COMMUNISM OF KAZI NASRUL ISLAM, THE BANGLA POET

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The fascist leaders of India, in the absence of a glittering history, found fabricating by covering national leaders with saffron clad. Sardar Vallabhai Patel, the iron man of India and a critic of Rashtriya Swayam Sevaka Sangh, the apex body of fascism, had been placed in the line of the leaders of fascism in India. Dr. Ambedhkar, the architect of Indian constitution is also added to their fold and even Mahatma Gandhi, the father of nation who was murdered by fascist themselves is now praised and eulogized by the Sangh Parivar. The Parivar is trying to cover their ugly face with democracy and secularism by pursuing the anti nationalist and anti minority agenda secretly. In Bengal the RSS and BJP finding nothing in the soil of Bengali speaking people covered the Bengali poets like Rabindranath Tagore and Kazi Nazrul Islam with saffron jackets. They recite the prayers and poems of Kazi and claimed that he stood for Indian nationalism envisaged by the fascists and put into their mouths the manthras and couplets written by him on Krishna, Rama and other Hindu sages. They cleverly fabricate stories to assert their claim forgetting that Kazi was a strong secularist and communist who asserted that both Islam and Indian heritage preached equality and fraternity of the people. When the RSS target Muslim youths in the name of love jihad, they forget that Kazi was also a love jihadist who loved and married a Hindu Brahman lady. While the fascists attack communists as their first hand enemies, cleverly conceal that Kazi was a staunch communist and worked as a right hand of communist leadership. He preached communism through his poems and some of the titles, Samyabadi (Communist), Sarbahara (Proletariat) and Bidrohi (Rebel) are illustrious examples to prove this.

Here I would try to analyse the views of Kazi Nasr al Islam regarding secularism and freedom and emancipation of women and peasants and his contribution to the communist awakening in India. He was born at Churulia Village, in Asansole District, on Friday 24 May 1899 . His father Faqir Ahmad was a Taluqdar who in his later years took care of a local mosque and Nasar served as a *Muazzin* (One who call for prayer) there. He followed the traditional education at Madrasa and at the age of ten, his father died and he continued to serve the mosque to maintain his family. Later he joined a folk theatre and got training in acting and writing poems. Besides Urdu and Islamic literature, he also studied Bengali, Sanskrit and Hindu scriptures. He took admission in a High School in his area, but was forced to left the school due to his failure in remitting the fees. He took job in a Bakery for few years and with the earnings he joined another school where he studied Arabic, Persian and Bengali literature. By now he had written a number of poems on Hindu and Muslim heroes and became famous among all the Bengali speaking people. He studied up to the grade ten and directly joined the British army and served the British until he was promoted to the post of Havildar.

Leaving his job he settled at Bengal working as a staff of Bengali Muslim Literary Society and wrote many poems and produced his first Novel. From here he maintained close contact with literary figures including Rabinthra Nath Tagore. He also shared a room in Kolkata’s Taltola Lane with Muzaffar Ahmed (1889-1973), one of the founders of the Communist Party of India. Early on 25 October 1917 (7 November in India)the Bolsheviks led and armed revolt against Czar despotism and the news was celebrated by Nasr distributing sweets to his fellows. His later poems were inspired by the success of the Bolsheviks and he translated the Communist Anthem to Bengali.

In his fiction Bythar Dan Nasrul Islam presented the story of two friends Dara and Saiful Mulk travelling to Caucuses to join the red army. Being a soldier in Indian army it was seditious to join the red army and the fiction was banned bythe British authorities. Later Muzafffar Ahmad published it by changing the name of red (Lal Fauj) to army of freedom (Mukti Shebok Sainyader Dal). The fiction reflects the idea of Nasr the need of a revolution like that of the Bolsheviks to bring freedom to the oppressed people of the world.

*Bidrohi*

In 1922 Nazrul Islam wrote his masterpiece Bidrohi (The Rebel) which gave him high reputation among the poets.Through Bidrohi he expresses his ardent desire to bring out changes in the society inorder to serve the poor people.

**Bidrohi (The Rebel)**

I am the unutterable grief, Say, Valiant,  
Say: High is my head!

Looking at my head  
Is cast down the great Himalayan peak!

Say, Valiant,  
Say: Ripping apart the wide sky of the universe,  
Leaving behind the moon, the sun, the planets  
 and the stars  
Piercing the earth and the heavens,  
Pushing through Almighty’s sacred seat  
Have I risen,  
I, the perennial wonder of mother-earth!  
The angry God shines on my forehead  
Like some royal victory’s gorgeous emblem.

