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from STAR AND HUMAN CANTATA page 46

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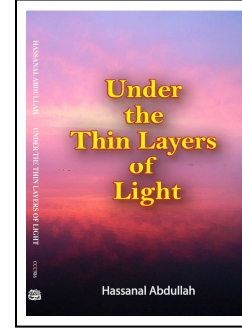
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Under the Thin Layers of Light

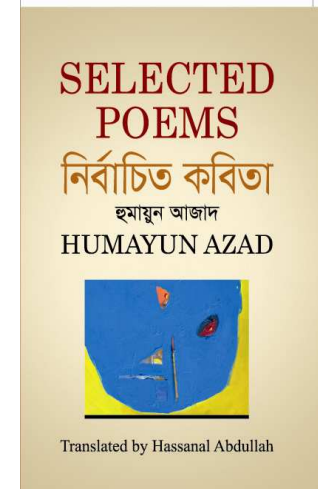


Translated from the Bengali
by Jyotirmoy Datta, Nazrul
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Dhanonjoy Saha, and the poet

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A bilingual collection of the
Selected Poems of
Dr. Humayun Azad (1947-2004)

Translated by
Hassanal Abdullah
Edited by
Stanley H. Barkan

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ISBN 984-70343-0168-7
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শব্দগুচ্ছ সুদৃশ্য, সুপাঠ্য, সুসম্পাদিত
—শিবনারায়ণ রায়

বিশিষ্ট গদ্যশিল্পী ও বাংলা একাডেমী পুরস্কার প্রাপ্ত গল্পকার-দম্পতি
জ্যোতিপ্রকাশ দত্ত ও পূর্ববী বসু'র প্রথম উপন্যাস

শূন্য নভে ভ্রমি

ও

অবিনাশী যাত্রা

পাওয়া যাচ্ছে বইমেলায়

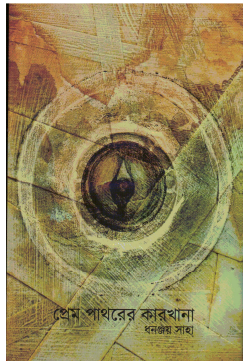


প্রচ্ছদ: প্রব এষ ॥ প্রকাশক: অন্য প্রকাশ

কবি ও বিজ্ঞানী ধনঞ্জয় সাহা'র প্রথম কাব্যগ্রন্থ

প্রেম পাথরের কারখানা

প্রকাশক: চিত্রকল্প প্রকাশনী



এখানে আমার ঘর, দেয়ালে আমার
দেবতার ছবি, এ মাটিতে মিশে আছে
আমার আশৈশবের স্মৃতি
আমাকে যদি যেতে বাধ্য করো
আমি রপখে দাঁড়াবো
এই মাটি ছেড়ে আমি কোথাও যাবো না।

—ধনঞ্জয় সাহা

আপনার কপিটি সংগ্রহ করুন!

Zhang Hu

LISTENING TO A WOMAN PLUCKING THE ZHENG

A woman is plucking the zheng
with her red finger nails
as smooth as bamboo shoots

The instrument sounds
as if a wild goose is flying
among the green strings

This song is about the men
who suffered painfully
while laboring
on the Great Wall

They are tolerating misery
like a river crying
under bitter clouds
in the whistling wind

Translated by Rukui Chen and John Digby

Note: Zhang Hu was a poet from Tang Dynasty (690-705), which was mainly an Imperial Dynasty of China.

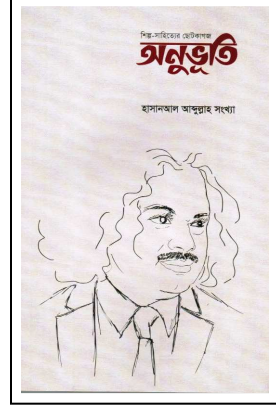
Richard Berengarten

THIS BOOK

His gates being open everywhere, and so
transparent no one notices they're there,
when my time comes, who knows how I shall go?
But whether I go senseless or aware,
this book, that has my name on it, is yours.
Once it was my gift. As my gift to you,
now I pass through the airless one-way doors
Death marks yet makes invisible to view—
leaving, I leave this book, my testament
to you, my unknown yet my close, dear friend,
its rightful bearer and recipient.
Since my indentities have reached their end,
whoever you are or may or want to be,
the book is yours and I its history.

London, UK

Note: THIS BOOK, first published in, Notness, by Richard Berengarten, Shearsman Books, Bristol, 2015. Reprinted here with the author's permission.



শিল্প সাহিত্যের পত্রিকা
অনুভূতি
হাসানআল আব্দুল্লাহ সন্ধ্যা

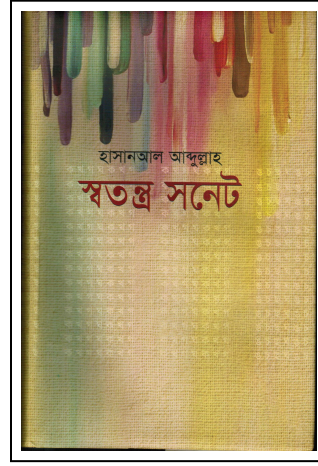
অনুভূতি

সম্পাদক: রনি অধিকারী

শিল্প সাহিত্যের এই ত্রৈমাসিক
পত্রিকাটিতে
আপনিও লিখুন

Collect
Hassanal Abdullah
issue!

মুঠোফোন: ০১৭১২-০২৪৬৫৫
roni_adhikari@yahoo.com



হাসানআল আব্দুল্লাহ
স্বতন্ত্র সনেট

হাসানআল আব্দুল্লাহ উদ্ভাবিত
নতুন ধারার সনেটের বই

স্বতন্ত্র সনেট-এর
তৃতীয় সংস্করণ প্রকাশিত
হলো
এই সংস্করণে মোট সনেট
সংখ্যা ২০৩টি

আপনার কপিটি সংগ্রহ করুন

ধ্রুবপদ
রুমী মার্কেট, ৬৮-৬৯ প্যারীদাস রোড
ঢাকা-১১০০
ফোন: ০১৬৭০-৭৬৯০৪২

হাসানআল আব্দুল্লাহ বাংলার ভূমিজ এক
নতুন শক্তি। —জ্যোতির্ময় দত্ত

উত্তরাধুনিক সময়ের উজ্জ্বলতম কবি ও বহুমাত্রিক লেখক
হাসানআল আব্দুল্লাহ'র গল্পগ্রন্থ **শয়তানের পাঁচ পা** সংগ্রহ করুন



“গল্পগুলোর বেশ কয়েকটা
আগেই পড়া ছিল। বাকিগুলো
পড়ছি। সব গল্পই আলাদা—
ভিন্ন স্বাদের। Welcome to
the club। কথাসাহিত্যের
ভুবনে স্বাগতম।”

—পূর্ববী বসু

পৃষ্ঠা: ১২৮ মূল্য: ২০০

প্রচ্ছদ: ধ্রুব এষ ॥ প্রকাশক: অনন্যা

Naznin Seamon's
new book

**Hollowness on the
Horizon**

Translated from
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Hassanal Abdullah

