1. A POEM LOST

Translation of Subraya Chokkady's poem *Kaledu Hoda Kavite*

S. Jayasrinivasa Rao
Aurora's Technological and Research Institute, Hyderabad.
esjeisiri.row@gmail.com

Getting off and on a bus, getting off again,
running through crowds, crossing the road,
jumping on to the footpath, searching for a path,
like an aimless journey…

As I walked on,
a poem that I had with me for long
was lost. As if it were picked from my pocket
or due to my own haste.

The journey started again, amidst mounting anxiety,
looking for my lost poem.
Scanning all around with my eyes,
walking on the footpath and stumbling,
I felt I saw the face of my poem on a passing bus.
As I got on to the bus, I felt it flashed from the footpath,
that face, the same face

When I got off,
at the distant crossroads,
among the crowds,
somewhere far off,
at the topmost floor of some building,
with someone in a dark corner of a bar,
that face, the same face flashed.
The face that would flash like lightning
and disappear.

Time passed on as I searched on,
never again would I see the
face of that lost poem.

2. SOMETHING ELSE PERHAPS
(Translation of Rakesh K. Mishra's poem *Koi aur Kaam)*

S. Jayasrinivasa Rao
Aurora's Technological and Research Institute, Hyderabad.
esjeisiri.row@gmail.com

At the least you shouldn't have

taken up writing …

You should have done something else perhaps

like

Teaching little children

Selling flowers

Guiding wandering stars on to their paths

Narrating stories to fish

Infusing colours into dreams

Building houses on clouds

Salvaging a crumbling bridge

Learning the language of butterflies

Writing love-letters in vanishing tongues

Reading out a book to the girl who cannot see

Befriending the old postman down the lane

Composing dirges to frequently perishing birds

You could have chosen any of these things to do

But you chose to do the world's saddest job …