

Poetry Series

Kanishka SricharanPratap
- poems -

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Kanishka SricharanPratap(08.12.1962)

2nd Konark

Run to here... run to here...,
Of our dynasty who is where,

Mocker Rascal Libertine Looter...
Bandit Hooligan Thief Dacoit
Impudent Mafia... Traitor Bastard
All are you run to here,

From liquor kiln
Ganja rendezvous
Brothel,
Press-herd
Channel-shed
University centre...,
Anus hole of Congress
Under the testicle of Secular...
Run to here!

Low... vile... poor
That rock carver Raghua
Has gone to Rajya Sabha!
Says:
To build Konark,
2nd Konark!

Has worshipped the land,
Would loot first
Six hundred crores!
Then it would rise... rise... and rise
To some thousand crores!
Would make history
Make himself head of this nation,
Be wealthy as Kuvera!

We will be there... Where we are!

Then Modi would rush in...
Tea seller Modi,
Capture the state!

Everything would go out...
From our hands!

Remember
This is Gandhi Mantra:
We don't need Temple,
Need Mosque.

Allah is very good,
Allah followers
Had given pregnancy
To our mothers,
We are seeds of that fruit...
Barbarous Brutals.
Who is that nonsense Raghua?
We will split his anus
Fall apart his plexus,

Cry... shout...,
Tight the bombs!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

A Bit Of Childhood

Sparrow flew away...!

In distant palm trees
Hang the nests of weaver birds.

Golden oriole looted the colour
Where did fly wood-pecker?
Who cuts the chest!
A feather is dropped
In the lane of my heart!
Grey-crane flew away...

With bits of corn the door-front waits,
No dove.
Whose mind is burnt?
Kingfisher brings fortune
Is absent since last autumn!

Coo of cuckoo
Became a distant dream,
Mango orchard is finished
And became dream of dreams!
Far away... travelled black drongo
Looted art and left!

How much empty is today's childhood!
How much empty childhood days!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Administration

You
Middle class
Lower middle class
Labour as much as you can,
Make blood to water
Breaking bone
Squeezing brain
Earn as much as you can!

We will fix tax
Tax on tax,
Kick you!

You will be getting up
And dropping down...!

We will be playing you
Very much,
Game of 'up and down'.

If you can
Sit and eat,
Make merry,
We are giving BPL rice
Allowances
Ration.

More will give
Pouch liqueur,
Insure you
For liqueur death.

Will supply
For your pleasure
Imported beauties.

Administration floats
In our blood...,

Only you cast a vote,

We are ruling...

And would rule.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Adorable God

Who?

Forgot his father,
Father's father!

Who`?

Forgot his mother,
Mother's mother!

Who?

Considered
His adorable God,
Worshipping
Chanting them,
Who has raped
Our mother,
And raping now!

I or you?

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Alloy

It is very strange!

That is never written
In the birth of this age,
In horoscope,
For a little alloy of that
All mishaps happen...
Are happening!

Come...
With all weapons
Soon,
The creation may be devastated!

End of truth is essential
End of alloy is essential,

For the reality
Of this age.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Artist

You are
Leaders
Actors
Social workers
Writers...
And that type of
All other artists
Are pure artists,

Sucked our blood!

Ate our
Liver
Lungs
Heart
Flesh and skin...!

Now only our bones
Are leftover,
People's bone!

Take,
Suck and eat...
Chew and eat...
Crunch into dust and eat...

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

As You Have No Less Pity On Us

As You have no less pity on us,
Gifted T.B.

I worshipped you
In empty stomach,
Offered to hoist
Flag on your temple!

By selling the properties
As much we got
Paid to the village doctor,
But the disease increased
In its way.

The rest also sold
And carried the mother
To District Hospital.
Senior doctor prescribed
In such a manner,
My mother passed away
In middle-age!

How to take dead body?

Two hundred rupees remained,
Two nurses quarrelled,
Another snatched away
One hundred.
My father prayed a lot
To give an ambulance.
Doctor rebuked:
"Go go... no vehicle here,
Quickly lift your wife's dead body! "

Father spread the bed-sheet
Laying the mother on that
Tied!
Her feet left uncovered,
He covered with a piece of old cloth!

Softly caressed
My head,
Taking me into his lap,
He said: "O'my child!
Why do you cry...
Mother won't come back! "

Carrying my mother on his shoulder
He walked on...
I followed him with a bag in hand!

How far is our village!
In the jungle
By the hill-side!

We walked ahead
Across the road
Passing thousands of people, vehicles...
So many big people!
In intervals
My father put my mother
On the road-side,
After a little rest
He carried her
Changing his shoulders!

Some took our photos
In their cell phones!
Photos of my poor father
Dana Majhi's photo,
Mother Amanga Majhi's photo
And of mine,
A motherless child's rolling tears!

Oh! merciful! !
You have no less pity on us! "

[Dedicated to the daughter of Dana Majhi]

Translated from Odia by

Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SrivastavaPratap

Black Money

White elephants
Black elephants
Their spies
Followers...
Otters, jackals and foxes...
All are busy.

Burning
Floating in rivers
Heaps in temple hundis,
Deposits in poor relatives
And Kinsmen's bank accounts,
Money
The Black money!

Long lines run of hirelings
In front of Banks.

In fifty and fifty share
Bank employees
Transferring the black money
Into white.

Crowds in jewellery shops,
Gold biscuits
Saved
In lockers.
Thrusting fingers in eyes
The drama of escaping
Everywhere!

Someone has broken the law,
The Black-law!

Parliament has got unrest...
T.V. and newspapers cry too much,
Against the demonetization of
1000 rupee notes
500 rupee notes.

How many days left
For election!

Slipping away the mines...
Vote banks from hands,
Seats under buttocks!

How it would continue
For all times to come!
All are busy and eager,
White elephants
Black elephants
Their spies
Followers...
Otters, jackals and foxes...!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Blanket

From the days I matured
When I knew:
What is lie
What is hypocrisy
What is looting
From that
Uprooting... uprooting... uprooting...,

Calling you...,

By virtue of heir
The root you have got,
From that
You have no escape!

Alone
Lifelong
I have to uproot
Blanket's hair!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Bull

Bull existed yesterday
Exists today
Would exist tomorrow.

This bull is not of a farmer
But of an oil-man.

He pulls and pulls
Oil-seed crusher...
Non-stop.

Dreams:
"The oil-man must
Give back his penis
That he had taken
To castrate,
In fairly polished
Sharpened condition
Crowning properly."

But the penis
Does not come back,

By pulling and pulling
Oil-seed crusher...
Breaks the waist
Ends the life.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Capital

No need to go red-light area,

See...

From Rajpath to Rajmahal
Information Centre
Secretariat
Assembly...,
Theatre to Cinema Hall
University
Cultural Centre...,
Literature Academy to Language Firm,
Beauty Parlour
Liquor Distillery...,
News Paper to TV Channel,
Great poets- females and males
Masturbation to Ganja Shop,
Everywhere... Everywhere....
Ruling of prostitutes!

Capital
Is progressing
Like this!

Translated from Odia by
Subasah Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Caste

We have created
Shastra.

Khandayat, Brahmin
Kandara, Bauri
Hadi, Pana...
Teli, Tanti
Mochi, Dhoba
Barika, Karana
Dama, Gokha
Kandha, Kolha, Sabara...
All are equal
In administration.

Into it
We have inserted
Hindu, Islam
Buddhist, Christian
Sikh, Jain...

Have strongly
Screwed quota.

"Who is low
Who is high
Caste... non-caste
Religious... anti-religious,
Who smells sweet...
Who smells pungent,
Who gains what? "
This thing
We blow
Into your ear.

And beg for vote...
Sit on chair.

Translated from Odia by

Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SrivastavaPratap

Cattle

Ploughed land
Planned field
Whirled to crush corn
Pushed oil-seed crusher
Pulled cart
Carried luggage,

Milk, curd, cheese and ghee,
Manure and dried dung...
Gave
As much as I could.

How disappeared the strength,
Age passed on!
Now
I am going to butcher's house,

How much paid the butcher!
Would not be paying more!
How can I say to pay?
I'm a cattle
Know not how to speak!

Forgive me... O' my Lord!
Blame me not!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Chameleon

I know
You know,
Where lives
A chameleon!

When it
Changes the colour.

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Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Climate

Climate is not right!

Now
In jungles
Jackals are extinct!

They are
Increasing in numbers
In towns
In bazars
In villages
Everywhere...
In every house!

Climate is not right!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Come

The soil is fit to cultivate,
Come...
We will plough together.
Deeper and deeper...,
And sow seeds.

Now the capital is under our control
Big cities also.

We will rush into
District headquarters
Blocks
To every village.

So many books are left
Of so many languages,
Stories, poems, novels and dictionaries...
We will copy-down
As much as we can
From any book.

What need to know about
Culture, tradition and society?

Mankind?
Those idiots are ugly
What a hair of hairs!
Who cares!

Let us start...
To publish
Fifteen or twenty copies of books,
Copied down.
Arrange
Luxurious inaugural function,
Wear the garland
Sit in the meeting,
And roar
Shout

Cry and howl:
'Language...language...
Literature... literature...! '

We will beat your drum
You beat ours.
Print new certificates,
We will give you
And you to us.

We indulge in
Wine, women, black money and meat
Completely!
And supply
Who needs that.

Shall loot
All Awards
All honours
All schemes
In shares.

Who would object to it:
"He is an idiot
A nonsense coward
Shameless blamer,
A street dog
Barking at the elephant,
A leg-pulling crab! "
We beat the drums
To kill his image,
Set bamboo pegs to his anus,
Cut his heel.

That's all!
Now we are kings
At the peak of literature!
All others are fools... sheep!
In one roar
We will throw them into pitch.

Come...

Cultivate together,
To flourish
Our language
Our literature
Our culture,
And keep dignity
Of our nation.
Come...!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Cooking

See, hanging:
Many awards
Certificates
In my house!
I cook very nice!

In a handful of herb
Half Kg. salt
Two hundred grams soda
Eight hundred grams chilli
Sixty-four bay-leaf
A cup of asafoetida
I add,
And season first
With ten ladle of mastwood oil.

The feelings
Words... style
Images...
I roast... dry under sunlight
Stitch
And mix in it,
I cultivate and cultivate...
Cultivate literature!

Translation from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Crack

Neither you understand me
Nor I understand you.
Nor father to son
Son to mother
Husband to wife!

Such and such...
We do not understand others
Properly!

I do not know
Somewhere
A crack is there
All among us,
A small crack!

No cement
Nor sand
For that!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Cry

I cry,
Not only cry,

My soul cries,
Bursts in sobbing.

I have learned this cry
Carrying the testicle on head
Oiling
Cleaning ticks,
From leaders.

Agriculture, Education, Health
Mines, Forest, Industry
Literature, Culture...
In which file
Have I not got signature?
Have I not?

Signed
Made others sign,
Swallowed what I got.

Eating and eating...
I sent my sons
To America
Britain, France, German...,

One is there doctor
One is engineer
One is professor
Another is scientist,

My bank account
Is also there.

Now you are beating
Drums
Cymbals

Tambourine...,
You beat.

