

Poetry Series

RUDRA KINSHUK
- poems -

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RUDRA KINSHUK(22 MAY,1971)

Rudra Kinshuk (born 1971) graduated from the University of Calcutta and did his postgraduation from Visva-Bharati, Santiniketan. He did a certificate in French from French Institute of Chandannagar. A creative writer, he has contributed poems and translations to different publications including The Statesman, The Telegraph, The Asian Age, Famous Reporter, Studio, New England Review and The Little Magazine. Besides this book of poems, he has to his credit other two collection of poems Footprints on the Sands (WW,1996; 2005) and Marginal Tales of the Galloping Horses (WW,2002) and two books of Santal folk songs transcreated into English Songs of the Wild Birds (WW,1997) and Santal Marriage Songs (WW,1999) . He has also a book of translations from Bengali Postmodern Bengali Poetry of Prabhat Choudhuri (Kabita Pakshik,2005) . He has been awarded a Junior Fellowship in the field of Literature (1997-1999) by the Department of Culture (M.H.R.D) , New Delhi. He edits The Peripheral Window, a journal of new poetry in India and a poetry poster Poetry of New Wavelength.

A Cave Of Inscriptions

Water bursts into bubbles
which nurture bright buds.

I take birth and bath
in the silhouette of dreams.

My palms feel contented
from the oozing of date-palms trees.

This body is a wonderful box,
a save of numerous inscriptions.

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A Song Of Eternity

A moment
is a seed
where eternity lurks.
Whenever you take
me in your embrace,
the magic hands of Chronometer hang loose.
I step
out of time.
Eternity is
no collective seas
but a moment that goes beyond
the territory of time,
and enters our personal space of colours,
our own Greenwich...

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A Tree In The Meadow

Once burnt in the sun.
Now rain-soaked.
I'm a tree in the meadow

RUDRA KINSHUK

Amitava Moitra: Selected Poems

4566; LJKHGFDCN

KJHFFD

KHF

KHF

IYR

IYF, NVCDGK; L; '

transcreated from bengali original by rudra kinshuk

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Apparition

Standing
before a mirror
I'm frightened.
A face
of an apparition.

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Asur-Anecdote

KJHF

LKHGF

LJHFD

KLJHFD

PIUT

NC

KLJ

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Aung San Suu Kyi: My Dark Mother

For you the rivers
wait an endless wait

For you new leaves wait
in the ancient seeds of lullaby

For you the sun waits
in front of a baby-earth

I see everything, while floating
in your primordial water

I will come out and cry
as silence seems to be matricide
in such treabbling darkness...

RUDRA KINSHUK

Birds And Rocks: (A Tribute To Jayanta Mahapatra)

Light and darkness sing in chorus
with your letters.

In small mirrors are reflected
little human faces,
worn out, greedy, sad, defeated
and dreaming.

A wonderful bioscope,
life's another name.

Thus winged roots
and rooted wings
build up your castle of letters,
Utkal, a space
of global aspiration,
of lobal colour
where birds and rocks
live together
with kaleidoscopic amazement.

RUDRA KINSHUK

Birendra Chattopadhyay: Selected Poems

AN HALF

An half face on the mirror,
another half on your pears.
The half sun-lit,
another dipped in her tears.

adhkhana

IN THE GHOSTLY LAND

The mountains shiver in the labour pain!

Now it's time of birth,
now it's time of birth,
now it's the time of birth of

countless female rats, more fierce than the man-eaters...

bhutpatreer deshe

STRANGE FRAGRANCE OF RICE

Strange fragrance of rice in the dark,
someones, still now boil rice,
serve and eat.

And we remain awake all the night
with strange fragrance of rice,

a nightlong prayer...

THE KING COMES, THE KING GOES

1.

The king comes

the king goes,

transcreated from bengali by rudra kinshuk

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Blue Dolls

Three blue dolls
come out of human flesh.
Almost unreachable bottom
of inscription of golden crops,
I study.

Intense exercise scripts
rise and fall of intimate letters.

Not defeated, I grow
again and again
like grass, rhizomatic wonders...

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Compradors

The portuguese word 'comprador' means buyer, inclined to the pull of will, created in him. I divided the word into two parts 'compra' and 'adore'. Now, if I make these word-pieces floating, they will get translated into a flight of small birds. Compromise, media-friendliness and popularity go hand in hand in the mindscape. Who are those wandering all over the world with the books of magic and catching compradors? Who are those chopping man's personal world, as if fish into pieces? You should think it over during the commercial break. In the mean time, a madal-drum comes on the stage which knows baha-festival and its songs. I discover an ululation of a river, nurturing a bakul tree for our security of dreams.

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Crow's Zero

What colour does God have?
What colour does God play with?

Scriptures explain and reexplain.
Those don't console the crow-mother
crying around a small child
her own, black and sickly.

Where and how far
have you gone? To the blue?

Where God smoke s from a tobacco-pipe
lying on a lotus-bed?

The empty egg-shell still
lies beneath the tree
like a zero, having no colour...

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Darzengtapa

darzentapa, the hero
we have been singing of him
from time immemorial

from where he comes,
out of the blue zero?
we can't imagine

our daughter, sister
sandepa's would-be wife
seduced by his false valour

eight young men dead
on the orange-mountains

orange-anecdotes die,
tea-gardens look for flight of green parrots

flight of drunken stairs...

let us pray for our sick words,
threatened,
words of our own, our only spiritual being...

RUDRA KINSHUK

Dreamography

1.

I see many tigers in dreams. Some of them are small, some big.
Some of dark-brown, some striped. They are
my personal tigers. Sometimes they get frightened
and mew like the domestic cats.
Sometimes they look like burning candles.

My sleep now looks
to be a trip to the world of animals,
especially of tigers who colour my life.

2.

Rainos are pachyderms.
They cannot respond to rains
and winter easily.

In moon light the rhinos
often come out with bowls
in hands for collecting contributions.

Even in dreams, I get wonder stuck.

This age is a rhino age.
Only a great fire can end it.

Notes on Buffalo

Buffalos graze on our pastures.
They don't know
that indigo houses have memories,
So, they easily
can get themselves melted
in the soft light of morning.

While going to the market everyday
I look at the grazing horses
beside the indigo house
beside the yellow pages.

3.

I found me in dream, seated on the back of a lively horse.
The horse was galloping. The driver, with reign in hand
inspired the horse towards greater momentum.
I felt a great shiver in my body.
Suddenly it came to my mind that
I had not asked the driver how much
I was to pay him for this ride.
I did not have much money.
Being worried, I caught cow
of a hanging branch of a tree
and climbed it.
The rider continued
his journey.
He did not have
any knowledge of my leaving the horse.

4.

In dream I saw myself running,
being chased by two big animals
– a wild ox and an elephant.
I jumped up and climbed
the top of a high wall.
Some branches of a big tree
were hovering over the wall.
The elephant put its trunk
forward and almost caught me.
I broke a branch and bent it severely.

5.

I dreamt Aditya, my colleague.
Aditya means the own.

I see that some tortoises live in his throat.

6.

I see me as a farmer in dream.
I have cultivated a few acres of land.
Crops abound there.
I have built a small box-type room.
It speaks to me and understands what I say.

7.

In dream I see some santal men,
armed with bows and arrows.
They shoot arrows in darkness.
The place is a small jungle.
I get very frightened.
One of them says, "Leave this place soon.
This country is not yours." I say, "
where's my country thin? "
He points his fingers to the other bank
of the river, flowing through the jungle.

8.

Standing on river bank.
The river is quite full.
A man, Kanchan by name banked
the boat. I boarded the boat.
Kanchan, meaning gold de-anchored
the boat for reaching us the other bank.
I found the boat moving under water.
I found myself half-merged into water.
Soon all the passengers reached
the other bank safely. There I met
a policeman who scolded me several
times and asked me not to
lose my identity.

9.

A boy of dream continues calling me.

I responded, at last.
He informed me of a book-reading function
to be organized beside a lake.
I followed him
and found people, free and open
reading books there.

10.

I discovered my self in a boat
floating on the wavy seas.

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Eyehole

i

water smoothli calm.
a woodpecker, its long beak.
a greenroom's opening.

ii

a swell of yellow leaves.
the fool looks at it smilingly.
a blue sea, rolling.

iii

two hands on a book.
the wind caresses its yellow pages.
silence blooms ...

iv

ripe mangoes fall
on the ground.
a storm in me
makes my water
flicker like fire.

v

horses look terrified
when they stand before mirror.
a different race course there.

vi

the tall tree feels lonely
in the open sky.
the ants on it don't know.

vii

birds look like new mirrors
rocks get drenched excellently.
scarecrows weep for seeds.

viii

snakes burn like flames.
the tube, a smooth passage upward.
a lotus blooms, its fragrance.

ix
a bird on an oar.
churned water, broken mirrors.
reflections of the bird
are numerous.

x
a man's voyage to some estuary.
yielding water churned.
two men returned home.

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Fish

Fish moves in shallow water

Cheerful mirrors

Birds-shasows get mallowed
in silence

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Folk-Postmodern Poetry

THE BIRTH OF THE SUN

Nian-ko-sha, a new word
from the Toto-folktales
I've picked up.

I stand under its cool shade
and recount the tale
of encounter between
Sainjini, the goddess
and Pidua, the demon.

Sainjini wins in the battle of oranges.

I hope that all the farmer-women
once would be strong enough
to ward off sezy hands
robbing Lokai and Behula
of their crops, dreaming songs.

Yellow egg-yolk turns
to be the sun in the story,
the source of light and life.

I dream all eggs hatched
to be the suns
among the displaced farmers...□

IN THE EARLY MORNING

In the early morning
I wake up from sleep
when the dark still crawls near
the misty horizon.
I sharpen my big sword,
strong and bright.

Now I go deep into the forest
where the horizon still palled
with darkness.

Nothing seems
to be distinct to my eyes.
Horizon still dark
trots of wild stag
stir me up.
A stag is killed
with my sharp sword.

Now I'm back to my place
with my hunt.
O my comrades, in the village
why still sleeping?

Strike fire in front of our Ni-an-kosha,
the sun now high up the hill.

based on a Toto Folk-song recreated by rudra kinshuk

RUDRA KINSHUK

Footprints On The Sands: A Book Of Poems

RUDRA KINSHUK: FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS

© Rudra Kinshuk

First Edition: 1996

Second Edition: 2005

A first book of verse

FOOTPRINTS
ON THE SANDS

Rudra Kinshuk

The Author

Rudra Kinshuk (born 1971) has contributed poems and translations to numerous publications. A recipient of Junior Fellowship in Literature of Ministry of Human Resource Development, New Delhi, he has three collections of poems Footprints on the Sands(WW,1996,2005) , Portrait of a Dog as Buddha (WW,1998) and Marginal Tales of the Galloping Horses (WW,2002) to his credit. He has also two collections of translations of Santal folk songs - Songs of The Wild Birds (WW,1997) and Santal Marriage Songs (WW,1999) as well as a book of translations from Bengali Postmodern Bengali Poetry of Prabhat Choudhuri (Kavita Pakshik,2005) .

Dedication

To my parents

Acknowledgements

I thank the editors of The Amirta Bazar Patrika, The Asian Age and The Studio for

publishing some of the poems included in the present collection. My thanks are also due to Swati Ganguly, my teacher who gave me much inspiration in the very early part of my writing career.

Note

This collection of poems got published first in 1996. Some of my friends and well wishers appreciated it extensively. It is perhaps undeserved appreciation and encouragement which helped me to continue my writing. When, after a gap of almost ten years I look at the first book of my poems, I feel very embarrassed to discover them all to be too callow to take them again to the readers. Still I do have a fascination for them because they mirror the early days of my youth.

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IN YOUR EMBRACE, NOSTALGIA

I'm out in search of a kubo-bird
that I left behind in the room of my childhood.
In your embrace, Nostalgia I'm burning.
My limbs are burning, shaping the way
of my second childhood.
Winged fantasy, when will you visit my garden,
opening like casements to the sky?
Waiting burgeons into feathers of clouds
and rain-soaked roots of pomegranates.

A BURNING BIRD

.... walked far
in search of chrysanthemums for you,
an aspirant journey over
rusty anchors and broken swords.

Keep your hands on my head,
I'm living, burning like a bird,
with a green boat and a cage in itself,
moving and moving towards
the horizon, our ever widening destination.
Chrysanthemums bloom silently
like the eggs of hiramons...

HIBERNATION

... and your hands spattered with blood
and yellow leaves
and dry grass get collected
in your living days.

A knocking still on the door of your chamber
obsessed by alien chloroform, eggs broken,
no young birds come out, such your hibernation
remains unbroken ever,
stairs descending to water

I stand outside and see all these
inside....

A CASTLE FOR CHRYSANTHEMUMS

When the avenues in our city
are terrified, I wish to become
a castle for the chrysanthemums.

IN A BLIND ALLEY

This is a blind alley.
Darkness crawls like crabs.
Who knows the route
leading to the lakes?

GARDENING

Weeds overgrow chrysanthemums
in your garden.
For you're yet to explore
the art of gardening.

A SLEEPWALK

In the dead of night I killed roses in the garden
and streams, my shadow fell accross the hall....

Wondering where I shall hide my child
on which mountain under which ocean?

All through the night
I sleepwalk with a fervent prayer
for a dawn, for a leafy dawn.
Apparitional faces in the mirror.
I look lean, my sticky hands cannot
move away....

THE BARBED HANDS

Flowers are in my barbed hands.
And my eyes look like
cherries, mellowed in the silence.

THE SPECKLED BIRD

Miles I've walked
through the heart of jungles.
A few more are to be journeyed still.
The speckled bird we've been
looking for
must be here.

AN INTIMATE STORY

If you go, I'll bleed
like the meadow near Prantik Station
for the departing sun in the evening.

Yet I could not stop the going.
Now the inevitable I host in my inner chamber.

The old tree knows this intimate story,
the grass another,
water in the flowing canal
another, a new story
in the pocket of wind...

I slowly try
to move me
away from the centre of the story,

METAMORPHOSIS

My palms are magic lands.
You burn coals on them
and they become flowers.