Say, Valiant,  
Ever high is my head!

I am irresponsible, cruel and arrogant,  
I an the king of the great upheaval,  
I am cyclone, I am destruction,  
I am the great fear, the curse of the universe.  
I have no mercy,  
I grind all to pieces.  
I am disorderly and lawless,  
I trample under my feet all rules and discipline!  
I am Durjati, I am the sudden tempest of ultimate summer,  
I am the rebel, the rebel-son of mother-earth!

Say, Valiant,  
Ever high is my head!

I am the hurricane, I am the cyclone  
I destroy all that I found in the path!  
I am the dance-intoxicated rhythm,  
I dance at my own pleasure,  
I am the unfettered joy of life!

I am Hambeer, I am Chhayanata, I am Hindole,  
I am ever restless,  
I caper and dance as I move!  
I do whatever appeals to me, whenever I like,  
I embrace the enemy and wrestle with death,  
I am mad.  I am the tornado!  
I am pestilence, the great fear,  
I am the death of all reigns of terror,  
I am full of a warm restlessness for ever!

Say, Valiant,  
Ever high is my head!

I am creation, I am destruction,  
I am habitation, I am the grave-yard,  
I am the end, the end of night!  
I am the son of Indrani  
With the moon in my head  
And the sun on my temple  
In one hand of mine is the tender flute  
While in the other I hold the war bugle!

I am the Bedouin, I am the Chengis,  
I salute none but me!  
I am thunder,  
I am Brahma’s sound in the sky and on the earth,  
I am the mighty roar of Israfil’s bugle,  
I am the great trident of Pinakpani,  
I am the staff of the king of truth,  
I am the Chakra and the great Shanka,  
I am the mighty primordial shout!  
I am Bishyamitra’s pupil, Durbasha the furious  
  
I am the fury of the wild fire,  
I burn to ashes this universe!  
I am the gay laughter of the generous heart,  
I am the enemy of creation, the mighty terror!  
I am the eclipse of the twelve suns,  
I herald the final destruction!

Sometimes I am quiet and serene,  
I am in a frenzy at other times,  
I am the new youth of dawn,  
I crush under my feet the vain glory of the Almighty!  
I am the fury of typhoon,  
I am the tumultuous roar of the ocean,  
I am ever effluent and bright,  
I trippingly flow like the gaily warbling brook.

I am the maiden’s dark glassy hair,  
I am the spark of fire in her blazing eyes.  
I am the tender love that lies  
In the sixteen year old’s heart,  
I am the happy beyond measure!  
I am the pining soul of the lovesick,  
I am the bitter tears in the widow’s heart,  
I am the piteous sighs of the unlucky!

I am the pain and sorrow of all homeless sufferers,  
i am the anguish of the insulted heart,  
I am the burning pain and the madness of the jilted lover!  
I am the unutterable grief,  
I am the trembling first touch of the virgin,  
I am the throbbing tenderness of her first stolen kiss.

I am the fleeting glace of the veiled beloved,  
I am her constant surreptitious gaze.  
I am the gay gripping young girl’s love,  
I am the jingling music of her bangles!

I am the eternal-child, the adolescent of all times,  
I am the shy village maiden frightened by her own budding youth.  
I am the soothing breeze of the south,  
I am the pensive gale of the east.

I am the deep solemn song sung by the wondering bard,  
I am the soft music played on his lyre!  
I am the harsh unquenched mid-day thirst,  
I am the fierce blazing sun,  
I am the softly trilling desert spring,  
I am the cool shadowy greenery!

Maddened with an intense joy I rush onward,  
I am insane! I am insane!  
Suddenly I have come to know myself,  
All the false barriers have crumbled today!

I am the rising, I am the fall,  
I am consciousness in the unconscious soul,  
I am the flag of triumph at the gate of the world,  
I am the glorious sign of man’s victory,  
Clapping my hands in exultation I rush like the hurricane,  
Traversing the earth and the sky.

The mighty Borrak is the horse I ride.  
It neighs impatiently, drunk with delight!  
I am the burning volcano in the bosom of the earth,  
I am the wild fire of the woods,  
I am Hell’s mad terrific sea of wrath!

I ride on the wings of the lightning with joy and profound,  
I scatter misery and fear all around,  
I bring earth-quakes on this world!  
I am Orpheus’s flute,  
I bring sleep to the fevered world,  
I make the heaving hells temple in fear and die.

