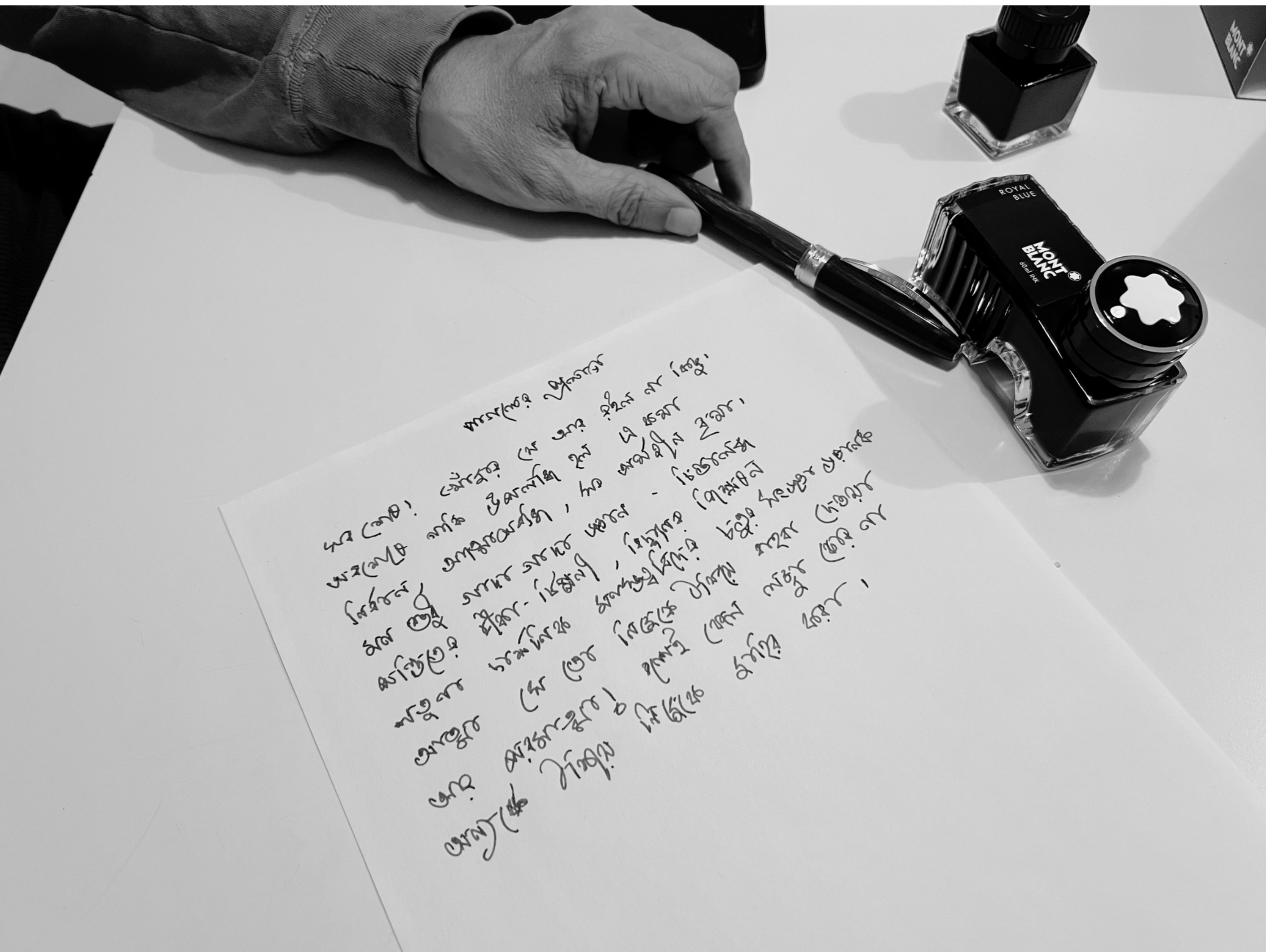


Litany of a Madman



S A B Y A S A C H I G U H A

Litany of a Mad Man

Sabyasachi Guha

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Poem translation from Bengali to English:
Tanusri Chatterjee

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Radhika Venugopal

Note:

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www.guhasabyasachi.com

Litany
of a
Mad Man

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Other Titles

Guha talks with the Mother of God

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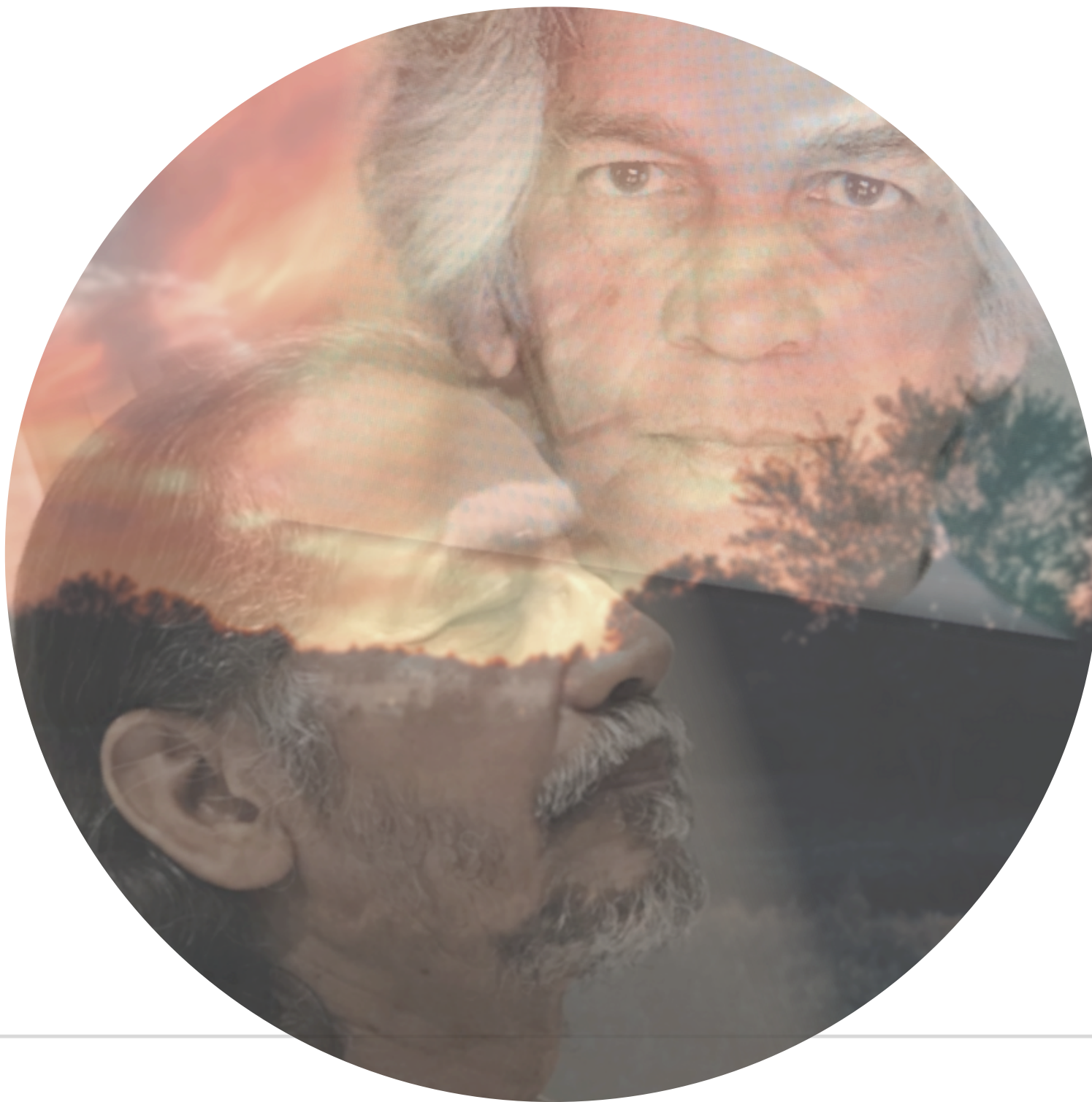
Back to Square One

In Palm Springs with U.G. Krishnamurti

Life Finds Its Way

Utsarito Aalo (Bengali)

U.G. Krishnamurti, Ek Jibanto Kahini (Bengali)



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sabyasachi Guha, was a Rutgers University research scientist, whose quest to find the truth and purpose of life was unquenchable. Then fate brought him to the doorstep of the Sage U.G. Krishnamurti in 1995.

