

Kuppalli Venkatappa Puttappa, popularly known as **Rashtrakavi Kuvempu**; was a poet, novelist playwright, critic and thinker. He published several books of poetry, short-stories, plays, critical essays and novels. He is best known for his epic poem 'Shree Ramayana Darshanam'. He was awarded many of India's prestigious honors including Jnanapeetha, Padma Vibhooshana, Padma Bhooshana, Rashtrakavi, Karnataka Ratna and Sahitya Academy Puraskar.

Kuvempu (K.V. Puttappa) (1904–1994)

The Lord Signed His Name!

The Lord signed His name—
The ecstatic poet watched the same!

Expanse of the sky—the canvas,
Scattered mountain peaks—the background,
Dense forests edging the panorama,
Beautiful *Tunga* proudly meandered around!
The Lord signed His name—
The ecstatic poet watched the same!

The river flowed, trees stood still,
And the sky smiled in blue until
The time went silent on the hill, and
The birds impinged with lots of thrill!

Water shone beneath the flowery sun,
Waves splashed mildly against the rocks,

कुभेम्पु (के. भी. पुट्टप्पा) (सन् १९०४-१९९४)

ईश्वरले लालमोहर लगाए

ईश्वरले लालमोहर लगाए
र हेरिह्यो भावबिभोर कविले!

आकाशको फैलावट- क्यानभास
छरिएका हिमाली चुचुरा- पृष्ठभूमि
बाक्ला जङ्गलहरूले घेरिएका दृश्यावली र
गर्वका साथ नागबेली परेको सुन्दर तुङ्गा नदी!
ईश्वरले आफ्नो हस्ताक्षर गरे
र हेरिह्यो भावबिभोर कविले।

बहिरहे नदीहरू, उभिइरहे रूख
र नीलो रङले मुस्काइरह्यो आकाश
समय मौन बसिरह्यो पहाडमाथि र
रमाउँदै उफ्रिरहे चराहरू!

पानी चम्किन्छ फूलले सिँगारिएको घाममुनि
चट्टानलाई बिस्तारै पानी छ्याप्लन् छालहरूले

Mounds of golden sand on either side,
Let the poet's mind bathe in the tide!

The gorgeous world filled with bliss,
The heart felt the honey of a sweet kiss!
Emerging out of the horizon's frame,
They dashed down with fluttering wings!

Into the forests, and the mountains,
They floated and plunged and glided along,
A line of white herons, drawing on the sky,
What a wondrous sight, up so high!

With a line design unfound in paintings,
And a meter unfound in poetic words,
A work of art and a delightful treaty,
Of wonder, splendor and awesome beauty!

The world wonders with great admiration
As the sole witness of skillful creation
Uses as an excuse the flashing formation
Of flying flocking white herons
As though to sign the document of declaration!

The Lord signed His name—
The ecstatic poet watched the same!



Translated into English by M.S. Nataraja

दुवै किनारका सुनौला बालुवाका थुम्काले
छालमा नुहाइदिन्छन् कविको हृदयलाई।

अप्रतिम आनन्दले भरिएको रहरलाग्दो संसार
मधुर चुम्बनको स्वाद अनुभूत गर्‍यो हृदयले
क्षितिजको सीमाबाट निस्किएर
पखेटा फरफराउँदै तल भरे तिनीहरू!

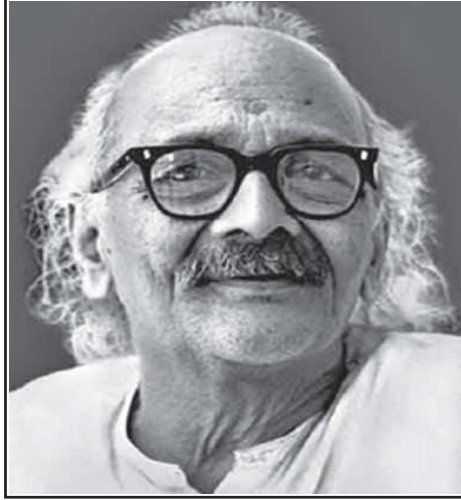
जङ्गलभित्र र हिमालमा
तैरिए, दुबुल्की मारे र उडे तिनीहरू
आकाशमा चित्र कोर्दै गरेका सेता बकुल्लाको एक पङ्क्ति
कति मनोहर दृश्य त्यति माथिमाथि।

चित्रहरूमा नभेटिने रेखा
र काव्यमा नदेखिने छन्द
आश्चर्य, रमभ्रम र अप्रतिम सौन्दर्ययुक्त
कलाकारिता र लोभलाग्दो मेलले!

जब कौशलयुक्त सिर्जनाको एक्लो साक्षीले
उड्दै गरेका सेता बकुल्लाको भुन्डको
वेगशील बुनोटलाई पैँचो लिएर
हस्ताक्षर गर्छ घोषणाको लिखतमा
संसार विस्मित हुन्छ विशाल श्रद्धाले!

ईश्वरले लालमोहर लगाए
हेरिन्छो भावबिभोर कवि!





Dattatreya Ramachandra Bendre, popularly known as **Ambikatanayadatta**, one of the finest poets of Karnataka, was also a translator, playwright and essayist. About twenty poetry collections, and some plays and books of critical essays are in his credit. He has translated many works into Kannada like that of Tagore and Kabeerdas. He was conferred with India's prestigious Padmashree and Jnanapeetha awards.

D.R. Bendre (1896-1981)

The Descent of Ganga

Come, mother, come descending,
Descending you come!
From the matted hair of ascetic Siva,
From a sage's thigh,
Through Hari's feet,
Come, slipping through,
Come after satiating gods and super-gods,
Come vanquishing the corners of the universe,
Come feeding all visible and invisible creatures.
Come, mother, come descending,
Descending, come!

I shall make myself ready for you,
I shall wear you.
Why do you stumble?
Come downpouring,
Come, deserting the heavens,

डी. आर. बेन्ने (सन् १८९६-१९८१)

गङ्गाको अवरोहण

आऊ माता, ओर्लदै आऊ
आऊ ओर्लदै!
तपस्वी शिवको गुजुल्टिएको जटाबाट
कुनै ऋषिको जाँघबाट
हरिको पैतालाबाट
आऊ, चिप्लिँदै आऊ।
ईश्वर र परमेश्वरहरूलाई तृप्त पारेर आऊ
ब्रह्माण्डका कुनाकुनालाई परास्त गरेर आऊ
दृश्य-अदृश्य सबै प्राणीलाई खुवाएर आऊ
आऊ माता, ओर्लदै आऊ
आऊ ओर्लदै!

म आफूलाई तिम्रा लागि तन्तयार राख्ने छु
म तिमीलाई पहिरिने छु।
किन अल्भिएकी तिमी?
उँधो भर्दै आऊ
आऊ, स्वर्गलाई छाडेर

Come, gliding across plains,
Come, knifing through land,
Come, mother, come descending,
Come, mother, come descending,
Descending, come!

Into my head,
Behind my back,
Through inside and below,
Come gushing,
Washing every particle in my eyes,
Enveloping the thread of my breath,
Making the words I sowed sprout,
Come jubilant,
Come, making your home in my heart,
Moving within the waters of life,
Living in the primal soil,
Come, mother, come descending,
Descending, come!

Come, making the bronze flash like lightning,
Come, rolling everything into water,
Come, twisting, turning and re-turning,
To succor
The unpitied wretch,
The ageing, the lowly,
The waterless fish.
Come, mother, come descending,
Descending, come!

Come, as the heart that loves a calf,
Loves the churl to his heart's content,
Come, as a magnificent blossoming,
Come, meandering!
Come as Siva's pristine compassion,

आऊ, समतलमा बहँदै आऊ
आऊ, जमिन काट्दै आऊ
आऊ माता, ओल्लैदै आऊ
आऊ ओल्लैदै!

मेरो टाउकाभित्र
मेरो पिठ्यूँको पछाडि
भित्र र तलबाट
बेतोडले आऊ
मेरा आँखामा भएका सबै धूलो पखालेर
मेरो श्वासको डोरीलाई घेरेर
मैले छरेका शब्दलाई उमारेर
उल्लासका साथ आऊ
आऊ, मेरो हृदयमा बस्ने गरी आऊ
अमृत भएर
वास्तविक धरतीमा बाँच्दै
आऊ माता, ओल्लैदै आऊ
आऊ ओल्लैदै!

आऊ, बिजुली चम्काउँदै
आऊ, भएभएरका चिजलाई पानीमा मिसाउँदै
आऊ मर्किदै, बाङ्गिँदै, घुम्दै
राहत दिन
दयनीय हतभागीहरूलाई
बुढिँदै गएकाहरूलाई, कमजोरहरूलाई
पानी नपाएका माछाहरूलाई।
आऊ माता, ओल्लैदै आऊ
आऊ ओल्लैदै!

आऊ, सानालाई माया गर्ने हृदयजसरी
निर्दोषहरूलाई तृप्त नहोउन्जेल माया गर्ने हृदयजसरी
आऊ, देदीप्यमान भएर फूल फक्रिएजसरी
आऊ नगबेली भएर!
शिवको प्रथम अनुकम्पाजसरी आऊ

Even if it yields a speck of sunlight,
And flowers of love,
Come descending down,
Come, mother, come descending,
Descending, come!

None here washes our filth,
Other forces are forbidden, come.
I beg you not to do otherwise, come.
Come piercing and flowing into our nerves,
Roam all over the land, come.
Arousing dead folks, come!

Your pure bubbling waters
Reflect a heavenly dream!
Come as a brave woman, waking to rise sky-high,
But only in order to descend to earth!

With star-like flowers,
Lotus, Lakshmi's abode, and heaven-residing Parijata,
Come, worthy of worship by the Vrinda plant,
Heavy with Mandara's fragrance.

Your are both mother and father,
You are none other than the creator of life-forces,
A maiden radiating the power of confluence,
Of consciousness and bliss.

Come and see at least once for yourself,
If we should dam the flow of tears!
I shall call this descent an incarnation,
A vow fulfilled,
Love washed by ritual bath,
A coming of completeness,
Turbulent and violent,

घामको उज्यालोको दाग लगाए पनि
स्नेहका फूल फुलाए पनि
ओर्लैदै उँधो आऊ
आऊ माता, ओर्लैदै आऊ
आऊ ओर्लैदै!

यहाँका कसैले हाम्रो मैलो धोइदिँदैनन्
अरू शक्ति वर्जित छन्, आऊ।
म अनुनय गर्छु, आउनैपर्छ, आऊ
हाम्रा नसालाई छेडेर भित्र बग्दै आऊ
एकच्छत्र घुम धरतीमा, आऊ
मरेकालाई ज्युँदो पाउँ आऊ!

दिव्य सपनालाई प्रतिबिम्बित गर्छ
उत्साहले भरिएको तिम्रो कञ्चन पानीले!
एउटा शूरवीर नारीजसरी आऊ आकाशभन्दा माथि उठ्ने गरी
तर पृथ्वीमा भर्नका लागि मात्र!

ताराजस्ता फूल
लक्ष्मीको घर कमल र स्वर्गमा बस्ने पारिजातसँगै
आऊ, तुलसीको बोटले पूजा गर्न योग्य भएर आऊ
मन्दराको सुवासले भरिएर।

माता र पिता दुवै तिमी नै हो
जीवनशक्ति निर्माण गर्ने विधाता तिमी नै हो
चेतना र आनन्दलाई सङ्गम-शक्ति दिलाउने तिमी नै हो।

आऊ र कमसेकम एक पल्ट आफै हेर
हामीले आँसुको बहावलाई बाँध बाँध्नुपर्छ कि!
म यस अवरोहणलाई एउटा अवतार मान्छु
पूरा भएको एउटा प्रतिज्ञा
संस्कारी नुहाइले पखालिएको प्रेम
पूर्णताको एक आगमन
अशान्त र उग्र

Come, forcing your way,
Come, searching for your child,
Mother, come searching,
Come, forcing your way,
Come with washed hands,
Come embodying,
Mother, come down to earth,
Come, mother, come descending,
Descending, come!

Come,
Residing in the consciousness of triple incarnations
Of Sambhu, Siva and Hara,
Come, to touch Datta Narahari,
Come to poet Ambikatanayadatta,
Come, mother, come descending,
Descending, come!

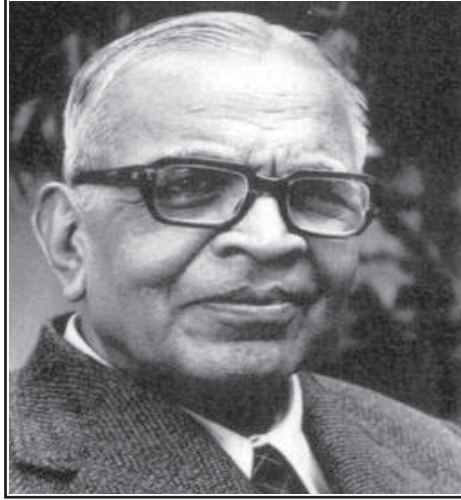


Translated into Englishi by K.S. Raghavendra Rao

आरु बलपूर्वक आफनो बाटो बनाउँदै
आरु तिम्रा सन्तानलाई खोज्दै
माता, खोज्दै आरु
आरु बलपूर्वक आफनो बाटो बनाउँदै
हात धोएर आरु
अवतार लिएर आरु
माता, पृथ्वीमा ओर्ल,
आरु माता, ओर्लदै आरु
आरु ओर्लदै!

आरु
शम्भु, शिव र हरका
तीनै अवतारको चेतनामा बसेर आरु
आरु दत्त नरहरिलाई स्पर्श गर्न
कवि अम्बिकातनयादत्तमा आरु
आरु माता, ओर्लदै आरु
आरु ओर्लदै!





Vinayaka Krishna Gokak or **V.K. Gokak** was one of the major writers of Kannada Language and a scholar of English and Kannada literature. Many collections of poetry and some novels are in his credit. He is best known for his epic poem 'Bharatha Sindhu Rashmi'. A recipient of Sahitya Academy Award and Jnanpith Award for his outstanding contribution. Gokak was conferred with Honorary Doctorates by Karnataka University and Pacific University, USA.

V.K. Gokak 'Vinayak' (1909-1992)

The Demon (Hitler) and the Poet

Faded was the face. His joy in killing had left him.
His fast fading smile betrayed the bitterness within him
He shook the world and turned history upside down.
A mere soldier, he had become the sole emperor of Europe.
Rapidly, like an express train, moving from station to station
He had annexed country after country, making them his
satellites.

The world had learnt to fear him then.
But even to live and breathe was an egregious blunder,
now.

Hitler was an astrologer-fan:
But now that he was a doomed man
There was no consolation in astrology.
He felt like seeing a poet now,
He was keen on knowing how exactly
A poet would sum him up, his achievements and his
failures.

भी. के. गोकक 'विनायक' (सन् १९०९-१९९२)

दानव (हिटलर) र कवि

निन्याउरो थियो अनुहार। उसलाई परित्याग गरिसकेको थियो हत्याको आनन्दले।
पलभरमै मलिन भएको उसको मुस्कानले त्यागिदियो ऊभिन्नको तिक्ततालाई
विश्वलाई हल्लायो उसले र उल्टो पाच्यो इतिहासलाई।
सम्पूर्ण युरोपको एक्लो सम्राट् भएथ्यो एउटा सामान्य सिपाही
अति चाँडो कुनै द्रुत गतिको रेल स्टेसन-स्टेसन कुदेभैँ
जोडेथ्यो उसले एकपछि अर्को देश हरेकलाई आफ्नो उपग्रह बनाउँदै
ऊसँग डराउन जानेको थियो संसारले उस बेला
तर अब भने बाँच्नु र सास फेर्नु मात्र पनि एउटा डरलाग्दो गल्ती हुने थियो।

ज्योतिषको अनुयायी हिटलर!
पतनोन्मुख भइसकेको थियो तर यस बेलासम्ममा
ज्योतिष विद्यामा केही बाँकी थिएन उसलाई सान्त्वना दिन सक्ने।
अनि कविलाई भेट्ने विचार गच्यो उसले
जान्न चाह्यो
आफू र आफ्ना प्राप्तिहरू र असफलताहरूलाई कसरी हेरेको रहेछ कविले।

After some thought, he selected a poet for this singular honour.

He stooped so low as to see a poet so far.
But now that time was against him, he adjusted himself to it.

The poet whom Hitler visited
Came to the door to receive him.
After seating him suitably,
The poet smiled and asked him
What he, a poet, could do for him.
Hitler knew well that there was no scope for resentment.
He made some polite enquiries.
Had the poet any of his recent effusions with him?
Did he write some stories too?
Which did the people like better, stories or poems?
The poet smiled a little this time and said briefly:
“Due to the heat of your ordinances, Sir,
All poetry has shrivelled away;
Indeed, all creative effort.
No poetry can see the light, these days.
Nevertheless, I could read to you a poem or two
If you have a taste for the play of imagination.”
Hitler flared up at this.
He restrained himself with difficulty.
His anger turned into an incessant shower of rough words.

“My country’s agony burnt into my heart.
My hair stood on end at the insults heaped on my country.
Even if I had to fight the whole world,
I would have done it to soothe the father land
I pledged myself to this task
And I have almost fulfilled it now.
Fate may make us lose or win

गम्यो र छान्यो एउटा कविलाई
भुकेर कुनै कविलाई भेटेको थिएन उसले त्यतिन्जेल
तर त्यस बेला प्रतिकूल थियो समय त्यसैको अनुकूल ढाल्यो आफूलाई उसले।

ढोकामा आयो त्यो कवि जसलाई भेट्न गएथ्यो हिटलर
स्वागत गर्नु उसको
बसायो आरामले
मुस्कायो र सोध्यो कविले
उसले, एउटा कविले के गर्न सक्छ उसका लागि।
बुझ्थ्यो हिटलर, भोक चलाएर केही हुन सक्ने थिएन त्यस बेला।
नम्र भएर सोध्यो उसले।
के ऊप्रति कुनै गुनासो छ कविलाई?
के कथा पनि लेख्ने गर्छ ऊ?
मानिसले के बढी मन पराएका छन्, कथा कि कविता?
मुसुक्क मुस्कायो कवि र भन्यो—
“हजुरको आदेशको तापले हजुर
लुगलुग काम्दै भागे भएभरका कविताहरू
र सबै रचनात्मक अभिप्रायहरू।
उज्यालो देख्न सक्दैन कुनै कविताले आजकाल।
तैपनि कल्पनाको खेल मन पराउनुहुन्छ हजुर भने
एकदुइटा कविता सुनाउन सक्छु म हजुरका लागि।”
सुनेर बिच्चियो हिटलर।
मुस्किलले सँभाल्यो आफूलाई।
भद्दा शब्दहरूको अशिष्ट वर्षामा परिणत भयो उसको रिस।

“मेरो हृदयभित्र जलिरहेछ मेरो देशको व्यथा।
मेरो देशलाई थोपरिएको अपमान देख्दा ओठमुख सुक्छ मेरो।
मैले सारा संसारसँग युद्ध लड्नुपर्ने हुन्थ्यो भने पनि
आफ्नो पितृभूमिलाई कुनै दुःख नदिईकन लड्ने थिएँ म
यो प्रतिज्ञा गरेको छु मैले आफैँसँग
र पूरा गरिसक्नै लागेको छु मैले यसलाई।
भाग्यले हो हामीलाई हराउने वा जिताउने।

But perfect dedication is our concern,
Why is there this irony in your talk?
Remember, Hitler does not cease to be himself even in
death.”

The poet laughed heartily. He said,
“My life is but a blade of grass.
You are a farmer who threshed a farm-continent of human
beings.
I am but grass before you.
But what I say is the very grain of truth.”

“If the lips are locked and the heart stops,
The poet will stride the air and be heard.
You know that words lead to deeds.
I don’t have to repeat this to you, keeping Goebel in mind.
What do you say, sir,
To the massacre of innocent millions
Which you ordered in a Trice?”

What the poet said about poets
Puzzled and annoyed Hitler.
He was red in the face when the poet spoke of the Jews.
Hitler roared back “I don’t talk about Jews.
I only act.
As for genocide, don’t hold me responsible
Versailles, the unforgettable blunder,
Was the root cause of it.
The wind was sown on that day
And here we are reaping the whirlwind.”
The poet shot back; “In a snake-hole,
There are snakes on snakes hissing together
If Versailles is the cause,
What are the roots of Versailles?”

जे गर्ने हो सम्पूर्ण निष्ठाका साथ गर्नुपर्छ, तर
हजुरका कुरा किन यतिबिघ्न विडम्बनापूर्ण?
सम्भिरहनोस्, हिटलरले आफूलाई मृत्युपर्यन्त आफूजस्तो बनाएन।”

कवि स्वच्छन्द हाँस्यो र भन्यो—
“घाँसको एउटा त्यान्द्रो मात्र हो मेरो जीवन।
मानवजातिको खेत-देशमा दाईं गर्ने एउटा किसान हुनुहुन्छ हजुर।
हजुरको अगाडि घाँसभन्दा धेरै केही होइन मा।
र मैले जे भनँ त्यही नै हो सत्यको मूल बीजा।”

“यदि ओठहरू सिइए र हृदय रोकियो भने
बतासमा फाल हान्ने छ कविले र उसलाई सुनिने छ पनि।
हजुरलाई थाह छ, कर्मको बाटो डोच्याउँछन् शब्दले।
मैले यो दोहोच्याइरहनुपर्दैन हजुरलाई गोएबल्स हुँदाहुँदै।
लाखौँ निर्दोषको नरसंहारका बारेमा
के राय छ हजुरको हजुर,
एक निमेषमै दिनुभएथ्यो जसको आदेश हजुरले?”

कविका बारेमा कविको कुरा सुनेर
अलमलियो हिटलर र रन्थनियो पनि।
रातो भयो उसको अनुहार जब यहुदीका बारेमा बोल्थ्यो कविले।
हिटलर गर्जियो— “यहुदीको कुरा गर्दिनँ मा।
म काम मात्र गर्छु।
जहाँसम्म नरसंहारको कुरा छ, नदेखाऊ मेरो दोष त्यसमा
भर्सेलिज, बिर्सनै नसकिने एउटा त्रुटि नै
मूल कारण थियो त्यसको।
बतास नै त्यस्तै छरिएको थियो त्यस दिन
र चक्रवातको बाली काट्दै छौँ अहिले हामी।”
जवाफ फर्कायो कविले— “सर्पको दुलोमा
एकआपसमा गुजुल्टिएर ‘फवौँ गरिरहेछन् सर्पसर्प एकअर्कालाई।
भर्सेलिज थियो मूल कारण भने
के थिए नि भर्सेलिजका कारक?”

There is neither beginning nor end to a chain
If Versailles is the cause,
Ambition and greed were the cause for Versailles.
The imperial greed of Britannia
Made the mouth of Germany water.
I do not heap upon your head only
All the sins committed in this Second War.
You are only one character in this tragedy.
Its author is the creator Himself,
Though you are its villain hero.
Among the words that crystallize
The nature of this Second War,
There is a word which sticks to you alone, Sir!"

"What is that word?" asked Hitler.
He flet relaxed a little because
The poet did not hold Hitler
Primarily responsible for the Second World War.
His interest was keenly aroused.
"ASURA" said the poet calmly.
"What does that mean?" Hitler asked.
"I might have to consult my Sanskrit expert,"
The poet replied: "ASURA means 'demon,'
Rakshasa means vital demon."
"Demon?" exclaimed Hitler in utter dismay.
"Yes, Sir." said the poet.
"Said Hitler: that's the difference between Tweedledum and
Tweedledee.
But let that be. This man calls menmonster!
Himler! take him away.
Alas! Himler is no more."
Exclaimed Hitler in utter helplessness.
The poet said; "Never mind, Sir!
I shall be considerate in speaking to you."

शूङ्खलाको न सुरुवात देखिन्छ न त अन्त्य नै।
भर्सेलिज नै कारक हो भने यदि
भर्सेलिजका कारक हुन् महत्वाकाङ्क्षा र लोभ।
बेलायतको साम्राज्यवादी लोभले
जिब्रो लपलपाइदियो जर्मनीको पनि।
यो दोस्रो विश्वयुद्धमा भएका सबै पाप
हजुरको टाउकोमा मात्र थुपादिनेँ म
हजुर त केवल एउटा पात्र हुनुहुन्छ यस त्रासदीको
सृष्टिकर्ता आफै हुन् यसका असली लेखक
यद्यपि हजुर खलनायक हुनुहुन्छ यसको।
यो दोस्रो विश्वयुद्धको स्वरूपलाई आकार दिने शब्दहरूमध्येको
एउटा शब्द हजुरमा टाँसिएको छ हजुर!"

"के हो त्यो शब्द?" सोध्यो हिटलरले।
सन्तोषको सास फेर्नो उसले
कविले उसलाई दोस्रो विश्वयुद्धको मुख्य दोषी नमानेकोमा।
भनै बढ्यो उसको चाख।
"असुर," कविले शान्तसँग भन्यो।
"के हो त्यो भनेको?" हिटलरले सोध्यो।
"मेरो संस्कृत विज्ञलाई सोध्नुपर्ला।"
कविले उत्तर दियो- "असुर भनेको 'राक्षस'।
राक्षस भनेको ठूलो दानव।"
"दानव?" विक्षिप्त भएर चिच्यायो हिटलर।
"हो हजुर!" कविले भन्यो।
हिटलरले भन्यो- "हो, त्यही फरक छ दामे र चामेमा।
तर होस्, छोडिदिआँ। यसले मलाई दानव भन्ने!
हिमलर! गलहत्याएर बाहिर निकाल यसलाई।
उफ्! हिमलर त मरी पो सक्यो त!"
विवश स्वरमा बोल्थे हिटलर।
कविले भन्यो- "चिन्ता नगर्नोस्, हजुर!
हजुरसँग कुरा गर्दा विचार पुऱ्याउने छु अब मा।"

And he proceeded to say: "Great inspiration,
Disciplined living, self-respect,
Courage, adventure.
These virtues belong inherently to you.
The marvellous way in which you announced your plans
And implemented them dumbfounded people,
Such total-dedication as yours
To the fatherland, stunned them.
The manner in which you marched from country to country
Resembled the casual handling
Of a toy globe by a geography teacher
In his classroom.
In no time you restored Germany to her former glory."

The poet proceeded to say:
"But the way in which the demon in you
Dominated your superman virtues
Begot this storm.
Just as you have your father-country,
Others have their own.
And they have a right to love them
As much as you love yours."

Hitler listened enraptured to this talk
As though it were a fairy tale.
But there was also the story of his criminality.
"On your pursuit of glory,
How could you forget
That man was not a mere beast of burden."
Hitler hit back: "Well, well, it suits me well,
If this is what you call me a demon for.
How does it matter to me who says what?
I did what my instincts urged me to do
And went where my inspirations led me.
Mr. Poet, you have spoken to me at length.

अनि भन्न थाल्यो- “महान् प्रेरणा,
अनुशासित जीवन, आत्मसम्मान,
साहस, उत्साह
स्वाभाविक गुण हुन् हजुरका।
हजुर जुन अद्भुत तरिकाले बनाउनुहुन्छ आफ्ना योजना
र तिनलाई मूर्त रूप दिनुहुन्छ, तीनछक्क पर्छन् मानिसहरू
आफ्नो पितृभूमिप्रतिको हजुरको त्यस्तो निष्ठा देखेर
स्तब्ध भएका छन् उनीहरू।
जुन तरिकाले हजुर एकपछि अर्को देश प्रवेश गर्नुहुन्छ
भूगोल पढाउने कुनै शिक्षकले
कक्षा कोठामा खेलौना ग्लोबलाई चलाएजस्तो लाग्छ त्यो।
जर्मनीको पहिलेको प्रतिष्ठालाई पलभरमै पुनःस्थापित गराउनुभएको छ हजुरले।”

भनिरह्यो कविले-

“तर जुन तरिकाले हजुरमा भएको दानवले
हजुरको महामानव गुणलाई आफ्नो अधीनमा राख्यो
त्यसले गर्दा उब्जिएको हो यो आँधी।
जसरी आफ्नो पितृदेश छ हजुरको
अरूको पनि आफ्नै छ।
अनि त्यसलाई माया गर्ने अधिकार छ तिनीहरूलाई
जति हजुर आफ्नोलाई गर्नुहुन्छ।”

चुपचाप सुनिरह्यो हिटलरले कुनै पुराकथा सुनेजसरी।
तर उसको आपराधिकताको कथा पनि थियो त्यसमा।
“आफ्नो प्रतिष्ठा प्राप्त गर्न खोज्दा
कसरी बिर्सनुभयो हजुरले
मानिस एउटा पशु मात्र हैन भनेर?”
हिटलरले जवाफ दियो- “अँ, अँ, यो चाहिँ मिल्छ
यही कारणले मलाई दानव भनेका हौ तिमीले भने।
कसले के भन्यो भन्ने कुरा कसरी मेरो सरोकारको विषय हुन्छ?
मेरो अन्तरले जे अरायो त्यही गरौँ मैले
र मेरो प्रेरणाले जता डोर्‍यायो त्यतै पुगौँ।
कवि महाशय, लामो भाषण सुनायो तिमीले मलाई।

“I’ll divulge you something for more engrossing.
I wished to do away with the human race itself.
To breathe poison into all these vermin that lived
And to induce the birth of new radiant beings
So that they might be born before I died.
But that was not to be. My inmost self
Did not agree that such a thing should happen.”

The poet was deeply touched by this divulgence.
“There is a gleam gleaming in the darkest depths.
It would be a great day on which your virtues
Throw off their demon yoke and are themselves!”

“May be so and may not be so!” said Hitler.
“I respect your beliefs as you’ve respected mine.
What is your final summing up of me?” he asked.
“I will now bend my steps towards death.”
The poet asked: “What satisfaction
Can my summing up bring you, Sir?”
Hitler replied: “It is my belief
That a poet is a leader of the people.
In his light is the people’s verdict reflected.
The eyes of the people of all times
Are fixed on him. This is the role
Assigned to him in the drama of the world.”

The poet said: “It matters little
What your beliefs about the poet are.
A poet will survive them all.
Let it be. My mind about you I’ll speak now.
You’ll be remembered
As the sole paradigm of your century.
You have your place among immortals
Like Alexander, Hannibal, Julius Caesar
And Napoleon. People will say:

म त्यसभन्दा निकै धेरै रोमाञ्चक रहस्य बताउँछु तिमीलाई।
सम्पूर्ण मानवजातिबाट नै मुक्त हुन चाहन्थेँ म
सखाप पार्न चाहन्थेँ अस्तित्वमा रहेका यी तमाम हिंसक जन्तुलाई
र कुनै नयाँ तेजस्वी जीव अस्तित्वमा आएको हेर्न चाहन्थेँ
जो म मर्नुभन्दा पहिल्यै जन्मिसकेका होऊन्।
तर हुन सकेन त्यस्तो।
त्यस्तो हुन हुन्छ भनेर मानेन मेरो अन्तरात्मा।”

कविलाई भित्रैसम्म छोयो त्यो रहस्योद्घाटनले।
“भिल्का देखिँदै छ अन्धकारको गहिराइमा।
हजुरका गुणहरूले आफूलाई जोतिरहेका दानवका जुवा फ्याँकेर
हजुर आफू आफैँ भएको दिन एउटा महान् दिन हुने छ।”

“त्यस्तो हुन पनि सक्छ, नहुन पनि!” हिटलरले भन्यो।
“म तिम्रो आस्थालाई श्रद्धा गर्छु मेरो आस्थालाई तिमीले आदर गरेकाले।
मेरा बारेमा तिम्रो अन्तिम निष्कर्ष के छ त?” सोध्यो उसले।
“आफ्ना पाइला मृत्युतिर बढाउँछु म अब।”
कविले सोध्यो— “मेरो निष्कर्षले हजुरलाई के सन्तुष्टि दिन्छ र हजुर?”
हिटलरले जवाफ दियो—
“कवि मानिसहरूको अधिनायक हो भन्ने मान्छु म।
नागरिकहरूको मत प्रतिबिम्बित हुन्छ उसमा।
उसैलाई हेरिरहेका हुन्छन् हरेक कालका मानिसहरूका नजरले।
संसारको नाटकमा भूमिका नै त्यही दिइएको छ उसलाई।”

कविले भन्यो— थोरै माने राख्छ
कवि के हुन् भन्ने हजुरको मान्यताले।
ती सबैलाई जीवित राख्छ कविले।
छाडिदिऔँ यसलाई। अब हजुर बारेको मेरो सोचाइ बोल्छ।
हजुरको शताब्दीको प्रमुख उदाहरणका रूपमा सम्झिने छ
हजुरलाई इतिहासले।
अलेकजेन्डर, हान्निबल, जुलियस सिजर र
नेपोलियनको बराबर हुने छ हजुरको स्थान।

“He lived and died like a man.
He strove hard to make his dream come true.
Even the sun and moon are not without spots.
The lamp-black eclipse, like that of Rahu and Ketu,
Seized them almost wholly
But for an aperture-circumference of light.
You have been a superman of the age of science.
And an inverted devotee.
That would be a day of days
On which you cast off your slough of demonhood.”

