

**In Memoriam: Professor Md Enamul Hoque<sup>1</sup>**

It's time to listen not to the noises  
of the world outside, but to the deep quiet  
within;  
    it's time to see not the violence  
    of darkness stupefying the brilliant glow  
    of light;  
it's time to feel the placid pool  
inside and let the howling winds pass by;  
    it's time to taste the nectar in a sieve  
    and leave the world to all its monkey tricks;  
it's time, friend, not to settle an old score,  
but just to forgive and be forgiven;  
    it's time to look back at the times when life  
    seemed not a nightmare but a splendid dream.  
Teach me, friend, how to love and sing and pray—  
so sure is the end, so close the hours of grey.

***Md Rezaul Haque***

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<sup>1</sup> This sonnet is a small way of paying homage to the cherished memory of my teacher, Professor Md Enamul Hoque, of the Department of English at the University of Rajshahi, Bangladesh, who passed away in January 2012.

Md Rezaul Haque. 'In Memoriam: Professor Md Enamul Hoque'  
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