

## Poetry Series

# CHOU DHURI SUKUMAR

- poems -

**Publication Date:**

September 2009

**Publisher:**

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### **CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR (14th January 1962)**

HE enjoys an enviable reputation. Brimming over the geographic confines of Bengal as well as Vidarbha, his fame has now permeated throughout the Globe. We, the moulders of words who perpetuate deeper sensitivities through verbal expositions, pause for a moment whenever we find the glimpse of Maratha in the media or anywhere else and recollect, "That's where our Sukumar ..... His susceptibilities are many. Among them, his love for literature is foremost. He may rightly be called the mainstay of the life force of the 80's world of Bengali Poetry. Forsooth, the ever-reactionary transit of Bengali poetry had never known so much of virulent and dynamic probing into the abysmal threshold of vivisection self-analysis leading to precariously revealing impacts. Never had so much of unmatched translations of elusive humane experiences found such bohemian ebullitions. To date his publications number only eleven volumes, each tracking a different trail. The diversity of style, the floridity of expressions and the varied nuances rather suits him because he writes 'to transgress art to reach the art beyond'. He loves diversity and therefore ponders over man's contrasting and contradicting role and its gamut of variations. Life reveals its little secrets before us in bits and pieces and intellectual perceptions can manage to grasp only a tiny flitting glance of them. The remaining only rest in the realms of imagination. This aspect of life is his pet theme and therefore always exists as a signature refrain in his writings. This is also the reason why a veil of romantic mysticism prevails around him.

The person, like his poetic frugality, is a spartan in speech. He is the Creative Editor of 'Khanan', the only Bengali Little Magazine of Vidarbha. A little more about Sukumar, who is averse to publicity and is leading a self-exiled life in Maharashtra. He was born on 14th January 1962 in Balarampur village in the Purulia District of Bengal. He had his childhood days in Jhalda, a small town surrounded by hills, jungle, falls and rivers. One of his poetry works in local dialect of Jhalda, has initiated a storm of controversy. The book has been awarded by 'Durer Kheya' of Kanpur as the best book of the year. His works has widely been translated in Marathi, Hindi, Kannad, Urdu, English and Telugu languages. We are amazed at the effortless ease with which he courses into the various tributaries of literature besides poetry and drawings. He has been awarded "Ekhn Kabita Puraskar" for the best poetry, 'Maya Megh Puraskar' for the best short story, 'Mahadiganta Puraskar' for the best editing, 'Munshi Premchand Award for editing BEST Creative Magazine 'Khanan' in 2005. Little Magazine Library O Gabeshana Kendra of Kolkata, All India Radio, Nagpur and many other academies invited and felicitated him on different occasions. His creativity had widely been compiled in different 'Who's Who' of prominence. Besides he has been awarded with the prestigious 'Sahitya Setu Puraskar' for his

sincere contribution to the world of Bengali literature. Recently on December 30, 2005, his well edited journal 'Khanan' bagged 'Munshi Premchand Award' as the best Little Magazine of India at Jalpaiguri Little Magazine Fair. Moreover his well-researched papers presented in different occasions triggered the mankind for his different and unparallal evaluation on specific conemporary issues. As on date his published works are 'Manush Hey, 'Mangso O Manisha', 'Mayer Baper Bari', 'Aamader Parjyatan', 'Chhannamoteer Kuhu' (Eng Translation ~ 'Bohemian Songs' by B Sudipta), 'Lal Leel Hoeelda Tin dikey Jhaeelda', 'Fanimansar Ulu', 'Libidore Haarmala', 'Padya Pratibeshi', 'Gadya Pratibeshi'. 'Rajaneer Neel' and 'Aamar Katiye Otha'. He prefers working on different tributaries at a time. Presently he is working on his forthcoming poetry collections titled 'Aamar Sonnet', 'Atmcharit', 'Kabitapath' and 'Roomar Jannye', essay books titled 'Susamachar' and 'Shilpo ebong Uttaran' and few more creative works like 'Ulanga Diary Theke', 'Unsung Days', 'Chingri Fisher Deem', 'Hriday', and couple of books yet to be named. He is bit slow in processing his creations, as he believes in spontaneity. His creation can only be compared with the virgin dew drops. Most probably he defined it as the 'silent notation' in his poems. Whatever it may be, with his non-stop creations, everybody thus experience the flow of his witty love and finest feelings towards life and literature.

Bohemian Sukumar's present thikana is Khanan Sarani, 215 VASANT VIHAR, LAVA ROAD, WADI, NAGPUR ~ 23, INDIA

~ B Sudipta/Andhra University

#### A W A R D S

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MAHADIGANTA (2000)  
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## **A pardoning**

Like the coin on the carrom board  
relentlessly I roam around  
and days pass by.

One by one, all my friends  
get a smooth, lofty free kick on their bums  
and settle in life with comfortable packets.

They get lovely wives  
have happy kids  
own autos and houses.

And some day  
caressing their  
leisurely grown tummies  
they advise me to seriously settle in life  
expressing their sad concern for me.

A laugh bubbles within me  
but from my heart  
I pardon them all.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **A rising**

And some late afternoons  
become loaded with memories for him.

Sitting under the hot tiled roof, he perspires  
The twentyone years of his past  
appear to him as long night of slumber

And shaking off all this  
he comes out to the street  
and thinks of living in a different way

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **A Solitary Composition**

Amidst the desolate ocean inhabited an afflicted oyster  
I have retrieved it from an abandoned sandhill  
It had adhered so long in a slumbering zone, alone, a Gem

What have I to give? A tremulous soul, salty sweat  
Heart's metallic compassion. Perpetual restlessness beautiful lustre

Will I fasten it at the juncture of the place, in union  
Will it recede lonesome grief, conquered

CHOU DHURI SUKUMAR

## A Visitation

And after a long time the idiot Kolkata  
    was sanctified by my uncherished visit.  
The under trial tube-rail system greeted me with a leper smile  
From the dump of coconuts, three lac beggars  
    bowed to welcome me.

And, after a long time  
i walked upon the cold tramlines.  
Just then, one by one,  
    glowed up the blue advertisement neons.  
And I remembered the sight of  
    a black brassiere hanging like a sinful desire  
    from the sleeping berth in the train.

