

Problems of Translation and Prasad's Poetry

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Man is an eternal translator, translating the infinite into a series of finites. He translates and transmutes sound into music, emotions and thoughts into words, creating a harmony which finds expression in literature and more so in poetry. Shelley rightly says, "A poet participates in the eternal, the infinite, and the one: as far as relates to his conceptions, time and place and number are not." The whole purpose of translation also is to create this superb unity and dedicate energies to the noble task of cultural unification and understanding the world over. The thoughts of one language can only be conveyed to the people through the language they understand. It is not at all possible for any individual to know all the languages of the world. Hence every translator acts as a bridge between two languages, bringing home the thoughts, feelings and volitions of one literature to another, and thereby promotes cross-fertilization of cultures, creating a greater affinity of love and friendship among mankind. Translations in their own way, like science, have shrunk the atlas at the level of thoughts and have infused an aesthetic sensibility with a more profound feel of life and fraternity.

Every translator has to be fully conscious of the power of words in both the source language and the target language. For expressing the ideas and emotions of one language into another, a rich vocabulary and fluency of language is the first requisite or the raw material of good translations. The multi-meaningfulness of words with their subtle nuances should be used to bring the effect as close to the original as possible. Translation is not accomplished, just by selection of equivalent words, as it may not sound literary in other languages. The translator must feel its rhythm and pulse and convey it in a language, as close to 'men's business and bosoms'. Translation is, therefore, not an exact imitation but is more like an equation. The meaning is identical on both sides of the equation though the form of expression is different. "Identity of meaning expressed through difference of 'form' is the true essence of translation", says Notopoulos. This creative rendering of form is the creative factor in the art of translation, through which the translator expresses his poetic sensibilities.

The translator is not an interpreter or paraphraser of the poems he is translating. Yet his choice of words must be such that the gentle beauty, richness of thoughts and emotions are duly transplanted into the other language. The translated language must be as fluent and transparent as the original. This linguistic ability can only be achieved by reading and understanding the works of the great masters. The very process of reading is in a way transplanting the thoughts of the writer in our minds, which is sub-consciously translating them. Godwin rightly remarks, "the study of other Men's writing is strikingly analogous to the invention and arrangement of our own". They rekindle our imaginative faculty. Translation is primarily intended for those who do not know the language of the original. The translator must, therefore, study the work he is translating thoroughly, so much so that the original writer becomes the part of his own consciousness.

He must sink into the depth of the poetry in order to render creatively the ideas and the emotions of the writer. For, so susceptible is the mind of man that it becomes what it contemplates. When he is fully absorbed in the writer and his work, his mind is as it were flooded with the thoughts of the original. He feels the fervor and the word-spirit which the writer wishes to communicate.

In this state of mind translation finds its most potent expression and gets the spontaneity of the original writer. This makes translation a fresh work of art.

It is impossible to understand the depth of one language unless we know at least one more language. We can understand the philosophy of words and beauty of language only by comparison. It is by collating one language with another that we learn the various shades of meanings inherent in words and their multiple suggestiveness. There are hardly exact synonyms between one language and another and narrow adherence to words and literariness must be avoided by the translator because it is likely to lead to misrepresentation of the essential spirit. Every translation is, therefore, a compromise which takes us as near the original as possible, and any attempt to transmute poetry from one language to another is apt to fail. The inner nucleus of cultural cadence can hardly be trapped in the words of another language, as no single word can represent the totality of beauty alluded to in another language. The valuable ideas of a language can certainly be conveyed in the translation but the subtle graces peculiar to every language, pose an insoluble problem for the translator. Yet, by imaginative grasp of the meanings and creative rendering, proximity with the original can be attained. But every translator must accept with humility the extent to which the poetry could be creatively rendered. Poetry has so subtle a spirit that in pouring out one language into another some portion evaporates, like fragrance of altar melting into air when poured from one phial into another. Non-transference of the entire original into another language is the inescapable predicament of the translator. Shelley rightly believed poetry was essentially as organic and natural as flower. The particular beauty of flower cannot be recreated. We can neither transmute, transfer, nor transcreate a poem in its entirety, as transcreation more than often drifts from the original. Moreover, it is not possible to recreate a writer. We can only make a creative rendering in translation as the original cannot be reproduced in its exact identity. The original admits only one original existence. Even the writer himself cannot translate in entirety his own poems written in one language into another. For the poem has its own distinguished personality or individuality.

