

# 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