

Poetry Series

**Rajat S Bhattacharya**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2015

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Rajat S Bhattacharya()

# As We Rush, As We Rush In The Plane

As we rush, as we rush in the plane  
to soar with a roar on to the sky,  
The trees, houses, rivers, oceans  
go zooming out backward by.  
And soon reach a lovely pristine domain  
where clouds float freely with artistic mien.

The jet engines desperately wheeze  
while struggling with all their might,  
To develop power with ATF in gallons  
the throttle sends as the pilot instructs,  
Aerodynamic lift makes the massive flying machine  
take off and get air borne  
with hundreds of passengers on board,  
Holding their breath in unknown tension.

Climbing steadily up the steep incline  
amid thinning air to attain the cruising alt,  
Soon it reaches the dream-like domain of clouds in the sky.  
Then engines and cabin passengers heave a sigh.

Commences then a phase of a monotonous drone  
as it flies high through the assigned air corridor.  
If you make yourself agreeable to it as simple a pleasure,  
Irritations decibel in no time disappear.

Views through the window present  
spectacle of earthly and heavenly sights  
in splendid canvas of live visual arts  
with grandeur ceaseless offering delight,  
Arousing joy overwhelming,  
unless spoiled by chatters in cattle class.

The sight below brings a presentation of green forests  
and fields, rivers and oceans, mountains and hills.  
While clouds make lovely panorama floating all around  
with a rhythm quite, not showing any haste or gust.

The light and shade they create with rays of the sun and moon,

Make the heavenly phenomena a feast of vision.  
Horizon sun sometimes peeps through the windows  
projecting a play of light and shadow.

Night views are no doubt visually impressive ever,  
As the moon shines and stars twinkle above,  
Though views of urban civilization down below,  
Illuminated in artificial light, appear lackluster.

What goes up must come down,  
Pilot prepares for a scheduled touch down,  
Switches the engines to low-power mode,  
Relieving the eardrums from engine sound.  
Announcing the approach of destination port  
The aircraft starts its descent through guided route.  
People relaxing after a sumptuous meal  
automatically alert their motor nerves for impending chore.

Aircraft lands on the runway as ATC and ILS direct,  
tearing through flocking clouds in their incredible realm.  
Before the moment of landing the engines spring alive  
as they struggle to steer the plane touch the runway  
and stop it using retro breaking and the spoilers.

We shall fly again and again without an iota of fear,  
More is the pleasure with longer and faster flights,  
For we fly through the cloudy and misty beauts,  
While our field of view records how the Earth slips below us.

Rajat S Bhattacharya

# Bengali Folk Song In Polyglot (1)

????? ??? - - Bengali Original

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Esperanto

- - - - -

Bonvena kanto

(alvokado al Diino Durga veni al siaj gepatraj domo)

Kiel estis la vivo en la domo de Siva?

Rakontu min, ho, kara Uma, tute neformale.

Homoj diras onidironj suficege, tioj timigas min al morto.

'Aplikante kremacian cindron sur sia korpo,

'Mia bofilo dancas en amuzo kaj fantazio,

'Mia Uma ankau smiras cindrojn sur ora korpo

kaj petolas kun sia mistika edzo! '

Kiel patrino povas esti indiferenta?

Se vere bofilo petadas almozon?

Kiam li venus kunpreni sin ci-tempon,

Mi mensogus pri sia apudesto en mia domo.

Tradukisto: RS Bhattacharyya

English

- - - - -

Welcome Song

(On Invoking Goddess Durga for sojourn to her parents')

How was the life in the house of Shiva?

Narrate it, Oh my dear Uma, in way informal.

People tell hearsay galore scaring me to death all the more.

'Applying cremation ash all over his body,  
'My son-in-law reportedly dances in fun and fancy.  
'My Uma too smears cinders on golden body  
and frolics with her mystic hubby'!  
How can a mother be aloof some  
If really son-in-law begs for alms?  
When he would come to take her back this time,  
I would belie on her presence in the house of mine.  
Translation: RS Bhattachayya

Rajat S Bhattacharya



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Rajat S Bhattacharya



# Poem Of Heinrich Heine In Polyglot (1)

German (original)

- - -

Du bist wie eine Blume  
-Heinrich Heine  
Du bist wie eine Blume,  
So hold und schön und rein;  
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut  
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.  
Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände  
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',  
Betend, daß Gott dich erhalte  
So rein und schön und hold.