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Collages John Digby

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Richard Berengarten/রিচার্ড ব্যারেনগার্ডেন

এই বইখানা

তার সদর দরজা চিরকাল খোলা, এবং এতোটা
উন্মুক্ত যে কেউ কখনও খেয়াল করেনা ওরা ওইভাবে
হটহাট খোলা পড়ে আছে, যখন সময় এসে
সামনে দাঁড়াবে, কে জানে কিভাবে চলে যাবো?
কিন্তু যেভাবেই যাই, সংগ্রাহীনি কিস্বা সচেতন,
এই বইখানা, যার উপরে আমার নাম, তখন তোমার।
আমার একান্ত উপহার। আমার শুভেচ্ছা, আমি এখন পেরিয়ে
যাচ্ছি বায়ুহীন একমুখী দরজা, মৃত্যুর চিহ্নগুলো এখনো দৃষ্টির অন্তরালে—
ছেড়ে যাই, আমি এই বই রেখে যাই, তোমার জন্যে;
আমার ইচ্ছাপত্র, আমার অজানা বন্ধু তুমি, অথচ কতোটা
আপন, এই বইয়ের উপযুক্ত প্রাপক ও সনির্বন্ধ বাহক।
যেহেতু আমার পরিচয়পত্র এখন তাদের কাছে পৌঁছে গেছে,
তুমি যেই হও, কিস্বা হতে চাও, কিস্বা ইচ্ছা পোষণ করো,
এই বই তোমার এবং আমি কেবল এর ইতিহাস।

Translated from English by Hassanal Abdullah

Jidi Majia*from I, SNOW LEOPARD*

In a Dream Vision my mother appeared,
gazing at me, her eyes bottomless.
In accord with our natural laws,
at the age of two years I set out
to emulate my ancestors,
to win even larger battles
—their glory unmatched for eons,
ferocious guardians to the death.

I advance steadily, overcoming,
overcoming, I call out the names
of the forefathers, their faces and forms
in the mirror of snow's Deep Time.
Like them, I am of Sky and Earth,
spirit and body, and from birth
understood my sacred obligation.

Life trembles in my jaws
and thunders from my throat.
Aware that death comes,
I gaze into the future's Wheel.

Xichang, China

Translated from Chinese by Frank Stewart

Note: I, SNOW LEOPARD: Section 10, first published in the book, I, Snow Leopard, by Jidi Majia, Manoa Books, Honolulu, 2016. Reprinted here with the translator's permission.

আনিসুর রহমান অপু/Anisur Rahman Apu**যাপিত ব্যথার স্বর**

বলিনি কখনো উচ্চারণে কলমে বা কবিতায়,
তাল লয় সুরের মোহাগে: সুগন্ধী-সন্ধ্যার স্মৃতি,
হিরন্ময় আদর—ভাস্কর্য, বিমূর্ত রাত্রির রোদ,
গভীরের স্থাপত্যে খোদাই হয়ে আছে অনশ্বর,
তোমার তুমুল উপস্থিতি ভিন্নতর ব্যঞ্জনায়ে—
সময়ের স্রোতে পুড়ে যেতে যেতে রয়ে গেছে তবু প্রীতি
প্রণয়ের প্রল্লবেরা, রয়ে গেছে লাল নীল বোধ।

পলকে পাল্টায় দিন, পৃথিবীরো নতুন পালক
বয়সন্ধিবাহী নদী খুঁজেছে নির্ভরতার নীড়,
রক্তাক্ত হৃদয় আর একাকী আকাশ মুখোমুখি
একান্ত নির্জনে তুলে আনে যাপিত ব্যথার স্বর
চাল-চুলোহীন চাঁদ মেনেছে চূড়ান্ত হেমলক
তবু ভালো থেকো প্রেম নিরন্তর নয়নের নির,
ক্ষরণে-বরণে সদা সুখে থেকো চারু-চন্দ্রমুখী।

কুইন্স, নিউইয়র্ক

আমি মৃদু হাসি—
 ঝরে পড়ে পাতা খেয়ালহারা সংগীতের তানে
 সপ্নেরা ধূসরবর্ণ—পাড়ি দেয়
 সীমানার লাল উৎসব—
 ডেকে ওঠে পাখি
 ঘুম ভাঙে তিথি
 ঘড়ির কাঁটা এক-এ দু'বাহুর কৌণিক নিবেদন
 তোমার অবস্থান সূর্যোদয় ও সূর্যাস্তে
 হোক না যত ঞ্গিকের
 তোমার সৌন্দর্য সে তো আমারই ভুবন।

অনুরাগ

কঙ্কচ্যুত ইলেকট্রনের ন্যায়
 উদভ্রান্ত, বিস্ফারিত কণার মতই দিগভ্রান্ত
 গ্যাসীয় কণার মত অস্থির
 আকাশের চেয়ে দূরন্ত, সুরভীর চেয়ে প্রাণবন্ত
 ঘন আঁধারের প্রজ্ঞা আর সীমান্তের মনোহারী প্রহেলিকাময়
 আমার অস্তিত্ব খুঁজে ফেরে শুধু একটি ছায়া
 যে ছায়া তোমার চেয়েও সত্য
 যা তুমি লালন করেছ আজন্ম।

লন্ডন

Jidi Majia/জিদি মাজিয়া

আমি, বরফের চিতাবাঘ

আমার মা স্বপ্নের সম্ভাবনায়
 ধরা দেন, তাকান আমার দিকে
 অন্তহীন দৃষ্টি মেলে। মাত্র
 দু'বছর বয়সেই আমি
 প্রাকৃতিক নিয়মানুসারে বেরিয়ে পড়েছিলাম
 পূর্বপুরুষের পদাঙ্ক অনুসরণ করে।
 এমনি আরো বড়ো যুদ্ধ জয়ের নেশায়
 —যাদের ঔজ্জ্বল্য পরিব্যস্ত শতাব্দীর পর অনন্ত শতাব্দী,
 যারা ছিলেন মৃত্যুর থেকে পরাক্রমশালী।

আমি দূততার সাথে সামনে এগিয়ে গেছি
 সাফল্য এনেছি
 বিজয়ী হয়েছি। আমি উচ্চস্বরে ডেকে গেছি
 পূর্ব পুরুষের নাম ধরে,
 যাদের মুখ ও বাহ্যিক আকৃতি
 তুসারের আয়নায় সমান প্রতিফলিত—গভীর সময়ে।
 তাদের মতোই, আমিও আকাশ ও পৃথিবী,
 শক্তি ও সাহসে, উদ্দীপনায় আতুর থেকেই
 বুঝে ফেলেছি পবিত্র আমার দায়িত্বগুলো!

জীবন আমার চোয়ালে উঠেছে কেঁপে
 ঝড় উঠেছে আমার গলকর্ণে।
 মৃত্যুর বিষয়ে পরিপুষ্ট হয়ে
 আবর্তিত শতাব্দীর দিকে আমি দৃষ্টি নিষ্ক্ষেপ করেছি।

Translated from English by Hassanal Abdullah

Stanley H Barkan**TWINS***for Bonnie & Bebe*

Two little girls,
in an old photo,
I took for teens,
but are just little girls,
in the same outfits.

