



A translation of Basavaraj Sulibhavi's poem from his Kannada poetry collection- *Batteyembudu Benkiya Haage [Cloth/Path resembles Fire]*

Translated by Ravikumar S. Kumbar

'My poem'

My poem is
congealed wound's
half bloomed hovering
Unspoken tear's
live awakening
An oozing broken piece of a dream
from heart's lips
A fallen star from the sky
which hides pearls of sorrow
Lips that give breath to
the flute of memory
A wordless path
under the cracked feet
that drop sorrowful bits.

Some translations from Basavaraj Sulibhavi's collection- *Teva Kaayuva Beeja [Seed that Retains Moisture]*

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What else can come out from
the wounded heart other than a scream?
If a flute is placed at the cracked lips
will the broken voiced dialogue become a tune?
No world, the truth that exists
should be uttered without a preface.
In a season
I had sweat drops with me
Last season
has left behind tears
whom should I ask why this happened?
No prayer can change
the wrongs that are committed by you and me.
Throughout the path, the pus of the soul
Is spread like the morning mist
Be it summer, winter



Or any other time
All the words I jot
Are born damp
O life that I have tread
Even though I respect you
Forgive me, the truth of suffering
Could not be covered by silk robes.

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Instead of the love that is
Seen in pompous alphabets of poetry
I longed for the love that can be felt by finger tips and is
realized every second in front of the eyes
Shall I tell the truth?
You can't live in imagination
For a long time . . .

The inner turmoil is not
Let out by a mere word
The answer of lonely evenings
Does not reach the morning's faces

The thorn of light
Has left countless scars
On the feet of darkness

The night is
Uttering a word
That doesn't satisfy everyone
The insipid answer is hitting
Again at the heart

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The eyes stand watching
The floating corpse of Life in Time's well
No more frustration, no more grief
There is a silence in the wet eyelids
That remains after the bell tolls

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O, unexpected message
How does the bruise of heart



Congel by the balm of words?
The eyes that console see
The wounds at the surface
Inside,
The soul stretches its tongue
To lick its wounds
Like a dog.

About the Poet:

Basavaraj Sulibhavi (pen name- 'Basoo') got his M.A in Political Science from the Karnataka University Dharwad. From the last 11 years, he has been publishing many radical books and poetry collections in Kannada language from his *Ladai Prakashana* publishing house. Due to his participation and organization of many mass movements, he has been jailed 4 times. Recently, his three poetry collections in Kannada have been published and they portray his humanism and spirit of fighting. His poetic sensibility and diction, forged through his passionate involvement in life and fighting are regarded by critics as fresh and novel in contemporary Kannada literature. Can be contacted at- ladaibas@gmail.com

About the Translator:

Ravikumar S. Kumbar is an independent scholar, poet, translator and critic. He got his PhD from the English and Foreign Languages University [erstwhile CIEFL] Hyderabad, focusing on the works of Edward Said. His English translations of Kannada poems have appeared in the Sahitya Akademi's journal *Indian Literature*. He has also published papers in reputed national and international journals. He can be contacted at- ravikumarkumbar@gmail.com