

## **[Repressed] Frantic Sexuality from the sub-continent**

by Sunil Gangopadhyay via ryall *Wednesday, Oct 24 2012, 5:25am*

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*Sunil Gangopadhyay, Bengali literary giant dies, aged 78 - notwithstanding, poets never die or ever fade away!*



***Sunil Gangopadhyay***

### **For Nira, Suddenly**

Three minutes at the bus-stop, yet for hours in my dream last night  
I saw you embedded like a knife across the ocean - compass-less -  
One body like the fifty-two holy places, in the wind  
I saw you last night in my dream, Nira, in the dire blue times  
Of dreams that ripen once and die.

When did you visit the southern sea-door, with whom?  
Have you only just returned?  
How terrible, how silent the ocean was in the dream, without a wave,  
As though it would kill itself three days later, your horizon in the distance  
Like a lost ring, your knees immersed in the blue water  
Suddenly you seemed to be a gambler's moll  
And yet you were alone, alone in the intense dream.

I shan't sleep for a year, wiping the sweat off the brow  
At dawn after a dream seems so very foolish  
I prefer forgetfulness, as free of shame as  
The naked body hidden in clothes, I  
Shan't sleep for a year, for a year I'll be awake, dreamless  
And roam your body, like the fifty-two holy places,  
To earn my piety.

Your smiling face in the bus window, 'I have to go,  
Come home sometime.'  
The shriek of the sunlight drowns all sounds.  
'Stay a little longer,' or 'Let's go to the library garden.' Someone

In my heart said these things, glancing at my watch with  
Remembering eyes I jump up, leapfrogging over the road, buses, trams,  
Carts and people  
Loping on all four limbs like an orang-utan  
I reach the door to the office lift.

Three minutes at the bus-stop, yet for hours in my dream last night.

(Translated by Arunava Sinha)

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-197.html>

<http://tinyurl.com/8qmw98c>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-275.html>