

Classic Poetry Series

Shahabuddin Nagari

- poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Shahabuddin Nagari(6 October 1955 -)

Shahabuddin Nagari (Bengali: শাহাবুদ্দিন নাগরি) is a modern poet of Bangladesh, who appeared in the 1970s and gained pre-eminence as a lyricist. According to famous literary critic Abdul Mannan Syed, "Shahabuddin Nagari is one of those few powerful poets of 1970s whose mastery of mixing romanticism with instinct is amazing. He is a versatile littérateur who walks all literary circuits. As of 2011, he has published more than fifty titles to his credit. Nagari is most noted for his songs and works for the children. He is a senior bureaucrat of the government of Bangladesh. In 1971, he actively participated in the liberation war of Bangladesh.

 Family

He married Dr. Aftabun Nahar Maksuda on September 9, 1983 at the age of 28. His wife's paternal residence is in Shalgaria, Pabna. At that time his wife was working as an Assistant Surgeon in the Chittagong Medical College and Hospital. His wife, having served as a government physician for a long time, was appointed as a Deputy Secretary to the Government of Bangladesh. At present she is the Joint Secretary in the Ministry of Establishment and waiting for posting. Their elder son Rehan Uddin Nagari (1987) has completed Masters (Dec. 2011) in Public Administration from Chittagong University while the younger son Farhan Uddin Nagari (1991) is the student of English (Honours) in American International University Bangladesh in Dhaka.

 Education

Nagari started his education in Dinajpur. After studying grade one and two in Dinajpur Bangla School, he got admitted into the Dinajpur Zilla School in grade three. At the middle of his grade five, his father was transferred to Barisal and he shifted with his mother and siblings to his village home. There, after finishing grade five in Shibnagar Primary School, he got admitted into Kansat High School in grade six. After getting promoted to grade eight, he moved with his family to Dhaka. At that time his father was working at the Dhaka DLR & SS Office, Tejgaon, having been transferred from Barisal. After coming to Dhaka, he got admitted into the Rajabazar Najneen High School. When he was a student of this school, he joined in a movement started in the country against the textbook Pakistan : Desh O Krishti (en: Pakistan : Country and Culture). A wave of popular agitation crystallized across the nation. From this school he passed SSC in 1972. By that time, since his father was transferred to Chittagong, he also shifted to Chittagong and got admitted into the higher secondary class in the Chittagong

College. He passed HSC in 1974 from this college. Although he wanted to study English for Honours, he yielded to the desire of his family and got admitted into the Zoology Department of the Chittagong University in 1974. After completing his B. Sc. (Honours) in 1978, he continued in the same department in the Thesis Group for Masters. The topic of his thesis was Rice Field Spiders in Chittagong. He was the only entomologist who worked on spiders for the first time in Bangladesh (1978–80).[2] Being a meritorious student all through his academic life, he finished his academic education in 1980 with a first class, standing first in the merit list. For some time he worked as a Research Fellow of the University Grants Commission under the supervision of Professor (Dr.) Shafique Haider Chowdhury. Again his focus of research was spiders.

 Career

At the beginning of 1981, Nagari joined the Zoology Department of Chittagong University as a lecturer. However, inspired by his father, he appeared in the Bangladesh Civil Service (BCS) examination which he passed successfully and was appointed as Assistant collector of Customs & Excise. He left the University job and joined the government service in the early December 1983. As a government officer he worked in various offices in different ranks and positions. At present he is serving in Dhaka as the Commissioner of the Customs Valuation and Internal Audit Commissionerate under National Board of Revenue (NBR) of Ministry of Finance.

 Literary Career

From the very childhood Shahabuddin Nagari has been involved in writing. When he was a student of his village school, he attempted to write some rhymes. His uncle late Abdul Mannan, then a student of Rajshahi University, would come to the village every week (1966–67) and arrange literary gathering. The cultured enthusiasts of literature of the village would join. There, the youngest member Shahabuddin Nagari would read out his rhymes. After moving to Dhaka in 1968, he became a regular subscriber of 'Mukuler Mahfil' (The Daily Azad) and 'Kachi Kachar Ashor' (The Daily Ittefaq). About that time he started to send his compositions for publishing. On July 30, 1969, his first rhyme 'Ami Kobi' (I am a Poet) was published in the 'Mukuler Mahfil'. After fighting the liberation war in 1971, he went back to Chittagong and resumed literary activity. When a son of the famous politician late Jahur Ahmed Chowdhury published a weekly called 'Rajanigandha', he started to contribute there. Then he started writing in the children's section of 'The Daily Michhil'. Besides the newspapers of Chittagong, he started to write for children in almost all the national newspapers and magazines of Dhaka. His first book of rhymes Nil Paharer Chhara (1978) was published by

