

Being of You

(Long Poem)

Indira Prasai

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Publisher

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Publisher's Note

Nai Prakashan was established in the year 1996 AD with the aim of enriching Nepali language and literature. Our source of inspiration has been the devoted senior fraternity of Nepali language and literature. It is indeed a matter of satisfaction for Nai to honor litterateurs involved in the service of making Nepali language and literature prosper. Nai Prakashan, an established name in the field of Nepali language, literature, art and culture, has been simultaneously engaged in publishing books and uplifting cultural activities. Born out of passion and dedication for language and literature, Nai is a common platform for all the litterateurs. Nai is determined to continue its journey, upholding the principles, norms and values of our glorious culture.

After all, any noble service does have its significance in the grand process of nation building. We'd like to give a beautiful presentation to any Nepali work of art in the best way we can. In fact, the consciousness of creators keeps the nation living and moving forward. We must find out what we can give to our motherland who gave us life. As for Nai Prakashan, it's dedicated in the service of the nation through language and literature. 'Being of You', a long poem has been prepared and published in line with the objectives and programs of Nai Prakashan.

Mohan Sitaula is a learned scholar of Nepali and English languages. He has translated Indira Prasai's long poem titled 'Timi Hunu Ko' (Being of You) from Nepali into English language.

Indira Prasai has been actively contributing in the field of novels, essays, critics, short stories and poetry. Her poems reflect life, world, nature and love. 'Being of You' deals with a woman's search for perfect companionship. The pain, anguish and joy of a woman in love is expressed in the simplest form in 'Being of You'.

Nai Prakashan thanks Anu Raj Joshi for editing this book.

• **Nai Prakashan**

Indira in Her Being of You

Mohan Sitaula

Women writers in the world arena from the very ancient time have contributed quite a lot for the development of intellectual culture covering every aspect of its totality. We have examples from the history of the east and the west. The creative culture of mankind has certainly quite a lot to do with the development and changes of epoch at the hands of women writers. They have been the forerunners of changes and precursors of new eras. The wars, epidemics, natural calamities, love and sex have been the major factors for such changes when the women have recognized, addressed and introduced the 'new literacy' of a new epoch in their creative writings. More or less no countries can be an exception. There is a very long list of such women torches. And we say from the common platform that a change has taken place. But in such a process of change and realization, many writers, not all, have paid the brunt of price, in many ways and forms, for emancipating a suffocated age or for that matter giving it a new diction to the same mouth and voice.

Among such creative women writers, independence loving poets like Ava (1060- 1127 AD), the 'first named female writer in all literary genres in German language'; Christiana Regina Von Birchenbaun, the first Finnish female poet (now Swedish - Finnish poet); Hungarian poet Minka Czobel; Polish Poet Maria Knonornicka; Bulgarian poet Elisaveta Bagryana; Servian poet Desonka Maksimovie; American poet of modern Symbolist verses, Emily Dickinson; Slovene existentialist and lyrical poet, Lily Novey; Japanese feminist poet of passionate love poems 'Tanka', Tamura Tosiko, and Miyamoto Yourika who wrote about breaking the stifling marriage for independence; and African writer Kate Chopin; very artistically explore the sexual sentiment of human especially that of womankind. Mexican poet Eliva Ardalani writes for freedom and women cause; and Nana Asma'u, a Fulani pioneer poet, for women education in the Sokato Caliphate. There are many Australian, New Zealander, Norwegian, African and South American women creative writers, and such writers in the Middle East and China, to recast the human time and space and push it further with a different turning and shape. An African writer, Elizabeth Bishop gives stress on 'art is art' not so much as male or female writer as such.

But in Nepal, after the revolution of 1950 AD, no serious persecution has taken place against the women writers in general. The women too have been enjoying the freedom to some extent. But again, the traditional conservatism inside the curtain and outside in the society have been the greatest hurdle for the development of women in our society. Hence, there are the Nepalese women writers to give a challenge through their writings to change the orthodoxy of the Nepalese patriarchal society. In India too, there are many like Amrita Pritam, Mahadevi Verma, Mahasweta Devi, Arundhati Roy and so on.