A NIGHTLY RENDEZVOUS

Every night I stealthily step into the garden
where the rabbit-like moon dozes
behind the wild berries.
fall thick on our everyday's living.

I stretch out my palms open and stand still
under this mysterious rain.
Rabbits come out of the holes,
my body...

I wake up alone in a wilderness.
A flute blows in profound blindness...

This is an incomplete story of an august day,
my birth day, your birthday.

GREEN OARS

Are you a creature of flesh
or a liquid shadow?
Roses are burning
now on my palms.
Take them away
to your water box,
ever expanding and open.
The unploughed land waits
for moonlight, green oars
listen to the bemused
music of water...

A WANDERER HORSE

I had a casket of fire
hidden under my ribs.
I was happy like
my fellow citizens.
One day I by chance
came to a palash tree,
breaking into flowers.
And the concealed fire
broke out into my body.
A tale I picked up
from the brink of flowing dreams

A horse, wandering
homeless
prances out
of the moveless wall....
TO A STATUE OF STONE

A statue of stone.

An orchard of bougainvillea, for you
languishing...

BRIDGE

A new morning dawns softly
on the grasses of my consciousness.
Barren time and dry river,
our darted souls still wait
Our love may make a bridge
for our children.
And for them at least we should
nurture these chrysanthemums
which open like windows
between the meadows and the sky.

IF I DROP OUT ON THE WAY

I stepped out of door-steps
into the yard and then
to the wistful road
leading to the lake where
lilies grow in abundance.

If I dropp
ask my child to finish the journey.

GRASSES

Grassess grow everywhere
on the land, in the water
in the homeyard,
and in the meadow
near the railway station.
Seated near the window
I see them sun-burnt
and dew-soaked.

One morning I woke up
on my bed
and discovered
grass growing under my ribs.

THE DREAM OF THE DISTANT BLUE

What do I do
with grasshopper's gilded decoration?
Incense is burning in my inner chamber.
I can kneel down
before the milky feet.
Am I a bird?
A bird, a caged bird
in dream of the distant blue.

RENAMING OF FIRE

The web is labyrinthine
but I'm no insect.
Mine will rename the fire.

WIPE OUT THE SHADOW

This isn't the face I adore.
Wipe out the shadow,
or where shall I plant my kiss?

A PUZZLING BLESSING

"May you be a towering sagoon
beside
a river" blessed me my Grandpa

at the time of his death.

With dews and rains on my head
I'm still standing in the yard
as waiting is a necessity
for this becoming.

A TREE IN THE MEADOW

Once burnt in the sun.
Now rainsoaked
I'm a tree in the meadow.

TO KUMU

When you stand before me
I remember
the deaths I've suffered in life.
You're a lily of the dawn.

When you take flowers from my hands
I vision another birth
burning inside me.
You're consolations
for waiting meadows, Kumu.

UNPREPARED FOR LIGHT

Darkness,
I couldn't see the lines of trees.
A lighting flashed,
and I got blinded.
I was unprepared for light.

A MADCAP

On the moonlit bed of grasses
a madcap sang with dew.
Only the wind could perceive his sorrows.

IN SEARCH OF A BLUENECKED MAGPIE

Fire, you have burnt
my childhood and adolescence.
My sleep and fear
also are burnt.

Now burn my courage and awakening.

I'll be out of the castle
in search of a blunecked magpie.

THE TIGER

The tiger was tearing at my navel.
It tore my heart brutally.
It is now in my head
and my nerves are burning.

Will I remain still
or light up the pyre?

STRETCH YOUR SNOWY HANDS

When the gipsy leopard is after my shadow,
stand before me and take me away
into your world of light and wait.
Spring in the orchard,
buds blooming,

starlings hatching eggs.
Stretch your snowy hands
and take me to the world of rest and silence.

THE VOYAGE

The vessel waits unloaded
on the reminiscent shore.
The birds fly over the seas
towards the blurred horizon,

I must make an orchard in my yard.
Provisions needed
for the voyage'll be long.

TWO FRAGMENTS

1

For whom should I grow
Hyacinths in the garden?
No hand is free of blood.

2

He ran his danger deep
Near the cage of my ribs.
I saw his face in the pool of blood.

TWO DEATHS

Once I killed
Then I was killed.
Thus I suffered two deaths.

A WHISPER

I should decorate my cottage;
every day I remind myself.
But after the fruitless day's end
I hurry to my dishevelled bed
and my sleep is disturbed.

The wind passing through
branches of pomegranate trees
in the yard whispers:
Awakening is only
a preparation for better sleep.

BRIMMING LAKES

Don't remove your white hands,
keep them ever on my forehead.
My soul a navigator,
looks for lost anchors....

Wondering if I'm in a dream
that sinks into mirrors.
Your eyes
two brimming lakes, the water birds nest there.
Deprived of water, I walk along
the margin of light and shade.

SOLITARY DARKNESS

When the roses, plucked
writhe in vases
in our well-furnished chambers.
Shadows laugh in the shadow
of a moon-bit tree
and you bleed silently
in solitary darkness.

Only a man, lost in silence

learned to light candles
from a camfire of some fairy tales.

SHADOW IN THE DEPTH OF WATER

The garden of bougainvillea
I have made in my yard,
my navigating soul
looks as if dewdrops, sparkling

and fragrant, the moving lullabies.
Not I, not I,
A fragrant dream walks over the pillows
the moving tortoises among blue waves.

A shadow in the depth of water....

Monuments of blue memories fly in the sleepy sky.
The wind becoms a chourasia among bushes,
Two tireless hands look for the door bell.

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS

The call of the blue vastness
grows irresistible in me, ships sailing
I will wade to the mossy floor of waters
to find out the box of bees.

I may return no more to this village by the sea
to bathe in the dews dripping,
from the pink buds of promegranates.
I may not return the same man
but a few seagulls will come out
from my ribs, a cage of colours,
and their footfrints will remain on the sands.

MOSQUITOES

A mosquito sat on my cheek
and sucked blood from my body.

I sprang my hand and killed it
forgetting completely that
thousands of mosquitoes swarm
in my brain where my hands don't reach.

AN APPARITION

Standing before a mirror
I'm frightened;
A face of an apparition...

DREAMS

I dream of returning
to a sunset canoe.
I nod and nod
to my own shadow.
An apparitional mirror
walks along a wire.
I read and decipher
the conversations
of a struck donkey
and the melting moon.
I try to run away
again and again
from my shadow, my own.
How can I extricate
my self from the dance
of the magic mirror
in my head?

SILENCE

Silence burgeons
into a blue,
a void in the soul,
a void that makes colours
move like ants.
To live, to discover to be into being.

A melting candle
burns on the horizon...

NOTES ON A NEEM-TREE

Tree, you're standing
with yellow abundance,
hovering on the wistful roof,
weather-beaten and winding
stonecheaps make alphabet
of morning light, a river's
secret nick name.

Tree, you have learned
news of missing persons,
about throwing foetus miscarriage
of dreams and faiths,
how they all ascend
the flight of stairs.

Tree, you stand in me
like an enigma
that makes clouds of cotton
in my personal ether...

CALL ME UDDALAK

Conches blow in the green music hall,
ever widening, crops open secret doors
to these rituals of prayers and songs.

Let me lie on the fertile soil
of tales and ballads of anchored
and winged.
rich crops.

When my body in crop vicinity
will turn to be full

of leaves,
call me Uddalak.

I REMEMBER

Last night I dreamt
leaves of my jack fruit trees
turned to soft gold.
A few birds
came to visit the garden.
They hummed a lullaby.
Suddenly I discovered
water flowing under
my own feet silently.
A memory scented lullaby....

I remember that I had a dream.

CLOUDS

Clouds seem to be wishing cows,
endlessly milking over the roots,
river-canoes and our aspiration....

Broken bricks come out
after such a long wash,
our adolescent secrets
threatening and pleasant.

Memories get drenched
as ducks. to skin, longing
for tales of skylarks, birds that never
take water except rains.

Birds that fly from our fists
come to deliver their dreams,

The sun rises, the sun sets
on the small window,
wistful...

A FAIRY TALE

By awakening
a star perceives
to be burning
in one's own fire.
A man believes
an awakening
to pour a river
at fragrant roots.

The star has
become a river,
the man a towering tree.

COBWEB

Nothing to be answered.
The day like a chinese rose
blossoms to be a reply
to any query. Any query
ends in silence,
a journey from zero
to another zero.
Arrival reaches
at the point of departure.
I silently pick up
pebbles of tales,
tales of home sick birds.
I see how lost birds
sit quiet on the mast
of a moving ship...

WATER

Water sings in me
and a man opens
the eternal pages

of silence.

I wake up to discover
some footprints in my soul.

EVENING LIGHT

Evening settles down,
birds winging home
from prayers to meditation.
I seek home on the flowing river.
Dews dropp on petals,
ants climbing my spine, taking
it for some tree.
Green caju-fruit lying beside
water, flowing irrespective
of the great clock.

Home, sweet home envelope me
with your white palms
make me dissolve
into the elixir of life.
Hands can make a roof
that can put off an avalanche.
Faces can make a lake
that can bring the memories
back to the scented roots....

OVER THE CULVERT

An autumn fog
crawls over the yellow culvert
A wind mews
in a bush, half burned.

Memories are dying
on the still water
under the culvert.

I stand still

among the fogs
and look at my lean faces.

FRAGRANCE OF SUNLIGHT

Birds can return home safely.
My waiting on the evening canal,
taken away by water birds
intends to smell fragrance of sunlight.

Why should I try to grab everything,
to be left back?
Standing before serenity of water
with two folded palms
I now try to catch myself in vain.

Water flows calmly,
darkness envelopes eyes...

JUDAS

Your sharp hands
offer me red flowers
flowers that look like
stars in the sky,
flowers that prove
to be bridges
to the drawing ants

Sinking into darkness
I remember your face,
besmeared with mud
water and salt.
You drag yourself
wearily into retiring room.

My wounded faces
knock on your door,
you can't sleep
because tortoises

swim on your bed.

Judas, I eves drop
always beside you...

A SEASON OF HOMECOMING

The season of rains has set out for
distant Ilands.

The canopy of the sky looks like
the face of my mother.

I see a woman of seventy
seated on the porch of her cottage.
a child crying on her lap...

The guava tree in the yard has
borken into delicate blossoms.

This is the season of homecoming.

Years back I was born. And
I will celebrate that birthday
now...

RUDRA KINSHUK

Fragrant Anchors: A Book Of Poems

FRAGRANT ANCHORS: POEMS

poetry by the same author

Footprints on the Sands 1996

Portrait of a Dog as Buddha 1998

Marginal Tales of the Galloping Horses 2002

FRAGRANT ANCHORS

Rudra Kinshuk

poems by

Rudra Kinshuk

PERIPHERY

Publishers of Indian New Poetry in English

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C Rudra Kinshuk

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For Jayanta Mahapatra and Bibhu Padhi,
two stalwarts of Modern Indian Poetry in English,
in gratitude and in respect.

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IN SEARCH OF HOME

I descend into the tunnel,
spiral darkness on the way.
Stripped fears turn
to romances of adventure.

White candles burn
in the tiger's yellow eyes.
Shaken-off
feathers piled up,
my looked-for home on the open space, long.

Light of harvested crops
overwhelms my quest,
a quest for one's own home
in this body ...

FIRE-TALE

Crawling smoke howls,
tortoises scuttling
over the marine floor of sleep.

Assembling over the mystic culvert
they exchange
their personal fire tales.

Tales follow tales,
each pocket has
its own tales to pour down.

Ulki-marks on their hands
get reflected

in the intimate water

Shivering cold, bird-less canvass,
People among the silent leaves
read the fire in others ...

FOOL

I scatter moonlit cotton of laughter
over countless buried heads.
Thus I earn my soiled bread ...

Evening moves to midnight,
shooting stars make shadows
which deepen fall of brown leaves.

The great spider sees
how I close the windows
behind the silhouette of trees.
The moss-green shirt hangs
from an indistinct hook.

I look for me, myself in own shadow ...

EYEHOLE

i

water smoothli calm.
a woodpecker, its long beak.
a greenroom's opening.

ii

a swell of yellow leaves.
the fool looks at it smilingly.
a blue sea, rolling.

iii

two hands on a book.
the wind caresses its yellow pages.
silence blooms ...

iv

ripe mangoes fall
on the ground.
a storm in me
makes my water
flicker like fire.

v

horses look terrified
when they stand before mirror.
a different race course there.

vi

the tall tree feels lonely
in the open sky.
the ants on it don't know.

vii

birds look like new mirrors
rocks get drenched excellently.
scarecrows weep for seeds.

viii

snakes burn like flames.
the tube, a smooth passage upward.
a lotus blooms, its fragrance.

ix

a bird on an oar.
churned water, broken mirrors.
reflections of the bird
are numerous.

x

a man's voyage to some estuary.
yielding water churned.
two men returned home.

THE OWL LANGUAGE

Darkness freezes
on the headless shoulders.
And from all wooden boxes
of our private life
small owls fly away
to the burning tree-tops
and their feather burn

gradually
to become
scripts of fear.

Crops get bloodied.
Behula, the peasant woman
looks for the beheaded body
of Lokai, the farmer.
The river knows the story,
the river knows how
faces masks.

The blind
and dumb
read the cryptic owl language
and the message of
an impending storm.

Glass-palaces fall silently,
silence thus becomes meaningful
sharply fearful...

UDDALOK

Conches blow
in the green music hall,
ever widening crops
open secret doors
to these rituals
of prayers and songs.

Let me lie
on the fertile soil
of anchored tales
and ballads
of rich crops.

When my body

in vicinity of crops
will be full of leaves,
call me Uddalok.

HORSES OF GRANDMA'S TALES

Horses in grandma's tales,
of different colours and sizes
move gradually
towards the untrimmed orchard.
I find them ripening yellow
fragrant oranges.

Dark horses come
out of the scented xerox-machine,
producing countless copies of our dreams.

I in dreams,
the horses laugh at
the collapsed indigo-houses.
The ancient tamarind trees
go on dreaming
at the rainy nights.