I carry the message of revolt to the earth and the sky!  
I am the mighty flood,  
Sometimes I make the earth rich and fertile,  
At another times I cause colossal damage.  
I snatch from Bishnu’s bosom the two girls!

I am injustice, I am the shooting star,  
I am Saturn, I am the fire of the comet,  
I am the poisonous asp!  
I am Chandi the headless, I am ruinous Warlord,  
Sitting in the burning pit of Hell  
I smile as the innocent flower!

I am the cruel axe of Parsurama,  
I shall kill warriors  
And bring peace and harmony in the universe!  
I shall uproot this miserable earth effortlessly and with ease,  
And create a new universe of joy and peace.

Weary of struggles, I, the great rebel,  
Shall rest in quiet only when I find  
The sky and the air free of the piteous groans of the oppressed.  
Only when the battle fields are cleared of jingling bloody sabers  
Shall I, weary of struggles, rest in quiet,  
I the great rebel.

I am the rebel eternal,  
I raise my head beyond this world,  
High, ever erect and alone!

Here one find the “Rebel” as a powerful actor; but that about which Nazr most concerned is constant agitation against passivity, against being an object. This battle and agitation will come to an end “only when I find/the sky and the air free of the piteous groans of the oppressed…” He is also the liberator—one who brings the end— the end of night. In pursuit of this liberations, one finds the merciless “Rebel” trampling on “all rules and disciplines” – the “rules” and forms of “disciplines” that imperial countries have to get human beings (called “subjects” by Britain) to internalize in order to rule them. These are the “rules,” the deep, psychological limitations people find emanating from within their being that the “Rebel,” through high and “mighty primordial” shouts seek to uproot in Bengal and throughout the world. In one of the most moving portions of the “Rebel”—in the midst of images of hell, fire, cyclones, destruction, callousness, we find the following:

I am the trembling first touch of the virgin,

I am the throbbing tenderness of her first stolen kiss.

I am the fleeting glance of the veiled beloved…

I am the shy village maiden frightened by her own budding youth.

I am the soothing breeze of the south,

I am the pensive gale of the east,

I am the deep solemn song sung by the wandering bard.

In his poem *Pioneers* we find him writing the following:

We’ll leave behind the rotten past

we’ll come out of caves to sing in open fields!

We’ll create a world--more diverse, vigorous, spirited…

Bustling with life.

O creators of the new era,

With forceful steps—march on!

Felling withered ancient trees, we’ll build dams

Against strong currents preventing us from crossing over

We’ll dig for diamond mines,

Grow flowers on the virgin Earth,

Measuring lands by footsteps.

O restless pioneers,

With forceful steps—march on!

We’ve come with the new tide of the modern East,

From impassable mountain peaks…

Ireland, Arabia, Egypt, Korea, China, Norway, Spain,

Russia—we’re indebted to all.

We sense blood-kinship with them,

We’re comrades of a shared pain.

We’re everyone in every land!

O timeless travelers,

With forceful steps—march on!

The revolutionary songs of Nasr encouraged Non Coperation and Civil Disobedience movements and the poems, particularly, the rebel became vibrant on every lips. His first anthology *Agniveena*  and short story *Baither Dan* were published and he further became popular in the Bengali belt. He started a biweekly *Dhuma Kethu* (comet) in 1922 which without delay was raided by the British authorities dubbing it as seditious. He was arrested and sent to jail. Nazrul entered a lengthy plea before the judge in the court:

I have been accused of sedition. That is why I am now confined in the prison. On the one side is the crown, on the other the flames of the comet. One is the king, sceptre in hand; the other Truth worth the mace of justice. To plead for me, the king of all kings, the judge of all judges, the eternal truth the living God... His laws emerged out of the realization of a universal truth about mankind. They are for and by a sovereign God. The king is supported by an infinitesimal creature; I by its eternal and indivisible Creator. I am a poet; I have been sent by God to express the unexpressed, to portray the unportrayed. It is God who is heard through the voice of the poet... My voice is but a medium for Truth, the message of God... I am the instrument of that eternal self-evident truth, an instrument that voices forth the message of the ever-true. I am an instrument of God. The instrument is not unbreakable, but who is there to break God?

