

Romantic Sensibility and the Varieties of Love in Zafir Setu's Poetry

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Abstract

Love is the strongest and most primitive instinct of human life. Love is relative and has many dualities. Love combines with spiritual union in the obsession of space-time-circumstance. Many say that love is a triangle! No, love and romance cannot be tied to any one-sided thread. At least, the nature of love and romance can be determined. But only the Creator knows how its essence develops. And the reader eats in the quicksand of love and romance. In the collection of thirteen poetry books of poet Zafir Setu (born 1971), the collection of poems (2020), we find the essence of his existence. In the poems of the poetry book, the mercury of love does not fluctuate on a linear level. The farsightedness of many voices and pure thoughts of voices is reflected. In this case, there is a journey of thousands of years in the sensitive level of his love and romance. The narrative of devotion is how love and the temporary 'Libido' affect the mind of a living human being. These are the anthropological positions. The sensitivity of love revolves around nature and men. This simple truth can be discovered in reading his poetry. In the poems of Rabindranath, Charles Baudelaire, TS Eliot, Thomas Mann, Jhon Keats, Jibanananda Das, Bishnu Dey, Buddhadeb Bose, Shahid Qadri, Shamsur Rahman, the ecstasy of love and romance flows from the body to the mind, and again the veil of the mind flows to the spiritual beauty of the body. Here the mutual connection of the mind and nature is depicted. In the softness of the poet Zafir Setu's poetry, the essence of hostile time is coming and the purity of the pure mind of pure time is also depicted. In his poetry, he captures time without lingering in the ecstasy of love and romance. Here, when the lover is disoriented by the rain-spring anger of the lover, he depicts the traces of momentary passion. The language of poetry has also become at the level of treachery and hatred. The poet's confession is that love is permanent, love is also love, but in it, the mere stream of lust darkens human life. The love of his poetry is eternal joy. There, love, lover, lover are parallel, but in the middle, predatory lustful people are polluting the ancient civilization called love for ages. The poet of the nineties, Zafir Setu, has built a unique place of love in Bengali poetry, which is the essence of myth, nature and thousands of years of human civilization. In the story of love, he has given priority to the real being. Love will remain, the pure history of the world is built on love. He has observed a different being from previous poets. Where people give priority to the body in the thrill of momentary romance—poet Zafir Setu has portrayed this picture. Again, he has expressed in his poetry the beauty of love, and the long-lastingness of this longing. In the age of misguidance, a kind of selfish lover who owed a debt to his beloved looked with hatred at the gross abhishek of his beloved. Love is eternal, world conquest is possible in love; and love means bliss. Bliss means the sovereignty of existence. 'And bliss means 'the abode of a permanent address' (Bhattacharya, 2009, page 30). —From this understanding and insight, this study attempts look at the love and romance poems of poet Zafir Setu in different away.

Keywords

Zafir Setu, Love, Romance, Myth, Nature, Civilization, Poetry

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INTRODUCTION

A lover can never be tormented by conscience—in union or separation. In his poem 'Love, There Is No Cry', Shahid Qadri (1942-2016), one of the great poets of Bangladesh, imagined the body in the ecstasy of romance, but finally conscience responded in this way:

...
When deep, secret pain in the skull
The flow of stolen goods is as sharp as a
diamond—like a six.
It flows away, our lives become meaningless.

The rise of the thighs, the leap of the erect penis,
the formation of the breasts.

...
But now, at this moment, after this confession, it
seemed:
Maybe I can't do it—maybe I can't do it. ('Love,
There Is No Cry', Shahid Qadri)

A poem by poet Zafir Setu awakens human
consciousness. The hypnotic power of love is
many times stronger than deceit. Romance comes,
but it settles in the long thread of love. Then it
becomes the light of spiritual and mental

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harmony. In his poem—

I have sniffed the body of a deceased person
many times, wearing the clothes of the deceased.
I went to my girlfriend's wedding, but the
racehorses were killed and mauled in the arena.
I told Bhangi the winning strategy and the dog's
tail.
Like we have hung our sorrows on trees