O God, I am not feeling cold in this breeze.  
Has Kolkata lost its wintry chill  
    by the warmth of its scantily-clad women?

I continued to walk with a lighted cigarette  
    ripping the heart of Kolkata  
    and sanctified became your city,  
    the idiot Kolkata.

---

bhraman  
tr: kamalesh bandopadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## A Young Poet's Lyrics

The timid poet felt helpless as excited by his humming tune  
His father did indicate. That he must recite in full.  
So sang he up his freshly writ lyric perforce:  
    "By inner sheen of the eyes I have seen all beyond eye,  
    I shall look into my soul now as the light has gone by."  
His wide eyes were moist with passion.  
Entire creation got stilled by charming strokes of sound and tone.

Real estates were left behind, the ledgers and so many bustles.  
The overwhelmed father shedded tears of joy.  
He embraced his reverend son after so long. Thereafter  
signing a cheque of Rs.500 in his office he  
gave it to the handsome poet.  
Eyes affectionate, solemn voice, begone.

`Mughal emperors in the past used to show respect to the adept  
in this manner`, he said. `The Mughal Empire is no more now. But  
your essence of genius deserved such a royal prize.`

His servants were happier than the poet. They have been  
his companions all-time. Raising the winner poet overhead  
they filled the worshiper's corridor with uproar in celebration.

Now there is deceptive and confused noise in the verse domain.  
Postmodernist poets recite poems of expansive consciousness.  
In those poetical venues the great father is an outcast now.  
Affection of father so sparse.

If anyone places a reward in the hands of a young poet even now  
We still remember the great old father.  
We remember that old-time young poet,  
Of the ancestral heritage of worship corridor.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **An Ant's Venture**

I wanted  
to make a deep imprint  
on that traditional style,

So I  
tore apart the ancient bark  
and threw a muslin  
on her cold, naked person  
adown her heels.

I wanted  
to mould her  
into a neverbefore form  
out of her primordial radiance.

I had  
an unshaken trust,  
a promise in my voice

And so  
like the brisk ants in a busy file  
still move on  
my efforts and quietude  
my intellect and perception

---

deonpipe  
tr: kamalesh bandopadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Ash Negative**

Slowly our emptiness spreads over.

Descends burdened cloud. In wrong rationale  
your world is diffused. Whom  
almost I embraced in affection,  
considering the mood as weakness he  
wanted to use me up.

Breaking good news to many well wishers  
I often experienced their envy. A deep  
good soul expressed doubts in whatever  
news of gain. The country is fully pollutioned but why  
there be so many parties, factions, Maoist agitations.

Like the emptiness slowly spreading,  
stoops down over the white paper  
this my ruined hand and  
through it's profuse black stains  
pour out so many negative poems.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR



## **Beatitude**

I'll disintegrate. Like weightless dew.  
In a facile manner. Soundlessly, a clairvoyance  
Odourless, colourless, blossoming.  
In the bosom of dense pastures essence of my being.

If the consciousness is washed away  
If perception reawakens once again.  
All this frost melting away  
Silvery rays of the full moon of the dark night  
If love radiates

In peace am I inundated  
Towards beatitude will I proceed and  
Within my trodden steps  
Will ring out a profusion of creation

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Beggar's Enclave**

So prone-some in longing this community is!

Them honored erudite come dunning  
a poor-self me!  
Their keen tongue readily glisten  
like alms on a golden cup.

I can see him too radiating charmis  
Idling along ever though  
In case I realized mendicancy around that infects  
I inhibit that scene prompter of habit.

So many faces and so many hands without means  
Has the milieu morphosed into beggar's enclave!

I do not wish living on alms anymore

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Biograph**

Know a little  
Better to know a little  
We are dimly lit  
With darkness unlimited

On board the cloucraft  
Along those cul-de-sack  
Let stroll  
Golden beams of sun

The end of road  
Will never arrive  
Never will end  
Search of self

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Bohemian Songs**

Even if I choose to stay at a little distance  
And a great deal of path remains untrodden

Perforce the two eyes choose to be closed  
Be secretive about all my discoveries  
Even though I do not address you affectionately  
Am I unsocialised to such an extent

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Chorus

Cool extended slowly and Anupam  
Appeared once from the hilly wood  
On the barrel of his gun  
Hangs trembly birdie                      Jungly geese

We sat with opened bottles  
Lit cigarettes  
And while smashing the roasted bones  
Wave glasses

Firy liquor thus spreads  
Through our hearts and  
Purify the existing cool grief  
Our cry and c h o r u s

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Circlet

the weariness of sleepless night can give rise to such grief

I know

From a crowd to a blind mob

From sound to a clamorous din

Loke fragments of fire our scorched wings fly

amidst uproarious flames

Timebound like rotational seasons, yet very infallible,

these distresses

They wound me, singe me

yet listen,

They never disappoint me

From the deliverance of fire I have gained immense experience

How the loud lamentation of an inferno which finally

emerges all charred

With the force of absorbed smoke how it flew forth travelling

pilgrims of drenched clouds

And in some grief-ridden morn

Salaged from life's wreckage

Like the joy of sprouting I will once agin rejuvenate

---

parjabritto

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Contempt

How far does contempt lead a man to? How far?  
I will descent, stark naked.  
The earth below my feet will resonate in shudder,  
    with my hurt ego, in disbalanced steps  
I shall go down the same way as  
    the unknown zodiacal stars glide down the sky.

And then, your world will burst out in laughter,  
    pelt stones at me, chant sarcastic words.

I shall surely go down the track  
    the way tears will down your eyes in mute sadness.

How far does contempt lead a man to.  
Do you know? Do you,  
    whom you have animated into a tearful existence.