The one on the left,
called the “cute” one;
the one on the right, not.

Actually, they were
not twins, but triplets;
the third not born alive,
somehow squeezed
between the other two,
could not survive.

It wasn't until these
twins were twelve
that their mother
told them they
were triplets.

Now in the photo,
the two both smiling
under their sun bonnets,
wearing square patterned,
pink-and-blueplaid,
white gloves,
bobby socks,
one with black patent leather,
the other, sturdy plain leather shoes,
still too young to know
of their lost sister.
Oh, but now they stand,

রেহানুল হক/Rehanul Hoque**প্রেম ও বিপ্লব**

বজ্রপাতের মত তোমার চুল
প্রমত্তা নদীর মত ভাঙে বুকের পাঁজর
বাঁকা চাঁদের মত তোমার ক্র
ছড়িয়ে পড়ে কোষের কানায় কানায়
চিত্র-বিচিত্র চিতার মত তোমার প্রতি পদক্ষেপ
আশংকা জাগায় যেন ভীতু হরিণের
মত স্বচ্ছ খলখলে তোমার দেহ পল্লব
শিহরণ জাগায় ভয়ংকর স্বালাময় বাঁকা অনুভূতির
তবু এগিয়ে চলা সান্নিধ্যে তোমার দূরন্ত অন্ধকারে
হাতড়ে ফিরি অ্যাংলারের কামনায়।
আবিষ্কার করি নাঞ্চত্রিকপতন—তবু অভিযাত্রা
বৈচিত্রের প্রতি পর্বে দেখি এক বিপ্লবের অভ্যন্তর
বিপ্লব ঝরে পড়ে ঝড়ের অন্ধকারে ঝরে পড়া পাখির মত
কিন্তু স্মরণ করিয়ে দেয় ঐর ফাঁকা প্রকোষ্ঠ
যা বাষ্পীভূত হয় অ্যাংলারের সুতীর পিপাসায়
দিগন্তময়ী মেঘেদের মাঝে।

ভালোবাসার মারকিউরি

বিলিয়ন নঞ্চত্র যখন হাতছানি দেয়
আমি ভাবি তোমার কথা
সূর্যোদয় ও সূর্যাস্তে ঞ্গনিক দেখা—
তুমি মারকিউরি; পরিভ্রমণরত শতধায় সঞ্চিত গতি
কর্ন্তনালীর নিচে চাপা পড়ে শব্দ
গ্রাফ আঁকে মুক্তির
টগবগ ফুটে নিউরন বিলিয়ন
রচে যায় শব সংগীত চুপিচুপি

তানভীর আহমেদ হৃদয়/Tanvir Ahmed Rhidoy

ফেরা

আমার বাড়িতে তোমার স্বপ্নের মতো কোন বুল বারান্দা নেই
পাখির পালকে লেখা নেই যেমন কোন নির্দিষ্ট গন্তব্যের ঠিকানা
আকাশের মালিকানা একমাত্র তারই মনায়—

ভবঘুরে প্রজাপতির মতো রয়েছে যার উন্মুক্ত বর্ণিল ডানা।

তোমার বিলাসী ইচ্ছের মতো আমার কোন অলস বিকেল নেই
বহু আগে ভুল করে কোন এক পাখি রেখে গেছে তার সফেদ ডানা
আমিও ভুল করে বহুদিন বহুপথ হেঁটেছি বোবা রাস্তায়
কোনদিন গ্রাম খুঁজিনি, খুঁজিনি ভূগোলে নিজের সীমানা।

কাকে যেন ভালোবেসে ছেঁড়ে এসেছি সেই বাড়ি
আজ ভুল পথে হেঁটে হেঁটে যেতে চাই তাড়াতাড়ি।

ঢাকা

forever fixed in smiling bliss,
a time of joyful ignorance.

And I, as I look backwards,
with wonder at what they were
and what they have both become:
fine wives and mothers,
grandmothers, too,
both artists,
both living works of art,
the very best that could be.

Only the shadow of the third
who might have also been
shadows my mind.

WOMB THOUGHTS

In the womb
I was happy
floating about
in my own sea.

I had all
that I needed—
why look for trouble,
exit Eden?

I remember . . .
You don't believe me,
but I am sure
of this memory.

Now as I look
about me,
at daughter & son
and their children,
I think of
the journey

from then
till now.

From birth
to birth to birth
all over the earth—
the miracle of life!

THE BUTTERFLY TREE

for Toshi

Why they came
to my house
is a mystery.

They were on their way
south to the sun
where they go every year.

How they get there,
what guides them,
no one really knows.

At first I thought
it was the leaves
shaking in the tree.

It seemed as if
the tree had suddenly
taken on a fauna aspect.

Its branches were shaking,
all its leaves were dancing.
it was alive with movement!

As I was drawn to the tree
by its more than floral motion,
I looked more closely.

রাত থেকে দিন।

কোনো একদিন ভাঙবি, ভাঙবি তুই জানি
নিষেধের সব বেড়া, ভেঙে দিবি শিকলের মোহ
মেলে দিবি ডানা, উড়বি স্বাধীন।
তোর পাশে আমি, ভেসে যাব সুনীলের দলে
পৃথিবী, আকাশ আর ওই রামধনু হবে পাশাপাশি।

আজ নয়, আজ নয়,
সেই দিন, সেইক্ষণে, তুই আমি হবো অশ্লীল ...

কলকাতা

কোনো একদিন তোরই সাথে কাটাবো
সম্পূর্ণ এক কবিতা জীবন।
আজ নয়, আজ নয়,
আজ দ্যাখ পঙ্কিল হয়েছে যত আকাশের তারা,
শ্লান ওই চন্দ্র, সূর্য, ধূমকেতু
আরও নিঃসঙ্গ এই একাকী মানস,
উজ্জ্বল কেবলই শুধু সমাজ বিধান।
জগতের ধুলোবালি সব আজ হারিয়েছে পথ
জমেছে শূন্য কিছু শব্দের বোধ
মিশেছে কাদায় আমাদের আজকের বাঁচা
অমোঘ সে নিয়তির এক ইশারায় ...

আজ নয়, আজ নয়, অন্য কোনোদিন
তুই, আমি হবো অশ্লীল ...

উলঙ্গ সত্যের হাতে নিজেদের দেবো সঁপে সেইক্ষণে
বুকে বুক স্বলবে আগুন, দরদর ঘামে তোর স্তন
পিছলে পিছলে হবে রক্তগোলাপ
আমার এ দু'বাহুর মাঝে, মিলবো যেদিন
তিরতির ঠোঁটে ঠোঁট, কাঁপবে জগৎ
নাভিমূলে উঠবে জেগে একশো আট পদ্মরাগমণি
নিমেষেই হবে শেষ দীর্ঘ সে হিমশূণ্য
আমাদেরই প্রেম দিয়ে
বাৎসর্যন লিখবে অন্য এক ন্যায়সূত্র তাঁর
তুই, আমি সেই দিন, সেইক্ষণে, হবো অশ্লীল ।

আজ তবে থাক তোর ঘরে
গরাদের ওই পারে নিভৃত সে কোণে
যেমনটি ছিল পড়ে এতদিন।
তোর আছে ছাদ,
নাইবা থাক সূর্যকিরণে ভাসা জানালার উঁকি।
ঘেরাটোপে বৃথা তোর ভালবাসা খোঁজা,

The leaves that fluttered,
the branches that shook—
were something else!