During his jail term he wrote poems and many of his poetical works were banned by the British. Rabinthranath Tagore dedicated his poem *Basantha* to Nasr in 1923. Though Nasr was a staunch supporter of freedom movement, he criticized the Khilafat Movement for its orthodox views. For him the Indian national Congress was not a true national party since it never advocated complete freedom to India. However, he became a member of the Congress for a short period. Later with the socialist leader Muzaffar Ahmad he organized the socialist party Sramik Praja Swaraj Dal and actively organized workers and peasants against oppression of the British and land lord.

In 1926, he became a founder-member of the Workers and Peasants Party of Bengal, one of the earliest left outfits in India. During the early 1920s he shared a room in Kolkata’s Taltola Lane with Muzaffar Ahmed, one of the founders of the Communist Party of India. Nasr was also one of the founders of Labour Swaraj party of the National Congress and started a weekly *Langal* (Plough) to serve the cause of the peasants and workers. Langol stopped publication in April 1926. From August that year, it was replaced by Gono-Bani (The People's Message).   Muzaffar Ahmad and Nasr jointly edited the *Langal* and *Dhumakethu*. When Muzaffar Ahmad became the Assistant Editor of Bangiya Mussulman Sahitya Patrika he continuously published the poems and fictions of Nasr. From May 1920, Nasr became the joint editor of the newly-founded Nabajug with Muzaffar Ahmed.

His three novels, *Bandhon Hara* (1927), *Mrithyukshuda* (1930), and *Kuhelika* (1931) reflect his character as a revolutionist and fighter for the cause of the people. In the novel *Bandhon Hara* he himself is portrayed as Nuru who always sent to the military lock up for disobeying the higher authorities. The All-Bengal Peasants Conference, at Calcutta was opened with Nasr’s *Sramiker Gaan* (Song of the workers). The novel *Kuhelika* highlights the importance of a joint movement of Hindus and Muslims to free India from the British. In the novel the Hindu revolutionaries didn’t want the Muslims to join the revolution. But their leader sees the need of a joint attempt by saying that, the day India became united the day the British will have to pack up and leave. The magic of the two words Hindus and Muslims provides the talisman for the continuity of the British Empire in India.

Following the tradition of Persian and Urdu, Nasrul Islam began to write ghazals in Bengali and encouraged his community to pursue the study of Bengali. His gazal on woman reflected his mind on the equality of man and women and emphasized the role of both the sexes in the society.

“I don't see any difference  
Between a man and woman  
Whatever great or benevolent achievements  
That are in this world  
Half of that was by woman,  
The other half by man.”

“In the hardship of day and its scorching heat,  
you can see reflection of man;   
in the soothing breeze  
and in peace of night, who shines but woman?   
  
During the day she is source of strength.  
She glows in affection at night;   
when man needs comfort and love,  
her grace and sweetness flow to make his life bright.  
  
With man behind the plough,  
the crop field became bountiful, indeed;   
the greenery was only more beautiful,  
as woman sowed the seed.  
  
Man carries the plough, woman carries the water;   
from soil and water mixed together,  
the crop grows in abundance,  
ears of paddy - like blooming heather.  
  
Of course, the metals -  
gold and silver: ordinary otherwise;   
those become fancy jewelry   
with woman's touch that underlies.

All the great victory of the world  
and all the grand voyages,  
gained grandeur and nobility from sacrifice of  
mothers, sisters, and wives, throughout the ages.  
  
How much blood man has offered  
is recorded in annals of history;   
how many women became widow -  
No record of that - Is it a mystery?   
  
How many mothers poured their hearts,  
and how many sisters did serve?   
the memorials of heroes - great or small  
do not show that - do you not observe?   
  
Victory hasn't kissed man's sword,  
because of the valor of man alone;   
the inspiration and pride woman brought  
to men, that should also be known.”

He gave respect even to the prostitutes by calling them mothers and sisters. He asked women to rise up themselves against the disgrace thrown upon them by the world:

Rise up Women, rise up like the flaming fire!   
Rise up, O wife of the Sun-god,   
with the mark of blood on your forehead! ! !   
Dangling your tongues all around  
dance on, you mad, naked women!   
Rise up, you wretched, raped serpents,  
awaken your power to burn the world! ! !

Who calls you a prostitute, mother?  
Who spits at you?  
Perhaps you were suckled by someone  
as chaste as [Seeta](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sita" \o "Sita).  
...  
And if the son of an unchaste mother is 'illegitimate',  
so is the son of an unchaste father.

