

Lapis Lazuli

An International Literary Journal

ISSN 2249-4529

www.pintersociety.com

GENERAL ISSUE VOL: 8, No.: 2, AUTUMN 2018

UGC APPROVED (Sr. No.41623)

BLIND PEER REVIEWED

About Us: <http://pintersociety.com/about/>

Editorial Board: <http://pintersociety.com/editorial-board/>

Submission Guidelines: <http://pintersociety.com/submission-guidelines/>

Call for Papers: <http://pintersociety.com/call-for-papers/>

Lapis Lazuli

All Open Access articles published by LLILJ are available online, with free access, under the terms of the Creative Commons Attribution Non Commercial License as listed on

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/>

Individual users are allowed non-commercial re-use, sharing and reproduction of the content in any medium, with proper citation of the original publication in LLILJ. For commercial re-use or republication permission, please contact

lapislazulijournal@gmail.com

CS LAKSHMI

Translated Poems**The Sunlight Left a Long time Ago**

Woman never realizes
When she becomes alone
She sweeps the floor
She dusts the windows and doors
To keep them shining
And she caresses those walls
Holding which her son
Had learnt to take his first steps.

Woman never realises
When she becomes alone
For years she remains as if hung
On the wall-pegs
Of her house.
She changes the photographs in the frames
And looks intently at the photographs
Of those children who have now grown up
And have left home
But children imprisoned in the minds of woman
Never grow up
She never allows them to grow up for her

Woman never realises
When she becomes alone
Discoloured sofa and cushion covers
Still look attractive to her
Reminding her of good old times
When they get torn after use
She changes them into colours
Close to those
That were there before they faded
As if the past is sitting firmly
On those sofas

Woman never realises
When she becomes alone
She still makes pickles and snacks
And waits watching endlessly
Till they catch fungus
Waiting for someone going abroad
Who can carry them for her children...
Even now she waits for
The tomato prices to go down
So that she can fill bottles with sauce
When the raw mango season comes
Murabbas and chutney have to find a place
In the balcony as the sunlight fades
Glazed earthenware with their mouths
Covered with a piece of cloth
Can be seen around
Every morning
She stirs the pickle
But cannot send them to her children...
Finally
With a hidden smile
She distributes the pickle
Among the neighbours
And she feels as if
She has risen a few inches!
She can't see behind her
That the neighbours take pity on her
And keep the sample bottles of
Sauce, murabbas and pickles
In some corner of the house.
How much they oblige her!
So that she can leave the pickles
And take with her
The tightly held bundle of her illusion
Of not being alone!
And then comes a day
When her limbs become weak
She comes out muttering something

Listen to her carefully
She will be saying
Please wait! Please listen!
The sun has shifted to the other side
Please shift the pickle jars towards the sunlight.

Poor She ! does not know
The sunlight has faded a long time ago
Now it is time for the rare moon
Of the second day of the lunar fortnight
To slowly fade away ...

Translated from Sudha Arora's Hindi poem "Dhoop toh Kab hi Jaa Chuki Thi"



Don't go foraging into my words

Don't go foraging into my words
For anything intoxicating

What lies thrown in them are
Half burnt bones and ashes
And the ghosts of ancestors dead and gone

In the lines of the poem
Would be the stench of blood
Oozing from fingers

The bulk of my words are destined to contain
The slush of my house
Which never carried the fragrance of a flower
And the drunken abuses of Munirathnam Chitappa
After a tired working day

Our musical notes, never to be found,
Have got submerged in piercing shrieks
And the lights of our lamps
Extinguished by brutal flames

It is the dissolved cow dung
Forced down the throats of our ancestors
That I spew out

Translated from Yaazhan Aadhi's Tamil poem

Lapis Lazuli

The King of a Forest with No Rights

Beyond the mountains
 In the place of the sun
 You rise and expand
 Pushing aside the snow-covered peaks
 You are seated there
 The forest of my love
 Is wild with dark green curly heads
 You announce yourself as the king of the forest
 And pierce me till my roots
 With your rays of light
 You rule thrilling me with an embrace
 I roll down the curved paths
 Like a river
 You have wings
 You fly into all the crevices
 Holding me in your mouth
 Our poems graze
 All over the forest
 The radiance and strains of music
 Of the one who entered inside
 Open secret locks
 And now
 The wounds opened by the king
 Will bloom all over my forest
 And spread fragrance until sunset.

Translated from Anar Issath Rehana's Tamil poem "Urithhillaatha Kaattin Arasan"

Lapis Lazuli

Why does your mind wilt so much

Why does your mind wilt so much
When you come back home
To see no one there?
Is it because you have stayed for so long
In a house where there is no one?
Or is it because
Someone has lived in that house before this?
Or is it because
In the house with no one
Someone is living
Without your knowledge?
My problem is different
I open the door every day
And enter the house where no one lives
This world tells me something every day
To be conveyed
I hang my shirt on the hanger
And come and stand in the hall
With scattered objects
And start telling the image on the mirror
The message conveyed by this world to me
I have no other complaints except that
It looks like me.

Translated from Manushyaputhiran's untitled Tamil poem

BIO-NOTE

C. S. Lakshmi (Ambai), born in 1944 in Tamil Nadu, is a distinguished and decorated fiction writer in Tamil. Her works are characterized by her passionate espousal of the cause of women, humor, a lucid and profound style, and a touch of realism. She is presently the Director of Sound & Picture Archives for Research on Women (SPARROW) in Mumbai. She is one of the most important Tamil writers today. Most of her stories are about relationships and they contain brilliant observations about contemporary life. Exploration of space, silence, coming to terms with one's body or sexuality, and the importance of communication are some of the recurring themes in her works. Her stories have been translated into English and many other languages. The Library of Congress holds several of her writings in its collection.

E-mail id: sparrow1988@gmail.com