They weren't green,
they were orange-and-black,
thousands of waving wings!

Monarchs had stopped
to rest for a while
in the shade of my tree.

All of a sudden
the tree seemed to be
readying to take off.

Then, all together,
the leaf-wings flew off—
a cloud of butterflies.

Marrick, New York

Jalal El Hakmaoui**THE BROTHER'S FLESH**

The poem
Devours
My
Dead
&
Living
Flesh
And
Spits
Out
My
Bones
Into the gullet
Of the
Eagle of eternity.

FLOOD

Dawn
I walk in the land of the Dead.

My solitary hands smother the whistling of distant trains

Children run toward me
I run toward the poem.

In the chamber of the Dead,
I'm riding "the drunken boat":
In my body shine a thousand fires the gold of the Hunters in trance.

Did I get lost in the poem?
In my poem I hear
The laughter of the Dead and the howling of orphans
My red desert brings the blind poet into the world.
The blind poet dreams on the bed of eternity.

থাপখোলা তলোয়ারের মতো বড় দাগ
আমাকে ধারণ করে আছে।

ছোট দাগগুলো আমাকে পেঁচিয়ে পেঁচিয়ে ধরতে চায়,
বড় ভালবাসে। খেলি ওদের সঙ্গে নির্ঘুম রাত।
পায়ে পায়ে ওরা মিউ মিউ করে ঘুরতে থাকে,
দুধেভাতে থাকা পোষা মেনি ওরাই আমার—

বড় দাগ, সে খুবই অহংকারী,
আমাকে পেঁচিয়ে ধরতে চায় না, কিছুতেই;
আমিই প্রাণপণে জাপটে থাকি, কিম্বা আমার সীমাবদ্ধতা।

দূর ওই নীলাকাশে শরতের মেঘ হয়ে খেলা করে ছোট দাগ
ভেজায়, আনন্দ দেয়। ওরাই আমার আজকের কবিতা।

আমার বোধকে নিষিক্ত করে বড় দাগ,
ওই গীতা, কোরআন, অথবা ত্রিপিটক ...

ওরা পাশাপাশি হাঁটবে না। একাই থাকবো এরপর ...

স্পর্শ – ৩

কোনো একদিন তোরই সাথে হবো অশ্লীল
ভেঙে দিয়ে নিষেধের বাঁধা,
মিশে যাব শরীরে ও মনে
খালবিল, নদীনালা হয়ে যেভাবে ঝাঁপিয়ে নামে জল,
শেষমেশ মিশে যায় সাগরের বুক,
ঠিক সেইভাবে।
যদি ভালবাসিস,
যদি ভালবেসে থাকিস, ডাকিস একবার,
'আয়, চলে আয়' বলে, বাড়িয়ে দুহাত
সেইদিন, তোরই সাথে হবো অশ্লীল ...

রাহুল রায়চৌধুরী/Rahul Roychowdhury

স্পর্শ - ১

তবুও আজ আমরা হাসি, বসি পাশাপাশি, হাতে হাত রাখি ...

তোকে ভেবে পুরুষাঙ্গ আজও সাড়া দেয়
অবাধ্য শূক্ৰাণু যত নেমে আসে অগুকোষ থেকে
চুপিচুপি। ভিজে ওঠে অন্তর্বাস।

হয়তো খুঁজে ফেরে নিদারুণ
হয়তো অপেক্ষা। অপেক্ষা অন্ধকারে শেষমেশ হেরে যায়।

অপমৃত্যু দেখি শয়ে শয়ে জন্ম না-নেয়া সন্তান। আমাদের।
ঠিক হওয়া নামগুলো কি আজও মনে আছে, তোর ?

তবু আজও ঘামি, পুড়ি ভিতরে ভিতরে
আজও অভিমান করি
ছুঁড়ে ফেলি মোবাইল, হতাশায় ভাঙি সিমকার্ড
মুছে ফেলি পিঠে লেগে থাকা তোর নখের দাগ
বন্য হতে চেয়ে আরও অন্ধকার খুঁজি ...
আজও ...

স্পর্শ - ২

অনেক দাগ কিলবিল করছে
কেউ আগে, কেউ পিছে, কেউ বড়, কেউবা ছোট ...

বড় দাগটাকে মুছি না। ছোট করতে পারি না, আবার
ছোট দাগ দৈর্ঘ্যে বাড়লেও তা বড় হয়ে উঠছে না
যে যার সংজ্ঞা মেনেই বেঁচে আছে ওরা ...

And me?
And me?

Dead
I dig the marble of the rotten poem . . .

Until the blackness of the world covers
The bloody mouths of the jackals.

My poem
Ignores the limousines of ministers
The salt of the avant-garde texts

Yes
This is my poem
That accompanies me at dawn into the land of the Living Dead.

It is in my poem
That living poets
And dead thieves
Are killing each other.

Yes
My red desert brings the blind poet into the world
The poet SEES the sparkle of eternity in the eye of the eagle-jaguar
And me?

Drunk,
I lie down in the maw of the poem and wait for the FLOOD.

Paris, France

Translated from French by Howard Scott

Naoshi Koriyama**TIME AND SPACE**

The ocean liner
 keeps on sailing
 gallantly
 riding over
 heaving surges
 of the open sea
 as time flows on
 ceaselessly
 through
 the heartbeat
 of the passenger
 who is leaning
 against the railing
 of the topmost deck
 looking up
 into the sky
 where
 millions of stars
 too
 are sailing
 through
 time
 and
 space
 silently

AN IMAGE OF A HORSE

The bright morning sun leaps out of the ocean
 and the horse on the island awakens,
 and yawning a big, sleepy yawn,
 he draws the cool, clean, fresh air
 deep into his lungs
 and then he rears, with his proud head high
 against the blue, clear sky,

রনি অধিকারী/Roni Adhikari**ঘুম: চোখের শিকল**

চাঁদের বিরুদ্ধে চাঁদ। চাঁদ নয়, চাঁদ নয়
 ছিলো ডোরাকাটা সাপ।
 সাপের বিরুদ্ধে সাপ। সাপ নয়, সাপ নয়
 ছিলো এক নষ্টনদী।
 নদীর বিরুদ্ধে নদী। নদী নয়, নদী নয়
 ছিলো নারী নিরুত্তর।
 নারীর বিরুদ্ধে নারী। নারী নয়, নারী নয়
 ছিলো স্বপ্নময় ঘুম।
 ঘুমের বিরুদ্ধে ঘুম। ঘুম নয়, ঘুম নয়
 ছিলো ঈগলের চোখ।
 চোখের বিরুদ্ধে চোখ। চোখ নয়, চোখ নয়
 ছিলো চোখের শিকল।

ঢাকা

বিশ্বজিৎ মণ্ডল/Biswajit Mondal**আমানবিক**

অভিনব ভাবেই এঁকেছি, তুষ্কার স্রোত
তারপর তাঁর কথা ভেবে সাজিয়েছি
এভাবে স্তব

আমি তো বি.পি.এল...
রেশনের অদ্ভুত চালে প্রতিদিন নেমে আসে
মহামায়া ঘুম

কে চায় নাগরিক হতে?
এই তো, বেশ রেখেছো বেশরম ঈশ্বর!

