Do you recall
how in winter,
even in fall,
you would suffer
from cold, days on?
‘Why was I born,’
you would wrangle,
‘of all places,
in North Bengal?’
Your soft glances,
which I adore
even today,
would seem to pour
the heat of May.
Those were moments
I thought it best
to pass no comments
and let you rest.

Nights were no relief
I know for sure;
your firm belief
in herbal cure
wore off in time;
lemon and lime
and hot water
did do some work;
but your chatter
would lose its mark
for some time now;
Breaking your vow,
you would ignore
music, your life;
I would no more
pick up my fife
to tease you again;
Those days of joy, those days of pain, whatever ploy we may devise, will never be; our distinct skies will never see a common cloud, binding us in rain. Each day we vowed, no stress, no strain would ever part the two of us; time’s subtle art made little fuss to blow away our solemn vow. What binds us now? Just memories stay.

Md. Rezaul Haque