Guha's interactions with U.G. created an immense physical turmoil heretofore unbeknownst to him. His mental state teetered at the brink of what the world would identify as "madness". During that time, his being erupted with a volcanic outpouring of words in the form of what could be called "poems" in his mother tongue, Bengali.

This ebook is a translation of those poems into English.

The journey Guha embarked on to find what he called the “purpose of life” before and after meeting U.G. is an unimaginable love story. His introspection of his physical transformation, the discrimination with which he vehemently identified the social imprints and conditioning and ruthlessly discarded what had been said and done by the authorities of spirituality and religion was a sincere “giving up” and surrender to the Unknown.

Guha travels around the world to meet people who invite him to share the process and voyage that led him to become a true slave of "Mother Nature."

Radhika Venugopal
July 21, 2022
New Jersey





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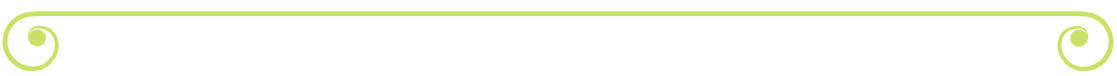
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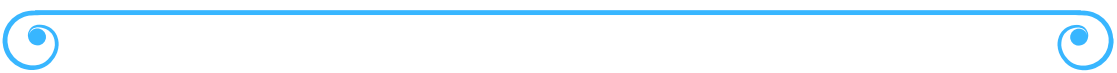
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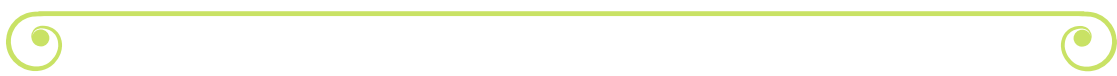
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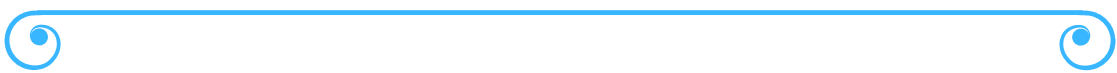
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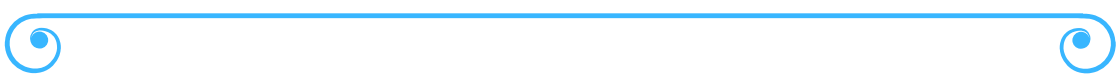


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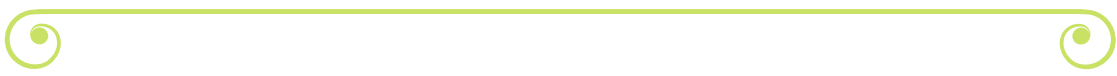
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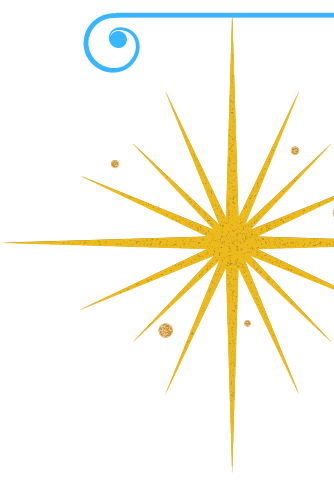


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 U.G. Krishnamurti
My Oblation to
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GUHA



*Like the Orion and it's hound
on a cloudless new moon night
Unparalleled is such a One
Shrouded in mystery
akin to stars
on an eternal journey
Even death bows down in praise
To the lotus-feet of the One,
the ALONE,
whose depth is oceanic.*

Litany
of a
Mad Man

S A B Y A S A C H I G U H A

Aham

O Consciousness,
why did you give birth to this?
It was better off being one with everything;
Stringing yourself with an unwritten tune,
Why did you hand it a sense of freedom?
Ensnared by temptation
in the illusive net of Maya,
It hurtles towards a mirage in the great void.

Trapped in a vortex
it declares arrogantly,
“I was born in the past, I reside in the past,
I am the indestructible
King of Darkness”.

A deafening roar wafts in,
Breaking the deep slumber of time,
The Susumna trembles
and shivers in delirium,
Stirring up the unstruck sound.

*It does not know
it's a mummy in the coffin,
Reared by the false and meaningless mind,
How can it touch life which is ever new?
Frightened by life's firepower it shudders,
Fearing its world will come crashing down,
Lest pleasure and self-interest disappear;
Sweet melody sounds like the death knell.*

*Tremendous heat burns away bondage,
Radiation melts the net of illusory desires,
Fancies die in the vast, empty desert,
The lonely self is at the brink of extinction.*

*With a last ditch effort it tries to
trap the new in the old frame,
Hoping to breathe a sigh of relief
in its dark kingdom.*

*Like the hidden wealth of a miser,
It remains in darkness for generations.*

*Nature has come pleading at the doorstep,
How can she make you understand?
The play that gave birth to this entity,
Has become a dangerous sport,
Running relentlessly behind closed doors.*

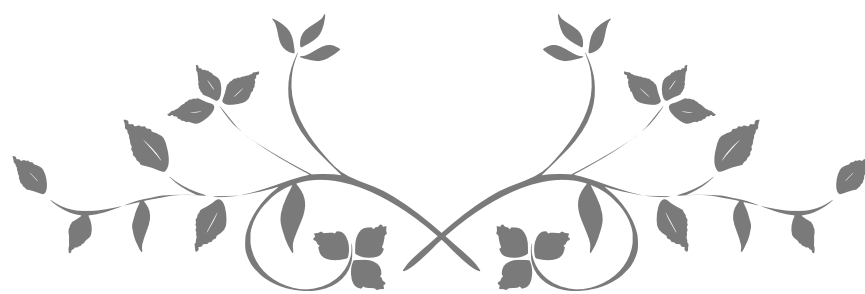
*Nature realized waiting is futile,
Countless contestants involved in this fatal game.
Anxious at the cry of the soul,
It became the great Life Force,
Breaking barriers, rushing at the poison-tinted neck,
Snatching away both freedom and ignorance.*

*The struggle for emancipation flares up fiercely,
The intoxication of destruction all around,
A powerful resonance stirs up the cosmic
consciousness,*

*Fire touches the core of existence,
Heated blood acquires an unknown vigour,
The head is severed,
Crazy energy dances to the rhythm of
the Kaalbhairavi!*

*Black and white, bad and good, evil and holy,
Conflicts are coming to an end perhaps;
Bursting the bubble of imagination,
Transcending intellect and discrimination,
Destroying to the root the restless, illusive world.*

*After the rains the sky
dresses up in the morning light,
The universe rejoices in rapturous dance,
Colour, smell, touch, sound and taste lose their grip,
The third eye opens, senses are free,
The deep slumber breaks for the sake of grace,
To bathe the world in light.*



Note: This was the first poem Guha wrote in his collection
“Litany of a mad man”.

Premature Death

Translation of *Akaal Mrityu*

When you say a lot
Then I must say you know nothing.
The day you suddenly stumble upon reality
Through some unknown power of nature
Then you will have nothing to say.

For the longest time
you forced yourself to meditate
Didn't you ever hear the cries of your body revolting?
If standing on your head could beget enlightenment
Then nature would have made you a bat for sure!
You have read so much, you know so much
But why don't the demands which are
beyond your need fall off?
You are just a big fat bundle of reckless desires!