The spirit of poetry ever remains deep-laid within the inmost personality of the poet. The science of being is far superior to the science of words. Words themselves are at times inadequate to express the totality of the poets' experience. In this context even the original writing becomes a sort of translation of the thoughts and emotions that flashed through the poet's mind. When the original writer suffers this setback, the translation has it all the more.

The graces of the original can be represented by the linguistic nuances of the translator but partially. Yet the translator dedicates his acumen and energies in casting a veil of his words on the original work which he is translating in order to capture the beauty and charm of the original in his translation. The more transparent the veil, the better will be seen the eternal form of the "Glowing Original". The transparency of the veil depends upon the total dedication and meditation of the translator in understanding the depth and meaning of the work.

Utmost care must be taken that fidelity and beauty are well integrated, and become inseparable and that the original does not suffer any change due to beautification. There by translation attains maximum proximity with the original. The translator aspires that the translated poem must be a poem in its own right in the translated language.

The study and reflection of the classics is of paramount importance for the translator. Ezra Pound says, "the classics are almost the only antiseptics against the contagious imbecility of mankind." Therefore, translating the classics infuses new inspiration and insight

in the translator and develops his creative faculty. The classics ignite the creative process in him. "It's a light kindled from living fire", says Shelley.

Kāmāyanī the great epic poems of our times have their cultural depths touching the very origin of human life. Their language may often be sprinkled here and there with archaism of the bygone ages. The themes may be adopted from the ancient lores, yet the language and spirit of the work remain modern to the core. Such is the great Hindi poem Kāmāyanī by Jaishankar Prasad. In my own humble way, I have made a creative rendering into free verse in English of this magnificent poem which has become an important epic in barely in a couple decades, the like of which is not found in the whole range of Hindi literature nay even in the twentieth century Indian literature.

Kāmāyanī is a cosmic poem, pervasive in its vision, rich in symbolic content, full of concrete imagery and unfolds the moral values inherited from the past into contemporary life. 'Prasad' is a poet of humanity, for whom past, present and future melt into one eternal time, in which the life of man evolves into greater and greater perfection. The theme of poetry is taken from the lores which have their roots in the Vedas, Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa and the Bhāgavatam. With imagination and insight, Prasad has picked up the threads and interwoven a fabric of supreme poetic creation, fresh and original. "Not only the uniqueness of the poet's work, but also his ability to make use of his heritage, is the mark of originality," says Rosenthal.

Prasad has mingled the flow of traditions with the glow of modern poetry. It is not clinging to the past that makes the writer traditional but the realization of the living presence of the entire literature of his country and the world; the simultaneous existence of the past and the present, temporal and the timeless that enables him to envision the future and deliver his perennial message to posterity. This integration of time and thought has given a universal dimension to Kāmāyanī and made it an "Epic of Creation" as Prof. Nandagopal Sengupta calls it. Dr. Nagendra has described it as an 'Epic of human psyche or a grand allegory of the progress of human civilization'.

Translating such a work is not only a novel experience but a thrill that eludes wordy description. It is a pleasant and enthralling phenomenon indeed. Yet sailing across in translating Kāmāyanī has its joys and hazards. Apart from some of the general problems of translation already discussed, Kāmāyanī has its own translation problems as well. For, Prasad dives deep into the vast realms of the psychological, metaphysical and spiritual aspects of human behaviour. He deals with values and ideals rather than narrations. Even the titles of the chapters pose an insuperable problem since *Dharma*, *Karma*, *Kāma*, *Rasa*, *Nirveda*, *Ānanda* have no exact equivalents in English. They hum with various shades of meanings and connotations that no single English word can convey their complexities, rooted as they are in the cultural moorings of the land. I, therefore, found it advisable not to translate these words but give a full elucidation in the glossary.

