

7th 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
Disjoined 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