English

- - - -

You are like a flower,  
So lovely, beautiful and pure,  
I look at you and melancholy  
Creeps into my heart.  
I feel, as if I should lay my hands on your head,  
Praying God to keep you  
So pure, beautiful and charming.  
Translation: RS Bhattacharya

Russian

- - - -

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Rajat S Bhattacharya

# Poem Of Jibanananda Das In Polyglot (1)

English

- - - -

A bizarre darkness- Jibanananda Dash

A bizarre darkness has fallen on this Earth today,  
Those who are blind can see most;  
There are those with no love, no delight,  
No stir of compassion in their heart,  
The world is crippled without their good advice.  
There are those who have deep faith on people even today,  
To whom still great truth, ethos, art and perseverance  
Are regarded instinctive,  
Their hearts are food for vultures and jackals these days.

Translation - Rajat Subhra Bhattacharya

Russian

- - - -

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Esperanto

- - - - -

Bizara mallumo - Gibonanondo Das

Bizara mallumo estas falinta sur ci tiu Tero hodiau.  
Tiuj, kiuj estas blindaj povas vidi plej;  
Estas tiuj, kiuj havas ne amo, ne goj, ne instigo  
de kompato en ilia koro,  
La mondo estas kripla sen ilia bona konsilo.  
Estas tiuj, kiuj havas profundan fidon sur homoj ec hodiau,  
Al kiuj ankoraŭ granda vero, etoso,  
arto kaj persisto estas konsiderita instinkta,  
Iliaj koroj estas mangajo por vulturoj kaj sakaloj nuntempe.

Tradukado: Rogot Subhro Bhattacharua

German

- - -

Eine bizarre Finsternis - Sibonänanda Däsch

Eine bizarre Finsternis hat  
auf der Erde hereingebrochen heute.  
Diejenigen wer blind sind, können die meisten sehen.  
Wer haben keine Liebe, keine Freude,  
keine Unruhe des Mitleid in ihren Herzen.  
Die Welt ist gelähmt ohne ihren guten Rat.  
Diejenigen, haben die tiefen Glauben an  
die Menschen noch heute,  
Wem noch betrachten große Wahrheit, Ethik, Kunst  
und Ausdauer als instinktive.  
Ihre Herzen sind Nahrung für Geier  
und Schakale in diesen Tagen.

Übersetzung: Rajat Subhra Bhattacharya

Sanskrit

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Hindi

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Bengali (Original)

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# Poem Of Mother Teresa In Polyglot (1)

Anyway -Mother Teresa

People are often unreasonable,  
Illogical and self-centred;  
Forgive them anyway.  
If you are kind, people accuse of you of selfish,  
Inferior motives;  
Be kind anyway.  
If you are successful,  
you will win some false friends and true enemies;  
Succeed anyway.  
If you are honest and frank,  
People may cheat you;  
Be honest and frank anyway.  
What you spend years building,  
Someone could destroy overnight;  
Build anyway.  
The good you do today,  
People will often forget tomorrow;  
Do good anyway.  
Give the world the best you have,  
And it may never be enough;  
Give the world the best you've got anyway.  
In the final analysis, it is between you and God;  
It was never between you and them anyway.

Russian

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German

- - -

Sowieso -Mutter Teresa

Leute sind oft unvernünftig, unlogisch und egozentrisch;  
Vergib ihnen trotzdem.

Wenn Sie sind gutherzig,

Die Leute werden beschuldigen dich von egoistischen

Übergedanken.

Seien Sie gutherzig sowieso.

Wenn Sie erfolgreich sind,

Sie gewinnen ein paar falsche Freunde

Und echte Feinde;

Gelingt sowieso.

Wenn Sie sind ehrlich und freimütig,

Menschen können zu betrügen euch;

Seien Sie ehrlich und offen sowieso.

Was Sie verbringen Jahrelang bauen,

jemand konnte zu zerstören es über Nacht;

Bauen sowieso.

Die gute Sie heute tun,

Menschen werden oft vergessen, morgen;

Gutes tun jedenfalls.

Gib der Welt das Beste was Sie haben,

Und es kann nie genug sein;

Gib der Welt das Beste, was Sie sowieso haben.

In der endgültig Analyse ist es zwischen Ihnen und Gott;

Es war nie zwischen euch und ihnen trotzdem.

Übersetzung: Rajat Subhra Bhattacharya

Esperanto

- - - - -

Ciuokaze - Patrino Teresa

Homoj estas ofte malracia, mallogika kaj egocentra;

Pardonu ili iel.

