

A slant of stream of consciousness: A JOURNEY BY BRAIN



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“Some pious people are coming out of a mosque... .. pious? Who knows? Piety is very often said to evaporate from practices habituated to....”

The station is swarming with people as usual. The train is late with regularity. I've sent them back who came to see me off to enjoy the solitariness in the midst of a thick crowd. I do not know when the pushing and pressing stream makes me occupy my seat by the window...So close we are sitting, very far we are, all lost in his or her self looking at the changing windows.Water is everywhere so far the eyes can run. ... Floodwater is receding but before another lazy month the farmers will not be able to conjugate their beloved lands.... Someone is shouting to communicate a shy message to his newly won bride and making it public, some are dozing, and some are busy selling their panaceas. A young man has collapsed on my shoulder in deep uncontrollable slumber. A little sleeping girl has loosened the grasp over her favourite fruit, which, with much difficulty she managed her father to buy from a peddler. Someone has stepped on it immediately without taking any notice.... People are pondering over something or the other looking outside without looking at anything in particular where there are billions of broken pieces of mirror floating in water and shining madly. I am having a flashback of the faces that I have left behind, my mother, my brother and my cousins.. ... Long alienation makes people unused to. I fear, I felt a subtle lack of suitability. Nothing goes in this world all-smooth... my mother, her job, her health, her concerns for my brother who is busy with his unemployment and an unbecoming affair. To lighten a burden I came with, renewed the burden I am returning with.... Locali-

ties of various shapes with a small encircling land girdled with water are floating here and there. A mother, with her kids on a boat, is making her way against the wind with a long pole in her hands. The antagonistic hostile wind also surrounds her on the land in the society. Where is her 'he'? Absconding?! Absconding from the law or from the olden choice to have new anchorages? Against the sun they look like dark shadows..... In the morning that person with loose garb and glistening eyes kindled a special kind of fire in the blood.... a stir indeed..... inconsiderate, primitive and overpowering... .. A slice of menacing dark cloud has covered the sun for a while. Clouds cleft asunder, now radiate all the more..... When an infant giggles, innocence overflows from its every limb.Some pious people are coming out of a mosque... .. pious? Who knows? Piety is very often said to evaporate from practices habituated to.Now peeps my deep desire of adolescence to mount those clouds hanging above, soft and wooly, plain and precipitous. I wanted to play, run and rest there but no eyes echoed my longing. ...The large yolk is resting near the horizon after the daylong march and has disappeared all of a sudden deserting the crimson twilight behind. At such a moment one feels like bowing down before the Big in swaying gratitude. The dragging train is going to stop with a sharp yell and with a final jerk back and forth. The dancing mane of my soaring Pegasus settles down slowly and I have to alight on the familiar earth of activity and forgetfulness.