

#PERSPECTIVE

My ode to the sun: Thoughts on spring

Today, I saw a cuckoo perched on a bamboo shed amid the petunia blooms in the nursery. I was ecstatic as it meant spring is around the corner. In a few days' time when the cuckoo will sing his sweet song to lure his girl, it will usher the sunny and sprightly boshonto or spring days.

Spring or boshonto is the last of the six Bangla seasons and happens to fall between winter and summer, spreading over the Bangla months of Falgun and Chaitra (mid-February to mid-April).

I am not fond of the dew-drenched, foggy mornings; the chilly afternoons, or the stone-cold nights. Winter is not for me. I am a tropical person through and through. I love my sun, light and breezy, scorching and humid — almost torturous — but that's my kind of weather.

I am glad that winter here is just one unbearable month and

when the sun will shine, I will not look frumpy with a shawl wrapped around my body anymore. Gone will be the mufflers, the earmuffs, and the cardigans.

Spring for me means marigolds in the hair; splashes of saffron, or yellow in the dresses. It means sticking out an orangey tongue while having ice lollies, slurping up green coconuts, and seeing the lively green come back to nature. The fun is limitless.

Spring revives and reinvigorates the dead barren wintry nature and me too. I love looking at nature with

my microscopic lens. The ladybugs and the bees will be getting ready for business, hibernating animals will wake up from their long slumber. My sparrows from last season will be busy re-building their nest in the air-conditioning gaps.

I will see my fern fronds curl up and rise to seek the sunlight. The leafless barren trees will bear tiny green heads signalling the new birth of its emerald green leaves, new seedlings that were lying dormant in the ground will sprout and their fragile stems will be dangling in the breeze. There is so much pleasure to soak up from these tiny intangible happenings around me.

Although the lovey-dovey connotations of spring are clichéd, and here in Bangladesh, the first day of spring coinciding with St Valentine's Day brings out the romance in full vigour. But setting aside the mushy stuff, I will welcome my spring sun will open arms.

So, this weekend, look for that favourite yellow sari in your wardrobe, get it laundered and starched, paint your nails red because as the song says — 'Boshoto eshe geche.'

— RBR

Photo: Shahrear Kabir Heemel

Model: Shanila Mehjabin

Wardrobe: NOBO Dhaka

Collection: Bangladeshi Heshel, both hand-painted and digitally printed 100 count Egyptian cotton kota

Styling: Saki Kazi and Shezami Khalil