---

ghreena  
tr: kamalesh bandopadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Creation

I no longer recollect places that ought to be visited.  
Days of hot summer wind. No shades. No message of cordiality.  
No termination.  
I exist with mere reflections. I only mould my being. Little by little.  
shower it with love.  
Mould it with clay. A steel rod for the spinal cord.  
No other identity save perspiration.  
No other tune except drudgery.  
That's why I keep searching for self. And wonder  
I'll traverse towards another kind of world ~  
And if some day  
This process will bring to life my creation

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Cry**

How long does the corpse feel burdensome  
As long as the body rests on the shoulder  
From home to the crematorial flames. So long  
Chanting of Hari Bol. Images on empty walls  
Garland, incense, peace, prayers for remission

Sorrow does not experience any vacuity. As the  
Burden steadily recedes, tears reify. Spider's webs  
Adorn the frame. Prior to wiping away the face  
The griefless man efface one by one the dead soul's passion  
Essence, reminiscenes and gems, all frozen emotions

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Dawn**

Dampened wings like that of a tranquil fly, let it be  
still this day break  
It was this place at Wadi's extensive ascent  
The sun-clock is on a vacation this day  
Today with only sleep-filled eyes  
We'll all settle beneath the boundless dawn  
And realise that like tremendous speed, how necessary  
is sometimes ~ cessaion

Dampened wings like that of a tranquil fly, let it be  
still this day break

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Day After Day

Sometimes I managed to get  
some broken grains of wheat, rice, milo  
from Governments draught relief grant

Standing in the long queue of charity reliefs  
my little brother perspired in the hot sun  
How intensely I wished  
to give him some red toffees, cheap lozenges  
Then, putting my hand in my empty pocket  
I used to shrink within myself  
My humiliated self smouldered within me

In the evening  
mother served us streaming porridge  
in cracked bowls  
and licking the bowls, and licking the bowls  
my meek siblings and I  
slowly grew up  
day after day, bit by bit

Pratidin  
tr: Kamalesh Banerjee

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR



## **Dialektos**

Since I live in a foreign place in Maratha  
A primordially new dialect  
Moulds to us  
Even to our tongues  
Flourishes Maratha Pungent  
Even our blooming too  
Rings out Vidarbha Veenas

Only whenever in a mass  
Foreigner Ants come face to face  
And sing in a whispering crescendo  
Their mother-tongue, the songs

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR



## Dibakar

A postman could be the harbinger  
of a big change in my life,  
but there is no such mystic postman  
in my life as yet.

Whenever I find time,  
I think of that unseen postman,  
I draw his sketch  
~ a thin built, in khaki trousers,  
from his shoulder bag hangs  
a myriad colourful feelings.

He comes riding his bicycle  
along the bank of the suicide lake,  
the bell rings mildly,  
cold wind sifts through his dry hair.

While I draw such casual outlines,  
right from my sketch book rises before me  
the morning newspaper boy  
I look at his thin built, torn trousers,  
Then glancing through the headlines  
I fling at him bitterly ~  
Don't you, Dibakar  
wish to become something different  
even a postman?

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Duskbit**

How they do dpill acquired excellency, the rare moments  
And light leisure, I speak of those, How it  
Metamorphoses into crimson and finally burst into flames  
Like the Badam trees of Gandhinagar  
How the duskbit captures the bankrupt twigs -  
I speak of those

I live all alone. Yet my own small sky I do not possess  
The flying gull of consciousness has forgotten  
Endless flight -  
I speak of those

The night rolls. Age advances. Eyes  
Inevitably while it keeps closing  
How moring alarm rings out -  
Let me tell of that ecstatic state

I've necer trained to sculpt anything else -  
All these experiences will I narrate

---

Nimesh Godhuli  
tr: B SUDIPTA

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Eclogue**

She called amidst a distressed season  
Even so why did Pratul not rejuvenate  
Why did in his dense composition  
A strand of Smita's hair  
Came alive like a streak of lightning

Tiraschin  
tr: B Sudipta

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Ecstasy**

Overflooded well base  
Its fenced view reflects in dream  
From inside the fencing, frothing  
one hand passes the key of the most  
sensitive arena...

Familiar to her from far off,  
that too, in the dreamland.....

Today, avialing the secret-key  
crossed all limits, stripped  
the foamed spider-nets one by one  
to set eyes on the sensitive organs,  
and plunged full length with ecstasy

The dream sketched the pictures  
on the trouser and white bed-sheets.....

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Elegy**

Keep silence, shut your eyes  
if you can, ask God  
to put off lights for a while.

Its a tragic scene  
a heartrending sequence indeed  
novel, pure and beautiful,  
a wise man  
shedding tears  
in nightlong nihility

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Enlightened One**

Sin dangles inaccessibly two feet away from oppression  
Betwixt the two is a serpentine stream  
Which carries the Constitution

By excluding sin there can be no pleasure  
Without pleasure there can not be attributes of God

Oh God, speed up oppressions  
Give it the magnet-zeal, enlightenment

Sin dangles inaccessibl two feet from oppression  
Nothing exists in between  
Any shame, any repentance

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Ethereal

In the bath-house  
where birds' nests emit aroma ~ Afrique,  
I shall take you today  
for a display of sparrows in coitus.  
No, this won't again be a show of blue-film  
before saying 'Good Night'.

This is so organic a feeling,  
like touch and stimulation,  
pores of your skin will find  
ample measures of thrill notes  
that will soak your soul;

Sexpert sparrow's game is so arresting,  
sexpert sparrow's play is so much lasting  
sans gossamer.

But you maintain strict silence  
may be lying still in foaming bathtub.

You've seen ample  
Academy, galleried art,  
you've read treatises a-la-aesthetics,  
you've listened to pedagogy original,  
you've spent a fortune  
on gossamer, brassiere brands,  
today you see those birds  
meditate in ethereal art.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Excavation**

Cocooned within associations are innumerable relationships  
With their various messages, pervaded with smoke  
The Coffee House, excavates multitudes.

Jealousy prevails, the impotent knives and friendship  
A disintegrated ascetic arrives, alights a blazing  
Sacrificial fire, Younder, a trail of clouds  
The firmament's universal spirits gloomy gathering  
Three lakh chameleon-like clouds trample all over  
Inexplicable hues, Apparent in man's haggard eyes is  
His reflection.