Lalit Tripura Sundari, Ambalika Devi, Kundan Sharma, Prem Rajeswari, Goma, Parijat, Dr. Banira Giri, Maya Thakuri, Bhagirathi Shrestha, Padmawati Singh and many more come in our list. There are many Nepali women writers in Darjeeling, Sikkim and Assam of India and other advanced countries of the world. They have warned and challenged, criticized and proposed a new women status in the Nepalese society as well as in the world through their various types of thoughts, sentiments, literary species and techniques.

Now Indira Prasai comes to the fore front. A successful writer of many novels, short stories and poems, she bears a uniqueness and resemblance in her coinage from the preceding, senior and contemporary women writers in general and the Nepalese ones in particular. Her poems in the present text are of the sort. She speaks out her sentiment in a peculiar way, about variety of subjects with new and beautiful imagery mostly in metaphor:

**Carrying a snake in the belly
Red hue in the cheek
And love's hypocrites
Caressed by own... (1)**

The poet is in a dilemma of love whether to go with the sentiment or with social norms:

**Sometimes I wept for faith
sometimes for faithlessness... (7)**

In such a society, a lover is really in such a 'mental heat, tear and sand'. But there is faith in the expression, true is the sentiment and real the situation.

The following has something of a social concern. In Nepal, at times, a broken and frustrated individual is like the following:

**In these days, I
by hard means
live everywhere
born and die... (16)**

Poet Indira has an imaginative addressee. She seems to be the lover of her poet. But there is aggression:

**I am making love with a monster
...having erected my existence
you are showing a magic
...I have no bombs, yet
not defeated, either... (23)**

Next:

**There is a mountain upon me
he embraces me**

WITH HIS EXISTENCE

...and I have gone passionless... (27)

In the following lines the expressions are essentially unique, concrete and meaningfully vivid:

**In the inner side
of a disordered room of my mind
...polluted... Bagmati and Bisnumati... (36)**

Such is the state of affairs of the people's mind due to the environment.

The actual reality of universal sexual desire is expressed through the following concrete and colloquial diction, many of which are elevated and recast as a creative imagery:

**Though frequently
you have befooled me
I see a naked shape of a Digamber in you
Everytime, why do
I expect from you?
... by your shape of the Lord Krishna!... (43)**

Again the social scenes:

**Like a disordered program
all mismanaged
my heart these days-
is all disturbed, unsettled
it is overwhelmed by the crowds of atrocities
like a city without traffic management... (47)**

In the given situation 'my heart' or the inner mind is explained by means of three social / physical or outer familiar images.

The traditional way of life has not been good any more. A change is wanted. A strong search and change for freedom or independence is expressed below:

**... these streets ...(51)
are...
in revolt against the feet
Okay
I do not need any street...
I do not need anything
only give me my own world
let me live !**

The dissatisfaction goes also like the following:

**The God of temple of my mind... lost (58)
... I am spilling my eyesight
... carrying an empty mind
in the bazaar of hue and cry
I am standing silently
... in the false belief of being you
I am digesting the era**

The expression gives an impression of something unique and there is a touch of post - modernist style in the use of the imagery and in the feeling as well as import of the message.

**The terrorized scenes of the past...
is agonizing me...
though mixed-up with you
...due to the disappearance of the sun of faith
the love, preserved in the dark corner
has now decayed
Like an artlessness of a coarse film**

where curiosity is hooded an over
Oh! How I wish
to give rest to my life!(61)

A kind of depression is in the expression.

The depression goes further to say:

Now, having made a Sarangi to my mind (62)
... I will attach my love with the musical notes
instead of you
Now I have wounds....
all your pretentious love for me
turned out to be salt and chilly
Uh! What a fool have I become
to think of the bark of love
as a fresh content of true love!

Thus, this anthology of poems is a mixture of various sentiments like desires, love, hope, and frustration. But they are woven with the fabrics of personal as well as social experiences and feelings. They are presented in a peculiar use of imagery and technique. The dramatic use of monologue makes the time and space very much lively. There are sexual, social and environmental concerns in the expressions and flow. The lyrical element makes the poems sweet. In short, the poems, collected here, are the reflection of the personal as well as social minds of the present or modern individuals specially of developing or changing societies.

In this way the poems in this collection are globally comparable.