the-then famous publishing house of Dhaka 'Muktodhara' (The Swadhin Bangla Sahitya Parishad). He was yet a student. He published this book by directly contacting late Chittaranjan Saha, the founder of Muktodhara Publications. Not only rhymes, he started to write literary articles and poems regularly since the seventies. His second book Mahakaler Batighar contained articles on literature and was published by Caucus Publishers, Chittagong in 1986. The same year his famous collection of rhymes Mouly Tomar Chhara was published by Dolna Prakashani of Chittagong.

 Poetry

Nagari is essentially a romantic poet whose focal point of writing is a reflection of his sensitivity. Love constitutes a key component in his poetic thought. Also, a yearning for the past, for social issues and the occasional sadness that encircles human life are also highlighted in his work. The portrayal of Nagari's feelings comes through the exceptionally descriptive. Not only does it paint a vivid picture of his memories, it also allows one to virtually live the experiences Nagari acquired as an adolescent. He writes mostly in free verse.[3] It is indeed a pleasure to see how Nagari combines love and despair, melancholia and ecstasy in impressive imagery, according to famous literary critic Abdul Mannan Syed.

 Midnight Locomotive and Other Poems

Midnight Locomotive and Other Poems is an anthology of eighty six poems by Shahabuddin Nagari, translated into English from original in Bengali by different hands. The culture of Bangladesh and a love for his country is a critical factor in Nagari's writing. This fact is unmistakably etched in the poem, Our Dreams:

I touch the river, water fills up and it flows to the brim
brim full of water abounds in silvery hilsa
If I look at a barren garden it is full with flowers, rose, marigold, hasnahena
If I dream, Bangladesh also dreams a better future super powers bow down to
our dreams.

 The Black Cat and Other Poems

The Black Cat and Other Poems is a new book of poetry of Shahabuddin Nagari. It has been published by Authorhouse, USA in Sep. 2011. Nagari's passion for woman and nature combined together is amply demonstrated in a number of poems. His passionate love for his beloved is well depicted in the following lines :

"In the mid-night doorbell rang in your door

Soundless movement like soft steps of the cats
Smell of pheromone can be felt from inside the shoe
You didn't understand, put on the shoe, light flickered from it
Sound can be heard of feline steps on marble floor
I've made that pair of shoes with my skin
Under your feet lies my skin."

 Other Dimensions

Shahabuddin Nagari is a renowned figure in the cultural sphere of Bangladesh. At once he is a vocalist, song-writer, composer, playwright and a script-writer. Considering his enthusiasm for music, his father got him admitted into the-then Pakistan Cultural Academy situated in Green Road, Dhaka. At that time he was a student of grade nine in the school. There Nagari learned both modern and classical music. He was taught modern song by M.A Hamid (now living in the USA), late Mahmudunnabi and Mohammad Abdul Jabbar. After the liberation in 1971, he learned music from Ustad Syed Anwar Mufti of Bangladesh Betar, Chittagong. He became famous when he was still a student by singing in almost all the cultural functions held in the Chittagong College and the Chittagong University. In 1977 he appeared for audition and became a listed singer in Bangladesh Television. A long hiatus from the world of music became inevitable due to studies and job. However, in 1994 he returned to music by singing for the BTV drama Keu Fere Keu Fere Na. In 1995, he developed acquaintance with two famous composers of the country, namely, Subal Das and Pranab Ghosh. In 1996, under the supervision of Subal Das his first audio album 'Bishonno Mon' was published and this gave birth to a new Shahabuddin Nagari. By 2004 he has had ten solo albums published. He has sung more than 200 songs. HMV (now RPG) of Kolkata has published his audio CD under the title Premer Gaan in 1999. In 2003 the song 'Bhalobasha Bhag Kora Jay Na' became widely popular throughout Bangladesh. In 2004 he wrote the story, dialogue, script and gave music direction for the feature film Ak Khondo Jomi produced by Impress Telefilm Limited. The film was based on his poem 'Ak Khondo Jomi' included in his book Aguner Ful Fote Thonte. The film received critical acclaim at home and abroad.

