Memories of Dhaka University

Only attending classes in the morning, 
spending rest of the day in intellectual jugglery with the zeal and vigour of morning freshness; 
I hang around with buddies in the highly pulsating and palpating corridors in the brightness of morning sun. 
In the endangered days of the seventies 
We dream of a world full of immense possibilities; 
We dream of a world which will be healthy, happy and enlightened.

These are the endangering late seventies 
And I am seventeen 
We learn the fact that humans exist as the centre of the universe 
We see humans are most insignificant creatures 
We learn values of freedom.

We see the demonic pirates clutch our throats; 
Learn to live with deceitful dichotomies. 
We are taught to understand the liberating political philosophies of the west 
Again, we are socially not allowed to be indulgent in the political east.

Many times 
discussed 
economically liberating philosophies 
and ended up in utopian dreams.

Out in the real world 
the demonic bourgeoisie fastens its ropes on the throats of masses 
many rivers carry trillion litters of sweet water to the bay of Bengal 
a few become filthy rich and the majority is thrown to the gutters.

We are so out of things 
We try to master the literary creativity in English 
Knowing nothing about our locals; 
Some of us are bought by the demonic pirates and their cronies 
Some of us are singing through their master’s voice.

Dreams die 
We cry...