Bangladesh

Green anaconda, In fact, nonfiction here, in Our anachronism.

Civilization In The 21st Century

None inside uniforms-

In waterways Over lands Exploring airways

With hurry, traveling the uniforms only.

Clown In The Moon- Poem By Dylan Thomas (Bengali Version) : ?????? ?????

* Clown in the Moon- Poem by Dylan Thomas

My tears are like the quiet drift Of petals from some magic rose; And all my grief flows from the rift Of unremembered skies and snows.

I think, that if I touched the earth, It would crumble; It is so sad and beautiful, So tremulously like a dream.

* * Bengali Translation (Bengalized) by Rahman Henry

*** Bengali Version:

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Come Slow And Majestic

There is no rush; come slow and majestic! Decorate yourself for a long period, if not satisfied ____ Dismiss again, have newer ornate Then remove again and again ____ Thus let a few more years to go, apathetic.

If there is a friend's phone call, receive it, talk to him A long time, suddenly if it rains, putting hands to the window touch the purity of water, or if you desire Wearing shari take a bathe for hours! After finishing all the needful works, If you wish, start the journey! Or, even if you hesitate, in consideration deliberately spend some more indecisive years and then start, Too slow, as mild and attentive steps of a saint!

Reaching at a touchable distance, if you feel it gaffe ____ You may go back to the beginning once again! There is no provocation and force; in translation Of desires decide your moving direction! At best We would spend few more uneasy years! If your deodar hair reaches to white flowers of reed-grass, No harm, I just want to get you At any turning of our lives!

Conversation

A question thundered out: -'Who are you? '

Couldn't see him but replied, I : 'Creator.'

All on a sudden, he appeared And disappeared, destroyed by himself!

I could manage to hear his last voice:

'For a long millenniums, I had been waiting for none but you'.

Conversation With Jesus

Late August,1945, At the night of West Bank I walked alone with you

I requested you at frequent Please, make me understand What peace actually is!

At first, you were silent, Then replied: wait, my dear, Till It's 1948 and afterwards!

Counting The Days

Yes, Counting the days... Before roads turn as rivers come slow and majestic

Crossfire

We've no eyes, ears only

At the last watch of nights, Frequently hearing strange outcry, Groaning, moaning___

And come to know at morn: Somebody, somebody and somebody Are dead!

WOW! It's the miracle, the crossfire; Bravo, long live the queen!
Darkbathed Prison

This sunlight is an Illusion. Ours is a land, Darkbathed prison.

Darling Dallas

Falcons of clouds Flying, O my Darling Dallas! Sleep quite in my dream.

Days Of Suspicion

Days of suspicion fall down here None is beyond doubt Whenever someone speaks of protest We think it a chicanery whenever somebody speaks of reformation We think it a quackery Whenever someone smiles We think it a bantering

Even one oneself doubting one's activities

Dear Deer

Dear deer, My life is chlorophyll now In your mangrove It scatters into those crores of Green leaves

Take and absorbe them To the last bite

Love developes in destruction

Afluent the death with Abundance and love!

Dear Poet, Dear Blacksmith

Every word of your poem As soft as feathers Dear poet, while reading, Feathers turn into quills Gradually quills turn into swords

Dear poet, write more poems Soft and simple We need more and more blacksmiths More and more swords

We have no alternative to survive

Dear Un, Do Hear Me!

Darkness all around, Only sarpents are laughing; Who cares the sufferings?

Deathbed

Over the households, Celestial light spreading; Life sleeps on deathbed.

Definition Of Poetry

Poetry is a written, metaphoric and primary Text that aims to present an unwritten but ultimate text suggesting some alternative truth or truths before its reader with the help of an attractive form and content that may be considered as poet's own and original voice.

Democracy

Turning back frequently she looks askance The maiden; pulls my heart and taps the chest

While I attempt to embrace Runs away with mystic dance

What a pride of breasts!

Democracy, I Miss You, Darling

You never let me know— how you are. What kind of roadmap and map are needed To reach that pairs of arm— I don't know.

which color is fabourite to those colorful lips Is unknown to me. In this world, still the color of Blood is red and I know: to remember those affected Children of Palestine, you ought to choose red— Everywhere on earth; Too much killing! In countries, So much devastatation! Still, even today, we want to go Towards you and only you—

I can swear in the name of these daylight scenes and The blindness of the night: Each blood vessel from Our injuries' drop off, will give birth to different types of flowers; If, today, you stare at us, rejecting the greed of powersuckers, If you creat shower of love; and those arm of you, Democracy, (I miss you, darling), if those arm of you Expand towards our deprivation, towards ours—

Denying The Truth

In all possible ways Denying the truth We will move towards daily bazar

Suddenly Bouncing hands of truth Will chip our throats And shout to command us 'Surrender every peny you have! '

Again denying the truth We will move towards home

Our kitchen will float on flood.

Deserted Life

Life in a desert Is not, your absence only Makes it deserted.

Destination

Infertile! Barren ground! Onerous stones. Some are lying down. Some are sitting and standing, but they are immovable. Walking on foot is impossible here. And it's hard to ride on a wanton horse.

In my bedroom, there is a lone mirror, It's occupancy of space has no good reason. I turned it into energy and watched the immense water and the tide flow. I have sprung the river that is up running and brought comfort in the field of affliction Now I'm rushing towards you.

Stay still, do not diverge Oh! distant sea-shadow, Definitely, you are the destination we are reaching for.

Dog-Dominant Land

Things are changed rapidly:

There are a few masters A lot of loyal dogs here Devoted to these masters Trained up as tyrannic,

Now ours is a dog-dominant land.

Dreadful Knives

Night falls, a cypher Message alarms the dwellers: Dreadful knives coming!

Dreams And Reality

You, the drowsy memory of mine, Are floating in icy water of a lake Afar from my bed and all the warmth I've For the whole night of this winter.

Until I awake in my loneliness Am licking the smell of your presence Smeared with my lips, then I can see: your presence and absence Wrestle unending in the nothingness.

Thus, my dreams and reality Transforms into an un finished poem Composing themselves with hesitated vocabulary.

Dynasty Of Arrogance

The night is taken by the rain.

Someone came out of the mirror in my lone bedroom and said:

'I want to stay awake with you! '

It is dark outside and flooding insane. The high ambition is down to the knee And a dynasty of arrogance is diminished like a straw going down the stream.

* Translated from original (Bengali) to English by RAZIA SULTANA

* Edge by Sylvia Plath

The woman is perfected Her dead

Body wears the smile of accomplishment, The illusion of a Greek necessity

Flows in the scrolls of her toga, Her bare

Feet seem to be saying: We have come so far, it is over.

Each dead child coiled, a white serpent, One at each little

Pitcher of milk, now empty She has folded

Them back into her body as petals Of a rose close when the garden

Stiffens and odors bleed From the sweet, deep throats of the night flower.

The moon has nothing to be sad about, Staring from her hood of bone.

She is used to this sort of thing. Her blacks crackle and drag.

.....

Translated into Bengali (i.e. Bengalized) by Rahman Henry

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Effect

Just before climbing the mountain,

with pride, standing beside meadow grass, I do measure my own height;

After coming down: scared—

I look for Redwood tree, in which, Nothingness of human height is reflected;

Embrace Them

My absent kisses, Blisses, beborn fresh night air; My Dallas, embrace them!

Emerging A Generation

Keep knowing this, rather I was born. before the birth of my father. And my hairs turned into white Before growing my hair and other.

Endurance

Blind watchmen stand by, Night streets are full of guns; Endure one more year!

Epitaph: A

If It's his homested Or tomb, Be patience and stand here!

May be, He went to gather Spanish Cherry blosoms;

The aroma is flowing in the air— That's it, He is, just, returning back!

Exploration

History starts field works, from field to field— Not looks for elephants, Mathematician he is, And obtained a doctorate degree in skeletons-counting;

After getting his blessings, people become numbers only.

He sings: "Kings rule over us, and everyday, in the morning, Send us, with love and care, towards The statistics schools"—

It's a melodious song, vibrant, voice goes shaking-

Father

Not only a Bangladeshi I'm an Asian—

And, to me, Father means:

An ancient bicycle.

Fathomless Hunger

Fathomless hunger; Poor wild berries, hide yourselves! King's men growing mad...

Fireflies

Fireflies waiting for Night, even, darkness is a bliss To prove they have light.

Fiveths

1. Rilke borns once, when A roseplant is The killer

2.

Obama and Osama bin Laden are the same Identity, Middle East knows It

3.

If you find meaning and reword: absolute lie, The right terminology: Politictruth

4.

.

The only success of birth control program is: Nawabs decrease, Mir Jafars Leads

5. When development disposses democracy State-power manifests through: Rape

For Roses

Waiting for your face My love, upon the mountains Rise up for roses!

For Sake Of Democracy

USA, stop your Caravan! You are so tired of empowering Israel, Tired of running towards Middle East Far East And South East,

Take rest now And point your eyes into own Renew your thought, Reshuffle your policy You need Change And it's a high time to choose your New Powerhouse

For sake of Democracy USA, if you consider Democracy to be the best state-policy You need to select a non-Democrat.

For The Bolivian Miners

The stand of La Paz is always for the capitalists As if those miners are not human being!

Whatever happened in Panduro The reaction of an illegal action by police

My poems, with your every words and poetics Go, stand by the Bolivian miners!

No power or pride, but the miners are Bolivia.

For The Queen

After the end of a long long winter night I got no Spring, no south wind, No velvet day, even, There was no saffron afternoon!

I leapt over the mountains after mountains, Crossed the seven waters, Quickly the sky turned into crimson of Karbala; Yet none was waiting there, None to welcome me!

I never was in her dream, yet, I dreamt of the queen who was never born in real, Who only ruled over my imagination and dreams!

Foxes' Field

No light, fireflies only, Glorious the night, darkness; Fearless foxes' field!

Freedom Of Speech

I was told by the royal wisdom:

Sweeter than nectar More alive than wine And take-a-must drinks that was,

Perhaps, they called it Democratwine.

Confused, frightened, my trembling lips had a sip

Suddenly, came a rocky mountain Out of invisible demon's mouth,

Knocked me down Trampled my voice until it stopped itself

And the wonder I can see those suffering majority That have already been struggling for Their cut off voices

Friendship

When a mother-tigress Breast-feeds to a fawn

That's motherly And Friendship.
Gettysburg Address

It was lain in a grainfield, faraway, As it occurs often; decomposed, has been melted. A few jackals dragged it And brought closer to the locality;

No way to identify. Now, the people started whispering: - ``Ah, who is this dead man? ''

And I can hear, clearly In Bengali, resounds and reproduces— Gettysburg Address:

"- of the people, by the people, for the people-"

Give Me Women, Wine, And Snuff - Poem By John Keats (With Bengaly Translation)

* Give Me Women, Wine, And Snuff - Poem by John Keats

GIVE me women, wine, and snuff Untill I cry out 'hold, enough! ' You may do so sans objection Till the day of resurrection: For, bless my beard, they aye shall be My beloved Trinity.

** Bengali Translation(Bengalized) by Rahman Henry

????? ??? ????, ??, ???? ??????? ?? ?????

???????: ????? ????? @ Rahman Henry

Glancing At

Look, I stare at thee and see you, my mentor, It's nothing but an illusion; May be it's someone else I look for, And may be, you look like that other-one.

Global Peace!

In the Olive garden, the children are sleeping by the fire; They are safe, quite alright. The pet cat's Watching them... no problem.

For masturbation, we can choose now The White House and it's luxurious washrooms In search of the joy and excitement of interracial sex We can now transform UN Security Council Conference cell Into our one-night-stay bed of warmth

Gran'ma, I Had To Remember

Gabtali is not so a place of importance That the world could recall it At the very first hearing But I had to and so did my father

You were a woman of words For some reasons, you left your husband Alone with your younger son And never came back

When your parents, welwishers And also the nieghbours provoced To return to your hubby and children You kissed but the death

Gran'ma, I knew you never And so did my father, Gran'ma, but Father and I know your grave Gran, ma I had to remember GABTALI

Grape Harvesting

Characterless sun Uncovering woman labourers Marbles turning alive

Greedy Citizen

Blue sky gets down on The green earth, kisses the grounds; Greedy citizen

Ground-Nuts

Ground-nuts___

Be they raw or roasted, once you unveil them and put in the mouth They are yummy.

You eat and think Life is nothing but a collection of billions and trillions of them

And still many of them need unveiling.

* Translated from Original (Bengali) into English by RAZIA SULTANA

He Ate And Drank The Precious Words (Poem By Emily Dickinson) : Bengali Version:

* He ate and drank the precious Words (Poem by Emily Dickinson)

He ate and drank the precious Words -His Spirit grew robust -He knew no more that he was poor, Nor that his frame was Dust -

He danced along the dingy Days And this Bequest of Wings Was but a Book - What Liberty A loosened spirit brings -

** Bengali Version (Bengalized) By Rahman Henry

Hieroglyphics

With the help of hieroglyphics I've written this statement—

Today, again One heart from playings cards Flying towards your evenings

Even Yucatan is unable to touch it now

History Of Memory

In my Memory Bloodshed and Krishnachura Just the history

History Or Memory

Blue sky

Fearless white pigeons Were flying

At the moment of Falling to the ground Dreaming repeatedly This one and only dream Crossing your bleeding wounds A formless pigeon Flew away Amid The black sky

Pierced with a bullet

The red geyser

Holy Fire

Devour me, o fire! I desired for you ages long, Let me burn to bone!

Homeland

Mystery is my Homeland And I was born once more before I was born Even I'll die once again after my death But Remember, There may be a million of Countries, yet, Our Homelad is One.

Норе

No flame, only thin smoke From the drier stalk of grain; Indicates some hope.

Hunger

Hungry I am And need a flaming fire As delicious as foods

You the most lovely flame Dancing on the other bank of this river

There is no boat, no sailor, I know nothing of swimming

My hunger is dancing here For you.

I Care For You, Dear!

The black overcoat Snow-white nights at Arlington I care for you, Dear!

I Discover You

Snow drips on Snowdrops On the Discovery screen I discover you

I Had To Remember

Gabtali is not so a place of importance That the world could recall it At the very first hearing But I had to and so did my father

You were a woman of words For some reasons, you left your husband Alone with your younger son And never came back

When your parents, welwishers And also the nieghbours provoced To return to your hubby and children You kissed but the death

Gran'ma, I knew you never And so did my father, Gran'ma, but Father and I know your grave Gran, ma I had to remember GABTALI

I Know Nothing Of But Love

May be I'm a Dove, May be a Poet I'm, Not sure; yet, sure I damn, I know nothing of but LOVE.

