

বংশীর সুর  
মোহসেনা রেজা সপ্না

Translated title: *Dream with freedom-fighters*

I cry unashamedly;  
I have suffered physical mutilation and lust of khans in my body to present  
you a brand new land- where you celebrate life to the full!  
With the sunrise and the green and red flag fluttering, time to celebrate the  
Victory Day:  
The flag flutters and flies in the open sky;  
But the flute is still crying - raising her sad, bitter and haughty tone.

Thought,  
In her tune, the real freedom fighters will rejoice again,  
Their sacrifice will be rewarded.

Thought,  
They who came home to rebuild the land will be rewarded.  
Thought,  
Those who were persecuted by the khans will be rewarded,  
There will be opportunities to build the land.  
Thought ...  
This time, not with noise, but with love and hard work, everyone will bring a  
new era to the land.  
Has that happened?

I know, the flute is my own self.  
Instead, I find the hyenas in another guise,  
In another cloak,  
Has anything changed?  
The kind of looting,  
The rape, and the torment in my life?  
The hyenas of the year 1971 have not changed at all!  
It seems, the flute is still crying.  
Oh my flute, stop crying this evening.

What If this land is rescued from the hyenas  
And we turn around with our heads high and dressed as human beings!?  
The new sun will rise tomorrow  
All is clear  
We shall recover our 'Golden Bengal' ...

For a while now, the flute is no longer crying ...  
The flute of the mind sings triumph of progress.  
At dawn, I read in the newspaper,  
We have achieved a lot.  
Women have come a long way - empowered!  
We have learned to stand on our own feet.  
My land is now floating on the tide of progress.

My flute, in your sweet tune

I see rivers flowing full with water  
I see,  
Again the Bengal's chest is filled with alluvial soil.  
I see,  
Again the peasant ploughing the fields and sowing seeds.  
I see,  
Smell of new rice filling the country.  
I see,  
My cow is giving milk endlessly.  
I see,  
People are building houses without fear.  
I see,  
People have sweet soft dreams at night.  
I see,  
Hundreds of red *shimul* flowers blooming.  
I see,  
In my son's hand there is future.  
I see,  
My daughter has good dream

I see,  
The battle is on to reach the pinnacle of glory.  
My flute, keep singing endlessly . . .

Translated by Dr Khairul Haque chowdhury - Sydney 22 December 2020