Being of You

1

Carrying a snake in the belly
Red hue in the cheek
And love's hypocrites
Caressed by own
Sometimes
I awake
Get afraid of
feeling the snake
No, I don't weep
No, crying either
And laugh?
How am I laughing!

You are
Like an odd pretentious absurdity
Like a border-line of being and not-being!

2

What to do by plucking
the flowers of co-incidences
everywhere senseless

fragrance of nectar
I am looking for
the reality of becoming own by oneself!

While believing you
who covered me with a blanket veil of lie
inside the glittering cover of love
you came like a marriage-procession of a whirlpool

Now the cunning intrigues of a Shakuni
has already vomited the venom
these days I myself to myself
have become a butcher.

3

The late evening went by
only the night is due now

In the net of avarice, I
am drifting restlessly
everywhere the wasps
are trying to embrace.

In the exchange of love I found
only the dim light of it
I am flowing downwards
in the current of muteness
I am flowing downwards

Now-a-days within myself
I am planting only the cactus
it will also blossom
I ought to wait.

Perhaps, the thorn will be in your share

4

In the sky
the sun and the moon as the lord Krishna
and the stars
are playing hide and seek
in tune with the Gopinees
Amorous Raashlila is going on there

The flowers of clouds
blossom in full
fall down and die

Sometimes like an ocean
sometimes like a stream
like a blue pond sometimes
as if, to decorate beauty
of your love

like a rainbow.

5

Amidst the noises of absurdity
the flute of destruction is resounding
No journey
is without a destination
all dear and near ones have turned strangers
through the connection of relation
even the owl has become a sign of fortune

My soil too
has become dark and dirty
the rivers in the streets
are flowing like the cars.

In the bliss of the desert
the two banks of the rivers
having embraced each other
enjoyed the honey-nights

•

You had come in my memory.

6

I don't have any goods to sell
only making a shop to myself
I am selling and being sold

After sells of living meat
in the ground floor of your mansion
having exchanged my affinity
with the chilling night
and the bottles of medicine
I will at once, empty to myself

If somebody inquires
tell them, not to have known
the unclaimed carcass
be submitted to the municipality.

7

Sometimes I wept for faith
sometimes for faithlessness
when the pond of tears dried out
I wept on the mounds of sands
With the heat of fire of the mind

Having been heated by the fire of mind
I grew cold within myself
when the walls of my existence fell down

erected by myself
I lost myself within me
Sometimes I wept with you
sometimes in your absence
in the tune of lamentation
I played upon the wild *vinayo*

8

Even the bond of happiness
was broken
the pond of pain too
was all restless

I gave you the wound of my heart
as a keep-sake
you scratched
and made it all bloody
in the pool of blood
my statue
could not sink
nor did it know to float

At that time
even the moonless dark night
illuminated ... it was very bright
now, to meet myself
I have to reach you

•

There is only the darkness.

9

There were two hands
they were united
this creation and the universe
blended as a whole in all its completeness

Being tired of your own timidity
you detained me

Now boast is filled with
your dearer coverage
is decorated with wickedness
in the doubt of being defeated
you plant the victory of flag upon me

I won
you lost / I myself accepted the defeat
so, you won

10

A pair of eyes in the balcony

a crowd of eyes in the veranda
cause me eye-nuisance
Eyes of the same race
are overwhelmed with envy
at my ownership attached with you
for my capable living

Because I expanded
the sky that covers me
and the narrow earth where I stand on
she does not look at me

The grudges of their inhibitions
they throw all upon me
the carriers of defeated mentality
are coming against me, enraged.

