

THIKANA

- Sukanta Bhattacharya

You were looking for my abode, you said.
That you have not found it yet-
Makes me sad, true, but I will not fret.
Finding my address is futile, my friend
For I dwell in the streets-
Sometimes my home is in the shades of trees
Sometimes you might find me in thatched shanties.
Truly, I am a wayfarer, akin to a rolling stone
I roam the places where the faceless homeless reside.
My friend, I struggle but find not my way home-
I dream of building a fortress with these wayward pebbles.
Friend, bleed not these wounds inflicted by your hands
Go look for my address there where a new dawn arises.
Go look towards Indonesia, Yugoslavia, Russia and China-
Know for sure my address has long been deposited in their care.
Have you looked for me everywhere in this blighted land-
And yet found me not? Alas- then you have roamed
All the wrong by lanes. On the pathways of life
The road to my abode has commenced with famines
But then meandered into the pathway to freedom.
My friend, I must warn you- this pathway to dawn
Is covered in thick fog; lose not your way navigating it
Alone. I know, my friend, the blood is agitated
This day, as are the rivers; stirring in the branches
Are the birds, even the seas roll in disquiet.
The time is here, my friend, and yet you know not my
Address! Why, my friend, why do you blunder so?
How long will you while away time blinking?
Your eyes? Know that the path that began
In JalianwallahBagh is where you will find me.
Then follow the path to Jalalabad
And pass through Dharmatala- and you will see
The address you seek is on every doorway

Carved in letters of blood in this beleaguered Land.
Farewell, my friend! Farewell today-
Behold yonder there arises the impending storm-
The address you seek is now free for the taking
Meet me in the homeland of Freedom.

**-Translated from Bengali by
Monish R. Chatterjee**

Comments: The poem is self-explanatory. It speaks of an idealist participating through local and global contexts in grassroots movements aimed at the struggles against and overthrow of imperial and feudal structures that oppress and marginalize vast numbers of people via economic and racial deprivation and discrimination. Specifically, Sukanta refers to notable grassroots leftist movements around the world, including those in Russia (the Bolshevik and October revolutions), China (establishment of the Republic of China prior to the Maoist revolution much later), Yugoslavia (establishment of the Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia) and Indonesia (the Indonesian National Revolution against Dutch colonialism). Sukanta also makes strong references to several revolutionary events in India, including the JallianwallahBagh (or Amritsar) massacre in 1919, and the Jalalabad armed resistance under Surya Sen in Chittagong in modern Bangladesh.

Celebrity

- Sandip Goswami

They are not rich.
They have no car.
They have no fat.
They have no dream.
They are not so-called educated persons.
They are not news.
They are struggling for existence.
They have not any exceed of life
Which is poison.
They live with their old parents.
They have innocent smile and intuition.
They created their poor house as rich home.
they are my celebrities.
But I am not communist.

- **Sandip Goswami**, India
(Bengali Author and Poem Writer, lives at Nabdwip, India.)

The Forge

- *Seamus Justin Heaney*

All I know is a door into the dark.
Outside, old axles and iron hoops rusting;
Inside, the hammered anvil's short-pitched ring,
The unpredictable fantail of sparks
Or hiss when a new shoe toughens in water.
The anvil must be somewhere in the centre,
Horned as a unicorn, at one end and square,
Set there immovable: an altar
Where he expends himself in shape and music.
Sometimes, leather-aproned, hairs in his nose,
He leans out on the jamb, recalls a clatter
Of hoofs where traffic is flashing in rows;
Then grunts and goes in, with a slam and flick
To beat real iron out, to work the bellows.

- **Seamus Justin Heaney** (13 April 1939 – 30 August 2013) was an Irish poet, playwright and translator. He received the 1995 Nobel Prize.