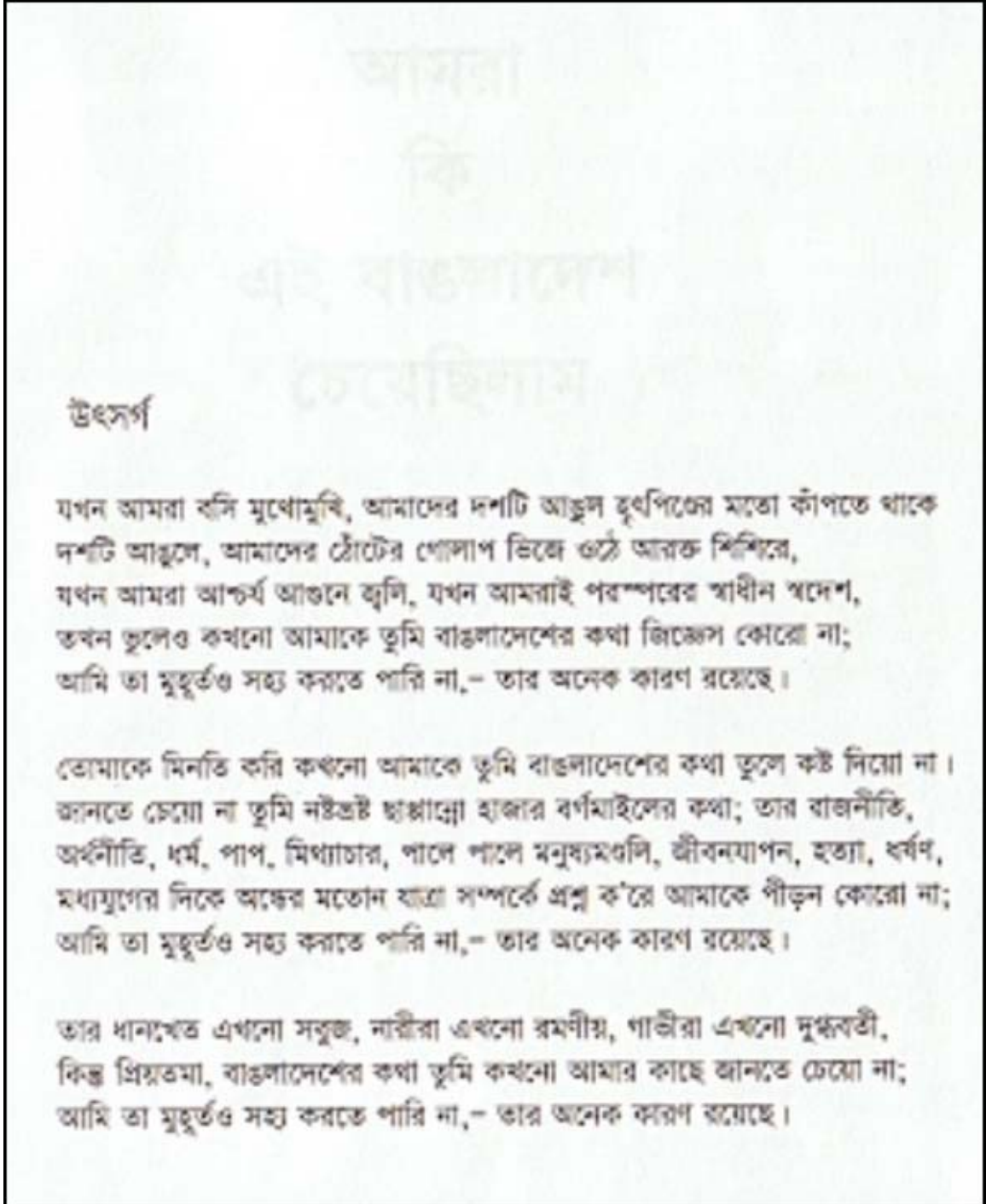


Dr. Humayun Azad's "dedication" for "Amra ki eyi Bangladesh Cheyechilam?" [Bangla]

I have been communicating with Dr. Humayun Azad during past some time. While he was recovering in Bangkok hospital after assassination attempt by BD fundamentalists, I recited to him my "attempt" of translation of his "dedication" for "Amra ki eyi Bangladesh Cheyechilam?" He told me that this poem reflects his deep love, pain and anguish for Bangladesh, which forms the crux of his writings. He asked me why don't we translate his works in English! I told him we would try as much as possible.



Dr. Humayun Azad's "dedication" for "Amra ki eyi Bangladesh Cheyechilam?"
[Did we ask for this Bangladesh?] [[Original Translation](#)]

**We sit face to face
Our interlocked fingers pulsating, palpating
Petal rose lips drenched in bloody dewdrop
Scorched in a strange fire, when we turn into each other's independent nations,
For heaven's sake darling, don't you query about Bangladesh
I can't withstand that for a second – there's many a reason for that!**

**I implore you darling, don't hurt me thus!
Don't you query about the vitiated fifty six thousand square miles,
Don't you query about her politics, economics, religion, sin, treachery, herd, life,
mayhem, carnage, rape,
Don't bother me querying about her incessant blind drive towards the middle age,
I can't withstand that for a second – there's many a reason for that!**

**Her fields are still lush; women are dainty,
But, for heaven's sake darling, don't you query about Bangladesh
I can't withstand that for a second – there's many a reason for that!**

Dr. Humayun Azad's "dedication" for "Amra ki eyi Bangladesh Cheyechilam?"
[Did we want this Bangladesh?] [[Edited version, edited by Dr. Humayun Azad](#)]

**When we sit face to face
Our interlocked fingers pulsating, palpating
Petal rose lips drenched in bloody dewdrop
Burning in a strange fire, when we turn into each other's own homeland,
For heaven's sake, don't you ask me about Bangladesh,
I can't withstand that for a second – there are many reasons for that!**

**I implore you, don't hurt me thus!
Don't you ask me about the vitiated fifty six thousand square miles,
Don't you ask me about her politics, economics, religion, sin, treachery, herd, life,
mayhem, carnage, rape,
Don't bother me asking about her incessant blind drive towards the middle age,
I can't withstand that for a second – there are many reasons for that!**

**Her fields are still lush; women are dainty,
But, for heaven's sake, don't you ask me about Bangladesh
I can't withstand that for a second – there are many reasons for that!**
