

# POETRY

*By: Kazi Nazrul Islam*

## THE REBEL

Say, Valiant,  
Say: High is my head !

Looking at my head  
Is cast down the great Himalayan peak!  
Say, Valiant,  
Say: Ripping apart the wide sky of the universe,  
Leaving behind the moon, the sun, the planet and the stars,  
Piercing the earth and the heavens,  
Pushing through Almighty's sacred seat  
Have I risen,  
I, the perennial wonder of mother-earth !  
The angry God shines on my forehead  
Like some royal victory's gorgeous emblem.  
Say, Valiant,  
Ever high is my head !

I am irrepressible, cruel and arrogant,  
I am the kind of the great upheaval,  
I am cyclone, I am destruction,  
I am the great fear, the curse of this universe,  
I have no mercy,  
I grind all to pieces.

I am disorderly and lawless,  
I trample under my feet all rules and discipline !  
I am DHURJATI, I am the sudden tempest of untimely summer,  
I am the rebel, the rebel son of mother-earth !  
Say, Valiant,  
Say: Ever high is my head !

I am the hurricane, I am the cyclone,  
I destroy all that I find in my path !  
I am the dance-intoxicated rhythm,  
I dance at my own pleasure,  
I am the unfettered joy of life !  
I am HAMBEER, I am CHAYANATA, I am HINDOLE,  
I am ever restless,  
I caper and dance as I move !  
I do whatever appeals to me, whenever I like,  
I embrace the enemy and wrestle with death,  
I am mad, I am the tornado !

# POETRY

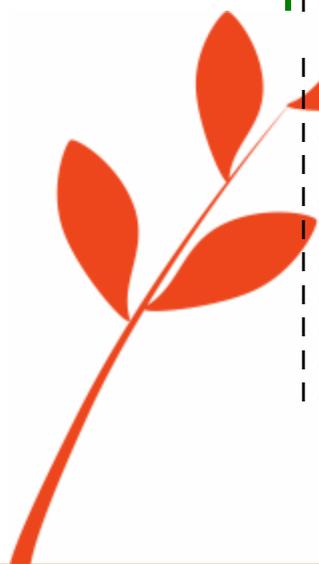
*By: Kazi Nazrul Islam*

I am the pestilence, the great fear,  
I am the death of all reign of terror !  
I am full of a warm restlessness for ever !  
Say, Valiant,  
Ever high is my head !

I am creation, I am destruction,  
I am habitation, I am the grave-yard,  
I am the end, the end of night !  
I am the son of INDRANI,  
With the moon in my hand  
And the sun on my temple  
In one hand of mine is the tender flute  
While in the other hold the war bugle !  
I am the BEDUIN, I am CHENGIS,  
I salute none but me !  
I am thunder  
I am BRAHMA's sound in the sky and on the earth,  
I am the mighty roar of ISRAFIL's bugle ,  
I am the great trident of PINAKPANI,  
I am the staff of the king of truth,  
I am the CHAKRA and the great SHANKA,  
I am the mighty primordial shout !  
I am BISHWAMITRA's pupil, DURBASHA the furious,  
I am the fury of the wild fire,  
I burn to ashes this universe !

I am the gay laughter of the generous heart,  
I am the enemy of creation, the mighty terror !  
I am the eclipse of the twelve suns,  
I herald the final destruction !  
Sometimes I am quiet and serene ,  
I am in a frenzy at other times,  
I am the new youth of dawn,  
I crush under my feet the vain glory of the Almighty !

I am the fury of typhoon,  
I am the tumultuous roar of the ocean,  
I am ever effulgent and bright,  
I trippingly flow like the gaily warbling brook,  
I am the mother's dark glossy hair,  
I am the sparkle of fire in her blazing eyes,  
I am the sixteen old's heart,  
I am happy beyond measure !  
I am the pinning soul of the lovesick,  
I am the bitter tears in the widow's heart,  
I am the piteous sighs of the unlucky !



