

# Limpid dewdrops

by A U M Fakhruddin

**S**MILE of lotus in a moonlit pond, limpid dewdrops on grass blades, whistling of warblers, or flicker of sunshine through lush foliage are familiar sights and sounds of this country. Essentially a lyric poet, Mrs Muntaz Renu Farookuzzaman in this nicely produced collection of poems under review, *Aandhanay Jolay Dip*, recollects her nostalgic emotions associated with her country of birth, Bangladesh, while staying abroad, mostly in Arabia where climate is arid and terrain is sandy and rocky. Having gone through this maiden publication of hers, it can be said without hesitation that she has a keen sense of tunes and ability to present word-pictures. So rhythmic are the lines of some of the 242 passionate verses included in this book that they may be set to tune. A pleasant surprise as it is, Mrs Zaman herself has set tunes to six of the lyrics that are now available on audio-cassette produced by her husband Farookuzzaman who used to edit the junior page of the Morning News under the pen-name Modhu Mama from 1972 to 1974 and who was an English news reader on the Bangladesh Television for quite some years. The cassette album takes its name from the song *Dip Jolay Dip Nibhoy*; and all these have been sung by herself. Also worth mentioning is the fact that perhaps no other female singer amateur or professional, in this country has ever embarked on such a project, that is singing one's own lyrics. She writes in Urdu as well.

Historian and essayist Macaulay's view that with the advancement of civilisation poetry almost necessarily declines is not quite tenable; indeed, poetry is a kind of language that is able to convey a message more intensely than ordinary language can. In older times a lyric was intended to be sung to the accompaniment of a musical instrument, but in later days the word 'lyric' was used for a poem having qualities of a song. In modern English usage the expression covers most forms of short verses.

Until the end of the sixteenth century most short poems were composed for music and often explicitly for musical accompaniment. From its association with music, lyric poetry was thought to be a brief expression of intense feeling. English poets of the Romantic generation were individualists and did not cohere in

a movement. They had no constant or sensitive awareness of music. However, we have glorious exceptions in that two of our great poets, Rabindranath and Nazrul, wrote hundreds of lyric poems and beautiful lyrics.

Love purifies the heart  
Flowers are the sweetest  
things that God ever  
made and

Whistling of warblers or  
flicker of sunshine through lush  
foliage are familiar sights and  
sounds of this country. The  
lyric poems in this collection  
portray ecstasy and earnest  
craving for the poet's beloved.  
Ripples of stream flowing with  
abandon and soothing charm  
of the scarlet moon speak  
of her quest for a utopia.

forgot to put a soul into, so said a thinker. To Wordsworth, the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. 'How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lonely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar,



for their fragrance and beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the most high". The above words speak of the beauty and charm of flowers. And, Renu is an impassioned admirer of flowers. In a number of her lyrics she refers to lotus, tuberoses, roses, *belf* and so on. By the way, flowers are nearly essential elements in lyrics.

There comes a time when the souls of human beings, women more even than man, begin to faint for the atmosphere of the affections they are made to breathe.

"Love is never lost. If not reciprocated it will flow back and soften and purify the heart," writes Washington Irving. Longfellow is of the view that there is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love - the first fluttering of its silken wind - the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy. The lyric poems in this collection portray variegated facets of ecstasy and earnest craving for the poet's beloved.

As is known to all, the glorious sun is the centre and soul of our system; and its rainbow-hues are lovely. In many of her lyrics, Renu refers to the sun as well as galaxies and other heavenly bodies.

As has been said earlier, emotions form the core of her lyrics. Sometimes there are highly metaphorical and effusive expressions as in the following verse:

Come on, O fairy,  
let's jump into the lake.  
In the limpid water  
float the restless lotuses  
They sparkle on eyeballs  
while the stars twinkle.

While watching the arid, sandy desert of Arabia she is nostalgic; her imagination mingles with scenes of the rainy season, as in the lyric *Sahara Urdoyay Melay Pakha*. Her poem titled *Modhumati Srote* or Stream of the Modhumati - she was born in a village near this river - is an ode to the landscape and its scenic charms.

There is no denying the fact that Renu is an amateur in the field of writing and singing; and obviously, amateur writers and singers have their limitations. Notwithstanding limitations and inadequacies in diction, her earnest endeavour deserves appreciation. Ripples of stream flowing with an abandon and soothing charm of the scarlet moon - all this speaks of her quest for a utopia. Muntaz Renu, as it were, lives in a romantic world of love, peace and harmony. ■