

# **A Ballad for You**

*Zahid Hasan Mahmood\**

What I feel has been blown towards you  
One could fly on the makeshift  
The crafts will triumph in the starry evening and the sea  
Colors could be pearl or silver even the ultramarine blue

Crossroads make the win-win logic

What we carry just the trust and the defend  
Could the Rain tell a lie and the birds?  
Raindrops and the fogs are the winds on the hills  
Busy street corner and the tea-shop benches along the den  
Life is murmurs and the breeze making channel  
Through the wings of birds and they come to the window panes  
Yesterday is getting brighter and so clear and so crystal  
Brighter is the yesterdays..Lonely Pain is our experience..the precious time  
What I carry is being blown to your window

Conference posters and lunch coupon we used to loose  
Gains and Achievement made you crazy  
Brightness is on your chin or the Chin chin only, nothing more and  
The closed eyes on the berth of the train..long long long rain  
And the tracks on the railroads...the travel green and greener the silence...

You just could read a fiction  
You could just listen to late night song  
You could just dream a country  
Country of your own friends  
Country of your colleagues, families and relatives and the neighbors  
Country of the minds those never change  
And all those who are around you and me and around us  
Could you hear the voice the babies and children playing  
Right on the green field  
the River and the tall tall trees  
What I feel is mailed to you  
Lights are turned on in the dark village..  
Solar Power, deep in the heart

One needs to choose the line of the politics  
To be soft..soft heart and fly fly fly up above the sky  
I must need a sleep and the feeling evergreen just a simple makeshift  
And the dinner table could arrange a night for sleep and the  
And the tuned flute far from a forest and far from the sea

Could you stay for a moment?  
Just to smell the fragrance  
What I sense has been sent in the last mail

Dead stop of your lane and the apartment  
The ringing door bells and the curtains on the window panes  
Sidewalks on the lane in the morning and the dew  
And the tear drops on the grass  
And the blue shadow of the clouds in the summer humid

What I feel is nothing but a confession  
They say the light is the power  
They say starry night is you  
And I remember the journal papers, stubs from the ticket counters  
Window seat and you boarded on the couch  
The reflection on your eyes, smile into the cornea

Crossroads directs the winds and the birds  
Negation of negation crafts the solitary

I shall be the poetry and I shall be the dust on the book covers  
I shall be the account books  
I shall be the red festoons in the public meeting  
I shall be the factory chimney  
I shall be the net of the fishermen

What I feel is just thrown to you the confession  
Lie and the truth  
Fabrication and the Reality  
Trust and the belief

Could the morning sun and the singing sparrow  
And the ripple on the lake and the guitar of the colors

COULD EVER TELL A LIE?

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