I am posting
Photos of my sons
Grandsons
In social media
Too much in numbers
In serials...
Photos of their awards
Certificates
And hot-news.
For uplift of our nation.

Crying... Wiping tears
From my eyes:
'Nothing could be here
Fruitless is this country!
Thieves, dacoits, murderers...
Are everywhere! '

Beat
Beat more and more...
Drums
Cymbals
Tambourine...
Restlessly,
In tunes now.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Darkness

You need light
Also I!

You lit the lamp
Also I!

Darkness flies away
Darkness of outside.

A fathomless darkness
Lies
Within us,
No one looks at that!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Daughter

A daughter
Is not at all a daughter:
A mother
A sister
Also a wife
And
All enduring earth!

She is Kali
Durga,
The first chant
As Ardhanari
She appears!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Deception

The husking pedal
Of the house
Is a crocodile
Now.

Against massacre
Gang-rape
Terrorism
Loots...
When there is a call,

Hammers and hammers...
Husk hammers too much
In media
In Facebook
Barking in support
Of the enemies,
This traitor!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Delivery

In Facebook
WhatsApp
TV channels
Writing and writing
Publishing advertisements,
Now I have ordered
To a 'Hybrid Company'.

To hang banners
Post hoardings
At all bus-stands
Railway stations
Squares, bazaars,
In front of schools, colleges
Hospitals, nursing homes.

"Now I am in labour pain."

Crying...,
My pain is risking
Seven hundred female
Eleven hundred male
Ticks, flies, gadflies, mosquitoes
Worms, louse, skin-louse
Eggs of lice,

Sounds of conch, gong, cymbals...
Tune rightly,
Women are making
Inarticulate sounds...
Some are under penance
Before the deity.

For cradle foment
Two trucks of bamboo roots
And knotty timber woods
Are unloaded
In front of the house,

Red radish imported
From Andhra,
Groups after groups
Are constantly pushing
Into my anus.

Delivery path
Would be clear by pushing...

I will deliver:
Not of a tiger
Not of a lion
But of a dinosaur!

For that
I have thrown out
Vedas
Upanishads
Ramayan, Mahabharat...
From the racks,
My books would be
Preserved there.

Yet
Scanning report
Is not received,
It is on the way...

Doctor said:
"Taking too much of radish
My belly is full of wind...
Severe wind,

I have no womb! "

Still
I have sent my followers
To see,
If the hoardings
Are posted
At proper places!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Delivery Season

Like
Delivery of dogs
Season comes
For them!

Day and night they give fruit
Take fruit
At misplace!

On labour pain
Hold pain
This of that...
That of this...
One million fifty thousand,
Editor
Poet
Story writer,
Essayist
Novelist
Male and female
All!

Make sever mud
Up to knee
Up to waist
Up to forehead
Up to bamboo length!

Sinks state
Sinks language
Sinks literature
Sinks culture,
Sink you
And sink I,

Sink...
All sink down,
In those
Delivery-water!

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Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Democracy

He
Who ruled you
So far,
Is a crocodile.

He
Who is ruling you
Now,
Is otter.

You voters
Vague nonsense,
Have put on
Skin of rhinoceros.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Development

We
All beauties
And ugly,

You
All handsome
And odds,

Come...
To build our troop,
More large troops
Than that of
America, Russia and China!

Cream powder lipstick scent...
Mehendi... beauty parlour...
Many types of
Spectacles caps kada rings...
Dresses... inner garments,
As much
As one needs!

To dress
So as to fit,
Fake smile... fake action
And to paint on.

With full allure
To snap... snap... snap shots,
In facebook
To post... post... post...,
Till to reach
Of top enrichment!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Dna

Their
Mother's... Mother's mother...,
Her daughter's... Daughter's daughter
Rode horses
On
Babar... Aurangzeb...
Clive... Mountbatten...,

Riding and riding... 'The Crow'
Gave birth
That child,
Today is Justice
Of a country!

So
You can't fire
Firecrackers
On your festivals,

In crowds
They can blast bombs!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Drip

Drip the sorrows
As tears
From the eyes.

Drip the memories
As fragrance
From the mind.

Drips the leaf
As bud
From the trees.

Drips the rain
As river
From the clouds.

But
Drips the age
As morning
From the bodies,

The morning at the next world!
The time of our departure!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Elder Mother

'This is your school mat.'
'This is your gunny mat.'
'This is your leaf pot.'
'This is your hat.'
'This is your playing wheel.'
Says my elder mother!

By palm leaf
Stemy grass and reeds
She knits and knits...
Carpet, rush-mat
Tray and basket,
Whenever
All those are needed.

Such a big family is ours
Nothing is purchased
From market or fair.

Sometimes
Red and blue colours
Purchased for her.

Elder mother mixes colours in tears
And colours knitted things!
Among these
Her empty fair hands,
Obscured face of my elder father
Who has been a star
In an immatured age
In the sky!

Visible to me alone!
Visible to me alone!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Evolution

Lie
Smells sweet,

Truth
Smells pungent,

We float
In lies,

Run away
Listening to the truth...
And hide.

Where?

In the hell.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Facebook

You write
I write
Heaps and heaps!

Neither you read mine
Nor I read yours.

You say:
"My writings are unique,
I am second Vyasa! "

I do reply:
Your writings are beyond the ages,
You are Kalidas of this age!

But no one reads us.

What is the solution?

Yes,
A very good solution!
Facebook.

You arrange
Some vague fake writers
Young buffoons
So also I,
To make a gang.
We sweep and snatch
Irrelevant
Useless writings!

Would post unrest
And tag everywhere.

With likes
Wonderful comments
And shares
We shall adorn

Each other!

And make them stunned
And senseless!

Nonsense!
Let them not read us!
Dhooo...!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Falsehood

The moon has risen
Who is with it?
Stretches out her feet
From a long past,
Towards my door!
Sham it is!

Such a flower...
Such a coo'...
How does it bloom?
Heard from where?
Whole sky is filigree of stars!
No no, in my mind!
Sham it is!

At night
Her smiles
Unbraided hair
Darkened sari
Roll on my bed!
Tinkling of bangles
Red vermilion
Fast breathings
Lost in my blood!
Sham it is!

Translated from Odia by
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Kanishka SricharanPratap

Farewell

How much distance!

Now
In the season of shedding leaf
We wait to fall down.

Come... O' my dear friend!
I will warm a little
With a cup of tea
On your lips.

Enough!
No more wants,
No war
No treaty
Nothing is needed!

Now we will go
On our own ways
In silence!

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Fault In Blood

Sometimes a baby jackal
Turns blue
When it takes birth,
For
Fault in blood.

It entices
Its Kinsmen
Father, grandfather etc.
With lion's meat,

It takes those
In the dense forest
To an unknown cave,
Vanishes
Being air in air
Eats their testicles!

By the time
They realize,
To a far distance
Flows the water!

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Fence

How beautiful
We are,
Created God!

Was no fence.

Who looted
When
Divided us?

Made a fence,
Sowed seeds
Of which religion?

Now see...
What a devastation!

This is the time
We are bound to return.

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Fire

Where does
Fire live?

One day
From where
The universe took birth,
Was there.

But now?

From cradle to kitchen
Marriage altar
Crematorium
Shrewd jackal's brain...
Everywhere... everywhere...
The house of fire!

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Flower

Bring the crowbar
Bring the hoe
I'm taking the basket
The fire,
Quick
You come...

Tuan asked:
Where to?

Said Tuin:
To dig up the roots
Root out the wickeds and devils
Root out the untrue,
And to put into fire.

Then sow the seeds,
Trees will grow
Flowers will bloom.

'Which flower? '
Asked Tuan.

Tuin said:
'Truth' is one
Another 'Love'.

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Food

Goat

Eats grass,
Sheep Deer Cattle Kangaroo...
Giraffe also eat grass.

Tiger

Eats meat,
Lion Bear Hyena Jackal...
Eagle Vulture Crocodile Whale...
Snake also eat meat.

Man eats

All these,

Eats

Soil Water Air Light...
And Space!

Translated from Odia by
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Goddess Laxmi

All...

My uncle's house

Neighbours

Friends

All...

No one gives anyone

To test the milk-boiled sweet rice

Made from paddy

Offered to Goddess Laxmi.

If given

Goddess Laxmi may leave the house!

But my mother

Every year

On the year ending day

The full moon night of

Holy harvest festival,

Offers that milk-boiled sweet rice

In the farmyard

With other food,

To servants, workers

Beggars, guests...

And anyone who comes...,

For pleasure.

One day

I asked my father:

'You check the mother,

Further she should not offer

This milk-boiled sweet rice

To others.'

In a pleasant smile

Father said:

'Who am I? Who are you?

Your mother is

The Goddess Laxmi

Of this house.'

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

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Good-Bye

I
Loved truth,
Bloomed flower.

Hated lie,
Made weapon.

This flower
This weapon
Is yours.

Good-bye...
Now
You take my bone.

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Grammar

I am the leader
You are all soldiers.

Come...
To make a front
'Grammar Armour'.

Will drink Panini's grammar
Roll on... embracing it,
Make intercourse
At its anus,
Semen will discharge...
We will spread it
Everywhere.

As had done
The Sanskrit Pandits
Once
And ruined the Sanskrit language,
We will do like that.

Who says:
Feeling is first
Language is to express the feeling
Then comes grammar.

Who says:
Literature creates grammar
Steps forward with it,
If needed
Breaks it... changes it.
That nonsense is fool
The most foolish.

We must pay a heavy stroke
To those idiots.

Mass spoken language
Is ugly language,
Let that go to hell.

We will trample first
Mahabharat of Sarala
Bhagabat of Jagannath Das
Writings of Fakirmohan
And so many of this standard,
Will cut and burn all ill literature
Of those scoundrels.

Will lay the foundation
Of Golden Age in Literature,
Beat the drum:
We are great
Much more greater than Panini,
Everyone
Is a Super Grammarian.

Come...

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Great Great-Poet

'Is greater than Vyasa? '
: Yes.

'Is greater than Valmiki? '
: Yes.

'Then they are greater than
Brahma Vishnu Maheswar! '
: Yes, greater.

'How? '
Asked the grandson.

I said:
Listen,
A male poet
Has composed this theory:

"You see and see...
I am drying the shadow
On a rope of sunlight.
Who does not
Understand this,
He has no head."

An eunuch poet
Has shown the path
To salvation:
"Turn the sorrows
Into a stem of betel-leaf
Smear lime-paste on it,
And thrust
Into a paddy-bag.
Then the sorrows will ripe
You get the Nirvan."

Another
Who has no phallus
Has declared war:

"Who?
Who are you Iswar?
Where do you live?
You have created
Only one Universe,
But in a moment
I can create
Crores of Universe."

My grandson
Looked at me in surprise
And said:
'Grandpa,
Please recite a poem
Of a lady poet.'

I said:
Ok... listen,
How a lady poet
Opened the truth:
"Opening Sari
Skirt
Bra
Panties
I must declare thousand times,
Where the Sun
Cannot reach,
There, a poet enters in."

My grandson danced in joy
And clapped.

