

Just Memories Stay

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;

Rezaul Haque. 'Just Memories Stay'.
Transnational Literature Vol. 3 no. 2, May 2011.
<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>

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.

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