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A BOX OF FRAGRANCE

Zunayet Ahammed
Ph.D Research Fellow,
Associate Professor and Head,
Department of English,
R. P. Shaha University, Bangladesh

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Nobody loves me
Passionately like you
Offering all fragrances and beauty
Of heart
With roses and myrtles
And the blue of the sky.
Nobody endears me
Like the beauty of the air of the paddy field
That enchants a human
Modernism consumes the inner beauty of man
Day after day and so today
Man's seeing of external beauty is meaningless
A man's life is full of annihilation
With a faint gleam of hope.
Nobody loves me
So dearly
And candidly with all pleasures and delights
Like you
Correcting my losses and lapses
Feelingly
Pouring all essence
Of the heart.
Nobody dotes on me

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Like you with satisfaction and sensuality
I cherish your sweet memories
Always within me
I see only greenness of the green,
The beautiful face of Bengal
And finally you---only you
A box of fragrance.
In my consciousness.



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