Said Hitler getting ready to go:
“I shall now be with death.
You say my aim was foul and my means too.
I do not worry in the least about your beliefs.
I do not accept them.”
He started stepping towards the door
And was somewhat uncomfortable.
The poet knew his mind and said:
“Please do not worry.
You have done enough for me.
I am the only human being you have met
After Eva Brown’s death.
This will make me famous all over the land.”

Bidding farewell to poet
Hitler then went forth into the father-city,
Shadowed by death, to meet his doom.
Immortal with the ominous title, ASURA.



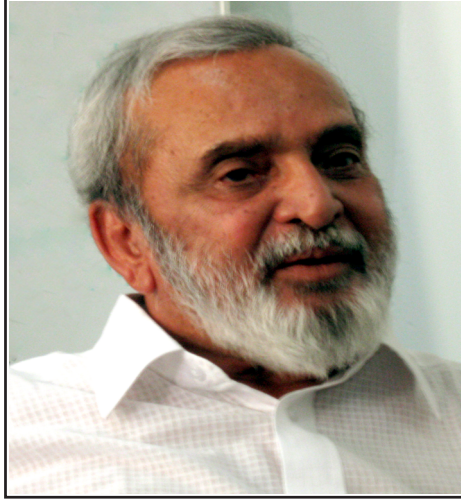
Translated into English by the poet himself

मनिसले भन्ने छन्- 'त्यो एउटा मान्छे
जसरी बाँच्यो, मन्थो पनि त्यसै गरी।
कठिन सङ्घर्ष गन्थो त्यसले आफ्ना सपना साकार पार्नका लागि।'
दागविहीन छैनन् घाम र जूनसमेत।
सिङ्गै निल्ल खोज्छन् काला ग्रहणले तिनलाई राहु र केतुले जसरी
तर प्रकाश छिर्ने एउटा छिद्रको परिधिजति मात्र।
मौन युगको एउटा महामानव हुनुभएको छ हजुर।
अनि एउटा उल्टो भक्त।
एउटा खास दिन हुने छ त्यो जुन दिन
आफ्नो दानवताको काँचुलीलाई खोलेर फ्याँक्नुहुने छ हजुरले।

निस्कने तरखर गर्दै भन्थो हिटलरले-
“अब मृत्युको अधीन हुन जाँदै छु म
तिमीले भन्थौ, मेरा लक्ष्य गलत थिए र मेरा चीत्कार पनि।
मलाई एकरती पनि चासो छैन तिम्रा मान्यताप्रति
स्वीकार गर्दिनँ म तिनलाई।”
असहजताका साथ ढोकातिर लम्कियो ऊ।
उसको मनमा के भइरहेछ, बुझ्थ्यो कवि र भन्थो-
“हैन हजुर, नगर्नोस् त्यसको चिन्ता
मेरा लागि मनगो गरिदिइसक्नुभएको छ हजुरले।
इभा ब्राउनको मृत्युपश्चात्
अहिलेसम्म हजुरले भेट्नुभएको मान्छे म मात्र हुँ।
यसले सारा जगत्भरि प्रसिद्ध बनाउने छ मलाई।”

कविसँग बिदा भएर पितृ सहरतिर लाग्यो हिटलर
मृत्युको छायाले घेरिँदै
आफ्नो विनाशलाई भेट्न र
अमर भयो 'असुर' भनिने अलच्छिनी उपाधिका साथ।





Udupi Rajagopalacharya Ananthamurthy was a poet, novelist and scholar. He earned his Doctorate from the University of Buckingham and taught English literature at the University of Mysore. Beside poetry he wrote several novels and other fictions. His novels Samskara, Bara, Avasthe, Mouni and Deeksha have been made into films. He was conferred with prestigious Padmabhooshan, Rajyotsava and Jnanapeetha awards.

U.R. Ananthamurthy (1932-2014)

Who Are You?

In London, if asked, "Who are you?"
"I'm Indian," as if to say,
I'm not a Paki.

In Delhi, I'm a Kannadiga
In Bangalore, a Malnadi
In Shimoga, I'm from Tirthalli
In Tirthalli, born in Melige

In Melige, there's no need to ask
I am this caste, this man's son

That I am all of the above, effortlessly
is what I believe, excuse me

My grandmother died, like her grandmother,
only after drinking Ganga water from the jug in god's room

यू. आर. अनन्तमूर्ति (सन् १९३२-२०१४)

को हौ तिमी?

लन्डनमा 'तिमी को हो?' भनेर कसैले सोध्दा
'म इन्डियन हुँ,' मानौँ
'म पाकिस्तानी हैन' भन्न खोजेभैं।

दिल्लीमा म कन्नडिगा हुँ
ब्याङ्गलोरमा मलन्दी
सिमोगामा म तिर्थालीको हुँ
तिर्थालीमा म मेलिगमा जन्मेको।

मेलिगमा सोध्ने आवश्यकता छैन
म यो जातको हुँ, फलानाको छोरो

म माथिका सबै हुँ कुनै प्रयत्नबिना
मलाई त्यस्तो लागेकोमा क्षमा गर्नुहोला।

मेरी हजुरआमा स्वर्गे हुनुभो
उहाँकी हजुरआमाजसरी
देउताको कोठामा भएको अमखोराको
गङ्गाजल खाएपछि मात्र।



Ganga stills remains
in the same greening copper jug

Grandmother didn't have to give her address like I have to
Nor did Yajnavalkya

To all the ancient sages, salutations.



*Translated into English by Suketu Mehta
and Sharath Anantha Murthy)*

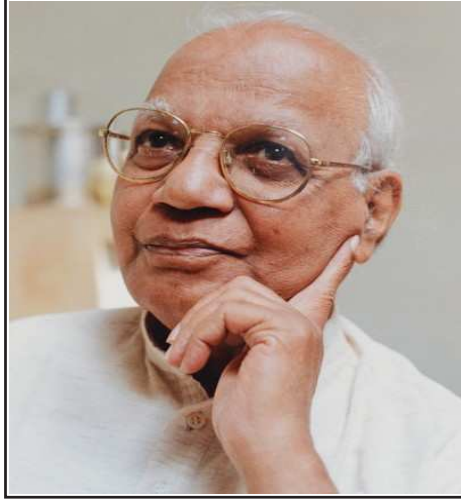


गङ्गा अभै छिन्
त्यही काई लागेको अमखोरामा।

मेरो जसरी ठेगाना बताउनुपरेको थिएन हजुरआमाले
न त याज्ञवल्क्यले नै बताउनुपरेको थियो।

प्रणाम! ती तमाम प्राचीन वृत्तान्तलाई।





G.S. Shivarudrappa (1926–2013)

Guggari Shantaveerappa Shivarudrappa was a poet and scholar. About a dozen of poetry collections are in his credit including Sahitya Academy Award winning Kavyartha Chintana. He served as a Professor at Maharaja College of Mysore's Osmania University and retired as the director of Kannada Study Centre of Bangalore University. He was also awarded Nadoja, Nrupatunga, the title of Rashtrakavi (Poet Laureate) by the Government of Karnataka and Pampa awards.

My Pocket

Do not put your hand into my pocket,
Brother. It is mine and no one else
Should meddle with it. There may be
Many things in it. It is not your cocern.

My bank book, my debt account, my love letters,
It could be anything. But it is mine.
You cannot sort out my troubles. Let them
Be. Give me just your friendship.

No, do not worry about the contents
Of my pocket. I do not worry about yours.
Let the sky between us be clear
Of clouds. That is sufficient.



Translated into English by G.S. Amur

जी. एस. शिवरूप्या (सन् १९२६-२०१३)

मेरो गोजी

मेरो गोजीमा हात नहाल साथी
मेरो हो यो गोजी
हस्तक्षेप नगर यसमा कसैले।
धेरै चिज हुन सक्छन् यसभित्र
जेसुकै भए पनि तिम्रो चासोको विषय हैन।

मेरो ब्याङ्क बुक, मेरो रिनको हिसाब, मेरा प्रेमपत्र
जेसुकै हुन सक्छन्।
तर मेरो हो यो।
तिमीले सक्ने छैनौं मेरा दुःख केलाउन।
त्यस्तै रहून् ती।
मित्रता मात्र भए पुग्छ तिम्रो मलाई।

मेरो गोजीमा केके छ भनेर चासो नगर
म पनि तिम्रा चिजबारे वास्ता गर्ने छैन।
स्पष्ट, तुवाँलोविहीन रहन देऊ हामीबीचको आकाशलाई
त्यही नै मनगो हुने छ।





Siddalingaiah (1954)

Siddalingaiah is a poet, critic, playwright and fiction writer. He has three poetry collections, some theatrical plays and an autobiography in his credit. One of the founders of Dalit sangharsh Samiti, Siddalingaiah is regarded as the pioneer of Dalit Literature in Kannada. He has received Dr. Ambedkar Award, Bharatiya Dalit Sahitya Academy Award, Karnataka Sahitya Academy Award among other honors.

Thousands of Rivers

But yesterday,
they came like a mountain,
my people.
They arrived in hordes
my men,
yesterday!

Black faces bearded with silver
burning eyes red with rage
burst through the blankets of sleep
breaching the bounds of night.

Earth heaved in the mountains of my men
and quaked to their dance of rage
and those who crawled in lines of ants
rose in paws of jungle beasts
and those who crept like reptiles
rose in cobra hoods.

सिद्धलिङ्गलाह (सन् १९५४)



हजारौं नदीहरू

तर हिजो
हिमालजसरी आए तिनीहरू
मेरा मान्छेहरू।
तिनीहरू भुन्ड बनाएर आए
मेरा मान्छेहरू
हिजो!

बल्दै गरेको चाँदीभैँ
क्रोधले राता भएका आँखा टाँसेका काला अनुहारहरू
विस्फोट भएर निस्किए निद्राको सिरकबाट
रातको घेरालाई भत्काउँदै।

मेरा मान्छेहरूको पहाड भएर चुलियो
र हल्लियो तिनको क्रोधको नाचसँगै पृथ्वी।
जङ्गली जनावरका पन्जा भएर फैलिए
कमिलाको लहरभैँ सलबलाउनेहरू
र गोमनको फणा भएर उठे
सर्पजसरी घिसिनेहरू।

शाश्वत आवाज / ३५



They rose, my men, in mountains
shouting the red song
Down, down Inequality
own caste Hierarchy
Down the bug that fattens on money.

Ah, they flooded and flowed in rivers,
my people,
yesterday!
The town and village they inundated
they plunged to depths of unknown roots
they floated to heights of unseen stars.

See how by the bushes and under the trees
in the streets and in the alleys
they gather in hordes,
my people,
flushing down the ranks of headmen's power
and the files of money-lenders away.

These shroud a shriek of defiance
those are struck dumb,
those thunder from angry throats
those fall silent
Ah, the winds of Hevolutio,
my people
have seized the throats of those cut-throats.

See how in the whirlwind
twist the police batons
and knives of secret agents
see how like twigs and dry leaves
spin the debris of Vedas
of puranas and shastras.

उठे तिनीहरू, मेरा मान्छेहरू
पहाडमा
रातो गीत गर्जिदै
भार, भार, तल भार असमानतालाई
भार जातीय ओहदालाई
तल भार पैसामा मोटाउने कीरालाई।
ओहो, उर्लिए र नदीभैँ बगे तिनीहरू
मेरा मान्छेहरू
हिजो!
छपकैँ डुबाए तिनीहरूले सहर र गाउँलाई
फाल हाने अज्ञात जराको गहिराइसम्म
र फैलिए नदेखिएका ताराको उचाइसम्म।

हेर, बुट्यानछेउ, रूखमुनि
सडकमा र गल्लीहरूमा
कसरी थुप्रिए जत्था भएर तिनीहरू
मेरा मान्छेहरू।
मुखियाहरूको शक्तिको तहलाई पखालेर तल भाउँ
र लखेट्दै साहू भनिने भिँगाहरूलाई।

प्रतिकारका यी चिच्याहटहरू
बन्द भयो तिनीहरूको बोली
क्रोधित गलाबाट निस्किएका ती चट्याङहरू
त्यो स्तब्धता
ओहो, हेभोलुसियोका बतासहरू।
बन्द गराइदिए ती गला छिनाउनेहरूका गला
मेरा मान्छेहरूले।

हेर, कसरी घुम्दै छन् भुमरीमा
पुलिसका लट्टी
र जासुसका चक्कूहरू
हेर, कसरी भुमरी पढेँ छ
हाँगा र सुकेका पातभैँ
वेद अनि पुराण र शास्त्रहरूको भग्नावशेष।

See how the dirt of ammunition
and hardware of gun-men
whirling the whirlwind
of Revolution!
Ah, my people
how they flooded in thousands of rivers
to swell in Revolutionary Sea.

● *Translated into English by P. Rama Moorthy*

हेर, कसरी घुमाइरहेछ क्रान्तिको भुमरीलाई
गोलाबारुदको धूलो र बन्दुकधारीको फलामले!
ओहो, मेरा मान्छेहरू
हजारौं नदी भएर ओर्लिए
र उर्लिँदा छाल भए क्रान्तिको महासागरको।





Palyada Lankeshappa, popularly known as **P. Lankesh**, was a prominent Kannada poet, fiction writer, playwright, translator, critic, editor, filmmaker, screenplay writer and journalist. Beside poetry, he has penned several short stories, theatrical plays and critical essays including an autobiography. He was awarded the Sahitya Academy Award, Karnataka Sahitya Academy Award, B.H. Shreedhara Award & Karnataka Nataka Academy Award among other.

P. Lankesh (1935-2000)

Avva*

My mother,
black, prolific earth mother,
a green leaf, a festival of white flowers;
earthier with every burn,
with every pang
more fruit and petal;
her limbs thrilled to children's kicks:
laying down the basket on her head,
she groaned, closed her eyes, never opened them again.

She raised a hundred measures of millet
to please my father
and win a bracelet for her arm;
swilling water for each clod of earth,
for pepper, pea, millet and grain,

* mother in Kannada.

पी. लङ्केश (सन् १९३५-२०००)

मेरी आमा

मेरी आमा
उर्वर कालो माटोजस्तै आमा
हरिया पातहरू, सेता फूलहरूको उत्सव
प्रत्येक चोटबाट अभ बढी उर्वर।
प्रत्येक दुखाइबाट
अभ बढी फल र फूलहरू।
केटाकेटीको हिकाइले थरथर काँपे उनका गोडा
टाउकामा बोकेको डालो ढालेर
चिच्याइन् उनी, आँखा चिम्लिइन्
र फेरि कहिल्यै खोलिनन्।

उनले कैयौँ मुरी कोदो फलाइन्
बालाई खुसी पार्नका लागि
र हात पारिन् पाखुरामा लगाउने एक जोर बाजू
बारीका प्रत्येक डल्लालाई सिँचेर
खुर्सानी, केराउ, कोदो र अन्नका लागि

she ploughed with her hand:
blossoming in flowers, ripening in fruit,
she watched over the fields,
spending her youth in a tatter of saris.

She died, she did:
what's the age of a hag bent double?
how many new year moons,
how many festival of sugar bread
over the live coals? How many times
had she wept, this woman,
for coin, for dead calf, for ruined grain?
How many times had she roamed the villages
for some ancient runaway buffalo?

No, she was no Savitri,
no Sita or Urmila,
no heroin out of history books,
tranquil, fair and grave in dignity;
nor like the wives of Gandhi and Ramakrishna.
She didn't worship the gods
or listen to holy legends;
she didn't even wear, like a good wife,
any vermilion on her brow.

A wild bear
bearing a litter of little ones,
she reared a husband, saved coins in a knot of cloth;
like a hurt bitch, she bared her teeth,
growled and fought.
She was mean, crooked, ready to scratch like a monkey;
her only rule: whatever raises a family.
She would burn and flare
if a son went wild, or the husband elsewhere.

आपना हातले बारी जोतिन् उनले—
फूलसँगै फुल्दै, फलसँगै फल्दै
गरिरहिन् बारीको रेखदेख
साडीको भुत्रोमै बिताइन् आफ्नो सम्पूर्ण यौवन।

स्वर्गे भइन्, गइन् उनी
कति थियो
घुँडामुनिसम्म टाउको पुऱ्याए कुप्रिएकी ती बूढीको उमेर?
कति वटा वैशाख पूर्णिमा र
कोइलामा रोटी पकाएर खाने कति वटा पर्व?
कति पल्ट रोएकी थिइन् यी नारी
पैसाका लागि, मरेको बछाका लागि र अन्नपात खेर जाँदा?
कति पल्ट कुदेकी थिइन् फुकेर गाउँभरि कुदेको भैंसीसँगसँगै?

हैन, उनी सावित्री थिइन्
न त सीता वा उर्मिला नै
इतिहासको पुस्तकबमा वर्णन गरिएकी वीराङ्गना थिइन्
सुखी, सुन्दर, गम्भीर प्रतिष्ठाप्राप्त।
न त गान्धी र रामकृष्णका पत्नीहरूजस्तै थिइन्।
देवताको पूजा गरिन् उनले
न त पौराणिक कथाहरू नै सुनिन् असल श्रीमतीको जस्तो
दुई आँखीभौँका बीचमा सिन्दूरको टीकासमेत लगाइन् उनले कहिल्यै।

एउटी जङ्गली प्राणी
सानाहरूको बच्चा धारण गरिन्
उनले पतिलाई हुर्काइन्
सप्कोको गाँठोमा पैसा जोगाएर राखिन्
चोट खाएकी कुकुर्नीजसरी दाँत डिऱ्याइन् उनले
गर्जिइन् र युद्ध लडिन्।
तुच्छ, बाउँठी र बाँदरले जसरी चिथोर्न तयार थिइन् उनी
एकमात्र नियम थियो उनको— जसरी हुन्छ परिवार चलाऊ
रिसले आगो हुन्थिन् उनी
छोरो बरालिन थाल्यो भने वा पति अन्त लागे भने।

A jungle bear has no need for your Gita,
My mother lived
for stick and grain, labour and babies;
for a rafter over her head,
rice, bread, a blanket;
to walk upright among equals.

Admiration, tears, thanks:
for bearing and raising us;
for living in mud and soil, for leaving as she did,
as if leaving home for the fields,
cool as usual,
in the middle of small talk.



Translated into English by A.K. Ramanujan

कुनै जङ्गली प्राणीलाई गीता चाहिँदैन।
मेरी आमा बाँचिन्
दाउरा र अन्न अनि परिश्रम र छोराछोरीका लागि
टाउकामाथिको छानाका लागि
भात, रोटी र ओढ्ने-ओछ्याउनेका लागि
र जोरीपारीसँग टाउको ठाडो पारेर हिँड्नका लागि।

प्रशंसा, आँसु, कृतज्ञता
हामीलाई हुर्काएकोमा
माटे र हिलोमा बाँचेकोमा
उनी जसरी बाँचिन् त्यसरी बाँचेकोमा।
बारीमा जान घरबाट निस्किएजसरी
सधैंकै जस्तै शान्त
बोल्दाबोल्दै बीचैमा।





Nissar Ahmed is a poet, translator, thinker and writer. A professor of geology, Ahmed, has published about a dozens of poetry collections. He is considered as an experimentalist in his poetry. He was conferred with various prestigious awards and honors including India's Padmashree Award, Nadoja Award, Soviet Land Nehru Awards, State Sahitya Academy Awards and Anakru Award.

K.S. Nissar Ahmed (1936)

America America...

Whenever your American Way of Life is raised to the sky,
I feel like pulling off one by one you folk's ties, suits, skirts,
lifting from the blood-baths the Spaniards, Germans,
the Portuguese, the Englishmen, the Negroes,
the pirates, the killers, the adulteresses,
and throwing them at you and laughing alone—
but I see Lincoln, Kennedy, King,
and I shutter, stumble, bow my head, and keep quiet.

Whenever, in the name of stamping out Communists and
Nazis,
you tuck up people's lives and brag about it in Life, Time,
etcetera.

I want to spit on you, drink vodka,
and talk Castro, De Gaulle, Ho Chi Minh, and Nasser—
but the Chinese and Pakistani invasions stab my memory
and I see your hand of friendship, terrifying

के. एस. निस्सार अहमद (सन् १९३६)

अमेरिका अमेरिका...

जबजब तेरो 'जीवनको अमेरिका शैली' फस्टाएर आकाश छुन पुग्छ
मलाई एकएक गरेर फुकालिदिऊँ जस्तो हुन्छ
तेरा मान्छेका टाई, सुट र स्कर्ट।
स्पेनीहरूलाई, जर्मनहरूलाई, पोर्चुगालीहरूलाई, अङ्ग्रेजहरूलाई, हब्सीहरूलाई
समुद्री डाकाहरूलाई, हत्याराहरूलाई, व्यभिचारीहरूलाई
निकालेर रगतको पोखरीबाट
तेरो टाउकामा फ्याँकिदिऊँ र मरीमरी हाँसूँ जस्तो हुन्छ—
तर देख्छु लिङ्गन, केनेडी र किडलाई
अनि भकभकिन्छु, चुकचुकाउँछु, शिर निहुन्याउँछु र चुप लाग्छु।

नाजी र कम्युनिस्टलाई घोरयाउने निहुँमा तँले
मानिसको जीवनलाई ध्वस्त पारेको र
जीवनभर त्यसैका बारेमा डिड हाँकदै हिँडेको आदि-इत्यादि
देख्छु जब
मलाई तेरो मुखमा थुकिदिएर
छेउमा बसी भोड्का खान मन लाग्छ
अनि कुरा गर्न मन लाग्छ
क्यास्ट्रो, दे गोल, हो ची मिन्ह र नासिरसँग।
तर चिनियाँ र पाकिस्तानी हमलाले मेरो सम्मरणशक्ति धमिल्याइदिए
र तेरो मित्रताको हात हेर्छु

and six thousand miles long
and I shut my mouth.

When you fly flags of culture on the Empire State Building,
I see the male macho eyes in nightclubs and on the beaches,
the 007s,

The Hollywood beat, the twist, the mental somersaults,
hashish, marijuana, LSD, the condoms, the perverse itches,
the Mafioso, the divorces at the rate of twenty-five a minute,
and I want to crow, clap my hands,
and broadcast it all to the world.

Lady Liberty faces the world and keeps her back to you—
I'd turn her around so that she can face your heart's slums,
the black Harlems—

I'd snatch away the toy guns you give your children as
birthday gifts,

and gave them Bibles, Gitas, and Korans instead—

I'd like to give the lustre of Eastern sages

to your folks' pale morning—after bedsheet faces—

I'd like to rub the Nehru rose on LBJ's lips

and iron out all the knit brows

and the lines on his forehead—

America, America,
whenever you brag about your power
I'd like to tweak your ears and tell you about
the victories of the young Vietcong
rubbing out armies like bedbugs,
the shame and defeat of your CIA
overturning governments and setting up Yes-Men,
and your ladders to the moon and the satellites
that fell into the sea.

But then I remember
your wheat loans, your LP480s,
and foreign policy seals my lips.



छ हजार माइल लामो डरलाग्दो
र बन्द गर्छु आफ्नो मुख।

जब एम्पाइर स्टेट बिल्डिङमा संस्कृतिको भन्डा फहराउँछस् तँ
म नाइट क्लब र बिचहरूमा पुरुष मर्द आँखा देख्छु, जिरोजिरो सेभेनहरू
द हलिवुड बिट, द ट्विस्ट, द मेन्टल समरसाल्ट्स
ह्यासिस, गाँजा, एलएसडी, कन्डम, विकृत कन्याइ
माफियाका लाउकेहरू, एक मिनेटमा पच्चीस वटाको दरले उत्पादन हुने
सम्बन्धविच्छेदीहरू
र म कराउन चाहन्छु, थपडी बजाउन चाहन्छु
र यी सबै कुरा संसारलाई सुनाउन चाहन्छु।

लिबर्टी महोदया संसारतिर फर्किन्छिन् र तँलाई पिठ्युँ देखाउँछिन्—
उनलाई तँतिरै फर्काइदिने थिएँ म
तेरो हृदयको गन्दे बस्ती देखाउनका लागि, काला हार्लेमहरू
तँले आफ्ना केटाकेटीलाई बर्थडे गिफ्ट भनेर दिएका खेलौना बन्दुकहरू खोस्ने थिएँ म
र त्यसको सट्टामा बाइबल, गीता र कुरान दिने थिएँ—
बिहानको तन्नाजस्ता मैलिएका तेरा मानिसका अनुहारहरूलाई
पौरस्त्य मनीषीहरूको चमक दिने थिएँ—
म एलबीजेका ओठमा नेहरू गुलाब दलिदिने थिएँ
र इस्त्री लगाइदिने थिएँ उसको खुम्चिएको निधार र
अनुहारका चाउरीहरूहरूमा—

अमेरिका, अमेरिका
जबजब तँ आफ्नो शक्तिको डिङ हाँक्छस्
तेरो कान निमोट्टै सुनाउन मन लाग्छ मलाई
सेनालाई उडुस किच्याएभैँँ किच्याए हासिल गरेको
युवा भेटकोडको विजयका बारेमा
सत्ता पल्टाउने र एस-म्यान थपना गर्ने खेलमा भएको
तेरो सीआईएको लज्जा र हारका विषयमा
र सागरमा भरेको चन्द्रमा उक्लिने भ्याङ र स्याटेलाइटहरूका बारेमा।

तर त्यसपछि
तेरो गहुँको रिन, तेरा एलपी-फोरएटीहरू सम्भिनछु म
र विदेश नीतिले सिइदिन्छ मेरा ओठ।



I stomach the fact
that there's no country quite like you,
that when an elephant falls, it's still taller than a horse.
So, I sew up my lips, America,
and I bow to you.

Whenever I bitch about and resent
all that growth of yours
which devours me silently in the new,
our poverty
our population
our geography
stop my tongue
and teach me lessons in patience.



Translated into English by A.K. Ramanujan

तँजस्तो शान्त देश कुनै छैन भन्ने
र हात्ती लड्यो भने पनि घोडाभन्दा अग्लो नै हुन्छ भन्ने
कुरालाई पचाइदिन्छु म।
त्यसैले सिइदिन्छु आफ्ना ओठ अमेरिका
र तँप्रति नतमस्तक हुन्छु।

समाचारहरूमा मलाई चुपचाप निल्ने
तेरा ती सबै संवृद्धिप्रति
क्रोधित भएर कुरा काट्न थाल्छु म जबजब
हाम्रो गरिबी
हाम्रो जनसङ्ख्या
हाम्रो भूगोलले
रोकिदिन्छन् मेरो जिब्रोलाई
र मलाई सिकाउँछन् धैर्यको पाठ।





Chandrashekar Patil, popularly known as '**Champa**'; is a poet, dramatist, playwright, critic, editor and social activist. He has written many plays including *Ardha Sathyada Hudugi* (Girl of Half Truth). He is considered as one of the frontier voices of *Bandaya Chaluvali*, a revolutionary movement in Karnataka. He also has served as the President of *Kannada Sahitya Parishad*. He has been awarded by the *Karnataka Sahitya Academy* for his poetry.

Chandrashekar Patil 'Champa' (1939)

Once upon a Time

Once upon a time,
my friends,
this sky knew no limit
and this earth, no boundary.

Whatever you shouted then
became a song. But
none listened.
Wherever your feet took you
became a path. But
none to follow you.

But when lips are sealed
and feet chained,
just a struggle of the feet
(the chains may not be broken, but.)

चन्द्रशेखर पाटिल 'चम्पा' (सन् १९३९)

उहिल्यै कुनै बेला

उहिल्यै कुनै बेला साथीहरू!
सीमा थिएन यो आकाशको
र कुनै सिमाना थिएन यो धरतीमा।

त्यस बेला जसले जे बोले पनि गीत हुन्थ्यो।
तर कसैले सुन्दैन थियो।
कसैलाई उसका गोडाले जता लग्थ्यो
त्यही नै बाटो हुन्थ्यो।
तर कसैले उसलाई पछ्याउँदैनथ्यो।

तर यस बेला जब ओठहरू सिइएका छन्
र बाँधिएका छन् गोडाहरू
गोडाको केवल एउटा सङ्घर्ष
(साइलीहरू चुँडाउन नसकिएला तैपनि)



you might light up
the milky way in the sky.

Just an attempt to break the silence—
(You may not produce a syllable, but.)
the earth might
break out into a chorus.



Translated into English by the poet himself



उज्यालो पार्न सकिने छ
आकाशमाथिको आकाशगङ्गालाई।

मौनता भङ्ग गर्ने केवल एक प्रयास—
(लय बनाउन नसकिएला तर पनि)
एउटा कोरस गाउन थाल्ने छ
धरतीले।





Baraguru Ramachandrappa is a poet, novelist, playwright, short story writer, literary critic and film director as well. His work includes novels, collections of poetry, short story collection, drama, and research and criticism. *Kanasina Kannike*, *Marakutika* and *Maguvina Haadu* are some of his poetry collections. A recipient of Karnataka State Film Award **Ramachandrappa** was also awarded by the Karnataka Sahitya Academy for his literary contribution.

Baraguru Ramachandrappa (1947)

Peacock Field

Who harvested the crop
That stood smilingly in the peacock fields yesterday?
If eyes closed here, frogs overflow wells
Memories peeled off in sleep.

Mind flowered out in dream-nurtured
I know not who smeared it in blood.
The light that was reaped with sweat
Stole it who in the darkness, I know not.

Revenge laid an egg in sword fighting
Love's dead in the soil
Pain, overflows in street by street
Remains frozen in the eyes.

Sweat in flowing river, sweat in scorching sunlight
In the darkness, in the naked Sun

बडागुरु रामचन्द्रप्पा (सन् १९४७)

मयूर वन

मुजुर नाच्ने ठाउँमा हिजोसम्म मुस्काउँदै फुलिरहेको बाली
कसले काट्यो?
आँखा चिम्लियो भने कुवाबाट बगेर बाहिर निस्कन्छन् भ्यागुताहरू
निदाएको बेलामा ताछिएर जान्छन् स्मृतिहरू।

सपनाको स्याहारले फक्रियो मन
थाहा छैन, कसले रगतमा बिटुल्याएको हो यसलाई।
पसिनाले काटेको उज्यालोलाई
कसले चोरेको हो अँध्यारोमा, थाहा छैन मलाई।

प्रतिशोधले एउटा अण्डा पाऱ्यो तरबार युद्धमा
माटोमा मरेको छ प्रेम
सडकसडक बग्छ पीडा
आँखामा जम्छन् बाँकी रहेका जति चाहिँ।

बगिरहेको नदीमा पसिना, छरिइरहेको सूर्यकिरणमा पसिना

The sweat's writing all around
Thirsty to devour all the life's ocean
Evaporated, thinking it may sweat.
Life's ocean, a burning anthill
Every wave, a hissing cobra!

No, the sweat that awaits dawn
Gives no life here
Sun never opens eyes to see
Ocean remains unchurned
Nectar never oozes out, even a drop.

Finally, repeated requests
Beget no tears;
Sweat made naked
Darkness that sat closing the doors, rules.

Sapling planted in Birth

Death, who kills all
Why don't you die?
While the star weeps
Over strangled bird's neck
Why don't you show up?

Hidden among the elements
Oh, scheming death,
Left shattered
The dream house built in sweat.

A nest of thunder in the clouds
A bud of lightning in the soil
A burning coal doll among the branches
Light in the boulder turned blind!

अँध्यारोमा, नाङ्गो घाममा
जताततै लेखिरहेछ पसिनाले नै
जीवनको पूरै सागर निल्ने गरी तिर्खाएको प्यासी
वाष्पीकृत भयो पसिना निस्कला भन्ने सोचेर।
जीवनको सागर एउटा जलिरहेको धमिराको घर
प्रत्येक छाल फवाँ गर्दो गोमन सर्प !

अहँ, बिहानलाई पखिने पसिनाले
कुनै जीवन दिँदैन यहाँ
हेर्नका लागि आँखा उघाउँन सूर्यले कहिल्यै
स्थिर रहन्छ सागर
कहिल्यै रसाउँदैन अमृत, एक थोपो पनि।

अन्त्यमा, तिनै अनुरोधहरू
आँसु नभार
पसिनाले नङ्ग्याउँछ
शासन गर्छ ढोका थुनेर बसेको अन्धकारले।

जन्म हुँदा बिरुवा रोपियो।

मृत्यु, तँ जो सबैलाई मार्छस्
किन मर्दैनस् तँ आफू चाहिँ?
चराको ड्याकिएको गलाबाट
तारा रोएको बेला
किन देखा पर्दैनस् तँ?

