

An International Refereed/Peer-reviewed English e-Journal Impact Factor: 3.019(IIJIF)

Two Poems by Jibanananda Das: "Grass" and "If I Were..."

Translated by: Noor-E-Fatima Mosharraf Jahan Graduate Student Department of English and Modern Languages North South University Dhaka, Bangladesh

Grass

The Earth is illumined early this morning By a soft, green light – of the same shade as fresh lime leaves. Grass as green and fragrant as unripe pomelos Is being bitten off by deer! I, too, desire to imbibe the scent of this grass – Guzzle it down like gobletfuls of refreshing green wine; I crave to knead this grass and nuzzle its eyes with mine. My feathers lie entwined in the pinions of grass. Amidst grasses, I am born to an intimate mother grass And sprout – as a shoot – out of the luscious darkness of her body.

[The poem, originally titled as "Ghas", was written in Bengali by Jibanananda Das and published in his book *Banalata Sen* in 1952.]

If I Were...

If I were a cob And you a pen On some river bank at a horizon – Residing in a quiet nest

Vol. 4, Issue 2 (August 2018)

Dr. Siddhartha Sharma Editor-in-Chief

www.TLHjournal.com



An International Refereed/Peer-reviewed English e-Journal Impact Factor: 3.019(IIJIF)

> Amidst slender reeds – Beside a paddy field.

If so, then today, in this night of Spring, Having seen the moon rising behind the branches of pines, We would have left the odor of marshland water And floated along the silvery corns in the sky; With my feathers in your wings and your heartbeats within mine, With countless stars in the vast, blue sky – All sparkling like the golden flowers in a mustard field, With the Spring moon that resembles A golden egg – Rested in a feathery, green nest inside a siris forest. We hear a bang – maybe a gunshot, Followed by the slant of our plunge, The fervor of piston in our wings And the song of the north wind in our cygnine voice!

Yet another bang; Then, finally, our silence And our eternal peace. The pieces of death in our present life Would no longer remain, Nor would the bits of failed desires and darkness prevail Only if I were a cob And you a pen On some river bank at a horizon – Beside a paddy field... www.TLHjournal.com



An International Refereed/Peer-reviewed English e-Journal Impact Factor: 3.019(IIJIF)

[The poem, originally titled as "Ami Jodi Hotam", was written in Bengali by Jibanananda Das and published in his book *Banalata Sen* in 1952.]

About the Author: Jibanananda Das (1899 – 1954) is a renowned Bengali poet, novelist and essayist. Although born in Barisal (presently located in Bangladesh), he settled in Kolkata after the partition of India. He is popularly known as "Ruposhi Banglar Kobi" (Poet of beautiful Bengal) due to his unique style of illustrating vivid imagery of the natural beauty of Bengal in his poetry. His notable works include *Ruposhi Bangla, Banalata Sen, Mahaprithibi* and *Shreshtha Kavita*. Das received Rabindra-Memorial Award for *Banalata Sen* in 1953 at All Bengal Rabindra Literature Convention. His *Shrestha Kavita* won the Sahitya Academy Award in 1955.

About the Translator: Noor-E-Fatima Mosharraf Jahan is currently pursuing her Master's degree in English Literature at North South University, Dhaka, Bangladesh.