

Poetry Series

Sadman Nehal

- poems -



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Bloody August

The month of Srabon;
the trees sway by gusty wind,
and raindrops come upon,
and rain blooms the lily and lotus.

August heard your cries;
and nature gazed at your eyes,
with wishes and love,
saying, 'What a lovely dove! '

The rain weeps over our blood;
that runs through our vessels,
passed over successive generations,
and you are the pride of your ancestors.

Oh, the month of monsoon,
and the cottons in the sky,
Why are you crying?
I have seen bloodshed on the roads.

Sadman Nehal

Worlds Within

Do you know there are a plethora of worlds?
All lie within the world we live;
Are we ignorant or too blind to see?
There is a world of harmony and music.
There are worlds from science and innovation,
to decisions and judgments,
to depression and gatherings,
to freedom and war.
Count as long as you wish, it shall never end,
Each world a story, each life a thread.
The difficult part is, you have to select.
For every moment you choose, a new world is born.

Sadman Nehal



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