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I am the pain and sorrow of all homeless sufferers,  
I am the burning pain and the madness of the jilted lover !

I am the unutterable grief;  
I am the throbbing tenderness of her first stolen kiss.

I am the fleeting glance of the veiled beloved,  
I am her constant surreptitious gaze.  
I am the gay tripping young girl's love,  
I am the jingling music of her bangles !  
I am the eternal-child, the adolescent of all times,  
I am the shy village maiden frightened by her own budding youth.  
I am the soothing breeze of the south,  
I am the pensive gale of the east.  
I am the deep solemn song sung by the wandering bard.

I'm the soft music played on his lyre !  
I am the harsh unquenched mid-day thirst,  
I am the fierce blazing sun,  
I am the softly trilling desert spring,  
I am the cool shadow greenery !  
Maddened with an intense joy I rush onward,  
I am insane, I am insane !  
Suddenly I have come to know myself,  
All the false barriers have crumbled today !  
I am the rising, I am the fall,  
I am consciousness in the unconscious soul,  
I am the flag of triumph at the gate of the world,  
I am the glorious sign of man's victory,  
Clapping my hands in exultation I rush like the hurricane,

Traversing the earth and the sky,  
The mighty Borak is the horse I ride.  
It neighs impatiently, drunk with delgith !  
I am the burning volcano in the bosom of the earth,  
I am the wild fire of the woods,  
I am Hell's mad terrific sea of wrath !  
I ride on the wings of the lightning with joy profound,

I scatter misery and fare all around,  
I bring earth-quakes on this world !

I am Orhpeus's flute,  
I bring sleep to the fevered world,  
I make the heaving ocean quiet.  
I am the flute in the hands of Shyam !  
When I rush across the sky mad with anger,

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The fires of the seven hells tremble in fear and die.  
I carry the message of revolt to the earth and the sky !

I am the mighty flood,  
Sometimes I make the earth rich and fertile,

I'm the soft music played on his lyre !  
I am the harsh unquenched mid-day thirst,  
I am the fierce blazing sun,  
I am the softly trilling desert spring,  
I am the cool shadow greenery !  
Maddened with an intense joy I rush onward,  
I am insane, I am insane !  
Suddenly I have come to know myself,  
All the false barriers have crumbled today !  
I am the rising, I am the fall,  
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Clapping my hands in exultation I rush like the hurricane,

Traversing the earth and the sky,  
The mighty Borak is the horse I ride.  
It neighs impatiently, drunk with delirium !  
I am the burning volcano in the bosom of the earth,  
I am the wild fire of the woods,  
I am Hell's mad terrific sea of wrath !  
I ride on the wings of the lightning with joy profound,

I scatter misery and fare all around,  
I bring earth-quakes on this world !

I am Orpheus's flute,  
I bring sleep to the fevered world,  
I make the heaving ocean quiet.  
I am the flute in the hands of Shyam !  
When I rush across the sky mad with anger,  
The fires of the seven hells tremble in fear and die.  
I carry the message of revolt to the earth and the sky !

I am the mighty flood,  
Sometimes I make the earth rich and fertile,

At other times I cause colossal damage.  
I snatch from Vishnu's bosom the two girls !  
I am injustice, I am the shooting star,  
I am Saturn, I am the fire of the comet,



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I am the poisonous asp !  
I am Chandi, the headless; I am the ruinous warlord,  
Sitting in the burning pit of Hell  
I smile as the innocent flower !  
I am the cruel axe of PARSHURAMA,  
I shall kill warriors  
An bring peace and harmony to this universe !  
I am the plough on the shoulders of BALARAMA,  
I shall uproot this miserable earth effortlessly and with ease,  
And create a new universe of joy and peace.

Weary of strugglers, I, the great rebel,  
Shall rest in quiet only when I find  
The sky and the air free of the piteous groans of the oppressed.  
Only when the battlefields are cleared of jingling bloody sabers  
Shall I, weary of strugglers, rest in quiet,  
I, the great rebel.