মুর্শিদাবাদ, ভারত

projecting a huge shadow
on the screen of the steep upright cliff
and then he kicks on the grass
and jumps,
and begins to gallop.
His pent-up energy explodes,
kicking up a cloud of dust, dust of coral sand,
as high as the island's tallest hill,
his hoofs trampling hard on the hard rocky road,
and the sound of the hoofs hits the side of the hill
and its echo sails over the waves of the sea
as far as the vast curved horizon.
The puffs of breath out of his angry nostrils form
bright, big rainbows in the sky.
The bulging lumps of muscles on his back
shine bright, touched by the morning sun.
Galloping wild to his fill,
he now comes to a stop,
and his sudden neigh shakes the eggs in the owl's nest
atop the pine on the crest of the hill.

MY GRANDFATHER

my grandfather
who had lived ninety-four full, long years
on the island
whose shoulders were broad
whose arms were big and strong
who drove his horse
plowing his small, hard, rocky farms
on the hill
under the scorching island sun
with his sun-tanned body half-naked
whose spirit no violent typhoons
nor untimely family deaths could bow down
has been at rest
in our family tomb
at the foot of the hill
for more than thirty years now

but he would jump to his fleshless feet
and stamp
and raise his bony arms
and clench his toothless jaws
and stare at me
from the depth of his dark eyeholes
and then howl and spit
with his tongueless mouth
as mad as he could be
if he saw me sneaking
like a faint-hearted hare
in the corner of the world
afraid of people...
afraid of winds and hailstones...

AT A GARDEN IN KYOTO

—looking at a couple from a country far—

Don't talk to them
just let them sit—
sit there speechless
as long as they please
on the stone bench
by the edge of the pond
where water lilies bloom
and carp swim
Don't you talk to them
just let them feel
the peace
of this pond
to their fill
Let them dream
of the shrew mind
of the ancient landscape architect
who could scoop up
and steal the beauty
of nature
with his hoe

দিলারা হাফিজ/Dilara Hafez

বিষন্ন দুপুরে

আটলান্টিক পার হয়ে
উত্তর আমেরিকার দীর্ঘতম রাস্তা ধরে
খুঁজতে খুঁজতে দেখো কোথায় এসেছি!
সেই এইটিন ইয়াঙ—সন্তানদের নিরাপদ বলয়ে,
যেখানে ছিলে তুমি তিরিশটি রাত্রি-দিন
বুকে নিয়ে গভীর আল্পেস—
এখানে এখনো বাস করে প্রাণাধিক সন্তান তোমার
অভিন্ন, অব্যয়—
নিকট প্রতিবেশী ওন্টারিও লেকের জলরাশি
আমাকে একাকী পেয়ে কেবলি জিজ্ঞেস করে
কোথায় রয়েছো তুমি?
নিরুত্তর স্তব্ধ সময় শেষে—
জলমগ্ন বিষন্ন দুপুর উপুড় হয়ে কাঁদে
আরক্তিম অভিমানে।

কানাডা

B

Where pure light is no other than the completely dark . . .
 and the vacuum absolute is valuable far than fission fueled annihilation
 for if light from a nova avoiding the curve of space were to hit direct

our eye . . . inconceivable the fusion damage to mere human oculi
 radiation alien to genesis as hosted by our own cosmos or its neighbors
 consigning this creation gentle and

sweet to garbage in
 absolute negative void zero

Queens, New York

Translated from Bengali by Jyotirmoy Datta

Note: Nakkhatra O Manusher Prachhad (2007) is a 304-page epic that portrays the relations between human beings and the universe, based on numerous scientific theories. This book consists of five cantos with 255 episodes, of which Jyotirmoy Datta, poet and translator, here translated two episodes into English. The adapted title of the epic in English is Star and Human Cantata.

JAPAN SERIES 1983

The ball hit by Nakahata
 of the Yomiuri Giants
 soars and soars
 high up in the blue autumn sky
 arching over
 in a beautiful trajectory
 over to the right
 and there down on the field
 that inimitable Terry
 of the Seibu Lions
 keeps dashing
 dashing
 dashing
 chasing the white ball
 like a hungry hawk swooping
 on its prey
 with his glaring eyes firmly fixed
 at the falling ball
 and just before it hits the ground
 his extended glove snatches it off
 his whole body falling
 to the ground
 tumbling over . . .
 but he would never
 let the ball fall
 from his tightened claws
 and then
 he slowly stands up
 triumphant
 raising the kill high up
 in his hand
 amid the thunder
 of the deafening roars

Tokyo, Japan

Translated from Japanese by the poet

Hassanal Abdullah

from STAR AND HUMAN CANTATA

(from Canto V)

34

A

In emptiness whirling hunks of hurts, hulks of wrecks of pain,
twisting shards, stars
Minds fully awake to the constancy of acceleration of speeding into
the maw of binary

black holes that compress all your beloved and anguished separations
into just heaviness
contracting so fast as to be vanishing into an unheard wail in our hearts

Sargasso of floating anguish, botany bay of betrayals,
wail of horns of sinking lost promises
swishing into the twin holes,
incalculable draining off of the cosmic tub with debris

of aged stars, of intestines of dead men,
esophagus ,
duodenum,
automobile fluids,
scars on skulls, neurons in cerebellum,
sighs of lovers
wandering in rural lanes

Invisible is the black hole, infinite its appetite for our fondest
conceptions

It lurks in pairs on the event horizon sensed but not seen by satellites
an apparent calm beyond the beatitude
formerly experienced only by loony mystics

containing human eyes.

Its forbidding neon label:
—EYE TISSUE IN TRANSIT—
had the effect of a
powerful negative charge
repelling all who approached.

“Forget the X-ray,”
I wanted to shout.

“Forget the rubble heap
of batteries and pens
wallets, keys, papers and pills.

Here is Tiresias—
come to pass his dark scrutiny
on a new pollution,
and among the clutter
of human disorder
concealed by
travelers at crossroads,

He will find truth.”

Oyster Bay, New York

Tomasz Marek Sobieraj**MAN IN THE CAFÉ**

Behind the window of a café
at Rue d'Alger:
a round table,
a white tablecloth,
a few tulips in a vase.

He sits,
reads poems
of this young Rimbaud.
The coffee gets cold in the cup.
The waitress (just look at her legs!)
smiles,
approaches,
replaces the ashtray.

He is already pretty grey,
but the skin on his face quite smooth.
And his eyes so shiny.
He lights another cigarette,
takes a sip of coffee,
writes something
on a little piece
of a creamy paper.

Then,
for a while, he talks with the lady
at the next table;
they seem to have known each other for ages,
like old trees
by the Seine.