I have purified the flowing river, why does it take
both the moon and the corpse?
But he cannot spit in people's eyes and faces.
(Setu, 2020, p. 46)

Poet Zafir did not suffer from self-contradiction here. He has emptied himself inside himself, he has seen the libido lover. But in love, love is in separation and reunion. He has protested against the surreal power in a symbolic sense for the inferior people. Whereas Shahid Qadri has approached conscience in self-contradiction. Poet Zafir Setu and Shahid Qadri are both sensitive, but Zafir Setu has also given a glimpse of driving away immorality without keeping himself suppressed. Here, with the help of the analogy of nature and river, he has put the question to the wise judge as to why so many unwanted disasters occur in front of him. Love is not outside of these three: heart-mind-body. But romantic love first of all enjoys the body; finally, according to its controlling power, it transcends the body and is moved by the touch of spirituality.

Poet Zafir Setu is a hundredfold pioneer on the path of fulfilling love. There is no defeat in love, no liberation or deception. Love teaches us to be steadfast, in the thrill of romance, love takes on a worldly form in the heart of a true lover. In his mind, love is the real wealth, with which the best poetry on earth is transformed from a poisonous tree into nectar. His confession about love is—

The failed love of the world is pure love—
this is how people have understood love
throughout the ages. Separation makes
love sweet and bright. In literary
creation, love poetry is seen as separation
or failed poetry. Even in the warm hours of
union, the tone of separation makes
people happy or depressed, making union

significant. This is certainly because union is not eternal, if there is anything called permanent, then it is separation. On the other hand, the feeling of love is the sharpest and most intense in humans, so love poetry is bright in all languages of the world. Love poetry has survived for centuries. As failed love is said to be universal, the feeling of failed love is more touching. Not only that, individuals express a kind of solidarity with the failure of love. In this sense, the feeling of failed love also gives people new life, adds life to life. Perhaps that is why love poetry occupies a more luminous space in people's memories. (Setu, 2017, page 78)

Neshar Shaheed and Suleiman Kabir's conversation with poet Zafir Setu has brought up the idea of eternal love. Love has created the poet. This fulfilled love is the symbol of human liberation. It can be said with pride after killing, it can be stolen and roamed openly—but the beauty of love is a hymn of hatred to society. I repeat that the poet spoke about fulfilled love. In the statement of poet Zafir Setu—

I have a strong attraction to love. I have also been shaped by the power of love. I think that each of us has a love story in our lives. Which we cannot tell others, let alone tell them. It does not even seem appropriate to tell. Because love is a completely personal matter. In normal life, love provides shade, takes us forward: protects life. Besides, our society has not acquired the strength and ability to listen to love stories, that is, it has not even matured. We live in a society where we believe in women's virginity. We go to prostitutes ourselves, make love; indulge in sex, but want to marry a chaste and virtuous woman. We live in a society where we want to make a chaste and virtuous woman out of a woman's virginity. The condition of women is also the same. On the wedding night, the husband is the first man for her. In a society where there is such hypocrisy, telling love stories is the same as proving

yourself a slut. (Nesar Shahid and Suleman Kabir, 2024, page 278)

All the world's beauties revolve around love. The consciousness of love is the source of human understanding. The desire of all the hearts in the world and its actual worship are from love. And the creation of the Creator is also from love. In the words of the critic—

There is no art form that does not express love. The wonder, joy, madness, anxiety of love, its union, separation, its enjoyment, its protest, the lover's pride, longing, hesitation, fear, and many other subtle variations of love have been expressed in some form or another in the literature of all countries. Love knows no caste, no country, love is not limited in time. (Amalendu, 2008: 291)

Love changes the language of poetry. It adds greatness to the madness of creation in color and form. It creates bright possibilities for the upcoming or uninvited talent by playing the dotar of human liberation. Art for life—this is the art of love. Poet Zafir Setu's love is about women, children, and nature. There are no surreal boundaries here. Poet Zafir Setu is a PhD in sociolinguistics, a university professor, a fiction writer, and a researcher, but despite all this, he is essentially a poet. The cultivation of poetry inside and outside one's being. It is merged through love. The meeting of love in the poetry of poet Zafir Setu is different from the thoughts of other poets. This is the desire in the sensitive world—the fulfilling love is love, and all the rest are the material momentary postures, colors, and styles of libido consciousness. That is what we will discover.

