

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.

RUDRA KINSHUK

# 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...

RUDRA KINSHUK

# 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

RUDRA KINSHUK

# Apparition

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

RUDRA KINSHUK

# 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...

RUDRA KINSHUK

# 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.

RUDRA KINSHUK

# 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...

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# 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 too 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

RUDRA KINSHUK

# 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 your 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 blunnecked 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

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For Jayanta Mahapatra and Bibhu Padhi,  
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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...

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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?

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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 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

125478633.

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

C 1998 Rudra Kinshuk  
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 Mahaprasthan  
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

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 trees  
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 Mahaprasthan  
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 day'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?

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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. , .MBVC  
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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 Abhedha, 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 of a great extent. Signs of such future becoming are to be traced in different aspects of life-business, polity, production. Poetry intends to capture of 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 thoughts come to him, this body paralysed? Who has sent these torn jerseys, half pit left photos died garland, and whom these exercises 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 looking for lost utensils or to wake up to the next bank? None knows. At least not I. Wax and paper will 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 Guesh 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 Gueshbabu'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 white will I think that some  
body 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 tjhat 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 disurbances of bears and tigers.  
No chanse 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 mewling 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 inspector'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

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