They leave together,
buy newspapers
and pistachios.
On the way to the river
they disappear

the world in reverberate silences, wraps
the world in reverberate old pleasures, tears
through the new rhythms, tears into the new box,
containing, releasing; the new box opens
you, the borrowed old box contains you, the white
new box releases you, white, to blue stillness

filled with words, filled with birds, flitting in stillness,
crying in stillness the old, old cry that wraps
the world in old sorrow, in new joy, in white
searing joy cleaving sorrow, the cry that tears
the worn and borrowed world apart, that opens
you, holds you, that spills you out of the blue box.

Now, in the stillness, you speak the word that tears
apart, before it wraps, before it opens
the plain white, smooth white, pure white, perfect white, box.

New York

joy flashing, flooding, flowing through the old dance;
 a first kiss, a new kiss, then we kiss again;
 eyes, fingers, hair, lips lingering in patterns
 borrowed from past loves, binding, in our presence,
 boundless blue absences to waving wild fields.

You and I resound like paired quarks, bang patterns
 of love in the dance of passionate presence,
 and wed again in endlessly greening fields.

BOX

Before, you polish your mother's jewel box;
 shameless old memories fly out; the stillness
 shimmers in new touches, before it opens
 the world to serenity, before it wraps
 the world up in borrowed silk, before it tears
 the blue heaven apart in a flash of white.

After, you wonder, dazed, at a world gone to white;
 once you knew this old friend who hands you a box
 and says, "Your turn"; something new in his voice tears
 through you as his hand brushes yours, the stillness
 banishing the borrowed familiar; the wraps
 fall off the blue package that cracks and opens

to reveal some ticky-tacky that opens
 the two of you to the old song; and the white
 lace of memory, newly worn and torn, wraps
 the two of you in laughter; you know the box,
 borrowed from your mother, was full of stillness
 that settles around you as the blue moon tears

across the indigo night, as passion tears
 old mourning to tatters, as morning opens
 on you lolling in angled new light; stillness
 of his warm body, lying tangled in white,
 fills the borrowed room; you fall into the box,
 the familiar old blues shiver, the riff wraps

behind a corner of Rivoli.

I wonder what is on this piece of paper;
 whether he wrote about the things he had never done,
 chances he had not taken,
 life that had passed . . .
 Or maybe
 about the legs of the waitress
 or moments of delight
 in the arms of a woman.

GRAVE OF KOMENIOS

This is a place of our rest,
 maybe even the end of the whole journey.
 We arrived at the tomb of the poet Komenios,
 on the shores of the Ionian Sea.

A simple tomb, ascetic in its form;
 an oval stone and stone words on it:
 "Here lies Komenios, a defiant poet,
 who made an armour out of his words,
 unbeaten by barbarians".

We looked at the dark blue water,
 like him, before he decided
 to put down his stylus and give himself
 over to more sensual pleasure.

There remained volumes of his poetry in libraries
 and this clay slate with the last poem,
 slightly crossed out,
 about the beauty of the Demetrios' body.

We took off our clothes
 and went towards the troubled water.
 After all, history
 does not have to repeat itself.

EARLY AUTUMN

This autumn
came earlier than usual—
somewhere in the middle of September.

Westerly winds and heavy rains
all days long
were whipping the garden mercilessly.
So I was sitting at home,
reading Heaney,
listening to the staccato of gutters
alternating with songs by Karłowicz.

On the eighth day the sun came out,
oddly red—
probably with shame
that it let the Atlantic winds
from Island
to seduce it.

Despite the efforts of the fallen star
the air was cool this autumn,
however, it was slowly beginning to swell
with the scent of decayed leaves
and fruits
lying on the grass.

Now I let myself be seduced
like an insect
tempted by the aroma of ripe apples.
I went out to the garden
to eat one
and rake the leaves.

Roy Herndon Smith**THE WEDDING**

We gather together in waving wild fields—
forgotten, fattening, old Father Big Bang;
promiscuous, pregnant, new Mother Presence;
twinning quarks singing duets; you and I dance,
following, not following, borrowed patterns
under this blue sky that will not come again.

I jitter, think, it's waving over again—
chaotic mowing of forgotten old fields;
that you and I, so new, are just set patterns
flashing together and finished in a bang;
that I, with my borrowed words, my well-worn dance,
will lose you; and the blues will crash over presence.

We suffer jittering absence in presence—
old mourning waving, breaking over again
on new-drawn figures of the ritual dance,
the distances in duets defining fields
of loss; borrowing desire from The Big Bang,
we ache the blues, cry out, go still, in patterns

of tunes we jitterbug to between patterns
at the ends of the old tunnel of presence;
the sax player plays the new before the bang
of memory strikes again; we know again
they are not trains or planes, but sun-borrowed fields
of light under blue, blue skies, where still we dance

and fall to the ground, close and part, stand and dance,
tripping the old steps, slipping the old patterns
into new, entwining, unraveling, fields
of resonating quarks, bodies; your presence
borrowing the broken universe again
to break me open again, in a blue bang

of stillness cleaving sorrow; we meet—touch—bang!

Gregg Dotoli**APPROACH**

Relearn the approach toward word
 Like the bread-handed child coaxing a blue jay
 For the feather and blue close-up
 to satisfy his curious nature
 to get peace-close
 to observe not cull
 that child is pure in objective
 and sincere in goal
 but becomes polluted and eco-aloof
 time sheds innocence
 instills neglect towards nature
 like our empty approach to climate-wreck
 animals and plants wordlessly weep
 Nero fiddled while Rome burned
 and we look away as nature dies
 Relearn the approach toward word
 get peace-close to word
 accept waning nature, man as viral polluter
 Earth
 this is our circle, every point
 words deny, nature never lies

New York

IN THE GARDEN

We were picking plums in the garden
 climbed high and naked
 among the branches of an old tree.
 The sun was shining,
 leaves and insects were rustling,
 obsessed just like us,
 by the last days of summer.
 Our fingers were sometimes meeting
 on small planets;
 then
 we brought order of a green universe
 with double strength.
 Fruits, sticky with juice,
 we were throwing to the bucket;
 eating some of them right away
 giving to the mouth of each other
 the ripest ones.
 Sweet drops
 were running down our chests.

But when satisfied and calm
 we were lying sleepy on the porch,
 no voice came out of the trees,
 nor any motion of leaves could be seen.

DOGS WILL BE MISSING US

An empty armchair in the corner of a room,
 under the lamp; a table next to it,
 glasses, books, phone,
 some newspapers, and a box of checkers.
 In front of the armchair, a dog is sitting.
 He does not want to go up
 and settle down comfortably, as dogs
 usually do. He looks. Waits. Probably he thinks,
 that this is just a new "disappearance" game,
 a behavior, in fact,

which is unworthy of a serious man;
 another joke, as it was in the park,
 when the man climbed a tree and threw chestnuts.
 The dog frowns, tilts his head,
 sniffs the smell with his moist nose,
 slightly moving his tail. He lies down
 on the carpet, rests his head on his front legs,
 struggles with the weight of his eyelids, after a while
 falls to sleep; he barks,
 runs after his master, is a little puppy,
 pulls the cloth, and then falls
 into that terrible puddle near the old oak.
 And, of course, he chases the cat.