Se vi estas bonkora, homoj akuzas vin de igoisma, kasita motivo;

Estu bonkora iel.

Se vi estas sukcesa, vi akiros iuj falsaj amikoj kaj veraj malamikoj;

Sukcesu ciuokaze.

Se vi estas honesta kaj aperta, homoj povas trompi vin;

Estu honestulo kaj franko ciuokaze.

Kion vi pasigis jarojn konstrui,

iu povus ruinigi gin tranokte;

Konstru ciuokaze.

La bona vi far hodiau, homoj ofte forgesos morgau;

Faru bona ciuokaze.

Donu la mondo la plej bona vi havas, kaj gi eble neniam estos sufica;

Donu la mondo la plej bona vi akiris ciuokaze.

En la fina analizo, estas inter vi kaj Dio;

Gi neniam estis inter vi kaj ili ciuokaze.

Tradukisto: Rogot Subhro Bhattacharua

Sanskrit

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Hindi

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Rajat S Bhattacharya

# Poem Of Nirendra Nath Chakraborty In Plolyglot (1)

Bengali (original)

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English

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The Naked King - Nirendra Nath Chakraborty

Everyone is noticing that the King is naked, even then  
One and all are clapping.

Everybody is shouting: bravo, excellent!  
Of them some are prejudiced, some fearful;  
Some have mortgaged their intellect to some other else;  
Some are parasites,  
Some favour-seeker, expectant, deceiver;  
Some think that the royal dress is too fine to be seen,  
nevertheless, it must be there,  
At least its existence is not something absurd.

The narrative is widely known.  
But in that story there existed not only the  
sycophants who were timid from head to foot, or  
Opportunists or stupid fawners.  
There was a child as well.  
A truthful, simple, brave, child.

The King of the story has descended on the  
open street of reality.  
Again repeated clapping is filling the air;  
Street is teeming with the flatterers.  
But I do not see that child in the crowd.

Where the child has disappeared?  
Has someone concealed him in a secret cave in the mountain?  
Or else, he might have been playing with stone-grass-soil  
and has just fallen asleep in a far away desolate riverbank or  
In the shadow of a tree in the distant meadow.  
Go, trace him any how and bring him here.  
Let him once stand fearlessly in front of this naked king,  
Let him ask, raising his voice above the clapping din:  
Oh King, where are your clothes?

Translation: Rajat Subhra Bhattacharya

Russian

- - - - -

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# Poem Of Rabindranath Tagore In Polyglot (1)

Bengali (Original)

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Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads!  
Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of  
a temple with doors all shut?  
Open thine and see thy God is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground  
and where the pathmaker is breaking stones.  
He is with them in sun and in shower,  
and his garments are covered with dust.  
Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come  
down on the dusty soil!

Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found?  
Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him  
the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of the meditations and leave aside  
thy flowers and incense!

What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained?  
Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

Translation: Rabindranath Tagore

German

- - -

Lasse alle das Gesänge, betend, Buße, Meditation,  
Warum haben du dich in einem Tempel  
bei geschlossener Tür beschränkt?  
Wen wollen du verehren heimlich  
in der Einsamkeit verborgen?  
Offe euer Augen und schaue mich um,  
nur um festzustellen, dass Gott nicht da ist.  
Er hat dort gegangen,  
wo die Deichsel ist pflügend das Feld  
und wo Straßearbeiter ist bricht Steine;  
Schonungslos arbeitet das ganze Jahr hindurch.  
Er ist dort mit allen von ihnen in der Sonne oder regen,  
Staub hat seine Hände verschmiert.  
Wie ihn, komm herab auf die staubige Welt,  
lassend die heilig Kleidung.  
Befreiung? Wo findest du es? Wo gibt es?  
Herr selbst ist in einer starken  
Fesseln mit all seiner Schaffungen.

Lasse du hinter all diesen Meditationen,  
lasse das Sortiment von Blumen,  
Du stört nicht über Ihre zerfetzten  
Kleidern befleckt mit Schmutz,  
Begleite ihn in Aktion für werktätigen mit  
Schweiß von eurer Stirn.

Übersetzung: Rajat Subhra Bhattacharya

Esperanto

- - - - -

Polva Templo –Robindro Nath Tagor

Forlasu ciuj skandantaj, adoradon, pentofaron,  
Kial vi internigita mem en templo kun pordo fermita?