Though not a ritualistic Muslim, Nasr respected the tenets of Islam and its socialistic ideals. At the same time his knowledge of Hinduism made him a devout of the Gods and Goddesses of Hindu scriptures and he wrote many *Bhajans* praising Hindu Goddesses. His marriage with a Hindu lady also brought him close to Hinduism. He expressed clearly his view on religion In an article entitled *Hindu Mussalman*, published in *Ganabani* on 2 September 1922, he wrote:

I can tolerate Hinduism and Muslims but I cannot tolerate the Tikism (a *tiki* is a tuft of never cut hair kept on the head by certain Hindus to maintain personal Holiness) and beardism. Tiki is not Hinduism. It may be the sign of the pundit. Similarly beard is not Islam, it may be the sign of the [Mollah](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mullah" \o "Mullah). All the hair-pulling have originated from those two tufts of hair. Today's fighting is also between the Pundit and the Mollah: It is not between the Hindus and the Muslims. No prophet has said, "I have come for Hindus. I have come for Muslims. I have come for Christians." They have said, "I have come for the humanity for everyone, like light." But the devotees of Krishna says, "Krishna is for Hindus." The followers of Muhammad says, "Muhammad is for the Muslims." The Disciple of Christ (say Christ) is for Christians. Krishna-Muhammad-Christ have become national property. This property is the root of all trouble. Men do not quarrel for light but they quarrel over cattle.

(Moniruzzaman, Mohammad (2000). "Interaction of Cultures and Kazi Nazrul Islam". In Mohammad Nurul Huda. *Nazrul: An Evaluation*. Dhaka: Nazrul Institute. p. 149.).

In his later years he moved more to Islam writing poems on Muslim symbols and heroes. His Islamic poems became very popular among Muslims and Hindu poems among Hindus. He wrote over five hundred Hindu devotional songs. He blended both the religions into a single unity and at the same time he borrowed his socialistic ideals from Islam and Communism. The following poems reflects his views of religion:

(1)

Bullying, hypocrisy or fanaticism: that's not what religion is all about  
According to all scriptures, fanatics are disciples of the devil: no doubt.  
The one and only Creator of all: He is the loving Master ever;   
That there is more than one Creator, no true religion can claim so; never.

Why are some ever-destitutes, and some are ever-so-rich?   
Why some always live in peace, while others are destined to trouble's ditch?   
Which preacher or Mullah knows its mystery, please tell me  
They have carried the load of scriptures - Qur'an, Vedas - like no more than a donkey.

His water brings the blessings of flower and fruit to the garden of every nation,  
Who, yet, preaches hatred and division in His love's congregation?   
No saint, dervish, yogi, a prophet or a messenger truly divine,  
Ever reviled others' faith or religion - who isn't aware of this wisdom so fine?

Under the guise of religion, the bullies and the pretenders have a pact;   
they stir up the ignorant mass as part of their vile selfish act.  
They foster hatred and prejudice among different faith or nation;   
these devils cherish power, while feeding themselves is their only preoccupation.

One is not a believer who doesn't have tolerance or patience - a virtue so auspicious  
They are gangs of demons, worse than titans or monsters - utterly vicious.  
Those who are oppressors, they have no specific religion or affiliation,  
They block people from the divine ray; these friends of darkness believe in no reconciliation.

(2)

**Peasants Eid**

Divine knowledge - what do you know about the Omnipotent Lord?   
How can one be a believer who is never attached to life's power-cord?   
Iman! Faith! You repeat day and night, but is Iman so easy?   
In carrying the load of Satan, does ever a believer remain busy?   
Listen liars! Those who are real believers in this world,  
The power of their simple wish can shake and get the canvas of sky furled.  
You simply chant the name of Allah, but never knew or understood Him,  
those who themselves are blind, how can they show others the heavenly beam?   
Those who themselves are chained, how can they bring to others liberation?   
How can they deliver honey to others, when their own soul-hive is empty of life's vibration?

(3)

**One Who Meditates on the Prophet**

One who meditates on the prophet,   
Has met God in a secret encounter.   
One who is immersed in that name knows no sorrow   
All the world to him is a living presence..   
The fortunate one who is borne by that flame's tide   
Has known the Koran and the Hadith in the twinkling of an eye.   
One whose mind is illuminated by my prophet,   
He does not think of paradise, nor is frightened by hell.

**Faith and Hope**

Fearless-any defeat is their ladder to heaven.   
The darker the days, the more they see the light of hope.   
Go to them-they wear the amulets   
of fearlessness and victory over death.

I say, listen people, lead a life of fulfillment.   
You'll see, the earth is shaken by its power!   
This is the message of God: 'Human beings get   
what they wish for.'   
Their hands, feet, eyes become God's own.