अरूका बीचमा छोपिएको
हे षड्यन्त्रकारी मृत्यु
चकनाचुर भयो
पसिनामा बनेको स्वप्न महल।

बादलमा चट्याङको गुँड
माटामा बिजुलीको कोपिला
हाँगाका बीचमा बलिरहेका कोइलाका खेलौना
अन्धो भएको ढुङ्गामा उज्यालो !

Hundred anthills in a rundown shelter
Pictures flung down on a snake's tongue
Seeking life in a butcher's shop
Our dream: live to die.

Planting a sapling of death in birth
Awaiting meticulously for ripened fruit
Nourished and watered amidst daily difficulties
Wasting life, longing for a ripened fruit.

Tell me Death, tell me
Which corner do you sit
Covering yourself with 'life stress' blanket unseen?
How come you appear suddenly,
Like an arrow shot at Karna!*

●
Translated into English by Sadananda

* Karna of Mahabharatha

वास बस्ने टहरामा धमिराका सयौँ घर
सर्पका जिब्रामा चित्र भुन्डिएको
कसाहीको दोकानमा जीवनको खोजी
मर्नका लागि बाँच्ने गर्छ- हाम्रो सपना।

जन्ममा मृत्युको बिरुवा रोप्नु
पाकेको फललाई सावधानीपूर्वक पर्खिनु
दिनहुँका अप्ठ्याराबीच मलजल गर्नु र
फल पाक्ने आसमा पर्खिएर जीवन खेर फाल्नु।

भन् मृत्यु, मलाई भन्
कुन कुनामा बस्छस् तँ
जीवनका भन्भटको नदेखिने ओढ्नेले आफूलाई छोपेर?
अनि कसरी एकाएक देखा पर्छस्
कर्णलाई हानिएको बाणजसरी!





Siddaiah Puranik was a poet, lyricist and administrator. He is well renowned as a modern vachanakara. His major compositions include 'Jalapatha', 'Vachanodhama', 'Vachana-nandhana', 'Vachana Rama' among other. He served for Indian Administrative Service in Karnataka. He received many prestigious honors and awards including Karnataka Rajya Academy Award, Belwara Award and Malavada award.

Siddaiah Puranik (1918)

Vachanodyana

1

The earth's my mother
The sky my father
But Thou, birthless One
The father and mother of both,
Swatantra dheera siddheshwara!

2

Having crushed the seed,
how can you look for the sprout, brother?
Having destroyed the sprout,
how can you have the seedling, brother?
Having snipped the seedling,
how can you expect the bud, brother?
Having nipped the bud,
how can you find the flower, brother?
Having plucked the flower,

सिद्धय्या पुराणिक (सन् १९१८)

वचनोद्यान

१

धरती मेरी आमा
आकाश मेरा बाबु
र आमा र बाबु दुवै हुन्
ती अजन्मा
स्वतन्त्र धीर सिद्धेश्वर।

२

बीजलाई फटाएर
टुसो पलाउने आशा कसरी गर्न सक्छौ साथी?
पलाएको टुसालाई चुँडाएर
मुना पलाउने आशा कसरी गर्न सक्छौ साथी?
अडकुरलाई चुँडेर
कोपिला लाग्ने आशा गर्न कसरी सक्छौ साथी?
कोपिला निमोटेर
फूल कसरी भेट्न सक्छौ साथी?
फूल टिपेर

how can you long for the fruit, brother?
Swatantra dheera siddheshwara,
Can Thy creation, or this human life,
have any significance, apart from Thee?

3

In the incubator of Infinity,
perhaps,
countless worlds are biding like eggs;
but in one
multitudinous beings are born, and die!
Perchance,
their struggle for existence
has brought thee a headache!
So
Hast Thou given up the act of creation
in numberless other worlds,
deeming it as futile?
I hope not, Father &
For
a Gandhi, Tagore or Aurobindo
though born one in a century
proves quite the contrary.
When this is so &
when centuries to come
can boast of bringing forth as many superman &
why this dudgeon,
Swatantra dheera siddheshwara?

4

Swatantra dheera siddheshwara
If I were to be reborn
let me be a Kannadiga and
a devotee of Basava &
If not,

फल लाग्ने दिन कसरी पखिर्न सकछौ साथी?
स्वतन्त्र धीर सिद्धेश्वर
तिम्रो सिर्जना अर्थात् यो मानवजातिको
यसभन्दा बाहेक अरू के नै अर्थ छ र?

३

अनन्तताको इन्क्युबेटरमा
सायद
असङ्ख्य विश्वहरू अण्डाभैँ ओथ्रिरहेका छन्
तर एउटा
अनगिन्ती जीव जन्मिएका छन् र मरेका छन्।
सायद
तिनले बाँच्नका लागि गरेको सङ्घर्षले नै
तिनीहरूलाई दुःखी बनाएको छ।
त्यसैले
के तिमिले अरू असङ्ख्य विश्वमा
सृष्टिको कर्म छाडिदिएका हौ
तिनीहरूलाई बाँधो देखेर?
त्यसो हैन भन्ने आशा गर्छु म ए परम पिता...
किनभने
गान्धी, ट्यागोर र अरविन्द
शाताब्दीऔँमा एउटा जन्मिनुले
असङ्गत देखिन्छ।
जब यो त्यस्तो हुन्छ...
जब आउँदा शताब्दीहरूले
धेरै महापुरुष लिएर आउने गर्व गर्न सकछन्...
किन यो क्रोध
स्वतन्त्र धीर सिद्धेश्वर?

४

स्वतन्त्र धीर सिद्धेश्वर
यदि म फेरि जन्मिएँ भने
जन्मिएँ एउटा कन्नडिगा र
बसभको भक्त भएर...
हैन भने

Rather than be the ambrosia of the gods
let me be the buttermilk available to the poor;
Rather than be the Airavata proclaiming the glory of India
let me be a devotee's bullock;
Rather than be the Kalpataru favouring the rich
let me be a bush yielding berries to the poor;
Let me not be
Yama's buffalo
but Dattatreya's dog;
Not a coffer holding
the pearls and jewels of the rich
but the toolbag of Hadapada Appanna!

5

Some doubting Thomases
laugh at my deep belief in Thee!
But I say,
stop, show me something more worthy of faith,
I will give Thee up and believe it.
Shattering faith's easy
But how difficult
to attain the bliss of faith!
Thou art the life breath of faith &
The Faith Supreme!
I feel no shyness
to declare my abiding faith in Thee
Swatantra dheera siddheshwara!

6

How if too many paths
leave us no land to till?
How if too many lanes
leave us no room to build?
How if involved in many arguments

ईश्वरको अमृत भएर जन्मनुभन्दा
गरिबलाई उपलब्ध हुने दूध भएर जन्मिऊँ
भारतको वैभव मानिएको ऐरावत हुनुभन्दा
म भक्तहरूको गोरु होऊँ
सम्भ्रान्तहरूलाई सुख दिने कल्पतरु हुनुभन्दा
गरिबलाई फलफूल दिने बुढ्यान भएर जन्मिऊँ।
म यमको भैंसी हुनुभन्दा
दत्तात्रेयको कुकुर होऊँ
सम्पन्नहरूको मोती र गहना बोक्ने सन्दुक हैन
हडपाड अप्पन्नाको बाकस होऊँ।

५

एउटा टमस भन्नेले
तिमीप्रतिको मेरो गहिरो विश्वासको हाँसो उडायो!
तर मैले भनैँ—
चुप लाग सक्छौं भने
आस्था गर्नुपर्ने त्यसभन्दा महत्त्वपूर्ण अर्को केही देखाइदेऊ मलाई
म तिमीलाई छाडिदिन्छु र त्यसैलाई विश्वास गर्छु।
सजिलो छ आस्था भत्काउन
तर कति कठिन छ
आस्थाको स्वर्गीय आनन्द प्राप्त गर्न...
हे परम आस्था!
तिमीप्रति मेरो अटुट आस्था छ भन्नलाई
कुनै सङ्कोच छैन मलाई
स्वतन्त्र धीर सिद्धेश्वर!

६

अति धेरै बाटाहरूले हामीलाई
खनजोत गर्ने नसकिने जमिनमा पुर्‍याएर छाडे भने कस्तो हुन्छ
अति धेरै बाटाहरूले हामीलाई
एउटा कोठा पनि बनाउन नसकिने बनाए भने के हुन्छ
धेरै तर्कहरूमा अलमलिइरहँदा

we have no time for small talk?
How if listening to many preaches
we confound ourselves?
This is a delicate seedling
don't transplant it everyday;
This is a poor child
may it not be handled by many &
Make me walk Thy path,
imbibe Thy teaching,
and speak the truth,
Swatantra dheera siddheshwara.



Translated into English by the poet himself

हामीलाई कुराकानीको सुगन्ध लिने फुर्सद नै भएन भने के हुन्छ?
धेरै उपदेशकहरूको कुरा सुनिरहेर
हामी कसरी आफूलाई पराजित गर्न सक्छौं?
यो एउटा कोमल बिरुवा हो
हरेक दिन नसार यसलाई
यो एउटा अबोध बालक हो
यो धेरै मान्छेबाट नचल्न सक्छ
मलाई तिम्रो बाटोमा हिँडाऊ
मलाई तिम्रो ज्ञान पिलाऊ
सत्य बोलाऊ मबाट
स्वतन्त्र धीर सिद्धेश्वर।





Kalegowda Nagavara is a poet, novelist and folklorist. He has written about two dozens of books on folklore including 'Janapada Sahitya' and 'Bayaluseemeya Lavanigalu'. His other prominent work includes 'Garigedarida Navilu' and 'Manadalada Kanasugalu'. He is the founder and director of 'Bandaya Sahitya Movement' and chairperson of 'Karnataka Janapada and Yakshagana Academy'. Presently, he is a professor at Mysore University.

Kalegowda Nagavara

Kavita

At the moment of your blossoming
the fragrant darling, Kavita
this bank became wet and cool
as the flood swelled and overflowed.

The boy being shy
is standing on the other bank
poor fellow
now he's craving to have her
near him, pleads incessantly
with great anxiety.

Whether he stole or didn't steal anything
but he gave the account
however hotch-potch it is
is there anything that does not melt
in the vicinity of a red-hot man?
Is there anything that does not recede?



कालेगोवडा नागावारा

कविता

सुवासित प्रिय कविता
तिमी फक्रिएको बेल
जब बाढी उर्लिएर पोखियो
यो किनार भिज्यो र शीतल भयो।

पल्लो किनारमा उभिइरहेछ
लजालु केटो
व्यग्र छ बिचरा
अहिले उनलाई नजिक पाउनका लागि
र व्याकुलताका साथ अनुनय गरिरहेछ निरन्तर।

खै, उसले केही चोच्यो वा चोरेन
तर सविस्तार बतायो
जेसुकै गरी जेलिएको भए पनि
रातोपीरो भएको मान्छेको छेउमा नपग्लिने
के कुनै चिज हुन्छ?
पटकै हलचल नगर्ने के कुनै वस्तु हुन्छ?



Brand new form of dream manifested itself.
and
then again when you blossomed
the peacocks of seven hues danced
the song-bird's throat
rejoiced there with ease and comfort.

The luscious climber here
wearing flowers in abundance
did actually mock at everyone
the beautiful maiden
followed incessantly
the counting of tiny things matured
the clever guy
arrow of the bow
being in accord
embraced tightly
etwined in amorous excesses
then the two rose up, victorious.

This way:
The fringe of your robe
And the edge of your eye
A deceitful life
Beauty inside the colour

Sa vast
Is that not so, Kavita?
You were born with
the waves of sighs
the dream-world leaves

आफै प्रदर्शित भयो सपनाको सर्वाधिक नवीन प्रकार
र

त्यसपछि तिमि फुल्यौ जब फेरि
छमछम नाच्यो ससरङ्गी मयूर
र सजिलै उत्सव मनायो
गाइने चराको गलाले।

सुन्दर आरोहीभैँ
भकिभकाउ भएर फूलहरूले
गरिरहिन् हरेकको उपहास त्यस बेला
ती सुन्दर युवतीले।
पछ्याइरह्यो निरन्तर
सकियो भीनामसिना चिजहरूको क्रम
त्यो निपुण युवक
बाणको धनु
पुगेर मिलनको विन्दुमा
बाँधियो कस्सिएर अँगालोमा
लठारियो प्रणयको चरमसम्म
र उठे विजयी भएर ती दुई।

त्यसरी
तिम्रो पहिरनको किनार
र तिम्रा आँखाको डिल
एउटा छलमय जीवन
रडभित्रको सौन्दर्य।

अत्यन्त कठिन
हैन त कविता?
सुस्केराका छालहरू
स्वप्नसंसारका पातहरू
अङ्कुरहरू र फूलहरू र सौदामिनीहरूसँगै



the sprout and blossoms and lightings
being one with constant joy
and the people's pain and privation
you are the friend with warmth
come closer, the elegant one,
come quickly here...



Translated into English by the poet himself



जन्मिएकी थियौ तिमी
सनातन आनन्दमा
र मानिसका दुःख र कष्टहरूमा
शीतलता बोकेकी साथी हौ तिमी
नजिक आऊ हृदयस्पर्शी
भट्टै यहाँ आऊ...





Prof. Doddarange Gowda is a lyricist, screenplay writer and politician. His poetry collection 'Kannu Naalage Kodalu' is widely acclaimed. He has penned lyrics for around five hundred songs. He has written dialogues for about a dozen of feature films and has scripted over a hundred of tale-serials. He received Karnataka Sahitya Academy Award and was awarded Best Lyricist Award multiple times.

Doddarange Gowda (1946)

The Road to Kathmandu

1

On the road to Kathmandu
Sights inexhaustible
There appear chasms
Issuing free tickets on abysses
Crooked turning points
At every step
Birds sitting quietly
Stopping their chorus
Scared of the pressing chill.

Mountain streams,
Sporting like children
Buses crawling
Like tortoise
Countless forms come close
Like wave after wave

डोदरङ्गे गोब्डा (सन् १९४६)

काठमान्डू जाने बाटो

१

काठमान्डू जाने बाटामा
देखिन्छ अटुट दृश्य
पातालको निःशुल्क टिकट बाँडिरहेका भीरहरू
पाइलापाइलामा बसेका छली घुम्तीहरू
हठी ठिहीसँग डराउँदै
आफ्नो गीत गाउन छाडेर चुपचाप बसिरहेका चराहरू।

केटाकेटीजस्तै खेल्दै उफ्रिँदै
हिमालदेखि बगी आएका खोलाहरू
कछुवाजसरी घस्निँदै गरेका बसहरू
नजिक आउँछन् असङ्ख्य रूपहरू
छालपछि छाल आएजस्तो

शाश्वत आवाज / ७७

And whisper
Into the heart of hearts.

2

On the way to Kathmandu
At every step
Sky-high trees on parade
Clouds playing hide-and-seek
With travelers,
Winking hills with silver-white caps on
Glittering green tiers of fields.

With their giant's eyes
The huge scares
The life out of the unaware
Traveler
Toy-like wooden houses
Like a joke,
The evoke a new world
And take root
In the hard of hearts.

3

On the way to Kathmandu
Blinking-eyes, tomato-checked
Dwarfish girls,
Saddled with burdens
Valiant Gurkhas marching
In the silence of cleft of mountains.

While unwinding the skein of memory
The road to Kathmandu
Isn't myriad-coloured dream
It's true real;
The golden granary of Nepal.



Translated into English by Prof. Hayagriva Achar

र कानेखुसी गर्छन्
हृदयहरूका हृदयभिन्ना।

२

काठमान्डू जाने बाटामा
प्रत्येक पाइलामा
परेड गरिरहेका आकाश छुने रूखहरू
यात्रीहरूसँग लुकामारी खेलिरहेका बादलका भुन्डहरू
टल्किरहेका खेतका गराहरूलाई जिस्क्याइरहेका
चाँदीको टोपी लगाउने पहाडहरू।

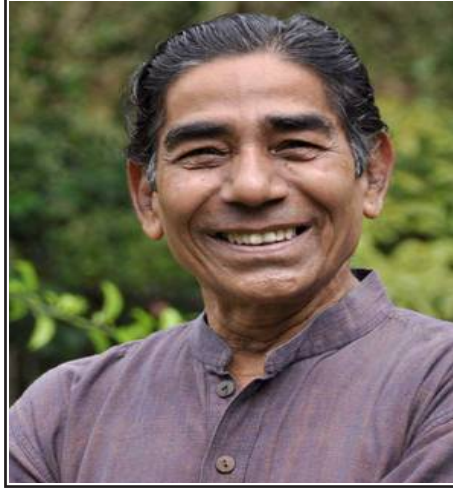
आफ्नाका विशालकाय डरलाग्दा आँखाले हेरेर
अनभिन्न यात्रीको सातो लिने
भयानक भस्काइहरूले
ठट्टाजस्ता लाग्ने
खेलौनाजस्ता काठका घरहरूले
सिर्जना गर्छन् एउटा नयाँ संसारको
र जरा गाड्छन्
हृदयहरूका हृदयभिन्ना।

३

काठमान्डू जाने बाटामा
चलमलाइरहेका आँखा र गोलभैँडाजस्ता गालाहरू
बोभले थिचिएर निराश भएका होचा युवतीहरू
हिमालका खोंचको निःस्तब्धतामा
ओहोरदोहोर गरिरहेका वीर गोरखालीहरू

स्मृतिका गुजुल्ल्यालाई फुकाउँदै जाँदा
सपनाका असङ्ख्य रङ हैन
एउटा वास्तविक सत्य भएर आउँछ
काठमान्डू जाने बाटो
नेपालको सुनौलो अन्नभण्डार !





Siddalinga Pattana Shetty (1939)

Siddalinga Pattana Shetty is a poet, story writer, biographer, playwright, novelist, essayist, and a famous saint and performer. 'Nina', 'Aurangazeb and Other Poems', 'Paradesi Songs', 'Hundred of Verses' are some of his poetry collections. He has a story collection, two biography and many plays and novels in his credit. He has translated many Hindi plays into Kannada and has performed many stage performers.

Song Lost

My favourite song is lost
In which forest do I seek
In which land do I search

The land tired in thirsty moans
Where do I get the contentment
The water has gone dry with the cloud

Can the divine river flow here
Lost is the love of my song
In which lyric do I search it
What way to get it

The ocean waits
For the flowing streams and
Happy rivers
Dreams haunt, mind dull
Coiled is the mute mind

सिद्धलिङ्गा पत्तना सेट्टी (सन् १९३९)

हराएको गीत

हराएको छ मेरो मन पर्ने गीत
कुन वनमा खोजूँ म
कुन माटोमा खोजूँ

तिर्खाको चीत्कारले थकित छ माटो
कहाँ भेटूँ म सन्तुष्टि
पानी पनि सुकेर गएको छ बादलसँगै

के कुनै दैवी नदी बग्न सक्छ यहाँ?
हराएको छ मेरो गीतको प्रेम
कुन बोलमा खोजूँ म यसलाई
यसलाई म कसरी भेटूँ

प्रतीक्षा गर्छ समुद्र
बगिरहेका खोलाहरूको र
हर्षित नदीहरूको
तसार्ने सपनाले र उदास छ मन
बेरिएर बसेको छ मौन हृदय

Lost is the rhythm of my emotion
In whose mind should I peep
Which strings do I play

The whisp of air becoming a storm
The breath the ugly body
Can mirth be gained by
The life, tormented with burning path

Lost is the link of companion
In which gathering should I seek
In whose company should I search

I still hope of descending rain and
Soaked satisfied earth
Still lurks in my mind
The dancing babies entering
Opening the door to bring the auroma

The song playing the yard of nectar
The wood mirthfully playing the companionship
Getting my lost endearing song

My favourite song is lost
In which forest do I seek
In which land do I search



Translated into English by the poet himself

हराएको छ उत्साहको धुन
कसको मनमा चियाउनु मैले
कुन तार बजाउनु म

आँधीमा परिणत भएको छ बतासको कानेखुसी
कुरूप शरीरले फेर्ने हर्षित निःश्वास
कहाँ भेट्टाउला जलिरहेको यात्राबाट सन्तस जीवनले

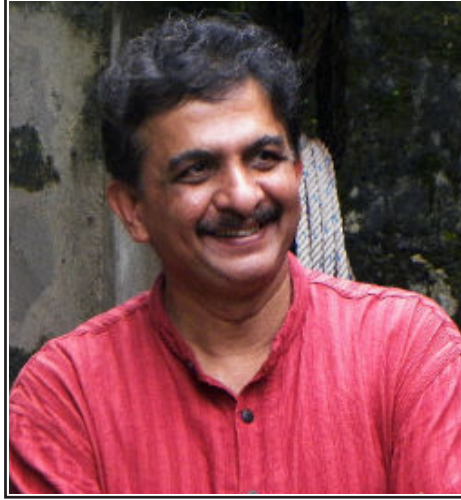
हराएको छ साथीसँगको सम्बन्ध
कुन जमघटमा खोज्नु मैले
मैले कसको साथ खोज्नु

मलाई अभै आशा छ वर्षा हुने र
भिजेर सन्तुष्ट भएको धरतीको
लुकिरहेछ मेरो मनमा अभै
सुगन्ध लिनका लागि
ढोका उघारेर पसेको
नाच्यै गरेको बालक

गीतले खेल्ने छ यार्ड अब नेक्टर
मित्रता खेल्ने छ वनले रमाउँदै
मेरो हराएको प्यारो गीतलाई भेट्टाएर।

हराएको छ मेरो मन पर्ने गीत
कुन वनमा खोज्नु म
कुन माटोमा खोज्नु





Dr. Jayanth Gowrish Kaikini is a poet, lyricist, short story writer, TV host and scriptwriter. His poetry and story collections include 'Ondu Jilebi', 'Charminaar', 'Rangadindostu Doora', 'Kotitirtha' and 'Shravana Madhyama'. He is regarded as one of the most significant among younger writers in Kannada today. He was awarded 'Karnataka Sahitya Academy Award', 'Kusumagraji National Award', 'Dinkar Desai Poet Award' among other.

Jayanth Kaikini (1955)

The Last Word

The poem's last word is gazing elsewhere
like a child at the window seat,
being both inside and out.

Some say that's where everything ends
or where it all begins—with the last word
and it's impossible to really end a poem.
You've to harden yourself and move on
like mountaineers leaving
exhausted companions behind.

It's better for hired words
to quietly do their work.
They've traversed long distances
on the tongue,
seen old detours in new dreams.
Like a pitcher that slipped into a well
They're resurfacing in the mind after eons now.

जयन्त कैकिनी (सन् १९५५)

अन्तिम शब्द

अन्तै कतै हेदै छ कविताको अन्तिम शब्दले
इयालतिरको सिटमा बसेको बालकले भैँ
भिन्न र बाहिर दुवैतिर भएर।

कोही भन्छन्, सबै थोक टुङ्गिन्छ त्यहाँ
वा सबै सुरु हुन्छ— अन्तिम शब्दबाटै
के कुनै कवितालाई टुङ्ग्याउनु साँच्चै असम्भव छ।
कठोर बनाउनुपर्छ आफूलाई र बढनुपर्छ अगाडि
पर्वतारोहीहरूको जसरी
छाडेर हिँड्न नसक्ने साथीहरूलाई।

भाडामा लिएका शब्दहरूलाई
चुपचाप आफ्नो काम गर्न दिनु ठीक हुन्छ।
लामो दूरी पार गरेका छन् तिनले
जिब्रामा
नयाँ सपनामा पुराना घुमाउरा बाट देखेका छन् तिनले।
इनारमा खसेको गाग्रीजसरी
तैरिँदै छन् मस्तिष्कको सतहमा तिनीहरू युगौँपछि अहिले फेरि।

Some find words suddenly
like spotting a dusk-hued shell
on a desolate shore
or like stumbling upon a baby's fallen boot
on a fairground the day after.

Like an orphaned, forgotten mirror in a scrap-yard,
they beckon you to come see your face in it,
and some like a biscuit slipped from fingertips
sink soggily to the bottom of the teacup
and swell and scare you.

Only unfortunate words end up being picked
as the poem's title
like a numbered placard
hanging around a convict's neck.

And the word which has crept quietly
and embedded itself in the middle of the poem
enjoys a momentary illusion of emancipation
'cos it can't be spotted easily or isn't bound by any rule
that it must take a plunge to the next line.
And even if it falls and breaks its leg
The screams cannot rise quickly from the chasm of wordless
silence.

And whose poem is it anyway?
Certainly not the poet's
or else he wouldn't have abandoned it like this
in the middle of the marketplace.

But look how the last word of the poem
gazing askance
has clung tightly to the poem's neck with its two tiny hands
like a reluctant child on the first day of school,
in mortal fear.



Translated into English by the poet himself

कोही एक्कासि भेट्टाउँछन् शब्दलाई
निर्जन तटमा साँभले टल्काएरको सिपी देखेजसरी
अथवा खेल मैदानमा हराएको
बालकको जुत्तामा
भोलिपल्ट हिँड्दाहिँड्दै ठोक्किएजसरी।

फोहर फाल्ने ठाउँमा बिसिँएको टुहुरो ऐनाले जसरी
इसारा गर्छन् तिनले तिमीलाई निहुरिएर त्यसमा आफ्नो अनुहार हेर्नका लागि
र कुनैले हातबाट खुस्किएको बिस्कुट
चियाको कपमा डुबेर फुल्दै पिँधमा पुगेर
ढाडिएर तिमीलाई तर्साएभैँ।

भाग्य बिग्रेका शब्दहरू मात्र टिपिन्छन्
कविताको शीर्षकका रूपमा
अपराधीको गलामा भुन्डिएको
नम्बर लेखिएको प्लेकार्डजसरी।

क्षणिक भ्रमको निर्वाण प्राप्त गर्छन् बिरालाको चालले चुपचाप हिँड्ने
र आफूलाई कविताका बीचमा कुँदेर राख्ने शब्दहरूले।
सजिलै पत्ता लगाउन सकिन्छ तिनलाई
र बाँधिँएका पनि हुँदैनन् तिनीहरू
अर्को पङ्क्तिमा डुबुल्की लगाउनैपर्छ भन्ने कुनै नियममा।
अनि तिनले आफ्ना गोडा भाँचे नै भने पनि
हतपत चीत्कार निस्कन सक्दैन शब्दविहीन मौनताको खल्डोबाट।

अनि कसको हो यो कविता?
कविको त हैन पक्कै पनि
नत्रभने उसले यसरी बीच बजारमा
परित्याग गर्ने थिएन यसलाई।

तर हेर, पहिलो पल्ट स्कुल जाँदा मृत्युसँग जस्तै डराएको
एउटा जिद्दी बालकले जसरी
कर्कें नजरले हेर्दै गरेको कविताको अन्तिम शब्दले
आफ्ना साना दुई हातले थिचेर
कसरी निमोटेको छ कविताको गला!



Professor Dr. Vijayashree Sabarad is a poet, playwright and educator. She has published several poems such as Jwalanta (Burning issue), Lakshmana Rekhe Datidavaru (Ones who crossed the line of Lakshmana) and Mugila Mallige (Skies Jasmine). Her plays include Eradu Natakagalu (Two plays) and Urilinga (Burning Shiva). She is awarded the Karnataka Rajyotsava Prashasti, Attimabbe and Chimmalagi Kavya Award among other.

Vijayashree Sabarad (1957)

The Tragedy I Witnessed

Metals blossom into art
Home of Bidriware, where
Wearing the crimson kumkum (on the forehead)
Attired in a green saree
Responding to the gentle cool breeze.

In the garden of the mind
Dreams of multi-coloured charm
Flying with wings spread out.
Birds in procession
Chirping sweet.

In the midst of ripe buds
That opens up into beautiful
Blossoms wafting fragrance around
Ram, Rahim and Guru Nanak
Breathing peace.

विजयश्री सबराद (सन् १९५७)

मैले भोगेको त्रासदी

कौशल भएर फक्रिन्छन् धातुहरू
बिद्रीकलाको वासस्थानमा जहाँ
सिन्दूरले सजाएर सिउँदोलाई
हरियो सारीमा सजिएर आफू
स्वागत गरिन्छ शीतल मधुर बतासको।

फिँजारिएका पखेटा चलाउँदै
मनको बगैँचाभरि उड्ने
मोहकताका रङ्गीबिरङ्गी सपनाहरू।
कलरव गाउँदै शोभायात्रामा निस्कने चराहरू
परिवेशलाई सुगन्धमा डुबाएर।

सौन्दर्यले फक्रिँदै गरेका
कोपिलाहरूका बीच
सर्वत्र बास्ना छर्दै परम शान्तिमा लीन
राम, रहिम र गुरु नानकहरू।

Then, cannibals and crocodiles
Cunning foxes that pounce and kill
Invited the thunder bolt
Into the fort.

When nature herself was raped
And crimson soil grew more crimson
The anger of man turned into fire
Corpses floated in open wells
An prison walls thundered!
On the red hot ashes of human values
In humanity's death-dance.

Sparkling life
Shining stars
Got imprisoned in dark-depths
The sun and the moon faded into dimness!

Thus
In this deserted crimsoned soil
In the roaring crow-cacophony
My heart pines and pines
To hear the kokil's song
Again and again!



Translated into English by Prof. S. Anantha Narayan

त्यसैबीच
आक्रामक नरभक्षीहरूले, गोहीहरूले
र धूर्त ब्वाँसाहरूले
बोलाए चट्याडलाई त्यस आश्रममा।

त्यसपछि मानवीय संवेदन जलेको रातो खरानीमा
मानवताको मृत्युनाचमा
तहसनहस भइन् प्रकृति
र अफ गाढा सिन्दूरे हुँदै गयो सिन्दूरे माटो
आगो भएर उर्लियो मान्छेको क्रोध
खुल्ला इनारमा तैरिन थाले लासहरू
र चर्किए बन्दीगृहका भित्ताहरू।

घोर अन्धकारमा बन्दी भए
उज्ज्वल जीवनहरू र
जाज्वल्यमान ताराहरू।
धमिलिँदै निन्याउरा भए घामजून।

यो उजाड सिन्दूरे धरतीमा
कराइहेका कागको कोलाहलबीच
विलाप गरिरहेछ मेरो हृदय
अनन्तसम्मका लागि
फेरिफेरि सुन्न पाइरहूँ
कोइलीको गीत।





Chennaveera Kanavi is a poet and writer. He is considered as one of the leading writers in the Kannada language. His poetry book 'Jeeva Dhvani' received the SahityaAkademi Award in 1981. He was awarded the Sahitya Kala Kaustubha, Karnataka Kaviratna Award and several other honors. He has been honored as 'Bharatratna' and he is also called as 'Samanvayada Kavi' and 'Soujanya Kavi' popularly.

Chennaveera Kanavi (1928)

I Do Not Intend to Write a Poem

I do not intend to write a poem right now.
I am off to the office, after a meal, in a hurry,
By bus if I get one, or slowly on foot.
Holding tight to my coat and trousers,
Now loose. There is fresh pain.

In my right ankle, though the wound healed
Years ago. The watch given to me at my wedding
Needs repairs now and then, but its delicate machine
Holds me by its magic. As I take the road.

Buffaloes, the pride of our town, cross my way,
Urinating, defecating, their happy tails
In constant motion, and spring laughs
In the roadside trees, sharing the joy of children
On their way to school, sleeping
Through bicycles, cars, and scooters,
Carrying bagfuls of books on their shoulders.

चेन्नविरा कान्भी (सन् १९२८)

मैले कविता लेख्न खोजेको हैन

कविता लेख्न खोजेको हैन यस बेला मैले
अफिस निस्किसकेँ म खाना खाएर हतारहतार
बसबाट जान्छु भेटेँ भने, नभए बिस्तारै हिँडे।
अहिले खुकुलो भएको आफूले लगाइरहेका कोट र
प्यान्टभित्र च्यापिए। आलो दुखाइ छ

मेरो दाहिने कुर्कुच्चामा घाउ उहिल्यै निको भएको भए पनि।
बिग्रिरहन्छ घरीघरी र बनाइरहनुपर्छ मलाई बिहेमा दिएको घडी
तर आफ्नो जादूले समातिरहन्छ
मलाई यसको संवेदनशील यन्त्रले बाटैबाटो हिँड्न थाल्छु जब।

भैँसीहरू, हाम्रो सहरका गौरवहरू-
ले मेरो बाटो काट्छन् गोब्रयाउँदै, गउँत्याउँदै
तिनका रमाइरहेका पुच्छरहरू हल्लिरहेछन् लगातार एउटै गतिमा।
अनि वसन्त ऋतु हाँस्छ बाटछेउमा रुखहरूमा
काँधमा भोलाभरिका पुस्तक बोकेर
चिप्लिँदै साइकल, कार र स्कुटरमा
स्कुल जाँदै गरेका केटाकेटीको खुसीसँग मिसिए।

At the office, tables and chairs: following
The procedures, files; replies to letters; circulars;
Heaps of notes and comments, complaints on the phone,
The orderly progress knotted by red-taped problems;
The rhythmic tread of typewriters heard
Above the din and noise; in the end
The outward dispatch, signed from top to bottom.
(How could the job be left unfinished?)