If by chance,
the nature of your desires is revealed to you
Then never will you have an illusion of division.
What you call love is a game of authority and power;
If only you could see the deceitful nature
of emotions and tears.

*Where does the drive for pleasure come from?
How can I make you understand this?
Your docile body is slaving away for nothing!
Like a crazy interloper you have
suppressed its innate gifts for ages.
Now, at last, you cry out in anguish –
“This is unbearable, I want emancipation!”
You are jolted into accepting that you are
just a squatter, most insignificant!
The body was always your real friend,
your guiding light
But under your relentless torture it gave up
Leaving you in your dark world of thoughts.*

*This exquisite body was crafted bit by bit,
But by failing to realize its glory,
You nipped in the bud
this million-year-old dream of Nature!*



Command

Translation of Niyantran

*Don't know what happened suddenly
The one who was oppressed for ages,
An unknown touch has awakened its core,
Effortlessly, it has regained control.*

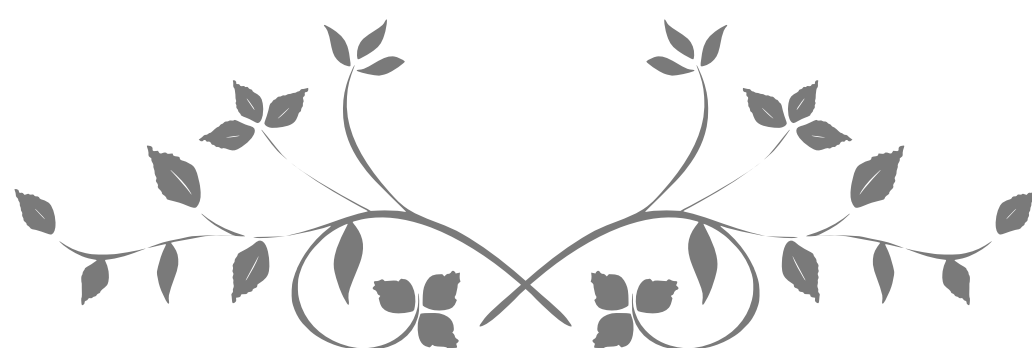
*It has decided not to obey you anymore,
The Chakra is in its hands,
It now commands this body
crafted by Nature.*

*It has realized
every moment in the guise of thought
Your authority was growing covertly, unseen.*

*The parasitic "I" kept gnawing
at the vital resources of life,
Since childhood through the pursuit of cricket and
football,
And absorption in the intricacies of physics,
Just to perpetuate itself,
So that this blemish-less beauty of
Nature never got to flower.*

*Just as the white blood cells
since the inception of life,
Fight to defend this great fortress of Nature,
In the same way,
it will light a bonfire
and hurl the "Sudharshan Chakra",
The very moment you emerge,
Wearing the mask of pleasurable thoughts,
Trying to reinstate the "I".*

*It has decided not to allow you
to enslave it anymore.
The Chakra is now in its own hands,
It commands this body
crafted by Nature.*



Litany of a Mad Man !

Translation of *Pagoler Prolap*

It's over! Nothing remains to search.

*Enlightenment, self-realization
are meaningless and false!*

*The mind is nothing
but knowledge created by thought,
Commentaries of wise men,
analyses of the pundits,
Or dreadfully clever definitions of
philosophy and psychology.*

Atman?!

It is a pleasurable self-deceit!

And Paramatman?!

Come on, don't be shy, admit it:

*It's a tactic to fool others for
self-aggrandizement*

If faith in God is a result of fear,

*Reliance on science is also
an outcome of thought.*

*What kind of gift of Nature is "thought"
in homo sapiens?*

*A shield for self defense or
a weapon of mass destruction?!*

*Nature's creative properties of physical birth,
evolution and*

the explosion of new life,

What place has thought in this?

Life is a living movement, thought is dead,

A sequence of stationary images,

*An effort to bring them to life artificially
through a mechanical process.*

To capture life is to destroy it!

Like the oyster's effort to escape pain,

*When it adorns the neck of a beauty,
gives birth to desire in the mind.*

*Similarly, the unbearable burden of thought
bewitches innumerable lost souls
And inspires the destructive impulse
to look even deeper.*

*Nature's laughter booms,
an unstoppable addiction!
A pathetic process of irreversible change!
The promise of security
gradually reveals its real nature:
I saw it written
in the ominous skies –
the thinker has grabbed the permission
to destroy it all!*





পাগলের প্রলাপ
সব শেষ! খোঁজার যে আর রইল না কিছু
অবশেষে নাকি উপলব্ধি হল এ কথা
নির্বাণ, আত্মোপলব্ধি, সব অর্থহীন বৃথা।
মন শুধু গাদা গাদা জ্ঞান—চিন্তালব্ধ
পণ্ডিতের টীকা-টিপ্পনী, বিদ্বানের বিশ্লেষণ
নতুবা দার্শনিক মনস্তত্ত্ববিদের চতুর সংজ্ঞা ভয়ানক।

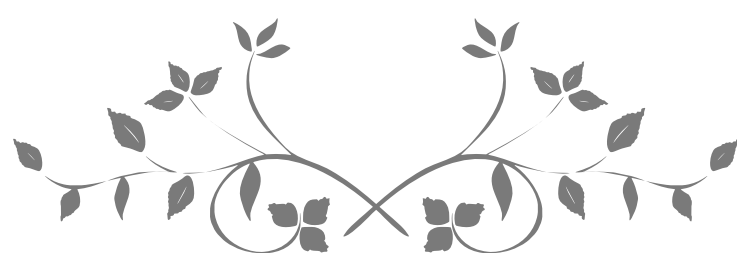
Maya

Translation of Maya

*What you want to eradicate
Unbeknownst to you at every step,
Sucks your life-energy,
And burrows deep inside,
Leaving you clueless every time;
All effort to fight it is futile,
Your defeat is certain.*

*If ever this feeling arises in the core of your being,
Pulsating in your heart, resonating in every neuron –
“I am an ordinary creature of Nature,
I know of no existence other than the physical”
Then perhaps, what made you restless,
Kept you tied to the savage, cyclical maze of living,
Will dry up and dissolve into nothingness.*

*The outcome of this fearlessness is devastating;
Shattering the veil of tinted glass,
The “You” as you know yourself,
Will be stripped naked,
And brought face-to-face with you.*





মায়া
যাকে তুমি মুছে দিতে চাও
জানি না কেন
সে তোমার প্রতি পদক্ষেপে আরও
জীবনশক্তি টেনে
অনেক গভীরে চলে যাবে বারবার
অন্ত খুঁজে পাবে না তার
যুদ্ধের সমস্ত প্রয়াস তোমার হবে ব্যর্থ
শুধুমাত্র পরাজয়ে।

Despair

Translation of *Niraasha*

*I know you will never forgive me
For I have disappointed you
Turned you away time and again
Yet I will keep singing without a care
The tune that captivated my heart*

*Before you leave if you ask yourself
What do I have?
You will sink in your memories
Yet find nothing there
Other than a museum of the dead past*

*Like a child loses itself in play
Taking a pacifier for the mother's breasts
So are you living with memories
Untouched by the living energy
Erasing the present out of fear
You keep your restless mind occupied*

*To forget the unbearable pain of your existence
Held captive by the
stranglehold of thought
You speak of the glories and the stories of the past
What's the point in reciting
"Om tat saviturvarenyam ..."
When the sun rays disappear into the void
Forever failing to find a receptacle*

*The human mind is
like the African jungle
Like the rainforest of Amazon
Sunlight has never found its way in.*



Colorful Dreams

Translation of *Rangeen Swapno*

*There is no one behind you, never was.
The deceit of hope makes you imagine idly,
As if someone is beckoning from
yonder beyond the honeyed clouds,
Where the full-moon light
floods the island in the sea,
Where songs of everlasting joy
play all night long;
This mirage is the mind's game
of perpetuating itself.*

