

No. 5 from Shesh Lekha

One more time, if I may,
I would like to find that seat
on the lap of which is spread
a caress from a foreign land.

Runaway dreams from the past
may flock there yet again
and with their inchoate hummings
build a nest for me once more.

Resurrecting the happy hours
it may make me my waking sweet
and the flute that has fallen silent
restore the melodious airs.

At the window, arms outstretched,
it may waylay the sense of spring
as the great silence's pacing
is heard in the midnight universe.

It will last forever in my ears
the whispers of that beloved woman
who has spread this seat for me
with her love from the foreign land.

It will keep for ever unsleeping
that message, so sad, so tender,
of the woman whose language I did not know
but those eyes were eloquent.

(Santiniketan - 6 April 1941)