

*Stopping by the Woods on a Rainy Evening*

The woods are fast decaying I know.  
I am not the least surprised, though;  
You will not see me stopping here,  
But I have, with fresh seeds to sow.

I throw the green seeds far and near  
In the hope that the earth will bear  
If not for us, but for your sake,  
The *bokuls* and *dalias* so dear

To you; the wind rises to shake  
Clouds on clouds in its bid to make  
Way for the rains – I hear a deep  
Voice call: Awake! Fakrul, awake!

The woods were lovely, dark and deep,  
So they must again be; I'll keep  
My promise to you, Aali; sleep  
In peace, dear friend; it's time for sleep.

*Md. Rezaul Haque*

<sup>1</sup> A small way to pay homage to my teacher, Professor Aali Areefur Rehman, of the Department of English at the University of Rajshahi, Bangladesh, who passed away on 21 March 2013.