 Publications

After his debut publication in 1978, a book of rhymes titled Nil Paharer Chhara, Nagari had never looked back. He wrote and published every year. Till date, he has published sixteen volumes of poetry including two in English translation. The count is seventeen for book of rhymes, six for juvenile novels and short stories and four for essays and articles. He has also written one novel and one travelogue. In addition he has compiled and edited with others three volumes of

poems and rhymes. His introductory write-up on bengali rhymes (1947–87) (adopted as the Introduction of *Bangladesher Chhara*, 1987) is the first research work on Bangladeshi rhymes and recognised as the first reference in our literature.

A Container Of Yearning

Bring on my palm a twin cranes
I'll give you love, fragrant kiss,
With wizardly game, moonbeam will fall down
From your eyes
Give me dense evening, I'll affix a full moon
On your temple, Goddess of rocky wings
Will fly away from your heart, as if the streams
Of love flow down from the stairs of Louvre
Give me transparent sky, all the costly French perfumes
Of the shopping malls of the City
Will be sprinkle down your body
Which you'll not feel
I'll take up from the damaged youthfulness
A container full of yearning for you. Your white pairs of feet
Will be smeared with Alta
And will engage in the game of fire.

Shahabuddin Nagari

A Tiny Protest

How can I, a lone individual fight
With such a group of people? I don't have
Ten mouths, so that I can should with each of them
Neither do I have ten hands to give ten blows at a time
And them can get scared. I am single, I am little.
I walk like a tiny pin, obscure
In my life and attitude I'm like a soft fluffy cotton ball
I eat whatever I'm given. I don't ask for more

Shahabuddin Nagari

Achol Poysar Glani

Shahabuddin Nagari

An Hypocrite

First lesson of notation.

Shall I have to tell a lie?

At this question the PP laughed and said,
There's no sin in speaking falsehood, it is pardoned,
You have to say some to win the case
You'll only say once, we tell it everyday
Everyone who comes here tell it.
Be it a witness or an accused, everybody tell lies.

Law-suits aren't enjoyable when no lie is spoken,
Press doesn't give good coverage, Govt. doesn't listen to
Opposition parties do not make processions
At least a human chain is needed, if at all with writ petition
The case get an extra charm. If not, its very tasteless.
If there isn't one or two strikes, what's the use of a case
And here I put you on the witness-stand, you'll only tell,
You've seen it with your own eyes. Eye witness. That's that.
You get something. We also are getting our share.
Speak exactly as you are trained,
For today you're a parrot to me, if you don't agree, see there . . .
The PP pointed out outside, they're cadre, partisans, they'll..
Oh no, its OK. Don't use force,
I'll tell anything you tell me to
But if lawyers of the defenders make any mess,
Please protect me. Alright?
After returning I opened the packet and found a bundle of Fivers

From that day I started telling lies. Everyday.
I tell lies in an entreating way. Men are prone to habits.
I can't get rid of it. Attraction of crispy notes are inviting
Falsehood at witness box touches my sky and colour my life

I tell lies regularly before Kusum, to my friend, with
The proprietor, with the grocers. Readymade lies
Jump easily out of my tongue.
'I'll pay in no time' saying I leave the debt for five months
I didn't pay house rent for three months, electric bill, gas bill,
Water bill is pending for so many months, I forgot.
Kusum asked, shall you give me a sari, next month?

Kusum is my love, a garment-girl, working from
Morning to evening physically, her desire remained
Ungratified. She has no cosmetics, no hair-clips or tapes
A morbid-looking face, still I like her. I only kissed her, not more.

I said smiling, its very simple, you know.
I'll give you sari, kameej and dopatta, high-heel shoe,
Golden necklace, ornament of nose-tip
Anklet for you ankle, foreign-made bra-panties
She twists her sari on her finger and blushed
It seemed her lips are like a orange-pod shall dropp down now.
I advanced my lips to check her lips from falling down.
Avoiding my embrace she swiftly retreats
Unwinds her sari from the finger and covered her body,
And said, Tell me you'll marry me, only then ...
What she doesn't know how much I tell lies.