Water moves,
anecdotes follow
anecdotes.
Grass grows ever in memory.
Bodhisattva, you learn this story from life to life.

CALIBAN

The Tempest has quite a number of ero and magic opens a door to the world of miracles. Miranda's physical windows delicately open to a world of fragrant lullabies of oranges, the game of moonlit fish and open-winged butterflies.

And Caliban, depicted as half-human looks for his tongue lost in a world of strange light, traumatic bees caught in a complex web of moving spiders. Crop-anecdotes and ballads of fishing are lost for ever.

Prospero and his men will return to their and celebration for med rains for Miranda's dreams.

Caliban, will be groping at lost memories at darkness.

A greenroom opens itself in once walked on the sands,
difficult to remove their colonial footprints?

ARSHINAGAR: A MIRROR-HOUSE

Suffocated wind has fainted down
at the feet of the huge fly-over.
The farmers whose corpses flowing
into the rivers
know that towns and cities
are no longer places for them,
but for their ghosts.

Compradors have built up a big market.
its jaw
I'm a toy of the market.
Play with me.

Standing before a mirror,
I see this body, an arshinagar
a mirror-house
where Lalan, the mystic singer
sing the song of birds.

I try to move away
from the sadness of luxuries
and look for the yellow bird.
Lalon, knows my thirst.

ANNIVERSARY, MARCH 14

Human skulls speak
in darkness
in a chorus.

Water shivers at
the prospect
of seeing knives at cruel hands.

We have finished
our duties
to raise slogans.

Lord Shiva knows that
we, being timid find it easy
to walk among those
who once killed us.

Forgetting is a crime,
an aboriginal sin.
So, try to remember
the slaughterer of your crops,
the plunderer of your folk-songs.

SEARCH FOR ROSE

Better to say
may has spent his life to explore
the mystery of roses.
Such a long search
for roses has taken
to the distant hill.

How long I've travelled
among the gypsies,
among the toto-people
and the small houses of the santals.

How many words for rose I've learned
to make out the music
of the red colour.

Now I've rested my weary legs
into the cool water of the river Khari
and find
that rose has no meaning
without the total body
of the woman whom I killed once
and scattered the pieces
over into this planet.

This tiger-skin, these long hair
this long journey life after life
— all meant for your, rose.

BLUE DOLLS

Three blue dolls
come out of human flesh.
Almost unreachable bottom
of inscriptions of golden crops.
I study.
Intense exercise
scripts the rise and fall
of intimate letters.

Not defeated,
I grow again and again
like grass,
rhizomatic wonders ...

SQUIRREL

A squirrel jumps
from the roof
to catch hold
of a branch
of the myrobalan tree,
hovering on the roof.

This small jump is not
to be found anywhere in its body.
Only its possibility
remains displaced
as colourful ornaments
in its soul.

My squirrels,
out of strange space
jumps on the blue
of the white paper, a profound zero.
zero begets zero, as urdent non-existence.

SUNLIT WATER

Heaps of scrape-iron

Small whirl-wind takes away
pages of those poets
once celebrated with kingly pleasures.

Earthen pitcher broken,
water moves far away.
The morning sun
gets caught in it.

Words are brittle glass.
So I mix a few grass-seeds
with them.

The next season of rains
may fill the homeyard
with green grass,
a few small buds.
Among them the dumb children
will listen to
a strange whistle of an ancient ship.

SONG OF EGO
(a tribute to Sourav Ganguly)

Your determined face
conceals numerous pages,
a profound well
which we put a pail into for stories,
for stories of treaking and longing
for a path to move onwards.

Agony has made it

a glorious inscription to read.
Defeat is no defeat,
no final judgement
so long your horse stands firm with dreams
in the battlefield,
so long you burn yourself
in the burning brazier of life.

Dwarfs laugh.
Your silent weeping
overwhelms the meaningless chorus around.

Silent tears are of such greatness,
I could not know
unless I saw you
fighting against the hungry sharks,
Santiago, the eternal ego of my soul.

TOY-TRAIN

No you're floating
in her liquid darkness,
a seminal sea,
controlling firmly
my steps, breathing
and my dreams.

A tenderness makes
a galaxy of stars,
rainbows
in the aquariums of my soul.

A toy train moves
day in and day out
along the narrow lines of sleep.

You move gradually

into the marrow of my alphabet ...

I enjoy the bliss
of looming darkness,
me, of my own self.

THE COCKROACH

The cockroach knows
the women cooks shadows
and longing for water.

Cracks open gradually
on the frying pan.
Agave grows on
the rosy basin.
Water coughs and weeps.

The cockroach feeds on
cooking-gas
and reminisces
and apprehends
a break-out of fire
into the heap of collected cotton.

SALIM ALI

What's that injecting
shadow and mask to the crop's
milky simplicity?
The waves stop before
the unmovable mounds of sands
in the rivers.
What's that archer, a secret fool?

Terror-stuck,
you hide your cowardice
under the tale of Dharmabyadhyo.

In dreams we discover
Salim Ali standing on our collective shoulder,
with binocular in his one hand
and countless blue magpies
twittering on his broad shoulders.

JUGGLING

In the tune of a small drum,
the simple sum $2+2=4$ puts on
its multicoloured cloak

and a wonderful mask.
A ballad of salt and blue.
It becomes zero = zero + a travelogue.
The guitar breaks into dreams
of falling apples.

Such is the tale of reading and fall,
of seeing and crops.

The clown juggles
with the red balls
and the blind owls
along the periphery of the stage.

All the fool-anecdotes
become meaningful in the world
of sezy madness.

OWL HAIKUS

1.
An owl on the scarecrow.
Ignorant mice move.
And crops look startled.

2.
Six mice move in your soul,
when your owl is dead.
A cage inside your self.

3.
Cultivate crops and owls

together in your garden.
Fallen leaves teach the trees.

4.

The scarecrow and his owls
do not crop for
darkness blooms in thier vision.

A CAVE OF INSCRIPTIONS

Water bursts into bubbles
which nurture bright buds.

I take birth and bath
in this silhouette of dreams.

My palms feel contended
from the oozing of date-palm trees.

This body is a wonderful box,
a cave of numerous inscriptions.

FOR A BOUL SINGER

The huge banyan tree
has hung down numerous roots
from the branches.
longing for soil opens like a folk-song,
a nascent fairy tale
of fire and water.

Life and death
walk hand in hand
in the seeds,
in the phallic symbols of Lord Shiva.
Waves thud in the secret sands of this body.

A boul-singer
croons a tune, waiting
by a huge stock of wood
with a burning match-stick.

Melting fire of women,
melting ambitions flight of stairs
I remember that a roll of fire
moving bar
since childhood
from the burning brazier
of song, distant fire ...

SPARROW

Towering trees
on both sides of the road,
uniformed military forces.
Human discipline
looks shackled uniformity
and monotony.

The abundant jungles
a collective chorus.

The man to sleeping
with a computer on his chest
finds in his dream a sparrow
emerging out of his machine
to light up the room with profound simplicity.

GRETA GARBO OF TOLLYWOOD

Your sharp figure
reminds me of that
man has no death,
no old age.

Man can be a dark horse
if his woman wishes him.

Years pass, yellow leaves fall
but we can believe
when we see you walk

Years fall down at our feet.
Feathers fall down
at our feet.

We go to sleep with you
in the world of Arabian Nights,
where death can be deterred
eternally.

CHAND SADAGAR KNOWS

Chand Sadagar knows
that his journey to the new territory
is a journey to a different body.

This makes his homecoming
a painful discovery.
He cast a jealous look
on the chubby face
of Sanoka, his wife.

Somewhere bridges fall down
somewhere boats sink into fathomless water.

Chand Sadagar, the eternal boatman
knows that snakes live in his own body.
He rows and rows in his body

and discover
that Manosa, the goddess of snakes
waits with a bloodied knife.

We have only forward journey,
no meaningful homecoming.
The whole world has become homeless.

TIME RIPE

The time is rip
to respond, positively
to respond to the blue whips
which get red
in the blood of crops.
The silent skulls.
Crop of under the crumbling bridge.

The volcanic birds
fly near and near the whirlwind.

Time ripe for walking over water,
to enter the fire
to make a magic bird

A little man croons the song
which lights up the terror-stuck hall
to an aspiration of a new sun,
of a new crop,
of a new river
of a new fairy tale

MY POCKET AND ITS CONTENTS

... extraordinary things will come running out of my pocket.

□ G. K. Chesterton

I

I always keep a soiled photograph
of Charlie Chaplin in my pocket
while I go out.

I walk among the crowd
and see buried heads of people.

Charlie asks me smile.

I stand on the over-bridge of the railway station
and look at the soiled pages of books.

The tied-up horses,
grazing on the autumnal grass
know that I'm a magician
who knows that burning coals
look like flowers.

Charlie opens my bird-windows,
fish-windows and make me bloom
like a river.

II

I always carry
a sea-green comb in my pocket.
But never I use it, except being at home.
But when I carry it,
I hear it speaking of a sea-floor,
numerous animals move, dance and sing.
It informs me than
the world is larger than the one we see.

III

A bird-feather, snow-white
I must keep in my pocket
of my t-shirt along
with a few cinnamon-seeds.
This makes me feel lighter,
to remind me of my trip to Galudi-forest
and of that to the Thirparrappu-fall.
Those who take bird-feather with them
know quite-well that
birds often lay eggs into our spinal tubes.

IV

I adore a fire-tale in my pocket.
I collected it from Dinshahitala,
a saint's place.
When I'm around a campfire
I take it out
and free it among the people around.
The others also do the same.

I come to know that each one
has a fire of his own and its fairy tale.

RAINS OF MEMORY

Your talking dolls and speechless bears
have magic hands which bring water
back to dried-up wells and pleasure-boats to my river.

My fishing rod treambles
in evening breeze,
crimson grasshoppers

disturb the peacock-feather
now and then.

A shower of rains
washes the roots of big trees.
The magical fly comes out
of the box, burried under the slush
of the palm circled pond.

TO LOOK FOR ME

Wind blows
into my soul
and make me think
that water makes fire flowing
in a natural way of smile.

Words and laughter
burn in an illogical soul
of a female deer
which has got itself
lost in the forest of the mind.

A shower of rains
looks for me
like a flock of wolves ...

Among rains I am

in search of the toto goddess
and her victory
over the demon, pidha

Darkness falls among
brown leaves, doors of roots
open, all on a sudden

ERASURE

I look for the guava-tree
growing on my navimul
and for the folk-tales
in which the birds can speak
to human beings.

I look for all these
off your map
and read the cartography
of my personal wonder.

I erase your inscriptions
with a scented erasure.
And I write on the clean slate
the notations of my folk-tales.

I don't like to swim in your water
but in that of my own.

I kneel down before a tree
and long for these birds
emerging out of trees
those fish, emerging out of wonder...

THE BIRTH OF SUN

Nian-ko-sha, a new word
from the Toto_folk-tale
I've picked up.
I stand under its cool shade
and recount the tale
of encounter between
Sainjini, the goddess
and Pidua, the demon.

Sainjini becomes the winner
and I hope
that all the farmer-women
once would be adequately strong
to ward off the sezy hands
that do'nt hesitate
to rob Lokai and Behula
of their crops, their dreaming songs.

Yellow egg-yolk turns
to be the sun in the story,
the source of light and life.

I dream that all eggs hatched
to be the suns
among the terrorized farmers.

BIRDS AND ROCKS

(a tribute to Jayanta Mahapatra)

Light and darkness sing in chorus
with your letters.

In small mirrors are reflected
little human faces,
worn out, greedy, sad, defeated
and dreaming.

A wonderful bioscope,
life's another name.

Thus winged roots
and rooted wings
build up your castle of letters,
Utkal, a space
of global aspiration,
of lobal colour
where birds and rocks
live together
with kaleidoscopic amazement.

BUTTERFLIES

butterflies know that no orchard safe any longer,
the world grows smaller and smaller
in the well furnished flats,

while sitting on the flowers at the corner of a balcony
butterflies come to know serialized losses
have been carpeted carefully among the sleeping pills.

afternoon passes by with specks,
memories lie on a wheel chair,
butterflies get startled to see the long forgotten
bamboo flute.

THE SPIDER

twinkling, waiting
at the centre of your universe,
the dew soaked sun caught
at your eyeful web,
urnonavo, a web under abdomen
observes the rolling waves
and smiles to see
the dramatic furies of the fools
around the net
ever widening...

THE FABLE OF A CROW

A crow, seated on the branch
with small pieces of meat...

The fox praises him
and its teeth rattle.

Water deciphers the hanging story
and flows down to memory.

Shadows walk, stages tremble ...
iced fish suddenly becomes
sign of tomorrow,
we get caught
in the story of falling
and iced fish.

None can drift away
from them
hands with fire and water
weave the sparkling web,
under which numerous blades
used and old populate...

THE COOK

(a tribute to Bibhu Padhi)

The cook knows
that his shadow
burns in the fire.

Turmeric fragrance drives
hungry crocodiles away
from the greenroom.

While cooking himself,
the cook discovers
that each fire has its own inscription.

You know how profound
the fire is, how much
it demands from life.

Cooking is self-cooking,
discovery of fire-roses
getting wiser in the soul of a bird.

OBLIVION

Rains have washed everything
the blood of those who
lost their lives to protect
their crops.

flutter of flags, slogans
and discriminate relief
have wiped out their memories
from our souls.

Oblivion is thus the predicament
of these lost souls.

Standing over the bank of my river
I know that time will make
grass of new memories grow
over the burial ground of lost memories.

Man is vulnerable to such a crime
as forgetting.
We forget everything,
the best wealth of our souls,
the memories
which could make us prepared
for future wake-up
for future crops.

FORGETTING

To remember, a great virtue
when everyone relieves to forget.

We have forgotten
the Bengali date of our birthday,
the place where our naval-root

has been earthed.
We have forgotten the nick name
of our childhood-river.

Feverish bears creep
into our blood,
feverish zebras creep into our sleep.
Our personal soul is no longer ours,
chopped by the sezy glitz.

