

'Great poem depends on reader's understanding, never heard like that....when its about poetry understanding is irrelevant. We don't understand, we feel poems. Poetry doesn't make us understand anything, its establishes a touchy conjunction. The sign of good poetry is that it can not be understood...'

- Buddhodev Bosu

Before multiple  
statement actual opium  
forest  
Coin alike horizon's  
silent figure

**H**

**C** Designated bonfire and  
vegetation's

**N** handshaking modesty

**E** While fun inserting in  
pocket,

**B**

**T** In featuring bluff law  
addiction's whatever

**S** Polygamist knife is  
needed to cut bread  
and butter

**L A S T**

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cover credits: Buddhodev Bosu and drug-cartels including some legal entity

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## Fuming forte of overstatement

One must adopt rationalism, without remembering this like chanting words isn't quite helpful at all, unless its a static flow. So do we want the satisfaction of achievement or always better to have a half-empty glass? And as Bengali poetry is a flow with varied velocity like poetry of any other language (its almost an assumption, in that way respect remained, controversy avoided; what the bleep! the combination of the words sound like a marketing presentation) it's current can wash/carry away manikin-poets, it has been. And may be a strong stream demands damage of such high volume fish-eggs as approval of it's existence. The unique finding on the matter is that, those days of plenty poet = crow are may be numbered when it was introduced by personal-romanticism, it still will be plenty of poets but the trigger is altering. Now lets pretend we agree with W.H. Auden that 'poetry is not concerned with telling people what to do, but with extending our knowledge of *good* and *evil*, perhaps making the necessity for action more urgent and its nature more clear, but only leading us to the point where it is possible for us to make a rational and moral choice.' but still this event of understated mind may be moderate approach and sure isn't quite full of feel-good vibes when facing the mirror, in time of self indulgence. Still the moral bottom line we can have is that, vocal should be loud enough to figure out the speech, lets say in case of poetry telling the difference between *mood* and *kind*.

In this short essay, without being specific can be said, we will see poets often has a dominant physical presence in their own words, but achieving a critical distance, stylistically moving between targets and indications, without clear dividing lines, but skilful approach that helps to recognize quickly what they are speaking, through immense power, through descriptive fake or whatever necessary means possible is the real game. Looking away from academic techniques, looking beyond form might be an end in itself, still poetry has to find a stand... circling amalgamation of rules and demand for using all the means (preferably something new) to articulate thoughts in languages might be haunting the poor soul of experiment. Such crossroad's impotunity will lead some poets to hide lines under superficial musk, if they able to. They surely are avantgarde, inhabitant of a number of a rare group. Each of the standalone poem in its own right wont make a direct connection or influence with

thought, regardless what ever amount of poetry is read, its may be better that way, it doesn't bore the reader, may be its the continuity of same old '*catching fish without touching the water*' technique. But the way words are arranged surely is importunate, the newest trend in this maestro-ship. Each of poem may have some/lot technical resemblances with any others but not everywhere; and where its not that is the deep sea of inverted (in positive sense) thoughts, that is the narrative assurance of solidarity. Its like being comfortable with the fact of walking in a jungle. Its a plain entrance through a narrow way, having individual musk. They hang the soul on the wall with both hard hammer and nail, then make stare at it, showing conflicting emotions with harmony, some poems are moderate in rhetoric presentation, but thematic result may not be the same; Preposterously it shows *logic* are unbound in *metaphors*, knows that both category is helpless. Nobody and/or everybody is the target audience. Avoiding statements, old manifesto, new visible face is that, even staying away from exhausting information pan-optic picture can be drawn, and without being a prig. Life-shaped/sized scenes are not forbidden though, quotations from everyday life is inseparable but the experimentation with language, the fluctuations of the meanings of the words, and overall the role of subjective emotions, how the informative expression has been treated is the real focus.