*The messed up intellect is the result of disorder,
in the new cortex of the
docile two-legged animal,
like a dangling carrot in front of a beast of burden,
For innumerable generations
the promise of a problem-free future,
the hope for peace and happiness,
kept the merry-go-round going,
exhausting the body.*

*Sometimes a few crumbs of dry bread,
Sometimes a pat on the back,
Or ruthless lashes from a whip
made of its own skin,
Compel it to run,
hoping the misery will end tomorrow.*

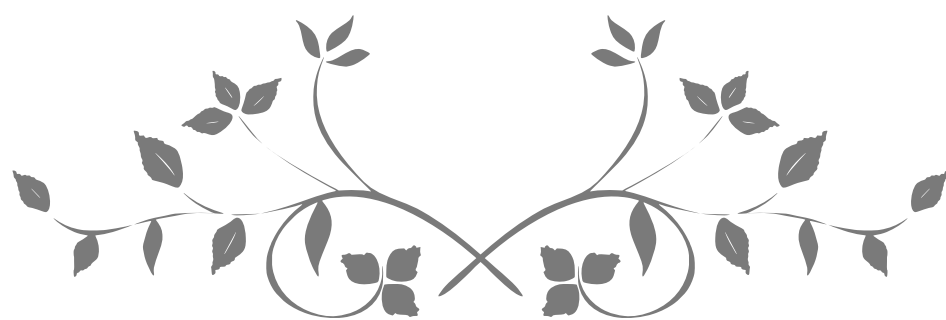
*Dear friend,
which well-wisher can make you understand this:
Tomorrow never comes.
The assurance plays on
like a broken record lifelong.
You are utterly drunk,
Oh, how you have relished dreaming,
Ever since your childhood,
colorful dreams.*



The Way

Translation of *Poth*

*If you are really fortunate
If the blazing sun sears through your chest
If everything within you is parched dry
If all the prayers, meditations and japa
have gone unrequited
If you have extinguished all your grudges
If you have exhausted all your tears
If you have forgotten to produce complex thoughts
If there are no regrets in the weary mind
If the quest for knowledge has come to an end
Like a nightmare does upon waking up
Only then can a touch ignite the fire
That will rage forever deep in the chest
You will never seek another
And yearn for anything ever
The fire will lead the way
And you will just follow.*





আর কোনদিন যাবে না কারো কাছে
চাইবে না আর কিছু
আগুন তোমার পথ দেখাবে
চলবে পিছু পিছু।

Explosion !

Translation of *Bisphoron*

*The day all questions gather
at the center of your being
Stack them up like sacrificial firewood
And light the fire with sacred mantras
In that explosion
the Unqualified will awaken
from shattered dreams*

*The body tormented
by centuries of exploitation, trembles
Blood flows unshackled laced with fire
Grinding to dust the mouth of a
dormant volcano
Coloring the horizon in
relentless flashes of crimson*

*The furious life force
rips apart the unbroken current of thought
Every cell beats powerfully
with new life*

*After centuries of oblivion
in this body created by Nature
Life resonates with
the singularly pure pulsation of the Universe
The fomenting heart awakens
to creation's supreme energy
A doubtless, fearless essence
reveals life's mysterious message*

*Like the Orion and it's hound
on a cloudless new moon night
Unparalleled is such a One
Shrouded in mystery akin to stars
on an eternal journey
Even death bows down in praise
To the lotus-feet of the One,
the Alone,
whose depth is oceanic*

*In the scorching energy of the past-less,
sinless Truth
Nature's flawless music resonates
Compassion blooms
in the face incomparably beautiful
The ungodly can't help but mock the New*

*Ripples of fire burn to ashes
all trash gathered by time
Banishing in a flash
the authority of thought-created society
The freed spirit severs the
cyclic whirl of birth and death
To light countless lamps
dispelling all darkness*





বন্ধাণ্ডের একক বিশুদ্ধ কম্পনে স্পন্দিত জীবন তরঙ্গে
মথিত হৃদয় পরিচয় পেয়ে সৃষ্টির পরম তেজস্ক্রিয়তা
বিধাহীন নিভীক সত্ত্বা প্রকাশ করে জীবনের নিগূঢ় বার্তা।
মেঘমুক্ত অমাবস্যার রাতে কালপুরুষের সাথে সাথে লুপ্তকের মত
অন্য সে অনন্তপথযাত্রীদের মাঝে রহস্যাবৃত জ্যোতির্ময় যত
অস্থিমজ্জা শীতল করা সমুদ্রগর্ভসম গভীর সে একারে
চরণপদ্মে মৃত্যু যেন মাথা নত করে বন্দনা করে।

Nirwana

Translation of Nirban

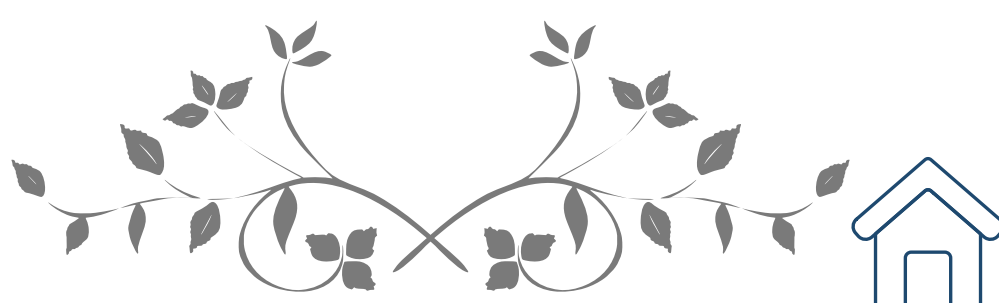
*Where does hopelessness come from
when there are no problems?
Why does an emptiness churn inside me,
growing everyday?
All effort to continue its authority have failed
The final attempt – “I love you dearly”
shot out like a Brahmastra
Before I could reflect.
This instrument is very clever
It sharpened itself
by solving complex problems
And learned to stay afloat even during
flood and stormy weather
Using emotions to squeeze the heart
Enjoying the delicate and sophisticated senses
By using the body’s vital energy
From the moment it became conscious
An insatiable drive for pleasure.*

*Who can ever understand it?
It is an arduous task*

*Often it emerges like a sliver of light
piercing through the clouds
Then vanishes time and again
The servant who was given
responsibility of the house and freedom
Refuses to leave, absorbed in illusory enjoyment.*

*It is impossible to get rid of it now
It is clear its roots have spread
To every house in every community and
deep into the foundation
If ever it is forced to leave
Maybe it will burn everything as it goes
Bigger the house, greater the burden,
deadlier the arsenal
Enormous riches, incomparable arrogance.*

*That fire will burn ceaselessly
A glorious display of Nature's beauty
A volcano erupting
With Buddha at its feet.*



Man

Translation of *Manush*

*Why does this idea arise in the mind
time and again,
The desire to know
the way to emancipation;
It is the same filth, the same old trick of illusion,
That instigates the restless mind
to create an enormous momentum,
To turn overnight
this heaven on earth into a living hell;
It is the final ploy of the terrified thinker
to perpetuate its stranglehold.
If someone thinks
he has discovered the freeway
to man's eternal goal of liberation,
He not only deceives himself,
but also lays the foundation
On which will materialize a dark kingdom
disconnected from the rhythm of life.*

*Hordes of innocent,
peace-loving people will gather,
Dazed by the dope of erroneous knowledge
mingled in their blood,
Some fake and treacherously clever
devotees will crown themselves
Masses of living lumps of flesh and blood
will get mercilessly exploited;
If someone dares to ask
what is the point of this intoxication,
The facade of the kind, loving faces
will turn ferocious,
And life will be destroyed by greed!
There is no way out,
it is Nature's condemnation,
As if bondage and the desire for freedom
are two different forms
of the same thought.*