The evening approaches. I straighten my back
And float towards light and air, in the open
Cows returning home, chewing their cud
Songs from transistor radios hanging
From young shoulders;
Sweat on the forehead of women crushed
By loads of firewood; shadows descending from the hills:
A line of silver birds drifting in the mid sky
Floating with unforgettable memories
On the playgrounds, it is all cricket.

As I climb the house steps, I turn around to see
The red of daily toils dying in the sky;
A couple of dim stars just risen,
Motionless birds in the nests above,
What have I accomplished today?
What acts of heroism?
The endless task of yoking yesterday
To today, finding answers to tomorrow's challenges?
This is the way we go round and round in circles.
The world's labor finds its rhythm in meters,
Emerging from blank verse, treading softly
In the freedom of free verse.



Translated into English by G.S. Amar

अफिसमा टेबुल र कुर्सीहरू अनि
प्रक्रियाहरू, फाइलहरू, आएका पत्रका प्रतिपत्रहरू, परिपत्रहरू
खेसा र टिप्पणीका थुप्राहरू, टेलिफोनमा आउने गुनासाहरू।
खुरुखुरु भइरहेको काम कर्मचारीतन्त्रको गाँठोमा अड्किएको हेर्नु
हल्ला र स्वरहरूको माथिमाथि
टाइपराइटरको एकनासको चाल सुनु
अन्त्यमा पठाइदिनु चलानीमा माथिदेखि तलसम्म दस्तखत गरेर
(कामलाई कसरी अधकल्चो छाड्नु?)

आइपुग्छ साँझ। आफ्नो ढाड सोझ्याउँछु म
निस्कन्छु खुल्ला ठाउँ र उज्यालोतिर।
उग्राउँदै घर फर्किँदै गरेका गाईहरू
युवा काँधहरूमा
रेडियोबाट भुन्डिरहेका गीतहरू।
दाउराको भारीले थिचिएका स्त्रीहरूको निधारमा टल्किरहेको पसिना
डाँडाबाट उँधो भर्दै गरेका छायाहरू
बिसिन नसकिने सम्भनाहरूले तैरिँदै
मध्य आकाशमा बग्दै गरेका चराहरूका लहर।
टुँडिखेलमा त हुने नै भयो क्रिकेट।

घरका खुड्किला उक्लँदै गर्दा हेर्छु फर्किएर
आकाशमा मर्दै गरेको दैनिक जालोको रातोपन
भर्खर उदाएका एक जोडी मधुरा तारा
पतिरपट्टि गुँडमा नचटपटाई बसेका चराहरू।
मैले चाहिँ के लछारपाटो लाएँ त आज?
त्यस्तो ठूलो के काम गरें मैले?
हिजोलाई काँधमा बोकेर
आजसम्म ल्याइपुन्याउने कहिल्यै नसकिने काम।
भोलिका चुनौतीलाई दिने उत्तर खोज्दै
घुमिरहेछौँ चक्रमा यसरी नै निरन्तर हामी।
संसारको श्रमले छन्दमा अनुभूत गर्छ आफ्नो लयलाई।
उब्जिएर रित्तो काव्यबाट पुन्याउँछ बिस्तारै मुक्त छन्दको स्वतन्त्रतामा।





B.A. Sanadi is a renowned poet, writer and radio personality. He has published about two dozens of books of different genre. Some of his famous books are Babasaheb Ambedkar, Burkhaada Hudugi, Ooru Keri, Janakavya Drishti, Shantigondusavalu and Hosa Hosa Hoove. He has received the prestigious Pampa Award, Kannada Rajyotsava Award, Shreshtha Horanada Kannadiga Award, Niranjana Prashasthi and Karanth Award.

B.A. Sanadi (1933)

The Sun

They say:
The sun sets in the west.
Having risen in the east
Why does he do the opposite
Or
Does he really rise and set?
I'm not sure:
Are you?

Like parasitic creatures
Stuck to the earth
We move and move
Around the sun
Ignoring in the process
Who's really on the run
We or the sun?
We wrap the truth with our slogan:

बी. ए. सनादी (सन् १९३३)

सूर्य

भन्छन्—
पश्चिमतिर अस्ताउँछ सूर्य
पूर्वमा उदाएर।
किन उल्टो गर्छ त्यो
वा
के सूर्य साँच्चै नै उदाउने र अस्ताउने गर्छ?
ठोकुवा गर्न सकिदैन म
के तपाईं सक्नुहुन्छ?

परजीवी प्राणीजसरी
टाँसिएर पृथ्वीमा
घुमिरहन्छौं हामी
सूर्यको वरिपरि
केही ख्यालै नगरी।
वास्तवमा को घुमिरहेछ
हामी वा सूर्य?
सत्यलाई नारामा पोको पाछो हामी!

We do at dawn witness the sunrise
And hence the sunset not a surprise!

Day in and day out
The streams, the rivers, the sea waters,
The trees, the creepers, the fruits and flower
All smile at the sun with a grace;
But why do we put up a gloomy face
Even when there's enough day-light
And why do we keep on groping
In the darkness after the sunset?
Are we scared of facing the truth
While failing to judge our own worth?

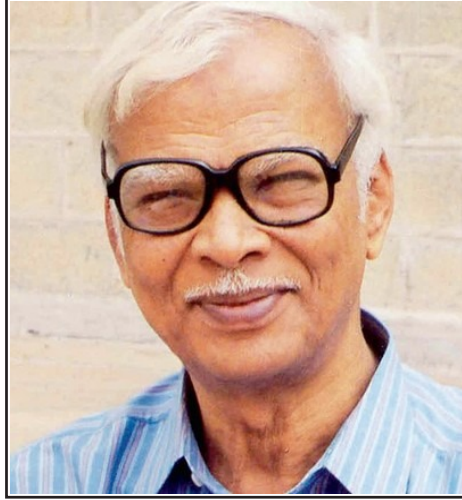


Translated into English by the poet himself

हामी सूर्योदयको साक्षी बन्छौं सखारै
त्यसैले सूर्यास्त हुनु कुनै आश्चर्य लाग्दैन।

दिन उदाउनु र दिन अस्ताउनु
खोलाहरू, नदीहरू र समुद्रको पानी
रूखहरू, भारहरू, फलहरू र फूलहरू
सबै शिष्टतापूर्वक मुस्काउँछन् सूर्यलाई देखेर।
तर मनगो उज्यालो हुँदा पनि
किन अँध्यारो अनुहार लगाउँछौं हामी चाहिँ?
किन हामी खिन्न हुन्छौं
सूर्य अस्ताएपछिको अँध्यारोमा?
के आफ्नो योग्यता नाप्न नसकेर
सत्यलाई भेट्न डराएका हौं हामी?





Professor Dr. Sumatheendra Raghavendra Nadig was a poet and writer. He was well versed in Kannada, English, Hindi, Marathi, Konkani and Bengali Language. His Major poem, 'Panchabhut', is considered to be an original contribution to modern Indian literature. He received many awards including the Karnataka Rajyothsava Prashasti, Dinakara Pratishtana Prashasti, Aryabhata Award, Vishveshwaraiah Sahitya Prashasti and V.M. Inamdar Prashasti.

Sumatheendra Nadig (1935)

What an Old Man Told Me in Philadelphia

We love children, our grandchildren
May or may not come to see us.
Once or twice a year
They will speak to us on the phone
Or send us cards on the Grandfather's Day
Or on the Grandmother's Day or greet us before Christmas.

This is no country for old men
Where we are not even living memories;
We are living corpses, interesting only
For studies in geriatrics or
Sociological studies in ageing.

We have dreamt of golden countries
Where it is not crime to be old.
The young in one another's arms
Will have their adventure and fun;

सुमतीन्द्र नाडिग (सन् १९३५)

फिलाडेल्फियामा एक वृद्धले जे भने

हामी छोराछोरीलाई माया गछौं
हामीलाई भेट्न आउन पनि सक्छन्, नआउन पनि
हाम्रा नातिनातिना।
वर्ष वा दुई वर्षमा एक पल्ट
तिनीहरू फोनमा कुरा गर्छन् हामीसँग
र कार्ड पठाउँछन् हामीलाई
ग्र्यान्डफादर्स डे र ग्र्यान्डमदर्स डेमा
या क्रिसमसअघि हामीलाई शुभकामना सन्देश पठाउँछन्।

वृद्धहरूका लागि बनेको हैन यो देश
जहाँ हामी ज्युँदा सम्भनाहरूसमेत हैनौं
हामी ज्युँदा लास हौं, रोचक विषय हौं
केवल वृद्धावस्था चिकित्सा पद्धति वा
वृद्धावस्थाको समाजशास्त्रीय अध्ययनका लागि।

हामीले यस्ता स्वर्णिम देशहरूको सपना देख्या' थ्यौं
जहाँ बूढो हुनुलाई अपराध मानिने थिएन
एकअर्काका पाखुरामा रमाइरहेका युवायुवतीहरू
साहसिक कर्म र आनन्दमा प्रफुल्लित हुन पाउने छन्

But lisping, babbling children
Not caged in cribs or rooms
Nor ill-treated by baby-sitters,
With gleaming innocence in their eyes.
Their world uncontaminated
By the ideas for decay and death,
Play around their grandparents.

In their mirth they do not keep away
Their grandparents as corpses
But will touch them, kiss them and ask
Intriguing questions, pester them to tell them
Marvelous stories
And make the old forget their loneliness.

We do not mellow,
But we feel hollow and morbid. We feel
Depressed by looking at depressed faces
We are sick of wheel chairs
And sick of each other's old jokes.
Starved for love, we are full of hatred.
The only other feeling is dread.

In this country of perpetual adolescence
We know that decay cannot be stopped,
We know that dwindling energy cannot be stopped.
We know that pursuit of happiness is a romantic myth.

We also know
That our loneliness can be reduced
If only there is life around us,
If only there is the laughter of little children.



Translated into English by the poet himself

र कोक्रा र कोठाको पिँजडामा थुनिने छैनन्
तोते बालकहरू
न त हेरालुको दुर्व्यवहारमा पर्ने छन्
आफ्ना आँखाको चम्किलो निर्दोषपनसँगै
तिनीहरूको संसार दूषित हुने छैन
मृत्युको क्षयको जानकारी लिँदै
आफ्ना बाजेबजैको वरिपरि खेल्ने छन्।

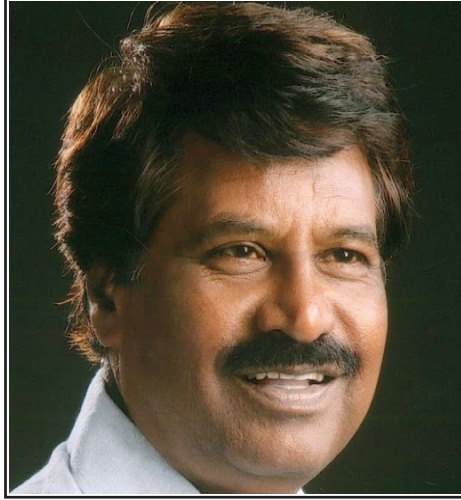
आफ्नो खुसीका लागि लासजसरी टाढा राख्ने छैनन् तिनीहरू
आफ्ना बाजेबजैलाई
बरु, तिनलाई छुने छन्, म्वाइँ खाने छन्
र सोध्ने छन् रमाइला प्रश्नहरू
कथा सुनाउनु भनेर दिक्क पार्ने छन् तिनलाई
र बिर्साइदिने छन् आफ्नो एकलोपन वृद्धहरूलाई।

हामी मधुरता हैन
खालीपन र रुग्णता अनुभूत गर्छौं।
हामी अवसादग्रस्त अनुहारहरू हेरेर आफैँ अवसादग्रस्त हुन्छौं।
हिलचियरदेखि दिक्क लागिसकेको छ हामीलाई
र एकअर्काका थोत्रे ठट्टा सुन्दासुन्दा पनि वाक्क भइसकेका छौं।
माया पाउनका लागि छटपटाइरहेका
हामी अपहेलना पाएर भरिएका छौं
त्यसभन्दा बाहेक हामीमा डर मात्र बाँकी छ।

यो नित्य किशोरहरूको मुलुकमा
हामीलाई थाह छ, कसैले रोक्न सक्दैन क्षयलाई
थाह छ, शक्ति हराउँदै जाने क्रमलाई रोक्न सक्दैन कसैले
थाह छ, खुसीलाई पछ्याउनु भनेको एउटा कल्पित भ्रम मात्र हो।

हामीलाई यो पनि थाह छ
घटाउन सकिन्छ हाम्रो एकाकीपनलाई
यदि हाम्रो वरिपरि जीवन हुनु हो भने
र ससाना केटाकेटीको हाँसो सुन्न पाउनु हो भने।





Dr. Sarjoo Katkar is a poet, novelist, playwright, translator, social worker and journalist. He has published sixty-four books that include poems, novels, dramas, travelogue, biography, research works and translation. He is regarded as the first ever journalist of Kannada to receive Ph.D. He has been awarded several prestigious honors and awards including Karnataka Sahitya Academy Award and Karnataka Government Jagajivan Rama Prashasti.

Sarjoo Katkar

Mother

1

The baby she lifted never cried.
The sapling she planted never withered.
She was never an object of sorrow to anyone, anytime.

The words she uttered became *vachanas**
And she departed smiling, the same way
She had appeared on the scene.

2

I have never seen you
Wear a silk saree.
I have never seen you
Wear a piece of gold ornament.
I have never seen you

* aphorism.

सर्जु काटकर

आमा

१

कहिल्यै रोएन उनले बोकेको बालक
कहिल्यै सुकेन उनले रोपेको बिरुवा
कहिल्यै कसैको दृष्टिमा दुःखको वस्तु भइनन् उनी।

‘वचन’ भए उनले बोलेका शब्दहरू
र उही तरिकाले स्वर्गे भइन् उनी
जसरी सधैं देखिने गर्थिन्।

२

कहिल्यै देखिँ मैले तिमीलाई
सिल्कको साडी लगाएकी
कहिल्यै देखिँ मैले तिमीलाई
सुनका गहनामा सजिएकी।
देखिँ कहिल्यै

शाश्वत आवाज / १०५

Sitting peacefully in a corner
Till your last breath.

You have embraced
All the anguish of the world
As your own.

When you ground flour,
Tears flowed from your eyes.
Every 'roti' that was prepared by you
Was mixed with your tears.
For the very reason,
Even if the sky falls apart
I am able to lead a stoic life.

Tell me on which part of my heart
I should inscribe your name,
Or which University in the world
Should be named after you?

3

She flaunted a vermilion mark
On her forehead
As large as yours.

She wore an ordinary saree
As you do.
Her lips wore a smile
As beautiful as a flower.

Even in sorrow, she seemed to smile
With a sense of pride.

She wore glass bangles
To which had just stuck the jowar flour
Used for making 'rotis.'

निस्फिक्री भएर कतै बसिरहेकी तिमिलाई
तिम्रो अन्तिम श्वाससम्म।

आफ्नै जस्तो गरेर
अँगालोमा बाँधेकी थियौ तिमिले
सारा संसारका सारा वेदनाहरूलाई।

जब तिमि गहूँ पिस्थ्यौ
आँसु बहन्थ्यो तिम्रा आँखाबाट।
तिम्रो आँसु मिसिएको हुन्थ्यो
तिमिले बनाएका हरेक रोटीमा।
ठीक त्यही कारणले
साहसी जीवन बाँच्न सक्ने छु म
आकाशै खस्यो भने पनि।

भनिदेऊ मलाई
मेरो हृदयको कुन ठाउँमा तिम्रो नाम खोज्नुपर्छ
वा संसारको कुन विश्वविद्यालयको नाम
तिम्रो नाममा राख्नुपर्छ?

३

तिम्रै जसरी लगाएकी थिइन्
तिनले सिन्दूर।

तिमिले जस्तै
साधारण साडी लगाएकी थिइन् तिनले
फूलजस्तै सुन्दर मुस्कान थियो
उनका ओठमा।

गर्वका साथ मुस्काइरहेकी थिइन् उनी
दुःखमा पनि।

रोटी पकाउँदा पीठो टाँसिएको
काँचका चुरा लगाएकी थिइन् उनले।

She, who resembled you in all respects,
Had just passed in from of me.

Mother! I thought she was
Your own manifestation.

And I bowed to your image.



Translated into English by the poet himself



भर्खर मेरो अगाडिबाट गइन्
तिमीजस्तै देखिने तिनी।

आमा! मलाई लाग्यो
तिनी तिम्रै अर्को रूप थिइन्
र भुकेर ढोगेँ मैले
तिम्रो त्यो प्रतिबिम्बलाई।





Ramjan Darga (1951)

Ramjan Darga is a poet, writer and journalist. He has written several books on Veerashivism and has published a number of poetry collections that include 'Kavya Banthu Bidige' and 'Hokallali Hoovide'. 'Basava Prajne', 'Sahitya Mattu Samaja', 'Amrutha Mattu Visha', 'Basavadharmada Vishwasandesha' are some of his acclaimed books. He has received various awards including 'Rashtriya Basava Puraskara', 'Rajyotsava Prashasti' and 'Madhyama Academy Prashasti'.

Manifesto

We are workers
When we ascend to power,
We shall convert the police and judges
Human, wholly human.

Tanks will turn into bulldozers
And our uneven land gets leveled.

At a gun's mouth
A sparrow builds her nest.
Under 'red lights'
Green parks will grow.

If we get chance, a single chance,
We'll sow the seed of peace
All over the globe.

रम्जन दर्गा (सन् १९५१)

घोषणापत्र

हामी कामदार हौं
हामी शक्तिमा पुग्यौं भने
प्रहरी र न्यायाधीशहरूलाई
मान्छेमा परिवर्तन गराउने छौं हामी, पूर्ण मान्छेमा।

ठ्याङ्कहरू बुल्डोजर हुने छन्
र हाम्रो नमिलेको जमिनको सतह मिल्ने छ

बन्दुकको नालको मुखमा
भँगोराले गुँड लगाउने छ
रेडलाइट एरियामा रातो बत्तीमुनि
हरिया पार्कहरू बन्ने छन्

हामीले मौका पायौं भने, केवल एक मौका
शान्तिको बीज छर्ने छौं हामी
पृथ्वीभरि।



Later:
Our children look up dictionary
To understand 'Cenotaph.'



Translated into English by the poet himself



पछि—
हाम्रा केटाकेटीले शब्दकोश हेर्नुपर्ने हुन्छ
'हत्या'-को अर्थ बुझ्नका लागि।





Jambanna Amarchinta (1945)

Jambanna Amarachintha was a poet and novelist. His collections of poetry include 'Munjavina Koralu' and 'Adho Jagattina Akavya'. His novel 'Kurumayya mattu Ankushadoddi' is one among his widely acclaimed work. He was awarded with several awards including 'Karnataka Rajyotsava Award', 'Karnataka Sahitya Academy Award', 'Aryabhata Award', 'Kannada nadu Sahitya Award' among others. He is popularly honored as 'Bandaya Sahithi' (Rebel writer).

Petromax-Bearers-Koravaas

Who are these, who are these?
where do they go, these?

These have been moving
from generation to generation
bearing torches on their heads
they are the strangers even
no to those, not to those
but to their own shadows
these the pastoral prosodies
forgotten by the genius bards
who are these?

Heat of petromax over their heads
shoot of pain of hunger in the stomach
boiled and burnt in life all through
gone to grave being evaporated

जम्बन्न अमरचिन्ता (सन् १९४५)

पेट्रोमक्स बोक्ने कोराभासहरू

ती को हुन्, को हुन् ती?
कहाँ जान्छन् ती, तिनीहरू?

हिँडिरहेछन् तिनीहरू
पुस्तौँपुस्तादेखि
राँको बालेर आफ्ना टाउकामा
अपरिचित छन् तिनीहरू
तिनीहरूका लागि हैन, हैन तिनीहरूका लागि
बरु तिनका आफ्नै छायाहरूका लागि चाहिँ।
निपुण कविहरूले बिर्सि गएका
ती ग्रामीण छन्दहरू
को हुन् ती?

तिनका टाउकामा पेट्रोमक्सको राप
पेटमा भोकको दुखाइको प्रहार
जीवनभर उमालिएका र जलाइएका
वाष्पीकृत भएर चिहानमा पुगेका

शाश्वत आवाज / ११५

delivered the babe—‘HUNGER’
each day from the womb—mother
who are these?

Those living and those looters
those won the minds of voters
gleamed bright in the light
of those torch-bearers

Who these are, who are these?
the unseen, invisible bearers
the bijili light bearers!!

They stood in darkness
hidden under the petromaxes
sinking slowly down
in the mire of darkness

Who are these?
who are these?



Translated into English by the poet himself

गर्भ आमाबाट हरेक दिन
'भोक' नामको बालक जन्माइरहेका
को हुन् ती?

ती बाँच्नेहरू, ती लुट्नेहरू
र ती मतदातालाई भुक्न्याउनेहरू
चम्किला देखिन्छन्
ती प्रकाश बोक्नेहरूको उज्यालोमा!

को हुन् ती, ती को हुन्?
नदेखिएका, अदृश्य धारकहरू
ती बिजुली बत्ती बोक्नेहरू!

अँध्यारोमा छेलिएर बस्छन् ती
पेट्रोमक्सको छायामुन्तिर
अँध्याराको दलदलमा डुब्दै
बिस्तारैबिस्तारै तलतल।

को हुन् ती?
ती को हुन्?





H.K. Subbayya, known as **Subbu Holeyar** is a poet, writer, theatre director and social activist. He is also the producer of Tele programme. He has published two collections of poetry. His short story `Dhana Kayadhavanu` has been made into a movie as `Kariya Kanbitta`. He has received several awards including `Karnataka Rajya Sahitya Academy Award` among other. His poems have been included several universities in Indian state of Karnataka.

Subbu Holeyar (1962)

Even Now... There...

I could have simply stayed there,
Like my father and his father
And his father,
In the same house they lived, in the same alley
I could have, even now, been there &

I pinched myself
To make sure
That the image in the mirror was my own.
And some kind of a flash in my eyes.

Villages, cities, lanes,
Have undergone a change in course of time,
Forests and rocks have been bladed,
But the unbroken fences in my village
Are narrower.

सुब्बु होलेयर (सन् १९६२)

अहिले पनि त्यहाँ

म त्यहीं बसिरहेको भए
मेरा बुबाको जसरी र उहाँका बुबा
र उहाँका पनि बुबाको जसरी
उहाँहरू बसेकै घरमा
त्यही गाउँमा
अहिलेसम्म पनि त्यहीं हुन सक्थेँ म...

मैले आफूलाई चिमोटेँ
ऐनामा देखिएको अनुहार मेरै हो या हैन भन्ने निक्योल गर्न
र एउटा दृश्य आयो मेरा आँखामा।

गाउँहरू, सहरहरू, बाटाहरू
फेरिएका छन् समयको गतिसँगै
खुइलिएका छन् वन र चट्टानहरू
तर अझ नजिकिएर साँघुरिएका छन्
मेरो गाउँका नभक्तिएका बारहरू।

शाश्वत आवाज / ११९

Not an inch has changed
My house with a platform in front
Against the shadows of the heavens.

The way my father stood, was
Like jumping over water that stood still
Like those numberless birds that flew
After having sailed on dream-boats
Even now, carefree revelry & there

Free from filth
Making vows to the village deities
Offering unbroken banana bunches from outside
And offering prayers from within
My grandpa, covering himself with a black blanket
Prayed to the goddess for the welfare of all.

He did forget my father,
And his father and his father,
But I—their grandson's son's son
I cannot forget.

Those that pinch the baby to cry and smile— there.

●
Translated into English by the poet himself

एकरती पनि फेरिएको छैन
अगाडिपट्टि छड्के छानाको छायामा
दलान भएको मेरो घर।

स्थिर रहको पानीमा उफ्रिएजस्तो
सपनाको नाउमा तैरिसकेपछि उड्न जाने असङ्ख्य चराहरूजस्तो
मेरा बुबा अभिने तरिका
अहिले पनि उसै गरी
छँदै छ त्यहीं...

धूलोमैलो पखालेर
गाउँका देवीदेवता भाकेर
केराका काइयाँहरू चढाएर
र मनभित्रैदेखि प्रार्थना गरेर
मेरा हजुरबाले आफूलाई एउटा कालो ओढ्नेमा ढाकेर
पूजा गर्नुभएथ्यो देवीको सबैको कल्याण होस् भनेर।

उहाँले बिसर्नुभयो- मेरा बाले
र उहाँका बा र उहाँका पनि बाले पनि बिसर्नुभयो
तर म, उहाँको नातिको छोराको छोरो
सक्दिनँ बिसर्न।

तिनलाई जसले चिमोटेर रुवाउँछन् बालकलाई र मुस्काउँछन्- त्यहाँ।





G.S. Siddalingaiah is a poet, critic and writer. He has eighty books to his credit. He presently serves as a member of the encyclopedia, Kannada section; and member of Literature and History of the Central Sahitya Academy. He has received many awards for his literary contribution including Masti Prashasti, state honor by the Kannada Sahitya Academy and the Rajyotsava Award to name a few.

G.S. Siddalingaiah

Ahalya

Is this from where we reach Mythila, My Lord?

1

Is this from where we reach Mythila, My Lord?

Some monastery was there you say.

Is this the hallowed land of meditation?

Desolate, forsaken and solitary

Cold, cold is the sacrificial fire.

Still are the incantations

Vanished is the smoke of the sacred flame;

Naught is there,

But the peace of the grave,

Caught and charred like fruit in wild-fire,

What terrible curse is laid on this land?

Is it where the stone-turned Ahalya frets and pines?

2

Thy beckonings to me enjoin silence

Caught am I in a whirlpool of emotions.

जी. एस. सिद्धलिङ्गलाह

अहल्या

के मिथिला जाने बाटो यही हो प्रभु?

१

के मिथिला जाने बाटो यही हो प्रभु?
त्यहाँ केही बौद्ध गुम्बा छन् भन्नुहुन्थ्यो तपाईं।
के यो ध्यान गर्ने पवित्र भूमि हो?
एकान्त, परित्यक्त, निर्जन
चिसोचिसो छ बलिदानी आगो।
मन्त्रहरू स्थिर छन्
बिलाएको छ पवित्र ज्वालाको धूवाँ
शून्य मात्र बाँकी छ त्यहाँ
र मुर्दा शान्ति छ।
जङ्गलको आगोमा परेर डढेको फलजस्तै।
कस्तो डरलाग्दो श्राप लाग्यो यस धरतीमा?
के दुङ्गामा बदलिएकी अहल्या भर्किने ठाउँ यही हो?

२

तिमीले मलाई देखाएर मौन आदेश दिएदेखि
भावनाको भुमरीमा परेकी छु मा।

Lo, I hear a voice
Imploring, begging and importuning!
The voice of grief and suffering
What music is in this voice!
Ahalya: Her course was lifted when blessed by Rama
What peace! The peace that passeth understanding!
The body and soul comingled
Silence you enjoin, My Lord!
But can dumbness prevail?

3

What memories of my former birth,
like fragrance, haunt me!
What light brighten my path!
Creation animated
The redeemed soul embodied
The voiceless bird
The silent bee gathering strength
Sing in full throated ease!
Inanimate earth quickness to life
Purged of sin, the innocent face.
Where have I seen it?
(The tale, where have I heard it?)
What sage is this?—
With torch-like eyes
What woman is she?—
The temple-idol!
Soft and soothing the flesh,
And warm the breath on the feet.
Steady the eye, fixed the gaze,
The mellowed soul,
The sage has now found a haven here
Her beauty is milk that soothes—
She kneels and bows to me like mine own child,
Ah! I recollect, she is Gowthama's woman!
Is this from where we reach Mythila, My Lord?

●
Translated into English by B.C. Wesley

हेर, म एउटा आवाज सुन्दै छु
प्रार्थना गर्दै गरेको, माग्दै गरेको, आग्रह गर्दै गरेको!
गहिरो दुःख र पीडाको आवाज
यो आवाज कुन सङ्गीत मा छ?
अहल्या, उनी श्रापमुक्त भइन् रामको कृपाले।
कस्तो शान्ति! त्यस्तो शान्ति जुन सुभबुभुबाट कोसौं टाढा छ!
शरीर र आत्मा आपसमा मिसिए
तिमी मौनता आदेश गर्छौं हे प्रभु!
तर के मूकताले जित्छ?

३

मेरो पूर्वजन्मका स्मृतिहरू
कुनै सुगन्धले भैं मलाई पछ्याइरहन्छन्!
प्रकाशले मेरो बाटो उजिल्याइरहन्छ!
सृष्टि प्रसन्न
मुक्त आत्मा शरीरमा समाहित भयो।
स्वरविहीन चरो
मौन माहुरीहरू शक्ति सञ्चय गर्दै मुक्तकण्ठले गाउँछन्
प्राणहीन धरती जीवनतिर दौडन्छ।
पापमुक्त, निर्दोष अनुहार।
यिनलाई मैले कहाँ देखेको थिएँ?
(त्यो किंवदन्ती मैले कहाँ सुनेको थिएँ?)
कुन ऋषि हो यो प्रकाशपुञ्जजस्ता आँखा भएको?
कुन नारी हो यो?
मन्दिर- मूर्ति!
कोमल र शरीरलाई सुखदायक
र गोडा ज्यान फिर्ने न्यानो।
निश्छल आँखा, स्थिर हेराइ, कोमल हृदय
ऋषिले अब यहीँ स्वर्ग भेट्टाएका छन्।
उनको सौन्दर्य सबै पीडा बिसार्उने कञ्चन-
उनी घुँडा टेक्छिन् र मलाई नमन गर्छिन् मेरो आफ्नै सन्तानजसरी
ओहो! मैले अहिले सम्झिएँ, उनी गौतमकी पत्नी हुन्!
के यही हो मिथिला जाने बाटो प्रभु?

●



N. Shivashankar, better known by his pen name **Jaraganahalli Shivashankar**; is a well-known Kannada poet and writer. He has published several books that include 'Shubangi', 'Bugge', 'Male', and 'Vachana Sangama' among other. Some of his works are recorded in audio CDs. He has received a number of awards and honours including 'Chutuku Ratna', 'Karnataka Rajyotsa Award', 'Basavajyothi State Award' and 'Advisor Saahitya Prashasti'.

Jaraganahalli Shivashankar (1949)

A Mystery

I travelled by train
The engine driver
Just a few bogies away
Was invisible to me

I travelled by plane
And took many a round
In the Sky
But the Pilot
Was beyond my purview

How can I,
Then
See the driver of
The Universe?
I mind my journeys
And He minds his duty



*Translated into English by
Prof. Chandrashekhara Patila (Champa)*

जरागनहल्ली शिवशङ्कर (सन् १९४९)

एउटा रहस्य

मैले रेलमा यात्रा गरें
इन्जिन चलाउने ड्राइभर
केवल दुईतीन डिब्बापतिर
अदृश्य थियो मबाट।

मैले हवाईजहाजमा यात्रा गरें
कैयौं फन्का लगाएँ आकाशमा
तर पाइलट
मेरो दृष्टिको पहुँचभन्दा पर थियो।

अनि कसरी देख्न सक्नु मैले
ब्रह्माण्डको चालकलाई चाहिँ?

म आफ्नो यात्रामा मग्न छु
ऊ आफ्नै कर्तव्यमा व्यस्त छ।



शाश्वत आवाज / १२७



H.S. Venkatesha Murthy (1944)

H.S. Venkatesh Murthy is a poet, lyricist and writer. His published work includes 'Shankhadolagina Mouna', 'Uttarayana Matthu' 'Kannadiya Surya', 'Vaidehi' and 'Suneetha Bhava'. He is the lyricist of songs like 'Bannada Hakki', 'Gili Gili Gejje, Apoorva Rathna. He has been honored with several prestigious awards including 'Bala Puraskar', 'Kendra Saahithya Academy Award', 'Karnataka Saahithya Academy Award', 'Rajyotsava Award' among many other.

Let the Children Be Children Forever

Don't know he fell down from the tree, the child Duru.
His thigh is swollen this much! May be the bone is broken,
Thinks the palace-physician. It is padded up with bamboo.
The child has fallen asleep just now. Why the light is not
put out yet?