Still all day long a lonely man
fishes memories in the river.
He knows forgetting is death,
forgetting an aboriginal sin.

RUDRA KINSHUK

Gardening

Weeds overgrow
chrysanthemums
in your garden.
For you're yet to explore
the art of gardening.

RUDRA KINSHUK

Gita Chattopadhyay: Selected Poems

THE BEAR

No poet, an introvert silent bear he is,
sitting in the cage with century's fever.
The visitors scatter peas, sometimes nuts
and burning cigar-butts as a big fun.
Hairs burn, pungent smell, sensations in the wind!
Unhappy men like to see others unhappy.
People whistle, clap, pour filthy words, this time
and this society learn to know each and every disease.
Will he go back to the jungle? There too, a man has climbed
up to the tree, leaving another back, for own safety.
'What does the bear say? ' asks he climbing down.
'Whom you leave alone is another separate face of you.'

transcreated from bengali original by rudra kinshuk

RUDRA KINSHUK

Greta Garbo Of Tollywood

Your sharp figure
reminds me of that
man has no death,
no old age.

Man can be a dark horse
if his woman wishes him.

Years pass, yellow leaves fall
but we can believe
when we see you walk

Years fall down at our feet.
Feathers fall down
at our feet.

We go to sleep with you
in the world of Arabian Nights,
where death can be deterred
eternally.

RUDRA KINSHUK

In A Bakery

A burning hearth.
Elastic dough of flour
roasted
in the breath of fire.
A fragrant sword or a siren.

RUDRA KINSHUK

Irom Sharmila, My Daughter

I see people eating
in front of shopping-malls

I see people eating
in front of reality shows

I see people eating
in front of cinema-halls

Only IROM, my daughter,
hematophobic,

hasn't eaten ten years
for only she knowseating

to be homicide
when bread is dipped in read...

RUDRA KINSHUK

Jahar Senmajumdar: Selected Poems

OUIYTR

MBVD

LJGD

KGHFD

TGYIO

MKNVD

HFDD

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RUDRA KINSHUK

Jogen Choudhury: Selected Poems

DAWN

seven colours of the sunlight, a silent lamp
smashing the heavy fog
a dew fires some fire stones
and the man then calm, upright and sharp..

HERE

my cargo capsized
in yesterday`s spate
here you, like blind beggars
are waiting for me...

transcreated from bengali original by rudra kinshuk

RUDRA KINSHUK

Kamalika Mitra: Selected Poems

LIGHT, MY LIGHT

Seven stars in the seven corners of the sky.
Seven arrows struck their burning souls.
I pick them up one by one
and store them up in my heart.
All on a sudden my soul gets into fire
and breaks into a song.

Will I receive a new birth
or beg fire from the burning angels?

transcreated from bengali by rudra kinshuk

RUDRA KINSHUK

Lalon Fakir: Selected Songs

1.

All people ask what caste Lalon
belongs to in the human world.
Lalon says he doesn't know
what shape the caste is of....

2.

The water-dark bird, my kind one
I see him in water all day and night.
Almost drawn in deep water,
but never he get caught in mud...

3.

transcreated from bengali original by rudra kinshuk

RUDRA KINSHUK

Letterbox

i opened the letterbox
to find yellow leaves

a brownish cat jumps down
from the mossy wall

the bell of the new church rings
and two small tales come
out of this ringing

I wait for zero-light
that can make
my spinal tube bloom
like a lotus-bud ...

RUDRA KINSHUK

Lily

Two lilies have bloomed
in the centre of waters.
A tall excited fish dive deep
into the open tunnel.

An immeasurable joy
overwhelms waves.

Red grasshoppers make shadows
of their own bodies
on the crest of waves.

RUDRA KINSHUK

Lullaby For My Child

Homecoming becomes pleasant
when I discover butterflies waiting
in the eye

Two little hands catch me like
the first shower of summer rains.

Homecoming becomes meaningful
like buds on the lowered branches
homeyard-guavatrees.

No fog in my mind,
a tortoise in the sunny breeze
moves towards a steady goal.

No competitors around,
only a slow growing-up
in the music of understanding.

RUDRA KINSHUK

RUDRA KINSHUK

Melting Shadows

Red monsters and green monsters
play in the surreal nights
of our private world
that gradually
break into bubbles
when rains fall
on the stones, sands and pebbles.
Who stands on the shore?

Such a monumental stream
of dreams and wishes.

Red ponies, grey ponies
move away from the morning walls.
And those who fish in clouded waters
hope that the structure
one-day will crumble down?
In such a time, our times
we can mend nothing
but wait and see how
water moves along
the unclean drain
to the river,
our own, private world.

Red monsters play,
green monsters dance
and we who have lost
our own pens and brushes
and grope at darkness
sing for them.
We sing together but
no chorus we can make.

I dream last night
and two blue dolls
came out of my body.
And I stood before
a mirror of water

and told my ghostly figure
without head which I pawned
somewhere.

What do I look for
here in darkness?

Only headless shadows move,
laugh and threaten.

Thus democracy loses
to be a culture.

It's now only
a political catch word.

My land, O my land!

Where are Lalkamal and Nilkamal
who could slaughter monster?
And shadows melt in shadows.

Green monsters, red monsters
play in our dreams.

Where are our anchors, oars
and birds, fragrant and tender.

We live in our private woods
and feel dejected and alone
when we move in solitude.

A bird, sitting on a pole
looks at its shadow
in the depth of water.

Neutrality, no quality
when your world cut
into pieces as if fish.

Seated at the corner of a porch
we look at the cactus,
dew-soaked and pale.

No wounds, the buffaloes
come and go in our dreams.
No hand free of dirt.

Summer evening moves

and basks in neon light
I stand crest fallen.

Knives and knives move along
the smooth canvas of the sky.
Capsicums grow yellow.

Donkeys bray, terrified.
Xerox machines copy our heads.
We move headless.

Who are those, walking
along the long canal
and throw paper-bits to water?

In darkness their faces lost.
I long for my own face.
Where that? My mirror!

Coming close to water
I whisper to my own shadow.
A golden bird flies over my head.

I return home and stand
in the yard, wide and open.
I look at me, I weep.

Telephone rings repeatedly.
And the distant azan
as if a bird-call
slowly enters the room.
The lizard ticks on the room.
The lizard ticks on the wall.
A frog croaks continuously
from the corner of a water pool.
Who knows what
determines the go of the day
and how.

Water gurgle out the rain pipe.
Two kids get drenched under fall.
The photographs of Thirparapu fall

remind me of a few days
of my life I spent near
the frost and the river.

I turn over the pages of
my yellow diary and grope
at darkness down the memory lane.

You could look brighter.
The burden of life seems
to be heavier on your face.
And we forget the seas.
We forget the trees.
We forget those photographs.
We wash our hands and faces
and sit to dine together.
Moriom, try to remember
that water loves water.
And apples fall in our private chamber.

With these words, I change the batteries
of the wall clock and put the raincoat
hanging from a nail.
Why Bartles away to Comemara.
The red ponies, the grey ponies
toss to and fro.
Who rocks the cradle so violently?

Then we vermiform our days
and our nights, wonderful.
Still none come to save us,
our crutches, our greatness
perennially more towards darkness

The red ponies the grey ponies
look for for water, ask for light.
We only wait for crutches.
Our seeds don't trust into seedlings.

Kastanka, the Chekhovian dog
knocks on the observed door.
His paws, seeming two faithful hands

cares the human baby.
Walking along the canal
I move towards the Kankalitala
one of the 51 piths, holy places
whose Sati's chopped off body fell.

I hear wrapping, lashing and cry
allwer, all where.
And I croon a song
That befits the occasion.

And thus I chloroform my conscience.

Two slams run across the field
and disappear into the sugarcanes.
I own their shadows
on the still under of canal.
I think and more.

Returning home I sit by a candle.
Dwness the tress darker.
Thus we live, survive and laugh
to the sad faces around.
And in the morning
we put on the morning
we put on masses and go
to the places where we meet
other faces, sed and made-up.

We have lost our voice
into the frost of hazels.
We have lost our helmets
into the frost of hovers.
We have lost our clothing
to the forest of hoses.
and have put on the dresses
left by the ghosts adoring.

Still in our dreams birds row
Still in our dreams birds sing.
Still in our dreams birds turn to gold.

We units for birds to come
We unit for rivers to flow.
We unit for undreams to visit.

Takes climbing shrubs
and I get attached to them.
Attachment doesn't always
speak of love but hatred,
antipathy and fear too.

Morning sun blanketed
by heavy clouds and I
standing by an old well
look at my reflection
dim and very ugly
on the well-water.

The paperman throws the morning news
and aks for lastmonth's bill.
His unrst and busy-ness
Move me to recollection.
Recollection of what?
I think and think.
And I come to conclude
that nothing to be recollected.

Tee the ready. I take tea and news.
All on a sudden a ghust of wind
thuds on the window-panes.
But no cats are there
to press their faces there.
No parts their faces there.
No parts of fogs
I see the well
and the still air their in.

crows come and to
and I look at them
in a queer way.
I seem that I am
Looking at some lost sows.

Green portcns on the table.
Where from do they come?
I sit to think.
And then a bird comes
to sit on my wind.
A golden clour bird.
I start shivering
on my bed.

The slow and steady wins the race.
The story of a hare and a tortoise.
And in the marrow of my bone
flows a river, a river that
knows the secrets of leaves
and those of seeds also.
And now, when it stops raining
I listen to the rustling leaves.

Gradually I move forward
and catch the sight
of a yellow bird
and feel a shiver in my heart.
Water flows
over the pebbles.
No star in the sky.
I can't measure my age
and think to wonder
how the days have passed by.

Dreams are ephemeral
No, dreams are strong
and long lasting.
If not, how the river flows from
the hill top to the ocean.
blind pools are
cockroaches and grasshoppers.
Now should I come to think of
worms, worms living in me.

After rains the snakes bask
on the banles, in the jungles,
in the bushes

I gradually move and pick shadows
from the flowing water.

Letters that I recognize
and decipher from the stones
cannot hold me back from
creating new ones.

Stones, do not refuse my love
my affection and my regards.
Smoothly I do love
all stones all peoples all voices
and very self. I discover myself
gradually in darkness.

RUDRA KINSHUK

Metamorphosis

My palms are magic lands.
You burn coals on them
and they become flowers.

RUDRA KINSHUK

Mridul Dasgupta: Selected Poems

TO THE MOTHER OF A MARTYR

Being there, as if, wind, my sweet mummy
I still live in your eyes, cold and hard.
You don't believe me to be dead even now,
so you keep awake, longing for the return of forest-flames.

transcreated from bengali by rudra kinshuk

RUDRA KINSHUK

My Pocket And Its Contents

... extraordinary things will come running out of my pocket.

□ G. K. Chesterton

I

I always keep a soiled photograph
of Charlie Chaplin in my pocket
while I go out.

I walk among the crowd
and see buried heads of people.

Charlie asks me smile.

I stand on the over-bridge of the railway station
and look at the soiled pages of books.

The tied-up horses,
grazing on the autumnal grass
know that I'm a magician
who knows that burning coals
look like flowers.

Charlie opens my bird-windows,
fish-windows and make me bloom
like a river.

II

I always carry
a sea-green comb in my pocket.
But never I use it, except being at home.
But when I carry it,
I hear it speaking of a sea-floor,
numerous animals move, dance and sing.
It informs me than
the world is larger than the one we see.

III

A bird-feather, snow-white
I must keep in my pocket

of my t-shirt along
with a few cinnamon-seeds.
This makes me feel lighter,
to remind me of my trip to Galudi-forest
and of that to the Thirparrappu-fall.
Those who take bird-feather with them
know quite-well that
birds often lay eggs into our spinal tubes.

IV

I adore a fire-tale in my pocket.
I collected it from Dinshahitala,
a saint's place.
When I'm around a campfire
I take it out
and free it among the people around.
The others also do the same.

I come to know that each one
has a fire of his own and its fairy tale.

RUDRA KINSHUK

My Raincoat

My raincoat,
spattered with mud sweat,
dry leaves and yellow grass
hangs from a nail.

I traveled yesterday
along the narrow path
beside the reserved forest.
Rains, heavy and pulsating
of member of the vivacity.

Night. Spasmodic
darkness around.
And I gradually get wet
and found seeds busting to plants.

The raincoat, on the nail
reminds met of my life
and my death, painful
and rewarding I experience.
Raincoat, my raincoat,
My God and annihilator...

RUDRA KINSHUK

Nasser Hossain: Selected Poems

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MNVCXZXS

KHFDS

KJGF

MBNVCX

KGF

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RUDRA KINSHUK

Owl Haikus

1.

An owl on the scarecrow.
Ignorant mice move.
And crops look startled.

2.

Six mice move in your soul,
when your owl is dead.
A cage inside your self.

3.

Cultivate crops and owls
together in your garden.
Fallen leaves teach the trees.

4.

The scarecrow and his owls
do not crop for
darkness blooms in thier vision.

RUDRA KINSHUK

Portrait Of A Dog As Buddha: A Book Of Poems

Rudra Kinshuk: Portrait of a Dog as Buddha

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2006 2nd Edn.

PORTRAIT OF A DOG AS BUDDHA
BY RUDRA KINSHUK
A WRITHERS WORKSHOP PUBLICATION

About the author

Rudra Kinshuk (born 1971) graduated from the University of Calcutta and did his postgraduation from Visva-Bharati, Santiniketan. He did a certificate in French from French Institute of Chandannagar. A creative writer, he has contributed poems and translations to different publications including The Statesman, The Telegraph, The Asian Age, Famous Reporter, Studio, New England Review and The Little Magazine. Besides this book of poems, he has to his credit other two collection of poems Footprints on the Sands (WW,1996; 2005) and Marginal Tales of the Galloping Horses (WW,2002) and two books of Santal folk songs transcreated into English Songs of the Wild Birds (WW,1997) and Santal Marriage Songs (WW,1999) . He has also a book of translations from Bengali Postmodern Bengali Poetry of Prabhat Choudhuri (Kabita Pakshik,2005) . He has been awarded a Junior Fellowship in the field of Literature (1997-1999) by the Department of Culture (M.H.R.D) , New Delhi. He edits The Peripheral Window, a journal of new poetry in India and a poetry poster Poetry of New Wavelength.