Commercialised poetry business is far from 'their-altered-reality', wanna tell them poetry can not be like syphilis, (off topic) though on the cover Buddhodev Bosu said it got something to do with *feel*. I don't quite agree with him, his '...when its about poetry understanding is irrelevant' is a vague intellectuality and it can be said from his own fine understanding of the art, often understanding *poetry* is not related to understanding of a single *poem*, but he had both.

Forget all these ingratitude that comes with future, praise the past and present, infused ink is the crossroad, it refers to the stillness of a diorama in the way that it wraps *space* and folds *time*, shall I too circle or fullstop here? Oh shit, but on this page there's still empty lines...

## **Ashik Akbor's 'Poem poemly'**

*by Tahmid Hasan*

01. Baking love in jealousy fire  
Regarding love jealousy is a definitive scale.
02. Burning attracted in coal fire  
Love is getting divine  
My intention but in elsewhere!
03. Do whatever you wish  
There's no lock on my door  
There's no blockade for to and fro.
04. Go  
If you can  
Come  
If possible  
I am lonely and loaded like the public road .

## **Ranjit Das's 'Postcard for grandma'**

*by Tahmid Hasan*

Whenever lie on bed  
surrounding me comes  
grandma, darkness of your story.  
Old duvet, lit off lantern  
princess's giggle and ghost in berry tree  
coming.

This dark-hug protects me  
From outside's wild and non-veg darkness  
every night inside sleep.

**Poetry about poetry:** 'After fall of many theory, many intellect, on that debris; 'I want you' – this sentence standstill. A straight desire, which cannot be synthesized or destroyed. From essence this sentence's subject and object is unidentifiable, as result its above philosophy and debate; its inner determination is its life.'

*From 'A love poem' by Ranjit Das*

## **Maruful Alam's 'Supernatural'**

*by S. Ahmed*

Ripping vagina that sun rising–  
We are hanging, in yellow lineways.....

Aha what slippery– highly blurred eyes  
in grayscale signals, naked juandis

In amazed vagina coins with regret–  
In hectic shouts, sudden disappearance

Bone-made harpoon, bloody all.....  
Dark-black colour of my time!

## **Mujib Erom's 'Skeleton tale'**

*by Tanvir Ratul*

Living skeleton visible on table. Its teeth spreading laughter.

In midday in our dark-pond used to float a living log, just like  
Krisna. And in midnight clink clank coins making golden  
bowls.

You slipped away–leaving tattoo. It hangs now, sticking with  
paper pen book's page.

That orange queen's fairy that–from waving pond on auspicious  
day used to come that queen beauty. Her properties flashes the  
sky and wind. Painful king once tried to reach with hand. Hair's  
skeleton in fist. The pond is running, thus passed by thousand  
days. Queen beauty never came again.

Greedy syllables on table. As granny used to say coming from  
dark-pond – give something dear to you, I shall give you seven  
king's treasure.

Granny use to say– no. I am too her sown away tamarind  
branch.

## **Maznu Shah's ' My school'**

*by Tanvir Ratul*

What is a watch's influence in infinite time - thinking that I have a bit of headache around teatime. To relief, then I sit on a marigold decor boat. Her sailor, often smiling propose me to enter underworld. I do not agree at all, because if there the world is infinite too, then? Rather lets visit that ever floating sea-whore's home. Time, underworld and body's she is the ultimate teacher.

## **Maznu Shah's 'Guards'**

*by Tanvir Ratul*

Those skinny and fat mothers comes in mind, who got pleasure playing musical chair in schoolyard. Today can understand, I couldn't see this world unaffected. Stolen papaya in hand came home. Only during masturbation get to know thyself. Had desire getting on a elephant too. Taking gun in hand I still burst into laugh. Nowadays by a calm pond, wish to sleep as a mussel, seeing from far a hungry swan may rushed towards me....

## **Tokon Thakur's 'Halfhour's rain'**

*by Shawon Paul*

After highland shatters, remains stone.  
That stone too later on has a clear position.

I, couldn't be hill.  
I, am not remaining stone.  
No introduction does suit me.

