

Human
Kazi Nazrul Islam

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Let's sing the song of equality
Nothing is greater than human, nor important.
No difference in country-time-person, same for all religion,
In countries, times, and houses they are relatives.

“Devotee, open the door,
God of hunger is standing at the door, time for devotion.”
Seeing the dream, eager devotee opened a temple,
Surely he will be a king today by the blessing of God.
In tattered clothes, lean and thin body, voice is low for hunger
Said the traveler, “Sir, open the door, I am starving for seven days.”
Door of the temple was closed at once, the hungry returns back,
Dark night, only lights of hunger are all around the way.
The hungry chants
“O God, that temple is of devotee, not your.”

Yesterday was feast in the mosque, a lot of bread and meat
Are left, the priest is very happy for that.
At this moment a traveler came wearing tattered clothes,
Said, “Sir, I am starving for seven days”
The priest shouted with annoyance, “What a nuisance!
If you are hungry, die at the dumping place. Do you say your prayer?”
Traveler said, “No, sir.” Priest shouted, “Then see your own way.”
Taking the bread and meat, locked the mosque.
The traveler goes back
While walking, says
“Eighty years have passed; I didn't call you my Lord!
But you didn't stop my food of hunger!
There is no right of human in mosque and temple,
Priest and devotee locked all the doors of them.”

Where is Ghenghis, Gazni-Mamud? Where is Kalapahar?
Crush the locked doors of those temples.
Who shuts the door of the house of God? Who locks the house of God?
All the doors of them will be open, use your hammer and crowbar!

Oh temple!
Climbing your tower, fraud sings the song of self-interest!

Who are those that kiss the Quran, the Veda, and the Bible?
Don't let them kiss those books, take them by force,
The frauds worship the books that were brought by human!

Listen ignorant!

Human brought books, books didn't brought human.

Adam, David, Christ, Moses, Abraham, Muhammad

Krishna, Buddha, Nanok –they are the property of the world,

They are our fathers and grandfathers; their blood is in our vein.

We are the son and relative of them, our body is like them,

Who knows, may be one day some of us may become like them.