Poets and Jatakas: The Multidimensional Concept of Love

Poet Zafir Setu has observed love not with the body, but with the mind, in a novel expansion of imagination. His understanding and meditation revolve around the power of love. He has constantly elaborated the unwavering character of contemplation around the offering of love in multilingual formulas. Because for him, love is relative. In time and context, love becomes the unique expression of eternal awakening.

I gave the blood that came from the fat.
I have been dreaming on my journey—I
understand that even roses are colored.
Can't beat the blood of a lover
I thought that those who were born blind would
become sighted.
Because the number of blind people in the world
is large. (Setu, 2020, page 19)

Love is truly a birthright. It is born many times in many states. And that power finds the path to adoration. In the wilderness of the world, the respect of the lover is much higher than material slogans. And it is increasing. Love surpasses worldly pleasures and becomes a symbol of consciousness. That is why even a rose cannot be as beautiful and graceful as a lover. Where love is sometimes a child, sometimes a youth, and again in the courtyard of memory, it is a replica of the joyful sounds of all ages playing. But the poet's regret is that society and the environment consciously despise love, where the development of personality becomes a killer. The poetry book "Zafir Setu's *Bahubarna Raktabeej* (2004) is the epitome of love. The poet's journey ascends the indomitable power of love. The humane human rise comes from love. In the poem "To Aditi" of this poetry book, Zafir Setu's considers the lover as the development of creation. And he wanted to paint a picture of beauty through her. In the poem, the body is synonymous with the union of the mind. A woman or lover is the beginning of creation. Love does not mean sexual tickling. Love means the blood lust to get her closer in the pure light. From their infatuation, the seeds of creation sprout—
...

Because when I say fall, I mean you, when
I say love, I mean you....
Expand your waist and pelvis with our
hidden illusions.
Destroy or build, O self-sufficient land of
the world!

In Rabindranath Tagore's poem 'Janmakatha', a child asks his mother how she got him. The words are pure but full of philosophy. The answer to the child's question is reflected in the glow of the mother's deep love, thus—'It was a desire that was in the middle of the mind.' In the poem 'Shirir Sab Teer Khule' of the multi-colored *Raktabeej*

poem by poet Zafir Setu, he himself is the father of the child, and he is a strange child, having been born in the house of countless children. This rotational force of love is the basis of the systematic and innate love of the world. Here, love is the greatest, as opposed to separation and the heat of combustion. Is love female-centric and male-centric? He has clearly explained this big problem in his poem—

I am both a father and a child.

I have understood that giving birth is taking birth. Children and parents are the true wise.

...

These days I am going to be a child (Setu, 2020, page 41)

The first book of poetry, Bahubarna Raktabeej, published in 2004 by poet Zafir Setu, has awakened the many dimensions of love. Love is the path of crossing the sea—this world welcomes me and you again and again. Even after all these years, this book of poetry has not lost its readership. Each line of this popular poem has given rise to new thoughts, keeping pace with the rhythm of Bengali love poetry. The fascination of this poem teaches me to be a humane lover.

Heart-love and Pure emotion

Who knows about the heart? Can one heart understand another heart? The mind and the human being—it moves itself and moves others with emotion. Who can stop emotion? Only a poet has such ability. The heart—even if it is a combination of a few letters, it is a cosmic object. Not everyone has a heart for it. Only a poet can understand that. The only lover who wins this duality is the lover. No matter how much sorrow and grief there is, it moves towards its destination on its own path. The poet Zafir Setu's desire has captured the heart's desire in this way—

...

The heart is a dog—barking all night on the top of the blue mountain (Setu, 2020, p. 50)

Zafir Setu has abandoned sensuality in love—his poetry does not fall down in the rise of momentary romance. Rather, it remains on the high road—

Love, like an angry young woman, sometimes

gets too close.

...

Love, like a fierce bull, comes roaring and charging at the ground.