I am the rebel eternal,  
I raise my head beyond this world,  
High, ever erect and alone !

*Translated by Kabir Chowdhury  
(Curtsy: "Poetry of Kazi Nazrul Islam" by Mohammad Nurul Huda; June  
1997; P: 12-16)*



# POETRY

*By: Kazi Nazrul Islam*

## THE ECSTASY OF DESTRUCTION

Come, make merry and rejoice.  
There rages the summer storm  
flying the flag of the New and the Young.

There comes he who had not come so long.  
Dancing merrily  
drink we will the joy of destruction.  
There comes the Terrible  
like the fierce executioner of eternal time  
across the dark well of death  
through smoldering smoke  
lighting the torch of thunder.  
There, listen to his ringing laughter.  
Come, make merry and rejoice !

The wavy locks of his hari  
make the sky rock and swing.  
Even the ominous comet is at his service.  
His blood, like an unsheathed sword,  
rocks the bosom of the father of the universe.  
Look, this wild tumultuous turmoil  
has made the sky and the earth still and numb.  
Come, make merry and rejoice.

A dozen suns glitter and shine in his burning eyes  
And the sorrows of the world cluster in his  
tangled and disheveled hair.

A single drop of his tear  
makes the seven seas of roll and swell.  
In his giant arms he crakes the mother-earth  
and cries out, "Welcome, Destruction !"

Come, comrades, make merry and rejoice,  
Oh, have no fear !

The deluge will soon overtake the universe.  
The final hour is fast drawing near.  
The rotting old and the dying decrepit  
will now be wiped out for good.

Now at last at the end of the long night of darkness  
The glorious dawn will come with a smile  
in her soft and tender dress.

Look, there the young moon shines in his  
unkempt hair.  
Its light will fill your room



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and make it glow with a strange radiance.  
Come, make merry and rejoice !  
There he comes flashing his whip of blood and lightning,  
directing the passage of eternity.  
The neighing of his horse reverberates  
in the stormy wind  
and in the song of thunder.  
The blast of his hoofs hits the stars  
and scatters them shooting  
through the columns of the blue-domed sky.  
The gods are all lying in the dead well  
of a dark dungeon.  
They are tied to the cold stony pillar  
of the sacrificial alter.  
Indeed this the time for him  
to come triumphantly riding his gorgeous chariot.  
O comrades, come, make merry and rejoice !  
Who should the sight of destruction frighten you?  
All this upheaval is but the birth pain  
of new creation.  
There comes the bold new youth  
eager to wipe out all that is ugly and decayed.  
He comes with this unkempt hair and careless dress  
on the wings of Deluge  
with smile on his lips.  
He is the eternal beauty  
who knows how to destroy and build again,  
Come, make merry and rejoice !  
What fear has he  
for whom all the destructions and rebuilding  
is but a game ?  
Come, make merry and rejoice,  
and welcome the Beautiful  
who comes today in the garb of the Terrible.

*Translated by Kabir Chowdhury  
(Curtsy: "Poetry of Kazi Nazrul Islam" by Mohammad Nurul Huda; June  
1997; P: 4 - 6)*



# POETRY

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## THE COMET

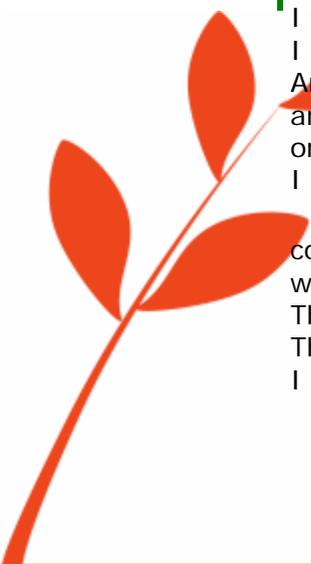


I come in every age  
I come again and again.  
Now I have come for the great revolution  
I am the creator's deadly foe,  
the devastating comet of all times,  
On my forehead shines the burning fire  
of seven hundred hells.  
I am the piteous sighs in the heart of the creator  
repentant for his sinful creation.  
On this earth I am the shadow of the Gobi  
and the Shahara,  
I am the godless, unholy, bitter curse!