**The red Flag of Islam**

**Proclamation**

Islam didn't come into this world   
to produce servants and servitude;   
some starve to death in hunger   
while others have an abundance of food.   
Islam has not tolerated such injustices -   
will not tolerate it today!

(4)

**Muhammad is the Apple of my Eye**

Mohammad is the apple of my eye,   
Mohammad is my rosary.   
My thirst with that name quench I,   
It is my divine cup of honey.   
That name I wear on my heart like a light.   
Round my neck I carry it making darkness bright,   
In the Medina of my heart   
I hear that name night and day.   
It plays a glorious part.   
It keeps me ever happy and gay.   
In it lie the tears of my eyes,   
In it I find the solace of my sighs,   
of that name I can always sing   
No Heaven shall I seek nor any other thing.

(5)

**Oh! Destitute**

With the curved smile on your tender lips, O crescent, is it a crooked suggestion?   
Are you looking for companions to join you to loot every home in desperation?   
  
As if at the command of Allah you are proclaiming from the sky,  
O martyrs, why the rich do not pay zakat any more - ask, ask them why?   
  
In surplus of these wealthy and rich, there is definitely a right  
of all those hungry and deprived: this is Allah's message, so clear and trite.  
  
Take away their surplus and their undeserving wealth; yes, take away!   
You will be fulfilling a divine command, who stands in the way?   
  
Why are you like living dead, imprisoned by powerlessness or decrepitude,  
The plate of food rests close to you, yet why embracing death in hunger is your attitude?   
  
Have you no courage to extend your hand! Is your hand disabled or feeble?   
I am, the bandit, here to collect the poor-due; get up and join me, don't quibble!   
  
I have brought the message of Allah through the Eid's crescent that shines above,  
We will break our fast with all those treasured surplus during this Ramadan - a month we all love.  
  
Everyone will eat and satisfy their hunger during this Eid celebration,  
Don't despair and resign; rather loot your share of the blessings of God in rightful jubilation

**Communism of Nasr**

(1)

**Samyabadi**

I do sing of equality  
In which dissolves  
All the barriers and estrangements,  
In which have been united  
Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims, Christians.  
I do sing of equality.

Who are you?—A Parsee? A Jain? A Jew?  
A Santal, a Bheel or a Garo?  
A Confucian? A disciple of Charbak?  
Go on—tell me what else!  
Whosoever you are, my friend,  
Whatever holy books or scriptures  
You swallowed up or carry on your shoulder  
Or stuff your brains with—the Quran, the Puranas,  
the Vedas, the Bible, the Tripitaka, the Zend-Avesta,  
the Grantha Sahib—why do you waste your labor?  
Why inject all this into your brain?  
Why all this—like petty bargaining in a shop  
When the roads are adorned with blossoming flowers?  
Open your heart—within you lie  
All the scriptures,  
All the wisdom of all ages.  
Within you lie all the religions,  
All the prophets—your heart  
Is the universal temple  
Of all the deities.  
Why do you search for God in vain  
Within the skeletons of dead scriptures  
When he smilingly resides in the privacy  
Of your immortal heart?  
I’m not lying to you, my friend.  
Before this heart  
All the crowns and royalties surrender.  
This heart is Neelachal, Kashi, Mathura,  
Brindaban, Buddha-Gaya, Jerusalem, Madina, Ka’aba.  
This heart is the Masjid, the temple, the church.  
This is where Jesus and Moses found the truth.  
In this battlefield  
The young flute player sang the divine Geeta.  
In this pasture  
The shepherds became prophets.  
In this meditation chamber  
Shakya Muni heard the call of the suffering humanity  
And decried his throne.  
In this voice  
The Darling of Arabia heard his call,  
From here he sang the Quran’s message of equality.  
What I’ve heard, my friend, is not a lie:  
There’s no Ka’aba  
Greater than this heart!

(2)

Destroy those iron gates of prison,  
Demolish the blood-stained stony altars  
Of chain worshipping!  
O youthful Israfil,  
Blow your horn of universal cataclysm!  
Let the flag of destruction  
Rise amidst the rubble of prison walls  
Of the East!!  
Play the music of the festival of Shiva !  
Who's the master? Who's the king?  
Who is it that gives punishment  
Having snatched away the truth which free and open?  
Ha! Ha! Ha! It's a laugh—  
God is to be hanged?  
Rumor-monger—  
Who gives this nasty lesson?  
O you forgetful mad guys —  
Shake — shake the prisons  
With your forceful cataclysmic pulls!  
Send the call of Ali the bravest,  
Play your war-drums—  
Call the Death  
Unto the Life!  
There, the norwester is dancing—  
Would you mind to pass the days doing nothing?  
Let's see  
You shake up the foundation  
Of that terrible prison.  
Kick - break the locks!  
All those prisons—  
Set them on fire,  
Burn them down, uproot them forever!