I'm ready to marry you, just now, but manage your old dad,
Depending on your money the old man forgot
A mature girl like you need marrying.
Speaking local dilect I buy confidence of Kusum.
Does Kusum understands all these?
Does she know without flirtation men can't stay better.
From Clinton to Ershad all are burning examples
Has Kusum heard such incidences
Still I didn't thought much of men's life
Girls are most sensitive about their body
Men don't have such problem. Only time and again
They have erection, which need to be subsided
But after I stepped at Dhaka city I found
Men's problems are moonlight, stars and moon, lonely avenues
And political trapsdoors, like open manholes
Of the roads. When they encounter
A stout body the police and muggers get interested.

Many a times I have seen animal sacrificed
During Eid. Imam utter 'Allah-o-Akbar' and
Draws dagger over the neck of sacrificial animal
I used to close my eyes that time. I used to freeze
Seeing the blood. As if as cold knife pierce into
My spine. Its so painful to animals, oh, feeble creature
People do not feel it.

Still one evening in the corner of Kalabagan field
In the dull dusk a bright youth was murdered
I was munching nuts on the other side of the field
It was difficult to recognize. What could I do?
Where could I go?
Lamentation of that youth is heard like a rushing wave
Of the ocean. I rushed to the youth, thought of ambulance
And hospital. Blood gushing out from the hacked throat
As if a sacrifice of best animal of the herd is amde
What's the difference of a man and a animal?
Cunning assassin fled away like a wolf before
I could think anything, and in the next moment
The police arrested and took me to the custody.
I stayed whole night at the police station
There's whispering all around, cadres come and go
Dialogues in the phone. Yes sir, no sir
Scripts of different dramas were now written
In the corridors, OC's room. By morning
Lock-up filled with a handcuffed youth
What will happen to me? Have they assumed I am the killer?
Action pictures of Bombay proceeds like this

Shahabuddin Nagari

Annual Balance Sheet Of Life

Every year when I show balance sheet of loan, you say-
I'll clear all this year. But Invitation card of the Year-end
And New Year is sent back from your address
The old peon says smiling
May be the address is wrong
My balance sheet is not updated.
I never have mistaken your address

Shahabuddin Nagari

Ashshiner Jol Jay Dokkhine

Shahabuddin Nagari

Birthday

In winter the trees shed leaves, in spring flowers bloom
There's a lots of sweet memory, Follies were shelved
Addition do not harmonize, its two plus two is three.
I remember I'm aging, that's why its birthday.

In the midnight, I hear invitation of bygone days
Memory-birds always remind me about the past
The roof breaks apart, the walls got brittle
Thousand dreams do not create embroidered quilt
When I press the switch the room is flooded with love
I look into the wall at the framed portrait of myself
I don't have glass on my open eyes, my sight is blurred
With all these love of birthday flickered into.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Boi Pora Chai

Shahabuddin Nagari

Breaking Of A Dream

Saddam Hussein came out of VVIP Lounge stood at the tarmac
On the red carpet. As Air Force One stopped at the tarmac
The TV camera started to roll and innumerable flash bulbs
Flashed creating a beautiful fireworks. Mercury glass covered Airport is clad with
giant portraits of smiling Saddam and Bush.
America flags caress the flags of Iraq and colourful balloons
While flying side by side. One division Republican Guards
Are red alert to give guard of honour to president Bush
He will be handed over with a huge bouquet of Basra roses
When Bush will stretch his hands after alighting from plane
Saddam Will not stretch his hands but will embrace Bush with
Warmest love. Flower petals will be strewn from helicopters
Shouts of 'Long live Bush' and 'Long live Saddam' will be
Heard all over Saddam Hussein Airport. Dry arid deserts of Iraq
Will be washed away with the rains of warm hospitality
Tigris and Euphrates rivers will be overflowed both sides
Eminent reviewers and reporters will explore the long-standing Relations of Iraq
and USA at the CNN in its live coverage.
Gifts of Saddam carried from Washington will be delivered
At the presidential palace of Saddam by Colin Powell himself.
The door of Air Force One is opening up like a giant whale
In a few seconds president will come out of the plane
With his three million entourage. . . . I became wide awake.
And lay down on my bed with the pain of shattered vision.
The TV screen shows the dead bodies of Iraqi soldiers
Are dragging down by Coalition Forces.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Canvas Of Destination

Water was in the west, sand shoals in the east
In the north dream built illuminated abode
In the south countless roses bloomed
My life was accumulated with nasty sins
Over my head floats dark clouds of Shraban
Enchanting emotions wipe out dusts of life.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Cold-Stricken Dhaka