I Like Dallas

Rulers always take care of their fellow people As the crocodiles are of river-fish As the Lions of deer and rest of the forest As the snakes of frogs,

A beloved always take care of her LOVE As a demon take care of human being

You are the one who takes care a lot of me From the detachment, from faraway, Adjacent to 'Oklahoma', the land of red people. The primitive; I've no interest to go there... I like Dallas only for her yellow roses But I always and forever love you wherever you be;

Please, come back and fry me in an oven Please, come back and prove your love Or, eat me out as the wolf of Texas-mountain!

*It's a global and virtual letter for you.

I Longed For No Death But You

From apple green morning To orange yellow afternoon I made my eyeballs moving around Every directions, waiting for you, At least, I hoped for your shadow;

There were trees, clouds and An evening came down, All provided their shadow, except you

I had to drown in the black ocean of night I longed for no death but you And of course for a sunny day When the heaven will smile for we the two

If

If not a man but I were created only as a tree,

I would tell my creator, 'Lord, send me In the desert! ' And there I would germinate Oasis, one after another.

Who knows? If the days come When you have to walk through deserts!

If I Kiss You

If I kiss you I'll do so in public I'll kiss you In the middle of the Cross-road

If You Can Remember

Rending the veils of this visible night, Speak out, you speechless voice!

In this black tiles darkness, bow to a smooth tone And turn into a song, be played A melody throughout silent fields!

Swinging your well shaved mane, speak out, You, the horse gradually coloring brown to blue!

Warmth, adjacent to the sun, arouse with burning music...

If you can remember That soft gems are the primal rocks That separated hearts are the labor-room of stones

Wrath of an ancient river, Speak up for oblivion faces and tones!

If You Could

If you could understand my agony You would surely be a woman To whom I wanted to devote my worship But you couldn't.

Illusion

Here flies the dust, condensed darkness here, Whose shadow comes up home from the ancient pond

Her face lowered, eyes wet with tears, hands trembling Yet, each moment seems to be the first and colorful

Thousand pairs of lips she has Where should I kiss?

In A Dead Forest

Dead forest Eight towering legs Cats and dogs Two giraffes mating

No hope for people When they could vote for Their own representatives

Nonstop adulation for peace Endless hymn for democracy

Two giraffes mating in a dead forest

In A Flower

In my childhood I used to swim in a flower

In my adolescent I swam in a flower

In my youth Still I've been swimming in a flower

Till my death I'll swim in the very same flower

In Flood Seasons

The Rainy season is but a season of flood in our country.

Rivers come to meet us at our households! There is water water everywhere We walk through seasonal rivers Indeed, Ours is a watery lands

In Flood seasons, we even sleep on water Recollecting my mom's advice, I wonder When alive she used to tell us: 'There is a Prophet Under water, Khwaja Khizar. Never pass water in water! '

I simply wonder: How a man can live under water for thousands of year!

In Some Full Moon Of Dole

Crispy, like melodious romantic songs of some Hondi films, the moon-light are flowing past the bosom of Chaitra; wind is sitting drooping in that far-away field, on the aerial roots of banyan tree, pathetic Gazals of Galib are strolling in the veranda collide with each other; proud drifting moon-beam of this night dimlights of the night-bulbs took leave. The nightly dusts fly over the clouds; and drooping clouds bend down somewhere at the far end of the field, near the brimming water of swamp...

I could easily see, your sleepless locks of hairs sometimes becomes unruly and then suddenly turns very timid and tame. An indolent curled-up python is lying lazily in her dreamless sleep; let her breath of sudden awakening, take me away to the remote distance, where a pair of birds, are, like black-n-white image flying tireless...

Flying away...

Flying away...

In The Almond Groves

In the Almond groves My eyes met the wandering murderers

They are the domesticated Princes of the self-declared Empress They go to the Cashew Orchard whenever they like In the moonlit night to embrace those who are dumb They are disdainful about those who think they still have a voice

They Princes holy job is to make those voices numb Their cruel fingers seal the dissident throats into deep sleep The map of my motherland is being booted in every second By the holy guns of these hooligans.

In the Almond groves, today I met some of them!

*Translated from Bengali to English: Akhlaque Ahmed

In The Dark Century

I can't promise you, that, All the full moon nights, I'll spend without sleeping—

Let this darkness teach me the lessons of life!

At night of black-rains, It's not me, Who will go to sleep holding his cheeks—

In this dark century, I too want to talk a lot— about darkness—

Inconsistent

Aphrodisiac tune She rises alone at home Forgets of her old

Indigence

Showering train, running damn, Whom thou bearing away?

Indigent platform, I'm.

Inevitable

They were born in the sea with sea-care, You have got them up Now that you have preserve them in care, Into your furnished flats in a gorgeous city.

Your city is too safe! Let's think, free of earthquake and tidal flood, Let's think, armed guards have flawless eyes on them, Let's think, also, secretly you have kept them in a hidden chest,

Yet, It's the matter for time being, Once, in future, all these seashell will dissolve into the sea!
Inflaming

Not fire, a woman can inflame a man well

After his death We gathered firewood, charcoal And some other elements To burn him

We set fire and observed, finally, All other things with firewood burnt Except him

Inheritance

My whole body is hairy as if an entellus I am. Also, the same about my father.

Those hair of mine was not impenetrable at first, Suddenly, after my father's death, They grow impenetrable and count double.

It Has A Long Been

It has a long been We forgotten to write each other Forgotten the way to Post Office

At times, I read the old letters You wrote me In those days, when we had pens, We had writing pads with decor

Reading old letters feels wonderful A happy time with pearls in our eyes

It has a long been I've waiting for new letters

Have our pens forgotten the names of Those color pads? Or the pads of the pens?

It's Ringing The Cellphone

It's ringing the cellphone, continuous Sound neutral, unconcerned the kitchen is

It's ringing the cellphone, continuous The road is surrounded by Gold-rain-trees, a private car Pharmacist is on the way home, driving

It's ringing the cellphone, continuous Ears are engaged with Tagore songs, fingers with Facebook;

It's ringing the cellphone, continuous Cellphone: a luxurious misinvention of this century

It's ringing the cellphone, continous Congrats! Congrats!

It's ringing the cellphone, continuous, and stops At the distance of a light years, there is a disappointed sigh

No reply.

I'Ve To Tell The Pope, Next Sunday

Being worm-eaten, ceaseless... still Giggling all the apples, one after another Those green, rosy, red ____

And gloomy, darkened clouds Flying, flying, flying and flying away...

What a sign of inauspicious days!

2.

People run after light and hope, always____ Keep it up more and more but jerks off less;

Yet, keep up an eye, where there is darkness!

Jackson, My Friend

Do you remember the celebration of the night, Michael, When tribal chief of Ivory Coast placed the crown upon your head After the name of King 'Sani'? I remember it clearly, the night of reunion— The sky of Gabon, the land of your fore-father, First got red then gradually glowed golden lights In a mystical way.

With no prior knowledge, right after you were born, You immediately knew that Art did not have a particular motherland; Artists should not have any national barriers; Beauty was for eternity, And roses were always the same in every part of the world; No more introduction was needed.

Indiana was a half-lighted city,

And more deep into it a calm and sleepy world, Garry, Who took you into this vest ocean of agony, Which is actually called life; immediately after you were born, You have learned about a scattered and unsecured world, Where even children were unsafe; where poverty, hunger, War and germs were standing against whose children as opposition.

It was your father whose Gipsy life and the screams of uncountable firm workers,

And the soundless cry of your unprivileged mother And your scary youth set you and your pearl-like voice, Your vocal length for the rest of your life, Which, now we have recognized it in many different ways With countless prefixes.

Those misery and mystery of your youth let you To think of the ones on the other side of the wall, in the dark... And the surging current of those days that re-designed your path of life, Gradually turned into a powerful tsunami of creation.

And we, black and colored people Living in Asia, African and Latin America, who have Learned that you were the light of our dream. You, who have lit that light onto your own skin, And learned that physical sickness could change skin color. So, color did not define human beings, It could only be the slaves of human behavior.

Your music, your dance, your voice, appearances And the beautiful moon-walk Orchestrated million agonies— In the name of children and green, In the name of human beings. Countless wars, famine and curse of poverty, Which became intolerable to every heart of the world, You have sang against like Noah's Ark.

Your music was a unique protest That pierced through the skies, The skies of the world, setting Gabon and Chicago on its cover page, Setting the crystal sky of Never Land all over it; Kept your journey towards centuries.

Jackson, you learned,

Art did not have a particular motherland; Artists should not have any national barriers; So, you could see our youths of the uniqueness Walk with holding hands, walk through the muddy and dusty paths of Asia, Africa And Latin America.

Dear Michael Jackson, you were a poet, A good friend of us— Whose brown skin had painted with the germs of the world, And you have corrected it, And you have proved that color has no internal right, And your heart was the gentle garden of Art, Which could be recognized even by the simplicity of a child— Art meant craziness, art meant babies; And so you have lined to be crucified like Jesus Christ In the human court, under social justification.

Art is not a social norm, nor was it the birthing ground of our values,

Keeping this truthfulness inside your heart You have gone to an internal sleep with your own dignity. You have seen yourself in the center of beauty and truth, ugliness too, Moon therefore trembled beneath your feet... Jackson, from the Never Land to Gabon and touching the Egyptian sky You have spread your self into the vest sky of the world, Not as a Black, nor as a white, as the perfect map of the world. Your voice, your music, with your unique dancing style Now waving through the water wave, clouds, countries and towards the horizon, Into the barren land, dieing green and the everlasting skin of the grass.

*(A tribute to Michael Jackson/Translated by Hassanal Abdullah)

Januadilemma*

fire, light, storm gone home; Governing darkness roaring: Januadilemma*.

Language

Rhythm and sound of falling leaves are Not the same in all language

In each and every language There is a different linguistics of Its own. Yet, we are trying to make a harmony

Then whats about our hearts? Lets go through a common language of love!

Let Me Burn

The beauty of subconscious As if a fairy queen bathing undressed In a solitary forest The tunnel spreads its allurement Beckoning of escalator And light, music, Cupid's arrows Whispering birds of metal Oh, let me burn inside this fire of lust!

Let Me Think Of

Your youth I watched best, Dear! Let me think a day of Coffin and mourning—

Let's Depend On Love

Seas, Oceans, roaring waves Departed us And we've lost our ships The longgest horizon to cross And we, ve lost our wings

Let's depend on love and trust Where time is the best saviour Let our hearts be the ruler Where uncertainty rules over fate

Let's Experience The Snake-Kisses!

And then, from a dense dark water-vessel The black snake came out, wrong touch of Inauspicious time roused it. Then?

Nothing to do but to embrace it With adoration, to adorn its hood With tongue kisses

Let's experience the snake-kisses!

Let's Mourn

I would like to mourn for palestine I would like to mourn for Iraq I would like to mourn for Afganistan I would like to mourn for Libya I would like to mourn for paris

Then Then And Then

I would like to mourn for Rest of the world

I would lament in 1948 I would lament in 1992

Then Then And Then

I would lament in this year

Let's Unveil The Moon

Under a heavy stone Our moon is covered And a brown witch Sitting on the stone As if forever...

All these longest nights We are sleepless In a dense dark We are tired of gloom

We need to sing We need to sleep We need to bathe in moonlight

Let's unveil the moon! Let's move the stone! Let's be free from brown witch!

Letter To Her

Migratory duck, Why not coming back towards Embryonic lake!

Life

It's a long way to go Where there are turning points, uncountable; You may run fast, you may walk slow; It's a fable.

It's a long way to go where there are people friendly, people are hostile; Where there are homes, there are exile; You may stand strong, you may head-bow.

Remember the truth, as bitter as it is, It's an unending movement until you are freeze; Anyway, as long as you survive Above all, It's called life.

Life And Death

Are you growing parallel to death?

Countless, numerous, dead cells are Growing there, in your body.

Cutting, eliminating, regularly taming them Your survival, your beauty, your life.

It seems Oblivion of death means: Life expectancy for a few days more!

Still, none can get rid of death; Everyday, gradually It grows a little throughout living bodies.

Life In Dhaka

All the night long I live as an emperor. At dawn, Death comes and hug me. Then I abandon my body, keep it on bed, and rise With the illusion of body, It's nothing but A soul that growing up through daily death A metropolis transforms before me. With more than Twenty million animals, birds, insects and all the Fierce carnivores Its high rise buildings converts into Plants. Its Main roads and alleyways into Streams. In that endless woods, I look for A map, roads and pathways; But find nothing They are no more; only shrubs, Thorn bushes, vines And trees. Then It's around twilight, evening falls; Fairy of death again embrace my soul fondly. With royal attire, the abandoned body rises That was rejected at dawn, be wondered, smiles; Again, I live like an emperor all the night long Till It's dawn

Life Is Just Like Life

Being released from the womb of a woman We walk towards another To be chained again

None is dependable None is lovable

Life is a coplex road Walls, stones, mud, water...

Life is a groaning running through Graveyards

Free, imprisioned Imprisioned, free

Only a desire weeping alone in solitude Life is just like life with no comparison

Life Sketch Of A Nation

Slender, spindle, without fiber and wood-value And wrongful the tree was A few trees entered into its desire Then, all Then, the whole jungle Then, the whole forest Gradually, all the forests and woods of that land

Into a semi - afternoon entered a whole day A few days A few years The whole century

Like a sitting down gadfly On a mixed colored rabbit's back I'm crossing the deserted steppe, desolate

Horizons is going away at distant, gradually, far away...

Light Is Theft

Night is divided Last part for dense dawn

Light is theft from Lawn

Like A Shell

She was lying on her side... and me Conjured this evening casting my own shadow Into the colt blood - as the birds dreamt.

From scene, the blood, the bird... The distance gets wider, but my mother was The primal sister of the mud. There, the place where I saw her before my birth... In an unknown rainy land... That story fades, vanishes from the stage.

The one who was awakened in the dream... and Her songs! Was it heard at least once? My mother didn't have that memory -So, I created this souvenir in my Deep sleep - on the wings of forgetfulness, As the rivers never remember the happenings. But whatever I recall, or I don't Wouldn't be important at all -

I didn't have any talk with My mother 'bout what I've just told -She was in the moving cloud -She was lying in the side scene... and I Created this sadness in the hidden life Mistakenly trusting someone else's presence like the shells.

So, the tear, too, knew more about Agriculture - like my mother, the eldest sister of crops.

(Translation from Bengali: Hassanal Abdullah)

Linguapainter

Time is my only pet

And Throughout my life

I Draw her lusty lips With thousands of shapes and colors

You may call me: A linguapainter

Lonely Leaf

It's a foggy day

At the solitary Lonely leaf Falls down

None to watch

Looking At Old And New

After a few difficult years I look at old and new again Looking forward your presence Kindle my dark nights Just soak up the atmosphere And smile!

Lost Dreams

Where would I search for Dreams, pleasure? Citydwellers: Where you engraved them?

