

Mother

Masud Khan¹
Canada

In the dust smeared evening
Far away, almost at the margins of the horizon,
The one who is resting all by herself
In a bed laid out under the open sky
Is my mother.
Her bed smells of grass and the antiseptic Dettol.
A tube in her nose supplies her with oxygen,
A saline bottle is attached to her arm,
And she is tied to a catheter too—
It is as if she is getting entangled inextricably
In a jungle of plastic and polythene reeds.

A smoky surreal unreal canopy encircles her bed.

Seemingly after ages, dusk descends on the world,
A few birds and insects form a chorus,
Wailing throatily obscure and dissonant tunes
In amateurish over-excited zeal,
Seeking refuge timorously in that plastic hedges and bushes,
At the margin of the horizon,
In the shadow of primeval motherhood.

“Ma”; translated from the Bengali by Fakrul Alam²

¹ A Bangladeshi poet living in Canada, Masud Khan has published three volumes of poetry. His poems have appeared in various journals and magazines in India, the USA, the UK, Belgium, and Canada.

² Fakrul Alam is Professor of English at the University of Dhaka and also Honorary Adviser, Department of English, East West University, Bangladesh. He has been a Fulbright Scholar and a Visiting Associate Professor at Clemson University, USA, and has also been Visiting Professor at Jadavpur University, India. He is the author of *Imperial Entanglements and Literature in English* (Dhaka: writer's ink, 2007); *South Asian Writers in English* (Detroit: Thomson Gale, 2006); *Jibananada Das: Selected Poems* (Dhaka: UPL, 199); *Bharati Mukherjee* (Boston: Twayne's Contemporary United States Authors, 1996) and *Daniel Defoe: Colonial Propagandist* (Dhaka: University of Dhaka Publications, 1989).

Magic

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Like when a piece of iron falls in love with a piece of wood
Causing the iron to float on water,
Or like when the magic of love casts a spell
Making stone float on liquid,
For ages, in nation after nation,
People contrive to float stones,
For diverse reasons and occasions,
Letting love and desire take diverse forms in manifold texts and discourses.....

“Leela”; translated from the Bengali by Fakrul Alam