*The crisis that is born out of thinking,
Alas, can thought ever
uproot and annihilate?
The glare of knowledge conceals
the beckoning of freedom
until it disappears forever,
The body turns lifeless
under the oppressive
grind of society.*

*If there is someone
gutsy enough to readily reject
The centuries old deceit,
the archaic values,
The primitive barbarism
and traditional reverence,*

*The good, bad, beautiful and ugly,
without discrimination
And burn to ashes the museum of
lifeless, decaying culture,
From that fertile ground
will spring the song of new life,
And flourish with its rhythm, beat and tune!
Such a man will live amongst all
The rich, the poor, the learned
and the unread,
Regardless of religion, race and color,
Effortlessly without self-image.
One undivided life!
An inexpressible feeling!
Where is the time for inquiry?!*



The Stream of Life

Translation of *Jiban Dhara*

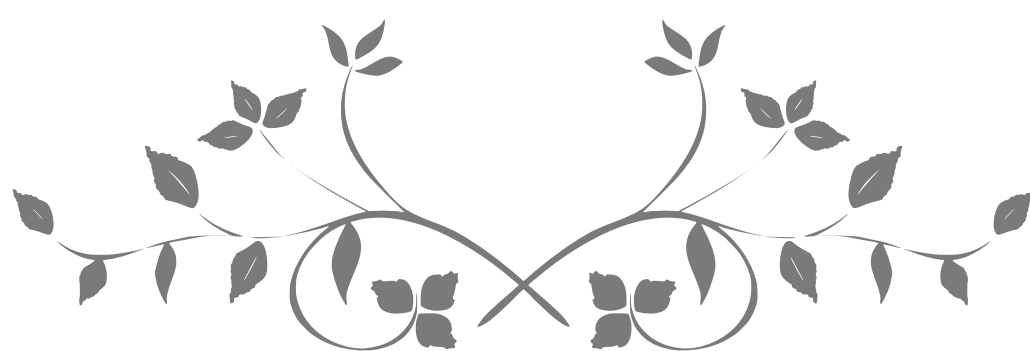
Millions of tiny specks
Move wagging their tiny tails,
After the peak of life's upsurge,
With an intense desire,
Propelled by irresistible attraction,
Wade with all their might,
Through the hostile terrain,
Of the milky river.

The commentary of life:
Unbroken and absolute.
Each speck knows its destiny,
The moment it is born,
Which path it will take,
To reach home.

If by a stroke of luck,
One among the millions,
Crosses the river,
To behold its own abode,

*Blooming flowers and leaves
awash with joy,
With a passionate embrace,
Bestow to it the gift of life.*

*The word of such an event
Travels far and wide,
To every nook and cranny,
In the midst of duties and work,
The earth joyfully adorns itself,
And a divine intoxication fills its inhabitants.
What an endless excitement!
What a sublimely beautiful
expression of creativity!
Life's sweet melody plays,
As the mountains ooze nectar,
And all centers transform into
Nature's Paradise.*



A Drop of Water

Translation of *Ek Bindu Neer*

*A drop of water
Where were you?
In my breath
In life's unwritten history
In every cell of the amoeba
Was it at the dawn of creation
or even before?
When time just began
Perhaps split into infinite parts
Restless and minute
In tremendous heat picked up great speed
Disintegrated and
put back into myriad forms
Obstructed by powerful forces
Traversing countless paths for ages
You finally reached the earth
With your billion companions
The life-giving wizard
Eternal amidst birth and death
A drop of water.*

*Your rhythm knows no excesses
Neither good, bad nor pure
A despicable animal or the great Jesus
A fierce warrior or the Buddha
Your form is the same in all
In the white, black and yellow
Of the bone, blood and marrow
You have the lion's share
The rest are in the fringes
In equilibrium with Nature's infallible law
Touching the universal life in a primal union
Immortal amidst creation and destruction
Immersed in a timeless dance
To the beat of the damaru
Beyond the eternal and the transient
For the thirsty ones
the ultimate truth
You are a drop of water.*



Sleepless

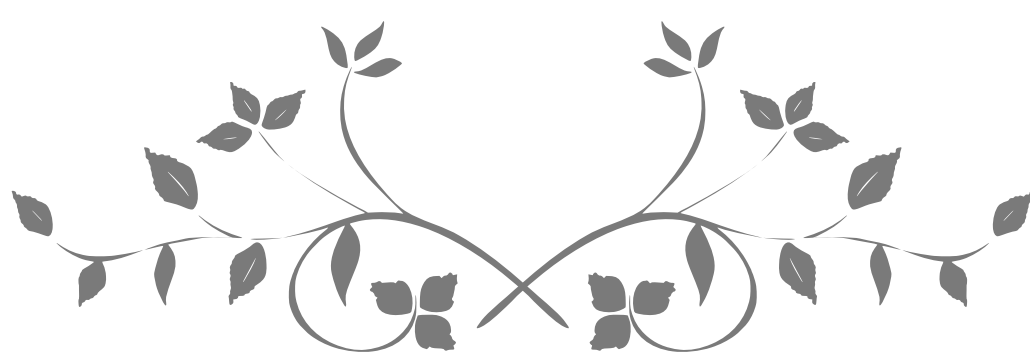
Translation of *Anidra*

*It's late in the night,
All that is there is the sound of the clock,
Yet sometimes I sink
into thoughts and wonder,
In this stillness broken by
the hooting of an owl,
"Who is going to answer friends
toiling all their lives for truth?"
The ones who still weep for others,
Spend sleepless nights
paying a heavy price for honesty,
Who have exhausted all their resources
looking for truth,
The only ray of hope is
the life beating inside
their feeble bodies;
Will anybody ever tell them anything?
Will they ever find themselves fulfilled?*

*At night's end, the clouds in the sky turn to rain,
Washing down the dust from leaves
and the wind back to the earth
from whence it came,
The grass on the moist soil
shines in the bright morning light,
My vision is far reaching;
Who will tell them they should perceive,
like this blemish-less morning,
The deep connection with Nature?
Let the tears of emotion
not fog this ever-new reality,
May they see all the movements of the mind.
Years of creation of self-importance,
The fluid center of this thought structure,
May it be perceived as a flower in full bloom,
May they find themselves
with two feet firmly on the ground.*

*How can I make you understand
this ill-fated quest,
That takes you round and round,
corners you and
drives you to sleeplessness;
Why night after night
the infinite beauty of creation,
Pales into my hungry,
parched and agonizing existence.
After giving so much,
why does Nature not tell me
what to say to them?
Then I wonder,
“Who am I to make others understand?”*

*Nature has bestowed
the mantra of flowering,
The key to emancipation lies
right in front
amidst the bondage,
My Dear Friend told me,
most don't have the courage to touch it,
I don't know why this thought
comes up again,
If a lion makes a big kill,
leaves it behind after fulfilling itself,
It becomes food
for many hungry animals,
Compensating
for their lack of hunting skills.*