Cool spear pierces the heart of winds. I walk in the avenues
Moon's body wakes up on a new footpath
Hard shells of snails rock on the swing of memory
I cannot hide this naked body in the shells
I walk in the streets in barefoot for a handful of warmth
And hide from room to room like a fox
Nowhere remains some warmth, not even fire
Dhaka city also shrink like me in want of warm cloth
Won't you come back? Still you'll not come?
Warmth only remain in the body of feathered birds
Give me such warmth, cold Dhaka shall stretch its white wings
Fire of love will be kindled everywhere.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Crow

Every morning a crow
Crows harshly by the window
If I were a crow
I'll build a house
By the cold shade of the tree
I'll wait for you for years after years
Counting every seconds.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Destination Twenty-Second Shraban

Lights were all switched off in all the houses of Shantiniketan
Whole day's toil and weariness touched all the eyes
Everybody slept. Stage was prepared under the tree
Renowned songsters, researchers and professors
From Kolkata returned to the rest house after the whole day's
Of merry-making. Tomorrow's twenty-fifth Boishakh
The birthday of Rabindra Nath Tagore.
The vice-Chancellor of Bishwa Varati passed his whole day
In his cool room reshuffling the whole day's programmes.
The air conditioner worked tirelessly to deliver cool air
On the summer-dry faces. With the rising sun in the morning Young students of
Shantiniketan will start singing morning songs
But at this midnight somebody cut open the darkness with
Sharp shining knife in the butter, the wind started to blow,
The stars started to dropp down from the sky into the stage
Like flowers. With the moonlight spreading all over
Rabindra Nath came up at the stage. A piece of brain
Fell down on the carpet stretched for the audience
From the burning pier smell of smoke and butter-oil is felt
Rabindra Nath opened his fist and made his dreams fly
Then he came down from the dais and somebody unlashed
Chains from his legs, he walked ahead and
Reached the burning stage, before sun rise
He has to reach twenty-second Boishask.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Divorce

For long hours of night, we blamed each other
Sleepless went the night

Still we never acknowledged our faults

We waited ten years to see the flowers bloom

If flower pot grew undergrowth

We didn't had time to clear those

Shrubs devoured the flowers

And many errors grew up like white-ants

Lest we have more stupidity

We have stuck our mouth with adhesive tape

Still it didn't save, with your incessant speeches

Fence of family broke down like sand dunes

Roof shattered down in gusty winds

Fungus assemble on the oil painting of the bare wall

Cloudy sky or Sunny days are equal to us

Many distrust weighed on us like giant stone

How many days we will carry these trivial distrust

Let's throw away all our dirty days

Let's open our minds and become free.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Dream Of Soil

My boat of freedom is floating on the waters of time
Every time Kodom and Keya bloom in my heart
The green village is desolated. Soil burned down by gunpowder
There I spread soothing mat in 'seventy-one'

Life was in my clenched hand, had songs in my lips
Many burning charters followed me from behind
The sky was covered with black clouds like wings of birds
The columns of tanks crushed the beloved soils of my country

The memories of liberation is stored in the museum
For you I have in me heartfelt of affection.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Ektu Pele Chhuti

Shahabuddin Nagari

Graveyard Underneath My Feet

Stars will emit light, white clouds will float away
To the west. I'll see with amazement. It would not happen now.
South wind will move mosquito net and touch my body
As if nature touch the nerves at the massage parlour
And relieves all the tensions. That does not happen either.
In closed room two of us every night hear people walk
We hear shrieks and weird painful moans from underneath
What's there under the floor? Wife told me, We would not
Take the house for rent. Is there scarcity of house in Dhaka city?
Its difficult to get single unit house at such a rate!
It's bounded by protected wall. A little courtyard with
Roses and marigold. Fragrance soothes the mind.
I comfort my wife. One day went to the landlord.
The aged man smiled, that's why it's so cheap.
Listen, nobody stayed more than a month.
I was insolent, why? My wife too was had thousands
Of questions in her mind. The landlord said,
I heard, it was a mass grave, unknowingly I built the house
Have you informed the government? At my question
He replied negative. I've invested a lot.
If government take it away I'll be in great loss.
I and my wife discussed with the matter seriously,
Shall we leave it? I contemplated deeply whole night.
In the morning I hoisted a flag of Bangladesh
Without caring anything. Let's face any coincidence!
From that day the flag is flying everyday. We hear no sound From underneath
our feet. We, a man and wife,
With two children pass our days keeping a mass graveyard
Under our feet. We never forget for even a moment
This Bangladesh was a graveyard some day.