Another very important aspect of Prasad's poetry is its musical nature. In fact most of the Hindi poetry from medieval times to Prasad's day was set to music. It could be sung with ease.

For, music and poetry in India are well knit and inseparable. *Ślokas* and Vedic hymns continue to be chanted since ages. A musical melody flows in Prasad's poetry as an undercurrent. I, therefore, chose the parallel rhythm-pattern in order to remain personally close to Prasad.

The music of one language can hardly be transferred to another language except by 'divine accident', says Ezra Pound. In my endeavour towards that end, I realized that when we are deeply absorbed in the poem, our translation also gets cadence radiated by the original.

कंकण क्वणित, रणित नुपूर थे,
हिलते थे छाती पर हार।
मुखरित था कलरव गीतों में
स्वर लय का होता अभिसार।
(चिन्ता)

Bangles and bells did ring and jingle,
While garlands over their bosoms swayed;
Sweet melodies chimed in their songs,
In rhythmic notes of courting trysts.

Kāmāyanī commences with the great deluge that drowns the entire civilization of the gods who were steeped in hedonistic saturnalia or pleasures. Manu is the sole survivor reminiscent of the shattered pride of gods. He happens to land on the Himālayas.

हिम गिरि के उत्तुंग शिखर पर
बैठ शिला की शीतल छाँह,
एक पुरुष, भीगे नयनों से
देख रहा था प्रलय प्रवाह!
नीचे जल था, ऊपर हिम था
एक तरल था, एक सघन,
एक तत्त्व की ही प्रधानता
कहो उसे जड़ या चेतन।
(चिन्ता)

On the lofty peak of the Himālayas,
Under the icy shade of a rock,
A man was sitting with moist eyes,
Watching the rolling waters of doom!
High above was frozen snow,
While surging waters rolled below,
One primal energy pervades in them,
Matter or life, whatever the name.

अवयव की दृढ़ मांस-पेशियाँ
ऊर्जस्वित था वीर्य्य अपार,
स्फीत शिराएँ, स्वस्थ रक्त का
होता था जिनमें संचार
(चिन्ता)

His limbs were knit with strong sinews
While infinite vigour surged within
Rich warm blood was ever-pulsating
Salient strength and radiant health.

चिन्ता-कातर वदन हो रहा
पौरुष जिसमें ओत-प्रोत,
उधर उपेक्षामय यौवन का
बहता भीतर मधुमय स्रोत।
(चिन्ता)

Although beaming with perfect man-hood
His body alas! was anxiety smitten
While deep within his neglected youth
Flowed the lucid stream so sweet.

The all-destroying deluge is a common feature in all ancient epics, the Gilgamesh, the Bible, the Matsya Purāṇa and so also in *Paradise Lost* and Kāmāyanī. Even the immortality of gods becomes deceptive and ephemeral ultimately even that concludes in death.

वे सब डूबे, डूबा उनका
विभव बन गया पारावार,
उमड़ रहा था देव सुखों पर
दुःख जलधि का नाद अपार।
(चिन्ता)

They all drowned and deeper still
Their glory is submerged in the boundless deep.
Over heavenly joys surge thunderous rumblings
Of that ocean of eternal suffering.

मौन! नाश! विध्वंस! अंधेरा!
शून्य बना जो प्रकट अभाव,
वही सत्य है, अरी अमरते!
तुमको यहाँ कहाँ अब ठाँवा
(चिन्ता)

जीवन तेरा क्षुद्र अंश है
व्यक्त नील घन-माला में
सौदामिनी-सन्धि सा सुन्दर
क्षण भर रहा उजाला में।
(चिन्ता)

Silence! Death! Deviation! Darkness!
Vacant void that is turned to naught.
That is verily the truth. Oh! Immortality
Have you any place over here at all!

