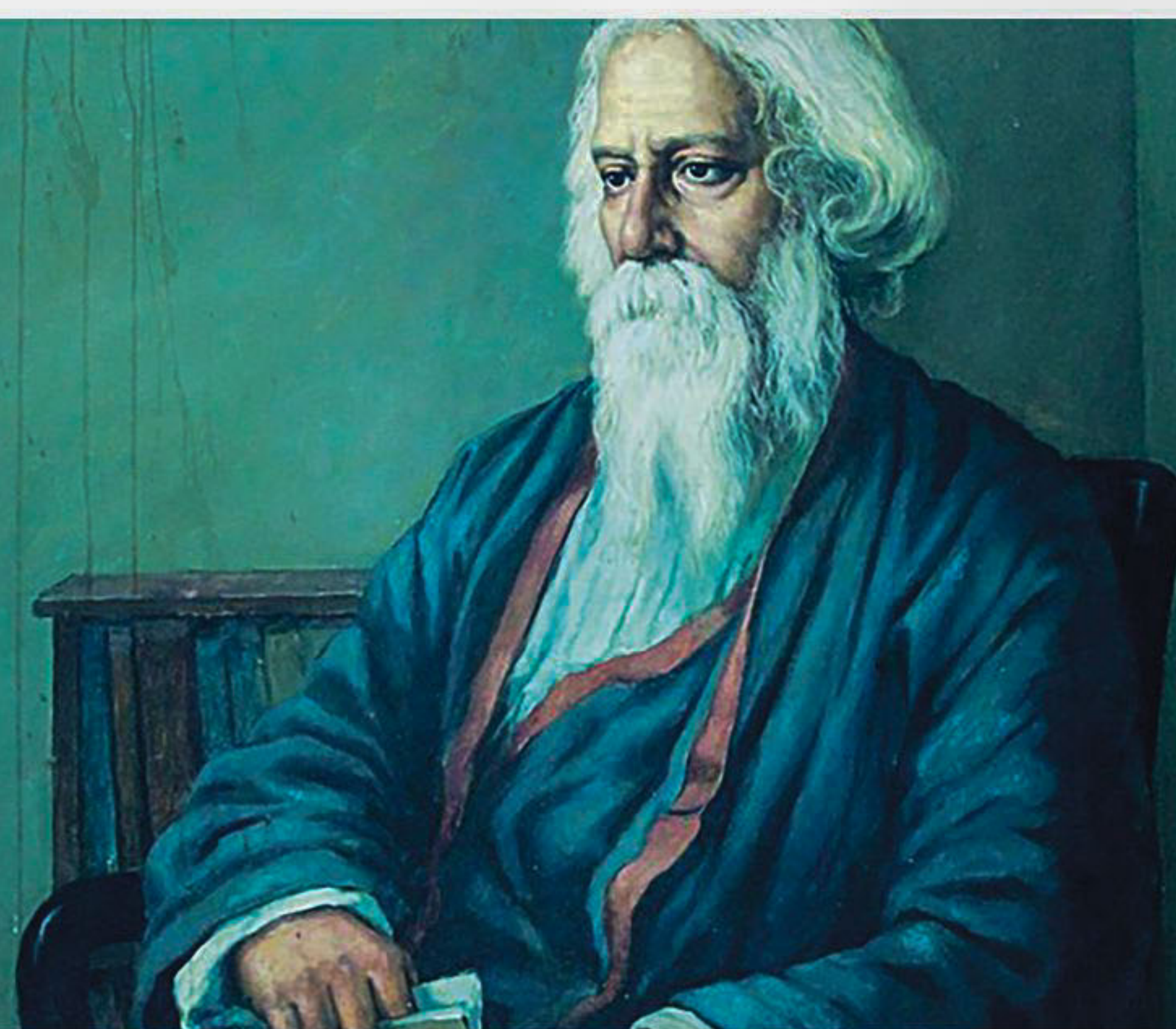


Tagore Poems

TRANSLATED BY FAKRUL ALAM



Krishnakali

I call her Krishnokoli, my dark blossom,
Though villagers call her the dark girl.
On a cloudy day I saw her in the field
Saw the dark girl with doe-black eyes!
Her veil had fallen and her head was bare.
Her tresses were swinging over her nape.
Dark? No matter how dark she was to all,
I was in her lovely doe-black eye's thrall

Thick clouds had made darkness descend.
Her dappled cows lowed in dismay.
Perplexed, my dark beauty
Rushed out from her hut anxiously.
Casting eyebrows intently at the sky,
She heard the thunder rumbling.
Dark? No matter how dark she was to all,
I was in her lovely doe-black eye's thrall

Suddenly, the wind swept in from the east.
The paddy lilted playfully in the breeze.
Standing by myself in a side of the aisle,
I saw only her in the middle of the field.
Whether we exchanged glances then,
I guess none will ever know but us.
Dark? No matter how dark she was to all,
I was in her lovely doe-black eye's thrall

And so always and ever moist dark clouds
Sweep in from the northeast during summer.
And so always and ever dark soft shadows
Tell of the monsoon settling in *tamal* woods.
And thus it is during late monsoon nights
In a flash her face lights up for me.
Dark? No matter how dark she was to all,
I was in her lovely doe-black eye's thrall

I call her Krishnakali, my dark blossom.
Let others call her what they will!
I had seen her in Mainapara's field
Had seen the dark girl's doe-black eyes.
She hadn't rolled her veil over her head.
Hadn't got the time to feel embarrassed!
Dark? No matter how dark she was to all,
I was in her lovely doe-black eye's thrall

¹ Krishna is of course divine, an incarnation of the divine sage Narayana; the word is also used to refer to someone with a dark complexion; however, "krishnakali" is also a flower-plant and also its flower, dark in hue.