



### **The Dream and its Brutalisation**

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**You can never understand the nature of  
brutality until you see what has been loved  
being smashed.**

**- Arundhati Roy**

The dream is too excitable, it is rooted in my existence.  
Whose appearance surfaces the often quoted saying by a Bengali poet, "Humans are above everything.  
That is the truth. That is the truth we need to know on earth".

Oh! Such a dream appears to me in the year 1971  
I think it appears to many of my generation.  
It appears to the people on banks of the Padma, the Meghna, the Jamuna, the Kushiara, and many lesser  
known rivers like the Monu.  
The dream is electrified by humanness; coloured in golden - to all bright and a beautiful land on the Bay  
of Bengal.

I enter the Oxford of the east in the year 1975.  
What are these nightmares to meet me?  
They are the Brutish forces.  
The frightened brutality incarnated in the defeated forces of the year 1971.  
The Military-power-pirates;  
The Clownish but cruel thugs;  
The religion-trading thick-skulled morons;  
They are the agents for nightmares.

My motherland stands motionless,  
She has no protection.  
And they have viciously ferocious nails and teeth.  
Why does nobody try to protect her?  
They laugh and charge my motherland to mutilate her to the core of her existence.

I am tormented as the Prince Hamlet;  
Does nobody love my motherland?  
Yes, here are the accepting cultured middle classes with their ambition to climb the ladder to upper  
classes.

They are helping themselves lecherously with money and favour from the Military-power-pirates.  
Now, my motherland is in the clutches of the Brutish forces.  
The civil-elites will not notice.  
They are not bothered to hear my heart-rending scream at the loss of everything positive of the year 1971.  
I scream, "*Give back the soul of Sheikh Mujib! Cut and mutilate my heart to pieces, but, careful, don't spill any drop of my blood on the soil!*"  
Why does nobody listen to me?

Who is the director now?  
Is it that man who sings Jinnah-song?  
Who is the destroyer of my history?  
Is that his book on the history lesson?  
Every beneficiary of the year 1975 is nodding a supportive head.  
There are three types of *razakars*: *nationalist-razakars*, *Jammu-razakars* and *lefty-razakars*.  
They join the celebratory dance at the death of the year 1971.  
They celebrate the death of our culture;  
They play with the blood of the sunny-children of the soil.  
Their pride and aspirations find places in the structures of Jinnah-song.  
The Peasants of Bengal are reduced to non-existent creatures  
The rebellious Peasants of Colonial Bengal are reduced to nothingness in their spirit and zeal.

The dream is back again in the year 2009.  
Now, we are celebrating the year 1971 again!  
Heroism of the year 1971 generate the revibrating and passionate celebration of our stately ideals;  
Or, will the dreams be destroyed again?  
No, dream of a duel we must win.  
The disguise they are hiding in  
We need to expose their brutality  
Or, the dream will be destroyed again?

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