

MILESTONE BECKONS

A Compilation of Translated Poems by
NALIN RAI

Selected from Hindi poems by
MANOJ SHARMA



16LEAVES



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Translated poems by
Nalin Rai

Authored by
Manoj Sharma

Dedicated to my Father who
instilled in me the values of
the written words whose
importance is manifest in the
form of this book, as also to
mother who was patient in
enduring the regime of
discipline
(imposed by father)

*Dabbling in the genre of translation is an exercise in itself but it is less than half of the work done. This work reached its finality thanks to the innovative designing undertaken by the team of **TheShrusocialNetwork** led by **Shruti Bharitya** who undertook extensive efforts to make this book what it has come out to be by shaping it in the form of a book.*

*Profuse thanks to **Usha Ramesh** who was gracious enough to allow me to use pictures clicked by her in capturing Goa in a manner I have not seen for the cover as also inside the book.*

*Thanks are also due to **Sneha Rai** who allowed me to use her sketches and paintings as accompanying illustrations in the book.*

***Shivani Bagwe** also needs to be thanked as she gave her permission to use a sketch of hers in the book.*

*Last but not the least, heartfelt thanks to **Vinod Kumar** who went through the draft and patiently incorporated the changes that I suggested time and again and were it not for his efforts, this book would not have seen the light of the day.*

Introduction

First brush with Manoj Sharma, arguably an established poet in Hindi and has the same authoritative command in Punjabi was when we met over an official engagement more than a decade ago! It was rather a brusque experience. We moved on.

However, the first brusque experience laid the foundation for a strong friendship as we both dabble in the genre of words, he through his poetic oeuvre, while my allegiance is more towards the prose. The element that bound us and strengthened our friendship was that we both are worshippers of words and its novel nuances, so he would write it in Hindi, I would translate it in English, and then we would compare the outputs and contrast them. He was quite happy with the output and he wanted me to translate from his poems published in Hindi to English. I was however somewhat reluctant to undertake this project as Manoj Sharma has his ears glued to the rustic nuances of Punjab, its culture and metaphors and he uses them profusely through his poetic exposition, while for me this exposure was in infancy, so an element of confidence eluded me in undertaking this job.

The project kept on simmering on the back burner, but Manoj Sharma never gave up the hope of seeing his work in English through my translations. In the meanwhile, I went to Punjab as part of my official assignment and after staying there for around seven years, felt confident to take up the work of translation of selected poems in Hindi written by Manoj Sharma into English.

Translators have the private language and they give the readers the language to imagine, a language to provide an interface about creative expressions from a different language and expand outreach of creativity to new frontiers through a new set of readership. A poetic expression does get an accentuation through either an illustration or an image accompanying it, providing it sublimity.

Therefore, here, it is a translation of selected of 30 poems from various poems that Manoj Sharma has written so far in Hindi. Hope you the reader like it. A Milestone was beckoning for quite a long time!

Happy reading



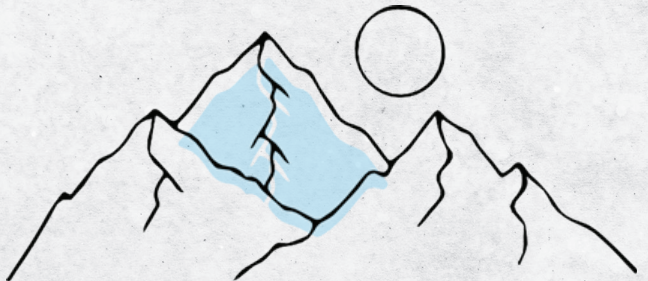
Nalin Rai



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1. Faith



1. FAITH

Faith...

*It creates a halo Faith slips through
As a package deal along with silence
Moreover, continues to keep ensconced its
magnificence within itself
In the pristine effervescent aroma of
motherhood Is enshrined every single faith*

*It does not have a slippery connotation
However, it has streak of submergence
Inherent in its constitution
What nomenclature to assign
When it comes
It slips through into narrowest chinks
and crevices*

Me

*Air was my first brush with faith
Leaves of the trees vituperating
Tumbling and bumbling,
I would land on the roof
Used to indulge in colorful kite flying.
Those were the days
When butterflies in the form of faith
Used to hover across in all directions*

Faith

*Every single time
It creates a new world*

*A world where cacophony is barred entry
Some place earmarked for lesson in solitude, though*

*Moreover,
the man repeats the lessons like a
stuck record.*

*Where faith
exists, Fear cannot rear
its head
Was underlined as a stark manifestation
When a mother was breastfeeding her child*

*These were the days just after the Independence
Dates though are hazy
However; days were dissipating
Akin to the cotton
segregating on the Ginny*

*In addition, shapes had started morphing
Moreover, within a short span*

*Faith, leaving its effervescence
Had started being transformed into innuendos*

*Plethora of words are floating in the air
 Making a surreptitious appearance
 Akin to beads in a necklace*

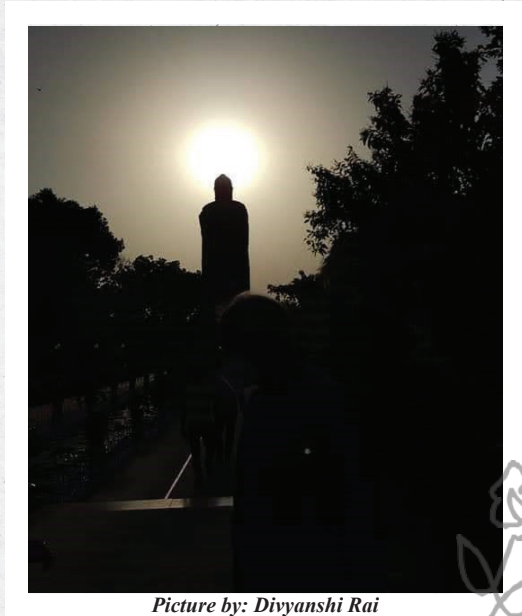
*Some teacher, a doctor, a lawyer or a
 sportsman, some minister,
 To the extent is engulfed, Parliament as well*