(3)

**Equality**

I sing the song of equality.   
I sing of the country   
Where fresh joys blossom forth in, the hearts of men   
And budding life shimmers in their faces.   
Comrade, nobody is king- in this land and none a subject.   
There is no man here poor and abject   
Nor is there any, full of riches and money.   
Here some do not. eat cast off rice-sweepings   
And some all the cream and honey.   
No one bows down here before the horses feet,   
Or in front of the motor-cars wheels.   
Hatred does not spring up here   
In whitemen's breasts   
Whenever they see blackmen close and near.   
Comrade, this is a place where all are equal,   
Where the black and the white have no separate graveyards,   
Where they have no separate rooms for offering their prayers.

Here in this abode of equality   
Different ways of apparel   
Do not give rise to vicious quarrel.   
Here clothed in dusty costume   
Men are satisfied and happy,   
Here in this land peace and equality.

(4)

**Poverty**

O poverty, thou hast made me great.  
Thou hast made me honoured like Christ   
With his crown of thorns. Thou hast given me   
Courage to reveal all. To thee I owe   
My insolent, naked eyes and sharp tongue.  
Thy curse has turned my violin to a sword.

(5)

**Rise Up Oh! Farmer**

O farmer, where is tile smile of your face?   
Where is' your shepherd's bamboo flute'!   
Where is your jute?   
Who plunders it from your stock on riverside?   
Who robs you of huge golden paddy grown in your fields?   
The empty corn-bin in your courtyard resembles a husband-less daughter  
lamenting in her father's home.  
Your rural fields present winter-crops as though painted, -   
why does your son ask for salt and green chilies while eating?   
It seems that the government has taxed on your curry too.   
Have your sugar-canes been sweetened by the juice of your tears?   
Who have drunk milk exploiting your cow?   
Alas, your milk pot docs not hold even the starch of boiled rice.

Your bone shall cause the bones of those plunderers decay,   
and your rib-bones will turn into war swords.   
Allah, the Benevolent, gives water to your fields,   
energy to your wind to bloom flowers,   
sun and moon rise up to grow your crops, -   
would those gifts of Allah again be plundered by that demon?   
Though the sky is all clear, there is no hope.   
Though Khuda's mercy comes in torrents,   
you don't reach it. So raise up your hands straight,   
that would give you instant strength.   
Your crops shall fill your granary, and God shall bless you.

(6)

**Song of the Worker**

Comrade, our strength melts the rocks   
into soft snows,   
It makes the desert blossom forth   
into golden crops.   
We fist out honey from the ocean's womb,   
And yet do not get a dropp for ourselves to drink.   
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,   
Sing in unison and advance.   
We are mere coolies working at the machines   
In these terrible times.   
We are rnere dupes and fools   
To discover the diamond and to make a gift of it   
To the king, to adorn his crown.

In the lap of luxury lie kings and ministers   
Drinking in the life-blood of peasants and workers   
And yet we work ourselves to death   
To support these tyrants.   
Come, you workers of the world,   
Let us trample our these useless lords   
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel   
Sing in unison and advance.   
  
Gathering strength from us   
Row after row of ships glide across the seven seas,   
And yet we all our life struggle in knee-deep water   
Trying to swim across our sea of worries.   
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,   
Sing in unison and advance.   
  
Thanks to us that today   
The king's soldiers and his armoured cars   
Travel six months distance in six days.  
  
Thanks to us   
That the gluttonous rich fly in the sky today in aeroplanes.   
Comrade, we build palaces for others   
And spend our lives on the dusty roads.   
They ride on our shoulders   
Roaming about merrily for diverse pleasures.   
We are like cows carrying call-loads of sugar   
Our job is to transport, not to taste or clamour.   
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,   
Sing in unison and advance.   
We are the dirty children of our mother earth,   
We work in the mines,   
And make it possible for the world to sparkle.

When the work is over   
We are but coolies and sailors.   
And yet when the boat is slink   
We alone come to pull it out of the mine.   
We give everything like the sacrificial cow   
Only to find ourselves neglected now.   
  
