



JIBANANANDA

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.