Life indeed is your insignificant part
Wrapped in the blue of blowing clouds
Like beautiful truce with lightning it is
In momentary flashes of dazzling light.

Prasad is the pioneer of Romanticism or '*Chāyāvāda*' the shadow of Reality in Hindi Literature. He elucidates it as "a sparkle of the pearl" that embosoms the entire splendour of the ocean. Prasad's love for nature is supreme. To him, nature is imbued with divine halo and endowed with human emotions. He expresses the tenderness of the smiling flower and joy pervading all around while welcoming the advent of Spring.

मधुमय बसन्त जीवन बन के
बह अन्तरिक्ष के लहरों में,
कब आये थे तुम चुपके से
रजनी के पिछले पहरों में!
(काम)

क्या तुम्हें देख कर आते यों,
मतवाली कोयल बोली थी!
उस नीरवता में अलसाई
कलियों ने आँखें खोली थीं!
(काम)

जब लिखते थे तुम सरस हँसी
अपनी, फूलों के अंचल में,
अपना कलकण्ठ मिलाते थे
झरनों के कोमल कल कल में
(काम)

निश्चिन्त आह! वह था कितना
उल्लास, काकली के स्वर में,
आनन्द प्रतिध्वनि गूँज रही
जीवन दिगन्त के अम्बर में।
(काम)

Oh! Sweet spring in the woods of life,
Flowing in ethereal waves of space,
When did you come here so very quietly,
In the late hours of the receding night?

Having seen you come so quietly,
Did the enamoured cuckoo coo?
In that hush of profound slumber,
Did buds open their drowsy eyes?

When you were writing your sweetest laughter,
Deep in recesses of blossoming flowers,
They were singing their amorous tunes,
To rhythm and beat of clattering falls!

Ah! how carefree was that delight,
In those melodious notes of the cuckoo!
Blissful joy was resounding indeed,
In all directions and the firmament of life!

In the canto "Lajjā" call it modesty, shyness or bashfulness, Prasad propounds with deep insight the glory and predicament of womanhood in the following memorable verses which have become quotable quotes.

कोमल किसलय के अंचल में
नन्हीं कलिका ज्यों छिपती-सी,
गोधूली के धूमिल पट में
दीपक के स्वर में दिपती-सी।
क्या कहती हो ठहरो नारी!
संकल्प अश्रु-जल से अपने,
तुम दान कर चुकी पहले ही
जीवन के सोने-से सपने।

(लज्जा)

नारी! तुम केवल श्रद्धा हो
विश्वास रजत नग पग तल में
पीयूष स्रोत-सी बहा करो
जीवन के सुन्दर समतल में।

(लज्जा)

देवों की विजय, दानवों की
हारों का होता युद्ध रहा,
संघर्ष सदा उर अन्तर में
जीवित रह नित्य विरुद्ध रहा

(चिन्ता)

आँसू से भीगे अंचल पर
मन का सब कुछ रखना होगा,
तुमको अपनी स्मिति रेखा से
यह सन्धि-पत्र लिखना होगा

(चिन्ता)

Looking at the ever increasing self-centredness and selfishness of Manu, Śraddhā tells him:

मनु क्या यही तुम्हारी होगी
उज्ज्वल नव मानवता?
जिसमें सब कुछ ही लेना हो
हाय! बची क्या शवता?

(चिन्ता)

अपने में सब कुछ भर ऐसे
व्यक्ति विहास करेगा
यह एकान्त स्वार्थ भीषण है
अपना नाश करेगा

(कर्म)

Behind the veil of tender leaves
Lying concealed like a little budling,
Behind the dust of returning cows
Glimmering like the flame of a lamp;
Woman! Pause. What are you saying?
With your resolve dissolved in tears
You have generously donated away
The golden dreams of your life already.

Woman! You are an abiding Faith
Trust, is Silvery Himālayan Vales;
Like an ambrosial stream you flow
Over the beautiful plains of life.