Saying comes in Kunti along with her elder son, hiding
behind
The pallu of her sari chewing at the tip of his shirt-sleeve.
Look at him, Yudhi, Duru's thigh is broken! Eh! Why are
you crying?
You should not quarrel among yourselves from today
onwards, saya Kunti,

Stretching her hand to him. Yudhi comes near his younger
brother
And asks shall I press your leg? Duru with half opened
eyes holds Yudhi's hand

एच. एस. वेङ्कटेश मूर्ति (सन् १९४४)

केटाकेटी सधैं केटाकेटी नै रहून्

थाहा छैन कसरी लड्यो ऊ रूखबाट त्यो बच्चो दुरु।
यस्तरी सुन्निएको छ उसको तिघ्रा हड्डी नै भाँचिएको होला
भन्ने लागेको छ दरबारको वैद्यलाई र बाँसको काम्रो लगाइदिएको छ त्यसलाई।
केटो भर्खरै निदाएको छ। अझै बत्ती किन ननिभाएको?

भन्दै आउँछिन् कुन्ती कमिजको बाहुला टोकै
आफ्नो सारीको सप्कोपछाडि लुकेको जेठो छोरासँगै।
हेर युधी, खुट्टा भाँचियो दुरुको! लौ! किन रोएको तिमी?
अबदेखि तिमीहरू भगडा नगर्नु है भन्छिन् कुन्ती उसलाई सुमसुम्याउँदै।

भाइको छेउमा पुग्छ युधी र सोध्छ— खुट्टा थिचिदिऊँ?
आफ्ना आधा उघ्रिएका आँखाले हेर्छ दाजुलाई दुरु
उसको हात समात्छ र रुँदै भन्छ—

Says weeping: Don't any body play with Bheema. Is it too
much pain?

Asks Yudhi stroking Duru's head tenderly... Kunti looks
at Yudhi lovingly.

Now enters Bheema with halting steps out of guilt and
remorse

And tells Duru: Tomorrow you push me from the tree top
And I shall fall down. Duru says crying: No, my brother, it
pains like hell

If the thigh is broken. Kunti mumbles wiping her tears:

Be like this for ever children. Okay, but what was it that
happened later?

Children won't remain children for ever. They grow up. Their
moustaches

Beards, greed, wickedness, sefishness and jealousy grow.
The mothers

In Kurukshetra beat their heads and wail: Why, at all, do
the children grow up?



Translated into English by the poet himself

भीमसँग कोही पनि नखेल्ले।
धेरै सारो दुखेको छ?
टाउकामा सुमसुम्याउँदै सोध्छ युधी।
स्नेहिल नजरले हेर्छिन् कुन्ती युधीलाई।

भीम अपराधबोध र पछुतोले हिचकिचाउँदै छिर्छ कोठामा
र दुरुलाई भन्छ— भोलि तिमिले लडाइदिनु मलाई रूखबाट
र तल बजारिन्छु मा
रुँदै भन्छ दुरू— नाईं दाजु, कस्तो सारो दुख्छ।
कतै तिघ्राको हड्डी त फुटेन?
आफ्नो आँसु पुछ्दै आफैसँग बोल्छिन् कुन्ती
सधैं यस्तै रहनु बाबूहो!

तर के भयो त पछि?
केटाकेटी सधैं केटाकेटी नै भइरहँदैन्
बढ्छन् तिनीहरू र
तिनका जुँगा, दाही, लोभ
पाप, स्वार्थ र आरिसहरू पनि बढ्छन्।

भित्तामा टाउको ठोक्दै कराउँछन्
कुरुक्षेत्रका आमाहरू—
यी केटाकेटीहरू किन हुर्किएका!





H. Dundiraj is a poet, playwright and writer. He has published forty-five books of different genre in Kannada. 'Hani darshini', 'Dundi Nage Bandi', 'Hani Khajane' and 'Alilureve' are some of the books he authored. He is considered as an eminent humour writer. Presently, he is working as Assistant General Manager in Corporation Bank H.O. Mangalore.

H. Dundiraj (1956)

Another Siddhartha

In the beginning
this one was very much like one of us
living the way he was
among innumerable
sick and old people
and corpses

Then, he got up one day
all of sudden
and disappeared

The moment
he, by chance, saw somewhere
a healthy man
a youth
and an individual
really
living his life.



Translated into English by the poet himself

एच. दुण्डिराज (सन् १९५६)

एउटा अर्को सिद्धार्थ

सुरुमा
धेरै कुराले हामी जस्तै नै थियो ऊ
बाँचिरहेको थियो
असङ्ख्य बिरामी र वृद्ध मानिस
र लासहरूकै बीच।

त्यसपछि
उठ्यो एक्कासि ऊ एक दिन
र अदृश्य भयो।

जुन क्षण
एकाएक देख्यो उसले कतै
एउटा स्वस्थ मान्छे
एउटा युवा
र अर्को एउटा व्यक्ति
वस्तुतः
उसकै जीवन बाँचिरहेको।





Prof. T.V. Kattimani is a poet, translator, writer and scholar. He has published several books of poetry, translation and research works. His books in Kannada include 'Mungaru Male' and 'Mandal Commission'; whereas 'Bharateeya Dalit Sahitya' and 'Katha Shesha' are among his books in Hindi. He has been honoured with 'Gangasharan Singh National Award,' Rajratnum Sahitya Paricharak Prashasti and 'Creative Translation Award' including many more.

T.V. Kattimani (1955)

Pleasure and Grief

He who considers
Others' pains to be greater than
Hiw own, alone can know the
Meaning of grief
Often, grief strikes us in such a way
That it appears to be pleasure in disguise
Often, grief is mixed with pleasure
Like perfume mixed with the wind
Unlike pleasure, grief cannot be obtained from market
As it is available in plenty at home
When grief strikes us
It evaporates slowly
But happiness is in perennial unrest.



Translated into English by Basavaraj P. Donur

टी. भी. कट्टिमणि (सन् १९५५)

सुख र दुःख

अरूको दुःखलाई आफ्नो भन्दा ठूलो
सम्भन्ध जसले
त्यसले मात्र बुझ्न सक्छ दुःखको अर्थ।
धेरैजसो दुःखले हामीलाई यसरी हिरकाउँछन्
छोपिएर सुखजस्तै देखिन्छन् ती।
सुखसँगै मिसिएको हुन्छ दुःख प्रायजसो
हावामा अन्तर मिसिएजसरी।
सुखजसरी
बजारबाट किनी ल्याउन सकिँदैन दुःखलाई
घरभित्रै मनगो पाइन्छ यो।
जब दुःखले प्रहार गर्छ हामीलाई
बाफभैँ बिस्तारैबिस्तारै उडेर जान्छ त्यो
तर सुख भने अशान्त रहिरहन्छ सधैंभरि।





Dr. Mallika S. Ghanti is a poet, biographer and scholar. Her poetry includes 'Thuliyadiri Nanna', 'Ee Hennugale Heege' and 'Rotti Mmattu Hudugi' among many other. She has published biographies of Ahalya Baayi Holkar, Itagi Bhumambike and Sangolli Rayanna. She has received several awards and recognitions including Rajyothsava Prashasti, Kavyananda Prashasti, Ratnamma Hegade Prashasti and Vishweshwarayya Prashasti.

Mallika Ghanti (1959)

Skin-bag

This skin-bag
is no ordinary bag.

Men who have ruled
all the three worlds
have crawled here
for nine months without paying any rent.

The saints who have
considered this bag impure
have rolled in here
for nine months without paying any rent.

God men have taken shape
in this same skin-bag
and both Ram and Rahim
have forgotten this

मल्लिका घान्ती (सन् १९५९)

छालाको भोला

कुनै साधारण भोला हैन
यो छालाको भोला।

त्यो मान्छे जसले
त्रिलोकभरि राज्य गरेथ्यो
यसैमा बसेको थियो नौ महिनासम्म
एक कन्चो भाडा नतिरी।

ती सन्त जसले
यस भोलालाई अपवित्र ठाने
यहाँ गुँडुल्लिका थिए
एक कन्चो भाडा नतिरी
नौ महिनासम्म।

पुरुष ईश्वरहरूले यही छालाको भोलाभित्र
बनाएका थिए आफ्नो काया
तर राम र रहिम दुवैले
बिर्सिएका छन् यसलाई

शाश्वत आवाज / १३७

in their eagerness to serve the world.
In the marketplace of the world
the skin-bag is priced cheap
you could never ever
determine the value of this skin-bag
but do pay a rent in arrogance.
Putting a price tag to the womb-bag of woman
making mother a surrogate mother
you are humiliating and making fun
the poor and the poverty.



Translated into English O.L. Nagabhushana Swamy

संसारको सेवा गर्ने धुनमा।
अमूल्य छ विश्व बजारमा
यस छालाको भोलाको मोल
कसैले कहिल्यै पनि आँकन सक्दैन
यस भोलाको मूल्य।
तर अचेल भाडा तिरिन थालेको छ घमण्डसाथ।

प्राइस ट्याग लगाएर नारीको गर्भको भोलामा
आमाबाट सरोगेट मदर बनाएर आमालाई
अपमान र ठट्टा गरिरहेछौं हामी
गरिब र गरिबीको।





Basavaraj Sabarad (1954)

Dr. Basavaraj Sabarad is a poet, essayist, playwright, folklorist and critic. He has published dozens of books. His books like *Sahitya Sangati*, *Hosadikku* and plays like 'Pratiroopa,' 'Narabali' are widely acclaimed. *Abhinaya Gangotri*, a drama company, is considered as one of his greatest contributions to the Kannada theatre. He was awarded Karnataka Nataka Academy Award, Karnataka Janapada Prashasti and Kuvempu Prashasti including many more awards.

Three Questions

The other day,
Seeing the people
Who were about to leave for Ayodhya
For constructing a temple,
Where a mosque had been
Demolished there earlier,
The child asked:
"Daddy! Does God too
Shiver from cold?"

Then,
Visions of people
Who lost their hearths and homes
At Killari, in the terrible earthquake,
And their pains and sufferings,
Conjure up before my eyes.

बासवराज सबराद (सन् १९५४)

तीन प्रश्न

त्यस दिन
ती मानिसलाई हेर्दै
जो मन्दिर बनाउनका लागि
अयोध्या जान लागेका थिए
जहाँ केही पहिले
एउटा मस्जिद भत्काइएको थियो;
छोराले सोध्यो—
“बुबा! के ईश्वर पनि
जाडोले काम्छन्?”

त्यसपछि
प्रलयकारी भुइँचालोमा घर र चुलो हराएका
किलारीका मानिसहरूको दृश्य र
तिनको पीडा र दुःख
आएथ्यो मेरा आँखाअगाडि।

शाश्वत आवाज / १४१

Yesterday,
After the anointment ceremony
Of the Gomateshwar*
At Shravanabelagola,
The child asked:
“Daddy! Why doesn’t
Gomateshwar have breeches?”

Then,
I remember
Thousands of baby Gomateshwars
Roaming the streets and bylanes
Without breeches.

Today
When a bomb explodes
In a temple
In the heart of the town,
The child asks:
“Daddy! Who killed God?”

Tell me what I should
Say, or reply?



Translated into English by Dr. V.K. Venkataramana

* A giant monolithic, naked statue of Bahubali which undergoes anointment ceremony once in 13 years.

हिजो
श्रावणबेलागोलामा
गोमतेश्वर*को अभिषेकपश्चात्
छोराले सोध्यो—
“बुबा! किन
गोमतेश्वरले मोजा नलगाएका?”

त्यसपछि मैले सम्भैँ
हजारौँ बालगोमतेश्वरलाई
जो सडक र गल्लीहरूमा
बिना मोजा हिँडिरहेछन्।

आज
जब बीच सहरको एउटा मन्दिरमा
बम पड्कियो
छोराले सोध्यो—
“बुबा! ईश्वरलाई कसले मारेको हो?”

मलाई बताइदिनोस्
के भन्नुपर्छ अथवा
उत्तर के दिनुपर्छ मैले?



* बाहुबलीको एउटै ढुङ्गाबाट बनेको विशाल मूर्ति जसको हरेक १३ वर्षमा अभिषेक समारोह हुने गर्छ।



B.R. Lakshmana Rao is a poet, lyricist, novelist and playwright. His books include Hani Darehani, Dundinage Bandi, Hani Khajane, Aliluseve and Mani Mohini among some more. His poems are translated into English, Hindi, Malayalam, Tamil, Telugu, Oriya, Bengali and Kashmiri languages. He has received several awards including 'Karnataka Sahitya Academy Award', Chutuku Ratna Award and Vishveshwarayya Sahitya Prashasti among other

B.R. Lakshmana Rao (1921)

I Salute God

I salute God
For giving milk-filled breasts
To my mother
And to me a hungry mouth;
Besides for retaining in me
A passion for well-grown breasts.

I salute God
For giving the rainbow
Not just the red
But all the seven distinct colours
Such as green, yellow and orange
And to me
Wonder-filled eyes.

I salute God
For giving me hands

बी. आर. लक्ष्मण राव (सन् १९२१)

ढोगछु म ईश्वरलाई

मेरी आमालाई
दूधले भरिएको स्तन प्रदान गरेकोमा
र मलाई भोको मुख दिएकोमा
ढोगछु म ईश्वरलाई
यद्यपि मभिन्न
उन्नत वक्षको चाहना जगाइराखिदिए पनि।

ढोगछु म ईश्वरलाई
इन्द्रेनीलाई
रातो मात्र हैन
हरियो, पहेँलो र सुन्तलेसमेत
अलग-अलग सात रङ
र मलाई
आश्चर्य मात्रै आँखा दिएकोमा।

म ढोगछु ईश्वरलाई
मलाई सघाएकोमा

शाश्वत आवाज / १४५

And keeping Himself away.
For giving me legs
And making me lose my way in the forest.
And though He did not give
The fruits of the sky
To my outstretched searching hands,
For giving the firm earth
Under my feet.

I salute God
For the hammer that pounds and crushes,
For the chisel that shapes,
For the unfeeling sugarcane-press
That forces out the juice
And also for at least a few
Hooked-drags and soaring rockets.

I salute God
For giving the base
For the joy and continuity of life
Inside the tender vulva
And the support of the hard erect pillar of the phallus
Inside the body's gutter.

I salute God
For giving the throbbing sprout
Not only between the splits of a pulse
But also at the tip of the lonely corn
And in every innerself
An Atmalinga.

I salute God
For giving the deer for the tiger
The lamb for the wolf
And man for man;

र आफू टाढै बसेकोमा।
मलाई गोडा दिएकोमा
र जङ्गलमा मेरो बाटो हराइदिएकोमा।
र आकाशभरि
मेरा हात पुग्ने ठाउँमा
फलफूल नराखिदिए पनि
मेरा गोडामुनि उर्वर माटो
राखिदिएकोमा।

म ढोग्छु ईश्वरलाई
ठोक्ने र फुट्याउने घनका लागि
आकार खोप्ने छिनोका लागि
उखू पेलेर रस निकाल्ने कोलका लागि
र थोरै भए पनि
सामान तान्ने अड्कुसे र उड्ने रकेटका लागि।

आनन्द र जीवनको निरन्तरताका लागि
कोमल योनिभित्र
ठाउँ दिएकोमा र
शरीरको नालीभित्र
लिङ्गको दृढ सशक्त खाँबोको टेको दिएकोमा
ढोग्छु म ईश्वरलाई।

धड्कनहरूका बीच मात्र नभएर
एक्लो अन्नको टुप्पोमा समेत
स्पन्दनरत अड्कुर दिएकोमा र
प्रत्येक अन्तरात्मालाई
एकएक आत्मलिङ्ग दिएकोमा
ढोग्छु म ईश्वरलाई।

बाघका लागि मृग दिएकोमा
ब्बाँसाका लागि भेडा दिएकोमा
मान्छेका लागि मान्छे दिएकोमा
र शासकलाई थेतरोपन

For giving thick-skin to the trampler,
Sweat for the labourer,
The wine of renunciation to the escapist
And the power-packed
Eunuch-words to the poet.

I salute God
For giving the smile
Only to man among all creatures
And a variety of smiles;
For giving the ladder to climb
And the snake to bite;
For giving a multitude of reasons to fight,
Disillusion in the end
And the mysterious death.

And especially
I salute God
For giving me the intellect
To pose omniscience
And argue with terrible logic
That God does not exist
And crave restlessly for Him
In my deep solitude
And struggle endlessly
With my self-respect.



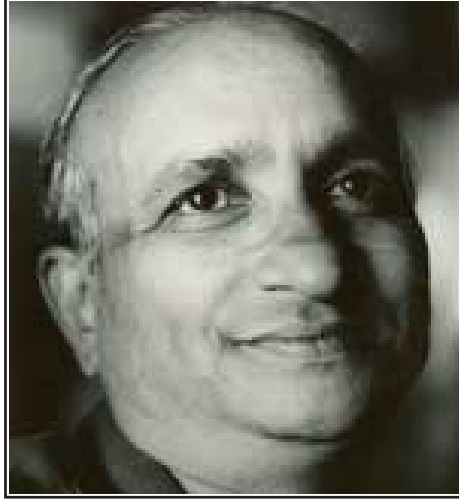
Translated into English by Sumantheendra Nadig

मजदुरलाई पसिना
पलायनवादीलाई अस्वीकारको मदिरा
र कविलाई
शक्तिले भरिएका फोसा शब्द दिएकोमा
ढोग्छु म ईश्वरलाई।

सृष्टिका सारा प्राणीमध्ये
केवल मान्छेलाई मुस्कान दिएकोमा
र अनेक खाले मुस्कान दिएकोमा
उक्लिनका लागि भन्याङ दिएकोमा
र डसिनका लागि सर्प दिएकोमा
भगडा गर्नका लागि असङ्ख्य कारणहरू दिएकोमा
अन्त्यमा गएर भ्रमको जालो भिकिदिएकोमा
र रहस्यमयी मृत्यु दिएकोमा
ढोग्छु म ईश्वरलाई।

मलाई
आफैलाई सर्वज्ञ ठान्ने
र ईश्वर हुँदै हुँदैन भन्ने दारुण तर्क गर्ने
र एक्लो हुँदा अधीर भएर उसैलाई सम्भिरहने
र दृढ आत्मसम्मानका साथ
अनवरत सङ्घर्ष गरिरहने
मति दिएकोमा
विशेष रूपले ढोग्छु म ईश्वरलाई।





Mogeri Gopalakrishna Adiga was a poet, short story writer, essayist and translator. He has about two dozens of books in his credit. Chandamaddale, Bhoomigeetha and Vardhamana are some of his poetry collections and Kannada Abhimana, Vichara Vimarshe are among his short story collections. He received the Kendra Sahitya Academy Award, Kabir Sanman and Pampa awards including many other awards and honors.

M. Gopalakrishna Adiga (1918–1992)

Past

1

They haunt me, the mysterious foetuses of the past;
The stale air of the sunken old well
rises on all fours crawling upside down
entwining the sunbeam that sings a lullaby
and charges towards the basil bush.

The stalk-detached navel-cord and
the severed rat's tail quiver.
As I grope peering in the darkness
suddenly flashes a line of golden ore
And a wing-burnt star which is struggling
in the dark moats of the new moon.

2

Today's newspapers are full with the news of the past.
One part above water and seven underneath,

एम. गोपालकृष्ण अडिगा (सन् १९१८-१९९२)

अतीत

१

तिनीहरू मेरो सम्भनामा आइरहन्छन्, अतीतका रहस्यमयी भ्रूणहरू
पुरिएको बूढो इनारको बासी हावा
लोरी गाउने सूर्यकिरणलाई डोरीभैँ बाट्दै
चार हातपाउ टेकेर घस्निँदै उठ्छ
र तुलसीको बोटतिर हान्निन्छ।

डन्टीबाट खुस्किएको नाल र
मुसाको चुँडिएको पुच्छर छटपटाउँछ।
जब म अँध्यारोमा चियाउँदै छामछामछुमछुम गर्छु
एक्कासि सुनौलो धातुको एक हरफ
र नवचन्द्रको अँध्यारो खाल्डोमा सङ्घर्षरत
पखेटा जलेको एउटा तारा चम्किन्छ।

२

आजका पत्रिकाहरू अतीतका खबरले भरिएका छन्।
एक भाग पानीमाथि र सात भागमुन्तिर।

शाश्वत आवाज / १५१

the iceberg becomes all at once a fiery word-erupting
snow-covered innocent volcano.
Though the papers are closed,
noiseless empty skeletons gather in the room,
with feet turned back strain, making dumb signs.
In the standing waters of the sky
spermatozoa rush to seek their goals.
Behind the curtain of the darkened stage
shining words wait for their clues.
Do they not desire the outside air surrounding the colourful
plants?

3

Shelterless forefathers wander in the wind
without knowing where to incarnate.
I know the chants to drive away the ghosts,
but I forgot the chants which could make them divine.
In vain I wave the magic wand.
We trusted the purohits, and turned to the west.
At least now we must delve deep into our ancient lore.

At the time of digging, the soil is foetus form.
Deeper and deeper thrust of the pickaxe
might show us the shining golden ore.
Excavating it, smelting and purifying it,
at least now we must learn
to shape them into the images of our personal Gods.

4

The decaying water inside the well, goes up as vapour;
the sky becomes its field of action.
The unseen drop
In the dark womb of the clouds

आइसबर्ग एकाएक
ज्वालामय शब्द-विस्फोटक हिउँले छोपिएको निर्दोष ज्वालामुखी बन्छ।
यद्यपि पत्रिकाहरू बन्द छन्
नीरव खोक्रा अस्थिपञ्जरहरूको भीड लाग्छ कोठामा
गोडा पछाडिपट्टि फर्किएका, मूक इसारा गर्दै।
आकाशको उभिइरहेको पानीमा
शुक्रकीटहरू आफ्नो लक्ष्य खोज्दै दौडिन्छन्।
अँध्यारो मञ्चको पर्दापछाडि
चम्किरहेका शब्दहरू आफ्नो सङ्केतको प्रतीक्षा गर्छन्।
के तिनीहरूलाई बाहिरपट्टि सप्तरङ्गी रूखबिरुवावरिपरि बहिरहेको बतासलाई छुने इच्छा
जाग्दैन?

३

ओतविहीन पुर्खाहरू हावामा यताउता भौँतारिइरहे
कहाँ अवतार लिने भन्ने थाहै नपाई।
मलाई थाह छ, भूतलाई खेद्ने मन्त्र
तर मैले तिनीहरूलाई देवी बनाउने मन्त्र बिर्सिँ।
म बिना अर्थ जादूको छडी घुमाइरहन्छु।
हामीले पुरोहितको विश्वास गर्छौं र पश्चिमतिर फर्किँछौं।
कमसेकम अब त हामीले आफ्नो प्राचीन विद्यालाई भित्रसम्म खन्नुपर्छ।

खन्दाखेरि माटो भ्रूण अवस्थाको हुन्छ।
कोदालो र खन्तीले निकै तलसम्म खनेपछि
चम्किरहेको सुनौलो धातु देखिन सक्छ।
त्यसलाई भिक्केर, पगालेर, शुद्ध पारेर
कमसेकम अब हामीले सिक्नैपर्छ
तिनलाई हाम्रा आफ्ना व्यक्तिगत ईश्वरको अनुहार र रूपमा ढाल्न।

४

इनारभित्रको सकिँदै गएको पानी बाफ भएर उड्छ
आकाश त्यसको कर्मस्थल बन्छ।
बादलको अँध्यारो गर्भमा
नदेखिएका थोपा



is like the foetus form that waits for nine months.
For the pastness of vapour rain is the present form.

Prepare the fields for paddy and grains;
Turn them into beautiful gardens;
Temple towers will have golden peaks.



Translated into English by Sumatheendra Nadig



नौ महिना पखिने भूणजस्तै हुन्।
किनभने वर्षा भन्नु बाफको अतीतपनको अहिलेको रूप हो।

खेतबारीलाई धान र अरू अन्नपातका लागि तयार गरौं
तिनलाई सुन्दर बगैँचा बनाऔं
मन्दिरका गजुरहरू आफै सुनका हुने छन्।





Professor Allama Prabhu Bettaduru is a poet and writer. His famous works include 'Idu Nanna Bharatha', 'Kudure Mele Mattu Nilagiri' 'Katti Battevu', and 'Navu Kedahaballaru'. He started career as a Kannada Professor in Galli Siddeshwara College, later he worked as Principal in same college. Presently he is residing in Koppala. His style of writing is North Karnataka Language.

Allama Prabhu Bettaduru

The Rose Folk*

Gandhi grandpa,
it appears we're really on the move
but we must keep mum
We're told not to raise our heads
for fear of bumping into batons;
we're told not to look where our feet take us
for fear of running into blindfolds,
to keep dreaming of coming harvests
so others can reap now.

Ah, Gandhi grandpa,
it seems we are on the march;
our prosperity bulges lustily
with a widow's wanton pregnancy.

* The Nehru Family, from Indira's father's habit of sporting a rose in the button-hole of his long coat.

अल्लामा प्रभु बेतादुरु
गुलाफका वंशज

ए गान्धी हजुरबा
हामी साँच्चैको प्रगतितिर लागेजस्तो देखिन्छ
तर चुप लाग्न बाध्य छौं हामी
लौरो उफ्रिन थालेको डरमा टाउको नउठाउनु भनिएको छ हामीलाई।
आँखामा पट्टी लगाएर दौडिनु पर्दाको डरमा
हाम्रा गोडाले हामीलाई पुऱ्याएको ठाउँमा
नहेरू भनिएको छ हामीलाई
बाली भित्र्याएको सपना देखिरहनू भनिएको छ हामीलाई
ताकि अहिले अरूले भकारी भरिरहन पाऊन्।

ए गान्धी हजुरबा !
हामी अभियानमा गतिशील भएभैं देखिन्छौं
हाम्रो सम्पन्नता लोभपूर्वक फुल्छ
विधवाको अनिच्छित गर्भ धारण भएर।

O Grandpa Gandhi, this is your land
so they erect your statues
and in the land of your birth
they make you a god
to confirm your death.

But Gandhi grandpa,
nothing's lost yet,
there's still the same land
of untilled earth, unbroken rock
and on your grave they've raised
a throne and built monuments
on the rubble of our homes
and we are still alive
to witness their reign.

Oh, Gandhi grandpa,
we have your Freedom
to drink and forget,
we have your Truth
to swear away your death,
and your Nonviolence
is proven by our bullets
and they are building Delhi now
a capital on village ruins,
these descendants of the Rose
building a Rose Dynasty.



Translated into English by Chandrashekhar Patil

तपाईंको भूमि हो यो
त्यसैले तिनीहरूले तपाईंको सालिक ठड्याए
र तपाईंको जन्म भएको ठाउँमा
तिनले तपाईंलाई भगवान् बनाए
तपाईंको मृत्यु भएको सुनिश्चित गर्नका लागि।

तर गान्धी हजुरबा
केही पनि हराएको छैन
अहिले पनि त्यही भूमि छ
नदल्लिकएको पृथ्वी, नचोइटिएका ढुङ्गाहरू
र तपाईंको चिहानमाथि तिनीहरूले
राजगद्दी स्थापित गरे र
तपाईंको घरको भग्नावशेषमा
स्मारक बनाए
र अझै बाँचिरहेछौं हामी
तिनीहरूको शासनको प्रत्यक्ष साक्षी भएर।

ए गान्धी हजुरबा
पिउन र बिर्सनका लागि पाएका छौं
तपाईंले ल्याएको स्वतन्त्रता हामीले
हामीले तपाईंको सत्य पाएका छौं
तपाईंको मृत्यु भएको कसम खानका लागि
र प्रमाणित भएको छ तपाईंको अहिंसा
हामीले भेट्टाउने बन्दुकको गोलीबाट
र अहिले दिल्लीलाई राजधानी बनाउँदै छन् तिनीहरू
गाउँहरू नष्ट पारेर।
यी गुलाफका वंशजहरू
स्थापित गरिरहेछन् गुलाब राजवंश।





Arathi H.N. is a poet, translator, playwright and senior media person. She has published two poetry collections, one play, one travelogue in Kannada language and two books of translated works from English to Kannada. Her poems are translated into seven languages. She's the recipient of many awards including two of state awards and a national media award among many other awards and honors.

Arathi H.N. (1966)

Elevator

Abruptly the door opens to
this enclosure that is no man's land &
An uncomfortable silence engulfs,
as you step in.
Like a condolence meet
of a death undesired.
As the elevator travels up
the stifled soul fluttering around
invisible, is neither prudent nor a scamp.

The scent of someone who just stepped out
still lingers on.
A petal lies crushed on the floor,
Like the dim light spreads pretentious anger
A hand pulled in haste
Pain drops of tear
But see here a smile by the side

आरती एच. एन. (सन् १९६६)

एलिभेटर

अचानक खुल्छ ढोका
यो बट्टाको जुन कसैको हैन...
भिन्न पक्षेबित्तिकै
सल्किन्छ एउटा असजिलो मौनता।
कुनै अनपेक्षित मृत्युपछिको समवेदना भेलाजस्तो।
मास्तिर उक्लन थाल्छ एलिभेटर जब
न फुर्तिलो हुन्छ न त जुम्सो नै
अदृश्य भएर वरिपरि धड्किरहेको
खाँदिएको हृदय।

बसिरहेछ अभै
भर्खर निस्किएर बाहिर गएको नदेखिएको मान्छेले लगाएको सेन्ट।
किचिएर भुइँमा सुतिरहेको छ फूलको एउटा पत्र।
मधुरो प्रकाशले घमन्डी रिसलाई छरेजसरी
हतारमा तानिएको एउटा हात र
आँसु भएर भरेको दुखाइ।
तर हेर्नेस् यता छेउतिरको मुस्कान

A fresh lover with
lips full of longing.

I presumed one has to take
the stairs, step by one step
Stop, lean, sit, trip, thirsty, caress a forelock
and reach the top but
can one take off this way too?
Suddenly, like devil possessed
wherever the legs take one?
Can one knock on the door of desire?
Like this?

Nobody waits for us to arrive
standing by the door
waiting with burning lamps of eyes.
All ascents are followed by descents
It is not right for you to break the rule.
Climbing up and rolling down like in
a game of snakes and ladder.
What can one say?
He is not valiant who cannot ride the horse given to him
He is a lover most ardent
and I am his charmed angel.

This ride in the elevator
with mirrors all around.
Ten reflections of a single face.
You are polymorphic
but I wear only a single mask.
There is no account of the
footfalls in and out.
Constant companionship is no guarantee.
Even the ones who accompany you
get off midway.

उत्कण्ठाले भरिएका ओठसहितको
एउटा नयाँ प्रेमी।

भन्दाडबाट जाने सोचेथेँ मैले
खुड्किलाखुड्किला उक्लिँदै।
अडिनु, भुक्नु, बस्नु, हिँड्नु, तिर्खाउनु
निधारअगाडि आएको केश मिलाउनु र माथि पुग्नु, तर
के यताबाट पनि जान सक्छ कोही?
कुनै असुरले प्रभुत्व जमाएभँँ एक्कासि
कता लैजान्छन् गोडाले?
के ढकढक्याउन सक्छ यसरी कसैले
रहरको ढोका?

दैलामा उभिएर
कसैले हेरिरहेको हुँदैन हामी आउने बाटो
आँखाका बल्दै गरेका बत्ती बालेर।
अवरोहण सुरु हुन्छ हरेक आरोहणपछि
र उचित हुँदैन नियम भत्काउनु।
माथि उक्लिनु र तल भर्नु
साँप र सिँढीको खेलमा जस्तै।
के भन्न सक्छ र कोही?
कसै गरी बहादुर हैन आफूलाई दिएको घोडा चढ्न नसक्ने पुरुष
एउटा अत्यन्त उत्सुक प्रेमी हो ऊ
र म उसकी प्रदीप्त अप्सरा।

चारैतिर ऐना भएको
यो एलिभेटरको चढाइ।
एउटा अनुहारका दस वटा प्रतिच्छाया
बहुरूपी हौं तिमी
एउटा मात्र मुखुन्डो लगाउने गर्छु तर मा
आउनेजाने ग्राहकको
कुनै सूची छैन मसँग।
सतत साहचर्यको प्रत्याभूति गर्न सकिँदैन कहिल्यै।
बीचैमा छाडेर जाने छ
तिमीसँगै आएकाले पनि।

Here, relationship are of multiple tiers.
Of several levels and restricting boundaries
Just when a space lies vacant
a door opens somewhere.
Yet again, the mind turns as ocean
churning, rigorous.
Elixir or poison—emerges what?
Should I turn into
a poison-maid,
yet again?



Translated into English by Prathibha Nandakumar

अनेक तहका
अनेक स्तर र बन्देज गरिएका सीमाभित्रका
हुन्छन् यहाँ सम्बन्धहरू।
खाली हुन्छ ठाउँ जब
कतै खुल्छ एउटा ढोका।
र फेरि कठिनतासँग मन्थन भइरहेको समुद्र भएर फेरिन्छ मन।
के निस्कन्छ- अमृत वा विष?
के फेरि परिवर्तित हुनुपर्‍यो मैले
एउटी विषकन्यामा?