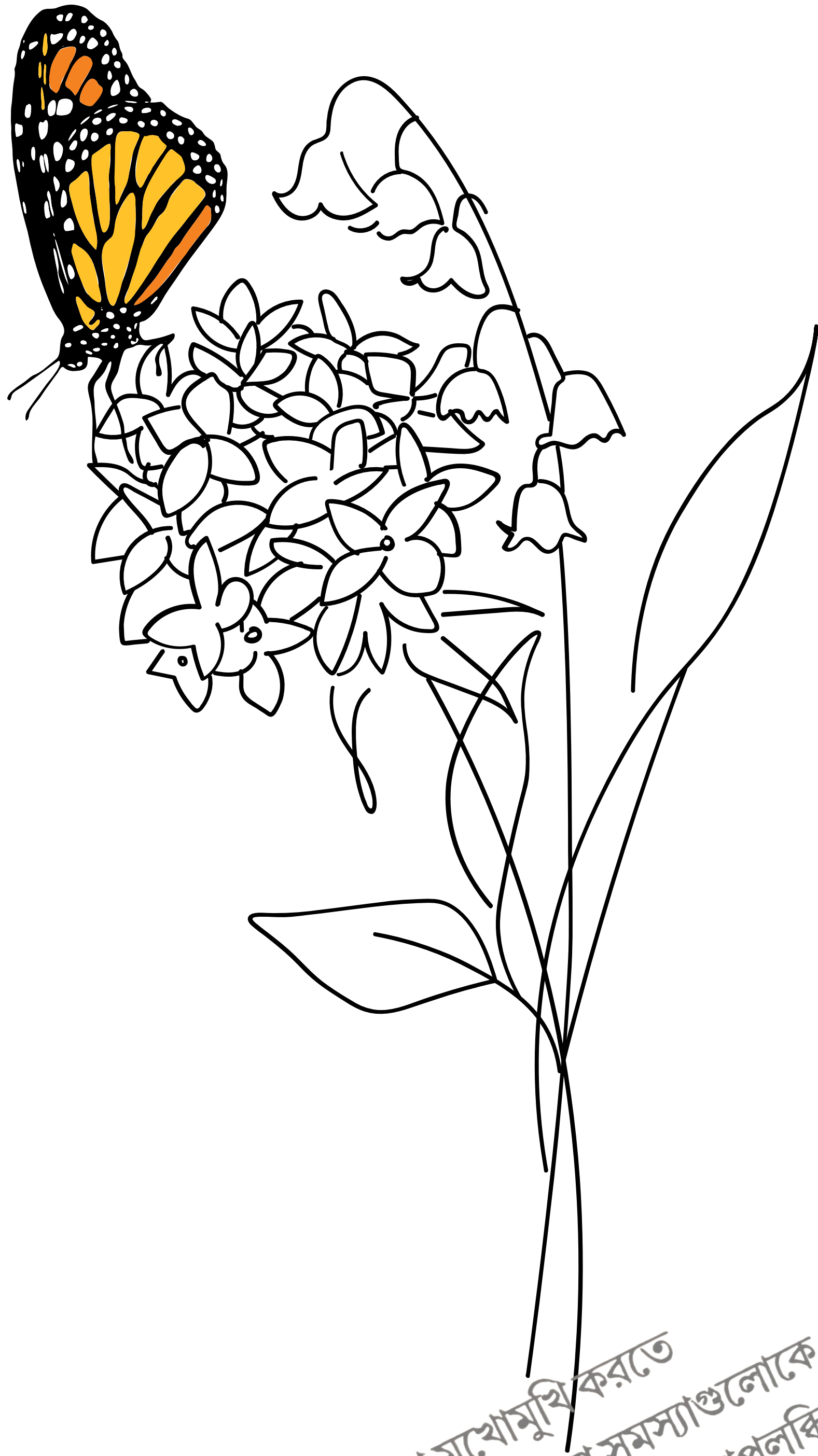
Unworthy

Translation of Ajogyo

*The one who does not have
The guts to stand on his own feet,
Who in an effort to hide
the despair of failure
Takes refuge in social endeavors
for the salvation of the masses,
Is unworthy of being free!*

*The one who is unable to face
The challenges thrown by the society,
Remains deluded in the
desire for self-realization,
Is unworthy of being free!*





যে পারে না মুখোমুখি করতে
সমাজের ছুঁড়ে দেওয়া সমস্যাগুলোকে
ভুলিয়ে রাখে নিজেকে আত্মোপলব্ধির আড়ালে
সে তো মুক্তি পাওয়ার যোগ্য নয়!

You don't want freedom my friend

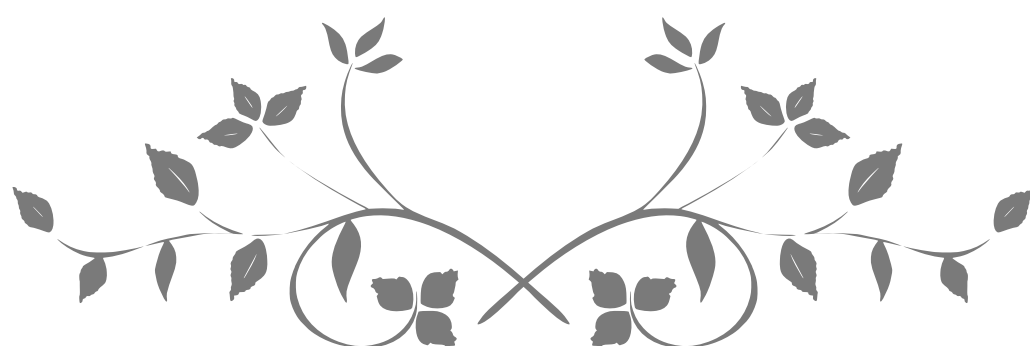
Translation of Mukti Tumi Chao Na He Bandhu

*Even if God is by your side
Walking hand in hand with you
The taste of freedom
Will yet remain a dream.
You don't want freedom, my friend!*

*Painting an image of freedom
Pretending to drink
the nectar of knowledge
In the name of serving humanity
and for the greater good
Forever postponing the very thing
You fail to see
the deception of slavery*

*Whatever inspires you today
To fulfill the hopes of one or many
One day it will chain you
Cut into your limbs and make you weak
The pain of the struggle for freedom
Can be known if ever one's being cries out
Unable to bear the terrible bondage*

*This agony you will never know
You don't have the guts for it
You don't want freedom, my friend!
This I know all too well*