Whatever we had we gave   
Let us now make a stand   
And face the tyrant in a mighty band.   
Let the fighting arena resound again   
With the battle call

Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,   
Sing in unison and advance.   
Switch off the machine-light, the Satan's eye.   
Come along, O Comrade, and keep your weapon high.   
The light of anarchy is in front   
Come along, O you who want to bathe in the   
sea of light   
We shall board the ship of darkness tonight,   
Comrade,   
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,   
Sing in unison and advance.

(7)

**Song of Peasant**

Arise, O tiller of the soil,   
Hold the plough in your iron grip.   
Since we are all going to die   
Let us die a glorious death.   
  
We had our fields green with paddy   
Our country, once upon a time, was full of laughter   
But the robbers from the shopkeepers' nation   
have plundered us bare   
Today our misery is endless indeed.   
They are plucking out the golden hairs from my   
mother's head  
  
In a million hands, the brutes.   
My mother's tears today are mingling   
With the salty waters of the seven seas,   
And are making it saltier still.   
  
Comrade we were very happy then,   
We were the heart and soul of the country.   
There was then song in our lips and paddy in our granary   
But where has the song fled today and where   
the peasant?   
  
Comrade, our blood has gone today   
To fill the bottles of their drink.   
  
Today the rich, the greedy merchant and the   
profiteer have surrounded us,   
And are sucking our blood like leeches.   
  
They are robbing us of the food from our plates,   
They are playing with the clothes snatched off   
From the body of our chaste maidens.   
Our babies are dying in our arms, today, Comrade,   
And we are powerless to resist.   
We are the true children of the soil,   
green as the young grass,   
Rama, the enemy of Ravana, is lying hidden in   
Our beauty,   
And Sita is none other than the harvest we reap   
at the point of our plough.   
Yet today Ravana is robbing us of Sita,   
the paddy of our fields.   
Comrade, we are martyrs sacrificing our lives   
In the Mecca of our fields.   
The harvest reaped of our blood   
Is being robbed by the Satan.   
Where can we go, Comrade?   
Fire awaits us at home   
And a raging storm outside.   
Today the gang of Yazid has surrounded us   
Killing us mercilessly.   
  
Arise today, O tiller of the soil,   
When we have lost all, what else is there to fear?   
By the strength of hunger   
We shall conquer the world of joy.   
Today, Comrade, we shall make the robber-king   
bow down and yield.   
Let the civilized world watch in wonder   
The power of us, we, the tillers of the soil.

(8)

**Day Labourer**

Your luxury cars are plying through the streets   
And your big ships are cruising Over the Oceans.   
The fast steam engines are running on railways,   
The country is filled with plants and machinery:   
Can you tell me whose contributions are all these?   
With whose blood are your buildings   
Painted red? Dismantle them and you'll find   
On each piece of brick vividly written the names.   
You may not know; but each and   
Every grain of dust is aware of it,   
The meaning of those roads, vessels, trains,   
And of those decorative palaces.   
The good days are coming soon:   
Day after day your debts are being inflated   
You must pay back those heavy debts.   
Those who with hard labour broke the rugged hills   
With hammer, shovel and pick-axe,   
Their bones today are strewn 'on either side   
Of those very roads. Those who, in order to render   
You service, became day-labourers.

Those who covered their cherished body with dust   
Only to carry you and your belongings,   
They are indeed the real human beings,   
they are the saints.   
I sing their 'inner voice' through my songs.   
Marching over their painful suffering breasts   
The New Revolution will raise its new head.   
You are reclining at ease   
On the top of the third floor,   
While we are rotting at the bottom;   
Still you love to be   
Addressed as 'My Lord'?   
Absurd! That cannot be! !

(9)

**Daridro (Poverty)**

O poverty, thou hast made me great  
Thou hast made me honoured like Christ  
With his crown of thorns. Thou hast given me  
Courage to reveal all. To thee I owe  
My insolent, naked eyes and sharp tongue.  
Thy curse has turned my violin to a sword...  
O proud saint, thy terrible fire  
Has rendered my heaven barren.  
O my child, my darling one  
I could not give thee even a drop of milk  
No right have I to rejoice.  
Poverty weeps within my doors forever  
As my spouse and my child.  
Who will play the flute?

Nasr married Pramila who gave him four sons- Bulbul, Krishna Muhammad, Sabhya Sakshi and Anirudda. He died on 29 August 1976. He is buried near the mosque of the University of Dacca.

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