

## 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 liters 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. . .

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