Only an idiot farmer continues to plough the leafless  
Ashoka with his blood

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Exhibit

Not in that way, it doesn't really happen that way  
Solitude within one's fist, even if it occurs, it will  
Be forgetting oneself even amidst a crowd Mela, nobody  
Recognises, due to that will be discovered the precious gem  
That is not to be

How it happens, nobody knows, think again  
May be solitude, perhaps not, amidst such a crowd  
Everyone recognises such a world, mirror-filled  
Within that rainbow blossomed forth  
That too seems possible

Anuvab  
tr: SUDIPTA B

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR





## **Flute**

It is nothing  
as if the night ponderer flute  
is ready to resonate

You give it desired lips  
the vital air

Touch it lightly in its somber sleep  
keep in mind  
its awakened song  
will make many a dormant volcanoes  
come alive

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR



## Freeze Shot

Around the dim candle  
light and darkness weave mysterious patterns.  
On the unclean, sticky bed  
lies sick my four year old sister  
- Motionless, speechless  
Within her small chest  
her lifeforce still vibrates in slow beats  
Mother remains seated beside her  
like a still statue

With our heads down, silently  
we cut newspapers  
and make paper sachets  
as fast as we can

Haven't had any news from father  
for a long, long time

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Happiness

At the last spell of a long phase of sadness  
lay happiness ~  
a bit glowing, sober and blue.  
like Rooma's eyes, quiet and pleasing.

Splitting open the blue~firmament of cherished wishes  
happiness descended on the youth's forehead  
like a magical kiss.

Mild autumnal chill all around  
noisy crows sat on the leafless branches  
young women were busy in knitting woolens.

Non -exciting twenty-one-years  
have passed in a joyless camp  
leaving him thoroughly fatigued.

For a long time his youth  
has kept its head down  
void of dreams and desires.

All the past steps of the stairs  
were full of spittings and shoutings,  
weariness of the vanquished,  
self-molestation.

No more the youth can recognise happiness,  
loaded he feels to hear the loving, fondling care.

Is this happiness? thinks he.

Is this communion with bliss?

At the last spell of a long phase of sadness,  
lay happiness.

sukh  
tr: kamalesh bandopahdyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Hatred**

How far does hatred lead a man to? How far

I shall descend, stark naked  
The earth below my feet will resonate in shudder  
With my hurt ego in disbalanced steps  
I shall go down the same way as  
The unknown zodiacal stars glide down the sky  
And then your world will burst out in laughter  
Pelt stones at me  
Chant sarcastic words

I shall surely go down the track  
The way tears roll down  
Your eyes in mute sadness

How far does hatred lead a man to?  
Whom you have animated into a tearful existence  
Do you know? Do you?

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR



## Howl

I can't bite like dogs.  
Even if I gripe, the malice cankers or not  
I don't know.  
May be so the doctors  
use to prick needles in the umbilical cavity .....  
that's another sort of biting.  
Peremptory, helpless.

I am not a dog maligner.  
But then since I have no use of dogs,  
may be so they hatch conspiracy,  
and at chances they bite off my flesh  
from here and there.  
So seizing they in my flesh want taste  
of my indifferent vanity.

I can not bite like dogs.  
Needle injected so I time to  
time think only of a civilization barring dogs.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR



## **Idiot**

I moved a little. Desire to venture great distances  
Within the humane reathings. But I fail. A small day of limited hours  
Get immersed with the metallic sounds of a chisel  
No matter what distance I traverse-love rings out. Aarati Azaan  
Tender moderation of blissful conversation

I dream for forgetting the chisel, its chipping, the artistry  
And beneath the boundless emanation of dawn, day after day  
I listen to the  
Self composed sounds Thuk.....Thuk.....Thuk.....Thuk.....

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Ignorant**

I assure perception  
As if the foreport of an emaciated nail  
Only it's tolerant head  
In what manner it remains afloat

I percieve

I also percieve how it's unfeeling rear  
Endures the torn garments  
Alliance and indignity  
Prior to its becoming invisible

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR







## Island

I have remained an isolated island  
and I wish to remain so

At times the doorbell rings  
from some distant-world comes a telegram  
So I move  
mutely join thier merry celebrations  
and gossip sessions  
where masks roam around me  
and converse with each other

I feel disconcerned and sad  
sitting in the midst of the gathering  
I yearn for my solitude  
my lonely existence.....

            
bwadeep  
tr: kamalesh bandoadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR



## **Kamin Didi**

Kamin Didi is often late to come  
for her daily chores in our house.  
Under her fleeting feet  
she suffered watery woonds  
Having walked down a long way  
her queer face sweats in weariness  
Sitting on the veranda  
she leisurely lights a bidi  
brand name 'Sudha'

Any my mother gumbles, throws curses  
She gets late  
in cooking the ten o'clock rice.

translated by KAMALESH BANDOPADHYAY from original Bengali poem titled KAMIN  
DIDI from the collection MANUSH HEY

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Lonesome Poem

I become solitary, a tranquil loner  
They only come to me  
Who are entranced,  
Possessed,  
Unfailingly afflicted, or  
Unyieldingly attached  
Since ever.

Bit by bit I cut off the crowd  
Even by mistake I don't call them  
Whom I have missed so long.

Is calling necessary?  
I ponder at times..

I roam around so many horizons,  
A solitary simoleton,  
On the hills, in the light,  
Though I never received a  
Musked greeting.

So I live in entrancement,  
In engrossment,  
In my comfortable existance.

And for all,  
Sifting and kneading my  
Solitude  
I create my good wishes,  
I compose my poems.....

---

nirjan kabita  
translated by Kamallesh Bandopadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Mahua.....

From Goan shores Jayanto returned a stale memoir and fenny.....  
Now to me this day's adjuncts appear clearer than the stale memoir  
So no Bajajnar, I accompanied Director Chaitali Raju to reach Butibori

With laid back settings much like contented sleep,  
somewhat soothing and cool,  
Mist wrapped, distant.....  
Unreachable to any handset

The engrossed poets still enjoy drinking binge  
Till date it had been gallons of drinks such as rum, whiskey and gin,  
Vats of cold beer, vodka and mohua..bines....  
Leaving the adjuncts such as colourful jars  
and swinging cut glass, mugs  
No fluid could truly draw me close to its colour  
Red and white and yellow as gold  
Rather sensuous flesh became bon appetit sometimes.....  
Sometimes, because the olfactory chase too did never suit my class

So this day no Bajajnar, I accompany Director Chaitali Raju  
and reach Butibori  
With laid back settings much like contented sleep,  
somewhat soothing and cool,  
Mist wrapped, distant.....  
Unreachable to any handset

(translated from original Bengali by Arindam Ghosh)

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Man bovine**

Looking at his own back  
someday all of a sudden  
he discovers  
he has excreted dung not human shit.