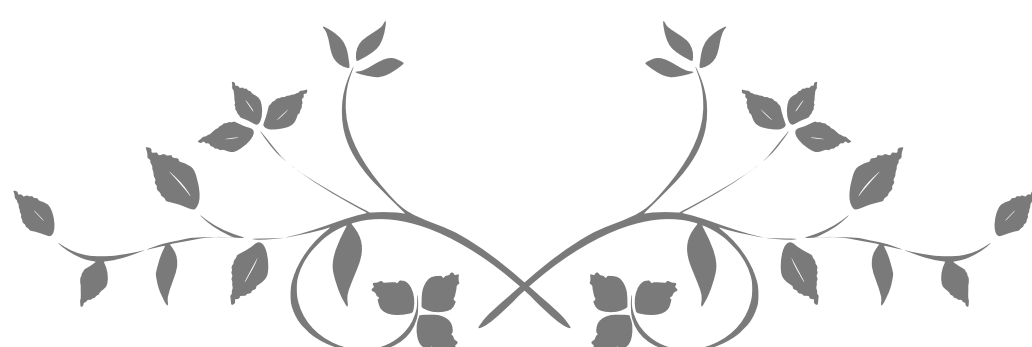
The Final Question

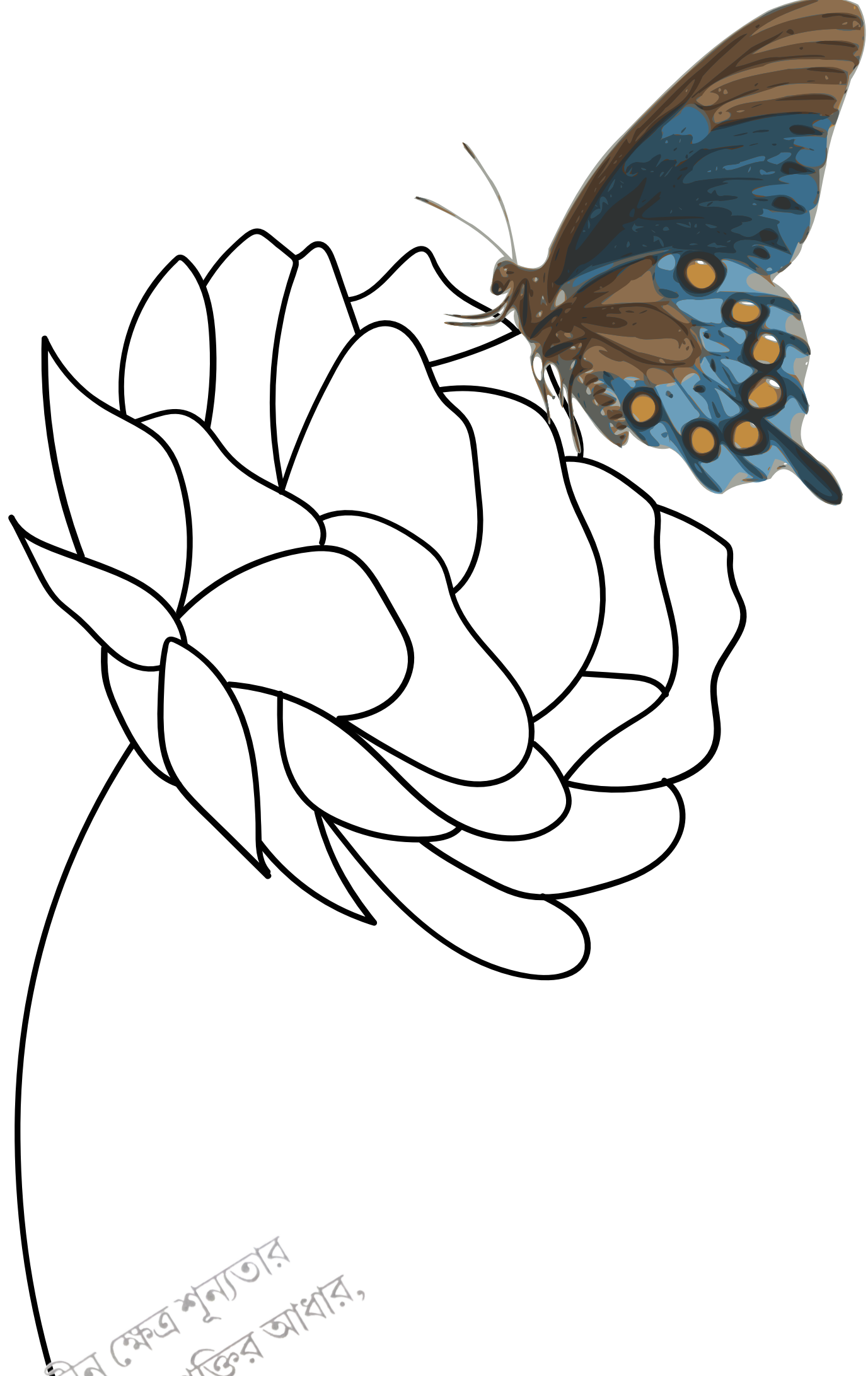
Translation of *Shesh Proshno*

*You will never get the answer to your final question
I know you really don't want it
If you did, the question would vanish*

*What is the use of thought?
You and your thoughts
Are one and the same
Stuck in the human body
"You" are facing an extraordinary termination
Like time standing still
At the juncture of life and death*

*The thoughtless, objectless field of emptiness
Is the reservoir of boundless power
With great force Nature's creative energy
rushes towards it
Bringing about a transformation
Then begins a new Life, vibrant and purposeful*





চিন্তাহীন বস্তুহীন ক্ষেত্র শূন্যতার
সীমাহীন শক্তির आधार,
প্রকৃতির সৃজনশীলতা
প্রচণ্ড ক্ষমতায় ধায় সেথা
সৃষ্টি করে বিবর্তিত প্রাণ
শুরু হয় এক অভিনব কর্মময় জীবন।

Life, Me and You

Translation of *Jibon, Ami Ebong Tumi*

*In my delight rings the proclamation
of your liberation,*

*In your delight is the rattling of
the chains of bondage.*

*In my love there is the agonizing pain
of your renunciation,*

*In your love is the
sense of self's thirst for pleasure.*

*In my company there is a deep
perception of the unreal,*

*In your company is the
bewitching snare of illusion.*

The "I" in me is a slave of Mother Nature,

The "I" in you is the slave of fools.

In me the workings of "I"

is a mysterious movement of life,

In you the workings of "I" is a fatal, cruel division.

My "I" desires for nothing anymore,

Your desires are boundless and meaningless,

Thus, forever shrouded in illusion.





তোমার সঙ্গলাভে আছে
আমার সাথে যে আমি
তোমার সাথে যে আমি
আমার আন্নির কর্মকাণ্ড
তোমার আন্নির কর্মকাণ্ড
আমার আন্নির চাওয়ার
তোমার আন্নির চাওয়া

মায়ার মোহমর আকর্ষণ
সে প্রকৃতির দাসানুদাস
সে মূর্খের ক্রীতদাস
জীবনের নিগূঢ় আন্দোলন
মৃত্যুকামী নিষ্ঠুর বিভাজন
যে আর কিছু নেই
সীমাহীন অন্তহীন
তাই মায়াময় চিরদিন।

Burning

Translation of Jwala

*Neither can I face him,
Nor can I keep him away,
The burning in his presence is unbearable,
His absence stalls everything.*

*When he spreads his wings, flies far away,
I burn wishing for death to end my agony,
I wonder, "Do I really love him so much?"*

*When he gives all,
My heart twists and turns,
Tears roll down the cheeks and flood my chest,
I wonder, "Why am I so fortunate?"*

*When he is busy with others,
I feel terribly abandoned,
Perhaps he has forgotten me;
Ugly, dark thoughts arise,*

*Rotten intentions cast a hideous net in the mind,
Vengeful ideas take control,
Fire in the belly spreads
to the veins signaling destruction.*

*The torture is unbearable today,
I wish the interloper so strangled,
That neither beautiful, nor ugly,
Can enter the body's domain.
In its desire to bring about a permanent solution,
The body burns relentlessly
giving everything it has.
Yet I can't kill myself!
Perhaps this agony could have ended,
In this pain,
my mind lost all and became broke,
I don't understand –
am I obsessed with burning?*



Dearest Friend

Translation of *Praner Bondhu*

O what a struggle, what bondage!
Why does he invoke such attraction,
From where does the call of freedom emerge,
Why does it beckon time and again,
From where does this great authority come,
Over the desperate seekers of emancipation,
The oppressed social slaves mock:
These are crazy devotees!
Floating effortlessly like
free birds on the waves of life.

