Stopping by the Woods on a Rainy Evening

The woods are fast decaying I know.
I am not the least surprised, though;
You will not see me stopping here,
But I have, with fresh seeds to sow.

I throw the green seeds far and near
In the hope that the earth will bear
If not for us, but for your sake,
The bokul and dalia so dear

To you; the wind rises to shake
Clouds on clouds in its bid to make
Way for the rains – I hear a deep
Voice call: Awake! Fakrul, awake!

The woods were lovely, dark and deep,
So they must again be; I’ll keep
My promise to you, Aali; sleep
In peace, dear friend; it’s time for sleep.

Md. Rezaul Haque

1 A small way to pay homage to my teacher, Professor Aali Areefur Rehman, of the Department of English at the University of Rajshahi, Bangladesh, who passed away on 21 March 2013.