Dedication

To my teachers
in love, gratitude and respect.

Acknowledgments

All the poems of this collection except The Wild Duck and Thoughts of a Dog have

first appear in this book. The Wild Duck was first published in Studio (Sydney, Australia) and Thoughts of a Dog in Bridge- in- Making (Kollata, India) . I thank the editors and the publishers of those magazines for showing their generosity in publishing my poems.

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The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
W.B. Yeats

Portrait of a Dog as Buddha

And you, Kashtanka, are just a misunderstanding.
Compared to a human being you're no more than what
a carpenter is a joiner.
Ūka Alexandrich in Kashtanka, Anton Chekov.

B I R T H

A chilly winter night,
a schizophrenic shower of rains.
And born on the pavement,
the labour room, you were exposed
to light and alcoholic darkness.
The bent-down branches of tall tress
looked odd iron works
of a crumbling building.

Flowers fallen thick on earth,
the wind heavy
with the smell of wet earth, drenched flowers
and of your slippery body.
You, not a dog moving to Mahaprasthana
but Kashtanka, my little Kashtanka,
born to starve and strive
and to peep into human bioscope.

GROWING UP

Your mum died from
a wild beating by the villagers.
You too were often
beaten by the freaky village boys,
as horses by whips of whims.
You had to wage a fierce battle
with other pups
in the drain near the hotel.
A crumb of bread costs a days's battle.

And one day you barked at the stars,
a winged invitation of the earth
to the distant blue.

ENLIGHTENMENT

A month of November,
the bitches grew as seductive as full rivers.
A spell of lunacy, a tumultuous cataract.
You ran after a bitch of your age.
Suddenly you heard
a faint cry of a human child from a dustbin.
Anger ran through your spine.
How many times were you beaten almost to death
for a piece of bread, for a piece of mutton
by those foeticides
who put on shadows smartly
and follow them all through life.
Pavlov knew that your tongue watered
for a feast with flesh of a human child.
But soon you woke up to a new awakening:
a child's identity is
it's a child, a piece of sky.

You drew near
and gave a bark of assurance and endearment.
But the weeping continued.
You couldn't find out
how to console the weeping babe...
Who'll rock the cradle? No hands...

.

A WONDER

My dear dog, you were born on the pavement.
No man gave a little shelter,
a little staff of burnt bread
to your mum
who writhed in severe labour pain.
Yet how did you learn this bodhitva,
the highest truth of life
a child is a child,
a spark of fire, a wisp of fragrance?
Kashtanka, you were a wonder
to this land of scriptures.
Only Luka Alexandrich knew.

AN ESCAPE

At the very moment the pearl of bread
dropped on the floor
you with the swiftness of a leopard
picked it up and fled.
Men young and old ran after you
with sticks and iron bars.
People who could not fly
beyond the gold-embossed circle
due to the gravitational force
shouted encouragement
from the doorsteps.
Death was impending.
You were running like lightning
from death to life.
You were about to reach the horizon,
the opening of a new beginning.

DEATH

Dear dog, you were beaten up
and thrown in a roadside-ditch
before the break of dawn
for you had played a river and diver
in open daylight with a bitch.
Man devotes his entire life
to master the art of concealing
the craft of masking.
Light never blooms,
the touchy oreole sleeps in starvation.
Dear dog, why didn't you
read Freud and Foucault?

AN ELEGY

Like a frozen surprise
you are lying
with legs raised towards the sky
defying the amorous call of the moon.
Violence begets violence,
its periphery widens more and more.

And rivers dry up in our souls.

Now it is darkness,
you are no where to bark at the stars.
The slim-waist cat
is dancing merrily with the scar-faced moon
on the mossy roof of night.

Who'll save the weeping babe?

A Cat and a Jester

An old cat always travells
in the pocket of a jester's clourful shirt
which he puts on
while on the stage,
revolving with in the audience.
An episode ends
and the cat offers a new mask
to the jester
and also new encouragement

In front of the mirror
in the greenroom
they stand face to face
and they discover each other.

A Cat and a Kaleidoscope

A cat looks through a magic hole
of a kaleidoscope.
Moving pictures arrest his soul,
moving colours arrest his eyes.
He forgets his enemies
to be ridiculous.
He forgets that the sun sets
behind the silhouette of trees.

He lies asleep beside
the kaleidoscope, as if
he himself such a one.

The Cat on the Roof

The cat on the roof, half crumbled
dances with the moon light.
The miracle-lotion seller,
while passing by
looks at the happy pictures
of conjugal life.
And he thinks and dreams
of a glass of water
on a small dining table
where he can put his bag for rest.
And days passed thus.
But one day, the carcass
of the cat is found floating
in the canal near by.
Now only the cat's shadow
moves over the roof.

The Cat and a Sword

The sword moves
and a cat comes
out of a kaleidoscope.
I found a shadow
licking up shadows
from our daily face.

The Cat and a Human Shadow

A cat feeds on a human shadow,
but can't finish it ever.
And every day the man
breeds a new shadow of his own

and the cat finds a new dish to feed on.
Once the man realises
that the cat lives on his shadow.
So, he kills his shadow.
Now is there the only cat?
Is there the man himself?

Wounds

Interminable shower of rains
out side the window.
Our souls are unprotected rivers.
A wind thuds on the terrified door.
A pattering sound of feet of an alien ghost,
walking on the balcony of bougainvillaeas.
Our sons desecrate the innocent bathrooms
like sick animals,
chained and half-fed in the zoological garden.
Our daughters are smart and flaunt foeticides.

I walk in rains, a river of lullabies.
I bleed like a wounded tree.

Insecurity

You've gone to market.
I shiver
for darkness
freezes on our town.
Even the bitches
are not safe
in this land.

Thoughts of a Dog
a beheaded corpse
floating in the indifferent river
fragrance fills the air

i will bark away the competitive crows
and feast on the rotten flesh
i will climb down the slippery stairs
from the bank to the river-bed
unlike men climbing up swiftly the stairs
leading to the aromatic chambers of spring

the river is my mother
to make me fed on human flesh
a good harvest time for me
i grow gradually
fleshy, sombre and spiritual
but strange to think why
all the corpses are beheaded...

Sleep

To sleep means to walk over
cacti, fed on my sister's flesh
and growing up rapidly.
No men can sleep long today
for ghosts and goblins lure them
to a cave where jackals and foxen howl.
And the magical cave licks up flows of rivers.

Where's my bird with a long tail?
Where's my lullaby-singing Grandma?

A black cat tiptoes into my body
and eats up the marrow of my bones.
A very terrified dream:
Blinded lionesses are raped
by sick monkeys in the circus houses.

I can't sleep long,
can't walk over the bed of skulls.

The Wounded Duck

The wild duck
was winging
in the unbridled
sky of Autumn.
A prince wounded it.
It was his whim.
The bird,
blood oozing from its breasts.
fell on the lap of another prince.
They quarrelled long.
Both wanted to possess it.
To resolve the dispute, they came to the king.
The rest of the story?
All of you know.

The king took hold of the bird,
and exiled both of the princes
from his kingdom for years.
For he was very fond of birds
specially of their soft chicken.

To a Young Buffalo

Baby-buffalo, don't drink from the river
for man has poisoned its flow with DDT.
Baby-buffalo,
urinate on me to wash off my memories
that my brimming dreams
have been licked with venomous tongues
by my wooden dolls with whom I recited
Jack and Jill in the village primary.

A writhing embryo
on a piece of stone,
a writhing sun.
Baby-buffalo, be proud of your mum
who will never leave you in a dustbin

for she has not read Freud and Foucault
and does not look sombre
in Derridean seminar..

Baby-buffalo, be proud of your birth.
Sick oxen and imballanced giraffes
now father human civilisation.

Snail Knowledge

A snail knows how to sleep
under the ribs of a river.
A winter of hibernation.
A scarecrow whispers
unknown terror.

A madcap bleeds
like an aged woman
recently
having a miscarriage.

A Song of Eternity

A moment
is a seed
where eternity lurks.
Whenever you take
me in your embrace,
the hands of Chronometer crumbles.
I step
out of time.
Eternity is
no collective seas
but a moment that goes beyond
the territory of time,
and enters our personal space of colours,
our own Greenwich...

In a Bakery

A buring hearth,
an elastic dough of flour
roasted
in the breath of fire.
A fragrant sword or siren.

Observations of a Young Dog

A BROKEN RHYME

'G' for giraffe, sick and weak
and 'O'for ox, bulky but brisk.

Now the roof is moonlit.
And the giraffe and the ox
walking up from
soiled pages of books
are now playing smartly
with our daughters
with adolescent looks.

Merry, merry, the roof and the tree.
Merry, merry we are free
to play with oxen
to play with foxen.
Take my soul but not my match boxes.

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up to the hill
to fetch proxy shadows
and wooden horses.
Words catch fire over the borders,
and barrel lands.

Sadma weeps, Saraswati weeps.
The Jhelum turns to be the Daya.

Hands that could be a roof,

look sharply hooked.
Even today, Selucas!

WHERE TO HIDE MEMORIES

Will I go to you, the green bush of guavas
to hide my memories?
Grandma's lullabies and the shirt
that I put on my first day
at the village primary.
You know the art of concealing very well
for you help them her to lose
their innocence to the sickly donkeys.

Passer-by! Don't walk like a blind one.
You will stumble on newborn babes.
Don't weep, tears cannot make stones fertile.
Be a pomegranate tree and bleed silently
to see all dreams dancing with an ox.

THE FEVERISH IS MONKEY

Like the feverish monkey in the Alipore Zoo
you have learned nothing but to mock and masturbate
and to spit on god
with a gold Flake between your lips.

A CANDLE AND ITS GREEN FLAME

In the park, flowers hang like skulls.
Twigs smack of human blood.
Where will you go to?
The toweing cotton tree
has trap in its hands.
Who is that,

going to the roof silently
with a candle, its green flame?

Musings on Horses

... à bout de lance parmy nous
ce crâne de cheval!

___ Anabase, St. John Perse

1.

Horses gallop over
the barricaded turf
The sickly men
resting on the iron railings
look at the flying hooves
and think
of a fathomless pit
where from ghosts
with swinging whips
emerge out and laugh
at human cruelty
and human masks...

2

The peripharal horse-dolls
move from fire to palms
and look
at the plastic civilization
which rains cannot drench.
After earthquake
they settle peacefully.
Only the birds on their backs
weep silently when they
found plastic dolls
invading human dreams.

3

The motor-cars whiz past.
The old horse, while grazing
look at the habitual pendulum.
Memory burns,
whipping pleasure on backs.
He shoots his hindlegs
and blows the stone wall.
He discovers himself,
dreaming on and on.
The margin of oblivion...

4

My horse breaks
the wall down
all on a sudden.
And the dreamy birds
enter the bioscope of childhood.
Through the cleft of fragrance
the rivers flow; the toytrains move
in the eyes of my horse,
my littles horse,

Proposal

Let us come to the zenith
and discover scraps,
broken glass, rags and plastic packs.
Our soul, open to lures
knows that
movement in darkness
is that of crabs in the soul.
We walk, talk
and laugh in solitude.
But silence never comes,
never comes.

Bullfight

Red flags flicker
over our heads.
And I try to come
out of the court.
But in the chorus
of clappings and moonlit laughter,
my fear sink into rocks.

Standing in front of a mirror,
I discover myself, in the rings
with the bulls.

RUDRA KINSHUK

Portrait Of A Dog As Buddha

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Compared to a human being you're no more than what
a carpenter is a joiner.

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Flowers fallen thick on earth,
the wind heavy
with the smell of wet earth, drenched flowers
and of your slippery body.
You, not a dog moving to Mahaprasthan
but Kashtanka, my little Kashtanka,
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and to peep into human bioscope.

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a wild beating by the villagers.
You too were often
beaten by the freaky village boys,
as horses by whips of whims.
You had to wage a fierce battle
with other pups
in the drain near the hotel.
A crumb of bread costs a days's battle.

And one day you barked at the stars,
a winged invitation of the earth

to the distant blue.

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Anger ran through your spine.
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People who could not fly
beyond the gold-embossed circle
due to the gravitational force
shouted encouragement
from the doorsteps.
Death was impending.
You were running like lightning
from death to life.
You were about to reach the horizon,
the opening of a new beginning.

DEATH

Dear dog, you were beaten up
and thrown in a roadside-ditch
before the break of dawn
for you had played a river and diver
in open daylight with a bitch.
Man devotes his entire life
to master the art of concealing
the craft of masking.
Light never blooms,
the touchy oreole sleeps in starvation.
Dear dog, why didn't you
read Freud and Foucault?

AN ELEGY

Like a frozen surprise
you are lying
with legs raised towards the sky
defying the amorous call of the moon.

Violence begets violence,
its periphery widens more and more.
And rivers dry up in our souls.

Now it is darkness,
you are no where to bark at the stars.
The slim-waist cat
is dancing merrily with the scar-faced moon
on the mossy roof of night.

Who'll save the weeping babe?

RUDRA KINSHUK

Prabhat Choudhury: Selected Poems

INTERVIEWS

II.

Once when I interviewed a pack of 52 cards,
the king informed that he tamed a polar bear
which caught a swarm of pink bees for him
everyday. And the bees bore green honey.
With sipping that honey the king got convicted
to the cards. Its captivity still continues...

transcreated from bengali original by rudra kinshuk

RUDRA KINSHUK

Rabindranath Tagore: Selected Poems

LAST POEMS

THE GREAT SOUL COMES

Lo, the great soul comes!

The world shivers,

grass-blades thrilled,

conch-clarinet in heaven,

great gongs on the earth.

A great birth it is!

Forts of gloomy night

tremble and fall apart.

New hope brims,

it dawns on the hill-tops-

don't fear, don't fear anymore!

And the cosmos is wistful-

Lo, the great soul new comes.

