

JONAKI MAN  
(HEMANTAR KEITAMAN KABITA)

MOON SOAKED (AUTUMN STROPHES)

I  
Icy autumn winds sway  
In the cradle of dusk  
Like honey bees drunk on orange blossoms.

II  
Between the desire and the deferral  
Windswept autumn.

III  
*Hemanta* – the season of heartbreak  
When pregnant paddy fields swell in fragrant prayer.

জোনাকী-মন  
[ হেমন্তব কেইটামান কবিতা ]

জোনাকী-মন

JONAKI MAN

MOON SOAKED

I  
Clouds—swollen in the wind  
Rivers—rising with the waves  
And a kneeling heart  
That buries its face in the stream  
And wonders—what if I jump?

II  
Whose moon-soaked hands are these  
In the enchanted night?  
In the breathless darkness,  
Suddenly, the rain dampened scent  
Of distant *bakul*.

III  
In a sanguine sea, the island of love  
No words there—only silence.

[*Bakul* is a big tree with tiny white fragrant flowers]