Flying the banner of ruination  
I whirl madly through vast empty space,  
I fight alone and strike at God  
with my sharp poisoned arrow  
Entwining the entire creation around my tail  
I shower everywhere the flaming rains,  
of a million meteors.  
I have already devoured a universe  
but I can devour thirty more  
I am calamity, a terrible accident,  
an evil curse of the universe!

The midget fate had stretched his hands  
to catch and curb me.  
But look, the flames of my fire  
have burnt his hands and turned him  
into a helpless cripple.

I know that trick of creation,  
I know where the creation.  
And so I kick at all rules and regulations,  
and hit hard with my hammer  
on God's stony breast.  
I know that what the hollow stuffed God



could not achieve  
would still be achieved!  
Therefore I rebel and welcome revolution,  
Therefore I dance and sing merrily!  
I spit at the face of death

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and blow out the burning fires  
of a thousand hells.  
The more people fume and rage  
the more I laugh and make fun of them,  
I move like a hurricane  
and my poisoned breath drives a mortal terror  
into the heart of all tyrannous kings,  
I burn the whole creation  
with the flames of my fire  
I crunch God into tiny pieces  
and swallow at a gulp  
a million bell.

Filled with a bitter happiness  
I dance and sing like one gone mad.  
I build a burning fire in my bosom  
that I can roast God in its flames.  
I come in every age.  
This time I have come for the great revolution.  
I am the creator's deadly foe,  
the devastating comet of all times!

I am a flaming ladder of fire,  
I effortlessly sail over God's head  
The god of the universe sitting in his throne  
trembles in fear lest I brand on his  
pale forehead the sign of my terrible curse  
Oh, how he makes me laugh  
and how the sound of my ringing laughter  
merges with the song of thunder and raging cyclone!

Clapping my hands in ecstasy  
I go whirling through empty space  
like some crazy kite,  
At the faintest touch of my breath  
volcanoes erupt with a roar  
and a million baby-snake, coiled around my tail,  
hiss and lay bar their poisonous fangs!



As the fierce Tigress refrains from killing its prey  
with a single blow  
and keeping it steadily in sight  
plays with it with a gleaming cruel joy  
while the poor prey pants and whines  
So do I keep God within the range of my sight  
and play with him,  
laughing all the time my blood-curling demoniac laughter

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I am that fiery Tigress,  
the greatest calamity of all time!  
Drunk with blood I celebrated and rejoice today,  
From my tail emanates a dazzling radiance,  
filling the earth with a fierce, brutal joy,  
God?  
There lies he , a poor captive,  
foaming at the lips in fear and frustration.  
He trembles and cowers  
afraid of the moment when I shall rush  
and jump on his wounded breast.  
Or, like an angry black cobra  
whirling round a helpless frightened child  
I, a fierce Comet-cobra, the bitterest curse of all time,  
whirl round God as he sits there  
trembling in fear like that snake-encircled helpless child.  
Today sitting in the midst of a sad suffering creation  
God trembles in fear  
lest the created, growing bigger than the  
creator, swallows him at last.

*Translated by Kabir Chowdhury*

*(Curtsy: "Poetry of Kazi Nazrul Islam" by Mohammad Nurul Huda; June 1997; P: 36-38)*



# POETRY

*By: Kazi Nazrul Islam*

## THE FERRY BOAT

The evening ferry was fully loaded  
And waiting to cross when a sudden tempest  
Churned up the waters in ogreish fury,  
And a blast was heard of Doomsday's trumpet.  
The sky was rent by flashes of lightning  
While thunder resounded growing an anger.