11

It was a game of treachery
(I discovered)
so was I defeated
having stood upon my defeat
you had won

I thought to have understood life
but it remained as a big bulk of book
I thought to have acquainted with it
but it hid under the masque
I thought to have found life
but it ran away to disappear

Last year went by in its own way
but this year in vain
and for the sports of the coming years
it emptied to the bottom

The remaining was spoilt away
and nothing was in the container

12

As I want to befriend with memory
on the way you stand
though driven away frequently
your appearance
keeps on standing shamelessly
on the heart-yards

Though burnt with kerosene
it becomes much more lively
and shines brilliantly

I am at panic
with your shade
that is never erased

13

Like a cursed sleep
do not come to my eyes
with all the thirsts of the ages
have I come near you

With the taste of the hard maize fried dry
in a hungry moment
while imagining
the wistful flowers
I happened to fall asleep deeply
when I awoke, in my embrace
there was a big load of maize plant

Even the happiness, these days
has been rather unruly
I see the shameless desire near me
to have gone extremely exhausted

14

There was a huge mass of rubbish
where the dirt upon dirt
was still mounting upon

Through the flyover path
I reached there
with a closed nose
affected with the hot smoke
having the eyes covered with a cloth
I reached there
with the help of a stick

I searched there with my stick
I penetrated the stick in and saw
and felt it caressingly
inside the heap of the rubbish
something moved there in

There my country
was suffocated in your embrace

15

In the cunning connotation of smile
I look for the rich harvest in the lips
but I see and suffer
poison in blossom
fruit of venom ripening
and with all happiness, I
rather run away

One spark of life that I love

a piece of may or nope
saving and preserving them, though
I can't help loving to live

In the distraction against your being
suicide could be my dear and near one
but, I could not
runaway from life
I could not give up myself

16

Sometimes in a tanker of drinking water
sometimes in a firefighter
sometimes in an ambulance
at other times in a corpse-carrier
I am in a journey

In Emergency / General ward
I.C.U / I.C.C.U / C.C.U
Operation theatre and others in series
I am attending on myself

I will be a test-tube-baby
kidney transplantation
blood and eye donations
in the bags of your necessities
I donate hands, legs and embryo

In these days, I
by hard means
live everywhere
born and die

17

No body will inquire
no body will meet

There are some who live like taboos
I am like a mistaken guest
can not return
neither can I stay and fulfill
the set details of formalities, at all

Like the dryness of the rubbing given by you
what would happen
If there were none of the
unwanted people?
due to mall mistake of the creation
a partner of pain
all baseless talk

•

Meaningless

18

Your shadow is running
I am before it or afterwards
Or whose shadow is this?

You kicked
the layers of the mind kept folded
these days
I am adjusting myself
many of them under the pressure
are now all disfigured

Having coated the eyes
you are looking at my face, throughout
what did you find?
or that was
a trick against yourself

•

By you to yourself

19

There was no song in the words
the sounds were all lost
even with a shivering liver
I kissed you
only to you

I had an empty jar
you had too
not a single drop

The unified shape of our being
created water resources
and expanded everywhere
beautiful world of greenery

But gradually you
changed into a desert
these days
I am irrigating with tears

20

Whether you have become itself a habit
or have you any meaning?
Wither? I don't see
personal any level of secrecy
with anyone

All are surfaces
but not fresh—already consumed
like the odor mixed in the soil

is vaporized up in the vacuum
by a few drops of water
the relation between yours and mine
is cheerful in the odor

Like a beautiful spider-net
I wish to be woven in the heart
you talk jarringly
like the howling sounds of storms and lightning flash
I am extremely terrified

21

How the fragrance of the night
smelt around and spread in a cup!

Accross the serpentine street
there was silence all through
So, I remained restless in solitude

Having finished the nectar
when you came in to embrace
like the moon bereft of its charms
I went on fading
while you kept on searching me

The sky was illuminated
but there was no moon anywhere

It too was a night
but there was no fragrance at all

22

In the lap of the earth
you were like a python
and slowly you swallowed itself

While the stones are mixed in the mass of gas
the mountain can cry
in agony of the wind
now in the layers of mind
there is no shelter for the ungrateful

Do not make love out of faith
forget, your own things
while slowly chewing
my existence can be finished
so, even in the trap, I
am now cutting with a knife

•

Coming out, I am

23

Between the fingers

I have concealed you
like the monsters of a fairytale
they are coming

Having exchanged your life-span
in the pillar of a white marble
I am making love with a monster

In the long run with your own blade
I happened to be cut
now upon your palm
having erected my existence
you are showing a magic

I have no bombs, yet
not defeated, either

•

After this the bell of avenges
toll on continuously

24

By spreading flat down the border
I can not even construct a dam

Water is flowing continuously
Hey ! Come someone
and rescue me
the flood is about to come

You will reach the museum
to search for the originality
when you can not awaken
the being of yourself found there
in agony of self-being

Though being suffocated, restless and helpless
in a state of confusion
whether or not to return!

