

Classic Poetry Series

Vinda Karandikar
- poems -

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Vinda Karandikar(23 August 1918 – 14 March 2010)

Govind Vinayak Karandikar (Marathi: ?????? ?????? ???????), better known as Vinda Karandikar (Marathi: ?????? ???????), was a well-known Marathi poet and writer. He was also an essayist, literary critic, and a translator.

He was conferred with 39th Jnanpith Award in 2003, which is the highest literary award in India. He also received some other awards for his literary work including Keshavasut Prize, Soviet Land Nehru Literary Award, Kabir Samman, and the Sahitya Akademi Fellowship in 1996.

Life and Works

Karandikar was born on August 23, 1918, at Dhalavali village in the Devgad taluka present-day Sindhudurg district of Maharashtra.

Karandikar's poetic works include Svedganga (River of Sweat) (1949), Mrudgandha (1954), Dhruvad (1959), Jatak (1968), and Virupika (1980). Two anthologies of his selected poems, Sanhita (1975) and Adimaya (1990) were also published. His poetic works for children include Ranicha Bag (1961), Sashyache Kan (1963), and Pari Ga Pari (1965).

Experimentation has been a feature of Karandikar's Marathi poems. He also translated his own poems in English, which were published as "Vinda Poems" (1975). He also modernized old Marathi literature like Dnyaneshwari and Amrutanubhawa.

Besides having been a prominent Marathi poet, Karandikar has contributed to Marathi literature as an essayist, a critic, and a translator. He translated Poetics of Aristotle and King Lear of Shakespeare in Marathi.

Karandikar's collections of short essays include Sparshaachi Palvi (1958) and Akashacha Arth (1965). Parampara ani Navata (1967), is a collection of his analytical reviews.

Karandikar was the only third Marathi writer to have won Dnyanpeeth award In 14 Jan 2006 Marathi poet maestro called Ashtadarshan (poetry), after Vishnu Sakharam Khandekar (1974) and Vishnū Vaman Shirwadkar (Kusumagraj) (1987).

Vinda Karandikar died on 14 March 2010 at the age of 91 in Mumbai.

The Wheel

Someone is about to come but doesn't. Is about
to turn on the stairs but doesn't.

I button my shirt

come from the laundry with all its dazzling blots,
like one's peculiar fate.

I shut the door, sit quietly.

The fan begins to whirl

and turn the air into a whirlpool of fire,
making a noise bigger than the house.

Someone is about to come and doesn't.

It doesn't matter.

Calmly I lean against the wall,

become a wall.

A wounded bird on my shoulder laughs raucously,
laughs at the shoulder it perches on!

My soul of flesh and blood puts a long thread in the needle's eye.

I stitch a patch on my son's umbrella.

I pick his nose and name the pickings:

I call one 'Elephant' and another 'Lion.'

Someone is about to come and doesn't. Is about
to turn on the stairs and doesn't.

I tickle my children,

they tickle me in turn; I laugh,
with a will; for I do not feel tickled.

It doesn't matter.

I scan their fingers for signs:

Nine conches and one wheel.

Vinda Karandikar