Love

Once in a blue moon You touched my heart And me, your twin eye; The rivers, birds, wind, woods all in a body Started Singing the saddest melody Then, by fortune, We called it pleasure, called it love, soon! Though, all on a sudden, we need to say: bye! Though, it seems, happy we are being apart! ... Life goes beyond thought, far above, Once in a blue moon, we called it: LOVE!

Love Me

Love me and kindle me Once again, I swear you to Provide a volcano—

Love, Who Is The Creator

Plant a flower plant today With love and affection in your hand Tomorrow you would see a garden

And the tomorrow is a day Called today now

Just nurse the garden with your heart You would see a human sattlement Surrounding the garden

And gradually soon you would see A civilization is established

Nothing more but love can creat A world that you are thirsty for

So, all the praise for LOVE who is the creator!

Man Civilization: 21st Century

There is no people inside

By water Over lands Exploring airways

With hurry, traveling the uniforms

Memories

Fallen leaves, lights, melodies Are dumped here on the balcony; Nothing but memories.

Memory

Evening, silence, dark, Lakes are still, closed-eye rivers; Memory whispers.

Menopause

You are my beloved, the fairy queen of mine, I find charm in you, although you have Embraced your menopause at forty nine.

Merry Christmas

You are my love Merry Christmas I find double directions In your hands: With the left one You bid farewell to the old days And right one looks Forward always With the right You welcome and embrace The new days

You stand between An old and a new year You smile neutrally Between death and resurrection

Merrily you live in between Joy and grief

In spite of all the worst And the best I love this life Accepting all curse and blessing I love you my love

Year after year I wait for you Again and again I call you I welcome you in my life

None but you are my Merry Christmas
Michelangelo

rain of humilation falls endlessly —

The man is steady; cutting stones standing, sitting appearing one after another strong man as if dreams bloom!

Now, appreciations, receptions, storm of speeches —

In spite of all these, hurriedly, that living stoneman reshaping himself by his own hands

Mimosa

You are but Lajwanti I've greed but cant dare to O bashful Mimosa!

Misleading

I called winter-bees Towards the spring

Some of them Are busy at the street posters That are multicolor, enriched with A lot of flower photos

Probably They are busy to collect nectar!

Multilingual Word-Poem

?? ??? Gay I'm

Blame Game

??'! ????! Game

Double Game

Blame Game Blame

Game Game Game

Blame Blame Blame...

Flame Flame Flame...

????? ????? ?????...

My Days

Its the only truth of my days And it's the truth always Loosing my roads, ways and paths Loosing my trust, bank and faith Yet, walking, running and looking for madly And whenever I found some dirty water, run fast Thinking, may it could mitigate my thirst And at last Returning to my barren dark lonely room With the lips of faithfulness, I play being gloom

My Desire

There may have a lot of great mysteries In the world;

But...

I'll appreciate If my death is the greatest one.

My Doubt

I have doubt on you Love itself is an Ocean

Depending you, I go down And sink deep inside it

When come up, the church bells ring Love is nothing but an Ocean

I suspect your existence at the beach

My Dreams

Not As a vagabond An unemployed poor guy A sympathy seeker But I've lived the best life Possibly, a human being can do I've consumed all the best wines Available in my homeland And suitable for my native weather And I've absorbed all the pain and joy A man can bear with in his life time (Though I've to live a life of thousand time longer Than a single life duration) And Only after then, I'm a poet To make documentation of undiscovered truth To speak of unspoken beauty and ugliness To unveil some veiled light To remove all the immovable darkness Moreover, To codify some concepts for their confidentiality Which are really open and known to all-But none dares to raise a voice for it Nothing is special in me But I've thought for Asia and I will continue dreams Till my death

My Words Are Eager To Offer

Your egoic spire and its altar-

There I'm- -

Lying down Quietly As a question mark

Unuttered

My words are eager to offer

Mystery

There may have a lot of great mysteries In the world;

But...

I'll appreciate If my death is the greatest one.

Nato For World Peace

Sharks and tuna fish In the south african sea NATO for world peace

Nightfall

Flocks of black horses Leaped into the summer moon, Loud neigh proclaimed: 'Night'!

Nightingales Sobbing

Nightingales sobbing And hearts we broke long ago Breaking of others

Nights And Days

Trough nights I held her In my soul, and my arms cried; For, my days lost her.

No Good News Is There

No good news is there People are looking forward day and night Their eyesight acing Ears are thirsty for Waiting, waiting and waiting Yet, no good news is there

There are King's man playing football Through out the country People are tired of As they playing football with people's Hope and dream People are waiting When the play would over? Yet, no good news is there

No Light

White, cold and silent the sunligh Wite and frail the bridge Trembling in silence And a breeze trying to be a storm

There is no light in the puerperal room

Nothing's Going To Be Ok!

Nothing's going to be OK, my darl'! You would never be so bad girl Who dares to love me.

Me too not going to see The isles in the south Atlantic again, I saw that night, When you left me.

Nothing's going to be OK, my darl'! Life is a light, Reflects from the rarest pearl; For which a lonely bee Should never cry.

People tells me: 'Let's try! ' But It's I Who am know Time and efforts will go In vain

Days will leave the night And nights will leave alone the day But nothing's going to be OK!

November Days

A white mask She wears round the clock; It's November days.

Now In Bangladesh

democracy:

a snake's ears or legs or the both

Nurse

Nurse white and nurse green, Encure me from these bacillus! Send doctors back home.

Nurses Can Do

Not the doctors, only nurses can do.

When you are sick and under the treatment of a doctor He doubts unnecessarily, in the name of diagnosis Suggests you a lot of tests.

If the patients are worthy, nurses themselves Like to be examined.

Doctors suspect, nurses are beyond scepticism.

Doctors do not, just nurses are capable enough To untie the ribbons of cure.

After completion of successful treatment, it seems at the end: not the doctor, The kindhearted nurse wins patient's heart.

O Winter Wind

O winter wind, tune a song of oblivion; Make me forget the name of a one, Once I walked with in the meek light of moon, When the spring calling at Ashulia Road.

O winter wind, blow towards the Atlantic; Make her recall that there is a road Waiting for us, The Ashulia Road, And once again the spring knocking at door.

Oblivious Night

So many known faces, So many recite-worthy roads and ways, We don't meet again, how many days Gone;

With this goblet, I recall those names, And I had have my drinks With these oblivious nights, Accompanied by my loneliness, Alone.

Ode To The Freedom ?? Shamsur Rahman

Freedom, you're Tagore's ever young poems, eternal songs. Freedom, you're Kazi Nazrul, a great soul with long clustered hair dangling, trembling in the joy of creation— Freedom, you're The glorious gathering of everlasting Ekushey at Shahid Minar Freedom, you're The flag- adorned slogan-shouting procession, irresistible. Freedom, you're The farmers' smiling faces in crop-fields. Freedom, you're The uninterrupted sunny midday-swim of a rural girl in mid-pond. Freedom, you're The sinewy muscles, sun-shining skilled arm of a young workman. Freedom, you're The glint eyes of freedom fighters at the edge of this extreme darkness. Freedom, you're The dazzling fervent speech of young meritorious student beneath the shade of a Banyan tree. Freedom, you're The blowing discussion at tea-stalls and open places. Freedom, you're The reckless gust of April-storm throughout horizons. Freedom, you're The Meghna's shore-omitted wideness in the month of Shraban Freedom, you're the generous velvet texture of father's prayer-mat. Freedom, you're The shivering of mother's white sari, spread in the courtyard. Freedom, you're The glaze of henna on sister's soft palm. Freedom, you're a scarlet poster, star-shining in the hands of a friend. Freedom, you're Housewife's thick black hair, Wild, indomitable in the air. Freedom, you're The colorful Kurta to wear a male-child, The playful sunlight On so tender cheek of a female-child.

Freedom, you're The garden home, cooing of cuckoos, Pendant leaves of an older Banyan tree, My notebook to pen poems as I wish to be pleased.

[Literal Translation by Rahman Henry]

Of Governance

No slogan-chanting crowd No voice No poster No protest or procession

Yet a time revolts against tyranny None can hear None can realize Because the tyranny is in disguise Of a good governance

Of Python Darkness

Moments fly away In a moment Days and nights, months, years

Days of wheat, of oat

There is no tree, no face of bird or flower No forecast of fruit, of grain

Oh Lovely Tempest

You left me in the hell of a so called heaven And I learnt how to live alone How to drink the solitary streams even

You repealed all the songs from my fearful nights And I learnt how to make melody from silence How to make the wordless songs fly In the sky-high As if they are the birds, the forecast of kites

You left me, oh lovely tempest, oh wild dove! And made me understand from hatred how to bring love.

Oh Spiders!

Dancing! Oh spiders, Singing! Through out a country; Is it Bangladesh?

On A Journey - Poem By Hermann Hesse (Bengali Version) : ?????????

** On A Journey - Poem by Hermann Hesse

Don't be downcast, soon the night will come, When we can see the cool moon laughing in secret Over the faint countryside, And we rest, hand in hand.

Don't be downcast, the time will soon come When we can have rest. Our small crosses will stand On the bright edge of the road together, And rain fall, and snow fall, And the winds come and go.

*Bengalized (Translation into Bengali) by Rahman Henry

???????: ????? ?????

On Friday

The sunlight sets fire For six days. We burn. Only It rains on Friday

On The Sea, There Are Your Clothes

?? ??????? ????? ????? ??

Only The Heart Lasts

Humen, huwomen Come and go, live and die, but only the heart lasts...

Oranges

Sunlight decorates The lone hills. A citrus scent Lingers there all day.

Ordinary Days And Nights

Trenchant silence Twittering birds slept Trumpery night

The moon, a water soluble tablet, Melting in the lake

No song in my mind No poem

Returning from the lakeside I enter my room On a virgin page of my secret dairy Write down your name

The night would over soon At dawn, another new day would break out

My cellphone never rings for years

OMelting

Our Politics, Our Reality

Invisible lips; Yet, the lip-lines are so bright, Glazing with lipstick!
Our Story

They appeared with high voice The gods and the saviours, Distributors of either democracy or development And asked: You need food and clothing Or freedom of speech

We were in a fix We had to keep silent We were too poor to raise our voice We were in want of bread and butter We lived on hand to mouth We were boneless and backboneless Our silence choose the second option

Then development replaced democracy Dispotism replaced democracy We lost our voice and bowels Hope and dreams

In all sense, we remained the poorer

Overhearing

Being out of shadow, the half-shadow Whispering to the ears of air:

'Go forth, where there is an azure meadow And tell to the boundless desire: Would remain nothing, my dear, But, immortal is Shadow.'

Own World

I build the settlement of beauty I make the living room of simplicity The civilization of ease is my goal

Some people are charmed Some feel disturbed Some people praise and applaud Some discourage me

I never care

Rather I live a royal life At my imaginary palace of rectitude

Out side world roars, distructed itself I construct my own world

Palestine: The Children Are Safe

In the Olive garden, the children are sleeping by the fire; They are safe, quite alright. The pet cat's Watching them... no problem.

For masturbation, we can choose now The White House and it's luxurious washrooms

In search of the joy and excitement of interracial sex We can now transform UN Security Council Conference cell Into our one-night-stay bed of warmth

Peace

Not those milkshake doves-

A white shadow Perhaps

Drifting down the heaven

No sooner than it touches the ground Becomes formless

All the bathing-birds coming out of crimson waters Of hemoglobin

Yet, All the Scriptures too.

People Called It Love

As you come to me, That's it. People called it LOVE. In dreams or real.

Permanent Dress

Days are gloomy Nights are dim.

Eventually, sleeping is our permanent dress.

From noon's sleep, no one wakes up; Both the banks sleeping endless—

Only the river runs, alone with its stream.

Perplexity

I'm simply perplexed; why You began to blow after a serpent? Only to find out her breasts You followed her alone Such a long distance frequented with beasts!

May be, you don't know____ Serpents unfasten and hide their breasts Near those curve-lines of a river Where some cavities are sleeping silent.

O.K! What's then? Disclose the truth____ Did you see something? Colors of radiation, As its a glittering Prism! Returned back in fear? Seeing that solidity of darkness As if, it has shaped like a twin palm-fruit?

Were you alone? Or It's that serpent who saw you off All the way through that deep-dark forest?

And then There spreading a down-pouring Heavenly light from her breasts Cutting all those condensed darkness In a lonely Jungle;

Opening all the waves of the hints of a rope Let's go once again to look up those bright breasts Of the serpent, Of the jungle;

Inside the virgin treasure of cavities Lying and sleeping by the river banks...

(The Stream of Bleeding (2005), Balaka, Chittagong)

Pine Forest - Poem By Gabriela Mistral (With Bengali Version)

* Pine Forest - Poem by Gabriela Mistral

Let us go now into the forest. Trees will pass by your face, and I will stop and offer you to them, but they cannot bend down. The night watches over its creatures, except for the pine trees that never change: the old wounded springs that spring blessed gum, eternal afternoons. If they could, the trees would lift you and carry you from valley to valley, and you would pass from arm to arm, a child running from father to father.

* Bengali Translation

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

???????: ????? ????? @Rahman Henry

Polish Your Gold

Gold should always glitter. If doesn't, Make it glittering By all means!

'All that glitters is not gold' But glittering is golden and goldly.

Polish your gold Whenever needed.

Politiculture

Each and everyday, there goes on vengeance, soundful and silent Each and everyday, at morning, there are sad news

With how many death you intends to full your bag, Independence, to be the harvesting season in our paddyfields?

In my sleep too, I can hear: here, on the roads of homeland and throughout Asia The painful jumpy booms

Ah, gloomy days! When would you take us again towards the labour room of dreams?

Prayer

You are none but a goddess Please, lend me your ears And hear:

I never intend you to impress.

yet, mind this: I'm nothing but a rocky stick that ready to do With the sole purpose to serve you.

I'm always at your service.

And It's my prayer.

Present Of Future

Deserted mirror in The woods, reflects another face; Present of future!

Proclamation

If Being created a river flows here, After my desire; Then, Me, hereby proclaim: Oh, silent stones, Sing of the roots!

Programmed People

O programmed people It does not matter what you have seen You have to see what you were programmed to see That's the only thing you are allowed to see

Moreover

Whatever you see, the story is, you will narrate the dialogue That was made and fixed for you. Remember this with all might.

You have entered into a life produced and directed by others. This the film that contains the essence and the spirit of your life You cannot have your own speech or way of life whatsoever.

Rain

Resounding Rain here-

Thunderbolts too uselessly, Deep silence in me.

Reality

Attempts to fly off my body, the skeleton— I say it: "Stay in there, just fit! "

Yet, it goes away beyond a rainbowbridge on the horizon; and exit.

The bewildered day sparkels as marbles on the left out heap of my meat.

