

Motherland

I want to behold the beauty of Bengal sitting on the mat of grass,
I want to hear the whisper of breeze and the chirping of little birds.

I want to enjoy the golden wave on the arid land of ripe paddy,
I want to see the always shy veiled Bengal lady.

I want to see the little fireflies sparkling in the dark night,
I want to bath in the soft, luminous moonlight.

I want to behold my Bengal, I want to see my motherland,
She is the beauty in my eyes, she is ever grand.

Fariha from Access Bangladesh