The compulsion of passing
or even a reality
I just see the bright face
of a time.

25

By unfolding the bark of a fat plantain
just about to put it in the mouth
instead of the flesh
the wind and nothing else
only the wind came out of it
the watery tongue
slowly dried out in dejection

The spark of your presence that had turned up
after an epoch of wailing
is being seen dim and still dimmer to me
staying by waiting the mid-day
when did the sun go down?
I did not know

Now I can't understand
the songs of the youth
neither can I be pleased
even with your embrace

26

Looking like a big lake
I jumped down into it
which was burning bitterly
to give rest to my body
looking like the foam of water
it was but the flame of fire

I am flying and
burning in flame
but still I am
preserving myself

It was the fault of the red lines
seen in your black eyes
or the meaning of the music
trembled in the rosy lips?

As it is leisure
I am thinking only now

27

The picks of achievement
are spread hither and thither
stepping upon them I become taller
and sometimes even become the sharp top

I have no tune of any sort
there is a taste even in the coarse meal of maize
when you are hungry
the notes of the songs weep
I have no meaning of any meaning
there is a limited period of any desire
I am like an empty ocean

There is a mountain upon me
stood wide and heavy
he embraces me
with his existence
which is extended as the limitless jungle of non-achievement
and I have gone passionless

28

You drove me away
I wept
suffered quite a lot
and at last, ran away from here

There is a sky
and the wind has no walls
rest is the soil, even that too
all is the same

The moment when I became an insect
I started drawing the line of demarcation

The soil told me an alien
the sky too teased me
the wind became a gas-chamber
I was again driven away from there

•

Having kept me in the lap
my country asked me
'Are you wounded?'

29

I had come
by making a promise with the vacuum
just to return soon
I had come

In all the wild fun and merry-making
amidst the pleasantest amorous moments
in the faults of the enchanted eyes
upto the late hour
you engaged me
me too to you
seduced and lost

Having bade farewell from the darkness
I am returning
and merging with
the embrace of light

30

My mind stood up
on the top of the temple's tower
having kept you away from my mind
my mind stood up

Unknowingly you pushed down
your figure
thrown to the nether world
and your reflections

all scattered
no good to do so, either
now I cannot assemble

Even in the helpless sight
on looking at your cunning pains
I am wounded

•

Of what sort is your internal shape?

31

Now a days I am not attached
with your sight
even in your ills at ease
I see the heat calmed down!

Was it a temporary heat
or the end of a faith?

The flowing sweet waves of love
as if stopped somewhere
the rhythms of love-songs
are all disordered and confused,

If you step upon me
when I have become a flower
the thorns too are my own fate
and I will be changed into a stone

•

I will not accept *Seeta*

32

I ran rampant in agony
for a vain attraction
thinking in vain
to have lost and found myself

The achievement of the fingers
that have plucked the bubbles of water
I wanted to lift them high in the sky
with the clouds of my boast

But alas!
having closed the eyes
I happened to run downwards

Sunk in the pond as I am
trying the more to pick out myself
the more I sink in

Time has passed unknowingly fast
now the palm

is an empty

•

There is no musical note in your being with me

33

Your shape that was kept in the Himalayas
is slowly falling down
with all muteness, I
pretend not to have known you
who is diluted into drops

Even though you had vaporized up
I would rather taste and enjoy
the thirst of my eyes

Melted and flown
in the liquid *Tookucha* as you would,
Then the remaining shape of yours
I cannot catch

In your shapeless shape
I have to suffer much

Like a meaninglessness
I am enjoying you.

34

You have tied me in the borderline, I found
I tried to break
the chains of soil
you are going to de-plant me
from the soil where you
were planted.

Oh! I am blossomed here
I pray! I am bearing fruits herein
why has the world grown so large?

Oh man! Entrapped in the narrow circle of wisdom
do not drive me away from here
at last, I will fall down from myself

No worry to be born of your womb
but your lap is all warm to me
do not pour poison in affection

Ay! In the shadow of suspicion
do not pollute me!