The frightened travelers crouched in silence  
As the seas rose high and hurled fiercely  
Against the craft on which they huddled.  
The sinister shades of death descended  
And mantled the earth in pitch-black darkness;  
Fear seized the sinners, and hope was abandoned.

But there in the distance I saw men riding  
A boat quite different, calm and steady  
Midst the surge and thunder of raging currents.  
Oared by Abu Bakar, Omar, Osman and Ali,  
It had for helmsman Ahmad the seaman  
Whose seamed hands gave assurance of safety.

The boat had on board the just and the pure-minded  
Whose faith in God was their shield and armour.  
They chanted hallelujahs loudly,  
Unshaken by fear of death and perdition.

The sail on the mast proclaimed 'Salvation',  
And blossoms were showered by doe-eyed houris  
As the boat approached the port of heaven,  
Away from wind and wave and tempest.

*Translated by Syed Sajjad Hussain  
(Curtsey: "Poetry of Kazi Nazrul Islam" by Mohammad Nurul Huda; June  
1997; P: 90)*

# POETRY

*By: Kazi Nazrul Islam*

## VICTORESS



O my queen  
Today at last I accept defeat  
My battle-flag lies at your feet  
My immortal sword of victory  
Is tired now and heavy.  
I consign you the weight of it now,  
I make my surrender a wreath round your eyes,  
O goddess of my life,  
When you look at me with tears in your eyes,  
Great world-conquering waves seem to roll and rise.  
Today in my rebel's chariot of blood,  
you are the rider;  
Your fluttering sari has become Heaven's border;  
All my arrows are yours, your garland their quiver  
Only by floating in your tears  
can I now be a conqueror.

*Translated by: William Radice*

*(Curtsy: "Poetry of Kazi Nazrul Islam" by Mohammad Nurul Huda; June 1997; P: 190)*



# POETRY

*By: Kazi Nazrul Islam*

## YOUR LOVE MADE A POET OF ME

Your love made a poet of me  
My beauty that you see  
Is but a picture of your love for me.

The sky, the wind and the light of the dawn  
Look fondly at me as their own.  
The evening star of the setting day  
And the rising sun of the east  
Stretch their arms to me and greet.  
Is all this love because of your love for me?

In your love my soul lay hidden  
And your arrival my hopes blossomed unbidden.  
You touched my heart  
And made my sword play the part of a flute.  
All my prayers are dedicated to you, darling,  
For you do all my songs I sing.

Your love made a poet of me.  
My beauty that you see  
Is but a picture of your love for me.

*Translated by: Kabir Chowdhury  
(Curtsy: "Poetry of Kazi Nazrul Islam" by Mohammad Nurul Huda; June  
1997; P: 160)*



# POETRY

*By: Kazi Nazrul Islam*

## ONE WHO HAS LOST HIS WAY



At sun-down muses the forlorn traveler,  
'Bound is he for far-off destination' –  
Thus muses the forlorn traveler.  
'Come in' calls out soft eve to one and all,  
'No, not thou' says She to him alone –  
The way-farer doth but face on the way,  
He knoweth not who call him in,  
So muses the forlorn traveler.  
Out of deep love doth the shade of the forest  
Cover with darkness the hair of the nymphs,  
To invite, it seems, to the realm of deep blue clouds  
At the foot of the mountain descends  
the fountain –  
So muses the forlorn traveler.  
The evening lamp heralds the advent of delicious night,  
In the breast of bride a sweet,  
secret thrill of joy and fear,  
One who signs in solitude  
Will now sing for her solitary life –  
So muses the solitary traveler.

Of a sudden he loses the beaten track  
In the prison-house of deep mysterious gloom,  
Benighted, from star to star doth vibrate his wail,  
Is he destined to find his path under the Eastern horizon again?  
Thus muses the forlorn traveler.

