

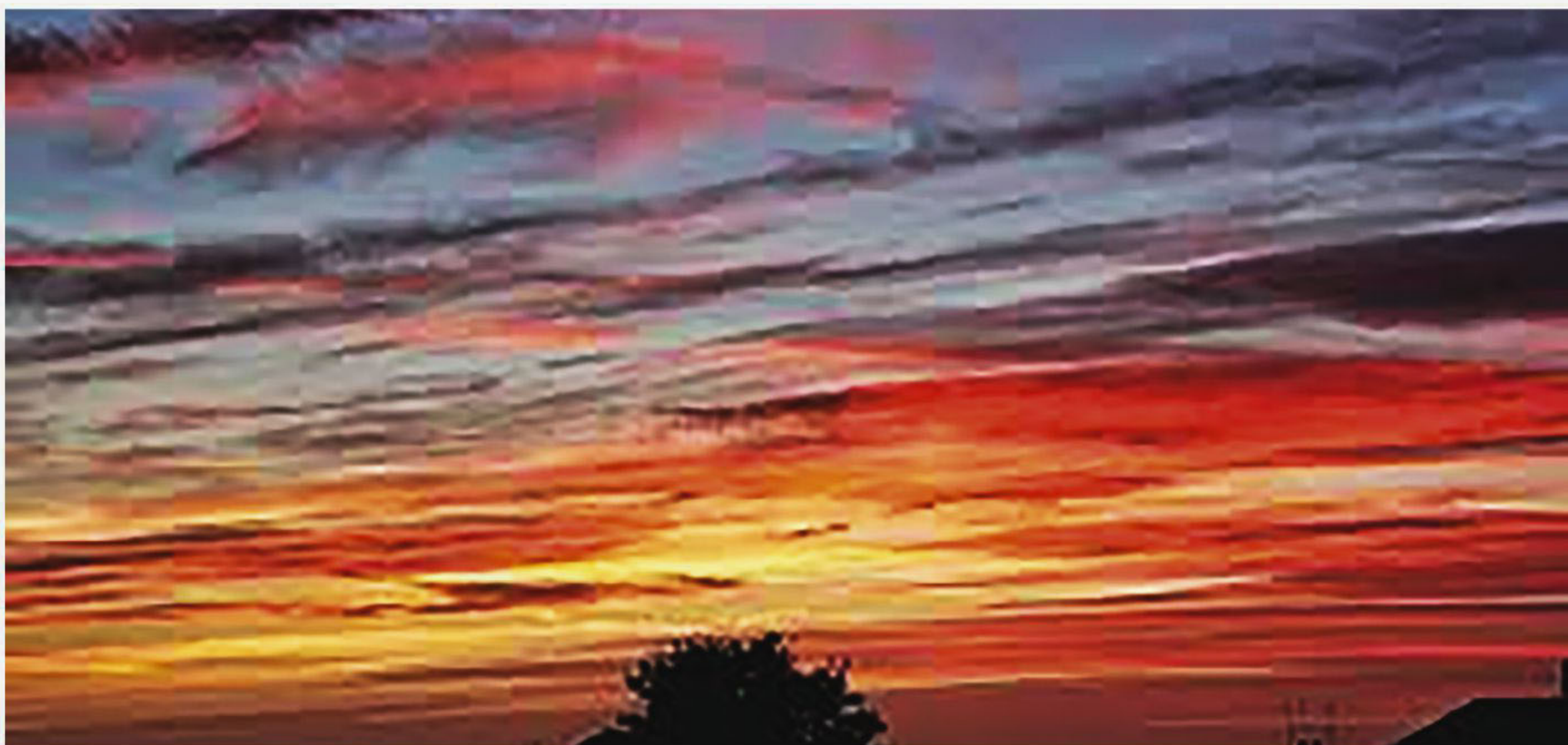
“Akashlina”

Suranjana, please don't go there,
Don't speak to that young man,
Come back, Suranjana
In this night lit by the star's silvery light.

Return to these fields, these waves,
Return to this heart of mine.
Don't drift away, far away,
Further with that young man.

What is there to say to him? With him?
Skies layer skies
Turning you to earth:
His love sprouts like grass.

Suranjana,
Your heart today has become grass—
In wind beyond winds,
At a sky beyond skies.



An Orange (“Kamala Lebu”)

Once I leave this body of mine
Am I not going to return to this world?
Let me return one more time
In one wintry night
With the tragic flesh of a cold orange
By the bedside of a dying acquaintance.

After the Harvest (“Dhan Kata Hoye Gechhe”)

The paddy harvesting has been done some time back –
The field still has remnants of straws and twigs
And broken egg shells - snake skin sheds house coldness.
A stretched glance catches glimpse
Of some familiar ones sleeping in the field. How deep!
There's one who is lying there now - I used to see her night and day,
My toying heart may have even caused her hurt;
It's all peaceful now: deep green grass and grasshoppers
Are all over her thoughts and queries
Dipped in darkness.

The Horse (“Ghora”)

We haven't died yet, some snapshots
appear still—

Under the Kartik moon, eat grass, the
horses of Mohin;

From the Age of Stone,
The love of grass draws the horses
To graze earth, the weird dynamo;

The stable stench floats
To crowd the nightly wind;

The sad straws
Fall by the steel mill;

The drowsy kitten teacups,
Held vaguely by some nagging dogs,
Get cold —and move aside
To a restaurant cheap;

All lights out for the stable with
The lanterns of paraffin —

The blows of time
Bring calmness and stillness,
With a gentle touch of the Neolithic
horses
That ride the full moon.