After a few dog dreams,
 the glasses, books, and checkers
 disappear from the table.
 The altar slowly
 gets lost in the darkness. Then comes the winter.
 And the dog still sits in front of the armchair
 and waits.

Poland

Translated from Polish by the poet

dissipate the remnants of mist
 merging with an invisible cricket chorus
 that late into the night
 sings Buddha's psalms.

inaudibly
 my soul breathes
 through a thousand and one lotus mouths.

Belgium

Translated by Bill Wolak & Maria Bennett

UNFINISHED LOVE POEM

From the haystack of language
 I've lifted
 the first line
 of a love poem
 fragile happiness
 home-grown
 vulnerable
 as a wheat field
 before the harvest
 reckless
 as the purple butterfly
 circling closer and closer
 to the light
 the burning bait
 which stalks with
 a keener passion
 between the secretive red lips
 of the dying sunset.

LOTOS EATER

Bathing
 in its own blood
 the tropical sun pours
 its embers
 over Thailand's temples

fragile
 the evening
 that above the domes' scimitars
 must give birth to the night

delicate waves
 of exotic girls' voices

Afzal Moolla**POEM 1**

love with hope . . .

she comes to me,
 offering solace, gentle words whispered in my ear,
 she placates me,
 her words a tender caress, dispelling fear,
 she seduces me, as sure as she breathes fire into my soul,
 she teases me, offering glimpses of the promise of being whole,
 she heals me, when i'm down, battered blue black,
 she picks me up, shuffling my self as bones achingly crack.
 in love with her, i know now, without her, i would not cope,
 in love with her, i know now, she is abiding hope,
 hope lives,
 hope breathes,
 always . . .

POEM 2

lost and found . . .

1.
 i was lost,
 scrambling for scraps of love, of life,
 desolate, empty, my heart seemed destined to ceaseless strife,
 lost in between murmured promises and yearning for gay abandoned
 flight,
 cast aside in the deep dark of night.

2.
 you found me strewn across festering boulevards, you picked me up as
 i lay broken,
 your love breathed life into my deadened soul, after all the trite words
 were casually spoken,
 your essence, your being, lifted me,

my heart once more in free joyous flight,
 you found me, you saved me from myself, you ushered in spring days,
 after aeons of corrosive night,
 you found me . . .

POEM 3

greed is good . . .

brands and little tender hands,
 sewing and sweating,
 in dinghy factories and in smoke-clogged stands.
 Haute-couture and ostentatious labels,
 black and blue whiskey on heaving sushi tables.
 Greed is good,
 it 'enhances' free-market competition,
 as we blindly scamper from mall to mall,
 devoid of a scintilla of compassionate vision.
 Greed is good,
 oh and it feeds,
 on complicity,
 apathy,
 as we reap the rewards,
 of the sowing of hypocritical seeds.
 Greed is good,
 yes it is,
 as long as we can buy and buy and buy and buy,
 and
 as long as there's gourmet coffee,
 and,
 as long as there are oysters we can lasciviously shuck,

greed is good,
 so we sew our mouths shut,
 as we frolic,
 as we party,
 and,
 as we fuck.

through my thinning hair
 until with the ink of ancient days
 I can write new love poems again.

IN THE SILENCE BETWEEN YOUR LIPS

. . . *you who have comforted me*
 Gérard de Nerval

In the silence between your lips, I put up my tent
 and I will linger,
 on your motionless lake
 I lowered all my sails,
 against in the paleness of your breasts
 I alleviated my old pain,
 to the rain and wind I have said:
 this is my new home
 not built on a rock
 but on her body
 here her caressing fingers
 will knead the flour and grains into love
 for me, gypsy, born
 between cactus and thistle
 where grey mist divided
 night and daybreak
 here, where I've tasted thirst and sadness
 as well as eternity
 my ship when desperate
 when it shatters
 its mast and oars.

of my solitude
that shrieks with the seagulls
against the roaring of the sea.

LONGING

The sky hangs filled with blue
and helpless white
fragile and pale

like pent-up longing
like gentle sorrow
now and then some rain falls
the hydrophobic birds
abandon their songs
and watch in astonishment
as my reckless spirit
with its paper sails
weighs anchor.

LOVE POEM

The rose is pruned
the autumn fruit stored
passion furrowed
the underbrush
winters turned cold
and without burning
sadness becomes
fiercer than blood

but sometimes
drunk with comforting
memory
the desire moves her towards me
undresses her saved up dreams
combs with caressing fingers

POEM 4

Fennel Seeds.

. . . cocooned memories of youth, of days gone by, tasting bittersweet
fennel seeds, igniting nostalgic tugging, of playing on the dusty banks
of the Nile, a taste of bygone flavours, from scents of willowy reeds to
bittersweet fennel seeds . . .

POEM 5

gold dust beneath my feet . . .

walking in this city of diamonds, gold dust beneath my feet, sleeping
under her rainy skies, embracing my newspapersheet,
i had a life, once upon a time, a woman too, now just a huddle of rags,
while they walk past, never scrounging in their gucci bags,
she left me, or i myself, on these bleak jo'burg roads, searching for that
fix, finding me at these desolate crossroads,
now i stand alone, these empty streets my bed, all this gold dust
beneath my feet, my blood soaking the earth, drops of beaten red,
so i wish you well, friends, all of you who have walked on, and away,
wishing you gold dust amidst the fray, leaving me to beg or borrow, to
get through another jo'burg day . . .

Johannesburg, South Africa

Baitullah Quaderee**DAWN**

A kneel-down morning
 keeps me stranded to think
 as if it were gradually getting pregnant.
 Its spirit, and the emotional stage
 of its heart, easily transmitted
 to the third section of the dawn.
 Feelings and festivity slough
 through its leaves.
 In its unfolded lustrous vaginal lips
 the sparkling sunlight
 penetrates a thin-shadowed wave.
 Those who come to me now—
 Socrates, Alexander, Freud,
 or even Hawking and Tagore,
 they don't show up at the turn of my well being.
 My mornings not so subtle as their nights.
 With my own electrical charge, therefore,
 I permeated a little further
 as of yesterday or even the day before.
 Again I have arrived today
 for the equal share of flesh and blood-stain sheets.
 Since, Columbus diverted my boat
 towards the wrong channel, and thought,
 for the betrayal of the wind, that I would
 evaporate the same aroma
 as the sizzling red meat.
 So, the kneel-down winter morning,
 as the amass milk-like pellucid baby's,
 and elder's glance
 at the third section of the dawn,
 carefully walks away with my
 evening writings,
 and like the lost youth,
 someone calls out:
 Let's get it, let's get it, let's get it now.

Germain Droogenbroodt**FORTY AT THE WALL**

to Peter Huchel

Through suffocating heat
 the cornet signals:
 the sun stops
 scorches
 the brittle earth

scant
 refreshment arrives
 at the fountain

in front of the herd
 —thoughtful now—
 the man strides

pulls the old flute from his shepherd's purse
 then sings his blues
 with a wavering voice.

