

Songs

** Alo Sircar*

The night yields reluctantly
To the day –
Birds in vague, moist branches
Chirp in harmony
With Kishori's, Jasraj's
Godward voices,
While folks still caught
In whirlpools of compulsion –
Working to earn: earning to live –
Slumber.

For the two of us alone
Well-earned reprieve.

Our world lodged cosily
Among bright faces,
Warm voices –
Distances deepening intensities-
And among such mellowed anxieties,
Hushed apprehensions
Rooted in well-manured concern.

The way ahead
Can't be too long.
Our easy rhythms
Will glide into
A pretty swansong

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Natural Beauty

*** Md. Ekramul Hassan**

A little girl sitting in the garden,
Watching, hopping and dancing in the garden.
She is away from the materialistic world,
And enjoying herself with the beauty of natural world.

How calm and satisfied she is looking.
As if in sky a bird were flying.
She has no problem to solve.
Only she knows how nature should be beheld.

Flower in the garden is also smiling (blowing)
With flowing water of the lake both are singing
I am standing aside from them
And realizing myself, it is a matter of shame.

As I want to mingle with them,
They begin to laugh from the fountain.
They tell me sorry to come,
And advise me to wash my vague brain.

I know I'm a man of materialistic world,
Where everything is absurd.
Man has no time to pay heed to beauty of nature.
All are engaged in rivalry with one another.

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