Rebirth

The city builds cities Inside her, and continues; Waiting for rebirth...

Redefining A Land

Now It's high time for Redefining a land Where snakehoods and flower petals Replacing each other Where white and black Reintroducing just with Their antonyms

Now It's right time to Review our old views

Reform Me!

I've no interest to surrender myself To libido I'm not a person to hand over my home To seductive lust Every ejaculation senses a new defeat to me I want to love you as I love my mom

Is there any nymph who can Reform me into an eternal tree? I'm, in fact, tired of all these Humanly greed, desire and lust

Renaming

Hready, It's your thirtieth birthday, today; AndI come to know that you are too young, for a while...To me, Birds means songs and think it, women meansThe mother from the very beginning of my life.But notice, some birds are standing against songs!There are mothers who are the killers of their own sons...

Hready, It's my thirtieth death anniversary, today; and At the end of this moonlit-night, that old tree is Seen, dead... either the vines made it green or The dead tree made the vines green; It's confusing; As you and me, as the words and the poems are...

Hready, It's my thirtieth day of being astonished, today And I come to know that There is a river in this world That reaches a Lake in stead of the Sea...What a wonder! But I used to rename the rivers as current and seas!

Revenge Of The Fallen

Resurrect neuron, possibilities of memorization, form those ancient skulls Once again it's a tribal age here. Firewall has identified The borderline of occupied empire. Again aggression, tribeleader Is all in all to decide anything. All the well here inside deep forest Are full of liquid nights, Sealike watery darkness, reducing movement Reflection may transform into moaning of broken leg horses.

It's not only the time to prey and collecting foods from woods; rather The time for winning fight and to occupy animal farms, gardens, grasslands Resound horses, the forgotten pride, from your rejected skeletons

Let the rabbits run away, trembling, nonstop, into their caves!

Right To Speak

It was laughing and dancing with its beloved questions:

The sappy questions The baffled ones

Moan turned out to be their jazzy recipe Busy moments and their images were imprisoned from themselves

yet celebrations were magnified And the answers heartbroken

Safe And Sound

Finally, we're succeded to find those mountains where even the loudest screams don't echo

And long ago, we were handed mirrors which were secured from reflection as if they were castrated.

Hah ha! Now, no more bandaged mouths or muffled voices All noise is trapped And photographs fail to capture light.

Isn't it more than being safe and sound?

Same Sounds

Administer Add ministers

Secret Eyes Know

The mud is red here Water: hemoglosyrup

The Bay of Bengal

Seeing Him Returned Alive

There was no smell of dusts in the winds

It was not the season of dusts either But he got back from nowhere

We are made to believe Even though others like him could be allowed to live They will never return Save their dead bodies

We cried in groups out of great ecstasy Seeing him returned alive We continued crying and laughing and hugging and kissing The whole new moon through the seasons of the Rains

Through all the consecutive full moons till the arrival of the Spring.

Translated in English by Akhlaque Ahmed

Shadow Beside Shadow

Nights: a shadow condensed gradually Combined and growing

Those who have been formed shadows Beside them

All the day long All the night long Each of us growing shadow

She

Darkness in her hive; Ages ago, dead she is— Yet, roaring alive!

She Is It

Have you ever heard of A witch who comes out as a fairy, Shows her floral face with illusive beauty? In a greener field, who dances as Nymph did; have you ever seen A wolf in sheep's clothing?

She Is Still My Love

Native Sandalwood, Go, ornament her forehead! She is still my love.

She, Who Herself Is Democracy

I know all the funeral practices and burial customs Of my people, in respect of religions and ethnic groups

Hundreds of thousand years passed And I had to go through uncountable funerals and burial

Those days of joy and grief Never thrown me in a fix

But now, at a loss I am, With these corpse of ethic, legitimacy and human rights What to do?

How could I burn my greed To turn your DEMOCRACY into DEMOCRAZY? Which strategy could fulfill my lust for grasping all the powers?

O thou royal magician, come and free me From this serpentine self-trap Let me finish the mass-burial of negligible public opinion Throughout my land And adorn me crown forever as none but myself is democracy!

Shelter Me!

White, undimmed sky, Shelter me to hide and lie! My greens going die.

* Bengalized(Translation into Bengali) by Rahman Henry
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*Sighs and Groans- Poem by George Herbert

O do not use me After my sins! look not on my dessert, But on your glory! Then you will reform And not refuse me: for you only art The mighty God, but I a silly worm; O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me!

For what account can your ill steward make? I have abused your stock, destroyed your woods, Sucked all your storehouses: my head did ache, Till it found out how to consume your goods: O do not scourge me!

O do not blind me!

I have deserved that an Egyptian night Should thicken all my powers; because my lust Has still sewed fig-leaves to exclude your light: But I am frailty, and already dust; O do not grind me!

O do not fill me With the turned vial of your bitter wrath! For you have other vessels full of blood, A part whereof my Savior emptied hath, Even unto death: since he died for my good, O do not kill me!

But O reprieve me! For you have life and death at your command; You are both Judge and Savior, feast and rod, Cordial and Corrosive: put not your hand Into the bitter box; but O my God, My God, relieve me!

Silence

Silence, the soundless Tree - - whose branches, boughs, leaves are Talkative in vain.

Silence Is A Poet

Plato is alive inside his grave Thousands of years are alive On calendar

Silence is a poet composing Songs for them....

Silent Rain

Looking for the poem— Stories of silent rain, For forty six years.

Simply A Truth

Where there is no Helen, There is no Troy. But the truth is: There are Helens.

Skythief

Someone has stolen the sky that shelters those people who could never build their own homes, dear God! I'm not that someone; rather I tried to build homes for the woman who has already been granted a home in your heaven...

Snakes And Ladders

We always are late To reach home or/and anywhere Roads are snakes and ladders

Some Cruelty

In search of Wedding-Suburbs Love has reached at Wastage-cities.

Our own plants and trees are growing up In those gardens that are owned by others.

Our motherlands are actual exiled That exist far away from our visual worlds.

Better, let's never talk of sawmills, Trees and those are growing in equal ratio.

I write down these cruelty in a calendar of water pages, On the tongue of a snake that crossing illusion-rivers.

Days like a great dumb, you know well, How rapidly deteriorate human endurance!

Splitting

She was watery Soft and wet field but thirsty hard pipe split her hive

Spring Is The Season

Spring is the season We met, loved each other, detached; Could we remember?

Squealing With Delight

Appealing with an Insatiable need, squealing with Delight, for your feed...

Stability

All the marks are not eternal _____ The sea knows it.

How many footprints are there across the sand dunes!

All the paths originated from human footsteps Running towards thousands of ways...

The sun sees them shining lantern through the marks, The moon sees with a lamp in her hand, The empty winds of seascape laughs at, as if a neutral song it is!

The sea sends her brigades of waves ____ Commanding:

'Go ahead and remove them! '

Staring At

Naked breasts, as Winkless eyes, staring at horizon After heavy rain.

Stories - Poem By Ko Un (Bengali Version) : ????? ????:

* Stories - Poem by Ko Un

There are stories. There are people telling stories and people listening to them.

The room is full of the breath of the stories.

That is enough.

Eight months of winter at minus 40. A weaned baby froze to death; the grieving did not last long.

Soon there are stories. Between prayers and more prayers between one meal and the next there are stories. This kind of state is a perfect state.

** Bengali Translation (Bengalized) by Rahman Henry

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Stories Of Collective Lives

Zigzag stories of collective lives Never end with straight lines

Flags of poverty Increasing in cities, at countrysides

Needles, job seekers and the third world Automatically expanding rapidly

Struggle For Freedom And Democracy

Bangladesh, a safari for the rulers,

Where struggle for freedom and democracy Never ends

Where people are the fatal deer That running away towards a lion To get rid of a tiger And Vice-versa

Where devils sing the angel's song

Where under every footstep There is a freshly grave

Where the entire land is a graveyard

Where the dead men and women dwelling As if alive they are!

Bangladesh is a land of sneakers Where struggle for freedom and democracy Never ends

Sudden Dawn

Endurable night, Caressing your wound gently; It's a sudden dawn!

Tanu Means Body In Bengali

Comilla, still silent, deaf and dumb!

Parents' shoulders bear with violent death, Daughter corpse's reath—

Our feelings gone anesthetically numb!

Taos Hum

Your footsteps, hears I— Too clear— The Taos Hum, as if; Yet, I am in grief.

That You Are Coming Soon

You are not in front of, not in sight

So I love the images you left here The smell you spread in the air

And A green woods I named after you

But Nobody knows where the woods located

The green woods and I stand here still For both of us know, that,

At an upcoming night a star-clouded sky Would bathe with moon's shower, and, A moon would unveil her smiling face A lonesome night would be crowded again

That you are coming soon...

That's The Only Problem

Disappointed she was Used to cry all her dreamless nights

A palmist came then, told her: 'When you would see your own corpse in dream, You would become an Empress.'

One night she did and became the Queen. She thought until she would see her own corpse in real, she would remain the Empress.

That's the only problem, otherwise ours had a happy Land. Now she and we are waiting to she her... in real!

The Reality

Once I asked to the Pigs: Of all the vegetables, which one is the best? They made a chorus: Arum!

Although the Pigs are A subject of hatred to me, How could I ignore the reality?

The Achievement

I've hold all the poison Possessed by your body

You are innocent, weightless And free from thunder-shade, now

From this joyless earth Goddess has turned away her kind face So depression is here

The arrow seems to be grief-carrier That running towards you Believing you are an armor

You never touched the poison That possessed by my body Rather you always doubt on it.

The Agreement

If desired by thine____ I'll choose a death at will for mine; The means of doing that, 'cause it's tough, It's you, then, who is to suggest, my love!

If with a double-dagger, suggest thee, May be, It's more than fine! Please, quicken and supply to me!

But remind it, my love, my sun-shine! Blade of that dagger should have Trenchant and fine, As sweeter as wine.

And make me your shrine!

The Anguish

Love

The ultimate tragedy And the anguish of birth-memory Even in the Atlantic

As the Salmon Returns to its starting point

Alive or dead...

The Ants

Watching the ants, I can't but convulse with laughter;

Finally, they start flying With newly grown hostile wings!

Waiting for the next...

The Argument

That was the evening of an uncertain spring. And in all sense, It was raining there, We should not disagree this truth, But now you deny that to be raining. You deny that was an evening, a place And our presence too.

I'm to agree with you, always, as you loved me. That I'm not a person, the place was merely a place. There was no evening, no spring, no rain. There was me, alone; and a space: empty. There was no 'you', no 'me', Only the place: barren.

But a time can never refuse that it was raining there And we both are burnt in that rain for the last time. And that was the place we loved one another For the last time!

The Assassination

He was assassinated. His death, As if, the plantation of a golden-apple-tree To numbers of people; Who they are?

Let's count the apples eaten out Let's compare the numbers Let's search for the top most beneficiary Of all the beneficiaries!

His death was a Tragedy. Yet, If we fail to find out the apple-eater, Would be a more tragedy than the first one.

The Autumn Flowers

One-night blooms with its lifetime, In the darkness of menacing moonlight;

When bees fall into their nocturnal habits, They slump lethargic in the morning dews.

* Translated from original (Bengali) into English by RAZIA SULTANA

The Beauty

The beauty, more covetable than the charm of breasts Of a pretty woman, hidden somewhere in this world Or in the dreams of a poet, yet to come;

In search of that beauty and Its pleasure, still I walk Throughout this life where tyranny is the only pride Of the rulers; still I digging my own body Until and unless I find the center of the bones

And I've touched the nothingness-points of Roses and all the flowers that smiling with deception And on the peak of so called achievement hills

The Beauty Hidden In A Beauty

It's early autumn The Fort Worth International Airport Waiting with her every beauty

In a cowboy country, where The vast lone star state stands Around there, somewhere you smiling, My beloved!

The beauty hidden in a beauty

The Blue Whale

A Frog of the well As if watching the blue whale! A tiny catfish.

The Blues And Sigh Giving Ceremony

Thanks for the blues and sigh You presented us You couldn't but do this

Because you are promised to Because you wanted to rule over

To the kings, Rulling over means and includes The blues and sigh giving ceremony

Bravo! The Selfcrowned Empress, You've done the right deed!

The Butcher Girl

I never doubt of her skill

She resizes the goat, her father won for bravery, Already made Its head and skin detached

Just, wait and see: How does she reshape it to a skeleton!
The Call

Rainy eve calls me, In the dark forests alone; Liquid light of you!

The Captive

The guard has escaped;

The Captive is sound asleep He doesn't want to wake up

The jailer will never know The Captive has no place to go to.

The Castle And The Horse

There stood the horse Near to the knee of a castle

The castle is ancient;

There stood a castle Nearer the horse

The horse is ancient;

Flurries talking with the noon The sunlight talking with boughs

Silent, without conversation the castle and the horse;

Once upon a time With the sound and echo of neigh Used to glisten the castle

The Catfight

Power position Such a lucrative milkcup That catfight goes on

The Christmas Gift

I'll decorate my Chriatmas Tree With heavenly bulbs Light of every colors Will glitter from my heart

If only you send me A simple gift A call from your cellphone The call of Dallas Can make my Day

Crossing the oceans If only your voice touches My earshot, my love, This glum day will turn into A Merry Christmas Day

The Christmas Tree

Stays standing only Unblinking; once or twice Bends in storms

Then Gradually becomes straight

Sights of killings, abortions, Trafficking of Religion Ethics and idiology

The Christmas Tree stays standing only Muted; never ever moans

At far away, collapse the river banks And some four or more hundreds of settlements, negligible, Collapse to follow them.

The Circus

The circus has begun a while ago-It's not ending

It's time now that we join also But we need to find fake mirrors before that

'Cuz our faces need to look like clowns without any make-up

We'll dismiss all the concepts of normal sounds from our vocal cords From the brains we'll withdraw the neurons of all our thoughts Pump out history and past events from the memories Submit ourselves to the circus-director, the Mr. know-it-all

And we'll whisper into his ear that any stages on earth are built to be destroyed.

* Translated from original (Bengali) to English by RAZIA SULTANA

The City

The city builds cities Inside her, and continues; Waiting for rebirth—

The City Gate

Three hundred and ninety six kilometers I crossed to reach the city gate

That's the capital The palace and the kings are there

The city gate seemed to be opened But not actually

I had to be on my knee And wait Until the kings changed their masks

The Clock

The clock of God that hangs in the churchyard gets married one day and becomes pregnant.

She can't manage time anymore to point exact time on the hand. There she was! to laugh and tell- it's four p.m. That doesn't happen exactly the same anymore; rather a tortoise keeps walking in this length of hour;

It walks in such a slow motion that we think in half youth-time the clock is about to turn into a stone.