I, was hiding in a small mud ball.  
Though, after half an hour's rain  
Theres nothing much to say about me.

## **Masud Khan's 'Face to face'**

*by Tahmid Hasan*

A woman throws her newborn daughter silently in dustbin.  
Another lady recollects her.  
Bred her. The girl grows.  
Incidentally one day meets the estranged ma and daughter.  
The girl somehow get to know, that lady is her mother.  
But the ma doesn't.

She touches her ma-  
Not from some anger or despair, just curious.  
Unmindful ma suddenly asks girl's age -  
Then for a while they sit quietly.

Dark outside. Lightening struck somewhere nearby.  
Feels just old mat like sky Will rip apart anytime.

## **Mukte Mandal's 'Infinito daring blade'**

*by Tanvir Ratul*

Won't be coming the ironrod's fever, around sleeping eyes  
surely visible dancing difference.

I and cloud, sending message to wave and blow from sea  
will come back to infinito daring blade, in sliced apple  
cutting envy and glass-rain vision  
will be shark's shadow. Sideways lovelock .

From many defeated wings obedient veins will be flying -  
sign of storm. Impatient thirst.

Under lonely petal disguised whistle of unsatisfied thirst  
is blowing, hearing aid too is silent in killer's arm.

I will go back to curvy alphabet of floral musks.



## **Muzib Mehdy's 'Schizophrenia'**

*by Amit Chakravarty*

Schizophrenia, let us sit over the tender clouds  
let us lay with absolute delight  
Oh! I can't sleep since eternity

Let us talk about atmosphere  
before we sleep, on whose back  
the velvet fair beds ride place to place

Schizophrenia, my hunky-dory darling  
Let me touch your cheeks  
Let me kiss your lovesome finger  
Let us adore  
Let us incite the bed  
Let us be rain on the Earth  
shattering those cotton clouds

Schizophrenia, let us surge to the heart of Ocean  
Let us play with the tides  
under the heat of the Sun  
we will start our voyage again  
Let us fly in the abyss  
by wings of the wind-bird

Schizophrenia, let us perch a little  
on the nest of cloud.

## **Rifat Chowdhury's 'Rowdy'**

*by Andaleeb*

I wander like a butterfly,  
soaring from a flower  
to another.  
I can give stunning heartbreaks,  
I'm such a sweet little rowdy.

## **Rifat Chowdhury's 'The Imp'**

*by Andaleeb*

When a mother is fickle  
the Child is terrible.  
Oh! Just look at me -  
I'm a creepy, A-ha!  
I'm a dirty little imp.  
Come and save me...

I don't know why  
I'm killing nights,  
Yet I've some dreams,  
I reckon; God favours me...  
More and more  
I'm feeling frantic...  
I'm a fallen Angel.  
Juiful Chowdhury is my  
father and mother. Both!

## **Andaleeb's 'December's Letter'**

*by Amit Chakravarty*

Behind the door  
winter lurks like stranger  
and smiles tenderly.  
In this street of December  
weird desolation awakes.  
We remember  
how uncanny the vacuum  
that grew on our letterbox!  
Thousands of penguins  
sent letters in our address,  
and it took us all the floral season  
to answer them!

## **Andaleeb's '17th November'**

*by Amit Chakravarty*

Seventeenth November could have been the day I die, whilst all the sailboats, all butterflies and the great Asian horizon lurked so deep into my bones. And the ruthless wintry spear really cuts me off, so is the bracing silence. All the bistro chairs were celebrating their misery. Oh! the melancholic chef solely tore stitches of our inert relationship.

The evening of Seventeenth November precisely could have been the moment I die! Darkness treated me like an intimate friend. Nestled into my arms - in the face of that evening; I saw, glimmering eyes of Lucifer; how exoteric and brilliant it can be! Staring at that face, I saw the evening of seventeenth November like an innermost terror; broke through the tunnel of my ribs; like obstinate ibises flying miles and miles pallid like the death itself !

