

**Tarun Mukhopadhyay**  
(born 1956)

-Translated from Bangla by **Tirtha Prasad Mukhopadhyay**

*The Seven Turns Around a Marriage Fire*

1. Grief has no Word, it's just despair
2. The piano's ribs wring a finger's melody
3. When did your hate's voice mix in my blood?
4. Your eyes shined in high tide once – but now it wanes
5. I am Dante inflicted to hell -- appear oh Beatrice
6. I placed 108 lotuses in your palm, yet you weren't a goddess
7. How much more poison should I drink to be blue throated Shiva?

**Urmila Charkwabarty**  
(born 1946)

-Translated from Bangla by **Tirtha Prasad Mukhopadhyay**

*Relations*

The weeds sucked at the grass's greenliness  
Poison ivy tangled in the pathway  
That path where you tread to relate together

Flowers may seem to swing on a creeper  
Beckon you with intoxicating smells  
You wish you would meet, know

Mind shall meet mind. Icon of a relation  
Forms in a trance of sleep and day  
Like the grass flower fragile and firm

Yet poison creepers stick to the feet  
Stand in way. They just break your heart!  
They have no twig of trust to offer

There is only opportunism. Humans  
Separate in a growing thorn weed. Fruitless we  
Move with treachery twining in the feet