*Picking up these words and hoisting them
 Unspooling the colossus of humanity
 As if, sores have festered
 In the soothing notes of exchange*

*But friend, Can't help it
 I still keep the faith
 In people and their utterances*



*Still in my morning dreams
 Peacocks mesmerize with their dance
 Butterflies still flutter amok in gay abandon
 Multitude of pair of aged eyes
 With dancing corneas enticingly, gaze into
 the eyes
 Moreover, the moon still
 Descends in the courtyard
 Brimming with faith.*



Picture by: Divyanshi Rai



2. Virtual World



2. VIRTUAL WORLD

*I desire
That this advertisement Be the testimony
Of my love for my land*

*A Billboard
For my soul
One for that yearn
Which aspires always the well-being
of the friends*

*Some such brand that
could scintillate
Moreover, sprout out goosebumps
any such spice in the food
Which would kindle and maintain
Memory of the mother
Until the aroma lingers.*

*Some such smile
At whose altar
Would I sacrifice my existence!*

3. When Flowers Bloom on the slopes



3. When Flowers bloom on the slopes

*As I meander on the winding road
With a bagful of books
Dangling on my shoulder,
A lilt of flute beckons*

*A marooned road
On which I am traversing
Where the night
Started changing tone to a darker shade of black
to spread the ambit
It brought me closer to myself
something was brewing now*

*Traversing few more steps
It stuck
Dandi-March had a rationale
thought also triggered
Can more such experiments with
truth not proliferate?
Pages continue to flip automatically
Nights set in and spread out eerily
Eyes flow unebbed*

*Or that the frosty spread-out
 Can only be pierced through
 Staccato firing through posters
 Pages flutter by in auto mode
 Night flows one into another in a continuum*

Is left behind only the sand

Eyes too are unebbed

*Life meanders through the crests and troughs
 Ebb of life on a biological downslide
 As in a river in a flow*

*As smoke lingers in the breath
 As the latent anger of the known suddenly erupts as you,
 start shrinking*

*Far away, from that side of the hill
 In the meantime, there is a sigh
 Rustles the bag hanging on the shoulder
 adorning the sun on the forehead
 Bundle of essays pressed into the armpits
 He looms like a meteor sweeping aside
 Al l the vicissitudes imposed on the life*

*For the helpless, the illiterate, the inconsistent
 with bagful of golden dreams, he comes
 And the annals of the sore cells of sorrow
 With a creak starts opening up
 Earth vomits out the junk of curses*

*Creakingly struggle to open
 Earth ejects out the junk of the curses*

*As he flips his hat aside,
Flowers bloom on the slopes
Warmth creeps through the cracks of the night
I lose myself to the tune of the flute
Again*

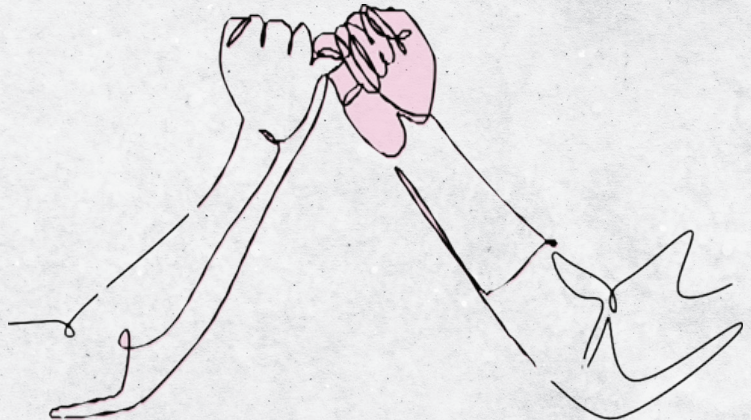
*Here is a whole fantasy|
a structured society
Here exists the full Swaraj!*



Picture by: Shruti Bhartiya



4. Friend



4. FRIEND*(a) Friend!*

*Do they become part of our life?
From the time, we start breathing
Mother
Used to say
Consider me your spiritual friend
and the father too
In addition, even the teacher
Yearns to be the friend sometimes...
However
Is the friend
not above all...*

(b)

*The first man to embrace you
Hands outstretched
When the throat is parched
When the dreams regularly turn into
nightmare
When the wounds continue to fester
is he not the friend?*

(c)

*They say**Incomplete would have been**The journey of Human Development**But for the friends**Sukta, Shloka, Veda would not have been composed**Great dreams, philosophies, revolutions**May not have occurred**Matter of fact**Human beings would not know how to sleep
peacefully**Continuing to tumble into infinite love
one down to another resurface...*

(d)

*O grace!**If you are the creator**If you are the originator of the human being**Then do something like this**That as soon as the dawn arrives by rattling the chain**Every courtyard inundates with squirrels jumping with friends**Nights no longer be deserted**Every time children meet, they embrace with delight**Even with those who cheated many times**Friendship as Sirocco returned every time**and as the window opens to a new dawn**let the entire astringent, swell.. .**Lord!**Tremble as I think how much poor can be**The universe that you created Uncouth Friend...!*