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RUDRA KINSHUK

Rafique Ul Islam: Selected Poems

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, NVBVC
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. , .MBVC
[POUIY

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RUDRA KINSHUK

Ramprasad Sen: Songs For My Dark Mother

1.

Repose faith in Kali, why so anxious?
The delusive night being over, the dawn blooms.
The sun rises to dispel pall of darkness,
regards to Lord Shiva
at the top of your head, sahasrya.
The Vedas confuse you, the six philosophies
are blindly limited. If even planets cannot fathom Her
who'll unriddle Her funny tricks?
No lessons in the market of bliss are worthy.
Since She herself being actors, the stage and the game
who can explore the truth of drama?
A devotee, knowing essence enters that dreamland.
Ramprasad says - my delusion now broken.
who can light burns in me?

transcreated from bengali by rudra kinshuk

RUDRA KINSHUK

Remote Control

This remote control
a magic wand which can
take Donald, the duck
away from the cartoon channel
easily to the tumultuous seas
in the national geography.

Colours change themselves
in new combinations.

RUDRA KINSHUK

Renaming Of Fire

The web is labyrinthine
but I'm no insect.
Mine shall rename the fire.

RUDRA KINSHUK

Rocks: Co-Operative Poems By Kamalika Mitra And Rudra Kinshuk

Rocks: Co-operative Poems

R o c k s

Co-Operative Poems

Kamalika Mitra

Rudra Kinshuk

JOURNEY 90'S

ey

ROCKS

a Collection of Co-operative poems collaborated
by Kamalika Mitra and Rudra Kinshuk

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For Nasser Hossain

Books by the same author

Poetry

Footprints on the Sands (1996)

Portrait of a Dog as Buddha (1998)

Marginal Tales of the Galloping Horses (2002)

Poetry in Translation

Songs of the Wild Birds: A Collection
of Santal Folk Songs (1997)

Santal Marriage Songs (1999)

Postmodern Bengali Poetry of
Probhat Choudhury (2005)

The Magic Bridge: Selected Poems
of Rafiquel-Ul Islam 2008

Prose

Rhizomatic Poetry (2002)

Co-operative Discourse: A Password to New Poetry

Joint publication is no new phenomenon in the literary space. Beomont and Fletcher, two fellow play wrights of the Elizabethan age published their joint play Philaster. Sacville and Norton, other two playwrights of the same age brought out Gorboduck, another instance of collaborative authorship in 1562. Almost all ancient texts of any language, bear the stamp of change and revision by several hands. Beowulf, the Anglo Saxon epic, the Ramayana, the Mahabharata and the different Mangala Kavyas in Bengali uphold this observation. Critics have observed that Julius Caesar, is a play by several hands, finally revised by Shakespeare, the master craftsman. Such literary admixture come to be depreciated as interpolation in the age of modernity. But brand new in literature is now an obsolete idea. Hybridity is the longed -for character of any kind of

product, material and aesthetic.

The space and time we belong to encourage hybridity in discourse. Co-operative authorship comes to be considered a password to new discourse and new creativity. Many voices of many authors easily co-exist in a single text. The characteristic of this co-existence of mutual respect identifies and characterises the direction of the New Age. And such direction is reflected in many new texts of our times.

All these texts defy the demands of modern discourse. Homogeneity, organic quality, finishedness, linear development, logical approach and final conclusion are no longer encouraged in a contemporary discourse of the infolite of our times. These are texts where logic is substituted with some higher logic of internal becoming. They have created logical cleft, conceived by Wolfgang Pauli, the great physicist. Logical cleft opens a passage to the space of Abheda, the great union, realised by the rishis of ancient India.

Co-operative discourses are the demands of our time and space. Human survival will gradually depend on co-operation to a great extent. Signs of such future becoming are to be traced in different aspects of life-business, polity, production. Poetry intends to capture this wave of new consciousness. Webzine (Urnopatro) and Infotech are expected to help the growth of such new discourses.

Poems

1

We've planted guava-seedlings,
sown some pomegranate-seeds
and of berries and jackfruits
Days move slowly and they extend
the periphery of our living.

Depth of green light give with us
as our own rivers, leading to the seas.

A choric dance on the green galaxy.
Do our faces look like those of birds?
Are we the beads of a necklace?

That what is personal not always proves
to be sacred. Rivers flow
in the chorus of co-operative aspirations.

2.

A doel's twittr comes down
from the sunwashed branches of a hibiscus.
Sleep around the old well.
A sky in the mind dizzles on the leaves
where we keep our rashness
false promises and non sense oaths.
Lets us stand near water with some dreams.
Meaning a long race of a water bird,
emerging out of our personal water...

3.

Along this afternoon path we'll travel long
to pick up berries, stones and fallen leaves.
Then while looking at my eyes you'll say:
Lo, there's the moon among flakes of small birds
and I'll smile a full moon.

A moon stuck male deer,
You'll board cargo to our small boat of gold
And thus a life'll dawn to another day,
another beginning...

4.

To sleep any time anywhere
like the cat of our rhyme is no glory.
So, we practise the chareography of awakening.
Let the miracle-hands add fuel

to the burnign brazier of our dreams.

5.

Here I open my palms, as if umbrellas
over your head, still the shower oif rains
get you drenched, your hair, your face
mirroring the next incarnations of ours.

yet a wounderful lamp lights up our being.
Aladin knew the secrets of this light
and seeding darkness.

6.

Let the boats go with the waves,
let the kitchens get washed away.
Who goes and who doesn't like
don't matter anymore.
How to travel to that
island haunts us. A longing for
that island removes all the
doubtes regarding the journey.
Faith is such a growing process,
that widens towards the horizon.

7.

How a woman could paint a landscape
could creat the third dimension
if being born in the age of Italian Renaissance.
We think over our tea and lunch
Numerous questions as if rabbits
Glide over the smooth table-cloth.

Is it a little far-fetched,
to fly a kite
in the trimmed jungle of our mind?

We see our mother's bangles dance
in the eye balls of ours.
Birds fly over the sea like

motherly stitch work,
slowly and slowly

Now it may be recommended that
a few more pages to be added
to the books of Vassari and Buchard

8.

As the evening settles down
on the river Murti,
a small tune creeps
into the spinal tube
and blooms to a water lily.

Golden rices get collected
into the realm of wonders...

9.

Slight wind, emerging out of the rajanigandhas
make all worries fly. Our collected wishes
discover a new home
whose name is love, a dawn of new consciousness.
Now the rajanigandha flowers glow and we
discover a book having pages made of conch-shells.

10.

I like those, returning home earlier
because I enjoy combing very dearly
before a long mirror...

The brush combs out masks of darkness
from my hair and soothes me.
lost in the clouds.

Not is the Babur's life, not in Indika
but I wake up in the brink of another history.

11.

Humanbeings are homo ludenes
because his water
of consciousness palyful.
Incomparable water play with sunset waves.
My body a beautiful boat
if churned out, it yeilds bloomed lotus...

12.

Light the candle, profound darkness,
difficult to endure for my eyes.
The light of your hands,
make it fall on the way, on my eyes,
make butterflies move all-wards.
Darkness is no absence of right...

13.

Dust the books properly
to keep them in the racks, iron clothes,
bed sheets, table cothes, utensis and
dolls to be kept them clean,
The present, out of the past to be nurtured.

Keep the bird call in order
along with your regular sadness
and miseris

14.

Uncertain people walking along the way,
careful silence, but the tied-up jingle bells
displae the forest composure, up to the horizon
passionate love boils, shadows of dead men.

Black rows of cars, roaring rifles, birds
mourning over spoiled eggs...

After a long gap, the music of jingle bells.

Is it a fantasy? Hallucination!

History notes down these wrongs.
Silence follows.

15.

The Thirparappu falls and an evening enter
the mind scape with crimson caju-leaves
memory scented...

Water gradually fades,
caju-leaves lose fragrance.
Inevitable follow-up of fragrance.

The old stones, brought from the falls
whisper this story to the yellow papers.

16.

A coo from the world of fog,
coo-lit space of silence.

We followed the miracle signal
and removed the threads of disbelief
from our eyes and feet.

We reached solitude in the bird songs.

17.

We can make a roof of hands,
festive waiting underneath.

Pages of history get yellow
and boundaries collapse
all on a sudden in the shadow

Remove the wooden horse.
Deception can lead the river nowhere.

Astyanox raises the olive branches high above.

18.

The green of grass, washed in the moon
Squirrels play in the farm house
to take the night for a day.
The farmhouse, adjacent to the homeyard
bridge sleep and awakening.

Should we call it the river of charm...?

19.

Pea-cock feathers cover up the world.
Songs rain
And the sky becomes
the inscriptions of dreams

Rains end
and our bodies open into green twigs.

20.

Blue dolls in the white eyes.
Romabai, Rokeya, Sappho
Aphera Behn and Alice Walker

Mother's gardens make stars bloom.
Words go beyond the limit of gender.

21.

A dream of golden crops.
Collected hands make a roof,
A bridge runs over the brook.

Collected hands write
fish and grasshoppers

22.

A baby rolling in mother's lap.

Black cats cross the limit of water,

black shadows make the leaves rustling.

Toys float in our personal river
Walls collapse in our sleep.

23.

A flight of ducks.

Silence makes us reach
the poetry of Nishikanta and Mallamé

Baking fragrance everywhere...

24.

Expected colour of living,
rainwashed leaves treamble.

We discover trees stranding
over the culvert of collected wish.

Life celebrates colours of faith...

Kamalika Mitra (born 1975) has authored two books of poetry in Bengali - Alo Amar Alo(2004) & Samobayee Kabita (2004)

Rudra Kinshuk (born 1971) has contributed poems and translations to numerous journals, home and overseas. His poetry, deeply hued in local colour intends to explore new territory of poetic expression. His marvelous use of folk-elements to be found in the cultural life of the Totos, the Mahalis and the Santals has added a new dimension to contemporary Indian poetry in Eenglish. He has translated several Bengali poets in to English and several Greek poets into Bengali. He has received a Junior Fellowship in literature (M.H.R.D, New Delhi, India) .

R o c k s
Co-Operative Poems

RUDRA KINSHUK

Santal Folk Songs

1.

On a deep branch of the peepul
sings a red-breasted bulbul.
When it leaves for a distant land
a tormenting silence surges back...

2.

The dawn breaks,
cocks are calling
and cuckoos cooing.
Wake up, wake up now, my little daughter.
As leaves are born to wither
human life must face death...

transcreated from santali original by rudra kinshuk

RUDRA KINSHUK

Santal Marriage Songs

1.

Such scorching heat!
Do you want the shade of an umbrella
or the shade of your husband?
Your husband's is the securest.

2.

Don't bedeck me
as a bride any more.
I've given my soul
to the dark youth
of the neighboring village.

transcreated from santali original by rudra kinshuk

RUDRA KINSHUK

Slough

I discover sloughs everywhere,
a season of moulting

No snakes around, still getting
frightened in sleep

The world, peopled by reptiles,
I look for two fire-stones
and a piece of cork

RUDRA KINSHUK

Song Of Ego: A Tribute To Sourav Ganguly

Your determined face
conceals numerous pages,
a profound well
which we put a pail into for stories,
for path to move onwards.

Agony has made it
a glorious inscription to read.
Defeat is no defeat,
no final judgement
so long your horse stands firm with dreams
in the battlefield,
so long you burn yourself
in the burning brazier of life.

Dwarfs laugh.
Your silent weeping
overwhelms the meaningless chorus around.

Silent tears are of such greatness,
I could not know unless
I i saw you
fighting against the hungry sharks,
Santiago, the eternal ego of my soul...

RUDRA KINSHUK

The Barbed Hands

Flowers are in my barbed hands
and my eyes look like
cherries, mellowed in silence.

RUDRA KINSHUK

The Cat And A Sword

The sword moves
and a cat comes
out of a kaleidoscope.
I found a shadow
licking up shadows
from our daily face.

RUDRA KINSHUK

The Charmed Boat

The charned boat moves.

Water, churned out
reflects the bird
on the oar.

Homecoming becomes painful...

RUDRA KINSHUK

The Cook: A Tribute To Bibhu Padhi

The cook knows
that his shadow
burns in the fire.

Turmeric fragrance drives
hungry crocodiles away
from the greenroom.

While cooking himself
the cook discovers
that each fire has its own inscription.

You know how profound
the fire is, how much
it demands from life.

Cooking is self-cooking,
discovery of fire-roses
getting wiser in the soul of a bird.

RUDRA KINSHUK

The Dolls In The Showcases

The dolls of different colours and sizes
lie timidly in the self-conscious showcases
and listen to
hushed up cries and groaning.
Human beings all around
sad, terrified and crawling
hide their heads
under the earth.
The indifferent hands
throw away coins
towards their burried heads.

The dolls in the showcases
know all these tales
and grow old in their small world.

RUDRA KINSHUK

The Magician

The magician.
The stage treambles with laughter.
A wounded starling.

RUDRA KINSHUK

The Spider

Twinkling, waiting
at the centre of your universe.

The dew-soaked sun caught
at your eyeful web.

Urnonavo with a web under your abdomen
observes the rolling waves
and smiles to see
the dramatic furies of the fools
around the net
ever widening...

RUDRA KINSHUK

Toto Folk-Songs: Folk Postmodern Poems

IN THE EARLY MORNING

In the early morning
I wake up from sleep
when the dark still crawls near
the misty horizon.
I sharpen my big sword,
strong and bright.

Now I go deep into the forest
where the horizon still palled
with darkness.

Nothing seems
to be distinct to my eyes.
Horizon still dark
trots of wild stag
stir me up.
A stag is killed
with my sharp sword.

Now I'm back to my place
with my hunt.
O my comrades, in the village
why still sleeping?

Strike fire in front of our Ni-an-kosha,
the sun now high up the hill.

based on a Toto Folk-song recreated by rudra kinshuk

RUDRA KINSHUK

Uddalok

Conches blow
in the green music-hall,
ever widening crops
open secretdoors
to these rituals
of prayers and songs.

Let me lie
on the fertile soil
of anchored tales
and ballads
of rich crops.

