

ONLY AFTER GETTING WOUNDED

Origin (Teleugu): Anugu Narsimhareddy

Translated by: Elanaaga

I want to remain unhurt.

Wish to keep an eye on the unseen arrows
right from the moment of getting up from bed.

I try to keep up finesse the whole day
to not get hit by word bullets.

“Can’t you walk properly?” mocks one
while I am walking on road.

“Where did you learn driving?”
piques another when I am going in a vehicle.

When I ask the price of a commodity,
a woman taunts: “Do you know how to bargain?”

While trying to nurse the wounds of small arrows,
a torrent of big blames rains on me, all of a sudden.

Like bees springing from honey-comb
even before we recoup from the earlier abrasions,
some bombs of news fall, smoke billows.

I try to explain facts as much as possible
and record veritable replies on deriding faces.

I attempt to smear emollient on the wound,
seeking to stay unhurt.

Unheard explosions of bombs
in the unseen war-field,
overt sweet words, covert weapons,
pronounced morals, hidden agendas –
All these daggers, I want to avoid,
wish to stay uninjured.

But in the end, I reach home

only after getting wounded

The Shore, Yonder

I am wandering in the land
that I once trod.

Picking notes on the podium
where my song dropped.

Painting some lightnings
on the dreams that crossed
the thresholds of my eye-lids.

I am now weaving a garland of words
with whispers which paused midway then.

Standing here and looking yonder
is not tantamount to defeat at all.

When we leave a shore,
keeping hopes on a canoe
becomes inevitable.

This cruise is a real ecstasy
not to me, but to the onlookers.

We must have faith in the raft,
convert the waters that submerge us
to a buttress, with ingenuity

The moments when faith faces a test,
enable us to stand erect.

I keep shimmering in the
scorching sunshine like a sparkling gem
on the road, full of white marbles.

I withhold my tears till I reach the shore,
feel rapture that the onlookers are ecstatic.
Illusions are melting away,
mud layers of facts are becoming visible.
I covered a long distance in my journey.
Span to the other bank is diminishing.
The charming shore of the other side
is walking fast towards me from opposite side.

Bio

Anugu Narsimha Reddy was born on 6th April, 1968 in a remote village Kallonikunta in Yadadri Bhuvanagiri District of Telangana State, India. Studied Telugu Literature and got doctoral degree in Comparative Literature and at present he is working as State Civil Servant in the Cadre of Special Grade Deputy Collector. Presently he is holding the charge of the Secretary, Telangana Sahitya Akademi. He penned Poetry, Criticism and Translations from English to Telugu. He published collection of Poems under caption Nene (Myself), Samanthara Swapnam (Parallel dream), Mattipata (Song of the Soil), Kotha Palaka (New slate) and Mula Malupu (Turning Point). His criticism on Telugu Literature is published as Antharangam (Insight), Samahara (Garland of equity). He rendered Mir Liak Ali's 'Tragedy of Hyderabad' historical Version in to Telugu as 'Hyderabad Vishadam'. His Telangana Rubayeelu are more popularised as a serial publication in Andhra Prabha for more than 3 Years.

Elanaaga

A doctor (Paediatrician) by profession, Elanaaga is one of the well-known poets / translators in Telugu literature. He penned 17 books so far. Eleven of them belong to poetry. They include metered poetry (*Chandobaddha Padyalu*), translation, experimental poetry (*Prayoga Padyalu*) etc. Besides translating Somerset Maugham's *The Alien Corn* into Telugu, he rendered Latin American Stories, African stories and Somerset Maugham's stories as well

and published them as books. He has also translated Vattikota Alwaru Swamy's Telugu stories *Jailu Lopala* into English under the title 'Inside the Prison'.

Nearly a thousand of his poems, essays, stories, book reviews etc. belonging to different genres of Telugu and English were published in various magazines in the last 45 years. He won several state level prizes for his writings.

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