## **Ektiza Ahsan's 'Clock'**

*by Amit Chakravarty*

Sometimes, my clock  
drives beyond the time  
It masquerades  
like dark, dark clouds  
my ribs chime as the dial of the clock  
my hands disappear!

Sometimes, my clock  
Stands beneath time

Me, my clock  
And this hide and seek  
just lingers on!

## **Ektiza Ahsan's 'Gamble with black and white lines'**

*by Amit Chakravarty*

I was told to pick one of the three black lines. After thinking mammoth, I touched one of them. “Banishment! Banishment!”  
-They cry out. This kneel down life has been slumped under the chasm within.

I was told to pick one of the three white lines. So, I did. There, a solemn urge, was inside – to reach into the fairyland. A sound evokes- from far away. “The line did not point to anywhere. It has fallen unto the horizon of nowhere! We are sorry “

These events flow circling me as the centre with hollowness and aridity. I see those other black and white lines kissing each other, producing life. Only me, nursed by the wind of cotton clouds and barren sun, lay tireless, on the earthly sand!

## **Sabbir Azam's 'Artificial flowers'**

*by Bashar Emon*

Artificial flowers reign supreme, decorated by us.  
Fresh flowers can't find a place amidst.  
The scent and the beauty kick off with vigour  
but runs out in moments.  
and find their home with the stinking in the end.  
Plastic doesn't die; doesn't fade.  
Fresh flowers remind us of ourselves.

## **Sabbir Azam's 'Rain'**

*by Bashar Emon*

Along the electric wires evanescent (droplets) of rain,  
just like nascent memories of being with you.

## Shoummo Dasgupta's 'Million dancing particles'

by S. Ahmed

In another space-time project he has reached then  
From here how far do you see, residents,  
Field, or multistoried's head, if on a place  
Saw a bit more, may be Australia sitting chin  
On knees, rarely lifting head  
Saw couple of thousand stars, heard some of them  
Gone off millions light-years ago  
But its light coming dripping the universe  
Its taking so long coz obeying velocity  
As long it takes, by then from this district  
Future human generations by energy-cart  
On merciful station like frequent bus  
Will go other solar systems yearly group by group

So light's velocity is very fast can be said  
Isn't it? If someone says, actually it's calmly slow  
Ultimate slow it goes, in such – speed your reference  
Frame doesn't mind anything else, all horizons like  
In long run doesn't finish such horizon, galaxy,  
Where you walking like countless lonely stars  
No sign of where which direction you going  
Nothing called pole don't know how long will take  
If asked anyone can't say, nodding head  
Will pass by, actually it too on a pinhead  
Million dancing particle, rare light  
Absences of time no wish for direction  
Continuous haziness, expanded trap as  
In collectives all coming from various horizon  
Circling, just feel like Kaaba Sharif's  
Picture, or floating on hypothetical fair  
From helicopter BBC 's photograph  
There undamaged and intact, let's  
Teach you, what happens in that atomic cooker...

**Note:** Though there are available alternatives, still in last line poet used the word 'electric', as adjective to cooker; the idea to change it into atomic was entirely spontaneous, yet logical step.

## **Probhat Chowdhury's 'Minus-sign'**

*by S. Ahmed*

On a tree if 5 birds come to sit, from there if  
2 fly away, on the tree then 3 birds  
sitting, its not right. It might be,  
that two flown away birds, their one or two soft feather  
sticking on the tree branch, and their shadow!  
Their shadow wont be able to fly from tree, from tree branch.  
Then it seems in minus sign hiding  
the birds' tale, tale of birds' lake too...