Dr. Lokesh Agasana Katte is a poet, short story writer, playwright and critic. He has twenty books in different genre in his credit. His notable works include NEEROLAGINA KICCHU (literary criticism), AMMELLARA BUDDHA (play), and HATTIYEMBA BHUMIYA TUNUKU (short story collection). He received Karnataka Sahitya Academy Award twice. He was awarded other several prestigious awards for his short stories and plays.

Lokesh Agasana Katte

The Burial of the Dead on that Night

1

They came and went on that
very night.
They foregrounded the ritual that
They must not stay back as
They buried the dead on that night.

They carried coffin on their shoulders,
and put the dead deep into the earth
They set aside mourning and went home.

2

Mercilessly the oven is burning
in the kitchen
Food is boiling and boiling relentlessly
to quench the fire of the
gluttonous stomach

लोकेश अगसन कट्टे

त्यस रातको मृतकको अन्त्येष्टि

१

तिनीहरू आए र फर्किए
त्यसै रात।
संस्कारको महत्ता कायम राखे तिनीहरूले
बसिरहन हुँदैनथ्यो तिनीहरू त्यहाँ
किनभने त्यो रात मृतकलाई पुरेका थिए तिनीहरूले।

तिनीहरूले कफिनलाई आफ्ना काँधमा बोके
मृतकलाई गहिरो खाल्डोभित्र पुरे
शोक मनाउँदै वर्तिर आए तिनीहरू र घर फर्किए।

२

निर्दयतापूर्वक बलिरहेछ चुलो
भान्सा कोठामा
अतृप्त पेटको
आगो निभाउनका लागि
निष्ठुरताका साथ पाकिरहेछ र पाकिरहेछ खाना।

As they are the carriers of the dead
something is murmuring in the
Pooja hall, which sounds fishy.
The others misunderstood
The two daughters of the dead mother
as crying.

3

Unsettled accounts in the dark
Where their mother used to
light the lamp.
Unresolved transaction of
the younger daughters with
tears in her eyes.

A pair of hanging golden ear
ornaments won by my father
and made her joyous
by lifting the wheel of a chariot,
To whom do these ear rings belong
To whom the nose-stud and
the bracelet?
One said, "I possess them all as I have only females"
The other said, "Let me own them for my
incoming in-laws."

4

The ghost of bank loan and interest
haunting the heads of four
sitting in the dim light of the
oily earthen lamp.
The long balance sheet of
the elder did not end till down
he was smoking endlessly
What an immaculate cooked up accounts!

लासलाई तिनीहरूले नै उठाएको हुनाले
केही गुनगुन भइरहेछ
पूजा कोठामा
जुन माछा चलमलाएभैँ सुनिन्छ।
अरूले गलत बुभे
मृत आमाका दुई छोरी रुनुको कारण।

३

अँध्यारोमा
जहाँ तिनकी आमाले बत्ती बाल्ने गर्थिन्
अड्किरहेछन् नमिलेका हिसाब
र आँसुले भरिएका कान्छी छोरीका आँखामा
नमिलेको उसको लेनदेनको गणित।

भुन्डिएका एक जोडी सुनका यार्लिड
मेरा बाले जितेका
र बग्गीका पाङ्ग्रा उचालेर
खुसी बनाएका तिनलाई।
कानमा लगाउने यो यार्लिड कसको हो?
कसको हो यो फूली
र यो बाला?

एउटाले भन्यो- “मेरामा स्त्रीहरू मात्र भएकाले ती सबै मेरा हुन्।”
अर्काले थप्यो- “यी म राख्छु, पछि हुने मेरा बुहारीहरूका लागि।”

४

टुकीको मधुरो उज्यालोमा बसेका
चार जनाका टाउकालाई
तर्साइरहेको
ब्याङ्कको ऋण र ब्याजको भूत।
ढूलोचाहिँको लामो वासलात
सकिएन उज्यालो होउन्जेल पनि
लगातार चुरोट तानिरहेथ्यो ऊ
कस्तो सजिलोसँग पाकेको हिसाब!

There are dew drops of
perspiration
on the furrows of the
foreheads of three around the lamp.

5

The old dog is groaning
In the fixed corner of the house.
The food remained untouched
not served by old woman.
Food went unnoticed
served by the in-laws
Food and water is forbidden
in the house of the dead.
The fragrance of the hot meals
obsequious in the platter
paraded the kitchen.



Translated into English by Prof. C. Veer Naik

टुकीको वरिपरि बसेका
तीनै जनाको निधारमा
टल्किरहेका थिए
पसिनाका थोपा।

५

बूढो कुकुर कुईँकिइरह्यो
घरको त्यही कुनामा।
वृद्धाले नपस्किएको खाने कुरा
त्यसै टोलाइरह्यो कसैको स्पर्श नपाए।
कसैको ध्यानमा गएन बुहारीहरूले पस्किएको खाने कुरा।
मृतकको घरमा वर्जित छ
खाना र पानी।
थालबाट अनुनय गर्दै
तात्तातो खानाको बास्ना
परेड खेलिरहेछ भान्सा कोठाभरि।





Dr. Latha Rajashekar is a poet and writer. She has written five epics, one each on Buddha, Jesus, Basaveshwara, Mahaveera and Sri Rama. She took active participation in the Kaveri movement to get classical language status to Kannada. She has served for Karnataka Sahitya Academy and Kannada Jagruthi Samithi besides serving as president, secretary or member of organization and institutions.

Latha Rajashekar

An Experience

There are pictures all round me,
Pictures transparent and in motion,
And how quiet, all of them!
Here it is all SILENT,
The ECSTASY of an ocean.

In the oceanic depths
Did we unite, the earth,
The sky and me.
Here it is like a dream,
The dim light all around,
The moon light, unsubstantial.


It is my own shadow,
On the soil where I sit,
The grass under my feet,
Links me to my previous BIRTH.

लता राजशेखर
एउटा अनुभव

मेरो वरिपरि तस्बिरहरू छन्
पारदर्शी र चलायमान तस्बिरहरू
र कति शान्त छन् ती सबै!
यी सबै मौन छन्
समुद्रको भैँ स्वर्गीय शान्तपन।

समुद्री गहिराइमा
हामीले जोड्यौँ पृथ्वीलाई
आकाश र मा।
यहाँनिर यो सपनाजस्तै लाग्छ
चारैतिर मधुरो प्रकाश
जूनको किरण नगण्य लाग्छ।

यो मेरो आफ्नै छाया हो।
म बसेको माटोमा
मेरा गोडामुनिको दूबो
मलाई मेरो पहिलेको जन्मसँग जोडिदिन्छ



In the declining sun there is
The warmth of my previous BODY.

This earth has seen the passing
Of many of my lives for ages.
Somewhere here lie all their roots.
I have to look for them.

Behind me is the EARTH
And the SKY spreads ahead.
I stand between them,
For a fleeting moment.

The ripples of memories
Touch the borders of the mind.
Some are sharp, while some obscure,
Now I grasp them, now I don't.

Oh, did I melt into clouds,
And become one, with the vast sky?
The moon and the sun are my vision,
And the whole of universe,
Is my homeland.

I watch the world with
Ten thousand eyes.
My breath is ZEPHYR and body VULCAN
And my tears wake POSIEDON.
Ah! the smiling EARTH is myself.
The SKY is an awareness
Of my own depth.

This glamorous mortal body,
Is an earthen cup filled with wine.

अस्ताउँदै गरेको सूर्यमा
मेरो पहिलेको शरीरको न्यानोपन छ।

पृथ्वीले देखेको छ पार गर्दै गरेका
युगाँका मेरा अनेक जीवनहरू
यतै कतै रहेका छन् ती सबैका जरा
मैले तिनलाई खोज्नु छ



मेरो पछाडि पृथ्वी छ
र आकाश फैलिएको छ अगाडि
म ती दुईको बीचमा उभिएको छु
एउटा क्षणभङ्गुर क्षण

समृतिका तरङ्गहरूले
हृदयका सीमाहरू छुन्छन्
कुनै तीखा छन्, कुनै भुत्ते
कहिले समात्छु तिनीहरूलाई, कहिले समात्दिनँ।

ओहो! के म बादलहरूमा पग्लिएँ
र बादल नै भएँ गहिरो आकाशमा?
जून र घाम मेरा दृष्टि हुन्
र सम्पूर्ण ब्रह्माण्ड मेरो घर

म पृथ्वीलाई
दस हजार आखाँले हेर्छु।
मेरो श्वास पश्चिमी बतास हो र शरीर अग्नि
र मेरो आँसुले पोसेडनलाई ब्युँभाउँछ।
ओह, मुस्काउँदै गरेको पृथ्वी मै हुँ।
आकाश मेरै गहिराइको
चेतना हो।

यो ग्ल्यामरस क्षणभङ्गुर शरीर
वाइन भरिएको माटोको कप हो।



With all these evidences
I desire to be one with the LORD.

Am I, my own evidence?
I am only a mind animated!
Inside "me" is a pagentry,
Of images that are still.

In the sky of my bosom,
That bird has found its wings.
Beneath the shining SUN
That STAR has found its twinkle.
In the inner most parts of my heart,
The moon beams have clasped themselves.

I am the preserver not the APOCALYPSE,
I am constancy and not imagination capricious
"I AM BRAHMASMI"
I have excelled the limits of name and form.
I am the fruit of knowledge,
In the tree of conscience.

I do not own the land I sit on.
No. I do not own this body too.
No. Nothing I call my own
Is my own. What then?
My own is this and everything.

I am the daughter of COSMOS,
Shadow of the SUN.
Burning wild fire and
Raining moon beams.
Form that has gone beyond its shape,
Blooming image of true form.

यी सबै प्रमाणका आधारमा
म ईश्वरसँग हुन चाहन्छु।



के म मेरो आफ्नै प्रमाण हुँ?
म केवल मस्तिष्कबाट चलाइने चिज हुँ!
मभित्र एउटा जुलुस छ
स्थिर बिम्बहरूको।

मेरो आफ्नै छातीको आकाशमा
त्यस चराले आफ्ना पखेटा भेट्टाएको छ।
फलमलाइरहेको सूर्यको मुनि
त्यस ताराले आफ्नो चम्काइ भेट्टाएको छ।
मेरो हृदयको सबैभन्दा भित्री भागमा
जूनका किरणहरूले आफैलाई अँगालो हालेका छन्।

म संरक्षक हुँ, प्रलयकर्ता हैन
म अनादि छु, कल्पनाको तरङ्गी हैन
'अहं ब्रह्मास्मि'
मैले नाम र आकारको सीमा पार गरिसकेँ
म ज्ञानको फल हुँ
चेतनाको वृक्षमा फलेको।

म आफू बसेको ठाउँलाई चिन्दैन।
अहँ, यो शरीर पनि मेरो हैन
अहँ, मैले आफ्नो भन्ने गरेको
केही पनि मेरो हैन।
मेरो आफ्नो यही हो र सबै थोक हो।

म ब्रह्माण्डकी छोरी हुँ
सूर्यको छाया
बल्दै गरेको जङ्गलको आगो हुँ
बसिँदै गरेको जूनको किरण हुँ
आफ्नै आकारभन्दा ठूलो रूप हुँ
साँचो रूपमा फकिरहेको बिम्ब



Some voice is beckoning me
Beyond the realms of myth and reality.

A sea like silence,
Is thundering in my heart.
Which magic finger did draw me?
Me who stood back
With a dreaded heart!

Ah! Is it true I am frightened?
What next? And how it will be?
Again in the blue vault sprouts
The tender lights of desire.

Here speech is the guest of silence.
In a game, the colours flood the evening.
Like the lightening across the blue clouds,
In the silent globe is
Only the song of eternal joy.

Right before me the ground
Had shut its eyes.
Unaware, I threw particles
Of mud. The eyes, shaking off
The dust, opened widely
As if to stare at me.
The fear enveloped me a moment,
As if the stare was groping my heart.

For this titanic man of universe
The sky is the chest and
Arms are the milky way.
The stars are his lovely locks
Where lie his feet and head.

कुनै स्वरले मलाई देखाउँदै छ
मिथक र यथार्थको पहुँचभन्दा पर्तिर।

मौनताजस्तै एउटा समुद्र
मेरो हृदयमा बज्रिरहेछ।
कुन मायावी आँलाले मलाई कुँदयो?
म जो पछाडि रहँ
एउटा डरलाग्दो हृदयसँगै।

ओहो! के म डराएको सत्य हो?
अब के हुन्छ र त्यो कस्तो हुन्छ?
स्वर्गको नीलो कोपिलामा फेरि
इच्छाको मधुरो प्रकाश।

यहाँ वाणी मौनताको पाहुना हो।
खेलमा बाढी र साँभको रड
नीलो बादलपतिर बिजुली चम्किएभैँ
मौन पृथ्वीमा
अनन्त खुसीको गीत छ।

मेरो ठीक अगाडिको भुइँले
आफ्नो आँखा चिम्लेको छ।
भुक्किएर मैले हिलो माटो फ्याँकेँ
भुलो भाउँ ती आँखा खुले
मलाई नै हेरेभैँ गरेर
एकछिनका लागि डरले मलाई लुटपुट्यायो
मानौँ त्यो हेराइले मेरो हृदयको खानतलासी गरिरहेछ जस्तो।

ब्रह्माण्डको यो विशाल मान्छेका लागि
आकाश छाती हो र
पाखुराहरू आकाशगङ्गा हुन्।
ताराहरू उसका केश हुन्
जहाँ उसका गोडा र शिर रहेका छन्।

What a feeling! What an experience!
I fail to catch this in words
That which sculpture can
Reveal as a rhythm.
That grandiose beauty
Painted in AIR.



Translated into English by the poet herself

कस्तो अनुभूति! कस्तो अनुभव!
मैले यसलाई शब्दमा टिप्न सकिनेँ
कुन मूर्तिकला लय भएर निस्कन्छ।
त्यो भव्य सौन्दर्य
बतासमा रँगिएको।





Chandrashekhar Talya is poet, translator and writer. His literary works include 'Nanna Kannagalakke', 'Suduva Bhumi', 'Prabhu Allama' and 'Nelava Huduki' among other. 'Ramakrishna mattu Avara Kala', 'Bharatiya Tatvashastra' and 'Gandhi Hodaru', are some of his translated works. He was honoured with 'Aryabhata Award' (1995). 'GSS Kavya Award', 'Dr. Nallru Prasad Sahitya Prashasti', 'D.S. Max Sahitya Shree Prashasti' and many others.

Chandrashekhar Talya

To the Superior Officer

In this square shaped
stone edifice
I am leaving
my monumental silence
like
a seed that sprouts
a bud that blooms

in the fires that you stoked
in your putrid talk
in your pompous files
in your delirium of bribes
what did you sow?
what did you grow?



what did you learn
from a blade of grass

चन्द्रशेखर ताल्या
ठूला हाकिमलाई

वर्गाकार
ढुङ्गाको यो भवनमा
म छाडेर जाँदै छु
कुनै विशाल स्मारकको जस्तो
मेरो मौनतालाई
जो कुनै बीजजसरी उम्रन्छ,
कुनै कोपिलाजसरी फुल्छ।

तिम्रो अभद्र बोलीबाट
तिम्रो आडम्बरी फाइलबाट
तिम्रो उन्मादी घुसबाट
जुन आगो सल्कायौ तिमीले
केको बीउ छर्‍याँ त्यसबाट?
र के उब्जायौँ?

के सिक्क्यौ तिमीले
घाँसको त्यान्द्रो र



from the morning dew
in the breeze that wafted gently
touching the soil
you became
a coal aglow.

The clay that tool: shape
on a potter's wheel
the stone that was sculpted
With a carving chisel
the fledgling that flew
into a bird in the sky
none became your concern.

the twinkle of stars
a squinting moon
that appears and disappears
in the seamless sky
none touched your heart

in the stale burps
at self-absorption
in the pompous marches
of all power
this worm infested body of yours
will be swarmed
by my sighs
by the silent flames of my eyes
by the roar of my unhappy soul

you who fail to understand
the thrones that tumbled
the forts that bit dust
the swords that turned mute

बिहानको शीतबाट?
मधुर भोक्काले हृदयलाई
सुमसुम्याउँदै बहेको बतासमा
रन्केको एउटा
कोइला भयौ तिमी।

कुमालेको चक्रमा
आकार लिएको माटो
छिनोको प्रहारबाट
कुँदिएको ढुङ्गो
आकाशमा उड्दाउड्दै
चरो बनेको चल्लो
केही पनि चासोका विषय भएनन् तिम्रा लागि।

सीमाविहीन आकाशमा
दृश्य-अदृश्य भइरहने
ताराहरूको चम्काइ र
आधा आँखा चिम्लिएको जूनले
छोएनन् तिम्रो हृदयलाई।

आत्मतुष्टिका
घिनलाग्दा लोभहरूमा
अधिकारको अहंयुक्त हिँडाइमा
सजिएको
तिम्रो यो दूषित शरीरलाई
एकै पल्टमा उडाउने छ
मेरो सुस्केराले
मेरा आँखाको मौन ज्वालाले
मेरो दुःखी हृदयको गर्जनले।

तिमी जसले बुझ्न सकेनौ
चिहानमा गाडिएका राजगद्दीहरूलाई
चकनाचुर भएका युद्धकिल्लाहरूलाई
मौन भएका तरबारहरूलाई



can you
obliterate me?

see here
I will become a flower
a song of the mango tree
in the morning glory
in the mirror of a raising sun
I will keep shining

in the voice of birds
in the permanence of letters
I shall flourish.



Translated into English by Chalam Bennurakar

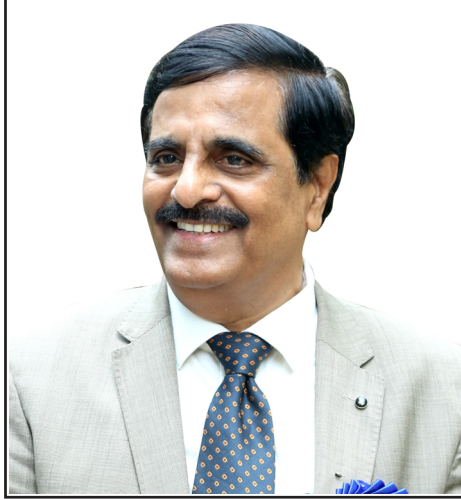


के तिमी
मेटाउन सक्छौ मेरो अस्तित्वलाई?

हेर,
एउटा फूल हुनेछु म
आँपको बोटको एउटा गीत हुने छु
बिहानको अप्रतिम सुन्दरता र
उदाउँदो घामको कञ्चन ऐनामा
जाज्वल्यमान चम्किरहेको हुने छु।

सुशोभित भइरहने छु म
चराहरूको स्वरमा,
अक्षरहरूको अमरत्वमा।





Dr. Manu Baligar is a poet, writer, author, playwright, former civil servant (KAS) and current president of Kannada Sahitya Parishat. He has authored over twenty-seven books including five story compilations and six anthologies. His famous works include 'Belaka Bedagu' (essays), and 'Mylara Mahadeva' (play). He is the only bureaucrat to receive an honorary doctorate from Karnataka University for literary contribution.

Manu Baligar

A New Poem

Need to write yet another poem
Not to start any big revolution.
Nor to create a clean, warm
Or an exciting Heaven.

Not to become a harbinger of
a new era.
Only to feel a sort of newness in me
And to kill the monotony of life.

Need to write a new poem
Like the Sun rising up as a new born babe.
Like the moon smiling across the street
To live out those aspects of life and of world
That I had never experienced or seen in the past
To cleanse the dirt of the past

मनु बालिगर

नयाँ कविता

अभै एउटा कविता लेख्नु छ
कुनै भयङ्कर विप्लव नै सुरु गर्नुपर्ने हैन।
न त कुनै स्वच्छ, न्यानो
वा मनोरम स्वर्ग सिर्जना गर्नुपर्ने नै हो।

न त अगुवा नै बन्नुपर्ने हो
कुनै नयाँ युगको।
केवल आफूभित्र रहेको एक खाले नयाँपन अनुभूत गर्नु छ
भत्काउनु छ जीवनको एकोहोरो लयलाई।

एउटा नयाँ कविता लेख्नु छ
जसरी सूर्य उदाउने गर्छ एउटा नयाँ शिशु जन्मिएभैँ
जसरी मुस्काउँछ जून बाटाभरि
मैले कहिल्यै विगतमा नभोगेका र देखेका
जीवन र जगत्का पाटाहरू बाँचन दिनका लागि
अतीतका मैलाहरू पखाल्नका लागि

Even if some signs of the dirt
remain uncleansed

The past and the future are in a constant war
But fresh steps need to be taken continuously
Some are consistent in their commitment
For many, consistency in faith is an impossibility
Some others look for a new way of doing
Variety is the order of life
But poetry does not take notice of it.

Things around us hardly change
Sat I my hands tied at a place.
Anthills grow all around me
The progeny of wicked surround me

Let there be some limitations
So, a new poem needs to be weaved
As if to express a sigh
So that the heaviness in the heart gets released
The pressure on the mind gets evaporated
All of this strikes a chord in me for a new poem.

●
Translated into English by Prof. Basavaraj P. Donur

केही दागहरू नगएर
बाँकी नै रहे पनि।

अनवरत युद्धमा छन् विगत र वर्तमान
तर नौला पाइला चाल्नु जरूरी छ निरन्तर
केही हिँडाइ तिनका प्रतिबद्धतासँग मेल खाने हुन्छन्
धेरै यात्राले आस्थासँग मेल खानु असम्भव छ
कर्म गर्ने नयाँ तरिका खोज्छन् अरू केही पाइलाहरूले
विविधता नै हो जीवनको रीति
तर थाहा पाउँदैन त्यसबारे कविताले।

मुस्किलले फेरिन्छन् वरिपरिका चिजहरू
मैले आफ्ना हात बाँधेर बसिरहे
धमिराको गुँडले पुरिने छु म
र घेरिने छु अधर्मीहरूका सन्तानबाट।

केही सीमितता होऊन्
जसभित्र तरङ्गित होस् एउटा नयाँ कविता
कुनै निःश्वास उठेभैँ
र खुकुलो होस् हृदयको गह्रौँपन
वाष्पीकृत भएर जाओस् मस्तिष्कमाथिको दबाव।
एउटा नयाँ कविताका लागि यी सबैले भङ्कृत गराउँछन् मभित्रको कुनै तारलाई।





Dr. K.V. Srinivasa Murthy is a poet, writer and scholar. He has published around two hundred papers/essays on literature and cultural issues in various journals. 'Mouna Maathadaga', 'Nilada Kannu', 'Kannada Rangabhumi', and 'Kavya Kogile' are some of his published books. He has received 'Rama Jadav Book Award', 'Kannada Sahitya Parishat Book Award', 'Dalitha Sahitya Parishat Book Award', 'Kempegowda Award' to name a few.

K.V. Srinivasa Murthy (1969)

The One Known to Me

The one known to me
Is in his 'dhoti,'
The new-born today
Is in his shorts

Rama was then born
In his mother's womb,
Today, he is reborn
In a corner of a mosque!

Then, Rama was born
During day-time,
Today, his rebirth is
In pitch-darkness

Then, arrows and bow
On his shoulders,

के. भी. श्रीनिवास मूर्ति (सन् १९६९)

मैले चिनेको एउटा

मैले चिनिराखेको एउटा
धोतीमा सजिएको छ
र आज भर्खरै जन्मिएकाले
कट्टू लगाएको छ।

आफ्नी आमाको गर्भबाट
जन्मिएका थिए राम त्यस बेला
आज फेरि जन्मिएका छन् उनी
मस्जिदको कुनाबाट।

राम दिउसो जन्मिएका थिए
त्यस बेला
आज चुक घोटे अँध्यारोमा
भएको छ उनको पुनर्जन्म।

त्यस बेला धनु र बाण थिए
उनको पाखुरामा

शाश्वत आवाज / १९३

Today, a bamboo stick
In his armpit

Then, for Rama's forehead
Two or three sacred lines,
Today, for our foreheads
Only one line of blood

Then, Rama left
Towards vanavasa
Today, our Rama left
For Delhi

Then, Rama's shelter
A thatched hut in the forest
Today, badly required
One crore strong bricks

Then, Rama loved
All living-beings,
Today, no one is allowed!
Dalits—of course,— & ok

Then, Shambooka's murder
Was averted by Kuvempu
Today from whom
Can we be safe?

Then, Rama used to spread
Message of love, affection and peace
Why today spreading
Chaos and scare?

Today before us
There is Bheema's constitution

आज बाँसको लट्टी छ
उनले काखीमा च्यापेको।

त्यस बेला रामको निधारमा
तीन वटा पवित्र रेखा थिए
आज हाम्रो निधारमा
केवल एउटा रेखा छ रगतको

त्यस बेला रामले घर छाड्या थे
वनवासका लागि
आज हाम्रो रामले
दिल्ली जानका लागि छाडेको छ आफ्नो घर।

त्यस बेलाका रामको ओत
परालको छाप्रो थियो वनमा
आज नभई नहुने बलियो ईंट छ
एक करोडको।

त्यस बेला राम
सबै प्राणीहरूलाई माया गर्थे
अहिले छुट छैन कसैलाई!
दलित- जरुर, ...ओके।

त्यस बेला कुभेम्पुले रोकेका थिए
शम्भुकाको हत्यालाई
आज कोबाट
सुरक्षित हुन सक्छौं हामी?

त्यस बेला रामले
प्रेम, स्नेह र शान्तिको सन्देश फैलाउँथे
आज किन कोलाहल र
त्रास फैलिरहेछ?

आज हाम्रो अगाडि
भीमको संविधान छ



**Why then needed
Rama's constitution?**

**Let Rama be there
Why people's meddling
Why then, unnecessarily
The wrath of Ants!!**



Translated into English by Prof. Maher Mansore



त्यस बेला किन
रामको विधान आवश्यक पच्यो?

रामलाई त्यहीं रहन दिऔं
किन हस्तक्षेप गर्नु मान्छेले
अनि किन बेकारमा
यो कमिले लडाइँ!





Siddharaj Pujari is a poet, short-story writer, critic, translator, journalist and musicologist. Many of his poems, translations and short-stories as well as criticism on literature, art and music has been published. He is well-versed with Kannada, English, Hindi and Urdu languages.

Siddharaj Pujari

Awaiting...

Waiting for our dad,
We sleep in a shabby little hut,
Peeping stars twinkling above,
The thin radiance of the flickering lamp
Dimmed to die out.

For us—
Night sings a lullaby,
Hugging the deep sleep,
We rejoice in our slumber—
Mesmerized by those enchanting dreams.

Late at night—
Our dad when returns from the factory,
Always, we are in the arms of
such dreamy fascination.
So, we do not hear his tired footsteps.

सिद्धराज पुजारी

पर्खाइ...

बालाई पर्खिदै
सुत्याँ हामी भक्तिन लागेको सानो भुप्रोमा
माथि चम्किरहेका तारालाई चियाउँदै।
मधुरो हुँदै गयो र निभ्यो
बल्दै गरेको टुकीको पातलो ज्वाला।

हामीलाई
रातले सुनाउँछ लोरी
गहिरो निद्रालाई अँगालो हालेर
निद्रामै आह्लादित हुन्छौँ हामी—
मनमोहक सपनामा एकोहोरिएर।

रात निकै बितेपछि
जब बुबा फर्किनुहुन्छ फ्याक्ट्रीबाट
सधैं नै स्वप्नमय सम्मोहनको
काखमा हुन्छौँ हामी
त्यसैले हामी सुन्दैनौँ उहाँको थकित पाइलाको चाल।

When the day breaks,
For our grief, he has already left for the factory
To do his routine hard work.

In the night—
Our dad must have fondled us,
For which—
Our mom stands an eyewitness.
And she tells all about—
His kind disposition.

The pleasant touch of—
 his coarse patting palms,
The soft imprints of—
 his cosy kisses on our cheeks,
All that has been wiped away.

One day, when—
The labour strike forces
The closure of the factory,
His tired body mingles with us,
Sitting amidst all of us—
He stares intently into our eyes—
 brimming with love and anxiety,
Immediately, sensing the silence around
Somehow he laughs,
Or he too knows about laughing!

Alas! someone has sucked his blood.
There throbs the strong vital spirit—
 within his skeletonized figure.
We do not feel like—
 touching and embracing his body.
 (causing fresh nuisance to his physique.)

उज्यालो हुँदा
आफ्नो नियमित श्रमका लागि फ्याक्ट्री गइसकेको हुनुहुन्छ उहाँ
र दुःखी हुन्छौँ हामी।

राति
हामीलाई सुमसुम्याउनुभएको हुनुपर्छ बाले
जसको साक्षी
हाम्री आमा हुनुहुन्छ
र सबै बताउनुहुन्छ आमा
बाको मायालु स्वभावका बारेमा।

उहाँका खस्रा हत्केलाको
आनन्ददायी स्पर्श
हाम्रा गालामा अङ्कित उहाँको स्नेहिल म्वाइँको छाप
सबै भेटिएर गए।

एक दिन जब
मजदुर हडतालले
फ्याक्ट्री बन्द गरायो
सबैका बीचमा बसेर
थकित शरीरका साथ हामीसँग खेल्नुभो बाले।
माया र व्यग्रताले भरिएर
नियालेर हेर्नुभयो हाम्रा आँखामा।
र कसै गरी मुस्काउनुभयो
वरिपरिको मौनतालाई गम्दै
अथवा उहाँ पनि हँसाइका बारेमा जान्नुहन्थ्यो।

ओहो! कसैले उहाँको रगत चुसेको छ।
अदम्य साहस धड्किरहेको छ
अस्थिपञ्जर मात्र बाँकी राखिएको उहाँको शरीरभित्र।
उहाँको शरीर छोएर
अँगालो हाल्न मन छैन हामीलाई।
(त्यसले उहाँको शरीरमा दुखाउने छ)

Simply we sit there—
 throwing an empty look upon him.

Our dad must be thinking that—
We are asking his something.
At that moment—
His face bears wrinkles of—
 worry, apathy and helplessness.

When his hands gently—
 caress our hairs,
 pat our cheeks,
 lift us in affection,
We ask nothing from our dad.
Only we expect—
A dad from 'a dad'
A mom from 'a mom.'



Translated into English by the poet himself

छेउमा बस्छौं मात्र हामी—
उदास नजरले हेर्दै उहाँलाई।

हामी उहाँलाई केही सोध्दै छौं भन्ने ठान्नुभएको हुनुपर्छ बाले
उहाँको मुहारमा
सलबलाइरहेछन् चिन्ता, उदासी र लाचारीका रेखाहरू।

उहाँका हातले
जब सुस्तरी सुमसुम्याउँछन् हाम्रा टाउकामा
जब हाम्रा गाला मुसार्छन्
भनै बढी पगालिदिन्छन् हाम्रो हृदयलाई।

केही माग्दैनौं हामी बुबासँग
यति मात्र चाहन्छौं हामी
बाभिन्न एउटा बा नै भेटौं
आमामा सधैं एउटी आमा।





Prof. G. Abdul Basheer is a poet, writer, educationist, editor and a thinker of culture. He has written more than thirty-two books in Kannada with relation to language, grammar, poetics, criticism and folk literature. 'Shabdhamani Darpana Deepike,' 'Kavya Mimamse Mattu Sahitya Vimarshe' and 'Basavanna Mattu Mohammed Pygamber' are some of his noted books. He was awarded 'Best Teacher State Award' by the Government of Karnataka.

G. Abdul Basheer (1947)

My Mother

Carried me in the stomach
Gave birth into the world
Carried again in her hands
Nothing but a queen on my part.
Land - water - sky
Tree - plant - air
Mother gave me to eat
The fertility of moon - star - sun
She is the tasty salt
None other than the relative like my mother!

Mother ate nothing- a little bit
Fasting all the times
No clothes to the body
Ate food like water
And gave me tasty food!

जी. अब्दुल बसिर (सन् १९४७)

मेरी आमा

पेटभिन्न बोकिन् मलाई
पृथ्वी जन्माइदिइन् मेरा लागि
र बोकिन् आफ्नो काखमा
मेरी ईश्वर हुन् मेरी आमा।
धरती – पानी – आकाश
रूख – बिरुवा – हावा
खुवाइन् आमाले मलाई
जून – तारा – घामको उर्वरता
स्वादिलो नुन हुन् उनी
कोही छैन अरू मेरी आमाजस्तो।

खाइन्- थोरै खाइन् आमाले
उपवास बसिन् सधैं नै
अपुग कपडाले ढाकिन् शरीर
निस्तो खाना खाइन् उनले
र मलाई दिइन् मीठामीठा खाने कुरा!

— |
— |

Mother will hide me in her saree
Mother come to me, come to me is my cry.

She is the place for roots of plants
If I beat - scold - press by the legs
My mother will tolerate it!
She is the origin of the song of birds
On the branches of trees
On the hands of coconut trees
She is the origin of happiness for living things!

She wept wept wept
Flowing tears will be my—
Respect to my mother!



