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### SUDDEN MEETING

#### (A TRANSLATION OF

# RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S BENGALI POEM "HATHAT DEKHA") (THIS ROMANTIC POEM IS FROM RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S "SHYAMALI".) By Supriya Mandal

Suddenly we met in the train compartment,

I never thought that it would be possible some day..

I saw her again and again in the past

In red sari-

Red like the flower of pomegranate;

Today she wore a black silk,

On her head she had taken the end of her sari

Surrounding the dolon-chanpa-like lustrous-fair face.

Meseemed, in black colour a deep distance

She had thickened around herself,

That distance which was in the last boundary of mustard-field

In the blue collyrium of sal woods.

My entire mind was stopped;

I saw the known person in unknown gravity..

Suddenly leaving the newspaper She greeted me namaskar. The way to social law became open; I started to talk-'How are you', 'how is the family going on'Etc. She remained facing towards outside the window As if in a glance of passing the touch of near days. She gave only a few very short replies, Even did not give some.

She made understand through the restlessness of her hands-

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Why such talk,

It was far better to be silent..

I was on another seat with her friends.

In the meantime waving her fingers she told me to come close.

Meseemed no little boldness she had-

I sat with her on the same seat.

Under the noise of train

She spoke in a low voice,

'Do not mind,

Where is time to waste time!

I shall have to get down at the very next station;

You will go far,

We will never meet.

So,the answer of which question is stopped for so long time,

Shall hear from your mouth.

Will you speak the truth?'

I said, 'I will.'

Looking at the sky outside she asked,

'Have gone those days of us

Have gone for ever-

Is nothing left?'

I stayed silent a little; Then I said, 'All the stars of night Are in the depth of day-light.'

I doubted whether I had lied. She said, 'well,now go there.' All went down at the next station. I went alone..

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#### **Bio:**

SUPRIYA MANDAL passed graduation with hons. in English from University of Kalyani,Kalyani,West Bengal,M.A. in English from Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi,U.P.,and B.Ed. from Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi,U.P.She was a Guest Lecturer of English at Nagar College,Nagar,Murshidabad,West Bengal, and at present is an Assistant Teacher at B.P.School(under W.B. Govt.),Murshidabad,West Bengal.She loves writing,recitation,singing and dramatic performance. She can be contacted at supriyamandal6@gmail.com

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Page | 106