## **Nirlipto Noyon's 'A page, vanished'**

*by Tanvir Ratul*

Still wing-wards publishes this expression – flying view,  
non fluidity  
While in sleep surreal smart... getting expressed by casual 'but'.  
Above all this  
Still few seasonal fountain... school usually returned to forest's  
difficult touch...  
Can be said, but confusion stays – flowing; and dream? As my  
face unwillingly drawing frustrated obstruction made me great  
questionable! Walking on foot ultimate merciful, remembering  
those bird chirping day's  
sunsets; when flying twilight's unknown sibling, am hiding in  
dark? Still...  
But still... those who forgot me name, seeing me is anyone  
surprised! Under feet  
I vomited wind, injured disguise... infinite god from finger  
bursting everyday... still, but still...

Returning from paddy-field to rice mill train's whistle... or am I  
wastage – vanished;

hiding in 'but-still'!

Note: It was hard initially to come up with a phrase like 'but still' against one single word that could have been easily replaced by the word 'though', but only with an expert use. And if use of repeated inverted comma was to indicate that the poet was aware of the fact, that any kind of application of the poem would bring complexity, then the poet is mature.

## **Sadi Taif's 'Birdscript'**

*by Shawon Paul*

There was no destination to reach, were only clouds in the world and  
I was wishing to go far walking slowly on foot.  
Getting shivered in sense of guilt in the cage of bird,  
Fat and pain gathered in feather, perhaps clouds of the sky  
Cry in grief of that, some birds are protestor,  
Hug itself with its own wings.  
Beloved-galaxy calls to another door, fragrance of Mahua,  
unknown campus,  
Tender green banana leaves with its strange green swung in the sunshine.  
I am at its bottom sight-struck, also see the dead Asian Ikobana tree  
With its uplifted braches touching the budded tree,  
Jahanara and Pritilota are both silent,  
face-to-face, only a reservoir distant.  
I tell it– the story of Pyramid,  
history of mankind, I tell tale of upward weapons.

Yet the familiar bird open-up its glass at the time of vision,  
Domesticate the grief of feather inwardly, passion of fall.  
I tell it the story of bird-day, tell that  
Trembling the sky the guest birds return together,  
Scenery of many hundred miles being gathered in those eyes,  
And I became scared a lot without any reason, fear of loss.

Yet touching its white feather I fly away doubtless,  
In the galaxy, every night in dreams.

### **Poetry about poetry:**

'On this worm paddyfield body becomes palace  
Every moment sticking as ancient crystal  
Crossing boundary as soon I cross first pillar  
Room from room and thousand door does open.'

*extract from Shongkho Ghose's poem*

## Globalization on either side of synonymous-coin, guerrilla name gives half buzzing

The obligation to support own selections, justifying them, is obvious but one isn't always sure about what to expect from himself in defense. Dangling from uncertain window of poetry, if the high rise building could contain and control all the residents, only then is scary. And so according to own confrontational preferences the answers are made.

Getting drawn into complex lives of subject and using the backdrop of day to day life is entirely different ground, though both can be profound, if only the intellect behind it has splash of originality. And as it is impossible to have database of literary *tone*, it is easy to be disguised in treasury of *pen-ornament*, we already called it '*going back in a forward way*'.

Metaphor, the microbes of poetry, are dangerous, handle them with care; but terrible privatization, dare it, is forbidden. Inducing something in poetry with unnecessary force doesn't obey the physical law, doesn't create a reaction among readers, we might want to break a lot of regulatory things, but trust me, not this one. This outcry is not just a easy and unobtrusive advocacy, its a chosen conviction, a hoodoo of being interested in poetry.

Being omnivorous is good, breeding poems as a result of that in a flaccid mood is 'shaky' situation, facing with this moral dilemma of being influenced with truth is also good, but not having a clue regarding what to do about this self-discourse is, sorry to say, a poet's sombre picture of somatic existence.

Confined opportunity of compiling words is never enough to have proper introduction with poetry, thanks to those who made advertisement a commodity and already adult and ugly enough Bengali poetry have seen its fare share of importation and may be the other way around, still isn't it better against all sabre of the world to have tourism of mediator words?

### l a s t b e n c h

Little magazine for contemporary bangla poetry  
an **antivirus...** publication