# Poem Of Rabindranath Tagore In Polyglot (2)

English

- - - -

Oh God graceful!  
You came here at the crack of dawn,  
Holding a heavenly grandiflora with  
a glow of morning sun, in your hand.  
The city was still in slumber,  
The street wore a desolate look,  
You moved past riding your golden chariot, alone-  
Pausing once, you glanced into my window  
with your compassionate eyes in a blink.

What a fragrance filled my dream,  
Darkness of my room thrilled with what a joy,  
My silent, dusty Veena came alive to play notes  
With what a stroke that was not struck.

Willed many times to get up,  
And leave indolence behind to hastily get to the street.  
When ultimately got up I, you had disappeared,  
Alas, a chance to see you, probably, fell through for ever.

Translation: RS Bhattacharya

Hindi

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# Poem Of Rabindranath Tagore In Polyglot (3)

Bengali (Original)

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English

When life was like a flower  
It had hundreds of petals.  
In the spring, when it would turn a donor  
And loose few leaves,  
Still so many used to remain with it.  
As it is bearing fruit today,  
It has nothing more to offer.  
Time comes now in autumn,  
When it will offer itself completely,  
So it is bent with the burden of sap.  
-RabindraNath Tagore  
-Translation: RS Bhattacharyya

Russian

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German

Wann das Leben wie eine Blume war  
Es hatte Hunderte von Blütenblättern.  
Im Frühjahr, wenn es einen Spender drehen würde  
Es würde einige Blätter fallen,  
Noch immer waren es so viele lassen.  
Wie, es heute Früchte trägt,  
Es hat nichts mehr zu bieten.  
Die Zeit kommt jetzt im Herbst,  
Wann es würde sich vollständig anbietet,  
So ist es mit der Last von Saft gebogen.  
-Übersetzung: Rajat Subhra Bhattacharya

Esperanto

Kiam vivo estis kiel floro,  
Gi havis centojn da petalo.  
En la printempo, kiam igus donacanto  
Kaj malfiksas kelkajn foliojn,  
Ankorau tiel multaj kutimis resti kun gi.  
Kiel gi estas fruktodona hodiau,  
Gi havas nenion pli por proponi.  
Tempo venas nun en autuno,  
Kiam gi proponus si tute,  
Tial estas kurbigita per la sargo de suko.  
-Tradukisto: Rogot Subhro Bhattacharua

Rajat S Bhattacharya

# Poem Of Rabindranath Tagore In Polyglot (4)

Bengali (Original)

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English

- - - -

Although he came and sat down beside me,  
    But I did not wake up.  
What a deep sleep overpowered you, O hapless soul!  
He came in a silent night, with the Veena in hand,  
And departed after playing a subtle melody in my dream.  
On waking, I find the darkness filled with His overwhelming,  
    heavenly aroma carried by southern breeze.  
Why my nights pass in a way that makes  
    Him so close yet so far?  
Why did I not feel even the touch of His garland on my bosom?

Translation: RS Bhattacharya

Esperanto

- - - - -

Kvankam Li venis kaj sidigis apud min, sed mi ne vekis.  
Kio profunda dormo superfortita vin, ho malfelica persono!  
Li venis en silenta nokto, kun la Venna en mano,  
Kaj foriris post ludanta subtila melodio en mia songo.  
Sur veki, mi trovas la tenebro plenigis kun Lian superfortan,  
    cielan aromo portata de suda venteto.  
Kial mia noktoj pasas en maniero, kiu faras  
    Lin tiel proksima ankoraŭ gis nun?  
Kial mi ne sentis ec la tuson de Lia girlando sur mian bruston?

Tradukisto: RS Bhattacharya

Rajat S Bhattacharya

# Poem Of Rabindranath Tagore In Polyglot (5)

Bengali Original

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-Rabindranath Tagore

English Version

- - - - -

Song of my life has abandoned all its embellishments,  
Kept not self-conceit adornment any more for vanity.  
Coming in between,  
ornaments only impede an emotional connect with you  
and drown out your voice with their loud jingles.  
The pride of the poet in me has no significance to you,  
O Master Poet, I only want to sit at your feet.  
If I can shape my life as simple as a flute,  
Let it play music with all your notes.