I can never stand before them! (Setu, 2020, p.54)

In the poem "Bridge of Love," the poet Zafir Setu has witnessed not the body but the molecular entity on the shore of love. The lover becomes blind when he falls in love. The frame of the poet's love and the love of the common man is different. He has observed this liveliness as a polygamous entity. No matter how much he says, love cannot go to heaven alone. It finds its way through the two-way level in the circle of emotions. Love is free—then it can take its romance to a place like this—

You jumped up like a sparrow on my body. I grabbed his dick.

...

When I was in love, I thought of myself as a migrant.

We have responded to the touching call of the world. (Setu, 2020, p. 95)

Humans have a kind of inner aspiration. It is moral; a field of future possibilities. The poet Zafir Setu has presented a beautiful scene against global warming—to ensure the fall of imperialism. The poet walks the path of love, by making the difficult easy by creating the moving feeling and the fertile ground of feeling of love—

At least two thousand years later
We will meet again.

I will be a tree.

And you are a silent spectator. (Setu, 2020, p. 173)

In the above excerpt, the poet's conviction and desire for philosophy are formed; the poet's mind is mature enough to live in the divine hope of love. The poet's love is neither divine nor worldly, it is the unmixed nature of a unique being. The poet sees our mind in the flow of love. He is sometimes restless, sometimes still—it develops over time. Because the chaotic environment does not allow the creator to remain silent; the desire for protest

awakens within him. The poet does not allow love to be destroyed—rather, he flows it from creation to creation. Love is a kind of power, and it is transferred; but it is not destroyed. Because it is a love that is fulfilled. In the power of love, the poet writes—

Today we can say goodbye to each other.
Just because

Between our two memories
The bees have stung. (Setu, 2020, p.180)

Poet Zafir Setu saw love from the perspective of universal goodness. A lover cannot be a murderer. Through love, he discovers the universal being by sacrificing himself—

1. Beyond the body

The love that awakens as a secret
Who would want to see him on a warm leafy night?

They are keeping watch. (Setu, 2020, p. 188)

2. Every old love

A loaf of bread soaked in wine
It's not loud, but it spreads a fragrance.
In the deep desire of life. (Setu, 2020, p. 189)

The poet Zafir Setu has seen love as an offering; which creates and builds a bond of fascination in vision and practice. When the poet John Keats says—'Two souls, united in a single thought; Two hearts, beating in one tune.' The poet Zafir Setu does not dwell on fugitive love in his poetry. He tramples on the subject of his lover's love as a cosmic mystery for three days. To absorb love and soak his pure being in the feeling of love, he goes to philosophy every day, if heartbroken love falls into the clutches of the enemy and the thought of separation makes the poet's introverted being. Because a true lover is introverted—

Your eyes are a vast airport.
My tourist planes come and go.

...

But you are frozen like a frozen man.
I quickly found myself again at the news of the landing.
You have wrapped it up under a dilapidated sky.
(Setu, 2020, p. 213)

Love was an overwhelming theme in medieval poetry. Every civilization was built on the

separation of love. The obstacles in the path of love were always there. They are still present today. The way in which the poet Zafir Setu has broken the barriers of medieval love can be understood by reading it—

I can turn my back on everything except myself.
And this is my self-knowledge!
There is no love without feelings.

...

I know that Parash is a stone, Sujan's love is a stone.

Now he can consider everyone as his own except himself. (Setu, 2020, 339)

In the shadows of medieval poetry and storytelling, there was an abundance of romance, a state of individualistic subjects. Although love was apparently individualistic, the poet's love transformed universal unbridled passion into power, even at the cost of his own harm. The poet witnessed the mental reaction of the Zafir Setu's emotional feelings about nature of aesthetics. You, you, let them kill me, I will not take revenge even if I am slain. I will build the granaries of the world.

Finally, these discussions show that the love of the poet Zafir Setu is a unique level of expression of human being. Through this ladder, the human being's lifeless body is brought to life— the land of the indestructible stream of direct being. In the metaphor of love, he is sometimes a poet, sometimes a prose writer, and in the surreal, he is an endless land of imagination. Where not romance, not body, not lust, but love contains the feelings and sensibilities of the mind, in the pleasures of man, woman, love and nature.

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