Then said:
'Grandpa,
Right, since today
I must be a poet,
Shall write poems,
Shall enter... enter... only enter...
Enter everywhere,
Cheat the Sun's father! '

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Hair Industry

Their mother's... Mother's mother
Had taken pregnancy
From Baber... Aurangzeb
Through anus.

These are the sample
Of that delivery,
Taking from
Hafiz Sayid
Owaisi...Mamata... Papu,
Water
Lotion
Hormone....
Through that way!

Growing hair... Under hair
Colouring,
Through News paper
TV channel
Social media...
Have opened Industry,
Hair Industry!

Daughters
And women of Hindus,
Daughters and women of these people
Are raped nonstop
By Muslim...
Laying dead body...!

'Wah... Wah...
How interesting is this posture! '
Sinking these people's
Sex organ
In sex fluid!

Make conspiracy
In false cases
If one tagged a Hindu:

These people
Put stamp
Hair marked stamp,
On face!

Fire lamp
Hair marked lamp,
Forking thigh
On road!

Country sinks...
In
Hair marked vagina
Of these bastards.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Hero... Great Hero

Who is Sun?
Who is Moon?
Who is Indra?
Who is Varuna...
Brahma Vishnu Maheswar?

Go... go...
Stupid useless all you are,
Lie, vague and false characters
Only
In page of mythology!

I am the great hero
Baliarsingha...
See my teeth,
On my head cowl of lion!
He is commander-in-chief
In his hand eight-handed sword!
He is vigorous Ranasingha
Great Ranasingha...
See his thirteen-yards spear!
He is Baghasingha... the great general
His weapon is three-points harpoon!

With us
Million of warriors
Like this...
Are also most powerful
Mahapratap... Nayak... Chhualsingha,
And also hero of hundred forts
Master of arrays
Crowned as Indrachuda!

Our religious guru and priests
Are Panda Mishra...Dash Mohapatra...!

Now
We are all in blue colour,
In dense screw-pine jungle...

Great archer!

Looting the country

Looting houses...,

Raping and raping...

Cutting breasts... Tearing vagina

Enemy dances...,

Destroys in fire,

Like a rat

Enters into our anus!

Translated from Odia by

Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

History

Who has written
History!

Where is his
Ability?

Truth has turned
Into lie...
Lie has turned
Into truth...

They have dug up and scattered
Mother's breast
Thigh
Vagina...,
Those wise, intelligent
Talented researchers,
By pick-axe!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

History Of History

Born from a prostitute
Drinking wine,
Feeding honey
To a million,
Sprayed rose scent
We wrote
New history of this nation!

Beating drums
Meted out Gandhi caps
Told:
Ramayan is fake
Mahabharat is fake
Rama Setu is fake,
Fake is Dwaraka!

Vedas fake
Upanishadas fake,
Fake is Ganga
Saraswati fake,
Fake Himalaya...
Fake
The existence of Hindus!

Rana Pratap is fake
Queen Laxmi Bai is fake
Fake is Sardar Patel...
Netaji Subash is fake!

We are true
True is our Gandhi cap,
Lawyer's shrewdness
Of a goldsmith!
His screw
The seed of a Afghan Ghazee,
The room of a prostitute
Is true!

See... You see:

The broken map of this country,
Fame of flag
Is unfurling...!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Hole

We are at upper stage
You are at down,
The mouse of our hole...
The mouse of same hole.

We stole
Womanised
Robbed
Looted the country...,
Every mouth is locked.

Then what is to you?

Listen...
In judicial system
All these
Go on...,
Recklessly.
This is bad
Who told you?

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Hunter

We target...

Coal

Iron

Bauxite

Diamond mines,

Lands

Forests

And to hills

Shoot the arrows...!

Publish papers

Formulate cheat funds

Build flats

And open:

Schools, colleges

Nursing homes

T.V. channels,

Shoot the arrows...!

You die

Die all,

We are

Sharp shooters!

Translated from Odia by

Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Husking Pedal

Sometimes
Quarrels
Among the elder mother
Mother
And younger mother.

When paddy is pounded
Two hammer
One stirs.

Feet are exchanged
At intervals.

Anger
Rage
And arrogance
Are dusted
Under the pedal's hammer.

Where are they today?
Where is the husking pedal?

Lament... I lament!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

In This First Dream

How could you know
The secret of coitus?
How did you string
The heaven with the earth?
In this first dream...

Where did you draw
The nail-scar?
Tell me
How did you kiss?

In which posture
You spread your body?
In this first dream...

Acted in Samapada...
Acted in Byomapada...
Was there any other posture?

From earth to heaven
From heaven to universe
Such a fire you are,
Spread and spread...!
In this first dream...

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Industry

This industry is very strange!

We produce kids!

Under mid-day meals
And eggs
We teach.,
Make a whirl...
And nourish the child!

In quota of jobs
Unemployment allowances
BPL rice
Ration cards
We cut their limbs,
Make limbless.

We do loot... loot and loot
In thousands of plannings,
Sow seeds of terror,
Water
Manure in the field!

The bomb of impure religion
Super bomb...
We set
In every mind!
We screw the law
Rescue the criminals
Heinous criminals,
Escape ourselves.

Occupy the throne
For all times to come.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Industry Of Grindstone

I am not Anarya
Yajna Datta Datta-Arya
Brahmin from a barbarian.

He is not a Form,
Wearing an illusive dress
From Form to Formless.

Has given me a pair.

We have opened an industry,
'Grindstone Industry'.

"Fie...fie...! What a vulgar! "
We do shout.

Veda, Upanisada
Ramayan, Mahabharat
Dharma Shastra
Arthashastra
Kamashastra,
All the literature
Paintings, Images
Living World...,
Where are
Breast... Penis... Vagina...,
We do search... search... search...!
To cut off
And throw away
We sharpen the weapon
On grindstone,
Lighting the torch.

Searching and searching...
Convincing
Persuading
Inserting face
Eating up
Super fine breasts

Penis
Vagina...
In dark!

Oho!
What an amusement
To sink
And loot like this!
Om... Shanti... Shanti... Shanti...

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Intellectual

We are
Intellectuals,

Fed by Congress...
Fed by Seculars...

Stay in dark
Live in dark.

Country!
What is that?
Let it float...

We are immortal,
With armours
Also with ear-rings.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Itch

If nothing...
What is to us?
How fine
Is our buttocks!

So much of itches here...
As if nectar!

For this itching
Made grouping,
It is it's... that is that's
Scraping and scraping
By grass scraper...
We scrape
Lines... Paragraphs... pages,
Sometimes
Whole book of other's!

Beating drums
Lifting clothes
Forking thigh,
We say to lot of blind idiots:
See...
You see
Our lotus marked vagina,
Smell of lotus!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Judgement

This company is
Adulterating oil, dal, food, water
And medicine,
Digging and eating mines,
Has polluted the environment
By poisonous gas
Acid, smoke and ash.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This monk
Has encroached thousand acres
Of Govt. lands,
Declaring himself an incarnation
Of Lord Krishna
Has enjoyed
With unmarried girls,
Being Anthua Gopal
Has sucked the breasts
Of seven hundred young ladies.
Raped two hundred fiftysix,
And black marked the excise goods.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This doctor
Mixing water in saline
Exploiting ladies at the time of delivery.
Supplies bones and skins
Of unclaimed dead bodies
To foreign countries,
Extract the eyes
Cut the kidney and heart
Of the patients.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This officer
Taking bribe,

Tampering records,
On review it reports
A river as a newly dug canal.
There was no road,
He says
Cyclone has washed that!
He loots money
All the welfare funds,
Devasted jungles,
Gathered black money,
Denied Income tax,
Enjoying blue-nights
With Rambha Urvashi and Menaka
In Govt. bungalows.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This policeman
Training minor thief to be a dacoit,
Sharing stolen goods,
Helps criminals to abscond,
Drags honest people
Breaking the doors,
Has killed two men in jail
By beating in false cases,
Makes fake encounters.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This hooligan
Committing theft
Rape and snatching,
Loots banks,
Has run a black liquor factory,
Running sex racket
Using models and heroines,
Many secretaries of Govt.
Are his customers.
Has murdered nine men,
And taken advance
To kill more three.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This Maoist
Has blasted roads, bridges, towers
Police stations and train lines,
Killed two platoon police forces,
Beheaded a number of Adivasis,
Taking crores of rupees as tips
From the Govt. officials and contractors,
Cultivating ganja,
Has plotted conspiracy
To establish a new state
At the land surrounded by forests and hills.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This terrorist
Has drunken
Fake and polluted Quran,
Fired the train,
Bombarded on army camps,
Shooted
In schools, hotels, temples
Galleries and auditoriums,
Hijacked planes,
Committed massacre, mass rape
By the name of religion.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This business man
Adulterating cow-ghee with dalda,
Mustard oil with burnt lubricant,
Cumin-seeds with sand,
Harad-dal with Kandula,
Refreshing the dry vegetables
Applying chemicals
And selling afresh,
Cheese with paper-paste,
Adding air with petrol in vehicle tanks,
Selling vitamin tablets
Replacing

Cancer, T.B., paralysis tablets in packs,
Blocking the potatoes
Onions in the godowns
And creating scarcity in the market
Of food stops.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This priest
Behaves as if he has purchased the temple,
Takes away the money purse
Kicking devotees,
Insults lady visitors
By stripping their clothes,
Hits on the head.
Opening his garments before the Govt.
Showing his phallus,
Loots the hundi,
Makes the temple tradition rotten,
Threatens the Lord:
"Nonsense!
Has no legs or hands
Only for I you exist.
Brushing the teeth
Swallowing sixtypouties.
And think yourself as Prime Lord!
Minus us who will seek you?
The world runs for our dignity,
You do live,
Sun rises and sets,
If we desire
We can throw away your 'navi'
Into hell,
Cut your body and set fire in the oven."

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This teacher a pure voter of Govt.
A contract looter,
Selling away rice, dal, eggs of students.
Books, toys and science kits are not found,
New class rooms and urinals

Are not constructed,
Files ready with false vouchers.
Without teaching
Taking rural liquor and ganja,
Examines the sex of children,
Has made pregnant seven girl students.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This social worker
Opening the orphanage
Utilising the immatured girls
In prostitution,
In old-age home killing the old men and women
Applying the sleeping tablets
Without doctor's advice,
Selling wood logs in black
By the name of plantation,
Consuming foreign aids
Converting the poor from their own religion.
By the name of women's right
Colours the couple's small quarrels
Into serious and brutal oppressions,
Destroy their lives.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This political leader
Is root of all offences,
Opened a cheat fund and looted
Twenty lakh poor,
He cheated thousands of people
By illegal flat selling,
Deposited money in foreign banks,
Party collections go to his own account,
Created communal riots
Looted votes at the edge of bayonet,
Burnt houses,
Killing cattle
By opening slaughterhouse.
Selling national secrecy
To enemy countries,

Speaking against our country
With hands in hands
Of foreign enemies.
Looted national treasury,
Declared himself a great patriot.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This writer
Pulling the oil-crushers
Of heinous criminals and mafias,
Stole writings
Copied the scenes from cinemas,
Raped the language
Literature and culture,
Looted the honours and prizes,
Drinks honey of casting couch,
Spreads AIDs virus
From red-light areas
Throughout the capital
Without condom.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This media person
Has stamped at own buttock
The dignity of super chastity,
Crying days and nights
Projecting an ant as an elephant,
Mosquito as president,
This is the leader of all mafia leaders,
Conspiring all the while against the country.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

This judge
Big eater...,
Dead body, stool and urine...
Insufficient to this one.
All swallowed up,
Chewed the Law Code.