Therefore, the preacher chases us off to the cemetery—

* Translation from original Bengali: Razia Sultana

The Clouds

Boundless white

The clouds

Silver shining

At the beginning They were our friends Out and out

But

Luring of the silver screens Of the ministership The King's men Made them hostile

The Day Of Khandab-Dahan

[O bird, my lonely bird]

EVEN at the moment of burning, let the song remain non-ending on the beaks of birds; let the pride of Spreading wings, pious and eternal. Let the day of Khandab-dahan return again and again, In Bangla, like ancient scriptures The beauty of burning down, the bird, O my beloved!

Whose ensign flies on the top of the trees? Pale barks and skin of whose heart Turns crimson amber while burning Whose drooped skeleton of love reflects On the eternal sky, dead or wounded? Let that be, let that be ever, all those query Only, O bird, in your beak, crimson pain Smear up, let time of parting stare at it!

The Deathfield

Night, boat, fishing net; Dark sea, tarry waves and death; We the fish beneath.

The Defence Rests

The defence rests, your honour!

Still stands the prosecution The accused have no confession Yet

BUT Nothing to be worried

SOON They will...

And That's all, my country men!

The Domecracy Ltd

One upon a country There was a SHE Who herself called The blessings of democracy And desired so would be called By her people too Then she was not in position Then she was an open window

Now She is afraid of opinions Afraid of light Afraid of wind Afraid of the flutter of truth Afraid of the buzzing of bees Afraid of voices from others

Sutting down windows One after another Now she is going to close The doors

Because she is in position now

The Dream

All distance waning, Your smile paints a horizon; My empty field greens.

The Dream Within A Dream

All distance waning, Your smile paints a horizon; My empty field greens.

The Encounter

The black car stopped, A bunch of rifles walked out.

Some asked: Why? They replied by shooting: Thash, Thash, Thash ...

The questions were dead. The replies jumped back in the car.

* Translated from original (Bengali) into English by RAZIA SULTANA

The Eulogy Of Bloodshed

Killers, assassins Everywhere; still the poets Recite eulogy!

The Fear - Poem By Pablo Neruda / ?? ?? ?????? ?????? (Bengali Translation)

* The Fear - Poem By Pablo Neruda

They all ask me to jump to invigorate and to play soccer, to run, to swim and to fly. Very well.

They all advise me rest, they all send me to the doctor, looking at me a certain way. What happens?

They all advise me to travel, to come and to leave, to stay, to die and not to die. It does not matter.

They all see the difficulties of my surprised bowels by awful X-rayed portraits. I do not agree.

They all sting my poetry with relentless forks seeking, without doubt, a fly, I Am afraid.

I am afraid of everyone, of the cold water, of the death. I am like all the mortals, unavoidable.

And for that, in these short days I am not going to pay attention to them, I am going to open myself up and shut myself in with my more perfidious enemy, ** Bengali Translation (Bengalized) by Rahman Henry

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The Flag Of Victory Day

Cities are cloudy The flag of Victory Day Sinks in dreadful dark

The Flutist

All my childhood songs I handed over a flutist. He tuned up a joyful melody, but his face remained melancholic as if covered with a long shadow of afternoon. After all these days, I've forgot that face. Yet, whenever I see any flutist carefully I observe his face: Are all the flutes played in the same tune? All the faces bear same shadow? Does a flutist gather and deposit all the lost faces on his own face?

You've extended the joint-shadow of us horizontal both the directions, Still face to face, we the vertically opposite altitudes on that extended line.

At far off, once again, being played the same song: silent, melodious and blue, That lyrics are running through silence;

You were just here before a while, yet, alas! winds whispering of your existence!

I, hereby, promise you, were I reborn, I would be a flutist.

The Fruit

There is only one fruit Appears repeatedly;

At the beginning, It made dancing Religion and human civilization,

Then It made a HEADQUAKE to Newton And brought a revolution in the field of Physics,

Now a days, people and parties of contradictory opinion Wants to shake the tree where the fruit is,

We've named it Political Science And studying with attention.

The Game

Plenty over bar— Failed to score, no hope, no cheers! It is raining, now.

The Girl

Wanted to reach the sky And touched finally;

Desired to be the sky She, herself And became;

But prior to all these Only once

She had to commit suicide By Hanging

From A Ceiling Fan...

The Girl From Northern Bangladesh

A crowded train Full of men women hawkers All the twelve kinds of passengers The girl holding an ear of paddy In her hand is almost seventeen

All the eyes watch her curiously But it matters a little

Most probably She is from northern Bangladesh Where none to live with her Probaly her journey is towards 2021 And Dhaka is her immediate destination Where also none to welcome her

Yet she has made up her mind To drown her open and secret boats In the dirty water of the Buriganges.

The Girls

Plants In an open nursery— No fence, no guard: unprotected; Can't move and unable to protect themselves.

Where cattle are free of chains and enjoy every freedom; And, here, to ensure immortality, the rulers prefer cattle to plants.

The Grave Dweller

The graveyard silent by day And garrulous at night Is but my beloved land

And I'm proud of these people Dwelling in this duality

One day a thougtful afternoon Would repent in the history As because the assailant was None but our saviour!

The Guard Of The Graveyard

The kings never care for Vulnerable cry and lament of the people

They like to wrap the deadbody of democracy With multicolor clothes And show it vivid to them

Let them be the guard of the graveyards!

The He And The She

He built, arranged, made free: A land, a nation;

She Simply destroys It.

They are the father and the daughter.

The Heaven In My Dream

Seven days and seven nights bare footed, I walked on sands and gravels and reached the bank of the river;

I had to swim to cross it. Security was flawless in the palace. The guards said: this is that dwelling place that was promised to you—this is called heaven.

But the place was packed; It was leader of the guards looked into my wistful eyes and saidwait for a few more days, rest up a little somewhere elseverification is going on.

I came back and lied down under a tree nearby In disillusion, I found myself in bed; as ordinary as it has been and I noticed it was losing its warmth.

* Translated from original Bengali into English by

Razia Sultana

The Heirs Of Hitler

I'm wondered,

How many heirs of Hitler are there?

I found them, even, in Bangladesh!

The History Of The Indian Continent

Before they left Indian Continent, The British Government threw their horses In the sea.

Still now, at the dead of night sometimes we hear them neigh

In India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh. Our public opinion responds shockingly As if it just got electrocuted

And hides the face in the filthy blanket of the 'Company' reign.

The House Of Odes - Poem By Pablo Neruda (????-?? ???????) : Bengali Version:

* The House Of Odes - Poem by Pablo Neruda

** Bengali Version of the poem (Bengalized by Rahman Henry)

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The Ice-Festival

When the sun sets for Four months; pole Beers cheers. The ice-festival.

The Interpreters

Here, in this funny land, Birds are crying round the clock.

The King's men are happy And vocal to say:

'How charming the songs are! '

The Journey

A hand full of water, as viaticum, I started my journey for your unknown destination

On my way At El Mirador I met with Itzamna He told me: A luminous braided hair hanging From celestial world, in the East.

Afterwards That was the arrival of Jesus Christ.

From then till the day I've been continuing my travel Throughout the universe

In my tiny hand That water, hand full of Growing heavier than that of a mountain

The Killers, The Assassins

They like flowers so much, Are fond of all music

Preparing to rewrite the history, Demanding Adolf, an idle of Democracy;

They are everywhere, in every state, Increasing in number, in every geography,

Geometrically.

The Lady

Like everyone else She wouldn't say, "I love you"—

Rather Would laugh. Would shake her head, Spreading a naughty smile on her face:

"out and out, a fool you are"-

If she speaks out so, then lucky you are. Enter into the hot days of midsummer, there, it blows A comfortable air of early Spring. Look at the sea: It's but a Water-Garden, deep and green.

There is no more dividation; from The Geographical Encyclopedia, erased— the Equator.

* The Leaves Turn - Poem by Kurt Philip Behm

Growing simpler with each passing year

The leaves turn and my mind releases

Freeing what it's taken a lifetime to acquire

Freeing what only this moment can understand

** Bengali Version (Bengalized) by Rahman Henry

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The Mad Horse

There are abandoned, torn apart shoes to and fro By the discarded road side;

Crazy, the mad horse that running far away Throwing you all on the streets_____ Plato says: It's nothing but the state-powers.

If the sun goes on vacation None but darkness is the murderer of the diaphanous sky.

The Manuscript

Since my adolescence, I have been being Fond of reading Kamal Kumar Majumder Never try to read fickle eyes of a girl

But I had to read yours Majumder is famous for His difficult writings

Yet I can understand his books I enjoy them a lot But your eyes are the manuscript I'm unable to read or understand ever

The Melancholy

At the end, only remain the sigh and Silent cry of a proud king Who has lost his days

A melancholy The torn pages

Future appears as present And makes the prides past

The Memories

A music running Throughout my blood, brain, bones, veins... Oh! the memories

The Motherbird

Her mothertongue was fluttering

Once a boundless ship she was Now brought herself to anchor on a tree Hatching her eggs

Now her language is to stare at Now her mothertongue is to twitter

Now her prayer is to be a motherbird She is a mother now.

The Nightly-Sunshine

Very little the tree is. After the rain, When, the sunshine comes, there are, On its leaves, light is coated; It, even, Never notices: When the sun sets—

But in the dark nights,

When, those leaves reflect nightly-sunshine,Then, as much as I wonder— even more,I dream a dream: At the year, while the independence ofMy motherland would complete its fifty second years,

I'll distribute this nightly-sunshine to the North Pole-

The Noksi Rumal

Here are one hundred varieties of thread the spools the gold keen needle and the thimbleput it on.

Let us not talk but do the needle-work.

In the north-west corner embroider an old-looking pond a bamboo-bush, pick the king of color bottle-green to stitch a jungle of pines

In the winter-evening, a couple holding their hands, rushing towards us.

Let this 'noksi rumal' be done this winter.

We will give everyone of them this hand-made souvenir of ours who come from distant-cultures.

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*Translation (from Original Bengali) : Razia Sultana

The Nonsense Rhyme Of Winds And Air

Being born from roses, up to far away, flowing the winds; Now am thinking of those people, Whose wallets are light and heavy the minds. Of their flats as fairy and women as heaven Cars and keys to all these happiness counts seven Are going to be lost in this coming sunlight of fires Sunlight, as sharp as sister in laws' affairs.

Flowing and blowing the winds, With no reason, meaninglessly, in vain Thinking I, what a clap with single handed again!

Flowing and blowing the winds, perfumed, as serpent; Ah! I lost those golden times of mine, happy and fair! I lost even those nests of my childhood scent; Now, how could I catch the air?

I have finished and flown away, a whole life of mine, Oh mother earth, in your dust and tears tastes saline! Now, please tell me my dear! How could I behold the air?

The Only Difference

It makes all the difference Between Them and me From all my friends, fellow country-men and poets What's that? can you guess? All on a sudden, even every now and then, Erect their genitals But, for me, It's my HEART that is erected, always!

The Pole

After the storm, rain Began: a heavy shower of; The pole leaned aside.

The Postcard

The postcard once I've sent you Dislocated and lost now Traveling from town to town City to city, country after country

The postcard once I've sent you A bird now, flying unwearied, and Lost its memory. Once, very soon, You would read the postcard Unread, in your upcoming dream.

The Power

So much hotness Flowing through the telephone wires

The Parliament Building is almost Cracking with excitement and rage

The Present History Of Future

While we claimed ourselves to be a nation They made sense: barbarian, farmers, subaltern

We claimed our sounds and signs to be a language They made ??sense: deviation of Dialects

For ourselves, we demanded a separate terrain They began to chase away us from the Indus to the Hindukush, And again from the Hindukush to the Indus.

What is our religion? at the question, they enjoyed jokes, Everyday, It produced fun and laughter for them.

...

The kings create new palaces, monuments of pride, and roads Besides, they create new crematoriums and graveyards.

I like those people who resurrect and stand out of Their own shadows that have almost lost away. Standing on their part, when I fight against devils, I feel: the joy of worship, may be, just like this.

People are coming out of graveyards those reduced to dust... For them, here, I've become the gardener of this welcome-flower's gardens.

The Question After The Last Question

? . There is no Tagore, nowadays—

Now the sun rises everyday Sets before noon—

Why they don't have any question! Is there no entity? Has disappeared the sense of appearing? They are clouded only with— answers and answers!

???'Years passed by'-

Why the old-in-youth, the elders too have no question? Are they secretly shocked, As they provided so much rain without seeking the clouds?

? . #????????; #RahmanHenry

Rahman Henry

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The Real Bangladesh

There are Irrational minds Unresponsive hearts Blind eyes Here

Nobody can hear anything None can see

But I know With the daggers of animosity and hatred An apple is divided A land A nation Into two

Cruelty falling As darkening nights fall

No one can realize No heart screams Here

This is the real Bangladesh Deep inside Bangladesh

The Reunion

Here stopped the horse Beside her

He came down With a gun

With a wide-eyed gaze The girl told:

After a long long days!

The Ring

The ring was not of Gold. rather of vine or grass; Love itself a gold.

The River

Color of erotic desire;

Boundless Uncontrolled Originated from your eyes Flows towards eroticism—

The Rosa

There was, in real, no rosa in the earth. Yet, the rosa is a fact and visible almost everywhere, because of human imagination for thousands of years. Even, an Imagination may come true. you know? Ages before, the rosa was merely an imagination. But, now a days, It exists in real. That's the fact.

The Sea

The giant salt-pots— Rives making them drinkable Restlessly, in vain!

The Sea-Roses

Tonight Blooming Sea-roses appear to cover the Bay of Bengal

Still

I'm not ready to move towards marine reality Leaving this imaginary forest of birds

A bird that fled to gradual elimination, Would never return back; I'll sit beside her broken nest All the night long As a dream-guard

However miracle be the smell of split reality Tonight I'm not going to be drunk of sea-roses' seduction Leaving this complex temptation of solace

The Serpent Dances

The serpent makes her hood wider And Dances on its five legs; Moreover, bites the spectators, people...

from the glasshouse, The king is happy And The kings' king; and They Wants her to continue—

so, she does;

Now that, there is no spectator, people— Yet, she does continue Dancing and biting And Within a short time, she might start biting herself.

The Shipwreck

Festive night of secret romance Sea-waves and moonlit Discovering each other With a smooth but glossy reflection The sea roars.

Pounding. Shivering mmm... Used condom, cloth-piece of A beauty burning with lust And floating in the sea The jealousy of an aged queen

The shipwreck

The Simplest Thing To Think

Vast enough The Ocean is, Large, Extremely deep, Unfathomable, The Sea is...

In comparison, As if snuff The Oyster is,

If a mare wave is capable enough to sweep her away forever, Then why should me be a life-long Lover of her?

Despite all these malice A hundred thousands of waves Can never isolated her From the shore Not even a continuous effort For a thousands of years can done.

