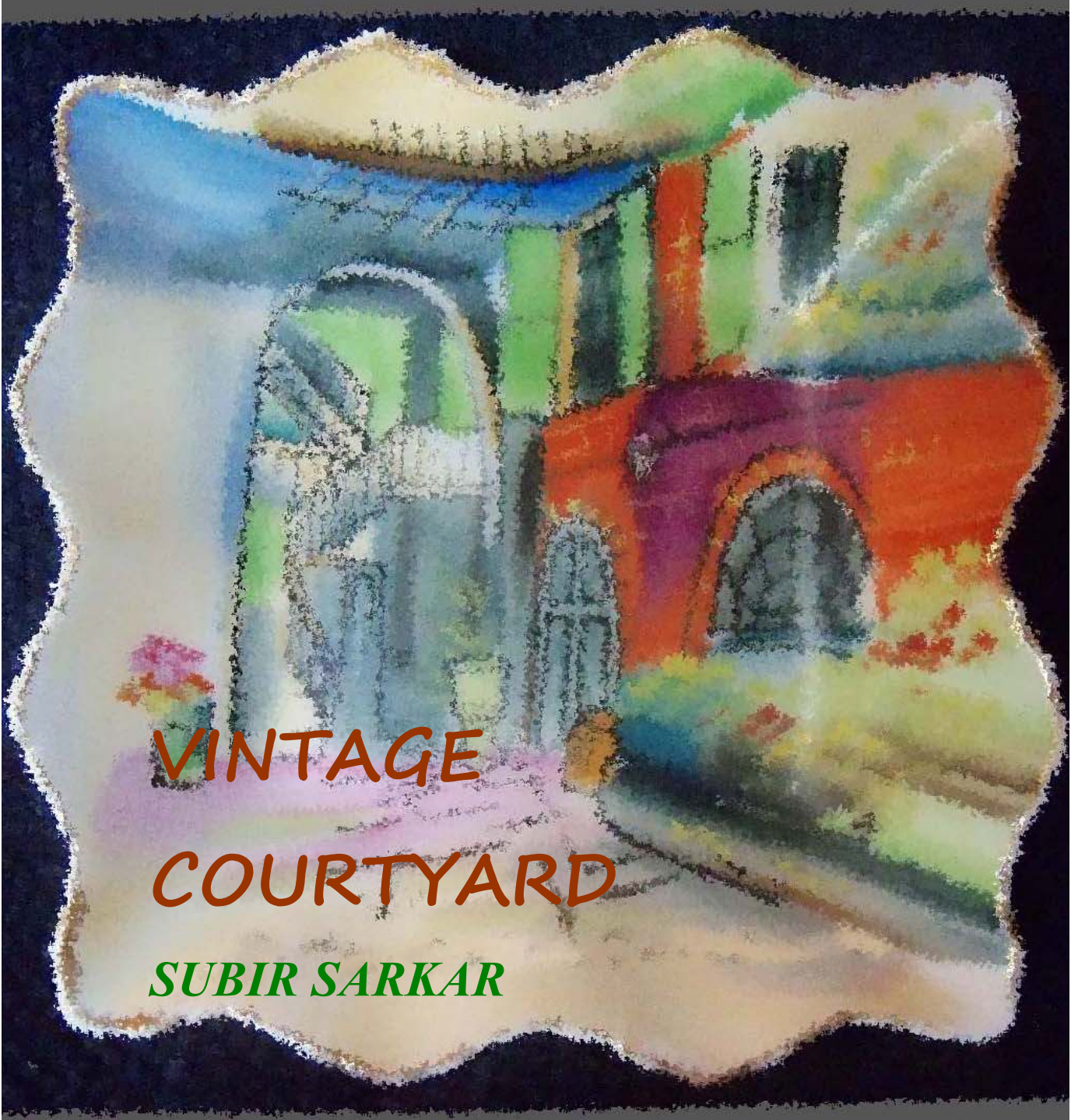


VINTAGE COURTYARD

SUBIR SARKAR

Vintage Courtyard

Subir Sarkar



About the Poet

Subir Sarkar*, born in 1970, West Bengal, India, is one of poets with a distinguished voice of poetical language of the '90s. He is widely interested in folk-song and subaltern history. He travels in his magic-world to have a one Bengal indeed where he'll sell his infinite dreams. Three awards are in his wallet so far, but he is indifferent in such matter, as everyday he receives them from the common-folk, from the lonely wood and its unnumbered birds , from their cries & laughter , from the word of warm boiled rice of an earthen pot on a dying fire, and so on. Thousand silent tears of the path towards man are alive in his heart. They fall in him like nectar that he stores like the broken playthings of his little daughter.*

Contact with the poet: ***subirsarkar25@gmail.com***

Translated from Bengali by

Manik Saha

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DEDICATED TO

MASUDAR RAHAMAN
SHIMUL MAHMUD
SOUMITRA CHAKRABORTY
AMIT KUMAR BISWAS

.....

