



JIIBANANANDA

A lingering consciousness

I was introduced to Jibanananda in 1999. In December of the penultimate year of the last millennium, I became

18; Jibanananda Das had just turned 100 in February. At a crossroad of life, my first bitter-sweet taste of adulthood was marked by the feeling of losing oneself completely at the altar of love, only to be followed by the empty feeling of love lost. I cannot recollect the 'tingles' of first love, not even the moments most people seem to cherish; burdened with the suffering of dejection for something that I knew was pure in my heart, I cannot seem to relive the moments — neither blissful, nor utter disdain. I still carry Porna with me, or the image of her in my heart, not through the moments shared, or the sleepless nights of displeasure. but through the words of Das. I am

not a critic; I shy to even call myself a lover of poetry. But Jibanananda struck a chord in me, who seemed all alone in a battle that cannot be won. It was something I could relate to. Almost two decades have passed since the introduction of a naive 18-year-old with the literary giant, but life still throws its tempestuous blows, and moments of glee, and till this day, the conversations between Jibanananda Das and I, continue.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8