Shahabuddin Nagari

I Came At Your Door

A powerful cold wind, of freezing nature
Blew inland from the ocean and rocked Frankfurt city
The sky is plastered with thick pieces of dark cloud
As if somebody kept the slices like butter dexterously
On the fields of the sky.

Waiting before the red signal light of the street
I was drowned in the depth of civilization of history
Artistic modernized Messe tower touching the sky and
Massive century-old rail station remained mingled beside the road
Meticulous terracotta shopping mall of the City centre and
Mega-shop H and M was busy with the loads of Bangladeshi products.
Oh! Youthfulness carries on the wheels of this city
I never dreamt that here somewhere
Love of someone is waiting for me
Unknowingly I have decorated my dreams of orchid
On the decorated flower vase.
My lively portrait dazzles
In the dull album of somebody's life

Room number of Four hundred fifty-nine
Was shrinking quickly around me
Dominant wind, like mine, hurled on the
Square-shaped window,
Lights of the chandelier like shine Euro coins
Dwindled on the white walls
While looking at the news of fire of American Embassy
In the German TV channels my dejected fingers
Were trying to reach the telephone, and returning back
With uncanny feelings, or deep emotion
I couldn't spread my voice in your cell-phone,
But lying on clean and white bed I could feel
From the majestic Frankfurt book Fair at the plaza of Messe tower
My poems are flying away to your address like lovebirds
Some day you will know
 I visited this city
You'll see my footprints are lying
Before the door of your apartment
With sheer neglect.

I'm Also Like You, Bangladesh

You also wake up like a devout woman
On your forehead move disarrayed hairs
You breast blaze with burning love
Bangladesh, you fill our arable lands with
Golden harvest. As if our ancestors
Gave us rich and bushy weeds and
A great heart as big as the sky
You have crossed a ocean of blood o Bangladesh
Your womb is covered with corpses, the wind
Have scent of gunpowder
When boots of hits your soft soil,
As if breaks down beautiful plasters
And terracota plaques, Bangladesh
Every day you alter yourself into flower, bird
A green tree, a woman, A poem, You sing
A song of freedom, like a river
As I sing melodious stanzas of Rabindra Nath and Nazrul
I saw there's no diversity between you and me
I also become a Bangladesh, when I wake up
Every day like a cold, cool rose of winter.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Immortal Flower

People will fill bottles with essence of roses or orchid
They'll throw away hidden bombs and bullets of pistols
And will decorate flower baskets on their own hands.
Without meetings, processions and struggle with arms
People will plant seeds of dream for a good harvest
Township will be covered with moonlight
Whole night the village singer will be singing
Diverse songs of sensuous lyrics at the courtyard
Still the audience will not be moved, when touched
Fountain of cool water will flow from each heart
You will see,
We'll not have bombs around us, but untiring flowers
Will bloom, which will not die or wither at all.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Keu Jeno Pichhu Pichhu Hate

Shahabuddin Nagari

Last Utterance

Also give me a river with cool continuous flowing water
I will swim in the water and in the moon light
I'll touch the blue sky and become green, drink
Black cloud and become a vast waterbed, I'll break
The full moon into pieces with the hammer and
Build a palace on the sand shoal. In the midnight
When the sand bank will wake up in bright light
As if a bride wakes up with the melody of sehnai
The walls of marriage-house illuminates with fireworks
I'll also bathe with the springs of melody and light
With clasped hands I begged for my life
Human life is dearer to human being itself
Still they didn't listen to me, they bounded my hands
And legs with metal chain and said, last destination
For the sinners are oven of fire and God has allotted
Haviah Dozokh, this function is arranged to enjoy
Your results. This celebration in only for you
But I saw those who threw me in the fire were not humans
Just like donkey they resembled, they shouted with
Their eyes and ears, sub-humans like Pariah dogs
Burning down into ashes, I was reciting sacred scriptures
Of Allah, at this time a gusty wind is flying away all the ashes
Of the oven and I felt that vitality of a life is so tine a dot
Even a tree can live longer that human beings . . .
If I am born again, I want to be a tree.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Lomba Namer Jhamela