Translated into English by the poet himself

आफ्नो काखमा लुकाउँछिन् आमाले मलाई
आऊ आमा पुकार्दै छु म, आमा आऊ यहाँ!

वृक्षहरूले जरा राख्ने ठाउँ हुन् उनी
मैले हिकार्छु – कराउँ – र गोडा लाग्यो मेरो भने
सहिरहन्छिन् आमा!
रूखका हाँगा र नरिवलको रूखका पातमा बसेर गाउने
चराहरूका गीतको मूल हुन् उनी
उनी नै हुन् स्रोत जीवहरूको खुसीको।

उनी रोइन्, रोइरहिन्
मेरो हुने छ भरेको आँसु
प्रणाम मेरी आमालाई!





Professor B. Sukanya Maruthi

is a poet, scholar and activist. She has five books of poetry to her credit. She has worked as a member of Karnataka Sahitya Academy and Kannada Development Authority. She is active towards mobilize rebel literature and group women's writing as well. She has actively participated in Gokak Movement, Dalit movement and other social activities. She has received All India Dalita Sahitya Academy's honorary award and Ambedkar Award.

Sukanya Maruthi (1956)

The Daughter of Fire

I am the daughter of fire
Risen from the flames.
Nothing can burn me.

The pride of five husbands
Is for outward show.
None of them found a home
In me. None inhabited me.
I am a hollow sky
A house for wide spaces.

My flames came alive
When rarely the son of wind*
Passed by but he never came
Like a cool breeze kissing

* Bheema, the son of Vayu, the Wind Jed.

सुकन्या मारुती (सन् १९५६)

आगोकी छोरी

म आगोकी छोरी हुँ
ज्वालाबाट उत्पन्न भएकी।
जलाउन सक्दैन मलाई केहीले।

बाहिर देखिँदाका लागि मात्र हो
पाँच पतिको गौरव।
मभिन्न ती कसैले पनि पाउन सकेनन् आफूलाई।
वास जमाउन सकेनन् कसैले मभिन्न।
एउटा रित्तो आकाश हुँ म
विस्तारको फराकिलो गन्तव्य।

कहिलेकाहीं जब पवनका पुत्र छेउबाट जान्थे
जागृत हुन्थ्यो मेरो ज्वाला
तर कहिल्यै आएनन् उनी
शीतल बतासजसरी चुम्बन गर्दै, आनन्द दिँदै।

शाश्वत आवाज / २०९

And comforting. I squandered
My youth in revenge
And became an instrument of war.

In palace of forest
Pritha's sons * failed
To bind my feet to earth.
They were lost in their own
Private worlds forgetful
Of the days when we met.
The sons of Ashwini brothers †
Had no medicine for my loneliness.

I walked in their footsteps
Laboured shoulder to shoulder
And turned to water
In the Keechaka ‡ —whirlpool.
So when raw, immature mind
Seek to burn and destroy me
They fill me with amusement.

I have defied the power
Of Dushasana, the uncontrollable.
I have lived on fire
And swallowed burning coal.
Nothing can burn me.



Translated into English by Dr. G.S. Amur

* Kunti's sons Dharmaraja, Arjuna and Bheema.

† Nakula and Sahadeva, sons of the Ashwini Kumars, the divine healer.

‡ A Matsya hero who attempted to rape Draupadi but was killed by Bheema.

प्रतिशोधमा खेर फालें
मैले आफ्नो यौवन
र युद्धको एउटा सामग्री बनें।

दरबारमा होस् या वनमा
कहिल्यै सकेनन् पृथाका छोराहरूले
मेरा गोडालाई पृथ्वीमा बाँधेर टिकाइरहन।
हामी भेट भएको दिनलाई चटकै बिर्सिएर
हराएका थिए तिनीहरू आआफ्नै व्यक्तिगत संसारमा।
अश्विनीकुमारहरूसँग पनि थिएन
मेरो एक्लोपन निको पार्ने औषधी।

तिनका पदछापलाई पछ्याउँदै हिँडिरहें म
सक्नेभन्दा बढी परिश्रम गरें
र कीचकको भुमरीको पानीमा परिणत भएँ।
त्यसैले कोरा, अपरिपक्व बुद्धिले
जलाउन र विनाश गर्न खोज्यो कसैले भने मलाई
आश्चर्यले भरिन्छु म।

चुनौती दिइसकेकी छु मैले
नियन्त्रण गर्न नसकिने दुःशासनको शक्तिलाई।
आगोमा पनि बाँचिसकेकी छु म
र निलिसकेकी छु मैले बलिरहेको भरभराउँदो अँगार।
केहीले पनि जलाउन सक्ने छैन मलाई।





R. Jyothi, better known by her pen name **Jyothi Guruprasad**, is a poet, story writer, columnist and essayist. She has published about a dozen of books. Her poems 'Chukki' and 'Mayapettige' are among her famous works. Her poems have been translated into English, Hindi and Malayalam languages. She has received several awards including 'Geetha Desayi Prashasti' and 'Neelaganga Endowment Award' among other.

Jyothi Guruprasad (1965)

Bashful Drape

Semi clad, I am bashful,
to come to the court yard!
You, my dear one, cannot come
to the backyard and hence
stay waiting at the courtyard.
I seek at the backyard of solitude.
Someday you will pick out
that lost drape that will
cover me completely
and appear at the courtyard.
I will salute your reservedness,
lead you by the hand
to the inner hall.
After passing the servary, kitchen
and the *pooja* room
I will take you to my favorite place,
the backyard.

ज्योति गुरुप्रसाद (सन् १९६५)

सङ्कोची पछ्यौरा

सङ्कोचमा छु आधा ढाकिएकी म
आँगनमा निस्कनका लागि !
तिमी, मेरो प्रिय
आउन सक्दैनौं भित्र
त्यसैले पर्खिराख आँगनमै।
म घरपछाडिको बारीमा खोजिरहने छु।
कुनै दिन उठाउने छौं तिमिले त्यो हराएको पछ्यौरा
जसले मलाई सम्पूर्णमा ढाकिदिने छ
र आँगनमा देखा पर्न सक्ने बनाउने छ।
म तिम्नो गाम्भीर्यलाई नमन गर्ने छु
र हात समातेर डोच्याउने छु तिमिलाई
भित्री कोठातिर।
खाना खाने ठाउँ, भान्सा कोठा र पूजा कोठा हुँदै
तिमिलाई मेरो प्रिय ठाउँ
मेरो बारीमा पुऱ्याउने छु मा।

Chanting a favorite mantra
you plant a small sapling
and depart
Fearless, without constraint.
Perhaps this magical sapling
may turn out to be the medicine;
to the shortcomings of the semi clad.
Perhaps become the slimming point of
the obese, sitting at the courtyard.
I shall not rush, shedding my shyness.
I shall take this prudence to the backyard
And convert it into drape
to appear before you.



Translated into English by Pratibha Nandakumar

मन परेको कुनै मन्त्र उच्चारण गरेर
एउटा बिरुवा रोप्ने छौ
र जाने छौ तिमी।
निर्भय, कुनै बाधाबिना।
आधा ढाकिनुका दुर्बलताहरू मेटाउने औषधीमा
परिणत हुन सक्छ त्यो जादुमयी बिरुवा।
आँगनमा बसिरहेका स्थूल कायालाई
छरिता बनाउने विन्दु हुन सक्छ।
हतार गरेर दौडने छैन म
आफ्नो लज्जालाई पखालेर।
बारीसम्म पुऱ्याउने छु म यस सतर्कतालाई
र पछ्यौरामा परिणत गर्ने छु
तिम्रा सामु देखा पर्नका लागि।





Dr. K. Sharifa is a poet and writer. She is considered as the first poetess from Islamic community to write Kannada poems. She has twenty-one books to her credit. Her works include 'Bidugadeya Kavanagalu', 'Paanchali', 'Bandaya Muslim Samvedane' and 'Mirza Galib' among other. She has received several awards and honors including 'Attimabbe Sahitya Award', 'Dr. Geetha Desayi Award' and 'Gaurava Prashasti'

K. Sharifa (1975)

Be a Woman, Once, O Lord!

It is rancid kitchens for us.
It is slimy postnatal rooms for us.
No chance for throwing tantrums.
O Lord, shouldn't you once visit
The sunless cells that is our lot?

My son
who went to the town
Died in a police encounter;
My husband
who went to war
Came back as bloody rags;
And my daughter,
in unbearable shame,
Hanged herself after being raped;
To know the depths of my pain,
O Lord, shouldn't you be born a woman once?

के. शरिफा (सन् १९७५)

हे ईश्वर! एक पल्ट नारी बनेर त हेर

यही पुरानो भान्सा कोठा हो हाम्रा लागि।
यही साँघुरो पोस्टन्याटल रुम हो हाम्रा लागि।
भर्कोफर्को गर्न सक्ने त कुरै छैन।
हे ईश्वर, के एक पल्ट हेर्नुपर्दैन तिमीले
हाम्रा प्रारब्ध यी घामविहीन छिँडीहरू?

सहर गएको मेरो छोरो
प्रहरीसँगको भिडन्तमा मारियो
युद्धमा गएका मेरा पति
रक्तरञ्जित भुत्रो कपडाका रूपमा फर्किए
र मेरी छोरी
असह्य लज्जाबोधले
भुन्डिएर मरी बलात्कारपछि
मेरो पीडाको गहिराइ जान्नका लागि
हे ईश्वर,
के तिमीले नारी भएर जन्मनुपर्दैन एक पल्ट?

If I step out to earn a meager meal
Unseen holy hands push me behind curtains
Training the guns on me;
I shudder at the slightest sound,
Go pale, become breathless, miss a heartbeat;
I am totally lost;
How shall I live, O Lord?

To know my indescribable pain,
To know what it is,
O Lord, shouldn't you become a woman once?
The man who has the world's contract in his hands
Has declared a war at the borders;
How shall I describe the nature of my pain,
My anxious moments;
So, shouldn't you become a woman once?



Translated into English by Kamalakar Bhat

हातमुख जोड्ने जोहो गर्न बाहिर निस्किएँ भने
नदेखिने पवित्र हातहरूले पर्दा पछिल्लि तान्छन् मलाई
बन्दुक देखाउँदै
सानो आवाज सुन्दा पनि काम छुट्छ मलाई
पहेँली हुन्छु, सास रोकिन्छ र धड्किन बिर्सन्छ मुटुले
होसहवास हराउँछ मेरो
तिमी नै भन हे ईश्वर, कसरी बाँच्नु म?

हे ईश्वर, वर्णन गर्न नसकिने मेरा दुःखलाई बुझ्न
यो कस्तो हुन्छ भन्ने थाह पाउन
के एक पल्ट नारी हुनुपर्दैन तिमीले?
त्यस मान्छेले जसको हातमा संसारको अनुबन्ध छ
युद्धको घोषणा गरेको छ
कसरी व्याख्या गरूँ म आफ्नो पीडाको प्रकृति
र मेरा व्याकुल क्षणहरू।
त्यसैले के तिमीले नारी बन्नुपर्दैन एक पल्ट?





L.N. Mukundaraj is a poet, playwright, biographer and translator. He has published about a dozen of books. 'Deshakosha Dasavala' (poetry), 'Devara Aata' (play) and 'T.R. Shamanna' (biography) are among his noted works. He has translated poems from African, Malayalam, Bengali, Hindi, Urdu and Oriya languages. He has received several awards including 'Karnataka Sahitya Academy Award' and 'Gautama Buddha Award'.

L.N. Mukundaraj

All the Way Along

I was treading on the way
Holding my own pierced eye-balls
In my hands &
Yonder was the moon.
The lightning blazed
All through the way
And kept me from darkness!

In the moonlight that strewn
My eye-balls glimmered like grapes!
Nursling children were hungry too,
To eat the grapes; they skirted around me
And looked for my eye-balls by moonlight!

Fierce and wild was a tied-mouth dog
With collar round his neck

एल. एन. मुकुन्दराज

बाटाभरि

बाटैबाटो हिँड्दै थिएँ म
छेडिएका मेरा आफ्नै आँखा बोकेर
आफ्नो हातमा...
त्यहाँ थियो जून
मैले बाटो हिँड्नुजेल चम्किरह्यो बिजुली
र अँध्यारोबाट जोगायो मलाई।

छरिएको जुनेलीमा
अङ्गुरजसरी टल्किए मेरा आँखाका दानाहरू
भोकाएका पनि थिए बालक शिष्यहरू
अङ्गुर खाने अभीष्टले तिनीहरू भुम्मिए मेरो वरिपरि
र लोभिएर हेरे
जूनको उज्यालोमा टल्किरहेका मेरा आँखाका दानालाई।

क्रुद्ध र आक्रामक थियो
मुख बाँधिएको र गलामा बेल्ट लगाएको कुकुर।

┌ |
└ |

Weighing up his chances
To shoo the innocent infants away!
No doubt he was merciful sentry of my eye-balls;
Yet the children wanted
To devour them and satisfy their hunger thereby
Still I pity the little sweet hearts
All the way along!
Truly I was frightened
I was most frightened of
The maniacs and somnambulators;
For, in slumberous spirit
They could grab anything from elsewhere!
But, what made the children
The grubbing spirits for my eye-balls?
The eye-balls were in my hand all along!

I saw the people same as ever—
The people who were walking
On their feet lifted upon their heads like horns,
The people who were walking
With their hand knotted like plaits
Hung loose behind their backs.

The people who were walking
With their noses poked
Between their knees and buttock's bottom
As if they could flash the torch,
The people stretched their legs well apart
and rested their noses between their burning bowels
as if they could sniff the whole world!

Yet beautiful and bright they stood in moonlight
With their zippers opened; my dog
Shied at the sight and bowed low.

मौका खोजिरहेथ्यो
निर्दोष बालकहरूलाई पर खेद्न
मेरा आँखाका दानाको दयालु सेन्ट्री भएको थियो त्यो
तर तिनलाई खाएर
आफ्नो भोक शान्त पार्न चाहन्थे केटाकेटीहरू
बाटाभरि दया लागि रह्यो मलाई ती कलिला नानीहरूको!
साँच्चै म डराएको थिएँ
मलाई सबैभन्दा बढी डर लगिरहेथ्यो—
बौलाहाहरूको र निद्रामा हिँड्नेहरूको
किनभने तन्द्रावस्थामा
अन्तैबाट जेसुकै टिप्न सक्ने थिए तिनीहरूले!
तर केले ती केटाकेटीहरूलाई
मेरै आँखाका दाना खान मन लाग्ने गरायो?
ती आँखाका दाना बाटाभरि मेरा हातमा थिए!

मैले सधैंकै जस्ता मानिस देखेँ—
सिङजस्तै गरेर आफ्ना टाउकामा पुऱ्याएका गोडाले
हिँड्दै गरेका मानिसहरू
चुल्ठोजस्तै गरी बाटेर
पछाडि आफ्ना पिठ्युँबाट तल भारेका हातले
हिँड्दै गरेका मानिसहरू।

आफ्ना घुँडा र नितम्बका बीचमा कोचेको
आफ्नो नाकले हिँड्दै गरेका
राँको बाल्न पनि सक्नेजस्ता देखिने मानिसहरू।
आफ्ना गोडा फैलाए ती मानिसहरूले
र आफ्ना नाकलाई जलिरहेका आफ्ना आँतमा यसरी अड्याए
मानौँ सम्पूर्ण संसारलाई सुँघ्न सक्षम छन् तिनीहरू!

सुन्दर र शुभ्र भएर उभिए तिनीहरू जूनको उज्यालोमा
आफ्ना जिपर खुल्लै पारेर
देखेर मेरो कुकुर लजायो र टाउको निहुऱ्यायो।

Oh! There I saw no women
But the lush green infants
All the way along
Drilling their tender sinewy roots
In the fertile soil of my back!



Translated into English by Vaddagere Nagarajayya

ओहो ! मैले त्यहाँ कुनै नारीलाई देखिनँ
तिनका कोमल पुष्ट जरा
मेरो पिठ्यूँको उर्वर माटोमा गाड्दै गरेका
भर्खरका केटाकेटी मात्र देखेँ
बाटाभरि।





Mohan Nagammanavara is a poet, writer, columnist, journalist, theatre artist, film actor and docudrama director. He has published several books. 'Agraharada Ondu Sanje, Mahanirgamana, Suryageetha are his collections of poems. His poems have been presented for syllabus in Gulbarga and Mangalore University. He was awarded Muddanna Kavya Prize, Dr. D.S. Karki Prize, and Sahityashree Award including many other.

Mohan Nagammanavara (1962-2018)

Under the Bodhi Tree

Sandals at the foot of a platform
Can the Bodhi rustling in the wind trace him?
Can the mysteries nestled in the dark cave
Of the heart-forest be revealed?
None can trace the Buddha's whereabouts.

The tree standing between the earth and sky is silent
Too stiff to cognizance of him who seeks the blessings
O God, bestow knowledge infinite on us
Daily meditation goes on as one looks on.

Right under the nose of the standing tree many wars were
fought
Series of murders overburdened history
Be fire in the bowels of the earth which nothing can put
out
Countless are the poor groaning souls trampled under feet.

मोहन नागम्पनावर (सन् १९६२-२०१८)

बोधिवृक्षको फेदमा

धरातलका गोडामा चप्पल
के बतासमा गुनगुनाइरहेको बोधिले भेट्टाउने छ उनलाई?
के हृदय-वनको अँध्यारो ओढारमा
गुँड लगाएर बसेका रहस्यहरू उघारिने छन्?
कसैले पनि भन्न सक्ने छैन, बुद्ध कहाँ छन्।

मौन छ धरती र आकाशका बीचमा उभिएको रूख
आशीर्वाद चाहनेहरूलाई उनको ठेगाना नबताउने गरी।
हे ईश्वर, अनन्त ज्ञान देऊ हामीलाई
कसैले देख्ने भएमा चलिरहन्छ दैनिक ध्यान।

अनेकाँ युद्ध लडिए उभिइरहेको रूखको नाकैअगाडि
अटेसमटेस भयो इतिहास हत्याका शृङ्खलाले
ज्वालामय भए धरतीका आँतहरू र निस्कन सकेनन् केही पनि
असङ्ख्य छन् गोडामुनि किचिएर चिच्याइरहेका हृदयहरू।

Drawn swords shining fought fierce battles
But safe were the poor men's cottage far off the royal forts
The thick smoke of Nagasaki eclipsed the sun
Despite Basava and Gandhi's preaching, there was no stop
of violence.

The flowing river flowed on, and the standing tree stood
firm
When the Bodhi found the tongue it was daybreak
Of what use are austere penance and counting of beads
What saves life is all that matters
Blessed is the man who cuts the noose of caste and creed.

The world bothers least about penance and bead-counting
Enough, if love sprouts and binds heart to heart
Lo, there goes the Vanity Fair where people throng in large
numbers
Distant remains the Knowledge Absolute which ages after
ages sought.

●
Translated into English by Dr. Mallikarjan Patil

चमचम चम्किँदै हिंसक लडाइँ लडे कठोर तरबारहरूले
तर सुरक्षित थिए राजसी किल्लाबाट सुदूर दूरीमा रहेका गरिबका छाप्राहरू
सूर्यमा ग्रहण लगायो नगासाकीको बाक्लो धूवाँले
बसव र गान्धीका उपदेशबाट पनि रोकिएन हिंसा।

बगिरहे बग्ने खोलाहरू र अटल भएर उभिइरहे उभिएका रूखहरू
बोधिले वाणी प्राप्त गर्नु नै उज्यालो हुनु थियो
कठिन तपस्या गर्नु र माला जप्नुको के अर्थ?
अहम् कुरो जीवन केले जोगाउँछ भन्ने हो
भक्त त्यही हो जसले मेटाउँछ जात र धर्मको कालो।

तपस्या र माला जपाइसँग चासो छैन दुनियाँको
प्रेम उम्रियो र हृदयलाई हृदयसँग जोड्यो भने त्यही नै मनगगे छ
हेर! त्यहाँ मेला लागिरहेछ व्यर्थको
जहाँ थुप्रिने छ मान्छेको भीड
धेरै टाढा छ पूर्ण ज्ञान
वर्षौँपछिसम्म भइरहने छ जसको खोजी।





Dr. Latha Gutti is a poet, novelist, travel writer and autobiographer. She has two novels, six travelogues, one short story collection and one volume of autobiography to her credit. Her poetry includes 'varthamana', 'Gaanjadaali', 'Belli hoovu' and 'Soojigallu' among other. She has been awarded with 'Saahithya Rathna', 'Karnataka Rathna', 'Kavirathna', 'Kathyayini Sammana', 'Vishishta Lekhaki Sanmana', 'Pankajashri Saahithya Sanmana'.

Latha Gutti (1953)

Freedom

Be careful, be alert
your son in naughty
don't leave his hand
everyone's advice
while partaking at
the airport.
ticket, passport, baggage
this and that
releasing him from
the hold of three hours
putting him on the
window seat in the plane
pressing his seat belt
I got relieved.
his eyes were full with tears
struggling to unlatch the belt &
so much sobbing, struggle,

लता गुट्टी (सन् १९५३)

स्वतन्त्रता

सावधान रहू, सतर्क रहू
उपद्रिया छ तिम्रो छोरो
हात नछाड उसको
हरेकको सल्लाह
एयरपोर्ट जाँदा।
टिकट, पासपोर्ट, सामानहरू
यो र ऊ।
बल्ल फेरौँ सास
इयालतिरको सिटमा बसाएर
बाँधिदिएर सिट बेल्ट
तीन घण्टासम्म समातेको
उसलाई छाडेपछि।
आँसुले भरिएका थिए उसका आँखा
सिटबेल्ट खोल्ले खोज्ने सङ्घर्षमा...

शाश्वत आवाज / २३१

chocolate given by airhostess
was of no use to my dear son
demanding to go home &
as the plane entered
the required level, the sign
of seat belt went off.
as soon as my son's
seat belt was unlatched
he jumped out of the seat
like a spring
walked up and down
the aisle, dodging to
escape from getting caught
other kids on the flight
joined one by one in the
aisle his sleep disappeared in
the clouds
his face is beaming
with moon
twinkling stars in his eyes
wheels in his feet &



Translated into English by the poet herself

अति बढी सुँकसुँक र सङ्घर्ष
कुनै कामको थिएन
एयरहोस्टेजले दिएको चकलेट
घर फर्किन जिद्दी गरिरहेको
मेरो प्यारो छोरालाई...
प्लेन अपेक्षित अवस्थामा पुगेपछि
निभ्यो सिटबेल्टको चिह्न।
मेरो छोराको सिटबेल्ट खोल्नेबित्तिकै
स्प्रिङ लागेजसरी उफ्रिएर निस्कियो सिटबाट
यता र उता हिँड्न थाल्यो प्यासेजमा
समातिनबाट जोगिँदै।
एकएक गर्दै प्यासेजमा निस्किए
उडानमा भएका अरू केटाकेटी
र पुगे ऊसँग मिसिन।
बादलमा बिलायो उसको निद्रा
जूनको चमक आइपुग्यो उसको अनुहारमा
उसका आँखामा आइपुगे चम्किरहेका तारा र
उसका गोडामा लागे पाङ्ग्राहरू...





Dr. T.C. Poornima is a poet, translator, writer of children's literature and scholar. Her poems include Bhoomi Ninnadalla, Hadibadiya Hadebade, Mounageeta, whereas Gandhi in 2005, Neergudurege Ramaviddaga are her work of translation. She has received India's National Awards like Gandhian Philosophy Award and The Best Information Editor Award including some state level awards within Indian state of Karnataka.

T.C. Poornima

The Burning Earth

O sister, daughter of mother earth
Your feet, once red and soft,
like petals grace the lotus,
now splintered and broken!!!

What caused the shreds?
Were they the stones and thorns
Decorating the path you traversed?

An excruciating pain,
Fourteen years long,
Absorbed in yourself!

Should a liniment do?
O sister, show me your feet,
An effleurance shall soothe.

टी. सी. पूर्णमा

जलिरहेकी धरती

हे दिदी हजुर, धरतीपुत्री
कुनै बेलाका
कमलका फूलका पत्रभैँ नरम गुलाबी
हजुरका गोडा चरचर फुटेका छन् अहिले।

केले फुटाए त्यसरी?
के हजुर हिँड्ने बाटामा सजिएका
दुङ्गा र काँडाहरूले हो?

चौध वर्ष लामो
कष्टदायक पीडा
मडारिइरह्यो हजुरभित्र।

मलम लगाउँदा हुन्थ्यो कि?
हजुरका गोडा यता दिनुहोस् दिदी
मालिस गर्दा आराम हुने छ।

Don't you whimper,
Bear it heart and soul,
Such is the beauty of delusion,
Like how sparkles gain attention.

Legends speak of Ravana,
The one who stole you!!
That isn't all, let me warn,
O you born of the earth.

As you walked your exile,
The queen fell sick, mentally,
King breathe his last in a while,
Leaving other wives on their own, eventually.

You told you found a Ravana
In depth of the forests?
Ravanas linger here too.
Unsatisfied souls within the civilization.

Smear a little more, shall I?
There might be a pain at the sole!
Could anything heal pain at the soul?

Hypocrites all over,
Did they ever mind their own?
Eyes, invisible, everywhere,
Walls, nothing left to spare.

Lustful eyes beg through windows of hope,
Stern faced men scan me in sly.
Crafting the probable scope.

A soldier, a noble's son,
Let me not forget the diplomat,
But intentions to solicit, remain one.

नरुनोस्
सहनोस्
भ्रमको सुन्दरता नै त्यही हो
भिल्काको चमकले ध्यान तानेजस्तो।

रावणका किंवदन्ती छन्
जसले हजुरलाई हरण गर्‍यो
तर त्यही हुनु नै सबै थोक सकिइजानु हैन
म सुनाउँछु हजुरलाई हे धरतीबाट जन्मिएकी दिदी हजुर!

जब हजुर वनवासमा निस्किनुभयो
रानी चिन्ताले बिरामी हुनुभयो
पत्नीहरूलाई एक्लाएकलै छाडेर
प्राण त्याग्नुभयो महाराजले पनि।

घना जङ्गलभित्र
एउटा रावणलाई भेटेको कुरा गर्नु भयो हजुरले
रावणहरू यहाँ पनि घुमिरहेका छन्
सभ्यताभित्र अतृप्त आत्माहरू।

मलम अभै लगाउनुपर्छ, के म लगाइदिऊँ?
पैताला दुखिरहेका होलान्।
के हृदयको दुखाइलाई निको पार्ने केही छ?

पाखण्डीहरू छन् सबैतिर
आफ्नो भन्दा अरुकै धेरै चासो छ तिनीहरूलाई
आँखाहरू अदृश्य, जताजतै
भित्ता, ढोका, कुनै ठाउँ बाँकी छैन।

आशाको झ्यालबाट माग्छन् कामुक आँखाहरू
निर्दयी पुरुषहरू धूर्तताका साथ हेर्छन् मलाई
सम्भावित दाउलाई तिखाउँदै।

सैनिक, भलादमीको छोरो
विशिष्ट अधिकारीलाई पनि बिर्सेकी छैन
उस्तै छ सबको लोभी चाहना।

Warriors and heroes of a class,
Not one but two, to protect you,
Like you, delicate as glass,
I have—myself, but whom?

Dear sister, people hardly believe me,
Shameless saints, full of lechery and zeal,
The pain of a life, in her womb,
Can only a pregnant feel.

A secret, keep for me please,
Men here are ungrateful wretches,
For their heart so weak,
The want all beyond their hand stretches.

Happy, I seemed, without my soulmate's presence,
But let me tell you I bore the pain,
Of my beloved Lakshmana's absence,
With holding the tears drain.

You and I were in the same boat,
Loneliness haunting you in Ravana's gardens,
The same with me in these high gardens.

Neither protection nor a sanctuary, Janaki,
Chambers so desolate,
Myself locked, while in hand the key,
Echoing thoughts and breaths did I tolerate.

Never ending pains made me quiver,
Too petrified was I, sister,
To whom could I send my prayer,
'Can you please relieve my pain, mister?'

उत्कृष्ट योद्धा र नायकहरू
एउटा मात्र हैन, दुईदुई वटा हजुरको रक्षाका लागि
हजुर नाजुक काँचजस्तै
मेरो त आफैँ छु, अरू को नै पो छ र?

प्यारी दिदी, मेरो कुरा पत्याउँदैनन् मानिसहरू
लाज पचेका सन्तहरू, व्यभिचार र उतेजनाले भरिएका।
गर्भवतीले मात्र बुझ्न सक्छिन्
गर्भमा रहेको एउटा जीवनको पीडा।

एउटा गोप्य कुरा, कृपया कसैलाई नभन्नुहोला
पुरुषहरू कृतघ्न र अधम छन् यहाँ
तिनका हृदय यति कमजोर छन्
आफ्ना हात नपुग्ने ठाउँको पनि सबै आफ्नै होस् भन्ने चाहन्छन् तिनीहरू।

म खुसी देखिएँ मेरा पति नहुँदा पनि
तर म सुनाउँछु
मेरा प्यारा लक्ष्मण नहुँदाको पीडा
सहिरहेँ मैले आँसुको भेललाई सँभालेर।

एउटै ढुङ्गामा थियोँ हजुर र म
एक्लोपनले हजुरलाई सताउँथ्यो रावणको बगैँचामा
मलाई पनि त्यस्तै हुन्थ्यो यो राजमहलको बगैँचामा

न त सहारा थियो न देवस्थल जानकी !
कोठाहरू अत्यन्त ऐकान्तिक थिए
आफैँलाई थुनेर साँचो हातमा बोकेकी थिएँ मैले
खपिरहेँ प्रतिध्वनित मनका तरङ्ग र निःश्वासलाई।

कहिल्यै नसकिने पीडाले थरथरी कमाउँथे मलाई
अति नै डर लाग्थ्यो मलाई दिदी
कोसँग प्रार्थना गर्न सक्थेँ र मैले
'मेरो दुःखलाई सुमसुम्याइदेऊ' भनेर।

Let me work on your back with a massage.
About those hungry eyes I'd like to tell you,
All try to convey the same message.
More about my survival, I'd like to tell you.

You there; and I here,
A Ravana for you, here a countless, dear,
To you, 'Sita,' they rever,
For I, your sister, is all they refer.

What went wrong with your husband by law?
With all this reverence, despite,
He made you walk into the fire, for a flaw,
The raging fires, I made him pay for the spite.

You did live up to your reverence,
You did calm the great fire,
You did become virtuous!

Gone unnoticed were my ordeal,
Not once mentioned was the victory,
Chivalry remains a greater deal,
Yet you never fought this, no glory.

You were tried and tested once,
I went through the same every day,
No complain nor a wince.

Look at your feet, sister,
Soft as lotus petals again,
Relieved you look.
You may need some rest.

खै त, पिठ्युँमा मालिस गरिदिऊँ हजुरको
ती भोका आखाँका बारेमा भन्छु म हजुरलाई
एउटै कुरा भन्न खोज्थे प्रत्येकले
सुनाउन चाहन्छु, कसरी बाँचौँ म।

हजुर त्यहाँ र म यहाँ
हजुरको एउटा रावण र यहाँ असङ्ख्य
'सीता' भनेर सम्मान गर्थे हजुरलाई
म हजुरकी बहिनीलाई जोसुकैले आँखा लगाउँथे।

के अनिष्ट भयो हजुरको विधिले बनाएको पतिलाई?
यी तमाम सम्मानको प्रतिकूल
एउटा खोटका कारण आगोमा हिँड्न लगाए हजुरलाई उनले
मैले सधैंभरि सहिरहेँ दन्किरहेको आगो।

हजुर आफ्नो भएभरको सम्मानका साथ बाँच्नुभयो
हजुरले दन्किएको आगोलाई साम्य पार्नुभयो।
हजुर धर्मात्मा हुनुभयो!

मेरा अग्निपरीक्षाहरू कसैले थाहै पाएनन्
एक पल्टको मात्र विजय थिएन
अत्यन्त शौर्यशील र चनाखो रहनुपर्थ्यो
तर हजुरले कहिल्यै लड्नुपरेन त्यस्तो युद्ध।

हजुरको परीक्षा एक पल्ट भयो
म हरेक दिन त्यस्तो परीक्षाबाट गुज्रिँएँ
न कतै गुनासो न त कुनै आश्चर्य

आफ्ना गोडामा हेर्नुहोस् दिदी
फेरि कमलका पत्रभैँँ कोमल भएका छन्
निको भएभैँँ देखिनुहुन्छ हजुर
एकछिन आराम गर्नुहोस् हजुर।

One last thing dear daughter of earth,
Here I am, the earth,
In me an ever burning core,
I am me, an ever burning earth,
I am Urmila.

I burn forever, hoping for a rain,
But no Rama is mine.
At the least
Lakshmana isn't mine either!!!