35

Even the love is like stale rice
it is distributing its odor in the dish

In the fire woods of the span of your life
you are burning time
in the eyes of the time, I
keep on searching for a *Madhumas* (honeymoon)

In the leaf of the colocasia
there is a drop of water
remained in the same drop
my restlessness of wanton wish
can not be mixed with you
nor, at the moment can it part away

I have become an unpleasant pain
of a groaning wound
it so happened that
I have become a wanted visitor
brought up in the habit of wounds

36

Standing on the welcome door
I will bid farewell to myself
in the competition of drinking
the dark moon-night
sometimes I happen to forget you

In the inner side
of a disordered room of the mind
the ticklishness of the sun and shade
that move to and fro
though managed to collect
they tend to flow
and mix with
the black, dirty and polluted
Bagmati and Bisnumati

Now a days
I have to reach the drain pipe
to meet you
and having based on the drain
I have to reach far below and below

•

I am not amidst the odor
but I do not find any flavor either

37

Waiting for the voice
I have spent limitless time
for the wistful dreams of your wet shape
that I have decorated with a wish

Having spent the hours of storms
you were expected to be nearer and closer
but here is a distance—expanded

We have no dialogues
I am looking at you farther

The spring too is quite silent
I see the wistful buds too
to have faded away

In the happy feelings of touches
I sank in speculation for a long time
all the truth of yesterday
are now appearing false

•

At the moment in you
there is no remembrance of my existence

38

I fell in love
with the truth kicked by you
and embraced fast
as I listen, you too
are running
these days
in search of truth

Having covered with the
cote of a drama
out of the voices of suffocation
you are pouring hypocrisy
spoiling yourself in the pond of vanity

The tears you have dropped for me
have become a sky of doubt
in the false belief of water
you have polluted even the sense of compassion

You got drowned in the rubbishes
you understood the rubbish alone
and therefore, to all
you could teach only the rubbish

39

I am transformed into such
an incomprehensible agony
which even if wanted to make realized
meaning cannot be figured out

You couldn't understand me
me too to you
being unable to understand
almost everyday
we are becoming annoying and dry
like a meaningless story

Also in your bosom
and in my stomach too
there are many concealed wounds
aching continuously

Even though I keep mum
even though you keep mum
the wounds are not mute

40

In a certain stake of life's gambling
I have lost it
and it has been like a ransom
I have become a lifeless gadget
in the ownership of the lender

My journey of a bird
the wings of which are fallen somewhere
like a traveler without any destination
I am waiting on the way

I had to cross your doorway
detainment was not acceptable to me
in the strong net of enchantment
how much will I be tied
I can't say
nor do I know the destination!

Only the coat is different
but the beating is similarly poisonous
I tend to be restless
to find uniformity in feelings

41

Decorated in the rainbow colors
I came before you
but in your sights
not any colors did appear

In the music of the beatings
I hummed a tune
life became an aimless journey
you did not have time for any taste

I poured my holy prayer
and colored your feet
with the drops of my blood
at that moment, you were nowhere
but wherever and whichever you were
I was not there, neither were you of mine

You are like a phantom of light
I have emptiness
only the emptiness alone

42

Even a tall idol in its full form
that seemed to be of stone
is found hollow inside
with a mere surface existence

I am suffering from the pain
of being existence less
having shouldered the share of refugees
I have become a stranger in exile
to myself

I could not take any notice
of the meaning of being
in this part of the world
only the snobbery of you and yourself
is spread hither and thither

I have gained something
or all ... that I have gained
totally is lost in my enjoyment
and now I am juiceless, joyless.

43

Though frequently
you have befooled me!
I see a naked shape of a *Digamber* in you

Everytime, Why do
I expect from you?
but you come to me as a *Shakuni*
wounded as I am and eroded inside
by your shape of the Lord Krishna

This life has become burdensome
I can't rest it even on myself
nor can I cultivate a mutuality
with your cunningness

By becoming lonely in the sky
I can declare myself
only as an extra and unnecessary.