Shahabuddin Nagari

Love

If you bury your love
Flowers will bloom on the grave
Fragrance will be felt from far
Flowers turn into love
Love does never accept defeated
Anytime in life.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Marriage Contract

Marriage contract was eaten by Judge's cow
Still every night you give away golden key
Golden colour of the keys gather rust day by day
Our dreams also become fade gradually
Leaves of the contract move in the belly of Kazi's cow
Eyes of you and mine reads ancient history
Come, let's sign a new marriage contract
So that I become your and you mine
The leaves of life oscillate in water
Pain-stricken mind destroys all the pains.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Miraculous Rain

I've never seen rain – at this comment
The girl became surprised
 I said, I swear, I didn't see
 I didn't see cloud
 Not even storm or a deluge
 Never saw lightning
 Not even the sky
I wish I could touch the sky
 I hadn't had chance
 Is the sky very far?
The girl startled.
 And looked at me deeply
I wasted forty years
 Listening to a queer sound of rain
 Still I haven't seen the rain
Rain jingles on the glasses of windowpane
Rainwater sparkle on the hanging pots on the veranda
 Rainwater laughs
I could touch spreading my hands
 But I couldn't touch
The girl asked, why you couldn't?
The girl stretched her hand
 Tried to touch
 But couldn't find me.
With the spreading warmth of her breath
 I started to melt and loose
 My flesh, blood and body
And after some time it dissolved into air
 The sound of melodious rhythm of my soul.
Over forty years one rainy night I was dead
While digging the grave onlookers saw its full of water
Only water . . . !
The corpse was kept in the water filled grave
Even now it fills with water when its rain
My eyes and sockets of my feelings get submerged
From that day I cannot see rains
But I can hear the sounds of unnatural rain
 dropp down on the grave
 dropp by drop.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Mystery Of A Peace Accord

Decorated floral designs on the doors are burned down
With the fires of war. Dinner sets went flying like warships
From the dining tables. As you walk on the Iranian carpets
It seem to me American tank columns are advancing.
Your pet cat follows me all the times like a spy
Inside the cushion of my sofa you plant mines
Instead of cotton. Telephone always rings like sirens.
Like scared stiff I switch off the lights of the house
And like defeated soldier sit still in a corner.
But every day we fly white flags and make truce
And sign a long-lasting no-war contract with a kiss.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Pains Of Eighteen Lines

Opening my eyes I see shroud of fog covers
The green trees and wide open paddy fields,
Like water hyacinth on the river, winter mists float,
It covers the water and its colours. Condensed winter
Kisses the multicolour wings of butterfly.
Cool wind clings to the soil and
Spreads the foggy mat over the thatched roof.
Whereas stretching under the open sky
My pains do not get any covering sheet
And sweet-spoken words stand head high
Like concrete pillars. Soil moves under the feet,
But its strikingly enough that my pains stand
Erect like naked woman in the cross-road
Condensed mists dissolve and wash the feet of stone.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Parbatipur Junction 1971

When I got down from train at Parbatipur Junction it was midnight
Noiseless silence engulfed me from all sides
As if I'm standing at the centre of a giant marshland
Have I got down in this platform alone?
I looked all sides once; the tea-stall is closed
A stray dog is sleeping in front of the bookstore
The waiting room is locked with a giant lock on its door
As if it's a condemn cell of a prison.
Lights oozing out of dust-laired tube lights looked dull and dim
Pale light has turned the entire platform
Into a the weird and ghostly forest
Did I come down at a wrong place?
As I walked towards the station-master's room
My feet felt a pile of dropped leaves,
a dead-body's under the leaves
Before I could flinch,
Linesman uncle Sunil appeared from nowhere
With a lighted lantern, and asked,
Aren't you Mahmud? Where are you goin'? Come with me.
Uncle Sunil started to walk in different direction
He didn't called me again, didn't looked back even.
His lantern suddenly turned off at a gush of wind
Again the bewitched darkness jumped all around like a black cat
My head rolled
In Seventy-one, didn't the Biharis slaughter
Uncle Sunil in this platform?
I couldn't see anything with my clouded eye-glasses,
Under my feet the Parbatipur Junction gradually moved away
The over-bridge started to smash down, red coloured sheds fell apart
Signal Post fell down beside the drain
Steel slippers of the train-line started to turn into dusts
Like flying cotton
And started to fly in the air,
Before my eyes the frenzied Biharis
Ran hither and thither with open sword in their hands
In the dark, this Parbatipur Junction turned into
A slaughter-house of seventy-one
Fresh blood started to sprinkle out
Like flowing fountains into the platform.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Poem Of Fourteen Lines

