

100 POETS

around the world for

LOVE

An International Anthology of the 100 poets around the world for love

Edited by Shamim Shahan

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The Gronthee

100 Poets Around the World For Love

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BANANI CHAKRABORTY



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1. The crisis of the present era in Manoj Mitra's play.
2. The social position of senior citizen based on Manoj Mitra's play.

Books –

1. Literary criticism on Drama Nabanna by Bijan Bhattacharya
2. Literary criticism on Drama Chandragupta by Dwijendralal Roy
3. Literary criticism on Drama Nildarpan by Dinabandhu Mitra
4. Literary criticism on Drama Devi Garjan by Bijan Bhattacharya
5. Bangla Bhraman Sahityer Roop O Rupantar

Poetry Books –

1. Chhinna Khanjanar Mato
2. Kramagato Charkar Ghran
3. Sankramito Mehagani Gachh
4. Bristi Somoy Antore

Edited books–

1. Swadhinata parabarti Bangla Natakaer Gatimukh
2. Shatabarshe Bijan Bhattacharya
3. Natakaer nie kathabarta

She has also written more than 20 articles on various aspects of literature.

Deciduous

I'm withdrawing... gradually I'm withdrawing myself from your flesh-shop... rows of raw flesh—headless, carrying cholesterol—glaireious, beneath their aged wombs... I've been touched by deciduous plants... I won't be suitable with drinks anymore... I'm salty like a slice of wet green coconut, I'm like fermented puffed rice hardly satisfies hunger... pregnant wind results rain... I was much desirous in my golden days... those are gone. I'll mix those memories with oil and water; hence I'll paint with magical colors...

Memento

Here goes a grand arrangement... sweetness in the air... let's not discuss on sanitation here... serious issues might condense our sweetness, those might be felt like grit in sugar... let's forget everything... rather you sit beside me... I'll leave after a little chit-chat... my words will fly far like birds... I'll be like the words whose husbands stay abroad... a black horse by the door will kill thousand mosquitoes, whipping by its tail; and if you wait... you, too, won't be spared... you can't resist... my heart is like a creeper, despite knowing all... my thoughts are shoreless... you won't recognize my gradually decaying body... look! Here's a ring...

Palace

All the words are surrounded from three sides by Water... superfluous words carry potential threat to inundate many lands...let's not stir... let's stay still...let's keep this harbor... my sweet palace stands open from three sides... there in the south-eastern wind I dip in to clouds...It's like an itching pleasure... let's not ask whether this my palace would bear much inundation... let's keep quiet...

Whirls

Rowing six oars of this leafen* boat, I'm in turmoil now, take me ashore... you promised waiting at the bank with a huge hawser... I rowed

towards a creek... but lost in the estuary... I feel whirls in my eyes... Are they everywhere?... Do you, too, feel the whirls?... Gripping the mane of a black horse, you're running ceaselessly... Hold on for once... Look back... You'll feel the breath of someone looted, somewhere within all these lies archeology unrevealed... When your morion will be felt heavy to you, will my pen be the same to me?...

The Fairytales

Wind swirls... emerges water out of nowhere... let's have some chitchats... tell me stories of butter and fire... I am waiting... Night after night I've kept myself awake and heard many fairytales... I've seen many fairytales... There I want to reach... I've worn a crown of bewilderment today... as if a fragile crown of puzzle... I'll deposit it to an honest sailor, and fly across the borders... I'll scribe the tales of fallen leaves, I'll gift you all those... Could you promise me giving an olive leaf? ...

The Uncouth Memories

You must face the uncouth memories when words slack... me too tired of those... never could I educe my pains out of my heart... Never could I perceive your desires... You too desire for yielding love, I know now... Then let it be, then close all the doors and windows...

The Dip

The ground at my feet has not been solid yet lacking water... furtively I'm heading towards my home... There may stand some water, I know, still I'm heading... It's time to know the home... It's time to know myself... Someone promised me care, so I had walked on grits, barefooted... His train finds station today.

Obedient Gold Pollens

My touches are not warm today... Pollens fly in the air; who knows how long you'll get the pleasure of a peasant... Insects fly around; they're like

me... All these stone idols, clove creeper will ruin someday... Call them one by one... They'll listen to you... One day they'll return to their homes, being abominated... But I'll be there... I will be staring at those eyes, full yet blank... O the obedient gold pollens! Your leaves have got eclipse today.

Numbers

Procession of death... game of fate... Let them remain as they were... You better tell about ourselves... We too have experienced life, like all the others... time and again over the ages... Why are you upset today?... Why there whirl anxiety and suspense between your fingers? ... Let's keep aside all our confusions... The boat is full with passengers now-a-days... It's the time of northwester; you know... we're nothing but mere numbers to this earth... Whence you too consider me a number, I've been standing imbalanced...

The Crescent

Let's cautiously walk between truths and lies... Who knows how much our life will give us... Who knows how far to walk... I won't care whether you hold me during storms... I have floated through myriad ports and channels, and now want to float there again... The gossips around the ports may become a crescent crown, who knows! ... Let's walk along the path where from all the pandemics have gone... Let's gather the corpses... Let's turn off all the anxious eyes...

Sky lamp

A long way, high and low, I have walked, no more I can, rather recall. You promised a lamp in your sky. Snowflakes covered all the sloppy hill tracts. Monsoon starts now, yet more to come. You promised walking beside me, along the taro plants. You promised touching the warm stove, beside a closed hut. Let's not walk over the coiled dog-tail, after all I'm human being, you're my human God. Let's not be typical, let's try something fresh, you promised ushering good days.

I see your room remain dark, snowflakes still run through the hill tracts.
Still I'm helpless without you. You told me the tale of wretched children
and the old, who live thanks to some real human beings. I'll be showering
you with all these. But your sky holds no lamp. I'll be lost in such
darkness, yet I recall you promised a lamp in your sky.

Translated by Mahbub Siddiquee