Order... order..., Hon'ble court is hearing!

Date after date... date after date...

Date... date... date...

Lotus moves and moves...

All are well saved,

Everyone at own place

And in one's own business!

We are crying

No tears in our eyes!

Translated from Odia by

Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Kanda

'Swing... You swing... O' elephant!
Eating Kanda you get enchanted! '

Swinging us on lap
One day
This song
Sang our grandma!

I could not be an elephant,
Could not eat Kanda.

But you?

To eat Kanda
Tied at
Elephant's tail!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SrisharanPratap

King

You are
On the throne
Made of
People's bone.

The thieves, dacoits
Murderers, Mafias...
Are your ministers
Generals
Spies
Bodyguards
Bards
Judges...,
Today
This dark night!

This night
May not exist
In tomorrow's
Bright moon-lit night.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Knowledge On Stealing

'Knowledge on stealing
Is good
If done rightly.'

This saying
They obeyed
Acted...!

Only
To this saying!

What was to happen... that happened
Yours
Mine
Of country
And everywhere...

Crying everywhere:
Save... save..... help... help...

Now
This saying
We are to obey:
'Man or elephant
Aswathama is dead.'

To devastate disease.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Kosal

Here
So many mines,
Industries, hills and forests!

People are too foolish!

Oh!
I could not be a king!
You could not be a minister!
He could not be a commander-in-chief!

There waits
Urbashi
To be a queen!

Listen:
The capital
Somewhere at coastal belt
Too far away,
Language there
Is book's language,
But here
Is purely native!

In this language
We will fill in gunpowder,
Shall build Brahmastra
'Kosal' Brahmastra!
That would be
What is to be:
Loot, burning, murder
Mass rape, massacre...

Brahmastra would blast rightly,
State would be in pieces!

Hah...Hah...Hah...
Treasuryfull gold
Ninetynine queens....,

New wine and woman!

I am the king

You are the minister

He is the commander-in-chief!

Translated from Odia by

Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SrivastavaPratap

Line

Too many unworthies
Draw rough lines...
Make themselves such,
They are curved lines.

A few do not draw rough lines
Nor do make themselves such,
They do write,
They are straight lines.

The curved line
Goes round... round and round
In dark!
And comes back
To the point
From where it started,
And ends there.

The straight line
Does not turn round
In darkness,
Nor does come back.

It runs ahead...
Surpassing the Universe
Towards Infinite...
It has no end!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Little Boat

You float in rivers... in canals...
In ponds... in creeks...
Float... you float... only for today!

If you sink
Neither sorrow nor pain,
O' my little boat!

Behind the seven seas
Where is Java, Sumatra, Bornio
And other lands
At such far distance!

Your paper-cork body
Can lift the trading goods?
If can,
Where from?

For that
I search... we search
A little job that may be!
We wait.

O' my little boat!
On this full moon day
No, never be sad,
Float... you float... only for today!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Loss

Doctor said:
If not so
My business is in loss,

Lawyer said:
Mine also is loss,

Leader said:
Also mine,

Social worker said:
Mine also,

Media-man said:
Also mine,

Intellectual said:
Also mine,

Police said:
Mine also.

At last Judge said:
Than you
My business is
Million times loss!

Now all proclaimed
In one voice.
Rape
Raping to children
Gang rape
And murder...
Happened,
Is happening,
Need to happen.

For this
Why

Capital punishment?

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Lost Song Of Sister-In-Law

A pair of Jhuntia
To my feet
You presented me
Silver anklets,

If not a golden ring,
To my hands
You presented me
Conch shell bracelets,

Stone flowers
To my ears
You presented me
Brass flowers,

Kaincha beads
To my neck
You presented me
Coral beads,

Red vermilion
You presented me
To my forehead
Hairline.

Poor you are... O' my dear,
So what, if poor you are!

So many dreams
With kohl
You filled my eyes!

So much smile
Of kurei flowers
You strung by kissing
On my lips!

With much love
You plucked my coyness

Into your body!

Poor you are... O' my dear,
So what, if poor you are!

You are my body
You are my shadow
Mingled within me!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Magic

I know magic,

Pluck bottle gourd
From our garden,
Sell in market.

Pluck pumpkin
From others' farms,
And
Fix it
On bottle gourd's stem.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Mantra

Yesterday
I was
With you,
Well wished
On the principle of
'One family on the earth.'

Matched my shoulder
With their
Pains and pleasures.

So the result is:
They looted the country
Our treasure,
Chastity of our mothers
And sisters!
Played Holi
In our blood,
Flowed the river!

Heaps of devastation
Everywhere!

Now
I am with arms,
In which cave do you hide!
Come... come out
Cowards!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Maoist

This land is ours.

Forests, hills, rivers, animals
And these ugly tribal people
All are ours.

That much you have taken from here
You have taken,
No more.

What you have done here
Is done,
No more.

Can not construct roads
Bridges
Schools
Towers
Hospitals any more...,
You can not bring light!

Much light
Is danger
To you
And also to us!

So what
If teachers, doctors
And other government employees
Did no duty!
It is right
If we get the tips.

By that
Ours meat, wine and women
Gun, bomb and mine...

We form our battalion
Kidnapping

And threatening
Young lads and ladies.
Create terror...
Loot treasure
Burn houses,
Blast bridges, towers
Train lines and police stations,
Behead... fire...
And massacre.

O' Government!
Its headmen!
You be there,
Loot...
That land is yours.

We are here
This land is ours!

Translated from Oida by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Mass-Rape

What we took?
How much? ?

You can not ask.
It is prohibited.

But
Mass-rape
By dragging away
Is true.

After rape
The head of the minor
Was pounded by stone
Is true.

Burning of face
By pouring acid
Is true.

Digging out the eyes
By iron rod
Is true.

Cutting out her breasts
By biting and dragging
Is true.

Wounding the vagina
Inserting rod
Is true.

True... True... True...
The girl is dead.

The lower court
Ordered
To hang the culprit.

We are of higher degree,
Fully veteran!
We did our work...

Thrusted... Thrusted...
And thrusted the pen
At right point,
Gave life
To the accused
To be hanged!

We held the dignity.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SrisharanPratap

Maya: Imaginary Land Of Adolescent

The filigree of dreams
In the adolescent's
Imagination
Shall roll down as tears,

Each night is moonlit night
So much you lament...
And lament...
One day will come to an end!

.....

.....

Go with flowers...
Go with honey...

O, bird!
Bird of the vital,
Remain there!

...

...

When
I was caught
By your staring net,

You cut the wings
With love's knife

How could I fly?

...

...

You are alone...
I am alone too...
The rain of Shravana falls...

Who on this bank?
Who on that bank?
Tell me:
On the bank of which river?

...

...

The moon of autumn
Has risen on the face
Dew-drenched feet,

You touched my heart
In the silent night
And broke my sleep!

...

...

Written in unknown script
A tale unintelligible
Written I was
On the heart of the stone!

By touching
With soft fingers
You read
I was wiped out!

...

...

The tossing blue lily
Of seven seas
Full of all tears!

There lies my birth
And also my death
Those are your two eyes!

...

...

Come like a storm
Go like a storm
Yet you are no storm!

You shed
The buds from the branches
And sometimes
Link it again!

...

...

Floating and floating...
Moves the autumn cloud

Where does it go?

The game of police and thief
Goes on prolonging
Where shall it end?

...

...

A line of collyrium
In your eyes
It's like line of Laxman!

Speaking... speaking:
Enough is enough
Never shall we meet.

...

...

Darkness has spread
As dark as Krishna,
Why are you standing?

The jungle fire
Burns the body
And not the jungle?

...

...

In which hidden part
Lies the black mole
Tell the secret?

I gave a kiss
On your lip
You gave it to that.

...

...

Distant islet of the river
On the branch of a Tamal tree
I am a lonely bird!

I search in vain
Your footprints
Down on the road!

...

...

You are my drowsy stream
Mahuli flower!

I am your obstinate black bee
A floating cloud!

...

...

Month of 'Chaita' has gone
Shaking the heart!

You have gone too
Blossoming flowers!

...

...

A drop of tear of my eye
You
Shall not drop!

A little sob in my heart
You
Shall not stop!

...

...

If I am 'Dhruba'
You are my dark night,

For you only
I shall emit light!

...

...

Let the ear of wall
Remain where it is,
Let the wind go in its way...

Return me
Whatever you have taken,

I swear
Will never leak the secret.

...

...

You are
The blue lily of desire,

I am
The last pyre of Mokshya!

...

...

Who goes where?
Responding to whose call?
Whose gesture?

You are the wind of 'Chaita'
Blow on...

I am the hot storm
Blow on too!

...

...

I am the black spot
Of 'Kaliyug'
My house is
Stained in black,

I was not
I shall not be
I belong to none!

...

...

Hand suddenly stopped
While giving the touch,

Your lip suddenly stopped
While kissing...
The day is lost!

...

...

Never ask me
What I am,
Everything will be over.

Can you ask the mirror
Who is the Champak-beauty?
The golden fair?

...

...

Tell me
Whose morning and evening
Are you?
The bright moonlit night?

The cuckoo's first song
From the distant past
You have been singing!

...

...

Take the eye
Take the heart
Take, as I have touched,

A small dream
A small hope
Give me small thirst!

...

...

Water from the pitcher
Over flows
You fill up
Again and again!

My wax-mind melts
I do break it
Again and again!

...

...

I am a tone
Of one line of song
You catch,
But fail to catch!

I am the hint
Of a small tale
You understand
But fail to understand!

...

...

In the branch
Of your body
When the bud blooms,

Why the wind comes
Stealing the fragrance
Without any notice?

...

...

You left
Like the dream of the dawn
Before I could rise!

Tore me apart
With lac-dye knife!

...

...

In the dense forest
You are a cooing tune!

The dream of my eye
Like the dry leaf
Has fallen down!

...

...

The empty tree
The empty branch
Who in that branch?

The empty fruit
Someone eats
In emptiness!

...

...

Don't say "no";
I will churn
Your sea of sorrow,

I will take venom
With love
Nectar is yours.

...

...

I gave something
You gave something
You took
I took,

The merchant of dreams
I sailed my boat!

...

...

While I embraced
In the moonlight
Of distant past,

Like a creeper
You crept
In my blood
In my breath!

...

...

Don't call if you call...
Oath on you...
Call me no more,

My mind
The glass-mirror
Has broken!

...

...

I know... I know
Where lies
The love,

I know... I know
Where lies
The edge of knife!

...

...

Small smiles
Small pleasures
I shall give to you,

Some more tears
Some more sobs
When shall you give?

...

...

You are 'Megha Malhar'
'Ashabari'
And 'Saberi',

Both the banks
Of murmuring desire!

...

...