Ahead lies a muddy pool  
a slice of the sky reflects there

And all around  
there are rice fields no more  
.....grass.....only grass

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Mercy

Just before the dawn moon dropped  
and earths age increased below the horizon  
by a day  
I became older by a day  
I opened my eyes to bid See You  
to my departing friend  
and again plunged into sleep vacuum  
It would be nice if this slumber of ours  
could take us to the endless sleep  
Such an idea sprang up in mind  
as soon as I woke up  
Then while palming my rough beard  
I noticed ~  
My careerist friend has left behind  
a five rupee note  
on the table by mistake

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Morale**

Therefore do deep sighs work  
Like mighty worms deep within our bloodstream  
Sorrowful mankind fascinated by their reign of terror  
Sit upon their bed at midnight. Weeping

To whom, when, why and how pathetically  
Raises one's face, within whose serene being  
Like a fragile glass awakes dissension  
Who knows, yet even if there is oppression

Why do sorrowful men view them as insignificant  
And believe, in truth someone's yearning works

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Mound of Fantasy**

A real genius entices her away  
I witness this mournful sight departing into evening-mail  
The lips smelling of gunpowder, night-matted hair  
Slightly indifferent like an Ad..  
Whispering her sensuality at dusk to the Sicilian blues  
Like an island  
The thrill sinks into joyous frenzy

The mound of fantasy christened passionate moonlight  
And shivering, I curl up in envy's raincoat

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Mr Berry Tree

I have been shaking one or two workaholics just as I would a berry tree. It is not absolute propensity placing the fallen globular berries in the mouth which a lesser besotted individual than me would comprehend. My intellect would be a high platform thoroughly cleansed. What is commonly known as transcendental vision, just so. Let me see. My goodness. on a gently flowing eventide Kulgachbabu is on a flighty trot. As though from a trampled beehive the tong tong intonations of bees is in constant pursuit. I experienced them too well. Even so, I call out, 'Hello Mr Berry Tree, Kulgachbabu....O Kul.....

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Mr. Berry Tree**

I have been shaking one or two workaholics just as I would a berry tree. It is not absolute propensity placing the fallen globular berries in the mouth which a lesser besotted individual than me would comprehend. My intellect would be a high platform thoroughly cleansed. What is commonly known as transcendental vision, just so. Let me see. My goodness, on a gently flowing eventide KULGACHBABU is on a flighty trot. As though from a trampled beehive the tong tong intonations of bees is in constant pursuit. I experienced them too well. Even so, I call out, 'Hello Mr. Berry Tree, KULGACHBABUGO, O KUL.....'

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Mundane Moments**

When vacuousness approaches, the rosy apples  
Continue to linger on sleepless saucer. The crunchy teeth  
Where passions glittered, rest a concrete silence  
Lustless hands hung loosely across the heart

When does nihility approach. Why does it come  
ruminating manay a loner eve rolls by  
The beard lengthens, nails, hair and unsociability  
Disrupting doorbell I lie down in vacuum  
Devoid of enlightenment

And once again I became aware of the friction of teeth  
And observe hands and cruel teeth  
Engrossed once again in munching apples

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **My Petty Greed**

People with petty greed ~ how much do they get  
Not all people have big-sized greeds  
We very ordinary  
bunch of people with petty greed  
Don't even have courage to feel big-sized greed

My petty greed has often been met  
by petty donors  
Twice or so I was saved  
by the God on my shelf  
After safe escape I gave a smirk

Indulged a bit in intellectual conceit Ah  
Escaped narrowly honour is saved  
Yet my petty greed was not quenched  
Even now I make rounds to petty donors  
Ah they too are small-time people  
They too live within limits  
How can they give their all  
Even if they give do I have the guts  
to pull all up to the roots.

Can people with petty greed get a full amount  
Very ordinary person I  
pulled by petty greed  
Ever go round and round  
Come back home take bath daily  
Light the lamp on my shelf  
God keep saving me  
Very ordinary person, me  
haven't even got the courage  
to feel big-sized greed.

---

amar chinchke lov  
tr: rajlukshmee debee

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **My Sunday**

And when the distant road glistens  
                                under the Sunday morning sun  
the happy couples come out hand-in-hand

From their shoulders hang  
                                flashy cameras, hot coffee in flasks

All merrily move towards  
Ranchi or Baghmundis

And the poor, rustic, foolish fellow that I am  
I never remember  
Today is Sunday, a holiday  
                                a day to enjoy and celebrate

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Naked Diary 6.1.2005**

Bathing enclosure at the well unfolds  
its ariel view in my dream.

From its within comes out a lathered hand  
and gives me the key to the mystic land.

I know her  
Only from a distance  
Only in dreams  
- In my self-abuse.

With the key in hand I cross the mystic fence  
And slowly, turn by turn  
remove the cobweb of lather around her.

I see her in totality  
In her utter brilliance  
In her entire wholeness  
- All pervading.

We bathe and bathe and  
get drenched to the core  
in sublime bliss.

And my dream paints pictures  
of that sublime bathing  
- On my inner wears  
- On my spotless bedsheet.

Ulanga Diary theke  
Tr: Kamalesh Bandopadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR



## **Night-table**

Whom do I bestow this chill, this full moon haunt  
Many images sparkle on night-table  
Mounting water course  
Within ugres are turning vivid  
Suspending my own  
Hanging  
Upside down

Fragments of self  
Revel in isolation now  
Every iota alone

Who wins this moony detour  
This bankrupt eve  
Who knows

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Noctuary**

She disappeared in this route, drawn off chill-mate, the seducer  
Expecting her with ablazed eyes  
The rustling eventide burnt away in an effort to make a fire  
As if a spark touched upon the mass matches  
Fear and wisdom of distressed celibrates are aflame  
They immersed me in ashy nothingness

Idiot me, the sexpert  
I surface again like a toy  
And in the scented path of Kamini  
I continue to sit humped, a solitary noctis

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Nordic Sadness**

Rain is unknown sadness  
it sighs  
and weeps  
and lashes the scrubbing women  
to sweep the felicitous sweat  
along with numerous aches.