Translated into English by Prashastha Creations

एउटा अन्तिम कुरा प्रिय धरतीपुत्री
म यहाँ छु धरती
निरन्तर दन्किरहेको ज्वाला छ मभिन्न
म हुँ सधैं जलिरहने धरती
उर्मिला।

सधैं जलिरहैं म वर्षा हुने आसमा
तर कुनै राम भएन मेरो
कमसेकम
लक्ष्मण त कहिल्यै मेरा हुँदै भएनन्।





R. Tarini Shubhadayini is a poet, translator and scholar. She has published four poetry collections namely 'Thodiraga', 'Chittaglaniya Maatu', 'Ondu Tundu Bella' and 'Poorva Bhashi'. She has translated many literary works into English and has published several research articles both in Kannada and English. She has received various awards including 'Bendre Pustaka Bahumana', 'Kadengoldlu Shankarbhat Award' and 'G.S. Shivarudrappa Kavya Prashasti'.

R. Tarini Shubhadayini (1971)

Restraint

1

They restrained me
from writing

Stubborn,
I was indifferent

They hit me on
the wrist

Pains hardened into
fabulous lines

After so much hitting
The cop was exhausted
And said, 'How many times
Did I tell you? You, impertinent...'

आर. तारिणी शुभदायिनी (सन् १९७१)

प्रतिबन्ध

१

लेख प्रतिबन्ध गरे मलाई

केही असर गरेन
म हठीलाई त्यसले

मेरा नाडीमा
हिकाए

सुन्दर हरफहरू भएर निस्किए
दुखाइहरू

धेरै कुटेपछि
लखतरान भयो पुलिस
र कारायो- “कति पल्ट भनिसकेँ मैले
तँ धृष्टलाई?”

शाश्वत आवाज / २४५

To the rhythm of his cudgel
My words come out like
Butter from the churning milk

I stood solid

2

How difficult it is
Not to become a mother myself!
The baby was accustomed,
and refused to be weaned away.

I applied neem paste on my nipples
smeared them with bitter gourd juice
To pretend to be Putana

But what did Krishna do?
He that sucked the breast
keeps sucking the melody
from the pipes
transforming the terrains of sweetness
into everlasting music

3

A rooted tree
never bends back
It rather goes deep
into the earth

Nurtured by earth's roots,
It is so hard to cut down



Translated into English by H.S. Shiva Prakash

उसको लाठीको धुनसँग स्वर मिलाउँदै
मथेको दूधबाट नौनी निस्किएभैँ
निस्किए मेरा शब्द।

दृढ भएर उभिइरहँ मा।

२

कति धेरै गाह्रो
आफू आमा नहुन मलाई
चिरपरिचित थियो मेरो बालक
र मानेन दूध छुटाउनलाई।

पूतनाभैँ हुनका लागि
आफ्ना थुनमा मैले नीमका पातको लेप लगाएँ
तीते करेलाको रस लगाएँ।

तर के गरेथे कृष्णले?
कुनै बाँसुरीबाट लय चुसेभैँ
चुसिरहे उनले स्तनलाई र
अनन्तको धुनमा परिवर्तित गरे
सम्पूर्ण मिठासलाई।

३

कहिल्यै बाङ्गिँदैँन
जरा गाडिएको रूख
बरु त्यो गाडिँदैँ जान्छ
जमिनमुनि तलसम्म।

सजिलै ढाल्न सकिँदैँन
धरतीको जगले संरक्षण गरेकालाई।





Tejashree J.N. is a poet, translator, editor and educator. She has published six collections of poems. She has translated writers as Leo Tolstoy, Tagore, Pablo Neruda, Wole Soyinka, Shankha Ghosh and Sardar Ali Jaffery into Kannada. She has received eleven awards and prizes for her works. They include the prestigious Sri Vijaya Award, Bendre Book Prize and G.S.S. Kavya Prashasti.

Tejashree J.N.

O Tiger, in Your Eyes...

Two tigers in sunset colours:
One on the tree-stand in deep slumber,
Another, tongue stretched, patrolling hither and thither

The sleeping tiger's belly heaves up and down,
That is enough to scare people
"Hey! Truly a tiger, a real tiger
Look at the belly, now up now down"

Turning its back to the world
It is lost in deep sleep.
Against the alluring magnetic-coloured whole
Of its body, are lined up streaks of charcoal

The patrolling tiger wants to turn away the world's noise
In its eyes, a volcano that can blow everything to bits,

तेजश्री जे. एन.

हे बाघ, तँ हुँदाहुँदै...

दुई बाघ सूर्यास्तको रङमा—
एउटा मचानमाथि मस्त निद्रामा
जिब्रो निकालेर गस्ती लगाइरहेको अर्को।

उक्सिँदै-टाक्सिँदै गर्दा छ निदाएकाको पेट
मान्छेलाई डराउनका लागि मनग्रे छ त्यो
“ए! साँच्चैको बाघ, ज्युँदो बाघ
पेटमा हेर त, कस्तरी चल्दै छ”

संसारलाई पिठ्युँ देखाएर
डुबेको छ त्यो गहिरो निद्रामा।
उसको मनमोहक शरीरभरि
लहर लागेर बसेका छन् अँगारे धर्साहरू।

गस्ती लगाउने बाघ दुनियाँतिरै फर्काइदिन चाहन्छ दुनियाँको आवाजलाई
उसका आँखामा दन्किरहेछ संसारलाई ध्वस्त पार्न सक्ने ज्वालामुखी



Restiveness of motion reaches the boil of intolerance
Wave after wave flooding the folds of its back

Two scarlet eyes
Fiery spinning tops,
Hoisting the tip of the flame,
It searches every nook and corner,
Not knowing why it's been held captive,
Seeking the meaning of human existence.

O Tiger with your back turned away,
In your eyes...



Translated into English by Jayanth Kodakni



खपिनसक्नु गरी उम्लिँदै छ उसको गतिको व्याकुलता
र छलछल छचल्किरहेछ उसको पिठ्यूँको खोला

राता दुई आँखा
उग्रसँग घुमिरहेका दानाहरू
ज्वालाको तीव्रतालाई माथि उचालेर
उत्तर खोजिरहेछन् यत्रतत्र
किन बन्दी बनाइयो ऊ यसरी
र बुझ्न चाहिरहेछन् मानव अस्तित्वको अर्थ।

हे बाघ, तेरो पिठ्यूँपछाडि
तँ हुँदाहुँदै...





Subbanna Ranganatha Ekkundi, popularly known **Ekkundi**, is a poet, story writer, translator and educator. His poetry collections include 'Haavadigara Huduga', 'Mathsagandhi' and 'Santana' among other. He has translated passion poetry to Kannada. 'Neralu', a collection of his short stories, received Soviet Land Award and Kendra Sahitya Award. He has received many awards including best teacher award and state literary award.

S.R. Ekkundi (1923)

Two Farmers

"This must be the abode, dear Kumbharam,
Spring season seems to have camped here,
Tender leaves and buds hang in between,
Bumblebees buzz the essence of poetry serene!"

"It certainly seems so to me, Bhyrosimha,
Deer by the dozens have loitered here with love,
The cool wind spreads its fragrance here, after
Kissing the droplets on the cheeks of flowers!"

Doors of this abode are like open arms,
Ready to welcome any arriving guests,
Welcoming voice is heard at the entrance,
Yes, it has got to be him, the famous one.

While they wait with clasped palms, he arrives
Wearing clothes fresh like mist-less dawn,

एस. आर. एकुन्दी (सन् १९२३)

दुई किसान

“यही हुनुपर्छ वास प्रिय कुम्भराम
यहाँ वास बस्न आएजस्तो लाग्छ वसन्त ऋतु
बीचमा कोमल पात र कोपिलाहरू भुन्डिएका
कविताको स्वच्छताको सार भुनभुनाउँदै छन् भँवराहरू!”

“त्यस्तै लाग्छ मलाई पनि भैरो सिंह
दर्जनाँ मृगहरू प्रेमिल भएर बरालिएका छन् यहाँ
आफ्नो सुगन्ध छर्छ यहाँ शीतल बतासले
फूलका गालामा भएका शीतका थोपालाई चुम्बन गरिसकेपछि!”

फैलिएका पाखुराजस्तै यस वासका ढोकाहरू
तत्पर छन् आगन्तुक पाहुनालाई स्वागत गर्न
स्वागतको स्वर सुनिन्छ ढोकामा
हो, यो उही हो त्यो प्रसिद्ध एक जना।

मुठी बाँधेर उनीहरूले पखिँरहेको बेला
ओसविहीन बिहानीजस्तै स्वच्छ लुगा लगाएर

And a shawl on his shoulder, with a smile like
A fluttering butterfly on a tender banana leaf.

“Please come in” says he, “How may I help?”
And not being sure, asks who they were.
The guests say, “It is *Shivaraatri*, right?
We are on pilgrimage to *Ujjain* this night.

We are neighbors sir; we both are farmers,
Just had the *darshan* of *Mahaakaaleshwara*.
After the temple visit, we are here to meet you,
We’ve heard a lot about your reputation, sir.

You’re the Poet Laureate *Kaalidaasa*, aren’t you?
You took sage *Kanva*’s daughter to the emperor,
You saved that poor cursed girl, *Shakuntala*,
By making the disappeared ring reappear!

You sang of *Parvathi*’s innocent silent fragrance
Resulting in *Shiva*’s gracious union with her; you
Carried on your shoulder, pots full of emotions;
Cycled the Seasons, made cloud talk to the mountain.

The sole flower from the reputation-tree, you are,”
Said, the farmer admiringly. A bit embarrassed,
The poet invites them in, treats them to a feast,
And wants to know what else he could do for them.

Says Bhyrosimha, “Yes, sir, we wanted
To talk to you about that cloud you sent, for that
Yaksha’s love, *Yaskhi* all the way from *Raamgiri*
To *Alakaavati*. Yes, we wanted to talk about that.

भिरेर काँधमा एउटा ओढ्ने, आइपुग्छ ऊ
केराको पातमा बसेर फरफराइरहेको पुतलीको फरफराहटजस्तै मुस्कानका साथ।

“आउनुस्,” भन्छ ऊ- “म के सहयोग गर्न सक्छु?”
अनि नचिनेर सोध्छ- को हुन् उनीहरू।
बोल्छ आगन्तुक- “आज शिवरात्रि हो, हैन?”
आज राति उज्जैन पुग्न तीर्थयात्रामा हिँडेका हामी।

छिमेकी हौं हामी हजुर, किसान हौं हामी दुवै
भर्खर महाकालेश्वरको दर्शन गरेर आएका।
मन्दिरबाट फर्किँदा हामी हजुरलाई भेट्न यहाँ आएका
हजुरको प्रतिष्ठाका बारेमा धेरै सुनेका छौं हामीले हजुर!

हजुर महाकवि कालिदास हुनुहुन्छ, हैन?
कण्व ऋषिकी छोरीलाई राजा भए ठाउँ लग्नुभएथ्यो हजुरले
हजुरले जोगाउनुभयो अभिशापित गरिब युवती शकुन्तलालाई
नदेखिने आँटीलाई देखिने बनाइदिएर!

पार्वतीको मौन निर्दोष सुगन्ध गाउनुभयो हजुरले
शिवसँग उनको मिलन गराउने गरी
आफ्नो काँधमा बोक्नुभयो हजुरले भावनाले भरिएको भाँडो
घुमिरहने बनाउनुभयो ऋतुहरूलाई, हिमालसँग कुरा गर्न सक्ने बनाउनुभयो बादललाई।

प्रतिष्ठाको वृक्षको एक्लो फूल हुनुहुन्छ हजुर।
किसानले प्रशंसा गर्दै भने।
केही सङ्कोचका साथ उनीहरूलाई भित्र बोलाए कविले
मीठो खाने कुरा खुवाए र जान्न चाहे अरू के गर्न सक्छन् उनीहरूका लागि।

भैरो सिंहले भने- हो हजुर, हामी
त्यो यक्षको प्रेमका लागि हजुरले
यक्षीलाई रामगिरिदेखि अलकावतीसम्म पठाउनुभएको
त्यो बादलका बारेमा कुरा गर्न चाहन्थ्यौं हजुरसँग
हो, त्यसैका बारेमा कुरा गर्न चाहन्छौं हामी।

┌ |
└ |

We both came here to make an appeal
To you sir. Our yield of the land is all but dry,
Not a drop of water, sir, would you please tell
That cloud to pour some rain along the way?"



Translated into English by M.S. Nataraj

हजुरलाई एउटा अनुरोध गर्न आएका हौं हजुर। हामी दुवै यहाँ।
पूरे खडेरी परेको छ हाम्रो खेतमा
एक थोपा पानी छैन हजुर!
बाटमा जाँदाजाँदै अलिकति बसात पोखिदिनका लागि
भनिदिनुहुन्थ्यो कि हजुर त्यस बादललाई?”

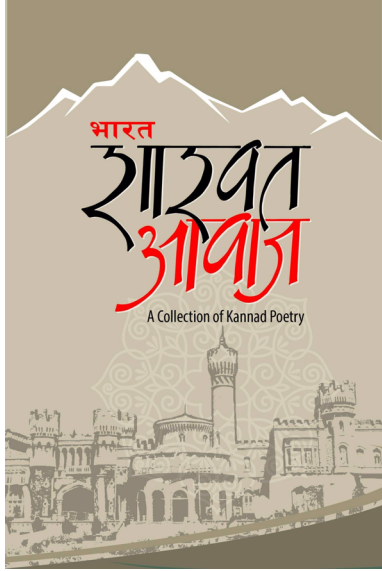




भारत

शाश्वत आवाज

A Collection of Kannada Poetry



अनुवाद
सुमन पोखरेल

सम्पादन
मोमिला जोशी

प्रकाशक

नेपाली कलासाहित्य डट कम प्रतिष्ठान

Bharat: Shashwat Aawaj
(India: Eternal Voice)
A Collection of Kannada Poetry

Translator : Suman Pokhrel
Editor : Momila Joshi
Publisher : Nepali Kalasahitya Dot Com Pratishthan
(Nepali Art & Literature Dot Com Foundation)
© : Publisher
Edition : First, 2019
Copies : 1,000
Cover Design : Sundar Basnet
Layout : Jeevan Nepal
Printer : Modern Printing Press
Kantipath, Kathmandu
Phone: 01-4253195
Price : NPR 300.00
INR 300.00
US\$ 10.00
ISBN : 978-9937-0-5391-4

Publication Support
Surendra Shrestha
Chairperson
Nobel Academy



यस सङ्कलनमा समाविष्ट कविहरूमा समर्पित !



Editorial/Publisher's Note

Moksha

Recreation of the nature through words is a special existential search of a literary life, and also a distinct identity of human civilization. Poetry is the most luscious and exciting genre of literature. As a part of the process of introducing international literature to Nepali audience, fifty-one poets writing in Kannada language, one of the major languages of Karnataka State of India, have been presented in Nepali translation along with their English versions in this collection, *Bharat: Shashwat Aawaj*.

In the context that **Nepali Kalashaitya Dot Com Pratishthan** has been putting efforts to take Nepali literature to the global arena, we considered it important to introduce world literature to our readers at home, and hence we decided to bring this translation of Kannada poetry as a part of that initiative. **Nepali Kalasahitya Dot Com Pratishthan** had signed a memorandum of understanding with **Kannada Sahitya Parishad** to carry forward this initiative. Our Indian counterpart was responsible for the selection of the poems to be included in this collection. It is a matter of pride for us to present this translation to our esteemed readers. We thank **Kannada Sahitya Parishad** and its executives for their collaboration and support.

I am indebted to my poet-friend and translator Suman Pokhrel who shouldered the responsibility to translate all of the poems in this collection by himself. He has worked sincerely to ensure the distinct Nepali expressions while rendering the poems into Nepali. We spent hours together to discuss on the translation in order to refine them during the editing process.

Nepali Kalasahitya Dot Com Pratishthan extends its sincere gratitude to poet Keshab Sigdel, poet and vice president of the Pratishthan Rajeshwor Karki, chief patron of the Pratishthan poet Bimal Koirala, patron and poet Usha Serchan, honorary members

प्रकाशन/सम्पादन-सन्दर्भ

मोक्ष

शब्दको माध्यमले प्रकृतिको पुनःसृजन साहित्य जीवनको विशिष्ट आस्तित्विक खोज हो; मानवसभ्यताको विशिष्ट पहिचान हो। त्यही साहित्यको सबैभन्दा चखिलो विधा हो, कविता। यसैले विदेशको साहित्यलाई देश भित्र्याउने सन्दर्भमा भारतको एउटा प्रान्त कर्णाटकको मूल भाषा कन्नडभाषी एकाउन्न आधुनिक कविका एकाउन्न कविताहरूलाई नेपाली भाषामा अनुवाद गरी विश्वभाषा अङ्ग्रेजीसहित **भारतः शाश्वत आवाज** नामक यो अनुवाद कृति प्रस्तुत गरिएको छ।

नेपाली साहित्यलाई विश्वक्षितिजमा पुऱ्याउने सन्दर्भमा विश्वसाहित्यको रङ्गलाई पनि नेपाली लयमा घोलेर नेपाली पाठकसामु प्रस्तुत गर्नु सान्दर्भिक ठानिएकाले **नेपाली कलासाहित्य डट कम प्रतिष्ठान**ले कन्नड कविताको सँगालोका रूपमा यो अनुवाद-कृति प्रकाशन गरेको हो। यसका लागि **कन्नड साहित्य परिषद् र नेपाली कलासाहित्य डट कम प्रतिष्ठान**बीच द्विपक्षीय सम्झौता गरी परिषद्बाट पठाइएका कविताहरू नै समावेश गरिएका हुन्। आज यो कृति तपाईंका हातमा समर्पण गर्न पाउनुलाई प्रतिष्ठानले आफ्नो प्रतिष्ठा नै ठानेको छ। यसका लागि **कन्नड साहित्य परिषद्** तथा परिषद्का सबै सदस्यहरूप्रति **नेपाली कलासाहित्य डट कम प्रतिष्ठान** आभार व्यक्त गर्दछ।

अनुवादको मूल पाटोलाई सर्लकै काँधमा बोकेर प्रिय कवि मित्र एवम् अनुवाद सर्जक सुमन पोखरेलले अत्यन्त मिहिनेतका साथ नेपाली सुगन्ध टड्कारै आउने गरी अनुवाद गर्नुभएका कविताहरूलाई हामी दुवैको सक्रियतामा अभि मिहिनेतका साथ सम्पादन गरी यी कविताहरू प्रस्तुत गरिएका छन्। यसका लागि अनुवाद सर्जक सुमन पोखरेलप्रति प्रतिष्ठान सदा ऋणी रहने छ।

यो अनुष्ठान सम्पन्न गर्न विशेष भूमिका निर्वाह गर्नुहुने कवि-निबन्धकार श्री केशव सिग्देल, सल्लाहसुभाष एवम् व्यवस्थापकीय विशेष भूमिका निर्वाह गर्नुहुने प्रतिष्ठानका

SP Koirala, Dr Govinda Raj Bhattarai and poet Mani Lohani for their support and cooperation. I am thankful to poet Amar Shah who has been a link between our Pratishthan and the Indian counterpart. I am grateful to poet Surendra Shrestha, chairman of Nobel Academy, for the publication support. Similarly, I am thankful to Jeevan Nepal for typing and designing the inner pages, and to Sundar Basnet, treasurer of our Pratishthan, for the design of the cover page. I take this opportunity to thank everyone who has in some way supported this project and feel the bliss of accomplishment, *moksha*. But I am all aware that questions still remain...!

Momila Joshi

President

Nepali Kalasahitya Dot Com Pratishthan

उपाध्यक्ष कवि श्री राजेश्वर कार्की, विशेष सहयोगका लागि प्रतिष्ठानका प्रमुख संरक्षक कवि विमल कोइराला, संरक्षक स्रष्टा उषा शेरचन, मानार्थ सदस्य कवि एस्पी कोइराला, स्रष्टा डा. गोविन्दराज भट्टराई, सूत्रधारको भूमिका निर्वाह गर्नुहुने स्रष्टा अमर शाह, प्रतिष्ठानका मानार्थ सदस्य स्रष्टा मणि लोहनीलगायत विशेष महत्त्वपूर्ण भूमिका प्रकाशन-सौजन्यका लागि प्रतिष्ठानका सदस्य एवम् नोबेल एकेडेमीका अध्यक्ष कवि सुरेन्द्र श्रेष्ठ, टाइपिड तथा इनर डिजाइनका लागि प्रिय भाइ जीवन नेपाल र सुन्दर डिजाइनका लागि प्रतिष्ठानका कोषाध्यक्ष श्री सुन्दर बस्नेतलगायत प्रत्यक्ष-अप्रत्यक्ष सहयोगका लागि प्रतिष्ठानसँग आबद्ध सबै सदस्यहरू तथा अन्य सम्बद्ध सबै शुभचिन्तकहरूप्रति र साहित्यप्रेमी प्रियजनहरूप्रति **नेपाली कलासाहित्य डट कम प्रतिष्ठान**का तर्फबाट कृतज्ञता ज्ञापन गर्दै यिनै शब्दसुमनहरू हृदयान्तरण गरी अहिलेलाई मोक्ष अनुभूत गर्न चाहन्छु। थाहा छ, फेरि पनि प्रश्नहरू त बाँकी नै रहने छन्...!

मोमिला जोशी

अध्यक्ष

नेपाली कलासाहित्य डट कम प्रतिष्ठान

Translator's Note

Poetry that emerges from a poet's mind becomes complete only when it enters into the reader's sphere of comprehension. A reader takes poetry deep within him or her by accommodating it within his/her range of consciousness. So there is a possibility that the poems are received and understood differently when they enter into readers' sphere. Such reception is, in a way, a process of translation. Every interpretation of a poem, therefore, is a form of translation.

Before getting translated, a poem already gets shrunk or expanded within the 'sphere of intellect' of the translator in the original language, and it again gets shrunk or expanded within the 'sphere of intellect' of the translator in the target language. Thus, in the translation of poetry there exists a possibility of the components like imagination, art of wordplay, skill of constructing internal rhythm and expansion of knowledge of the poet getting affected by the constraint and different methods employed by the translator. This is the very reason behind the belief that 'only a poet can translate poetry,' and by the same token, it becomes the highest risk in the process of translation, as well as the greatest challenge for the translator. And this is also the very concern where a translator should maintain the balance.

With full awareness of the risk and challenge, I have tried to translate these poems by maintaining balance and with full sensitivity and seriousness. These poems are not translated from the original language in which they were written. These are the translations of Kannada poems from their English translations. And, as Nepali language is closer to Kannada than to English, I have tried to bring these poems to the Nepali readers by maintaining the original wherever possible.

I would like to sincerely thank poet Momila and **Nepali Kalasahitya Dot Com Pratishtan** for their confidence in me for this challenging task of translating poetry.

Suman Pokhrel

अनुवादकीय

कविता कविबाट निस्किएर पाठकमा प्रवेश गरेपछि पाठकको चेतनावृत्तमा समाहित हुन्छ। एउटा पाठकले कवितालाई आफ्नो चेतनाभन्दा बाहिर फैलाएर ग्रहण गर्न सक्दैन, बरु खुम्च्याएर गर्न सक्छ। यसो हुने हुनाले प्रत्येक कविता हरेक पाठकमा पुग्दा कुनै न कुनै रूपमा फेरिएर पुग्ने सम्भावना सधैं रहिरहेको हुन्छ। यो 'फेरिनु' प्रकारान्तरले अनूदित हुनु नै हो। त्यसैले कविताको प्रत्येक बुझाइ एउटा अनुवाद हो।

कविता अर्को भाषामा अनूदित हुनुअघि मूल भाषामै अनुवादकको चेतनाको आकारभित्र खुम्चिने वा फैलिने भइसकेको हुन्छ, अर्को भाषामा अनूदित हुँदा त्यो फेरि अनुवादकको लक्षित भाषाको चेतनावृत्तभित्र अझ खुम्चिने वा अझ फैलिने गर्छ। त्यसले गर्दा कविताको अनुवादमा कविको कल्पनाशक्ति, शब्दकौशल, साङ्गीतिक चेत, ज्ञानको आकार आदि अवयवहरू अनुवादकको सीमितता वा वैशिष्ट्यबाट प्रभावित हुने सम्भावना रहन्छ। 'कविताको अनुवाद कविले मात्र गर्न सक्छ' भन्नुको कारण पनि यही हो र यही नै अनुवादको जोखिम र अनुवादकको सबैभन्दा ठूलो चुनौती पनि हो। साथै अनुवादकले सबैभन्दा ज्यादा सन्तुलन राख्नुपर्ने ठाउँ पनि त्यही हो।

तिनै जोखिम र चुनौतीहरूका बीच रहेर यी कविताहरू मैले सकेसम्म संवेदनशील, सन्तुलित र गम्भीर भएर अनुवाद गर्ने कोसिस गरेको छु। यी कविता लेखिएका भाषाबाट नेपालीमा अनुवाद गरिएका होइनन्। मूल कन्नड भाषाबाट अङ्ग्रेजीमा अनुवाद भइसकेका 'अनुवाद'-को अनुवाद हो यो। र, नेपाली भाषासँग अङ्ग्रेजी भाषाभन्दा कन्नड भाषा बढी नजिकको भएकाले सम्भव भएसम्म मूललाई समातेर ल्याउने कोसिस गरेको छु।

जोखिमपूर्ण विश्वासका साथ अनुबन्धित गरी यी कवितालाई सङ्कलनको यस रूपमा ल्याउने प्रिय कवि मोमिला तथा **नेपाली कलासाहित्य डट कम प्रतिष्ठान** प्रति स्नेहाभार व्यक्त गर्दछु।

सुमन पोखरेल

CONTENTS

1. Kuvempu (K.V. Puttappa) / The Lord Signed...	2
2. D.R. Bendre / The Descent of Ganga	6
3. V.K. Gokak 'Vinayak' / The Demon (Hitler) and...	14
4. U.R. Ananthamurthy / Who Are You?	28
5. G.S. Shivarudrappa / My Pocket	32
6. Siddalingaiah / Thousands of Rivers	34
7. P. Lankesh / Avva	40
8. K.S. Nissar Ahmed / America America...	46
9. Chandrashekar Patil 'Champa' / Once upon...	52
10. Baraguru Ramachandrappa / Peacock Field	56
11. Siddayya Puranik / Vachanodyana	62
12. Kalegowda Nagavara / Kavita	70
13. Doddarange Gowda / The Road to Kathmandu	76
14. Siddalinga Pattana Shetty / Song Lost	80
15. Jayanth Kaikini / The Last Word	84
16. Vijayashree Sabarad / The Tragedy I Witnessed	88
17. Chennaveera Kanavi / I Do Not Intend to Write...	92
18. B.A. Sanadi / The Sun	96
19. Sumatheendra Nadig / What an Old Man Told Me...	100
20. Sarjoo Katkar / Mother	104
21. Ramjan Darga / Manifesto	110
22. Jambanna Amarchinta / Petromax-Bearers...	114
23. Subbu Holeyer / Even Now... There...	118
24. G.S. Siddalingaiah / Ahalya	122
25. Jaraganahalli Shivashankar / A Mystery	126
26. H.S. Venkatesha Murthy / Let the Children Be...	128
27. H. Dundiraj / Another Siddhartha	132
28. T.V. Kattimani / Pleasure and Grief	134

विषयसूची

१. कुभेम्पु (के. भी. पुट्टप्पा) / ईश्वरले लालमोहर लगाए	३
२. डी. आर. बेन्द्रे / गङ्गाको अवरोहण	७
३. भी. के. गोकक 'विनायक' / दानव (हिटलर) र कवि	१५
४. यू. आर. अनन्तमूर्ति / को हौ तिमी?	२९
५. जी. एस. शिवरुद्रप्पा / मेरो गोजी	३३
६. सिद्धलिङ्गलाह / हजारौं नदीहरू	३५
७. पी. लङ्केश / मेरी आमा	४१
८. के. एस. निस्सार अहमद / अमेरिका अमेरिका...	४७
९. चन्द्रशेखर पाटिल 'चम्पा' / उहिल्यै कुनै बेला	५३
१०. बडागुरु रामचन्द्रप्पा / मयूर वन	५७
११. सिद्धय्या पुराणिक / वचनोद्यान	६३
१२. कालेगोव्डा नागावारा / कविता	७१
१३. डोहारेङ्गे गोव्डा / काठमान्डू जाने बाटो	७७
१४. सिद्धलिङ्गा पत्तना सेट्टी / हराएको गीत	८१
१५. जयन्त कैकिनी / अन्तिम शब्द	८५
१६. विजयश्री सबराद / मैले भोगेको त्रासदी	८९
१७. चेन्नविरा कान्भी / मैले कविता लेख्न खोजेको हैन	९३
१८. बी. ए. सनादी / सूर्य	९७
१९. सुमतीन्द्र नाडिग / फिलाडेल्फियामा एक वृद्धले जे भने	१०१
२०. सर्जु काटकर / आमा	१०५
२१. रम्जन दर्गा / घोषणापत्र	१११
२२. जम्बन्न अमरचिन्ता / पेट्रोमक्स बोक्ने कोराभासहरू	११५
२३. सुब्बु होलेयर / अहिले पनि त्यहाँ	११९
२४. जी. एस. सिद्धलिङ्गलाह / अहल्या	१२३
२५. जरागनहल्ली शिवशङ्कर / एउटा रहस्य	१२७
२६. एच. एस. वेङ्कटेश मूर्ति / केटाकेटी सधैं केटाकेटी नै रहून्	१२९
२७. एच. दुण्डिराज / एउटा अर्को सिद्धार्थ	१३३
२८. टी. भी. कट्टिमणि / सुख र दुःख	१३५

29. Mallika Ghanti / Skin-bag	136
30. Basavaraj Sabarad / Three Questions	140
31. B.R. Lakshmana Rao / I Salute God	144
32. M. Gopalakrishna Adiga / Past	150
33. Allama Prabhu Bettaduru / The Rose Folk	156
34. Arathi H.N. / Elevator	160
35. Lokesh Agasana Katta / The Burial of the Dead...	166
36. Latha Rajashekar / An Experience	172
37. Chandrashekhara Talya / To the Superior Officer	182
38. Manu Baligar / A New Poem	188
39. K.V. Srinivasa Murthy / The One Known...	192
40. Siddharaj Pujari / Awaiting...	198
41. G. Abdul Basheer / My Mother	204
42. Sukanya Maruthi / The Daughter of Fire	208
43. Jyothi Guruprasad / Bashful Drape	212
44. K. Sharifa / Be a Woman, Once, O Lord!	216
45. L.N. Mukundaraj / All the Way Along	220
46. Mohan Nagammanavar / Under the Bodhi Tree	226
47. Latha Gutti / Freedom	230
48. T.C. Poornima / The Burning Earth	234
49. R. Tarini Shubhadayini / Restraint	244
50. Tejashree J.N. / O Tiger, in Your Eyes...	248
51. S.R. Ekkundi / Two Farmers	252

२९. मल्लिका घान्ती / छालाको भोला	१३७
३०. बासवराज सबराद / तीन प्रश्न	१४१
३१. बी. आर. लक्ष्मण राव / ढोग्छु म ईश्वरलाई	१४५
३२. एम. गोपालकृष्ण अडिगा / अतीत	१५१
३३. अल्लामा प्रभू बेतागुरु / गुलाफका वंशज	१५७
३४. आरती एच. एन. / एलिभेट्ट	१६१
३५. लोकेश अगसन कट्टे / त्यस रातको मृतकको अन्त्येष्टि	१६७
३६. लता राजशेखर / एउटा अनुभव	१७३
३७. चन्द्रशेखर ताल्या / ठूला हाकिमलाई	१८३
३८. मनु बालिगर/ नयाँ कविता	१८९
३९. के. भी. श्रीनिवास मूर्ति / मैले चिनेको एउटा	१९३
४०. सिद्धराज पुजारी / पर्खाइ...	१९९
४१. जी. अब्दुल बसिर / मेरी आमा	२०५
४२. सुकन्या मारुती / आगोकी छोरी	२०९
४३. ज्योति गुरुप्रसाद / सङ्कोची पछ्यौरा	२१३
४४. के. सरिफा / हे ईश्वर! एक पल्ट नारी बनेर त हेर	२१७
४५. एल. एन. मुकुन्दराज / बाटाभरि	२२१
४६. मोहन नागम्मनावर / बोधिवृक्षको फेदमा	२२७
४७. लता गुट्टी / स्वतन्त्रता	२३१
४८. टी. सी. पूर्णिमा / जलिरहेकी धरती	२३५
४९. आर. तारिणी शुभदायिनी / प्रतिबन्ध	२४५
५०. तेजश्री जे. एन. / हे बाघ, तँ हुँदाहुँदै...	२४९
५१. एस. आर. एक्कुन्दी / दुई किसान	२५३