While at leisure, Would you please think, my love, The simplest thing I propose you to think?

If yes, I promise then, Sincere! I would remain in love with poetry Forever.

The Solitary Home

On the other bank of a lonely river There is a solitary home Blue trees surrounded by An iconic stone in front deep inside, trembling with its sigh

I can hear her cry

I've to go there, friends, Forgive me, goodbye!

The Soul

People who say soul is a thing to preserve Are not right at all I never pay heed to them Rather my soul goes forth Leaving my body behind My soul is a shadow extended from my shadow

In fact, soul is a colored balloon Always crosses the host body And intends to touch the sky height

The Stone

I grew up Under the shed of a stone Lovely, silent or laconic, The stone, gradully turns blue.

Of silence, of blues, Of hidden tear, an ocean in solid form;

The she-stone, once alive, Now dissolving into the mother earth.

The Story Inside

A giant man-eater grows up Inside the unseenness Our dream of absolute freedom Trembles at a corner

Happy the king Smiles

Happy the poets Composing love songs

Happy the people Hail their rulers
The Summer Night

Not that she provoked But the wanton summer night Made me unclothed

The Sunrise

The clouds and the day are embracing endlessly.

I'm praying for the sun and thinking Of your eyes; If you were here, I'd see the sunrise in your eyes Where In one eye, the dawn- wakening of the day; In the other, the twilight that paints alpona.

I haven't seen the sunrise for so long And haven't been taken by the gloomy dimmet Towards the night that your hair spreads-Where darkness is inviting us with a cast net.

The Tajmahal

If Shahjahan really could touch her

Heart Love;

Did he need to build That nonsense Tomb?

As if stoned doves doze!

The Tale Of My Dreams

One day, I must tell you the tale of my dreams I used to dream repeatedly in the days of Every February and March and recall them Once again in every October nights, Where I saw:

On the eve of arriving morn, the night Jumped into a nearby woods;

Reformed to a river that ran through the trees Reformed to a spirit that gave life to the wind Reformed to a sound that became the birds' song Reformed a rabbit that slept in a mole Reformed a butterfly that flew away towards unknown Built a hut in forest that waited for the moment, when

The day would be dissolved behind the medium hills; Then gradually she started crapping towards my home.

The bun of that night was as dark as that of yours

The Tale Of Queen Brojosundari

I.

It's me who is the originator of silence; and this night is originated as per my proposal. Even in depression, In my imagination, I can see the clear turquoise and light pushing aside the metallic sphere! Underground is my world, and at a far distant the settlements are, where incressing the number of graves, shurbs of suspicion and the uncertain future; And the accumulation of thick fog that is capable enough to void our sight... surely, there is a hole in the blue sky and the fire well; Maybe they all slept together comet, sea and the necter of moral stories... but its a little earlier, they had been hired a tomb for me and started to whitewash it; and were painting on the walls that flower who opened her petals in the Brojo eve while I asked her name and showed me the technique of hiding scent to reserve for her beloved!

Evening will come down, but earlier that the scent is runing towards; Rain will be concentrated, so the smell is coming in flight; and beyond our sense, a cheerful morning song is vined; It's the chorus of her appearing where in each and every cell is full of that smell and painted with colorful illustrations. In the cascade of The queen's hair that scent tranforms the darkness into green color... Air stats crying loudly and the list of my favorite flowers start dissolving; the deparature is such a sudden deed, as if the insects are jumping into fire... yet the queen of Brojo is flying on a wrong-chariot of flowers, she seems to be self-absorved.

It was speed of frolics at our feet. Walking trough the red roads, we entered into the vast rosy afternoon, of which all directions are flat-bottomed and covered with sticky carpet of light; But It was a story of that illusion you had dreamt in a dream and the story was spreaded through out the lovers woods. The queen is expired many decades ago, only her stone icon was infront of us, but It's she who has appeared in an imaginary garden. The rhythmic soun of her anklets could be heard in the streets of Brojoland...

The Tigers

My vein turns green Thinking of Sundarbans

My eyes turn rainful clouds Where the tigers are!

The Vibration

Feel the vibration All things are, as if, coming To edge, to an end.

The Vulture Lands

Our days are stones that invite bloodshed And the nights are brutal with nightmares

We, the people, liked fairy But mistakenly choose a witch

Now she has hatched a lot of vultures And grabbed the entire lands

We have nowhere to go Nowhere to come back

The peninsula once we called a heaven Has transformed into a Vulture Lands

The Wave Suddenly Tired Of A Noon

He is supposed to keep his words By walking afar from here, at the solitary paths;

The Sumida and the Arakawa In between these two rivers Once again he feels asleep today, He, The Wave, suddenly tired of a noon';

In a flock This year, the winter fishes Has come in an advanced,

They are biting him, thinking he is dead.

The Way: Stay Strong

Make her cry as loud as the thunder, Make her scream, Make her feel your stream!

The Woman Under The Moon

The woman under the moon You are I like to spend a life in love For whom

May be Rati Devi cursed me

I would love you and live in a lone I would die unseen But my love for you never

* Their Story BY STUART DYBEK

They were nearing the end of their story. The fire was dying, like the fire in the story. Each page turned was torn and fed to flames, until word by word the book burned down to an unmade bed of ash. Wet kindling from an orchard of wooden spoons, snow stewing, same old wind on the Gramophone, same old wounds. Turn up the blue dial under the kettle until darkness boils with fables, and mirrors defrost to the quick before fogging with steam, and dreams rattle their armor of stovepipes and ladles. Boots in the corner kick in their sleep. A jacket hangs from a question mark.

** Bengali Translation (Bengalized by Rahman Henry)

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Rahman Henry

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There Is Fire Everywhere

Once again fire in winds Fire in ice, water and rain Fire in our minds Fire in our brain

Yet, People are smiling, sleeping, Gossiping in a fantasy

There is no storm, no devastation, No protest!

People are hypnotized with a dream of Harvesting gold-eggs from the sky...

I never tell them: Let's reproduce counter-fire!

I only wait and talk to myself: Never touch the last weapon first!

There Is No More Grammar

There is no news that I could send you

Over blooming mango orchard falling collapsed again For bitter sunlight, hidden mist and early rains; Irresistible weeds commanding over grain-fields

It has been raining for three years, cats and dogs, Supernatural, nonstop; Weather bureau unable to take any step But muttering and whispering.

The bright feathered birds that used to sing Swinging their body plumage are faded, exhausted; Oozing feathers, they are no more birds now.

The dog is dead and going to be rotten At the Hyacinth- filled pool edge.

There is no news to tell you

In stead of forming informative sentences, again and again I have to compose a one and only interrogative: 'Where are you'?

Besides, in my thought, There is no more grammar for syntax.

There Is No Signal

The suburb. Small town. The train station stands in the outskirts is as brief as to go unnoticed.

There is no signal. The train waits And sinks into soft buzz of the crowd It's nighttime, the constellations are flickering dumb and deaf.

If eternity is a tree, the moments are fruits, Ripe and falling on life that awaits. In soft moonlight, dazzling water is dithering In the distant town-buildings curtains are moving in the wind.

There is no signal. The train waits endlessly

There May Be The Sky

Time flies...

Without finding anything called blue Or a golden glow of evening sky; We find no sky, no cloud even, Only hears the sound of an airplane Flying somewhere over the buildings, Over our lives, concealed in a metropolis; And that's the maiden way, We can guess: There may be the sky!

There Was No Smell Of Dusts

There was no smell of dusts in the winds It was not the season of dusts either

But he got back from nowhere We are made to believe Even though others like him could be allowed to live They will never return Save their dead bodies

We cried in groups out of great ecstasy Seeing him returned alive We continued crying and laughing and hugging and kissing

The whole new moon through the seasons of the Rains Through all the consecutive full moons till the arrival of the Spring.

* Original: Rahman Henry (in Bengali)

** Translated from Bengali to English by Akhlaque Ahmed

This Heart Of Mine

Single and simple This heart of mine, can fly towards everywhere You move, everywhere you hide yourself; It's sensitive and fond of speed.

Single and simple My heart is, free and fearless as a warrior; Yet, It seems to be the poor begger Only at your door.

This Is A Photograph Of Me / Margaret Atwood (With Bengali Version)

* This Is a Photograph of Me

* Margaret Atwood, 1939

It was taken some time ago. At first it seems to be a smeared print: blurred lines and grey flecks blended with the paper;

then, as you scan it, you see in the left-hand corner a thing that is like a branch: part of a tree (balsam or spruce) emerging and, to the right, halfway up what ought to be a gentle slope, a small frame house.

In the background there is a lake, and beyond that, some low hills.

(The photograph was taken the day after I drowned.

I am in the lake, in the center of the picture, just under the surface.

It is difficult to say where precisely, or to say how large or small I am: the effect of water on light is a distortion

but if you look long enough, eventually you will be able to see me.) * This poem of Margaret Atwood is bengalized by Rahman Henry. Here it is:

????? ????? ??? ??????)

@Rahman Henry

Those Days Would Come

Surely would come those days Of rain, Endless; At the midnight, still In the moon light, Songs would start again, you and me Would bathe together until our eye-balls grow red And our heads turn green; It's the nature who arranges everything Slow but quicken Have not noticed thee?

Let's start singing Again!

Through Impossibilities

I shall go to see you at St. Joseph's convention In 1981 which was turned into a real festival.

Then my sorrow is of secondary, and yours lower secondary... Once again this festival is possible in memory. I shall go to See you at a repented convention of memory. As I went to That house of Bishy's at Joari at the age of my primary maths, There was none in that house, also the house was absent, Yet, why I was visiting the house all the noon long?

Nowhere you are, never existed at all, this truth Is not acceptable to me; when I determine It's a promise. So I shall go to see you at Sthapandighi;

As I met you all the night long at Rani Bhabani's rooftop... All the night long there was blood-raining through fog From deadly stars there was fire-raining, my body burnt But I've not escaped. With courage and boldness I was standing there on the ashes and watched your dance In a fire-pond of dreadful death..

I shall go to see you at 'Chandrabati Poetry Shelter'...

If the lyric-festival failed... If it be an impossibility of dreams... Yet, I shall go: Breaking sunlight, pasting fogs, by bus, by train, On walk, in sleeping... with no alternative, must I go!

Once, I will go to see you through impossibilities

Throw Your Bad Apples

No color, No size At all matters, if rotten; Throw your bad apples!

Time

The river I've crossed: Yesterday The azure fields I've stood: Today And The horizon in front me: Tomorrow

I'm the time And time is created as I proposed Before time is called as time.

Time And Tide

Time and Tide waits for Someone ever:

For the first time, For the second time, For the third time,

And, after that, never-

Time, Printed

No night is throughout dark, Same brightness is not possible for all the days.

In the loneliness of a night, The clock sounds: tick tick, tick tick... It seems to me: drum-beat noise—

Dreams germinate from the seed-beds of disappointments.

So many nights passed, I've not dreamed single dream— Sending our sorrows to exile in forests, We ourselves too entered into the secret bloodshed of the palace;

Inside our chest, fearless hearts beating That seems to us: the brutal footsteps of the assassinators—

To Myself

Thrust your beak into Those soft petals, mighty bird, Suck even last drop!

To The Ballad-Singer

Oh! Ballad-singer! Raise a tune, make me forget This birth-memories.

To The Demon

You, the omnivorous

Eating our days and nights Drinking our rivers and seas Biting our present and future sucking our hopes and dreams Licking our lands and sky

Laughing demon you are And your desire

We thought you a deity We couldn't recognize you

But new generation would come to Make your monument of hatred.

To The Old Palm Tree

One scene away from the river Atrai In past, present and future You, the old palm tree tell me:

Why water is the main title of Our grief?

Why birds come to you for shelter? Why they leave you alone and Fly away towards unknown?

Today Is The Day

Everywhere there is green Layer after layer Today is the day of his appearance

All the world is overwhelmed with Joy and a heavenly melody

Today is the day of his rebirth The rebirth of an angel

Tomorrow

Long and unendurable nights We are suffering from Your absence

Waiting for Your resurrection, Mother,

And Hoping for a tomorrow

We do believe This tomorrow is going to be that tomorrow You shall resurrect.

Touch

Lost my purity. Touch me, oh, touch me again! Let me regain it.

Travelling Experience

I have a little experience of travelling the world. I even don't know how to jump And never stood before a waterfall for real But nowadays in my sleep I've weird dreams, none of them happens in the soil of my land

The night before last I was drowning in the Victoria Fall in my dream Did you think I was trying hard and fast to float? I didn't-how could I benefit?

I had my confidence in the laws of physics when it comes to floating how it works for matter and liquid I knew I was drowning I even didn't throw my hands and feet I was stoic I was breathing the water in the fall in my sleep in the dream-I was drowning.

I was trying but my memory didn't help the 'kolemah' I knew by heart didn't come to me

But I remember I uttered your name three times before I drowned.

* Translated from original (Bengali) to English by RAZIA SULTANA
Twenty First Century

Behind partition, Days and nights dance madly; Twenty first century.

Twilight

The sun is about to set, a colorful twilight, I come out for a walk.

And I can recall There will arrive a time My own sun would also be set.

But alas! That twilight may not be so colorful.

Twin Reflex

A balcony, engaged with too old fallen leaves, windows with some broken or no glass at all, a stair with plaster cracked floor, abandoned rooftop occupied by moss— everywhere and in everything, reflects gray and dusky circles of all the depressed days and nights, and center of those circles are: me.

Far away, a field mouse, repeatedly defeated with turtles; the blood falling from its body creats the sign of a red trail— for it what needed is: solitude tunnel of a box- culvert or a crop field, completely natural; or at least a safe hole to live in.

Two And A Half Century

The elite Cemetery. Piercing away Charles Eliot's dead body Thousands of elephants coming up; They are running towards Pilkhana*— but unable to cross Paribag** residential area; How can they do? The crossing bridge is carried by a train On its roof; The elephants are at a loss, reforming as Wooden toys reach at the *Boishakhi Mela—

The last day of *Chaitra. The day of cruelty which is called *Chadak Puja. *Navin Pahan of *Pike Para, piercing his body With nails, swirling from a high pole, not only two and A half round— but for two and a half century, He is swirling, swirling and swirling— nonstop—

*

1. Pilkhana: The stable of elephants (here, The Head Quarters of Borderguard Bangladesh(BGB), located in Dhaka City):

2. Paribag: a residential area of Dhaka City;

3. Boishakhi Mela: a new year fair in Bangladesh;

4. Chaitra: The last month of the year in Bengali Calendar;

5. Chadak Puja: a Hindu religious ceremony, observed on the last day of the Bangla month of Chaitra;

6. Navin Pahan: Name of a Santal community leader;

7. Pike Para: Name of a Santal Village

Tyranny Is Our Pride

The salt, a lot of people carry In their eyes, desires to be water

We don't care, no time to Rather we've learnt to celebrate some numbers Of years, of dates, of killing

We've learnt to make come true A lot of imaginary dreams of our ancestors

Tyranny is our pride Despotism is our pleasure

Unfair Combat

The trumpet is ready to blow Dead seaweeds impatient to smile Just awaiting for raining

But the pregnant cloud is trapped And caged with guile

Greedy kings are capable enough to Activate unfair combat

Unknown Deadbody Sleeps

Worm-eaten apple Smiles under the tree, unknown Dead-body sleeps

Untitled Poem By Hearta Muller (Bengali Version) :

* POEM by HERTA MULLER

** Bengali Translation (Bengalized by Rahman Henry)

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HERTA MULLER POEMS TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY ROGER WOODHOUSE

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I grow time, beans, the colour gray

And stitch the shadows of a dying day They make a woman, rather a girl Lost in the ocean like a grain of pearl

The swans of Coole fly over me Will they rest for a while by me!