*Translated by: Abdul Hakim  
(Curtsy: "Poetry of Kazi Nazrul Islam" by Mohammad Nurul Huda; June  
1997; P: 102)*



# POETRY

*By: Kazi Nazrul Islam*

## THE THORN OF THE LOTUS

In my lotus-lake there remains only the  
thorn of the lotus.  
When did arise the tremendous noise,  
Who did tear of the red lotus of my bosom?  
\_\_\_ the lake form time to time maketh the queries.  
Why goeth not the thorn along with the lotus?  
I am now constantly covered with the curse  
only of the bathing Nymph.  
Will the wandering girls ever come to me?  
Ever wear a garland made of my lotus thread?  
Will the pain of my thorn ever remain  
only in my mind?  
If the flower is gone, who will ever  
entwine her bangle with the lotus-thorn?

*Translated by: Abdul Hakim  
(Curtsy: "Poetry of Kazi Nazrul Islam" by Mohammad Nurul Huda; June  
1997; P: 194)*



# POETRY

*By: Kazi Nazrul Islam*

## THE ETERNAL CHILD

O the nameless eternal child  
you have come across the unknown lands,  
what ornament of name you have put on!  
What a prison it is for the chainless!

Tell me, by what name I'll call you again  
to my heart's content,  
you lost your way from this home  
where you lived, where you do come back  
over and over again losing your own name.

O my sweet dear  
you are the radiant pearl of my dark home  
filling the hungry home with little butter  
your tiny hand has brought.

That today in intimate happiness  
a sea of wailing swells up in my bosom  
to call you by a new name,  
who is there to stop my voice  
my mind, too, utterly dejected.

You came from setting down, O traveler  
stepping towards rising up.

*Translated by: Mohammad Nurul Huda  
(Curtsey: "Poetry of Kazi Nazrul Islam" by Mohammad Nurul Huda; June  
1997; P: 212)*



# POETRY

*By: Kazi Nazrul Islam*

## FAREWELL

Do not cast that look  
Again and again  
With those tearful eyes –  
Oh those eyes with pain!

In that plaintive tone  
Do not sing those swan-songs.  
If the agonies of your life  
You could smile away,  
Then smile and do not weep  
On this parting day.  
Those melancholy eyes,  
And a weeping face  
I look on  
And my heart cries.

O traveler, do not fill  
These fleeting hours  
With a melancholy note  
And flowing tears.

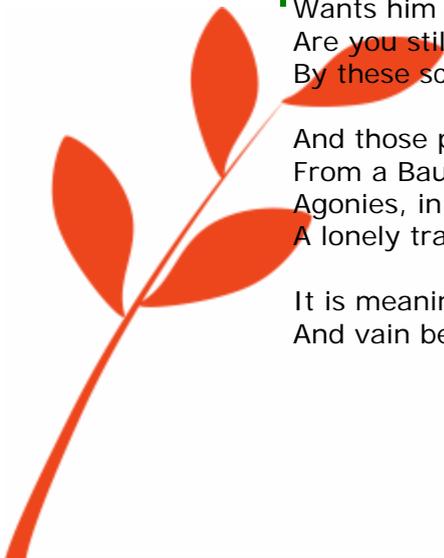
O piqued traveler  
Why do you think  
No one share your anguish?

In your agony  
You alone perish.

The forlorn traveler.  
Who has lost his way  
No dweller of home  
Wants him to stay  
Are you still hurt  
By these scars in your heart?

And those plaintive songs  
From a Baul afar.  
Agonies, in the barren field.  
A lonely traveler?

It is meaningless sentiment  
And vain bewilderment.



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Would you ever hear  
That your parting words  
Have shattered many hearts?  
And many a soul  
Has broken into tears?

You have not been loved  
So you must part.  
Go you must,  
But not with agony  
In your heart.

*Translated by: Syed Mujibul Huq  
(Cursy: "Poetry of Kazi Nazrul Islam" by Mohammad Nurul Huda; June  
1997; P:218)*