On such days  
of incessant rain  
menfolk think of harvest  
and with rain washed eyes  
vision a bumper crop  
or family welfare and self interest.

Who taken special note of rain  
and its sadness unbound

days roll in our own cries  
and sorrows  
till it ends up once  
when grey hair stalks  
along the pattern of life.

Infact no man can do  
only the plants weep for rain  
as soil sobs in sympathy  
and wind carries its wailing  
the indepth melancholy..

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Nupitals**

Wherever lies scattered secretive bewilderment  
Whose musical notations are noiseless  
Such is my peregrination, this is how I fly  
The manner of a bird's flight similar to

I approach Thee  
Devoid of incantation  
Amidst the blue  
The nupitals of two rivers

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## O Man

Like the fireworks  
you wished some sulphurous explosions  
in your life;  
so, this solitary sadness,  
this guilt, this formless pain.

Like the imperialist cloud  
you desired to occupy the entire zenith  
in your youth;  
so, this begging bowl,  
this hatred, this indecency.

Like the God Himself,  
you wanted a powerful, shrewd opponent  
against you;  
so, this pervading bias,  
this disgrace, this bloody homage.

Like the fuel,  
you had a blazing hunger  
in your heart;  
so, this burning thirst,  
this nausea, this flesh-war.

You were more intense indeed  
than fireworks~cloud~God~and~fuel  
O upright man;  
so, you still exist  
in battles, in self esteem, in history.....

---

manush hey  
tr: kamalesh bandopadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **On this day of Gudi Padwa**

I could not recollect  
whether it was Gudi Padwa,  
the very auspicious day  
when Lord Rama of Ramayanas  
returned back to Ayodhya  
with flying colours  
Chasing great Ravana,  
the king of Lanka.  
And me reluctant of conflict & competitions  
preferred to land in lonesome Maratha.

I heard the newly weds are being  
invited on this day to dine with  
Marathi delicacies.  
No body invited single me  
to taste even Phulanpuris  
but I could very well recall  
I liked the floating lights of  
Telenkhedi Lake on this day.

I could not recollect  
Whether it was Gudi Padwa  
But it is almost 25 years or more  
I had been cherishing Gudi Padwa  
At Maratha since then...

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Our Excursions**

Our journeys tend to end up in light pleasures.  
Starting with femininities and towns and cities,  
    moing along the sculptures and fossils of museum,  
    our aimless excursions take us to dense forests.

There we meet with many a tree,  
    get entangled in bashful creepers,  
    thorny bushes pull us back..... and  
    in intense thirst the margosa seeds burst out.

Shedding off our romantic infatuation,  
    leaving the liquor joints behind,  
    we move towards the horizon  
    .....of total renunciation.

Our wrong excursions take us to light pleasures.

parjyatan  
tr: kamalesh bandopadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Our Journeys**

Our journeys tend to end up in specific pleasures  
Starting with feminality and suburbs  
Moving along the sculptures and fossils of museum  
Our aimless excursions take us to dense forests  
There we meet with many trees  
Get entangled in bashful creepers  
Thorny bushes pull us back  
And in intense thirst burst out the margosa seeds

Shedding off our romantic infatuation  
Leaving our liquor joint behind  
We move towards the horizon of total renunciation

Our wrong excursions take us to specific pleasures

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Our Papa**

Papa used to tell us how  
Time runs against time

Our stomach aching with hunger  
Could hardly listen to the novelties  
While eating hard bread of the doles  
We used to stare at him  
And papa used to carry on  
Memoirs of his dinner with Nehru

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Overcome in slowness

Slowly I overcome your exploits.  
Shun you  
befitting yourself. Your apathy  
and codes I come back countering.

#

And slowly you reduce to an importunist.  
Walk along music, feigning I unsee all that.  
By glow of fireflies unfolding on the face book  
I bite her lips. To her dark hair I  
Leave behind your éclat.

#

You flare up. I gain and regain my confidence  
it seems. I realize my alphabets  
in easy fillips can make you a queen  
and a beggar at the same time .....

#

I overcome in slowness. This way the overcoming  
Is poetry may be. A decade and four months  
go in gestation. Your chin no more look  
sharp, empty in glance, leering .....

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Paddy**

Someday, all of a sudden  
used to arrive, Sujoy  
the son of a small landlord  
- plain and simple, a bit dull.

Was a good friend of mine and  
to keep  
this friendship of unequals  
my mother used to borrow  
some biscuits and spicy grams  
from Giridhari's shop.

My elder sister used to cover up  
the huge pile of paper bags  
with torn sarees or whatever came handy.

And chewing the biscuits  
in front of the greedy eyes  
of my poor little siblings  
he would suddenly speak out ~  
'What is in that heap? Paddy? ?

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Pathetic**

Do not make sounds. Please shut your eyes  
If you can. Ask God to put off  
Illuminations for a while.  
It is a very distressing scene indeed.  
Supernatural, sacred and beautiful

In nightlong nihility  
A wise man all alone  
Weeping silently

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Perception**

Devoid of colours. The whole composition harnessed  
into two eyes, their divine grace

No magic. The multitudinous firmament enjoined  
only to crave hunger, it's fire

Call it Art or rather melancholy  
accepting the atom of life  
composing these greenery  
blue, blue perception, miserable narration

No other weapon exists, no self-conceit

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Remembrance

At times I remember that hotel room  
broken earthen pitcher, rattling fan  
alert lizards on the naked wall  
obstinate bed bugs,  
frivolous noise from the tap, adorous air  
gothic candlelight in darkness

At times I recollect  
the hill station's silent main road

At midnight, the tipsy car  
touched and fled past the rickshaw  
The policing vigil

At times I reminisce that room, that darkness  
light memories of going astray for one night  
my liquor bottle, silent roads, uncertain fear  
.....I remember at times

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Return**

I was imbued in thought, the ticket checker touched me  
On the expanse of a flying carpet shone green coloured sunbeams  
Oh! How completely was I submerged by dense forest  
Hanging very low were the inflorescence of the mango grove  
Bending over the harsh ground

And a distant enchantment  
slumberous lulled  
Ajanta in a strange silence

Descended therein I alone, all alone  
Returning like fragrance

For how long I do not remember  
Imbued in thought, the ticket checker had touched

---

fera  
tr: b sudipta

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Reversal**

No more do I return. A mere utterance indeed: I'll come again  
Initially in a subdued tone. Cautiously. As if my own visage  
Reflects on the mirror. A promise.