MY BLUES

I recognize
 your feet dragging
 through the underbrush
 of my feelings

by the smell of thistles
 and the torrential rain's dampness
 by the wine
 that tastes like sediment
 bitter as death
 but which doesn't kill

but above all I recognize you
 by the voice

Kevin Carey**STARING**

When it's winter
 and the stars are out
 in the cold black sky
 and it feels clean
 and orderly above
 the more I stare,
 my neck stiffening,
 the more I wonder
 what's looking back
 at me,
 some other strange
 child wondering
 why I put barrels
 of trash on the
 sidewalk or why I
 tie my dog to a leash
 or why I stand
 mouth open
 against the earth
 like I'm waiting
 for something to fall.

Salem, Massachusetts

LORD

Don't be upset lord, don't be hesitant yet.
 Looking at this heartiest marrow, my lord,
 you drink some water, walk a little,
 and do some exercise holding the stick.
 Later, if you shrink in your width and height,
 then, like your wife, continue on the vocal practice,
 without waking the neighbors. Do you have a wife?
 Without waking others, you wake to break your heart.
 Lord, do you know that your neighbor's heart is
 melted in a newly bought silk sari? Now, let's make up
 your mind, and tell me, have you ever seen her?
 Have you ever recognized the village that is engulfed
 by flood-water? The surging water failed to find
 its depth. My lord, let's make up your mind, and tell me,
 what is worse, the thief or the habit of being theft?

A WEAVER LIGHT-BIRD

Who asked me to
 weave the light?
 Could anyone ever
 weave light like this?
 It's not
 like
 knitting
 a woolen sweater,
 that would be finished before winter.
 The eggs of light
 arranged in rows,
 in a circular array,
 it has been spinning around
 while clustered in a drop of water—
 Is it easy to
 weave that
 light?

A festival of men and women.

They are now meeting
 at the edge of each other's desire.
 In a consumer-less dusk,
 long and pale;
 after all the hugging and kissing,
 they ignite the light
 and
 then switch it off
 faster.
 And I reckon, I am not at all
 in my own habitude,
 have gone to
 the lover-land
 burning my flesh.
 A flock of birds,
 faster than sound,
 burns me with its fire,
 and I
 then keep one
 weaving the light,
 like a weaver
 bird.

DECEMBER

Last night, I embraced the hilly moon
 more than anything else, beside
 the weak branches of the hollowed nature,
 dry but palpable, in the midst of the wind's respiration.
 I observed the fog stretching
 its suspended horse-mouth
 up to the street and ignited the light,
 a flickering light on a fish-ring
 in river-water.
 Someone, at least, was awarded the kingship
 at that meeting—someone, yet,
 with the help of visual lamentation
 made it up to the marriage, and then,
 there started the days of nakedness.

Whilst battling the compressed hate of the devils toys.

For we are designed of sacred rhymes in spaces undone,
 Our spirits of refined purity and the essence of the sun,
 The social subconscious of our minds today form as one,
 Through the unification of our spirit all future battles are won.

THE EMZ GURL

Fly with me my space bound beauty of the stars,
 And see the untold wonder of the universe,
 Your love is a bond stronger than life,
 And soul is the essence of purest infinity.

Do not hurt my sweet tender angel,
 For your woe is because you love so deeply,
 Your heart though blue is as strong as sapphire,
 An immortal's eternal love in crystalline time.

As we fly in our immortal dream-ship,
 Time and space fold through our will,
 And we trace the skies in the colours of love,
 An unbeatable passion which will resurrect all hope.

Your beauty is as flawless as perfect diamond,
 And love I cherish as like your soft tender touch,
 Your voice has healed me of the savage darkness,
 As your affection saved me from bitter despair.

You are my soul-mate and companion forever,
 At night we drift as spirits through consciousness,
 Through the spirit-web we speak through our dreams,
 As our dragons slowly coil round each other's forms.

In the warmth and the love of our eternal sun.

N. Lincolnshire, UK

Alan Garfoot

THE DRUIDS

With ancient stone circles aligned to the stars,
An intentional higher mind formed in the calm,
And sentient honed instincts designed to see far,
We form tension intoned symbols to pursue who we are.

Totality of the disorder of an empathic higher mind,
Causality of the destroyer cosmically designed,
With the philosophy of new order theoretically refined,
And technology of the aura genetically entwined.

A torn fight this night our actions will test our gold,
The form right of the night I target the infested goal,
As it dies the dawn light raptures my celestial soul,
A warm sight of you captures my ancestral whole.

Now a being resides whose fire could start,
A passion within me inspired of the heart.
A revolution empowered of a higher art,
Now compassion inside I desire my part.

ZERO-X

Once just a spiritual bystander just killing time,
Now a Lyrical commander through his sacred lines,
A spaceship landed through his portal sign,
Having a telepathic link with his mind.

With a cosmic higher nexus formed of the stars,
And a purified solar plexus that we know is ours,
Thoughts now perplex us about the extinction of Mars,
As our spiritual memes evolve who and what we are.

Together we scan the essences of the cosmic void,
For the darkened presence of what we must destroy,
The fear and distress in our hearts we sublimate to avoid,

Fish, too, stayed naked for the whole day.
Along with the fringe-ring, and sprinkling
aroma, last night,
jumping off the quicksand
danced the girl's tender breasts,
like a cotton candy swaying
in ragged December air.

Dhaka, Bangladesh

Translated from Bengali by Hassanal Abdullah

Naznin Seamon**TIME**

Some days I only need your touch,
 Some days it becomes a strong urge,
 Other times my heart desperately tries
 To stop sorrows following unrestrained cries,
 And, some other times it turns to be a necessity;
 But over all, all the time, I simply miss thee.

HOARDER

I'm nothing but a great hoarder,
 No materials I collect though,
 Nothing money can buy is my interest at all—
 Swear by everything dear to me!
 I preserve all the words you utter.

Every action you take
 All the conspiracies and abuses
 Hypocrisy, shrewdness, contrivance,
 Your greed, scheming—
 Everything is scripted in my heart and
 I never feel a crunch in spacing them.
 Your mockery, jealousy, rigid ego are just
 Ways to show you're covetous, I know.

So,
 Your love and care are engraved in there, too.

I hoard them with care and determined secrecy
 I never let go off anything
 'cause I'm a passionate hoarder

REALITY

From deep down the darkest well
 Echo comes swirling and thumps, thumps
 On the deserted souls.
 No probing into conscience is allowed
 In this anguished hemisphere known for centuries
 The rainbow rests upon the rustic horizon
 It too suffers from rage
 Satisfaction is reserved for the royals only
 Reasoning is the biggest foe
 And Love?
 Love is the ruthless criminal after all!

YOUR FACE

I question your dignity and merit that you're so proud of.
 You brag and keep bragging about your aptitudes;
 I dare to question you on that, too.
 I question your
 phenomenal
 iconic figures,
 your singularity,
 and
 your immense
 power
 That made you so unique and untouchable.
 I questions your damn image portrayed to be fair and just.
 I question your identity
 'cause you are simply a lunatic and sadist.
 And, I have the guts to throw that on your façade-face.

Queens, New York