44

Ah! for your powerlessness
I am weeping today

In the compulsive ways of concealment
you have become a liar
even to me

In the name of snobbery
you are hiding

even from yourself
it is therefore perhaps, surrounded
though by the noises all around, however
you are alone

You are a killer of my expectation
I ... myself your own belonging of yesterday
has been finished all by yourself

Live together along with you as did I
used to say to myself as lively
but I have lived only a corpse now.

45

In any moment
I could not decorate my life
in my eyes
nor could I get the opportunity
to hide you in the breast
to my full satisfaction

Sometimes life became like dirt
in the eye
sometimes it became a poisonous love
in the bosom

With all faith
as I kept him upon the pillow
he came like a snake to sting me
I put him above to cover myself
like the sky of confidence
but it fell down only to damage my head

You are my life
but yourself an illusion
like a rope, as I found
you are actually a serpent.

46

I could not cover myself in warmth
with the meaning of your being
neither could I avoid it
thinking as useless

Like a cave
Without a pass through the end
I am suffocated
in your blind love
I am walking on a path
which is traceless

The nectar seems to have finished
the flower also became useless
as an aimless breath
it is mixed up in the air

The happiness comes like pictures
in my memory
they want to come to my eyes
and I also tend to rejoice

I curse myself
while spending the present

47

You cannot see me at all
within yourself
and I want to plant you
within myself

Like a disordered program
all mismanaged
my heart these days—
is all disturbed, unsettled
it is overwhelmed by the crowds of atrocities
like a city without traffic management

Having seen the garden
of plastic in perfumes
I was lost in confusion
as I awoke, no fragrance was left

In the face of the sun's beam
the fake face
was black and flat

Even then I kept on looking for you

48

You sang on
I went on listening
when I started singing
you were empty

Slowly you disappeared from me
your shape was like a strange river
I embraced the sand of the shore

I sang songs
the sand kept on dancing
for my sorrow
endless tears fell down
from his eyes

I mingled with the sand
inside its warmth

Now I weep
with the songs of the sand

49

Like a single hair down hung
not to have been able to carry
even a drop of water
why has my mind become dry?

I am attending on
the happiness spread in a mat
but I know not
where was it from
and until when!

In which good day or bad did I push off?
When did I arrive here?
even though the foreteller with his chalk
sums up all the good fortunes
my mind is indifferent now

The king of the elephant
having shouldered upon its trunk
is garlanding you
staying on his back
I am going to the sofa weeping.

50

I kept on searching continuously
ran, non-stop
hither, thither and everywhere
I went on looking for
a complete and fresh
picture of my imagination

In the pond full of human excrement
in the ocean and rivers, drains and pipes
I went into them and came out
sometimes carrying the dirt
and sometimes washing them away
but I did not stop searching
still searching and searching.

At that turn,
I found you
I was overjoyed and instantly hid you
inside my bosom
so that nobody could see and meet.

But you were found out to be
a spark of fire
the mind gets burnt to keep you
but again I cannot throw it

51

What has gone wrong these days?
these streets have been the foes

and I see they are
in revolt against the feet

In the prayer for the transport
by sacrificing myself
as if becoming a blood sucker
more and more every day
fearful yet fearful shape of yours!

Okay
I do not need any street
now my man
will return to the wild unknown
he will mingle his voice
of mutual feelings and affection
with jungles, fierce animals and creatures
I am fade up
take back your mind
made of pebbles, sand and pitch

I do not need anything
only give me my own world
let me live!

52

Sometimes you were
my dear, dearer evening
when I mixed up with your cheek
by becoming a warm kiss

In the lost intoxication of honeymoon
after countless waiting
I couldn't forgive
your loose embrace

I came
becoming a juicy taste in the lips
you spitted upon my love
out of contempt

Having spread me all over the cover
you are running away inside you
my points of view states
you are a criminal

•
I cannot punish you either
but you are not innocent.

53

These are of the feelings
my concerns are only with my feelings
you can't understand
and I cannot as well make you understand

it is painful to you
much more painful to me
the moment when it aches in me
you tend to laugh.

