

The Little Magazine

Prof. Subodh Sarkar

Translated by Kalyan Bhattacharya

Water is gradually rising from feet to chest
And from chest to throat
The simpleton bell rings across the doors
Yet my feet fails to remove a little from this room.

I know the story of Cassabianca
I know the story of Aruni and Uddaloke
But there's no such story that doesn't exist in aqueous' mourn
The turbid eddy current from the outskirts of the city
Gushes swiftly, bursting out with a tumultuous grudge.

From feet to chest and from chest to throat
The water rises up to the throat
All are boarding on a safe water-vessel
I'm all forlorn
Standing amidst the water up to the throat, on a sentinel
This symbol of relief, the dilapidated proof-sheet
Along with our little magazine.