Maybe its my turn now.

Deep in the frost where my eyes shall never go The leopard will print his paw And with a sudden leap break free All the chimes of poetry

Maybe its my turn now.

The rough beast was never born Though we devised a cage for his morn

Maybe its my turn now.

I have a tale to tell I shall also ring the bell

When you start believing When you start hearing

Maybe its my turn now.

2.

These days I don't think of you

But after the soot covers me I begin to wonder where those Evenings have gone, those wanderings In the spacious lawns of enchantment That smacked of no design, though We were bent on making a sense

The early birds get their worms I lie in the tireless ticking of my old watch Counting the bits of frozen blood,

Listening to the worms That are in all of us Then I begin to crawl towards the womb That threw me off a long way back And look for the dark, the black hole To suck me up.

Upcoming

An apple and a knife On the table, sad smiling; You and me in bed.

Vertebrate Tongue

Be born in 20th Century I've been being alive till 21st for no reason at all.

I think: now the time has arrived;

It's a turning point, this time I've to be vocal with a vertebrate tongue.

Wait, Just For The Next

Yes, I know No, I don't Do you?

Who the hells These experts are?

Yes, I know No, I don't Do you?

He denied to marry her She denies to free him

Yes, I know No, I don't Do you?

There would be a history And The cruelest hero History is Just look back at 5th!

Yes, I know No, I don't Do you?

Wait, just for the next!

Waiting For

With all muse and dreams At my cabin in hills I'm waiting for own deer

Waiting For Resurrection

All the homes of worship Have already been lost Their chastity

Sitting in a stable I'm waiting for Jesus Waiting just for

An early resurrection Not in Bathelhem But in a dusty world

Where oblivion is our pride!

Waiting For Your Directions

A moment will come to float away towards dim light

And gladly I will;

The spring of joy surrounding me the poison only the poison is then

I'll hold the goblet of poison in hand

And

will wait for your directions

You will just bow your head

Then

and only then freedom will regain Its meaning in real.

Wandering Boy

Look, observe the wandering boy, Candid charms blooming in his eyes face and heart_____

In the unrestricted sky self-created canopy of dreams he spreads Passing the scorching noon from shades to shades, Now he lays straight_____ sleeping sound.

Fragrance of flowers and wings of hiding worms he loves Sharp thorns he considers his favorite objects of his aim And takes himself to the bank of an incredible river Introduces so many lonely beauties in the monstrous forests!

That simple beautiful vagabond boy,

Drenching negligible things with precious ones, is running To the fields stretched to horizons; ringing in the lines of route Not exhausted beams of spectrum, tunes even longer than life...

Ringing and tuning____ 'dotara' of our youth is made

One day On a melodious afternoon, reaching at the evening moorage Suddenly it seems:

Love_____ the wandering boy; Birth and death he too has in the unfathomable human minds.

(Translated from Bengali: Nazib wadood)

Was My Mom Blind?

Smelling the darkness you could understand Nights were coming down to the earth

And you breed that blind fish, A half alive and other half is dead, Inside the salinity of your eyes;

This night is my Mom And also the darkness is These memories are as sweet as pain is

Smelling the wind you used to say, 'It must rain heavily in our village.' But have I ever heard any song Heavier than the weeping in my Mom's melody!

We Are Exile

Ages after ages There are some treaties Unwritten, villages speak ill of cities And cities speak ill of villages

Deaf and dumb we are The poets and writers We've no status, no profile In our own lands, we are exile!

We Are Swindled

They came and introduced themselves As saviours And angels

Promised to free us from all the curse That chained oue wings Promised to provide A life of our own

The 16th December is Our national victory day We could enjoy and celebrete If the reality and truth Not become visible that

They have made this wonderland A snake Island A a Devil's Den Where only snakes and devils Can survive

The worst game played with us We are swindled

On the 45th victory day Let's conceal our sigh and say: Ah it has a long been

We Can Lie And Lie

The nature can creat this balance! Leaves, boughs, branches and trees Speak out to cover and recover our silence.

Even the deads come to laugh at the alives, We are gifted such a lives.

Yet, call this land a heaven! At least we can eat and breath, Thanks to the kings men, We can lie and also lie alive or dead!

We Kissed A Snake

For more than seven years We are habituated

To accept the traitors as As patriot

To know the made statments As truth

Once upon a future We would forget

What actually the truth is Who actually the patriots are

A day would come When the history would search for A shoulder To place It's head And weep finally

These lips of ours are blue Not for beautification Rather we kissed a snake knowingly that She could bite a nation forever

She could erase our names From the blackboard of human history

We Knew Nothing Of Lock

Once upon a country, there were The two SHE.

First one was kind enough to remember us Not to forget locking the doors While leave our homes.

And the another and final one Denied responsibility of securing us In our bedroom.

Before that we knew nothing of lock.

All praise are for these two Who taught us this unique technology.

We Stood Here On The Origin

The desert is in this way, that way the sea is Returning from the exile at an unknown peninsula We stood here on the origin

It's the past where we sowed love, imaginations And a lot of pregnant dreams for future

Now the sattlement is reduced to dust There is piles of dead snails and oyesters And some discoverable ash

But we thought the house is waiting. Calling us,

We learn our colorfull desires of nights from the oblivion From the iced-ash as soft as the feathers of river martins

We: The Each Other

My pains, with none to share. My gains, with none to share. Only we were the each other. To me, It is thee; Your absence too is a companion to me! Now, only we are the each other. My solitude, with none to share. My lonely crowd, with none to share. An absent 'you' and 'me', only the each other.

Weeping

The one and only song

Each and everybody will sing by turns

What A Bread Puzzle!

The lady monkey Sitting on monkey bread tree What a bread puzzle!

What A Controversy!

U la la, u la la, u la la, u la la... ho ho ho ho, ha ha ha ha...

Our irresistible fate is: Mono-party democracy, As we've declared our multi-party opinion.

Cent percent muslim-dominant-blood is: The pride of our deliberate ethnic co-existence And that's our secularism.

Taking the meat and fish-cooking dishes We are exclusive vegetarian, What a royal vegetarianism!

Silent killing is our Humanism Let's be murdered silently, With the bloody values of our great war!

Our free media looks for the king's green-signal, Let's speak of our masters' voice! What a liberty to talk with!

U la la, u la la, u la la, u la la... ho ho ho ho, ha ha ha ha...

What A Disguise!

Soft rain drops From tender clouds Refreshing green woods

In a land Where A vendetta Inflaming retaliation all the while

Blood-lust Walking with Thirst for love and forgiveness

What a disguise!

What Is A Christmas Day To Me

It was A Christmas day And I lost my mom forever On that very day

From then Still I wait for resurrection Of the Christ and my mom too Whom I used to call mother Maria

Now that the merry Christmas is A day of waiting to me

What Will You Be? (Poem By Dennis Lee) : Translation Into Bengali

They never stop asking me 'What will you be? -A doctor, a dancer, A diver at sea? '

They never stop bugging me: 'What will you be? ' As if they expect me to Stop being me.

When I grow up I'm going to be a Sneeze, And sprinkle Germs on all my Enemies.

When I grow up I'm going to be a Toad, And dump on Silly Questions in the road.

When I grow up, I'm going to be a Child. I'll Play the whole darn day and drive them Wild.

* Bengali Version:

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Rahman Henry

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What Would I Do With Manna?

Did I ever ask for it? What would I do with manna? Has it come in use to shake old age off or stop death and evil news?

Did I not fast thinking of the hungry birds And throw breads in the evening sweet air for them?

Grass for cattle, banyan fruit under raven's beak, water near fish-gill to breatheyou may want to provide.

What do I need manna for? Rather give me enough poison, as much as this country has given her people.

By hiding evil news in the coffin let the immigrant air fill with handful good news of the homeland and three handful of scent of this soil.

* Original: A Bengali Poem by Rahman Henry

**[Translated into English by: Razia Pell]

When I Found Myself Dead

When I found myself dead in my dream I was of 41 only and 64 is yours You were happy enough to Find a way for remaining crowned till '41 Have you ever found yourself dead In any of your dreams? Never, I know,

You are forgetful of death. No king I'm, Thanks God! Rather, I'm one of them Who seem as if poor but kings of the kings In fact. That's called the poets. The poets-Who know the past, present and future Who know about mortals and immortals

Tonight, again I'll find myself dead or alive in my dream When Pharaoh, Hitler and Mussolini are but dust, in real.

When Pretty Girl Is Dead

Soft, sober, shining, Death herself is the queen, when pretty girl is dead...
Wilful Painter

The universe is going to be destryed Just before dawn It's late afternoon of the night Still engaged I'm with The nectar of your lips

Nothing to do with this certainty Or uncertainty of destrution But I need to finish The unfinished painting Which has almost been erased From our life and mind

I have to repaint the artwork As all through a lifetime I'm the wilful painter On your insatieted canvas.

Winter Grass

Sadness everywhere Yet there are winter grass Still glazing somewhere

Winter In Real Bengal

The rhythmic call of deep North, sounds through fog; winter in real Bengal

Winter Waiting For Thee

All divine Doves sing Above myrobalan tree; Winter waiting for thee.

Yellow House

You, the Yellow House, Devoured by silence, deserted; Gloom, the dust of time.

Yet In Town

Japan, at Nippon, Leaves falling yet in town! The Autumn Season.

You Had Made Me Rain

You had made me rain, In a solitary emptiness; Left me in lonely.

Your Egoic Spire

Your egoic spire and its altar____

there I'm lying down quietly like a question mark.

My words are eager to offer but remain unuttered.

Your Greedy Bites

Bangladesh suffers Always from your greedy bites; Leave the apple now!

Your Name

I can remember those yestermonths of the spring And I love them I can remember those lovelit nights And I lament inside me silent

I bless your present days of oblivion Though my heart weathering

Starting from five yesteryears Still I have been painting your smile On the wave of every waters Painting your kisses on every apple Painting your cascade hair in winds

And in my fist, I hold a sigh tight That's your name...

Your Silence

'It's possible to compose a poem with more quietness than the silence of yours.'

Beneath this title My desires are eager to draw A sign of full pause.

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#Bengalized by: #RahmanHenry

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* #FrancescoPetrarchPoems
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* #GeorgeMeredithPoems

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#UljanaWolfPoems
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*This Bengalization is a 'BANGKU'***.

None is travelling Here along this way but I, This autumn evening. (Matsuo Basho)

BANGKU: In Bengali, Bangku is a 3-lines poem, where, the lines are made of 5-7-5 words; rest of the terms and conditions are as adopted in a HAIKU.

**** BENGALIZED BY RAHMAN HENRY ****

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#NicanorParraPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original: After Years- Poem by Ted Kooser

* #EzraPoundPoems

Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

The Unborn- Poem by Sharon Olds

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#MuriloMendesPoems
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????? ?? ????? (Banglaku)

* Tear (Haiku) - poem by Kelly Kurt

* Banglaku (Bengalization) by Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original: Take Me - Poem by Sergio Jaime

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* FROM:

If You Die Before Me - Poem by Dr. Antony Theodore

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* #DeborahAgerPoems

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????? ? ?????? ??? ??????? (Bengalized By Rahman Henry)

@ Rahman Henry

* #MeenaKandasamyPoems

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#JorgeLuisBorgesPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original:

Tonight At Noon- Poem by Adrian Henri

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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Suicide - Poem by Orhan Veli Kanik

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* #WislawaSzymborskaPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original:

Behind The Darkness - Poem by Abdel Rahman Saad

#HaroldPinterPoems

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???? ?? ????????? (Bengali Version Of 'Mine By Lilian Moor)

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??????: The Song of My Dance, The Dance of My Dreams, In the Shadow of Your Wings, You are the Soul of my Being, Divine Moments.

. * #AntonyTheodorePoems

[Clarification To My Poetry-Readers ?? Nizar Qabbani] ? ??????? ??? ???? ??? ??? 777 7777 777 77 777 ???, ?????, ???? ???? ???? ??? ?????? ???? ???? ?????? ?????? ???? ?????? ??? ?????? ???? ??? ?? ?????? ???? ?????? ??? ?????? ??????? ?????? ?????? ?? ??? ????? 7777777 7777 7777 7777777 777777 ??? ?????, ??-? ????? ?????, ???? 77 777 77777777777 ??? ??? ?????? ???? ?? ??? ??? ???? ??????? ???? ??? ??? ???? ??? ??????? ????????, ????, ???? ???? ???? 7777 7777777 77777 77777 77777

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#NizarQabbaniPoems
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* Original: I Know why the caged bird sings- Poem by Maya Angelou

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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* #JosephPlunkettPoems

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* #HaroldNorsePoems

Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Let America Be America Again - Poem by Langston Hughes

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#SpikeMilliganPoems
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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

How Do I Love Thee? - Poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

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#AllenTatePoems

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* Original:

Optimistic Man- A Poem by Nazim Hikmet

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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* #EavanBolandPoems
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** Bengalized (Bengali Translation) by Rahman Henry

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Ode To Ironing - Poem by Pablo Neruda

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

For Istanbul - Poem by Orhan Veli Kanik

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#ImanMersalPoems
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#??????: #???????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry
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#XJKennedyPoems
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???? ????? ?????? (Poem In Bengali)

[???????????????]

