

[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>

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