No more do I return. Times move on.  
Moments tick away. The day passes by. Night gives by.  
A year. A century is over.

Glasses disintegrate. Shattering sounds,  
Shattering sounds pervade.  
I'll come again. I'll come again

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Revolt**

Some afternoons turn nostalgic to him  
Sweating under his tiled-roof hut  
The last twenty one years of his life appears  
A long nightmare and a deep slumber

He rushes out of his hut  
and thinks of living differently.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Rice Boiler**

We sit around the simmering rice boiler  
Mother's worn out face knows no smile  
My little brother falls asleep  
mark of dried-up tears down his eyes  
On the small, portable hearth  
noisily simmers a handful of rice.

With hungry stare of a tiger  
we gaze with unwinking eyes  
The fragrance of boiling rice  
keeps us wide awake

Waiting and sitting around the rice boiler  
thus passes off my childhood

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Rooma

And after long many days,  
I met with Rooma, the girl ~  
maroon saree, deep blue cardigan, scarlet slippers.

In the late afternoon sun  
her face looked a pomegranate blossom,  
lingering crimson of evening sky  
reflected from her dense pool of wispy hair.  
I wished to touch the light dot mark  
at the junction of her eyebrow horizons  
~ after long many days.

I've travelled a thousand light years  
gazing at her face  
and wandered among many dream islands  
till the end of my blind cruise.

Yet as I hold that ultimate art form  
delicately in my plms.  
I feel a crying beggar within me,  
blinded as it I  
haven't yet seen the slightest of her  
limitless beauty, inconceivable artistry  
so unfathomable.....as it  
the ocean of her blue eyes  
has flooded my intellect away.

ruma  
tr: kamalesh bandopadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Songs**

Like a microcosm of a sapling  
May these songs sprout

Silent and low born yet  
A beckoning green.....green

Like a microcosm of sapling

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Startle**

So long as the tongue  
Was in place  
No holocaust was evident  
Tourism was a synonym  
of progress  
and not of unsung show

Who knows the ultimate  
Comprehends the startle --  
Once the fingers of the palm  
Spreads like the tongue  
Dawn comes  
Along your forefinger  
H a t r e d.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Stop Press

The purview was scandalous  
Was afraid, uneasy too.  
Coaxing even the absent  
A tricky cover was there, very shrewd...

whatever fantasy remained in both haunts,  
Telecode, in wretched worship,  
                  so bottomless has been the erotica  
                  the chat wanting harness  
                                  the cacophony  
I thought, why so much vigor did not pitch  
Like Marathi sunlight..

There was possibility,  
          A scope for expanse  
                  In growing solitude.

That it did not happen  
Has been our own philosophy  
          Riding up south or north poles sometime  
                  the boomerang appeared  
          The longest ice-age was hidden under mighty stones..

The purview was scandalous..

---

stop press  
translated by Barin Ghoshal

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Sunburst**

Seducing the wet grasses of the garden  
and caressing the very darkness  
the sun is preading slowly

Through the silent chin of marble statue  
sundrops are sweating

Running through the lawn of tiny rocks the desperate sun is ringing  
the door-bells of upstairs  
Get Up O dear Get up and see  
saying this throwing multicolored perfumed  
letters of cocktails over  
the smashed nighty and gloomy night dresses

Sun got no leisure  
the busy sun is jumping from the  
voracious sunset

Crossing the overbridge  
like a yellow reptile  
it is zigzagging on the village roads

Napping a bit on the clean floor  
proceeding over the coudunged walls  
in the seduction of togetherness

Crossing the informal gate easilyh  
the sun is entering into the huts  
on the humid floor and damaged walls  
waiving its brave hands  
presenting sunny toffee and biscuits  
in the hands of naked kids

Thus sun is spreading  
the revolter sun is thus scattering  
even in the deepest hidden place

See sun is thus blooming and  
in the bright sunlight  
the teeth of that farmer's wife are shining

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Talajuri

As if fairies  
Moonlight appeared from childhood in groups  
After twenty-five years  
The foreigner train was stationed in Indrabeel  
Within the sizzling dances of them  
As if love  
The cool breeze moved along the jungle-lily  
Laugh and color

The crops from the fields were kissing our feet  
And running over the edges of the field  
Like a village girl  
My mother uttered:  
'See, that is Shivtala, Candle flames  
On the temple, jungle of tal  
The wreath of fireflies  
There is Talajuri  
There is.....

Not moonlight but the lights  
From the pole star were  
Glittering on her face  
And her eyes were showered with  
Memoirs..pleasure...emotions.....

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Terra-Cotta**

So much  
I can feel.

Become aware that  
they are not doing well.

#

I can sense  
somebody spying.

#

I can smell  
hypocrisy of a friend.

#

So long simulations,  
lust, amour.

#

Fear and vanity  
I can sense.

#

So much  
I can feel.

#

I only know art's face.  
Love to see it establish .....

#

So much so I feel  
But nobody feels like it .....

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## The Green Language

In our far away domicile  
A spontaneous green language  
We adopt of this Maratha  
Taste also we find in our dish  
of Maratha  
A bina recital we hear of  
Vidharbian symphony

Only when have an occasional meet  
The excile ants come to face of each other  
They whisper, they sing  
A few exchange of hallow  
of their homely tune....

\*

kambhasha  
tr: Biswajit Majumdar

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## The long wait

Sitting in the vacant booth  
people will now start their usual gossips  
no more porcessions, no festoons  
no slogans, no flags, nocanvassings  
now people will only discuss the election results

Some will say ~  
Not the man but money has won there,  
There it was terror. There it was power,  
That party won there by such a trick  
~ some will say puffing the bidi.

And we shall wait, eagerly,  
till the end of time, until  
from the gathering  
a man will rise up to tell us ~  
Here has won a man  
who has no money, no power, no party  
who has no weapons other than love..