* #MihaelaPirjolPoems

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#??????: #??????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original:

I Am Not I- Poem by Juan Ramón Jiménez

?? ???? ?? ????? (Poem In Bengali)

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

This Is A Photograph Of Me- Poem by Margaret Atwood

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* #JovicaTasevskiEternijanPoems
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?? ???? ???? ????? (Bengalized Poem)

* Original: A Blind Woman BY TED KOOSER

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

[An Arab Shepherd Is Searching For His Goat On Mount Zion - poem by Yehuda Amichai]

Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

One Inch Tall- Poem by Shel Silverstein

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#??????: #???????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry
* #SusanWilliamsPoems
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* #CharlesBukowskiPoems

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* #RobertPennWarrenPoems

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#??????: #???????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry
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#ThomasHoodPoems
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** Bengalized(Bengali Translation) by

Rahman Henry

@Rahman Henry

???? ???? ????? ?????? (Poem In Bengali)

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

And The Moon And The Stars And The World- Poem by Charles Bukwoski

** ???????: ????? ?????

*** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

@ Rahman Henry (07.09.2015)

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#RigobertoGonzálezPoems
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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Source:

[The oak tree / Matsuo Basho

The oak tree: not interested in cherry blossoms.

Translated by Robert Hass]

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Bengalized by Rahman Henry

@ Rahman Henry

????? ??? ??? ??? (Bengali Version Of 'Grave News' By Phil Soar)

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* Original: Poem- A Poem by Earnest Hemingway

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry
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#??????: #??????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry

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* Original:

The Poem's Gift by Stephane Mallarme

* Bengalization: Rahman Henry

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*BENGALIZED (Translated into Bengali) by Rahman Henry

@Rahman Henry (Copyright for Bengali Version)

????? ??? ?? ?? (Bengali Version Of Pumpkin Flower)

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*Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Pumpkin Flower- Poem by Ko Un

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* #FabrizioFrosiniPoems

Rahman Henry

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* Original: Loss and Gain- A Poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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?????? ??????' (The Georg Buchner Prize) ??????? ????????
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#JanWagnerPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

The Scarecrow- Poem by Khalil Gibran

(?? ?? ??????? ???????)

* Original: I Like Canadians - A poem by

Ernest Hemingway

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

???-???? ???? ?????? ??????? ?????;;

* Bengalization by RAHMAN HENRY

FROM

** What Forgotten Realm? by Alain Bosquet

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Insects- Poem by Orhan Veli Kanik

*Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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* #AhmadJavadPoems

Rahman Henry

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(No man is an island by John Donne)

- * Bengalized by Rahman Henry
- @ Rahman Henry
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#RogerMcGoughPoems

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* Original:

Democracy- Poem by Langston Hughes

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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#LeonardCohenPoems
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* #AntonioMachadoPoems

Rahman Henry

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- * Bengalized by Rahman Henry
- * Original:

Hot And Cold - Poem by Roald Dahl

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original: In The Summer by Nizar Qabbani

* ???????: ????? ?????** Bengalized by Rahman Henry@ Rahman Henry

**** Luo Zhihai (1954-, China)

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* Original: Ode On A Grecian Urn- Poem by John Keats

** Bengalization: Rahman Henry

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original:

The Tree- Poem by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

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#??????: #???????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry
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#QinisoMogalePoems
??? ?? ????? ??????? (Bengali Version Of `a Song' By Joseph Brodsky

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Bengalized by Rahman Henry

Original: A Song - Poem by Joseph Brodsky

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*Bengali Translation: Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Bell-Song - Poem by Orhan Veli Kanik

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#??????: #??????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry
*
#JulianTuwimPoems
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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original: A Narrow Fellow In The Grass - Poem by Emily Dickinson

???? ???? ????? ????? (Bengali Version Of `i Can Be A Sparrow')

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

I Can Be A Sparrow- Poem by Rita Odeh

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#??????: #??????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry

* #NikolayGumilyovPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Fine Days- Poem by Orhan Veli Kanin

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#??????: #???????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry
*
#DanielBrickPoems
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Rahman Henry

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???? ?? ????? (Poem In Bengali)

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Painting And Sculpture - Poem by Ralph Waldo Emerson

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. * #RatnakarMandlikPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original:

Galactic Lovepoem - by Adrian Henri

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Shoes - Poem by Charles Bukowski

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original: A Birthday Poem- Poem by Ted Kooser

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*Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original: In January- Poem by Ted Kooser

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???? ?? ????? ?? ????? ????? (Bengali Version)

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** Bengalized (Translated into Bengali) by Rahman Henry
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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Life Is Fine - Poem by Langston Hughes

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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#??????: #???????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry
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#JulesRomainsPoems
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- * Bengalized by Rahman Henry
- * Original:

Poem In Memoriam T. S. Eliot- Poem by Adrian Henry

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original: Midsummer, Tobago - Poem by Derek Walcott

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#AlekseyKonstantinovichTolstoyPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original: To Daffodils - Poem by Robert Herrick

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#AskoKünnapPoems

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*Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original:

Do You Love Me? - Poem by Mewlana Jalaluddin Rumi

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

You, Darkness- Poem by Rainer Maria Rilke

*Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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*Bengalized by Rahman Henry (Bangladesh)

** Snowfall - Poem by Barry Van Allen

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Rooms Are Never Finished; ??? ?. The Rebel's Silhouette
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#AghaShahidAliPoems

Rahman Henry

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[Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening by Robert Frost]

@Rahman Henry

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#StephenCranePoems

Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original: The Went Home- Poem by Maya Angelou

(Bengalized by Rahman Henry)

* ????????: ????? ????? @ Rahman Henry

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* #BenjaminZephaniahPoems

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* #RobertoBolañoPoems

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????? ????? ?? ?????? (Poem In Bengali)

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*Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original:

I Am Only The House Of Your Beloved - Poem by Mewlana Jalaluddin Rumi

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[October 28,2012]

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* #KayRyanPoems
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Rahman Henry
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#MauriceMaeterlinckPoems

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Two Schools by Henry Van Dyke
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#ElizabethCoatsworthPoems
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Rahman Henry
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#OscarWildePoems
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* Original:

The Visitor- A Poem by Carolyn Forche

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

(Do not stand at my grave and weep by Mary E. Frye)

@Rahman Henry

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* #MahmoudDarwishPoems

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#??????: #???????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry
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* #ThomasMacDonaghPoems
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* Original: Thanksgiving- A Poem by Maggie Nelson

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* #PaulÉluardPoems

Rahman Henry

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Rahman Henry

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#AdaLimónPoems

*Photo credit: Jude Domski

#??????: #??????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry

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#LizaSudPoems

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#Bengalized by: #RahmanHenry

Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original: Awaking In New York- Poem by Maya Angelou

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#ClaribelAlegríaPoems

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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?????? ?? ????? (Poem In Bengali)

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Poem Of Loneliness - Poem by Orhan Veli Kanik

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Flying At Night - Poem by Ted Kooser

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#??????: #???????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry
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#MarinaTsvetaevaPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Lotus Flower- Poem by George Murdock

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#??????: #???????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry
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#LouisaMayAlcottPoems
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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Symptoms Of Love - Poem by Robert Graves

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Full Moon- Poem by Juan Ramón Jiménez
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#??????: #??????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry

* #BejanMaturPoems

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#AliciaOstrikerPoems

Rahman Henry

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*Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Behind The Scenes - Poem by Mewlana Jalaluddin Rumi

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#NizarQabbaniPoems
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Rahman Henry

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?????? ?? ?????? (Bengali Version)

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Coral - Poem by Derek Walcott

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Tarantella- Poem by Hilaire Belloc

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

An Almost Made Up Poem-Poem by Charles Bukowski

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* #CzeslawMiloszPoems

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Love- Poem by Brian James Caffrey

????? ??????? ?????? ?????? (Bengali Version)

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Love After Love- A Poem by Derek Walcott

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original: The Veterinarian - Poem by Tony Adah

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#??????: #???????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry
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#RumiPoems
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Rahman Henry
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** BENGALIZATION of:

(Ode to the West Wind By Percy Bysshe Shelley)

?????? ?????? ?? ?? ???????? (Bengalization Of Paul Eluard)

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Five Haiku- Poem by Paul Eluard

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Five Haiku- Poem by Paul Eluard

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry (Bangladesh)

?????? ????? ????? (Bengali Version)

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

The Pigeon's Cooing- Poem by Rita Odeh

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original: Where The Sidewalk Ends - Poem by Shel Silverstein

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** Bengalized (Translated into Bengali) by Rahman Henry

@ Rahman Henry

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#SergeiYeseninPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

For The Fatherland - Poem by Orhan Veli Kanik

????? ?? ???????? (Bengali Version) Of Clothes Chapter X

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original:

Clothes Chapter X- Poem by Khalil Jibran

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* Bengalized (Translated into Bengali) by Rahman Henry

** Copyright for Bengali Version: Rahman Henry

- * Bengalized by Rahman Henry
- * Original:

A Clear Midnight- poem by Walt Whitman

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#LordByronPoems

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????? ?? ?? ??????? ???????? (Bengali Version) Translated

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

I Shall Not Return- Poem by Juan Ramón Jiménez

???????* ?? ????? (Ezra Pound)

? ? * Original: Phillidula- a Poem by Ezra Pound

** ?Bengalized? by ?#?RahmanHenry?

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#??????: #???????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry
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#SakutaroHagiwaraPoems

* Original: Captives- A Poem by Ernest Hemingway

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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#?????: #??????; #bengalized by #RahmanHenry

#MargePiercyPoems

Rahman Henry

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#WHAudenPoems

Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Friendship Ixx- Poem by Khalil Gibran

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Rahman Henry

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#RitaDovePoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Ode To Age- Poem by Pablo Neruda

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original: Annabel Lee - Poem by Edgar Allan Poe

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#JuanFelipeHerreraPoems
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#ClaribelAlegríaPoems

Rahman Henry

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*Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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Rain / Rajnish Manga

The rain is raining all around, It falls on field and tree, It rains on the umbrellas here, And on the ships at sea.

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#HassanHayatiPoems

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* #DejanStojanovicPoems

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* #TheodoreRoethkePoems

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www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

#LindaHoganPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Habitation - Poem by Margaret Atwood

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

The Detached - Poem by Maya Angelou

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#BorisVianPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Departure - Poem by Orhan Veli Kanik

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* Bengalized (Translated into Bengali) by Rahman Henry

????? ?? ????? (The Marriage By Willem Elsschot)

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#WillemElsschotPoems

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#PaulEnglePoems
Rahman Henry
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???????? ?? ??????? (Bengalized by Rahman Henry)

(A Poison Tree by William Blake)

@Rahman Henry

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* Phenomenal Woman - Poem by Maya Angelou

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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#JuanGelmanPoems

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#LeonardCohenPoems

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The Broken Vase by Sully Prudhomme

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Love- a Poem by Joseph Brodsky

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#NizarQabbaniPoems
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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Alone With Everybody - Poem by

Charles Bukowski

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Mind! I'm Afraid We've Forgotten Him- Poem by Amy Marie

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Death Xxvii- Poem by Khalil Gibran

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Death Be Not Proud- Poem by John Donne

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#HansMagnusEnzensbergerPoems

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#RiniShibuPoems
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????? ????? ?????? (Poem In Bengali)

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* #PaulDurcanPoems

Rahman Henry

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??????? ?? ???? (Bengali Version)

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

The Moment (Haiku) - Poem by Rita Odeh

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#??????: #??????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry

* #PatrickPearsePoems

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* #Li_YoungLeePoems

Rahman Henry

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*** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Portrait of Baudelaire, painted in 1844 by Emile Deroy (1820–1846)

* Charles Pierre Baudelaire(1821-1867) :

was a French poet who also produced notable work as an essayist, art critic, and pioneering translator of Edgar Allan Poe.

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original: Headache - Poem by Orhan Veli Kanik

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#DanezSmithPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Source:

[*** A bee / Matsuo Basho

A bee staggers out of the peony.

Translated by Robert Hass]

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* Bengalized by: Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

@ Rahman Henry

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#AhmedFouadNegmPoems

Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

You Who Never Arrived- poem by Rainer Maria Rilke

@ Rahman Henry

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* Original: Without Sexual Attraction- A Poem by David Ignatow

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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#DavidLehmanPoems
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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

She Walks in Beauty- Poem by Lord Byron

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@Rahman Henry

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* #WallaceStevensPoems .

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#ThomGunnPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Acquainted With The Night-Poem by Robert Frost

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Night Poem- Poem by Margaret Atwood

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#HaroldPinterPoems
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#MarkHeathcotePoems

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*Bengalized by Rahman Henry (Bangladesh)

** Translated from: The Red Rose by Christina Simmons

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

This Is Just To Say- Poem by William Carlos Williams

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Rahman Henry
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????? ?????? ??????? (Bengali Version)

* Amends by Michael Burkard

** Bengali translation: Rahman Henry

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Rahman Henry

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* #MarySpainPoems

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 * #GiosuèCarducciPoems

Rahman Henry

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** Bengalized (Translated into Bengali) by Rahman Henry

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* #BenjaminZephaniahPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Ode to Autumn- Poem by John Keats

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#AracelisGirmayPoems

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* #MargaretWalkerPoems

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* Original: Sensation- Poem by Arthur Rimbaud

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry
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#ManolisAnagnostakisPoems

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#RobertaHillWhitemanPoems
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*Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Dream Deferred - Poem by Langston Hughes

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

A Pact - Poem by Ezra Pound

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@Bengali translation by: Rahman Henry

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* #MatthewSweeneyPoems

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* #ConfuciusPoems
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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Confession - Poem by Charles Bukowski

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Oceans- Poem by Juan Ramón Jiménez

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* Original: Sea Breeze - Poem by Stéphane Mallarmé

* Bengalization: Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original:

Mariner's Ideal Epitaph- Poem by Juan Ramón Jiménez

* Bengalization by Rahman Henry

** Original: House On A Cliff - Poem by Louis Macneice

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* #JoseGarciaVillaPoems

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original:

Sunset- Poem by Juan Ramón Jiménez

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#AnthonyThwaitePoems

Rahman Henry

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#JosephBrodskyPoems

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Comfort - Poem by Robert William Service

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* #PeterRoseggerPoems

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* Original: The Open Gate- Poem by Ernestine Northover

** Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

To The Whore Who Took My Poems- poem by Charles Bukowski

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

* Original:

The Moment- Poem by Margaret Atwood
* ???????: ????? ?????

?* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Beauty Xxv- Poem by Khalil Gibran

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#GabriellaMayerPoems; [#BeautyIsAThoughtProcess]
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Rahman Henry
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* ???????: ????? ????? ** Bengalized by RAHMAN HENRY

@ Rahman Henry

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#??????: #??????; #Bengalized by #RahmanHenry

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#JoyHarjoPoems

????? (?? ?????) ?? ?? ??????? (Bengalization Of Paul Eluard)

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Five Haiku- Poem by Paul Eluard

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 * #AbrahamSutzkeverPoems

Rahman Henry

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???-???? (Man Of Broken Bone)

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* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Original:

Invictus - Poem by William Ernest Henley

* Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Autumn Day by Rainer Maria Rilke

*Bengalized by Rahman Henry

** Autumn Moonlight/ Matsuo Basho

(From the English translation by Robert Hass)