I can't bear
I can't stay
You are still and silent!

I can't catch
I can't pick
My hand does not reach!

...

...

Where was this dust-storm?
Came all on a sudden
Door opened!

Lip slipped off the lip
The embrace was cut!

...

...

River of separation
You are
Over flow the bank,

The second day moon
I am
Of the far off sky
Look upon my own shadow!

Translated from Odia by
Tarun Kumar Sahu

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Maya: Inscription Of Infancy

Inscription
Of Infancy
Can be read today,

No trace shall remain
Everything will be
Wiped out one day!

.....
.....

Offered flowers
Offered kisses
Gifted house of sand,

Accepted flowers
Accepted kisses
Died and was finished!

...
...

In fake Bride-game:
Accept the moon
Accept the star
Decorate the hair,

Write letters
Tear out letters
Break my mind!

...
...

You sing
I sing
The cuckoo sings too,

Who knows
What is
Written in the song?

...
...

Whose clay-slate

Did you receive?
Whom did you
Give tin-slate?

Received
My brass-mind!
Offered
Your gold-mind!

...

...

Slow-flowing water
Cuts the stone
Where is it written?

I cut your heart
You are not seen!

...

...

Tiny star-flowers
You gave
Gave to me
Drew on the paper,

Dripped and dripped...
On infancy's village road
Dripped as the moon!

...

...

You revolve
In whirlpool
You revolve...
So do I!

How to return
We lost our way!

...

...

We turned into
Tuan and Tuin
Went into the jungle,

For fear of uncle-tiger

The heart trembled...

We lost the way
While plucking berries!

...

...

My ball rolled down...
Your ball rolled down...

No one won
No one lost
Where was goal scored?

...

...

You climbed
I climbed
We broke
The blackberry branch,

In the middle of
Branch-monkey game
You disappeared!

...

...

Today it's far away
The wedding of dolls!

It was lost...
We disappeared...
Where were buried all?

...

...

Game of Jumping stone
Was over...
Stone was lost,

Who searched
Hither and thither
The jungle
And the mountain?

...

...

One day waves broke
Someone's sand-house!

Grey crane flew away
Shedding this feather!

...

...

Kite flew away and away...
Thread
Was cut off the spindle,

Whose champak-finger
For whose love
Tied together?

...

...

No
The story is not over,
Flower-plant has not died!

The tale
Of old she-monster
How much true?
How much false?

...

...

'Puchi' got hidden
In someone's ignorance
Feet slipped off,

With trembling heart
Trembling mind
Who nestled into my arms?

...

...

'Chaiti horse' dances
You, the horse rider
Pulled the bridle,

Thick dense forest
The untrodden road
Where did you

Lead me to?

...

...

Where lies the knot
Of the tales?
Sit and make me sit!

In the story of 'Ramaprick'
You prick me and laugh?

...

...

Someday
On the bank of a pond
You asked for a blue lily,

Diving into the water
I am plucking the flower
Plucking and plucking...
There is no end to it!

...

...

You fear
I fear
When we talk about ghosts
We are afraid,

In the night of 'Kuanra Punei'
Today
We both are scarecrows!
Who will guard
And to whom?

...

...

Storm returned in its way
Breaking the fair
In the middle,

Who needed whom?

Hand slipped off the hand
Before one could catch!

...

...

Once in rain
Hail-stones
I picked up...
No, you were not!

Like a 'Rani' flower
Moonlight fell
You went laughing
Making me weep!

...

...

Not only
Mind has leaned
It has melted too!

If branch bends down
With flowers
Can we stay any more?

...

...

On the bank of the pond
With fishing-rod
I caught fish one day,

"When shall you catch
The thing to be caught? "
You whispered into my ears.

...

...

The veil of fog
The anchal of stream
The village beyond the hill,

In the narrow lane
Surrounded by
'Ketaki' flowers
Your name has been written!

...

...

Who floats for whom
In the sea of tears?

Floats and floats...

Deep inside the water
Day and night
Searches for the pearl.

...

...

Blossom of which branch?
Raw-fruit of which?

You are the dark-moon
Of the night!
I am the filigree of star!

...

...

I am plucking
Jujube leaf...
You are plucking
Lawn grass!

Who will bring
When
The unravished rice?
Who will chant the Mantra?

...

...

In the corn field
Of the river-islet
I turned into a scarecrow
To stare at the soft morning,

You changed your dress
In the bathing ghat!

The golden sunray I am!
I scattered
On your naked body!

...

...

If there is wattle
Mud can cover it...
Mud and wattle house

Is beautiful!

Who is wattle here?

I am the mud!

You are not seen at all!

...

...

Twilight...

Don't you remember?

You came across me

In the 'Pheshi' plant field,

In the blue wave

Of the flower-sea

Where did you float?

Embracing me!

...

...

The crow ate

Ripe mango

Lich in squirrel's mouth,

I was staring

Almost in a trance...

You called from behind!

...

...

I plucked guava

By using catapult

Plucked mango with a stick,

When I tried to make

A bamboo-hook

To pluck Bel fruit

You said:

'Now cock lay eggs!'

...

...

Since the early morning

The barllet bird

Has been jumping

From branch to branch,

That you are pasting
Your body with turmeric
It speaks out the same!

...

...

"I will tie Rakhee"
You spoke,
But you did not do it!

"Will you take vermilion? "
I asked,
You showed your forehead!

...

...

"As Ravan belongs to
Mandodari -the queen"
Someone poured
The 'Mahuli' liquor!

I was in waking-sleep
Someone shot the arrow!

...

...

I drew a bird
You put food
Into her beak!

I painted a fairy
You unveiled her!

...

...

I have kept berry-pickle
Inside my mind,

In our next life
O, dear!
Everything will be yours!

...

...

"Mongoose is basking...'
You gestured by winking!

My tickling glee you are!
Stealthily
You took
And gave something!

...

...

Stringed the garland
With red 'Kaincha' seed...
Can I string it now?

The thing that you gave
In the distant evening
Tell...
Can you give the same now?

...

...

You said someday:
For my sake
Touch me not
The wind blows!

For my sake
Kiss me not
The moon has bent!

...

...

How lovely and red
Your nails
By 'Rangani' flower
And palms
By 'Manjuati'!

A bird of which branch!

I fly away...
And back again...
Tell me
When to touch?

...

...

Why did you go away?

Who withdrew his hand?

Again you disappeared!

I fail to find!

...

...

Bathed with milk

In which pitcher?

Offered how many

Bel leaves?

On the night

Of Shiva Ratri

Offered which

Gajara garland

On his phallus?

...

...

Who is whose shadow?

I am behind you...

You are behind me...

There is no end to the race!

...

...

Don't gather

Dry leaves

Any more,

After the winter

Another year!

We can't get

Warmth of fire!

...

...

The far off station

Is no more visible

Everything is shrouded

In fog!

Which one is engine?

Which one is bogey?
The train moves on!

...

...

When did we fly?
It touched the clouds
My balloon...!
Your balloon...!

Who is unwanted today?
Counts the feather
Of flying bird?
Whose heart is empty?

...

...

The moon is
In your uncle's sky
I have no uncle's house!

You, the blue-moon
In my empty sky
Rise with shyness!

...

...

"Red dragonfly eludes"
You told me,
But I caught one day!

"You possess Krishna's art
Sixteen anna! "
Said again
Don't you remember?

...

...

You will ride she-horse
I know... sure
Neither on she-deer
Nor on she-elephant,

Neither the horse
Nor the hare
I shall ride a bull.

...

...

The untimely storm
Shall rush
Heart will tremble!

There may be lightning
Somewhere
Somewhere thunder bolt!

...

...

In the "Agira Punei"
Full-moon night
Fire burns... fire burns...

Which fruit you burnt?
I burnt fruit too!

Before we could taste
Our fruits are stolen!

...

...

"Maiden-squirrel
O, maiden...!
You stay,
I am going in rage! "
Who will think-
Who had said?

Today I go... truly...

Seek you not...
Weep you not
If not we met in this birth!

...

...

A boatful of dreams
I floated
You carry in paper-boat,

The lost infancy
The sweet-lies

Return with fragrance!

...

...

Translated from Odia by
Tarun Kumar Sahu

Kanishka SrisharanPratap

Maya: Sandy-Shore Of Farewell

On the sandy-shoreof farewell
In the dense fog
Losing my path
I shall stumble into the past,

Tearing out
A few pages of life
I shall offer to you
Be it thorn or flower!

.....
.....

I don't know
Who I am!
I don't know
Who you are!

I play the enchanting flute
Who am I?

You listen
Only listen
Tell me, who you are?

.....

Sailor of which river
Am I?
Sailor of which river?

In the mid...
Middle of the sea
With you
I'm lost... I'm lost!

.....

You remove hair
That has turned grey
Use hair-dye,

Now and then
It is heard...
Heard from the other world
Whose call is it?
.....

In the evening of life
The evening-wick
You go on burning,

With a little light
With a little fragrance
You weave
Net of Illusion!
.....

In the drizzling cloud
In your curly hair
Dropping pearls,

I was lost first
Today I search
At the moment of departure.
.....

Leaping over the past
Horizon of memory
Come once
With love-lore,

In the dusk
I wipe
Your rain-drenched hair!
.....

Only this much I desire
In the next life
When I come to the earth,

Blooming at least once
As 'Rajanigandha'
I shall decorate your hair.

.....

Peeping from the past
Through clouds
Whose moon-face is this!

At the end of the night
Of this life
Tell, O dear, tell?

.....

A drop of dew
On grass leaf
I may drop any moment,

Small thing it is
Yet, till today
I haven't told You!

.....

Secret tale of ages
Are written
On the Blue-sapphire
Eye of yours,

Where is with me
Spring of flowers?
We met
On such a time!

.....

"I belong to none
None belongs to me! "
O really
You are right!

Stupid I am
Lost my entity
In what illusion?
Think you to be mine?

.....

On the islet of river Luna
Was lost childhood,

On the fast flow of Luna
Was drowned youth,

On the shore of this Luna
Our body
Will mingle with clay!

.....

Not only on forehead
I have smeared on mind
Again on heart
On each part of your body
For ages
With the power of Yoga,

Don't forget
Dearest to my heart!
All the vermilion
Found in world!

.....

How much I gave
How much I got
At departing moment
I observe today,

In addition subtraction
In multiplication division
Zero
Only illusion!

.....

Fire at birth-place
Fire at wedding
You are fire!

Remains only
To be enjoyed
Fire at funeral!

.....

Listen...

I have made
The enchanting flute
With my bone,

For ages to come
It'll play tune
In your name
In this bank
Or that bank of the river!

.....

May it not be,
But if you go
Before me
To be the star of the sky,

From the branch
Of this Champak tree
I shall stare and stare
For a few days!

.....

Someday I will not exist
In this world
I will mingle
With five elements,

I know... I know
You are Maya
The world is Maya
I will transcend Maya.

.....

Wipe not
Wash not
Break not and stay
You shall exist
You, Virtuous Lady,

My last desire is:
Vermilion
Lac dye
And bangle
Don't throw
After my death.

.....

When soul leaves body
Don't put fire to it
Float it on current,

Perhaps some lover
May cross the river
On my back!

.....

Not with petals of lotus
When clay-body
Mingles with clay,

You shall draw a line
With nail
On the bank of river Luna
Write 'You' once.

.....

Came alone
Shall go alone
In the middle
Meet for a moment,

In the next birth
I shall come alone
You shall come alone too.

.....

Light up the evening lamp
At the root of holy Basil
Fall down as tears,

Being nothing in nothingness
I shall revolve

And your call hear!

.....

Tell me when
In which life
You'll pick up
My life's essence
From five elements?

In the ever fresh lotus
Of your womb
When will you implant me
As a foetus?

.....

This is my last word
This is my last song
Write on the tomb,

Near the tomb
If blooms grass-flower
You pluck...
Pluck it with love!

.....

If meteor falls
I will be there,

Turning into ash
I'll wash your feet.

.....

I pluck
A flower someday
You rebuked me,

The last love-flower
Of soul
Take
I offer to you.

Translated from Odia by:
Tarun Kumar Sahu

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Maya:Altar Of Conjugal Life

O! what serpent noose it is
Of embrace
That ties
To the altar of conjugal life!

With the magic of coitus
Who scripts
All the history of life!

.....

.....

Come bare
To the arbour of desires
With nail-bite
Tooth-bite
I'll untie the secret,

Bite with
'Tilatandula' embrace
You make love
In 'Purushayita'
Again in 'Venuvidarita'
O, my dearest dear!

...

...

Pierce into my heart
Your lofty breasts
Embrace me tightly
In 'Bidhaka'
Time and again,

In embrace of 'Lalatika'
So impatiently
You smear vermilion
On my body
In my mind!

...

...

As I desire
This night may pass

With reverse mouth-coitus,

At the bank of Konark
At the bank of Kamashastra
River Mandakini
Cross the barriers
Filled with Kamarasa.

...

...

We've scripted
Coital postures
In 'Upabista'
And in 'Utthita',

We've drenched
The moonlit night
With water
Of ecstasy!

...

...

'Karkata', 'Vinaka'
And 'Samputa'
We shall adopt
Three side-sleeping
Postures,

Today
We shall pluk the fruits
From the coitus-tree
Awaken at night!

...

...

In 'Abidarita'
'Traibikrama'
'Chakrasana'
And in all other postures...
'Indranika',

Roamed day in
And day out
We vanished
In eleven 'Urdhwomukha'.

...

...

In two 'Paravritaka'
In three 'Purusayita',

Not we...

As if

Kandarp and Rati

Indulged in

Deep love-making!

...

...

Pick me up

Quickly

Twining like a creeper,

Embrace me

Like the lightning

In mix of milk and water!

...

...

Come...

Come on...

In Bhujangasana

The moon-lighted heaven

Beckons to us!

Maddened in dalliance

Traverse the space

You will bite

I will bite too

Forget the earth!

...

...

'Sighrakala'

'Madhyakala'

'Chirakala'

You break the silence

In 'Trikala' coitus,

Drink the nectar of sex

O, enchantress

Entangle me,
In sixtyfour postures!

...

...

Eight kinds of kisses
You know
Eleven kinds of embrace,

In 'Crow'
Expert you are!
'Aswini' is your star.

...

...

In 'Mandabega'
In 'Madhyabega'
In 'Chandabega'
You come
With blow of a boar,

Water dalliance
Water sex
You eat
And make me eat
In 'Bhramara Purusayita'.

...

...

Once In 'Chitrasanghataka',
In 'Gojuthika'
We shall go
In 'Boat Dalliance'

Breaking
Postures after postures
Threshold of body
Sin and piety
In the sea of coitus!

...

...

In 'Nagakeli'
Slowly
With rhythm
With artful gestures

I move,

In 'Madhyavega'

When you come

I wait

In 'Rudra Chandavega'.

...

...

At this lonely hour of night

Who shoots five-arrows?

For whom you die?

I die for you!

...

...

Tell me

Whom do you want?

The body is warm by heat,

Full moon

On your breast...

Dark night

Present on the thigh!

...

...

How long should we

Burn in fire?

Come,

Let's play in fire,

We shall vanish

In fire

Time will stun!

...

...

In the game of cowrie

In presence of all

You lost willingly

In shame!

In coition

You never lost

Always win
How does it happen?
...
...
'Chanda' today
Is filled with memories
I am at your door,

On the second day of
Bright-moon
The bow of flower
On your lips!
...
...
Who stole the mind
By the mind?
I lost my heart!

Who poured the body
On the body?
The body I forgot!
...
...
'Jhoti' on walls
You draw,
'Jhoti' dropped
On your body!

If dropped on mind
You can't stay
Snatch the pitcher of honey!
...
...
Like stars
Bloomed
Ridge gourd flowers
On the fence
At dusk of 'Bhadraba'!

Your golden hand
Plucking and plucking
From the ribs of my heart!

...

...

Dawn breaks
At your bangles...
Morning rises
At your anklet,

In tinkling hand
In jingling foot
Day dangles down!

...

...

Where have you kept
So much poison
And so much nectar?

Kill with poison
Save with nectar
Poor I am
Fail to know!

...

...

Our stay
For a few days
Romance in art,

Earth, water
Air, fire
And in sky
Is our game!

...

...

Here now
Here not
It is the soul!

Body is decorated
How much
In the wine of
Illusion and delusion!

Translated from Odia by
Tarun Kumar Sahu

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Maya:Lac-House Of Youth

One day
Lac-house of youth
Shall catch fire,

Transcending the circle of fire
A bud
Shall bloom into a flower!

.....
.....

Who is that lotus-smelling
Bathing her golden body
On which river?

Who is he
Collecting impatiently
Lotus-pollen
From which core?

...
...

You are 'Arundhati'
You are my 'Swati'
I am a piece of sky,

A piece of clay
Under your feet
I am,
You are my jasmine flower.

...
...

I draw the picture
Of millions of years
Daily in sleep,

In which space
Who are you picture-lover
Have spread your body?

...
...

Who is that golden 'Ilishi'
In my blood-river!
You swim
Like a lightning!

The fishing rod
Has dropped from my hand!

...

...

On the edge of this paddy field
Who walks slowly?
Like the flower
Sachharum spontaneum
Keeping afloat her veil!

The feet slow down
She turns back to look
Someone pines somewhere!

...

...

Who appears as shadow
In the moon-blanching grove?
And disappears
Immediately!

I try to unite
Beyond the window
Severed wire of my heart
All through the night!

...

...

River shall dry
Youth shall vanish
We will perish one day!

Blossomed flower of the land
Does not come back
To the stem
When it withers!

...

....

Lamp goes out

I get extinguished
You burn too!

In this world
Burning is the essence
Who has fathomed it!

...

...

Give me black stain
I will take
Give me defamation
I will take,

Give me poison
In love
I will quench my thirst!

...

...

I have kept in tears
Kept in blood
Kept in mind
You must blossom!

Beyond old age and disease
Beyond birth and death
You shall emit fragrance
In my bone-flower.

...

...

Everyone knows
When the forest burns
You alone know
When I burn!

When you burn
I burn too
We turn into
A pile of ashes!

...

...

You are not
An object of pity

You are my
Object of affection,

You are not
An object of forgiveness
You are my object of love.

...

...

"I am emotional
Dipped in emotion"
You speak again and again!

Sinking into the water
Of this sea of emotion
You steal all the pearls!

...

...

I hadn't touched
The lotus-feet
Touched today,

I hadn't risen
Towards Mokshya
I rose today!

...

...

Amrapali is dear to me
You are dearer,

She had read the life
You have not!

...

...

Once you came
In my sleep
Getting drenched in rain,

"Come and see Dimiri flower"
You told me laughing!

...

...

At night you lament

Beyond the groves and groves
At the bank of which river!

The flower full of thrill
Bloomed and dropped...
Dropped...
In the body of yours!

...

...

You sent a letter
Written in tears,
"In the storm of separation
I die and die...
For you
Why?
You say? "

"The song of cuckoo
How much shall I bear?
Take away fire from my body."

...

...

You'll sleep... you'll sleep
You helpless
I shall close your eye-lids,

On the bank of distant islet
Near the tamarisk jungle
I'll take you
To the world of dreams
With sixteen love arts.

...

...

Let the thin veil
Drop from the chest
In wet wind,

Let the thin bra
Drenched in rain
Embrace the breasts.

...

...

You untied with shyness
Your bra
Made of flowers,

In twinkling of an eye
You dispelled darkness
From the eye
With beauty of art!

...

...

Nageswari is played
Tonight...
Whom does it excite?

Who bites me
Whom do I bite
Where dies who?

...

...

After you left
Love
Is like falling mango-flower,

Not the 'Taj' of love
But a broken temple.

...

...

If I go
To be embraced
By the gold-adorned hands,

I shall mingle
Within no time
By kissing red coral lips.

...

...

Come buxom lady
In honey-pitcher
Treading like 'Lakhmi',

Let not this hot summer
Come to my life

Quench my thirst!

...

...

Once

We were

Away from others

I gave shadow kisses,

On your lips

On your large breasts

On your thighs

Again and again.

...

...

All on a sudden

In lightning and thunder

Someone shot

The arrow of flower!

Getting drenched in rain

In tight embrace

You stringed a garland!

...

...

Gave on lips

Gave on cheek

Gave on your breast,

While giving on the navel

I vanished!

...

...

Neither elephant

Nor deer

Today I know

A she-horse you are!

I am a man-bull

For me in the night

You become

A passionate lover!

...

...

I gave everything
To a pair of bangles
Keep wherever you like,

I became whole and complete
In place of emptiness
Look, how I spill over!

...

...

We will go to Vatsyayana
Will go to Kanishka,

Will move
Through the pages
Of Kama Sutra
And Kamashastra.

...

...

Slowly I shall
Draw the line of nail
On your feet,

By kissing
I shall draw moon and star
On your breasts!

...

...

Shall move the waist
Move in
Mild and gentle gesture,

In love's nectar
In shining stream
We shall sink
Sink together!

...

...

Opening the red lotus
Spreading the net of petals,

I shall scatter pollen

You will receive
Not today but tomorrow!

...
...

You shall know shortly
The secret mystery of love,

You shall string in garland
The world of mortals
And the world of immortals.

...
...

Come,
I shall string
Garland of kisses
On your half-opened thighs,

I shall slowly paint
The injury of nail and teeth
Sex-stream shall flow and flow.

...
...

Into which Yoga
Shall you go, Yogini?

Shall you create
Which postures
On the bank of youth?

...
...

When I stole
Your undergarments
Holding your girdle
Passionately,

You got drenched
In moonlight
Entering through the window
With tune of love!

...
...

In Nimittaka kiss

You said, 'no...no',
And bent down in shame
Closing the eye
In Ghatitaka,

You broke my nap
Give me Chalitaka,
And opened up hastily
In Pritibodhaka!

...

...

You will come in 'Samapada'
You will come in 'Byomapada'

In these love postures
You will spread and spread
From earth to heaven!

Translated from Odia by
Tarun Kumar Sahu

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Me Too

I gave
You took
Eaten up...,

You gave
I took
Eaten up...,

Stolen and stolen
Eating and eating
You whelmed... I whelmed...
Overwhelmed!

Why now at far?
Nor took!
Nor gave!

My oven is empty
My pot is empty,
My stomach is empty
My waist-fold cloth is empty!

I lament to you
Lament on yours...
Dead and dead!

And fired
'Me too' weapon!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Measurement

How much of water
For which iron
I know... I know.

Heating and heating
In fire
In oven-shed
Hammering and hammering
Give water to it.

Make weapon
For safeguarding
My language, literature
Reformation and culture
Sharpen it by grindstone.

Now
You may die
Or my kinsmen,
I have no option
Friends
I have no option!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Middle Class

Sky falls...
Earth sinks...

Pungent smell
Of ruined dreams
Everywhere...!

Not today,
It has been
Ages after ages!

By a piece of cloth
Shame is not hidden.
We are middle class!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Mine

We are rich
We need mines.
Unending mines...

We have.

Dig
Dig out...
Loot...
The middle class
And stomach of the poor.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Modi Mantra

Hindu Nation
Uniform Civil Code
Ram Mandir at Ayodhya...
To build is false,

Prohibition of cow slaughter
Unearthing of black money,
Article 370 and 35A
Great bolt of Jammu and Kashmir,
To root out
Is lie... lie.

O' my dear farmer brothers
Traders
Labourers
Beggars...,
Thieves, dacoits, mafias
Looters, rapists...
And wealthy brothers!

O' my dear maoist brothers
Terrorists...
Traitors...
Outside enemies!

You
Who at anywhere
How
In what way
Stay,
And go ahead...

"With all
Development of all"
Is my great Mantra,

Vote for me...
Vote for me.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Need

Let that be
In that palm-leaf manuscript
Love
Affection
Justice
Morality
Reformation
Culture...,
Those are
Words of ancient ages!

Remember:
Money
Wine
Women...
Only wants for us.

Less a bit of it
Fruitless is life!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Net

You knit a net
Of false
Pretensions
And complexities,
Fixed on hands
Tiger-nails!

Looted everything:
Language, Literature, culture...
Of native land,
Of honest people!

Now see:
How dropped
Your tiger-nails!

Within yourself
Your tongue, hands and legs
Have split!
Backbone is broken!
Brain is smashed!
Blood has turned into water!

I am standing
In front of you,
Who?
A bit of truth!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

One Day

One day
You painted
Flowers in muruja
Crops in muruja
The sky in love,
And moon of the distant horizon,

Promised to draw
The picture of honeymoon night,
Night passed
You forgot!

One day
You drew
The foot print of Laxmi,
Stars bloomed
Like flowers!
Jhoti flashed
On your body!

When flashed in your mind
You could not stay,
Looted...
Full vase of honey!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Oppressed

They
Those bastards
Oppressing and oppressing you...
Oppressed!

Occupy
Indra's throne,
Enjoying
Kubera's wealth.

Despise you...

You are
Blind beggars,
Deprived of your right!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Patriotism

I
Love my country,
Furtively... silently...!

Come... O' my friends,
You also love
Just like me!

Country's soil, water, air
Mine. forest, food
Public lives...,
For the country
For the nation
Who fights...
His blood, flesh, bone, skin...
We will eat.

Will greet on independence,
Speak on patriotism,
Unfurl 'Triranga'
Once in a year,
For a day!

We would not leave there,
Will loot
The colour of 'Triranga'
Furtively... silently...!
Weaving illusion!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Poem Of Revolution

'O' brother
What are you doing? '

: I'm reading.

'Which subject? '

: Revolutionary poem.

'What! Revolutionary poem!
Let me hear.'

: Yes, listen:

"... I issued red-corner notice
O' God
Receive,
By tomorrow morning
Within twenty four hours
You vacate the throne of heaven."

'Wah... wah!
What a poem you are reading! '

: Why... what happened?

"O' bloody fool!
Don't you understand this?
Listen...
God will vacate the throne of heaven,
Who would sit there?
He would sit
Who has composed this poem!
He would enjoy all,
Liquor, ganja, opium, heroin...
Will be short for him,
Roll on embracing
Rambha, Urbashi, Menaka...,
Goddess Laxmi will be helpless
Will be tortured more,

Then
Will happen... what is to happen,
Your pant won't remain
On your buttocks! '

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Poet

"Poet's tongue...
Sheep head."
Someone told sometime!

Now bursts:
To speak the truth
To hear the truth!

Muzzle in mouth!
Closure in ears!

When to loot
And conspire
No muzzle!
No closure!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Poet Great-Poet

"Poet's tongue...
Sheep head."
Someone told sometime!

Now bursts:
To speak the truth
To hear the truth!

Muzzle in mouth!
Closure in ears!

When to loot
And conspire
No muzzle!
No closure!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Poor

We are your brothers,
For you
We hold umbrella.

Looting and looting you
We are rich,
Opened media houses
Became leaders.
Upheld the pride of the nation.

Now a little
Our testicle
Has got into a crusher...
For whom,
He has so much water!
Telling us:
'You are poor.'

Wake up...
Rise... rise
Brothers,
Run to us...
We use matchstick
You pour petrol,
Die.

Revolt...
Uphold the pride of the nation.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Quota

Crane laid eggs
Swan eggs!

Cat gave birth
Tiger babies!

In quota.

By this quota
Country is running ahead!

Running ahead
To devastation.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Rama Mandir

There was
A Rama Mandir.

Beheaded millions...
Demolished that,
On its debris
Built a hell- 'Babri Masjid'
A barbarous bastard.

That hell
Collapsed one day
When we woke up.

Now
Scattered
The bricks and stones
Of that hell
Everywhere!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Rare Species

God has created us.
Not now
Once
We were rare species.

In drains, mud, stools, dead bodies
And many other places like this,
We live,
And also eat that!

Do roll... roll... roll on...

In knowledge, talent and intelligence
We cross others
Cheat others!

No medicine for us.

When danger comes,
Below the testicle
Anus hole of anyone,
Our worship place
Gateway of salvation...
We enter.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Research

Elephant has stooled
A wood-apple,
Means
Unwounded shell of
A wood-apple.

A shrewd jackal marked it
From screw-pine jungle.
And gave
This happy news
To his followers.

All barked and barked
In news papers
T.V. channels
And howled: 'Hookke ho... hookke ho'.

Where did grow this wood-apple?
How many days old?
When did the elephant see?
How did he swallow it-
Through his mouth or anus?

How much of juice was in it?
How many days did it take to digest?
How much of energy did it produce?
From that how much was saved
To impregnate a female elephant?
So many new facts
They discovered.

From this
Earned name and fame
Made us fool.

Before it
They howled
For rasgullah.

Rasgullah has not yet stopped,
Now wood-apple is on stage...,
They have turned towards gulgullah!

Be careful
Gentlemen!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Reservation

At midday
In screw-pine bushes
Delivered me
Those leaders.

By my name
Looted vote,
Sat on chair,
Ate...,
Country is empty!

You voter
Hindu voter
Without killing me
From root
Took care... Fed...,
Got empty!

Now I am a great tree!

Now time of civil war!

You will be hewed!
Again
Country will be
Divided!

Translation from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

River

River
Full of water!

To us
To our fields
To our Industries
It gives and gives...

In so many ways
Dividing the self
River becomes dry!

O' friend,
What have you given to whom?
What have I given?

We are rocky land!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Root

Round cracker

Blasts:

Would do this... do that...

Blasts and blasts!

Astrologer

calculates:

Zodiac signs... stars

Days and moon

Movement of planets

Seeks and seeks favourable time!

Black-bee

Hums:

If done this... may happen that

If done that... may happen this

Yes or no... yes or no

Thinks forever!

Pillar

Installed into so deep:

Never moves

Strongly holds the earth!

The roots of these four categories

Are World famous,

They are good for nothing.

Translated from Odia by

Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Sacrifice

Someone sacrifices hen,
Another sacrifices goat,
Another sacrifices buffalo,
And another sacrifices man!

Truth is sacrificed
Forever...
For fulfilment of desire
For fulfilment of self-seeking.

I do sacrifice
Untruth
Self-interest
For my country.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Seed

"He says
To bury us!
But he does not know
We are seeds!

We would sprout out
Breaking the grave
Splitting the earth,
Spread branches
All over the world! "

Someone laughed:
Yes, you are seeds,
Seeds of nonsense wilds!

Now you see
And search...,
Where is your mother-leaf
And your mother-root!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Shastra

That
Cannot bloom love
In the heart...

That
Cannot feed anyone...

That
Cannot flourish the life...

That
Cannot enlighten the life's path...

That
Dharma Shastra
Artha Shastra
Kamashastra
Mokshya Shastra
Are impure goods,

We don't need.
Throw them into funeral pyre.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Skin

See

I have peeled the skin,
You also peel it.

We will make a tent.

In that

Preserve the pearls,
Our custom and culture.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Smoke

This smoke is:
Our spell
Our chant
Our meditation!
Only for your welfare.

The rest
Of the earth
Water
Air
Sky
We will immerse
In the smoke!

You would be
Searching... and searching
Your lungs
Heart
Liver
Corn fields...
Everything,
Searching
In the smoke!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Song

Crossing after crossing
Turning and turning
Square after square!

Somewhere
There is thorn,
Darkness
Mirage
And bloodshed!

Still to pass...
Piercing those chests,
To sing
Song of life.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Song Of Farmer

Here is my root
Here are my branches
Days and nights are here too!

Here is my hut
Children
A piece of garden
Few patches of field!

Here is smile and tear
Full moon and festivals
Old age and diseases,
Needs and scarcities
All... all!

Who is the king!
Who is the minister!
What is to me?

Here is my sun and rain
Dew and winter,
Here
Will extinguish my life!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Story Of Three Monkeys

I know
The story of three monkeys
Very well!

I do
Never see
Never listen
Never speak
Bad things.

Let the country
Be washed away...
Ruined
For these bad things,
Nothing to me!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Stumble

In fragrance
In coo
In furtive looks
Who has not stumbled!

I do stumble
Once or twice.

Get up
Wipe out dusts from the body,
May it be a sweet memory
Or a serious wound
I do step forward
With these.

Till the end of my road
That runs to the west!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Take O' Take

A bit of smile
Drenched in dew
At pond's bank,
To your lac-dyed feet
A little cough.
Take O' take...

You may not take
The tender touch of scarecrow,
Let that go to fire...
The touch of full moon night
I decked
With ridge gourd blossoms.
Take O' take...

Half eaten jujube berry
Of Luna islet
To give or not to give
While I think,
You snatch away.
In that sour tamarind
So much honey!
You pinch while taking.
Take O' take...

At the narrow village lane
You sprinkle water
On my face
From your pitcher,
While clasping
Your champak hands,
You slip
Lighting fire.
Take O' take...

I have opened
The casket of matchless value!
Take O' take...

Only with this
Much is finished,
Much I streamed!

Whatever is left
I cannot give,
Leave O' leave!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Temple

Not once,
Those barbarous bastards
Attacked
Looted
Fired... And broke...
Lakh of temples
Monasteries
Our worship homes
Thousand times.
On that debris
Built hell!