My love. My shelter. My favorites raindrops.

Vintage Courtyard
Poems e-book

Translated from Bengali
Manik Saha

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1.
Dancing alone you wander among the fields of crops
I'll ruin myself to sleep
Suddenly the flute will play
Looking at your eyes
The dancing-room

2.
How does the music come inside the dance
There's a hidden relation
As if a dead drowning into the
Spell

3.
I live between life and death
I’m a marlin inside the trap
Of Birth and Death
On your chin sesame black cumin
I’m amused here in the splendor of
Spices

4.
How is the fit of your dancing
No ***ghunghur*** in your feet
No opening up the hair slide
Dancing moves towards the river
And
The city

5.
Coriander leaf with hilsa-oram
Rat in a paddy-field hides
In a hole
Here sits the catastrophe
Under the arranged clouds

6.
I fetch the feathers of peacock for you,
wax-dipping
Monsoon days
Submerged the paddy fields are
Only a little smile is
A celebration picture

7.
Fall in love, I’m alone again
Beside the polished courtyard is
The Moss-illusion
Cauldron is descending from the oven
Take adorable betel-leaf
Am pouring doubt

8.
Unbound the vintage hairstyle
During your dance
Sweat on the forehead, hanky is wet with
Perspiration.
Genuine song of tying in your voice

9.
This dance this song
Hats are filled with flowers
I could not touch you
Deep delve houses are on both sides
Deep and quiet
Remain there still

10.
In the evening there was
Marriage concert
Night mingled with it
“Never shall we meet again, I know”
Calm streets I tripped upon
Everywhere scattered people
Trembled air.

11.

Inside a perfect wheat-field
When noon sleeps, air sweeps over everything
And you scattering all the ***chirkuts***
Gather loneliness. Only the postmodern berry- bushes
Are the den which is leaning on the smile and agony.
Compulsory stables on the next issue.
Owls are sitting on the footnote
On the road of broken sleep, we
Lost

12.
Speak in fragments
It’s one of the reasons that
I like you
In turn, nails gradually become mirror
On their way back is
Steep.

13.
I stumble being a part of the written narrative.
Can you bring the distant news?
Crossing the society is fish-market.
I walk along the shades of ***Haria***-cloud.
Conceal crying within self.
Somewhere the ***kathidhol.***
Memo and currency.
Outstretch its wings the bird on a tour.

14.
Winter birds or wild duck
Obeying jumping-words are
Tea-pots. Formula of crying.
Instead of `if', confusion
Meets.

15.
Saw mill messed continue
Easily agreed with
Hearty laughter when breaks the silence
Life and hobby are turning around
Their faces.

16.
Dad's glass, golden frame
`Played tennis in his youth'
Chimpanzee has forced to ride the
Bicycle

Synonym of irony is joke
I listened to the story and looked at

17.
You can take bets over
The distance and the whistle.
Frustration is prominent here
Grassmat, lantern
Now we're sitting pleasantly

18.
Rather buying pigeons I'll
Fly them away
The world is silent
On the question of journey
Violence becomes a favourite
Country means space and time
Speaking over country is a lizard

19.
Blind and cautious.
Speaking the barking of
A dog
Story of boat wrecked
Chin on palm

20.
Sleep is condensed
Sweat is condensed
‘Palanquin is at the door’
He is breaking up
The relations

21.
The enchanting flute
Grief and virus
I'm sitting here to listen to
the CONCERT
How is the weather!
Lifelong elevation and
Hills

22.
Rightly conscious the thirst
The long rainy day
Walking cannot finish the long road
Myna on the curve
Ashes of unpuffed cigarettes

1.Ghunghur:*An instrument , made of metal, making music while wearing around the anklets in classical dance.*
2.Chirkuts:*A tiny piece of paper.*
3.Haria*: A local home-made wine made of rice.*
4.Kathidhol*: A type of Indian native drum.*