

7<sup>th</sup> March  
Tarik Sujat

1.

A voice  
After a thousand years  
7 hundred million souls awaken  
An invincible light ray  
Opens up a path  
Leading to struggle and freedom  
A voice  
Sings a song of chains being smashed  
Till history that had been muted  
Disjointed by blows till then  
Can hear a voice thunder –  
“Since we’ve shed blood  
We’ll shed a lot more of it!”  
A voice  
Full of the plough’s produce  
The scent of alluvial land  
Flowers blooming  
An alphabet saddened  
Muslin-like smoke  
Soft fingers  
And the summon of blood-red roktajoba flowers!  
From that day onwards  
I’ve learned the all-important mantra –  
“You all won’t be able to weigh us down  
Anymore”

2.

Your voice resonating

With murmurings  
Of some distant  
Tranquil afternoon –  
Freedom’s register!  
I’ll return the way  
You tread for us that day.  
Wringing sunlight’s scarf  
I’ll return to that March  
When my country  
Pledged to etch a path  
Stained with blood  
On an intensely greenland –  
A vermillion-colored birth mark!

In hundred thousand voices  
Awaken your voice.  
Returning a thousand years  
On *Charyapada* song paths  
In a poet’s voice sounds  
“Joi Bangla” – “Victory to Bangla”  
And I’m born anew  
As the flag flies.  
Father of our nation,  
On 7 March,  
Your raised finger touched  
The sky of our birth land  
On 7 March  
I became Bengalee  
I became Bangladesh!

*Translated by Fakrul Alam*