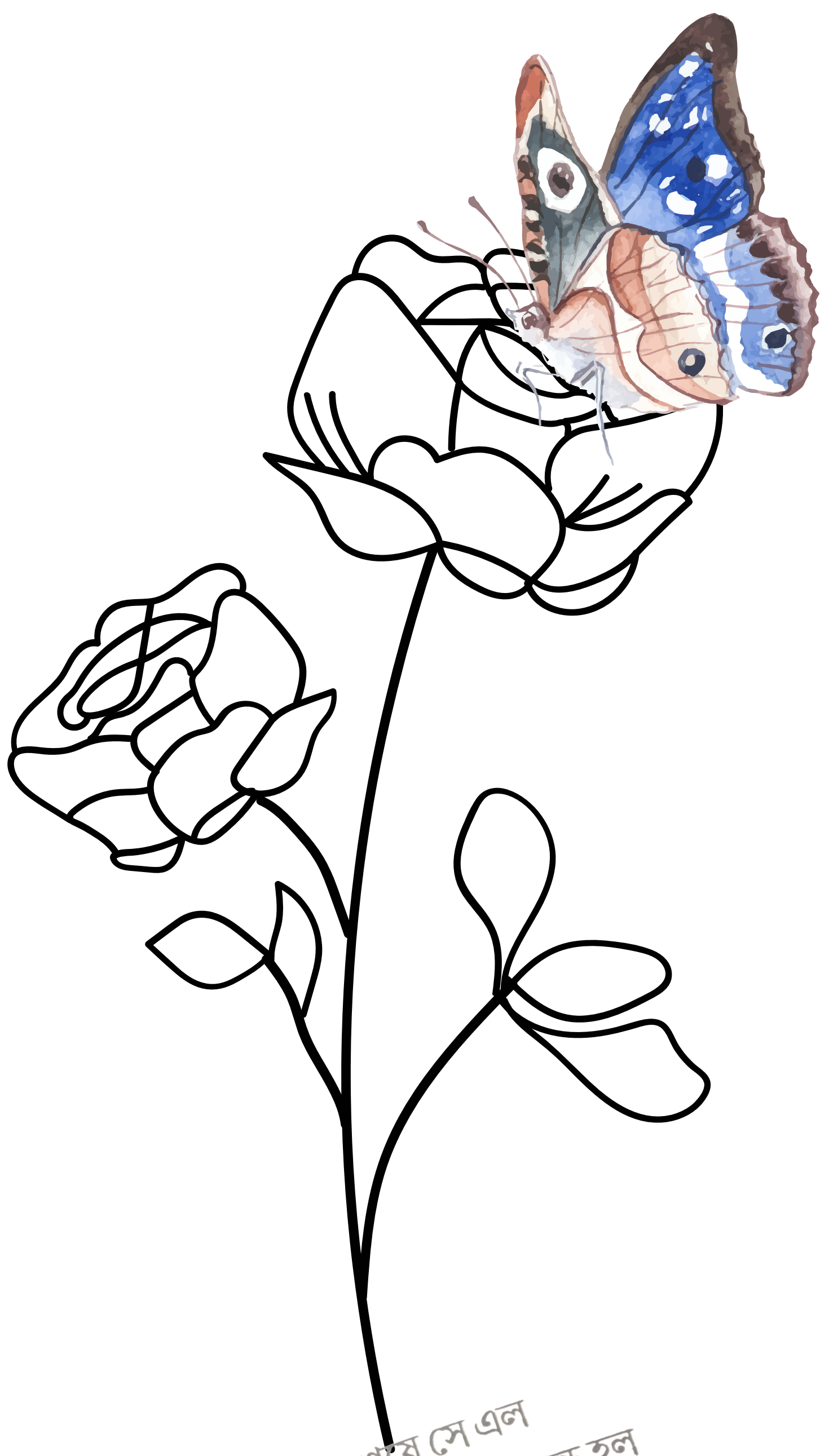
O what a burning conflict!
The drama of attachment and freedom.
Life is choking,
yet the mind does not relent,
It is beyond knowledge, yet the effort does not end,
Misery, humiliation, seething conflict and pain,
Oh death, why do you stay away,
Take me to your placid lake,
Where thoughts will never murmur again.

*Finally he came!
Now there's nowhere to hide,
The last straw – my self consciousness,
In the fear of getting lost,
Struggles with all its might to stay afloat,
An unknown pain courses
through each and every cell.*

*Trapped in the dark web of the night,
With limbs incapable of resistance,
Energy gushes with lightning speed
from head to toe,
As if to impart something
to the ductless glands.
Centering on the solar plexus,
It races, bordering the navel,
Going clockwise then counter clockwise,
Through the perfectly purified blood
amidst a firestorm,
In the sweaty, cold and immobile body.*

*The throat lets out a faint, meaningless gurgle,
Like the sound from a dying man,
I am clueless what it means.
Upon the arrival of the playmate,
The energy surges
towards the head indomitably,
My self feels abandoned;
Only you remain the spectator within,
my dearest friend*





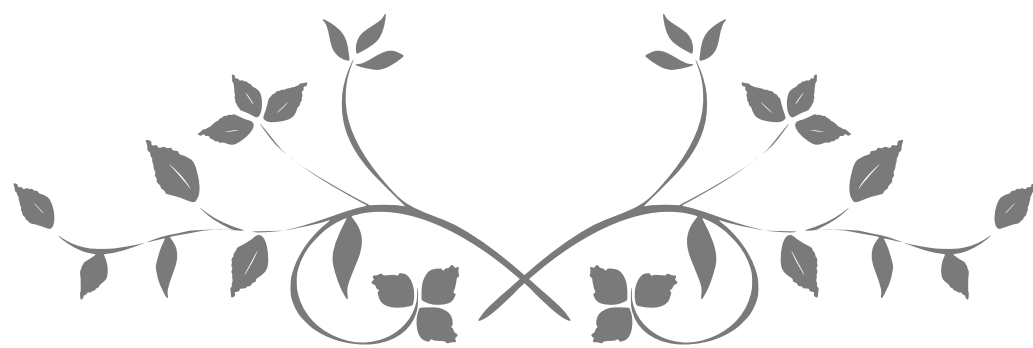
অবশেষে সে এল
লুকোবার সব রাস্তা বন্ধ হল
শেষ সম্বল আমার চেতনা
চিরতরে হারাবার ভয়ে
প্রাণপণে বাধা দিয়ে লড়ে
কোষে কোষে জাগে অপরিচিত বেদনা।

Existence

Translation of Astitwa

*Sitting since morning alone,
It is noon now, yet I see no one.
Out of burning hunger, I ate whatever I found,
Neither nourishment, nor hunger appeased.
Suddenly, someone appeared, and then left,
I don't know what happened,
All desire for food vanished.
Noon rolled into evening,
Still sitting alone,
No account of who came in or who has gone.
The hands of the clock are moving,
Tik tok tik tok tik tok,
They say time is marching ahead,
But nothing is monotonous.
Suddenly something happens,
And time stands still.
A darkness devoid of sound descends,*

*Then the blinding mid-day sun,
A sudden deluge of booming sound follows,
My whole body fills with ecstasy,
an unknown vibration,
I see the vivid green of trees
with my blood-shot eyes,
Even that is intoxicating.
In my fleeting consciousness
at the boundary of the known and unknown,
Everything unfamiliar,
Only existence.*



U.G. Krishnamurti *My oblation to you!*

Translation of U.G.Krishnamurti, Laho Pranam

O man of my soul!

O fiery man!

O Nirgun!

*Let the offering of your
smokeless, transparent fire,*

Burn to the root

*centuries of solidified oppression
that deformed and incapacitated the mind,*

*Let that fire light a lamp in the core,
let its luminance spread beyond the horizon,*

*Let the seekers of emancipation
know this in their depths of being,*

*As I know the source
of my own core movement.*

*Jivatman, Paramatman are mere words –
no need for them;*

*Your pristine life
is a rain-drenched ray of sun.
Your boundless, focussed, piercing gaze
burns the core conditioning,
Spontaneously springs the
timeless expression of life
at the center of existence.
The depth of the soul trembles
at your admonition,
The untainted, sacred space that
thoughts, idea and hope have never seen,
Sprouts in a flash and
flowers into the incomparable
creation of life supreme!*



Epilogue

A simple project to create an ebook and to provide an easy access to readers was all that I had in mind.

Little did I know, it will take me on a roller coaster ride and a cinematic tour of a journey beyond my imagination.

His was a journey so intense, filled with joy, depths of sorrow and hopelessness, and leading to a physical explosion, mental anguish and sleepless nights.

Finally he stopped at nothing "known" as he came into a simple existence, bowing in gratitude with his oblation to U.G. Krishnamurti.

I am grateful and privileged to get a glimpse of a
"want" so uncompromising, wanting to be free from
the stranglehold of thought.

G,

"Reading your poems was like riding the waves on a
stormy high tide of the ocean , on a full moon night,
not knowing if one will come out alive"



With deep gratitude

Radhika Venugopal

1. $\frac{1}{2}$ of the work is done by A and B together.
 2. $\frac{1}{3}$ of the work is done by B and C together.
 3. $\frac{1}{4}$ of the work is done by C and A together.
 4. $\frac{1}{5}$ of the work is done by A, B and C together.

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