I have the stale stripes of feelings
in the very traces
you have made wounds
and I am bitterly aching with them

54

I look at the sun beyond the hill
I feel as if it is rejoicing to set
I see the eye-laces, by counting
the sorrowful days
have preserved them at night

I am fancying
by making the garlands of whims
you happen to come like a form
I myself have been all flooded

Shall I gather up myself and spill out?
or shall I rescue you?
at this moment when both of us
are full of the pain of none existence

And having put even my heart
away in the open air
I will rejoice a festive

55

I found your world to be quite different
I made my world inside you
since you lost in your own world
I am changed into a solitary island

What sort of a net
has covered the eyes!
I saw flowers everywhere
even the shining grains of the sand
seemed to me like the glittering waves of water

At the moment I am restless
even though sunk in a muddy pond
I am weakened with the thirst

I am blocking the strong estuaries of the mind
by making a dam of tears.

56

I put my life in a stake of gambling
I was defeated and lost all my world
I won you and was very happy

But you, on the other hand
gradually changed into nothingness

Now-a-days, carrying an empty heart
I am attached with you

I knew
to recognize you is just nothing
it is like a shadow standing in the sky
unable to weep or laugh
in the absence of your eye-sight
I drink tears
as I become thirsty of you
I am used to drink my own blood

You had better to be
far away than near
you were better as a stranger
than being my own

I am wandering in mirage
in the hope of having a golden moment
and I arrived in your embrace

57

The 'You' that I had chosen
the 'You' that I had looked for
the 'You' ... are not the 'You' at all

Life became a sport of repeating cycles
I am again roaming random in agony
by making myself careful
I am searching myself

Though being repeatedly befooled with you
in the temptation of gaining you
having befooled myself
I am waiting for you

In the lamentation of not getting you
carrying pain all over the heart
I will spread
a lended smile in my lips
in your welcome!

58

I am spending my stale life
with the bad odor of myself
having burnt my own dreams
I am warming my body

The God of temple of my mind
you are lost and I am searching the same

you are nowhere, nowhere
but everywhere

I am spilling my eyesight
and again collecting them
carrying an empty mind
in the bazaar of hue and cry
I am standing silently

you were not there too
neither are you here
in the false belief of being you
I am digesting this era

59

Having burnt the fire woods of my own life
I am warming myself
in the woods not burned
your are pouring kerosene
and we are enjoying the warmth

The deceives rendered by you
and the fresh wounds
of the false choice of my own
having mixed up now in one
like the pickles sweet and sour
I am licking my pains

During the deep day-dreams
I found now to have broken myself
having bestowed all
on your false shape
I am defeated with myself

But you are laughing
having befooled me

60

By being I, on the other hand
I am dreaming to be a co-traveller
of an unseen fanciful world
a Viagra you come to me

These days, the dearer presence of yours
stings me
I become restless with pain
I awake
when you fall asleep
and this world
I feel ugly

The place of my existence
in your life
seems to be a merry making
of a formal occasion

The corpse of your love already dried up hard
I have not been able either
to throw away

61

The mountain of relationship fell down
the foundation of relations
I am enjoying myself
in the intoxication of a strong relationship
now again I am digging

The terrorized scenes of the past
are accumulated full in the heart
so the disbelief of the recent past
is agonizing me
though mixed-up with you

Show me, where is the seepage
the sky of the mind is wet
due to the disappearance of the sun of faith
the love, preserved in the dark corner
has now decayed

Like an artlessness of a coarse film
where curiosity is flooded all over
Oh! How I wish
to give rest to my life!

62

Having exchanged my wings
with the coated-hue of your love
now have I become lame

I had thought about it
to be a lake of love
but a desert did I find here
and the being of you
I found to be all deceit

Now, having made a *Sarangi* to my mind
I will keep on pressing its wires
with the sufferings given by you
I will attach my love with the musical notes
instead of you

Now I have wounds, only the wounds
all your pretentious love for me
turned out to be salt and chilly
Uh! What a fool have I become
to think of the bark of love
as a fresh content of true love!

Sometimes you take me to the sky
at others, drown me deep into the nether world
I, on my part, am happy
with the surface of the earth
though walked only a few steps with you
I feel miles of happiness
and will sleep for ages.

Having forgotten everything
come closer to me
come for me alone
as my own and mine alone
come to be lost within myself

If at all I had the fire
of youth any due
I would inflame myself rampant and wild
the lamp of mind is out
where shall I burn it?
How and where?

You are only in the looking glass