---

sabur  
tr: kamalesh banerjee

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **The Man Ahoy**

A firework sulfur incandescence you desired in your life  
That is why such solitary sadness, guilt-sense, the agony elegant

Like elaborate clouds you desired a skyful command in you youth  
That is why such donor qualms, distaste, this vacuuous charm

In rivalling you desired a crafty clever creature as God  
That is why this prejudice, shame, such blessed haemorrhage

In the core of heart you had a flaming carbon appetite  
That is why such thirsty combustionk, nausea, this organic grudge

Beyond firework-cloud-god-carbon remained more calibrated you  
towering, ahoy the man  
That is why you exist yet in challenge, glory and chronicle

---

Manush Hey  
tr: Arindam Ghosh

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **The Morning**

At one time  
the morning rays spill on the veranda  
of our small, sweet home.  
Little sparrows and vilage mynahs  
beat in exhileration.  
Just bathed  
my mother in her soaked saree  
plucks flowers for puja.  
Kamin Didi  
holding the sweeping broom  
moves towards the Kolkay tree.

At one time  
the sound of local womenfolk's  
rhythmic beating of rice-thresher stops.

Lying on my bed  
I see and sense all these  
just to fall asleep again....

After all, my entire life is  
nothing but a long dark night

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## The Puppet

Had all been over in a moment  
I would have said 'Damn it'.  
Had these abstractions been strewn  
Like poor verses around  
Still I would say 'Damn it'..

How can I, a suppliant you reduced me to.  
I offered my heart like an opened book,  
Wherein you pricked into words and notations  
And have cunningly read through  
My loose connotations..

My high head of a tiger is slowly stooping,  
My howls in humiliation turning out to be  
Soft prayer for alms.  
Breaking down in loneliness now, I, a bit graying

Inferno towering in my sould, sweating  
But you are growing prettier everyday  
While I am choking in sentiments  
You are jingling like pop songs on other side  
Everybody eyes me with pity these days  
But you could invent a bewitched lizard  
In the lonely room.

Day by day I am getting coward  
My own shadow seemed an assailant the other day  
But pretty you touching your prettier self in the mirror  
With laughter you are fixing my lovely face  
By your insane bridle.

I get up, sit or sleep as and when  
You wished, But waking up I felt  
Had the matter been over in a moment  
May be still I would say 'Let it be'....

---

kridonok  
translated by Barin Ghoshal

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## The Return

No more do I return. A mere utterance indeed: I'll come again  
Initially in a subdued tone. Cautiously. As if my own visage  
Reflects on the mirror. A promise

No more do I return. Times move on  
Moments tick away. The day passes by. Night gives by  
A year. A century is over

Glasses disintegrate. Shattering sounds  
S h a t t e r i n g s o u n d s p e r v a d e  
I'll come again. I'll come again

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Thermisdom**

Who burns whom  
Fire doesn't realize  
Only the dedicated flame  
Roasts every life

Who drives whom  
Fire doesn't care do how  
Only the voracity  
Eats up entire poker pole

---

aagun manisha  
tr: b sudipta

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Totan

Dear Toton, I still remember you.  
I reminisce those nagging rainy days of Damohanee.  
The pictures shot in obscure light  
still cling to my album,  
- a bit brownish though.  
From those pictures come alive  
the lazy afternoons, smell of frying wafers,  
game of Ludo, sound of incessant rain.

Since then a long time has passed.  
Water of Bhurbhuriya has time and again  
flooded the desolate fair ground of Ghagarburi  
(and wiped out all the signs of happy gathering)  
But see, I reminisce those days so vividly  
and I remember,  
like the resonating rains,  
how naughty and sweet you were!

Do you still remember me,  
How, how much? Dear Toton,  
I wish to know so keenly.

Totan

Tr: Kamalesh Bandopadhyay

(The extra line within brackets is my addtion. You may delet that.

~ Kamalesh Da)

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Triumph

Will go nowhere anymore  
Beneath any shadow, music or clouds  
In this harsh wintry night  
Scorching self in degrees  
Provide warmth to my consciousness and fingers

Ancient slaves,  
I 'ii deliver you from the flames

digbijai  
tr: sudipta bandopadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## Unsanctimonious Myths

Sanctity is not a mere blanket  
The moment it is wrapped around the body  
Will it fly away like a winter bird  
A body totally infested with leprosy

In order to achieve that  
After clambering infinite flights of stairs  
In offerings one has to accept  
Crystal clear deeds, Countless voyages  
Continuous perusals

The ignited charcoal of a worn-out earthen oven  
Like me tamprphosing maize  
Smouldering in suppressed continuous flame

From the powerful and mighty earth  
Unparalleled forgiveness and  
Infinite strength to instil fertility

Sanctity is not Lord Hari's sugary sweetmeat  
To be thrown away  
For the mythic ravens to be picking at  
Sinful sugar  
Wiring yourself leaving no remnants

In order to achieve that  
Wash it with your tears  
The fiery conflagration  
The amount of sacrifice  
The search for slothfulness  
Before a pot full of rice  
A totally weary afternoon  
Prostrated vacuousness  
To squander and scotch in its wake  
The frosted leaves of the Ashoka  
To read them one by one..

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Victim**

As if rolling down  
like a ball of w o o l.

From the ocean  
Emerging aggressive rhythms.

The sky has tilted full  
to spread nothingness.

The roughened stoneage is  
sliding down the slope, diverse mounts.

And me  
reckless  
as if rolling down  
like a ball of w o o l

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR



## **Wild**

In the dark and thrilling night  
Mahul aroma fills the air  
Love and fancy in your eyes  
Started singing rural songs  
Can not control roving hands  
Both are breathing deep and warm.

Waves and tides of excitement  
Rise in my blood, high and high  
Your beauty makes me drunk  
Dozen chhou drums beat aloud  
Within my heart, know not how  
To the tilting tune you sing.

Such a night and you-and-I  
On the bed of fallen leaves  
We shall spread as fiery fuel  
Devour the forest in lusty flames  
Full to brim in drunken love  
Reach the heavens, lying close.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

## **Wishful**

I am not that simple hearted, if I were  
The like the unostentatious collection beneath the hillock  
I would have aspired to be a handful of Kash

As if a blade of Putus nodding my shoulder  
I would like to carry the banner of peace left by you  
For the final time

I am not that simple hearted, if I were  
I would long for flighty blossoms, songs  
Within the slumber and rippling of Vidarbha

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR