

*A Green Dove
in Silence*

Forty Prose Poems in Translation

Gauranga Mohanta

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Jones Beach and Breathing Line

The leaves are dreaming of fire before getting dropped on the road to *Jones Beach*¹. We feel the restlessness of the Atlantic having an idea that fire burns even after death. You find some paths under the water. You help me to trace the path in which your breath is released. We dive into the water to follow your breathing line. We will be coming back to the beach compounded with oyster particles — your hair will be flying in the air keeping pace with breathing speed.

Translated by Gauranga Mohanta

¹ A beach of the Atlantic Ocean located in New York, United States.

The Tale of Ever-flowing Life

The invisible cascade that flows consistently in the heart is ever-identified as life. Its recurrent swollen motion forms an alive lake. The rare blue lotus and watery bushes unveil an in-depth clear-sighted story of life.

An inexplicable emotion is attached to my sense of life and death. I sacredly nourish in the very core of my existence. I am all along overwhelmed by the brightness of blossoms linked to the cycle of my conscious and subconscious mind.

A sensitive mind is not instrumental; it cannot have its retreat to its origin, even being aided by technology. Life finds its ally with river since both cannot travel back to their original track anymore; either it merges or ceases to exist. If it has to come back, it takes a new shape for untrodden ways. Then it is not a river, a lifeless abyss. Human life cannot be meaningful if its values are not nurtured and honored.

of life. Instantly the vibrating imagination accompanied by sawdust can float on cloud-cold air. Ever-waiting tears provide a person with ultimate company. Life may be perfect to some extent. An empty cup gets fulfilled with the pure stream of warm tears.

A sense of emptiness complicates life's meaning. As emptiness does not have well accepted meaning, it is fairly difficult to discover exact form of suffering.

Is life a meaningless prolonged speech? Sometimes I think to wipe out some words or remove the complete sentence. Sometimes I think there is meaning even in meaninglessness. Humans cannot go through all experiences of life.

Translated by Nitai Saha

The Tale of Ever-flowing Life • 45

When compassion is added to the human values, existence validates itself. It penetrates lacerations into the heart of *Palas'* season. Moments of anguish burn. The burning concerns ensure blooming of future parts of a second. After burning the corn field crops up in the gracious ashes.

Expectation and fire in life are infallible. Unwanted desires occasionally find shapes. Escape from life is a far cry even when it is not worth-living. The symbol that is more than an abode is essential for life. Life void of symbols is equal to lifelessness. An anti-institutional mind also yearns for wilful bondage which is heart-drenching. The color, odor and touch of a lotus produced by a stream of thought add thrilled and infinite life of existence. Life is a dreamy stalk of lotus. As I know listening to the sounds of deeper stream of life is not vicious when love turns out to be true, I submit myself to the realm of life-scenery-sound.

Life turns grey when ripened. Greyness is sometimes distinct and speedy, sometimes indistinct and delayed. Uncertainty and dolefulness are the distressing symptoms

1 A seasonal flower (*Butea monosperma*) of the Indian Subcontinent and Southeast Asia.