Pissed on idols
Stooled...,
Drilling the nose
Tying rope on neck
Skin-rope,
Pulled away...,
Fixed on
The step of hell!

Beheading crores of heads,
They mass raped
Crores of our mothers and sisters
Daughters and brides...,
Killed brutally!
Smashed
Our culture... heritage...,
Earth trembled in fear!

Country crushed into three pieces!

Fighting and fighting...
We are alive,
Alive our religion,
And fighting now...!

Leader of those bastards
Today

Is dressed as judge!
And saying:
'Why you boycott
My kinsmen?
Open the door.'

Answer to it:
"Our temple is ours,
To whom we will allow
Or not,
Is our birthright,
Religious decision.

Who are you?
Get out traitor
Bastards leader! "

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

The Dark-Man

Was a dark-man...

He tied blindfold
On your eyes,
Pushed closure
In your ears,
Locked your mouth!

Nothing you saw
Nothing you heard
Nothing you said!

Lost... everything is lost!

Holding at your hand
A spinning wheel,
He took away your brain!

Was a dark-man...!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Thinker

Abadhuta Haras
Ramakanta Horses
Raja Aja Indras...,
You are thinker
Great thinker!

See:
Now you are staying
In that cave,
On the floor of that cave
Scattered...
Torn breasts
Torn vaginas!

Whose?

Your daughter's
Your sister's
Your mother's...!

That you had eaten
By snatching...
And eating now!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Tiger Cultivation

Sal, Piasal, Shishu, Sagan...
Trees are vanished!

Tiger vanished
Bear vanished
Elephant vanished
Deer vanished...!

Now what is left
You will eat?
I will eat?

We need tiger
Only tiger,
Royal Bengal Tiger!

Will purchase,
Set free in this empty jungle.
Tiger will enter in village,
Kill and eat villagers.
Dead man's family will shout
Demand compensation,
To drive out tiger
Agitation will spread.

Camera will be set
Capture tiger's movement!
We set false nets,
Tranquilizer will fail.

Elephant will be brought
From border state
To hunt the tiger.
Gunman sitting on elephant
Will be fire
At air!

Month will passed after months...,

One day we feed opium
To elephant.

The game of hundred crores
Will score a lot!

Tiger on it's way...
Elephant on it's way...
We are on our ways...

Our pocket will be hot!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Today Is Very Cold

'Today is very cold! '
Only with these words
Who touched
Strings of the harp?

'Come closer! '
Only with these words
Who broke
Waist river-dam?

'So naughty you are! '
Only with these words
Who lit the fire?

You burnt
I burnt,
Who turned into ash?

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Traitor

We
All the bastards
Inhuman heinous bastards
Born out of venomous blood
Have made union.

Pakistani Muslims
Are our super fathers!

For votes... for seats... to loot:
We blast bombs
Make riots.

We do rape
Our motherland
Mother tongue
Vedas
Upanishads
Gita,
Our mothers, sisters, daughters...!

This is our great chant,
Supreme meditation.

Take,
We offer you
Free of cost!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Tree

My grandfather
Grandfather's grandfather
Who for what
Planted this tree?
I don't know.

I do sit under
Its shadow,
I hear bird's song
From the branches,
Eat the fruits.

Today
With a sawmill
Price is fixed,
Trade is over.

Tomorrow
Trunk will be his,
Without price
Root is mine.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Tree Of Venom

One father
One uncle
Ate and ate... Women flesh
Tied a knot... Dog's knot.

Blew a chant...
Sowed the seed...

Split... split...
Split the country
Into three pieces.

In murder... loot
Burning... escape
Mass rape... massacre
Killed a crore,

Made the history
Unfurled a flag.

Under that flag
Read that history
From seed to seed
Spread the tree...
Gave the fruit
Dreadful venom!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Truth

I spoke the truth
So is the storm
A terrible storm.

So many daggers
Bombs and black-guns
Target me
From all around.

What can be done now?

May I hide in the cave?
Or
May I surrender at their feet?

No such is not written
In my fate.
Then?

Now
I may fire the missile
Of great truth!

As soon as it bursts
Must create a wonderful road!
For my grandson
Grandson's grandson.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Tulu Pump

So many scientists!
So many Doctors!
So many Engineers!

Their intelligence
Is no match
To a Tulu Pump!

Could they bring out
From human brain
Shrewdness of Jackal?
Venom of poisonous snake?

No,
What a need
To bring out all those!

Let it be there
To rise more and more...,

We do not need
Tulu Pump!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Turn

Today
Is my turn.

You are barking...
Bark on:
" Took away
Eaten all
Country dipped into corruption
And so on...! "

I would be taking
Eating
It is true,
Must be paying something to you!

Tomorrow is your turn
You would sit on the throne.

I shall bark
Go on barking...,
And gathering
As much as I would get,
Just like you!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Untimely Bud... Untimely Baby

Mana is here... Sera is here
Kadi and Jarib are also here.

How much have I taken?
How much have I given?
Know not to measure
That you may...,
Untimely bud... Untimely baby
I am dropped alone!

Now and then... Here and there
Whomever I met
For a moment
Shared sorrows and joys.
Such a star have I
No account I have
Of addition, deduction, multiplication, division.

I welcomed flowers
Welcomed thorns
With a smile
Blood or tears...
Whatever came to my door.
While wishing I am a bee,
Untimely bud... Untimely baby
Dropped alone!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Vaccine

Go...

Beat the drum,
Inform the people
This happy news:

'High-tech Vaccination centre'
Will be inaugurated
On 15th August.

Dogs... hybrid dogs
Will be selected
Among the intellectuals.

They would be awarded
With dignifying titles
Allowances
And special Vaccine
For expanding their dynasties.

Go...

Beat the drum,
Inform the people
This happy news.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Village

Where is lost
My lovely village!

The temple of village goddess
Is no more a temple,
Who did encroach its land?
Violence and bloodshed
Sometimes here!
The temple-yard is a dice-board!

The holy cottage of Bhagabat
Has turned into a club,
Entered politics
Chicken, liquor
Sword, dagger with bomb.
How to ruin
One's line of descent?
How to destroy
One's means of living?
Calculations on
Tit for tat!

School building is quite new,
With ugly pictures
And obscene words
Written on
Its walls.
Teacher loots rice and dal
Steals eggs,
Committee takes bribe.
This is how
Pupils are taught!

At the pond's bank
Turns round the eagle's eyes,
Half-naked ladies and girls
In drenched clothes
Have their baths,
Give something...

Take something...
Catch fishes by sharp eyes,
Young and old
All otters
Are equally over-drunk!

And someone
Pours poison
In the water!

Where is village cremation ground!
Chakunda, palm, kochila trees
Who has cut and taken away,
Ploughed the land!

How disappeared
Mango orchard!
Not known to anyone!
Fox, jackal and mongoose...
Vulture, kite, lark, myna...
Weaver birds flew away
Who knows
Where they are!

At the village square
Wine, ganja, hemp-syrup
As much as sex oil
Sex capsules
Net packs,

Facebook makes
More drama
Blue film
Raw sex,
Turmoil at each home!

All gods meet here!
Ganesh, Durga
Viswakarma...
In gorgeous celebrations,
Huge collections
Nude dances

Huge excitement!

Left behind
Half ploughed field,
Herb patch not in garden,
To labour who cares!
If one does,
Where comes thief ?
One rupee rice
Government pension
Make everyone's brain out!

Where is river's islet?
New born girl is thrown there
In screw-pine bushes
And pushed to die!
New married bride
Is murdered for dowry,
Her skull is found there.

Village girl is raped...,
Hangs from tree
Whose dead body
Floats in the river!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Wake Up

Wake up
The day has dawned,
" Allah ho Akbar"
Is heard.

Guns
Bombs
Suicide bombers
Chemical weapons
Drugs
Viagra
Maps...
Everything is ready.

Hindus are our enemies
Seculars are our friends,
Dogs!

Wake up
The day has dawned,
Seventytwo virgin vaginas
Calling us,
Wake up.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Wall

Brahma Vishnu Maheswar
I had written here,
A B C D...
And other lessons
My first lessons
On this wall.

Also my brother!

Tree, cow, sheep, bird
House, hill and river
I had drawn so many pictures,
Here
On this wall.

Also my brother!

Small songs of childhood
We had written together,
Here
On this wall!

My mother and my sister
Had drawn sacred earthen pot
Green coconut
Mango branches
Paddy, flowers
Sahnai, fortune conch
And other wedding pictures
Of my brother,
And of mine
On this wall!

Now that wall is not there,
The earthen wall!

We have built
A new wall
Of bricks and metals

Among us!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Water

Where is not water!

In rivers

Seas

Lakes

Creeks...,

In clouds

In heart of stone

In movables and immovables!

Everywhere

In everything

There is water and water!

Still

The thirst is so...

Quenches never!

Translated from Odia by

Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Way

From primitive times
Our father's... father's father
Made the way
For us,
Where was left
Some holes.

Today
We
Their son's... son's... son's son
Instead of filling
Those holes
Have made
Deeper and dark,
Digging... digging
And looting!

Now waiting
The dark of fathomless depth
For our grandson's son!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

We

From
Where did you come,
From there
I came!

What do you eat,
That also I eat!

One day
You will mingle into earth,
I will be!

Only difference is:
You
Worship lie,
I am
Sword of truth!

Translated from Odia by
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Kanishka SricharanPratap

Whip

I am not your enemy,

May not be a flower
But not thorn,

Where is immorality
There I stand,

And whip.

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Widow

Wiped away the vermilion
From the forehead,
Wiped away the lac-dye
From the feet,
Broke the bangles
From the hand!

In untimely storm
Under the fathomless heart
Burns the funeral pyre!

Fallen
Not yet fallen down,
Connected the stem
Too a little,
My incomplete life
Of half a dream!

Where do I float?
My tears
Are seven seas!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Winnowing Pan

Winnowing pan
Winnows the corns.

Come...
We would winnow ourselves.

In society
In culture
In tradition
In country
And in life...
Where may be
All worthless things,

Would throw away
Like a winnowing pan!

Translated from Odia by
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Kanishka SricharanPratap

Worthless Fruit

'Give... if you like.'
: Take... if you like.

In giving and taking
Maddened a group
Opening the back door
In dark...
Plucked the fruit
Of worthless beauty!

Spread the disease
An epidemic!

Language
Literature
Culture
Tradition,
Pride and honour
Of this nation
Sank down everything...,
In the fathomless depth of vagina...
By the movement of
Venomous penis!

Translated from Odia by
Subash Chandra Mohapatra

Kanishka SricharanPratap

Yoni

Padmagandha
Matsyagandha
Medagandha
What you are?

Fertility of your Yoni
Is so much and much
You delivered and delivered
Delivered only:
Like pig
Like mosquito
Fly, gnat, gadfly, leech, worm, crab...,
And fruit!

Spread epidemic!

Proclaimed to be
Poet
Story writer
Researcher...
Man of pure literature!

We cultivating and cultivating
Vatsyayana's Kama Sutra
Kanishka's Kamashastra
Tasted the smell of your Yoni,
You are Madhagandha!
A Hell!

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