Translation: RS Bhattacharyya

Esperanto Version

- - - - -

Kanto de mia vivo estas forlasinta ciujn siajn ornamojn,  
Gardis plu ne arogantajn ornamojn por vanteco.  
Enirantaj inter nin, ornamoj putrigas nian union  
kaj dronigas vian vocon kun siaj lautaj tintoj.  
La fiero de la poeto en mi havas neniun signifon al vi,  
Ho Majstro poeto, mi nur volas sidi ce viaj piedoj.  
Se mi sukcesas doni formon mian vivon kiel simpla fluto,

Lasu gin ludi vian muzikon kun ciuj viaj notoj.

Tradukisto: Ragat Subhra Bhattacharja

Rajat S Bhattacharya

# Poem Of Rabindranath Tagore In Polyglot (6)

Bengali Original

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-RabindraNath Tagore

English

- - - - -

Stream of joy is flowing in the universe,  
So much ambrosia overflows unceasingly in endless sky.  
The sun and the moon drink that to heart's content,  
Making them embodiment of eternal glow  
Shining on earthly life for ever.  
Why idling away life brooding,  
Absorbed in self-centred thoughts?  
Look around with broaden heart,  
Ignoring all the insignificant pain of mind,  
And fill up the void in your life with love.

-Translation: RS Bhattacharya

Esperanto

- - - - -

Fluo de gojo estas fluanta en la universo,  
Multa ambrozio superfluas sencese en infinita Cielo.  
La suno kaj la luno trinkas tiu al kora enhavo,  
Fari ilin enkorpigo de eterna ardo  
Hela sur surtera vivo por ciam.  
Kial vi sidas vane, meditanta,  
    absorbata en egoismaj pensoj?

Cirkaurigardu kun plilargiginta koro  
Ignorante ciujn sensignifajn doloron de menso,  
Kaj plenigu la malplenon en via vivo kun amo.

- -Tradukisto: R S Bhattacharja

Rajat S Bhattacharya

# Truck Driver

Nagging monotonous noise  
replaces the tranquility of the night  
As the driver drives his heavy vehicle  
along the highways crisscrossing  
the expanse countrywide.  
The noise carries the tell-tale story of the  
friction between tyres and asphalt every night,  
And, of course, the sad saga of the person  
behind the wheel sitting tight,  
Steering the vehicle with a pace,  
despite a tired body and sleepy senses.  
As he has the duty to reach the address without lapse.  
For his hungry stomach, who cares?

He had to sell his nights in cheap deals,  
to feed his dependents' hungry mouths with meals,  
Spends precious time of his life away from home,  
Sacrificing much of its delicious flavour and volition, alas!  
Society cares least for his struggle day and night  
As it lacks earnestness and has no time  
to spare for those like him toiling for us outright.

High way drive is fraught with hazards galore,  
He knows not or cares not to know  
what lies ahead, however imminent,  
But braves to live a life not scared with paranoia.  
As he has a family to support back home anyhow.

Wee hour of the day, much before sunrise,  
He drives his vehicle into a road side eatery,  
That remains wide-awake,  
doing brisk business when everything else is fast asleep,  
As if their biological clock runs  
ten hours fast or slow at least, always.

Laying his tired body on a charpai, infested with bedbugs,  
He awaits the special, long Dhaba tea he has ordered.  
Does he ponder for his near and dear  
at far away village or slum



And imagine how doing they are?  
Or his tired mind in a tired body just fails to do the exercise,  
Or he has learnt how futile it is to think about them,  
When there is nothing but to drive  
Stretching all his might in right earnest, damn.  
Someday his near and dear ones appear in his mind's eye  
and then he remembers  
how eagerly they are awaiting his sojourn back home for long time.

He tolerates the extortion by many at regular intervals,  
As he has to take his vehicle to the address assigned,  
He knows, pretty sure that any resistance  
to such ritual is useless and dangerous,  
As he is only a defenseless driver alone in a scary environs.  
Much more dangerous is the utterly undisciplined traffic  
that swarms the highway,  
Any mishap finds no bystanders  
to drop tears for the plight of the hapless driver.  
He gets booked any time by the law enforcers  
for happenings on the road -  
Even for the incidents happening not at his fault always  
as he is the softest target on the road,  
He lives in a society where the adage 'live and let others live'  
is not considered to be a normal mode.

After a cheap refreshment and a break,  
Again he sits behind the wheel,  
Driving his vehicle laps after laps  
sprinkling his sleepy eyes with water time and again,  
Till he reaches his destination  
And gets a small time to rest  
before starting all over again for his trip next.  
Cycle goes on and on.  
Who cares?  
Tyres perhaps only sympathize with his grim life  
with monotonous moan.

Rajat S Bhattacharya