When my body
in vicinity of crops
is full of leaves,
call me Uddalok.

RUDRA KINSHUK

Utpal Kumar Basu: Selected Poems

Poetry of April-May

1.

Bakul, I envy you only, how easily
you sink into her excited hair bright
no proverbs in your past, shadow, peace,
worms of buds

my endless blood falls among fire communities
because at the end of reaping such huge hay
man has never carried, I too never have seen
such wealth in any hair.

□

chaitre rachita kabita 3

2.

The boats, lying on the solitary sands know you
all the days in their shades you sing of soul crops
sometimes have got into waves, into the blue and bathing,
a thin smoke from your meagre meals

Sands not so hot as my unhappiness was.
I'm not dying for hunger, love and thirst
being in a grove of palms, something
more to be narrated,
another phase started before that
with the camels' harness bells and the horizontal riches
they move continuously to the east along the brink of water
an endlessness and helpless net flots
in my eyes, in a magic way of
masculinity and femininity.

The light of anger washes the broken shord
and brings a topsy turvy day to any thing
favourable or not favourable
chaitre rachita kabita 7

3.

The twilight sun sets behind the yamuna bridge.
The night-train has just passed. On the far corner of
a field of oilseeds, a sand-beach, hill-tops
all sound like a sad tune of the river bank.

Is the river then one of tears?

In the ether, in the sky the foreign boat
moves to the last light with the insect-call
as if the river yamuna ends in some horizon where
countless boats float in the flow having no
current, no water. From one forgotten bank
to another, to the farthest brink. You, the sad tune
drives your boat eternally.

chaitre rachita kabita 8

4.

Peacock, perhaps you have been born in some twilight
And at the time of beginning of your first game
with your new wing's opening under the clouds
I have seen you first, dear bird in that moment of eternity.

Having embarked such a distance, to profound silene
I have come to see your swift race, as if terrified you have called
us towards silence - the dark pine forest,
its complex being.

Then, at the forest's brink, to the naked sight of youth
your talent appeared to be a lightning, It seemed new,
the newest creativity, thus gradually merges into eternity.

Take me back to seas, my being back to the tumultous waves.
I have seen its roaring break-up over stones of the end less earth,
the thuding waves take out boards and oars of the drawing ship.

Yet at the storm's end, the day's end in the dard forest
the terrified call is heard under the rain-clouds.
Perhaps in silence you have unfolded

your star-decked wings. Have you got any message?

chaitre rachita kabita 10

Puri Series

1.

Raise your hands from distance. Consent if possible
otherwise signs prove futile. Night trains move away
keeping us half-awake. Is a continuous journey hard?
Sparks from iron-buds fall even to-day
on long, echoing station. On the doors, on excited nests
broken hands, spoiled eyes, remember the accident
I'm walking on crutches, liberationless, and old
man's play of wealth None our proposals are agreed.

Puri Series 3

3.

Look, these sea-beaches have been used time and again.
Smooth iron cages have been harsh for nothing, look.
Once the cage was more tasteful than the cacatoo
Ambiguous, Roygunkar, the poet was very talkative.
One took him to be ultramodern and on the beach
each house seems to be worthdwelling.
No more the children play with sands on this ivory beach
They have grown up. They don't expect anything from their children.
White worms eat up arithmetic pages. Still things
thrown into the sea return-sea's unreasonable prestige, these things.

Puri Series 4

White Horse

White horse, I've come to understand from your mane's
white pigeons, health, milk and the sun's hatch to felt
But I' couldn't understand how men, there arms amputated
go away with huge cargo, embarking, gradually to sunlessness

to the west, to the sliding. Parentless war-torn content nose
the hince pammer to build only religion. A hue and cry.
Strange wind-will it away the date-palm leaves?
The blue tents swelling, alas, buyers, along the cats
the dead horses bowells swell on, the hungry hands.

Sada Goda

Indigo House

1.

Some horses are no more today
and the riders themselves are not relevent
so grass return and grass is born
in the autumnal season
we feel tired.

2.

In the bush of berries I find an immortal
friendless cub's loitering, in the tiger's yellow
stripes. I only see in the old bush of berries
a procession of human beings. That bush of berries
is no more safe.

Sewing Machine

1.

I don't have any count how often you scolded
me in dreams,
I was in deams - waking in spring's world
alas, in that spring water
a gramophone works - a low sewing machine moves
I think all day long

how many a time you scolded me
dreams end times, very little left,
I move a small piece of writing
along a few springs

2.

This spring I may get a sewing machine
in a top branch of sky
I make a mistake - the deer explains that
half - lit nights and days to be put out.
Sitting in labyrinths in famous rustling of petals.
You may be a king, a goddess, wise or recently
you have sunk
shadow-lit wings days in deer-shed
dependes on cook. His name...

Dedication to a Day of small Diversity

While diving into water I see those fish, names
of which I don't know- but know that you have
left our country for long. Leaves fall on
water, fish floating on them a flag
flying that in silence and in your absence.

Khandabaichityer din er Utsargapatra

A Day of Small Diversity

That greenness may break up - so the mythical crane flying with a piece of
crystalmeat, veins scattered over the paddy field as if webs, downs
tie up the crop's green ness, its vacuum, its tarror, its oozing blood
that gift, today's birthday at the age of fifty.

Khandacaichitryer din

Orchid

Orchid an easy flower-but its complexities
too needed in wind, in air. In air. In winter cold
I find them flowering in sarcasm.
We are disciplined, truck's bricked path
distant canteen, some ordinary pines
no fraudery in these habildar tents
comes, is that no good news?
Only orchids mutilated faces float,
The matter to be looked in another way.

Archid

Works on Silk-carpet

1.
bright pillows and cloud covered quilt
darkcarpets, silver insense sticks
burning, stone cheaps brought from kota
red bricks form Bhopal, in the low land
the triangle-shaped house yet to be complete,
neem trees and thickets of pomegranates,
charming cool of fig-leaves, when it to be completed

tearless joys and sorrows seen to be the reply...

Salma-jarir Kaj 3

2.
a flying ox, an elephant's lion countenance
a child skeleton, fire in seas
fruitful fish, clothing crane,
loving crops, desert boat,
thirst-temple lonely from it birth
visible at a distance, let us stretch
our palms, worked out palms and ask:
give some water,
- a roar of laughter for this...

salmajarir kaj 4

3.

My friend, on keeping my palms in yours I come
to feel you to be in a crippling amount of debts,
your son a wayward one and the daughter
always gets late in returning at night, relieve
of your secrets you have, speak of your
storm speaking wife, of your cheating colleagues,
of your insomnia, and if you must weep,
keep your head on this shoulder and weep, my friend

salmajarir kaj 7

5.

Here I -
half-mad, thunder-struck,

I, another hare-bodied
say to some one naked:

Is love a fool?

I take down physical wormth, a female gardener
lying in this garden of flowers,
I write grass
having abundance
and the insects,
those in habit of lies, and

mortality to be of thunder-beauty

salmajarir kaj 9

6.

The habit of thinking is lost. So recently I have chats with birds and beasts. I
sing. They listen. Not days ago, the eagle said, "your music practice is better
than that of a cuckoo. Perhaps artificial praise, sycophancy, but why for me? The
jackal doesn't feel music, such dedication, he too says, 'Now it's about four in the
afternoon, take some curds with sugar candy.'

salmajarir kaj 12

7.

This body is no beauty, the mind decorates it in prosperity, with sandal-riches and watery foams of soup, wounds treated with ointment, ice-cakes bought in reference to black-spots, the mind loves the body likewise, some stories of his licentiousness are kept silent, some secrecy, we do know now where he strolled on last 21st April's night, the mind pretends to be a dullard as if indifferent to others affairs as the murder witnessing neighbours, the body understand entirely, it teases and starts singing with its hands raised - my mind, O non-chalant mind of mine

salmajarir kaj 13

8

On breathing trouble I understand the Fuldongri-hill not to be far away, if not why am I gasping? why it not to be cured by any medicine? I don't know what things, I know find, reaching the hill top.

The stone-slab which we wrote our names on
has perhaps tumbled down,

The water-flow which I jumped over has ment
for redirecting to the crop-field. If so, I not find out it,

I think thus and the hospital-bed gets filled with dry branches, torn paper-bits
and abandoned sloughs.

Who will remove these debris? Will I manage to get time?

I have almost reached the Fuldungrihill.

Cheparam's house

is visible from here. Let me walk
a bit faster towards the hill.

salmajarir Kaj 14

9.

A swirling green snake crawls among those of you who are born as pumpkin leaves. My terrified cry has resulted in a crowd. They have rushed here to kill the snake with bricks and sticks. I point to the crawling snake. Look, it hides there, lifts its hood again, now I start explaining it to the school children, it is a green snake, how cleverly concealed, matching with Nature's colours, a nature mystery. But every body, present there, starts smiling, pooh! where leaves, whose snakes, those are members of Gopal's family, there Sarada returning from market, Janardan Babu has gone out for a walk with his pet...

Strange! Another blunder...

Salmajair kaj 16

10

Music is supposed to precede the twine
birth of truth and falsehood.

Before their being fashionable youths,
before learning to comb, long before
giving clarion call to the near by tent's
girl, i.e. a long colours bearing history
at intervals of battle and blood-shedding

they certainly gave a side night

to this small pump-set,

in midday sun the machine adjacent to the garden house

would croon a song - and over its shade

countless colourless write karabi-flowers would

fall down thick...

salmajarir kaj 17

Dance of Kahavati

1.

The sands of the river named Tamasa, its bank I have been seated on intends to
explain difference between me and its water - its waves wish to convince me that
I'm no tree, the youth from some slum, drinking behind the trees intends to
reveal that I have dropped from the clouds, just now, to the wonder of his eyes.

May be then let me wait with my folded wings in the darkening morning of rains.
With the sunlight I'll take off.

kahavatir nach 2

2.

With my hands raised higher I cry, 'Lord you must give it to me.' People derive
pleasure and say, 'your cajolement has no limit and let us see your trick again.' I

repeat it, only here and there I add a few breathing spaces more as 'came I to this world' or 'cruel you', these insignificant songs, you too can sing; people laugh. Is there anything more important than this?

Countless crickets fall thick in the forest in the scorching heat of the sun, speechless and dying, some of them burn with blue flames, their bodies.

kahavatir nach 3

3.

If I return here, I will return to be blue. I'll try to articulate something as light as the blue of the bare sky after rains - such hesitation free articulation which if not understood will make none's livelihood difficult. None can say, 'You are not understood at all'.

Then you too please come to be white-colour, to drip into our consciousness as hard spun non-violence of cotton - the white that demands 'Make me bullet-shot, blood-smeared, give me liberty'.

kahavatir nach 7

4.

Inertia settles down, sage, let us call our sister and brother. Let the reading table be there that I reach at it that I can swiftly write this day's internal haemorrhage how ears taken the song, coming from leafless void what thought come to him, this body paralysed? Who has sent these torn jersey, half pit left photo's died garland, and whom these exercise collected? How have they returned? All mistakes remained alike. Why none corrected?

kahavatir nach 8

5.

When wax being rubbed on paper, a picture distinct in the cloud covered midday, rains in chalta forest I see bride daughter plunged into a silmy pond. Slims cover the cricle. Is she lookin for lost utensils or to wake up to the next bank? None knows. At least not I. Wax and paper hill decide the girl's fate.

kahavatir nach 18

6.

Have you seen any flowerboat? I'm yet to visualise it, which I read only in books. Rather I foolishly took a boat full of melons for the pleasure boat of Kangali, the ordinary for It was to take us all to the bathing place for doing marriage-rituals beside the river. First I'll board at, smart with garlands in hands make my self seat at some distance

While thinking from the soil to the blue I come to discover that it board came to be full of burning flowers and burning leaves. The gulls are burning. Then house bodes are there?

kahavatir nach 19

Night School

1.

But I alas! Preparing to write about nostalgia. Recent memories seem to be inscribed rocks that will not be value washed in course of time. Its alphabets will be readable after the collected for is scrubbed off. Someone at last will decipher. Today or tomorrow. But from third day onwards, the sport will be under the control of distant memories. "Forty two years ago", on the other day Gauesh Nandi told me placing his hand on my shoulders, "you had visited our Purua cinemer branch to open an account your first month's pay cheque. Rupees three hundred twenty one and seventy paise. Number C two four nine seven savings. D' you recollect sir? " I get started. No, nothing comes to memory. Those memories are alphabets engraved on rocks. Perhaps on hilltop covered in bushes. Cattle graze. One day any Mr. Rakhaldas, climbing up from my side, will certainly decipher the complete taste in a span of one noon's sunshine. Today my confusion of Howrah station vicinity will be Gaueshbabu's (after retirement, in Chandan Nagar, on the very bank of Ganges, small two storied house roof laying is yet to be seen why den you visit oneday cause of extreme satisfaction, 'That about your music lesson, he moves a bit further in meaning entertainment. No no, you used to engage yourself in writing as well my younger brother in law also had that had bodied know tarashankabali's son in law once it so happened.

I, prepared a leap, ascended the rightnow jetty anchored boat

Babughat ferry is on that side.

night school

2.

I had trade of glass, the canopy which I have made of broken mirror covered with a cloth is now today fling in the sky, in the soft breeze, the evening settles down on its body, I as if felt the shadow of leo the face of shibnath shstri, the Eden garden in that tarpausin rolling un employed trade science Tapan's sister in law's sovy my trade deptment likes to by such mismatched.

night school

9.

Ther has come a strange ove which says: I am running from Roy's house. It adds: Not alone a few more persons are with me.

Water- flow, plastic mugs and tubs come running with wood-pieces, burthbamboos, it seems a few human bodies too feoating half burned as if dead

Is then the five of that house still burning today?

night school

Tusu, My Considerate Girl

1.

It cann't be likewise.

Either be fully mad or die.

This field is meant for sale of men,

Here cotton and women get to balance together

Here snakes and scorpions wait together for customers.

This house lonely, this body a broken market

Only death would not do? An experiditure

for last rites follows.

tusu amar chintamoni 3

2.