Do you live in the dark?
The stars fall down on your courtyard
Still you wake up in the midnight
With eye-full of dreams
Fogs gather on the window night swings like banana leaf
White flowers will bloom on all over your bed.
Are you like flower? If it is flower, it would be white
Fragrance of moonbeams will roll over, like marbles
In afterlife you'll roll away all the pains and sufferings
Songs of life will be heard from all sides
There's a wide wild river between you and me
Like silvery tape, and scars of pains are all over
Cold cool water drench slim bare legs
Legs are adored with a pair of jingles
Jingles gather rusts, days become coppery
You've loved me, but all debts are cleared
Translated by: Siddique Mahmudur Rahman

Shahabuddin Nagari

Submerged Paper

The Dhaka city will be flooded, passing through the water
The poets and lovers will assemble at National Book Centre
But the rain didn't fall. Orb-shaped sun crossed the whole sky
Like a burning globe until evening, when it set in the west
Burning-red colour spread all over the sky
A lots of question hang over the shades of the sky-rise trees
Some dreams dropped down like evening dews
Lake of my entrails swing like a glass of water
I wanted to touch them but found each of these
Are swimming like water-birds. The auditorium of
The National Book Centre filled with chirping of thousand birds
They're snatching the tastes of rain from the coffin of memory
But there's no sounds of rain, In the second day of Ashashr, Sweaty Tareq was
busy with the scorches of summer,
Handed over a cheap printed booklets of poems of rain
I laughed at the size and modesty of the souvenir
Tareq understood, but didn't make any comment
I leafed into one and two of its pages and saw
The sky of the pages of the newsprint is full of cloud full of rain
And all on a sudden the rain started to fall on my hands
I looked at the auditorium and saw incessant rain engulfed it
Drenched in rain I went up the stage, the twittering has stopped
Never-ending torrents fell like waterfall with deafening sounds.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Torn Lines Of Rhythm

Flowers bloom in moonlight, moon of Kartik oscillate
Our dreams fly whole night like birds
In the morning mists will touch our house
Bare sand-bed will be transformed into green vegetation

Walls of time broke down, winter leaves fell down
New year shall cover us with the quilt of love
Each one will be blessed with good time, melody in their heart,
Pains will be uprooted by strong spear of steel.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Unearthly Shadow Of Sky

And touched the green trees and intoxicated winds
It flies me into the worlds of magic and shows roguish joy
Though I used to write letters and show affection to the sky
From my childhood. Sky doesn't know under her giant breast
My dreams crawl every night and licks to the cup of milk
Sometimes I make the sky my umbrella or a rain coat in the rain
Sky doesn't know many a form roam on the wings of butterfly
And shows substitute sun set in the deep ocean
How many nights I visited bars and sensuous houses
Taking the sky in my hands. I slept on the benches of Ramna putting it in my
pocket. Sky couldn't recognize me. Because
I transformed into formless drinking poison from my palm
The sky has converted into a unearthly woman
There's to basic difference between a blue sky and a woman
Therefore, I couldn't understand both sky and woman.

Shahabuddin Nagari

Verses Of Melancholy

I found a ladder of darkness in front of me
Soundless hara-kiri develops dream in my heart
Lines of my palms wither away. Life become useless
Pleasure-bird flew away stretching its sunny wings

Moonlight flicker in the nights of firefly. Moon is in eclipse
My love today has put me desperate deception
Blue firefly weep in pain, my heart is restless
Whatever I accumulated is sheer useless

Today how much I calculate, the result is naught
I was nearest to you, now has become a stranger.

Shahabuddin Nagari

You'll Come

I've kept my door open for you
When you'll come? When shall you?
My heart thumps incessantly with expectation
When gusty winds stomp on the door
I think it's you coming
I glanced at the door - it's not you, not you.
Or when wings of winter mist
Slams on the door whole night
I shiever; my cool bed
Becomes cooler even more
Condensed lamentation
Becomes denser
I've opened the door, the door is open
My heart is as wide as the sky
High tide agitated in me
The door will not be closed, no never,
Liquid smell of damp wall
Float on my nostrils
My dream clinging to your body
Burns like octane.
You'll come, you shall come,
Positively.

Shahabuddin Nagari