

Poems from Ashraful's Old Diary Inspired
by the Great Bengali Poet Jibonanondo Das

Md. Ashraful Amin

Raise of a Myth

We are raised from the darkest womb of death -
Shadow it is!
Spark it is - in wind!
Phantom body they take from a long lost myth.

A face - hardly recognized, Or
Is there a face or two? - Yet! She's there in the wind
Is she - the first Goddess or - Eve on the shore?
Yet! Banalota Sen. She's in the mind.

To Each Other

Woman: To Man

This light will not light no more-
Bee and Blue (sky) will not sight no more -
Kingfisher will not show the shutter in sun -
Ha! "How long should they meditate for fish?"

As soon as you ask, they've already left -
The river is like a void crystal dish.

Man: To Woman

Light, day or Night- will fade-out.
Human, Dumb or Bright- will late-out.
Who cares for Good or Bad, if the Sleep is deep!
Woman, you've already surrendered to that sleep.

Life

Surrounded by the Eco of Dark Ocean-voice.
As if - a New-Night & Earth's wedding Song.
Roots are nourished and crops growing full.
The Earth is in telepathy with the Star.
Long since he was born in the Earth.
He is nourished with Life after birth.
The same Soul he and I share.
On my soul I've fishy sea foam scent.
The Earth is awake with him -
I am on the Sight.

Tale of a poem

None have ever heard, such a message,
I bring it, being the passage.
You have heard the tone -
Passed - Old it is and 've gone.

You need something new,
Not from few -
I've come - I am the only one
- As the wave of the Creation-Ocean.

When all are gone silent in dark -
Here I am with a task.
Listen to me and my sound -
This is new - they've gone ground.
I do not sing - a carnival song,
- Or if something is wrong.

All the poets with optimistic poetry
Now living in the womb of history.
All pessimists with poetry of pain,
With all grief, they will resign.

What is new? What we need? -
I have found one -
A thought of synergy -
Poems of optimistic pessimism -
The era of search

Thousand years passed in play
Thousand years we have played -being firefly:
Centered by the soul of night -forever;

Crescent moon on crystal sand -
Here and there Deodar shadow as scrambled pillar:
Daroka's; - standing dead, fade.
We smell sleepy and lost all business with life;
“Remember?” she said -
“Banolata Sen?” I answered.