Myrabalan: I look at the fruit with endless worder
doze in the eyes, fallen on the ground, the lamp
lighting noon, those who came returned,
the high branch of the pepul tree treambling
in the wind, but alas, the lamp which burns
useless at this moment...

a myrabalan to some extent, left, it
may be extinguished, the prayer of the last
winter succeeded in, Rukshini's dumb
boy now a days speak fluently.

tusu amar chintamoni 5

3.

No water-meeting here No lake
The more you walk the more the tower of pride
The more you come out of you, the more you find
the mine of rejected metals,
riverless bridge and dead wells.

Walk miles and mileds along the way of joy.

Have you heard of a mad girl at Basudevpur?
Perhaps still there,
be sure to visit here. Give her some water and guava.

Much more water...

tusu amar chintamoni 8

4.

That endearing, covered with garlands and
trigs, see if none sit now on that seat,
something more to be done- We are to go
to some distant land, to the junle, to willside

my travell-path is lit with sight-I
am dharmadus, the resisiowl minded- I'll find
sal-leaves, basuetfull of bamboo leaks, and mouse soils...

tusu amar chintamoni 9

5.

You who are reading this piece and will leave after a while will think that somebody gone with the doors left open, why no nuss. flowers fallen, you, a maniac think if you yourself have left the door open broken box shattered think the gas over lighted.

tusu amar chintamoni 11

6.

I do like to enter the stomach of that old great gird
as it food, like corns or as insects, but with
my own complete consciousness, living sense and
intellect, perhaps to see the universe
And after returning from it inside I like
to recount properly the fearful tale of travelling
to the meditating saints in the forests
in the fall of darkness...

tusu amar chintamoni 14

7.

Continuons lying on this bed of grasses.
No tree-stone-count of duration of my sleep
perhaps there's disturbances of bears and tigers.
No chance for me to be afraid with me I have
bells of bear-dance. They will come to use
Will be not dance? And a fire-ing for tigers!
It will surely want to jump through the burning
ring - to and fro.

tusu amar chintamoni 18

8.

No moon struck to another moon - a feather

A bird was moving from the east to the west.
such accident on the way.

I myself did not see it. On the first floor in
the tax-collecting office Road, on the ? ? ? room, I was
sleeping in the room with windows closed. At
The last phase of night the collector informed me
the breathed his last, it is long.

tusu amar chintamani 19

9.
A small piece of veranda existing between
sleep and monipur. Milk and tea leaves
are here. Will some body put the kettle on?
sound of boiling water will rouse me,
the people's chorus -
Paper boats come floating to this director.

Today is the death - anniversary of a great man.

tusu amar chintamani 20

10.
While going to buy a match-box I saw the sky
covered with red clouds, Those dexterities of
old days, restless, open-winged-flying in the sky.
Though all of them are visible, some of them are
not such distinct. In that the countenance of
Anu, of satyen, of Debu leushari, his hand amputated
Is that Banani whose younger brother shouts
Fly away, the police on raid on the high road

tusu amar chintamani 21

A Writing on Cover

That day I stored water in an earthenpot

with a cover, near the window-but the to
the earth's motion the worldly restlessness touch
it-excite it-pulls it to the west, to the
wintry night-winter-chilled that water,
life -like, it rolls on the floor when the pot broken
- as if waves - as if a dat of the dead -
it means sudden summer has returned.

Fish Fighting

1.
I sit silently near the empty bottle.
It seems the cats mewing here and there.
I have red parts of the hand bill of jalim lotion.
Morning dailies are yet to come.
Family women have manaze to get
a few rupees as a mock payment of
doing-up his bed.
The new son-in-law laughs pleasure.
The son is the Ketu's place.
The fish has moved to the fronts.

meen yudha 1

2.
I will wake up in the orchard of apples and grapes.
I will ask each and everyone.
Why will it bring victory only to truth, not to false hood?
It is impossible to get reply to such question in the affirmative.
Its seems so. Some one seems standing on the door steps.
I remove the latch. The local peon looks for me.
He says: a registry for you from Nurpur, at wrong address,
so this unnecessary delay, where do you roam
all day long?

meen yudha 2

At Baksigunj on the River Padma

1.

You have kept coloured leaves, words in colours
sound of snake movement.

The sun above the head, blue, each asks
the lost child about its home, name,
whereabouts its parents, their own country,
it does not know who has taken it here-
it can remember only the noise of snake movement
since birth. It can remember this little.
colourful, it does not forget even that
The rest is irrelevant, dark and fallen from tradition.

baksignje padma pare 1

2.

A floating day of light clouds,
as if love, as if a document

I have folded the net of thoughts.
The web of sight gets dry in the sun.

Why have the singers not yet arrived?

This life meant for wounds, for glands of blood

Give me some time, a few minutes more.
For long I have not got down to seas.

baksignje padma pare 3

3.

Now I don't have any responsibility, except
to move to seas and forests with my note book.
I have no assignment except counting waves.
Silence reigns.

Water gradually evaporates, the perplexed law
of Nature. Winter returns. Locks of hair
open and fly in the wind, as if it's evening
as if silence.

Heard that people like birds themselves
fly in the nooks of fields, jump from the air.
Even they climb trees and peck fruit.

My savings are this beach, assuring huge book,
this understanding

baksignje padma pare 4

4.

Listen, my daughter to this arabian tale
of both travell and luxuries.
A son of grass and penance in the Nile basin.

This worldly life, an earthen geometry,
has lost direction in stormy rains-floating
ghost stone in canal.

The more I look up words, down words and breathe in
the more the distance grows, anger and geographical tevror,
distance of a few mile seem to be
that between the planets.

I add: I've come to teach songs and fables
of morality and immorality in the crop markets,
the new way of slaughtering.

Someone has concealed the setting sun,
they have made the skin transparent in fire;
now a new music instrument -
of another province musical
a music-flow of mountain side.

baksignje padma pare 5

5.

Who will wake up is the songs of dawn?

Helpless I implore - O the beautiful find some remedy.

The time table of the frontier rail is leaf-fringed
I thought of going some where. I note it down.

Images, new art, look at the flying vultures above
the day ends in the departing sun light.

baksignje padma pare 7

6.

Turbulent water. I've been standing by it
I've asked, "Only I know the secret of pacifying you
none any more."

Water has got calm. It knows me.
I'm Raju, a boy from kash-bush, working in hostel.
I comply with orders. I talk a bit much.

baksignje padma pare 8

7.

Just after death I met a green hibiscus.
'Do you remember me, blooming by Ramani babu's
rail quarter? ' A strange looking
manolia asked, "You must recognise me,
I bloomed at the foothill, slightly fragrant".
Then the sagoon-bunch asked with a mild smile
I am no true follower, yet I know that you
haven't forgot me? Then after the session
of questions and answers, if successful
you will get a degree with papers
caligraphical letters on it tell that
he is truly dead; at the end the
labyrinth of government inopector's
signature with impressions of seal.

baksignje padma pare 10

8.

Rain-filled clouds emerge out of blood sea
Rains fall. Rains evaporate.
They say, "We know you, the brother of
fire and soil.

As we are. But it is residual
suffering from incurable disease."
I wanted to know- what's remedy for me?
-'Carry this talisman'. They tie to
my arm such as a string whose content
???????? : O fearful, O desert,
you continue to be???, honoured.
people leave seat to you, ask you to join
in the dinner party, you continue to stay
procreate like ugly creatures attached
to environment

baksignje padma pare 14

9.

I move to the direction which you startled algae direct.

I get clashed with fish in water,
quickly I come to shore

Algae indicates the direction of current,
the damages of men boat-carried

Sleep, sleep my son; the halessman sings
I, a hydrophobic one, ghost live in water
ghost-fish, I bow to it from sank, a bamboo,
this consideration.

baksignje padma pare 18

10.

Standing at the end of a long summer day
I'm thinking to cross the frontier camp.
Is there anything which not given to me by others

shirt, shoes, card-packet,
a bunch of false tickets
even the ticket collector's black coat, though old
empty plastic bottle thrown into the pond of water
spotted with palm trees around.

Standing at the end of a long summer day
I like songs coming from distance,
not that from proximity.
What left by others, useless,
whom corelessness glorifies,
I under their shadows lie, breathe in
sometimes I move to some distant land
but that is temporary transportation

baksignje padma pare 21

transcreated from bengali by rudra kinshuk

RUDRA KINSHUK

Water

Water sings in me
and a man opens
the eternal pages
of silence.

I wake up to discover
some footprints in my soul...

RUDRA KINSHUK

Word-Puzzle For Homoludens

at the very beginning my eyes are driven to the labyrinth of seven starts an intangible grace walks around a tree of berries depicted in my eyes in paints of the whirlwind a baul sings for me in my yard miles of winding crop-lands a prolonged barganining in the grinder-like mind frogs' afternoon-chorus in the rain-soaked field a group of labouring with warmth I pick on palms the face uttering flowery words in a playful mood, in the light of drenched moon I pour some liquid then like a hungry a blanket of clouds I shiver in cold very bitterly though I don't have any still my soul is not meaningless becoming a root and making myself connected to roots and to my forefathers and offsprings I am a bridge a river flow and at last a phoenix and I really know that on behalf of me as my substitute some one will come to the world to do some works of promises a to party one more information all trees know that it never has gone to any debate on environment all attempts of composing hospital from line to line end in producing only run-on-lines here we have no halt for a few moments at least once in life the lure of becoming truthful overwhelms us beware of imitation this warning left aside makes us forget if it is a Sunday or all clothings like grateful to the meterological offices traditional forecasts and sharp when clothings later change smoothly all inscriptions about hospital seem to be cruelly incomplete and the throng of pale rickety children around the child specialists or the narrowing distance between the labour-rooms and the morgues disposable syringes get distinctly printed in row of lines in this tube town from this corner to that I am a weary soul encircled by lifes impetuous seas and all around from the lamppost top the bird starts winging for the horizon all at once a number of music notations enter the very heart of the singer no birds on our way up and down not even a stripe of sea beach still we can catch the music of a male cuckoo sitting on an invisible branch of a tree a wrecked soul comes out of its songs those who comprehend know those who know see and those who see realize thus the planet moves round dreams of bright days play on the violin of union of race a pervading shiver in the body the soul utters in its every beat the final dream such utterence and music of our soul will never cease to exist as many times as possible I try to juxtapose the place of love and the singer but on each occasion some sort of chaos come to reign the palace collapses to pieces to pieces all on a sudden out of the music emergfes a dream cottage on entering which it comes to ones notice that four walls are made of music notations whenever you shake the walls with your two hands colourful showers initiate the afternoons to nostalgic adolescence when the shadow of light starts moving to and fro on the bank of the seas of beauty waves of light get unruly the agony of in the ghusty wind the world does not know how to love yet we love the world and it is no fault and so we build up cottages on the crumbling banks and unlimited hope awakens in us,

again have you seen ever a river lying on another submerged into some cold waiting it seems to be a wrong those marks wait under ilas fading memories the local? ? ? is yet to come every outing is a profound retuning to the colse vicinity of a few words and see every word is a pat of a bridge me I slip on mossy floor sometimes I hand like a water colour painting from a huge nail ignorant so I like desperately to fire the pent up agony I take some telephonic help to ascertain the distance of from here after reeving due information I now ponder over the dos of mine thereafter arranging the lines fof poem I concentrate on a religious ballad and prepare a dissertation on a note worthy ape and dedicate it to the madcap then he overwhelms me with his appreciating observation that the composition is very truly wonderful soul compartments have turned to be a campus no cobweb any more exists in depth of my heart a flame of symphony in it flesh nothing falls short of any thing only some want for human souls looms large here a piece of shore among fairy tales of thousand to be sung flutterings of leaves prepared myself a doe in a cage I dive in the forest after silent rituals on embracing your neck a santal fold tune emerges out and skilled body easily moves mahua flowers fall thick do the birds calllikewise in the gajan-fair of fullmoon tearing who speaks behag or iman in the package of darkness before full comprehension hands fall off from the neck movements stops and a moving in our hole again the arrow struck bird will not sing any more even a child knows this truth yet to narrate it anew and to present it with equal jest is the great duty of it is a simple job to her it is her natural ability to inject music notations to human blood written by butterflies of songs on the flowers but theres a good news any one can easily lie on sandalcot to kill agony of separation in a lonely night the small poem I sent didn't contain the word postscript now while sending my research paper on kitchen I am using signifier although my conscience is not prepared to give room to stories of our aged city or of boat rides or of moral turpitude there in its vacancy rather here again I engrave the fables of our web tangled living of fog emitting friendship and of how we break into unavoidable certainties or signs plato had no lady love he would offer his disciples a handful of fire wind sown truth earth conceiling life in our republic smart bike youths read easily platonic love from the web sites of wind seven colours of the silent lamp smashing the heavy fog a dew fires some fire stones and the man then calm, upright and sharp people clap to see a crow's skill in construction, a love bed strong self pride moving in the wind getting warmer in the slanting rays getting drenched to the skin yet looked at the cuckoo self confident tidbits thinking of love this birth, cultivation of life this determination the parting of hair of the girl suffering for becomes soft gradually with the words, which remains left an ambulance in the gurn of a hill route a zigzac of strong light recedes a sanatorium in the distance on birthday a rubber ball writes an epitaph otherwise it jumbs and frets too much done a pull of two poles tears the garland wearing afternoon a man is seated shephali flowers fall from his back grey twilight bursts

into pieces a golden fire jumps to sink now its night have wasted the morning of my life according to my whims so now I dont have earnings or its ways when the evening settles down I place the stars to my sweet will no taste in love any more so I keep my shadow a witness darkness around why the dream riseup broken with trees uprooted your coutenance a black stone churned out of the river bed my cargo capsized in yesterdays spate here you like blind beggars are waiting for me waiting eagerly for a wisp of new drops of lifes dreams are now roaming in my apartment but my two feet stand still the sun as red as the forest flame falls off on the rivers estuary and the bemused crow gets warmth from it moves towards the horizon to another seeks peace of living its cawing lingers all over the landscape

RUDRA KINSHUK