Victory of gods and demons' defeat,
Ever engaged in perpetual strife;
Struggle within recess of heart,
Is ever lively and eternally opposed.

Yet on your veil so moist with tears.
You'll have to surrender your entire being;
And with your ray of blissful smile,
You'll have to sign this abiding treaty.

Manu will this indeed be your novel plan
For glorious redemption of entire mankind
In which will prevail only selfish greed
Alas! to leave only desolation behind.

By only gratifying personal greed
How will mankind progress at all
This selfish motive is terribly dreadful
It will certainly invite its own disaster.

औरों को हँसते देखो मनु
हँसो और सुख पाओ
अपने सुख को विस्तृत कर दो
सब को सुखी बनाओ

(कर्म)

Behold the beaming joys of others
Manu you also smile and become happy
Extend the frontiers of your delight
Make the entire creation happy.

Prasad extols the static glory of Himālayas but does not aspire for it. He seeks full freedom of his mind like veering stormy wind and like the dynamic blazing sun.

देखे मैंने वे शैल शृङ्ग
जो अचल हिमानी से रंजित, उन्मुक्त, उपेक्षा भरे तुङ्ग
अपने जड़ गौरव के प्रतीक वसुधा का कर अभिमान भंग
अपनी समाधि में रहे सुखी बह जाती हैं नदियाँ अबोध
कुछ स्वेद बिन्दु उसके लेकर वह स्तिमित नयन गत शोक क्रोध
स्थिर मुक्ति प्रतिष्ठा मैं वैसी चाहता नहीं इस जीवन की
मैं तो अबाध गति मरुत सदृश, हूँ चाह रहा अपने मन की
जो चूम चला जाता अग जग प्रति पग में कंपन की तरंग
वह ज्वलनशील गतिमय पतंग।

(इड़ा)

I have seen those mountain peaks
Wearing the crowns of inert snow,
So free, indifferent, and extremely high,
Symbolizing in their insentient glory,
Only to shatter the pride of earth!
Fully absorbed in their ecstatic trance,
While innocent rivers are flowing past
Only gathering their perspiring drops,
Eyes drooping, devoid of rage or sorrow!
Oh! Such static freedom with all its fame,
I do not aspire for such a life at all.
Like the veering stormy wind,
I desire full freedom of my mind,
That kisses earth and mound advancing,
In the tremulous waves at every moment,
Like the dynamic blazing sun.

Prasad describes the vibrancy of intellect plying through the tangled web of polemics and adept in synthesizing the dualities of life in blissful harmony, blending emotion and thought with great dexterity.

बिखरीं अलकें ज्यों तर्क जाल
वह विश्व मुकुट सा उज्ज्वलतम शशिखण्ड सदृश था स्पष्ट भाल
दो पद्म पलाश चषक से दृग देते अनुराग विराग ढाल

गुंजरित मधुप से मुकुल सदृश वह आनन जिसमें भरा गान
 वक्षस्थल पर एकत्र धरे, संसृति के सब विज्ञान ज्ञान
 था एक हाथ में कर्म कलश वसुधा जीवन रस सार लिये
 दूसरा विचारों के नभ को था मधुर अभय अवलम्ब दिये
 त्रिवली थी त्रिगुण तरंगमयी, आलोक वसन लिपटा अराल
 चरणों में थी गति भरी ताल।

(इड़ा)

Tresses like tangled logic twined!
 Her forehead was clear like the silvery moon
 Akin to the dazzling crown of the world.
 Her lotus-like eyes like cups of wine,
 Were pouring affection and non-attachment;
 Her face was brimming with melodious songs,
 Like buzzing of bee over budding flowers;
 Within her bosoms were placed together,
 Empirical science and spiritual knowledge;
 In one hand he held the pitcher of action,
 Filled with the happiness of worldly life;
 The other was rendering to the realm of thoughts
 A steady support so fearless and sweet;
 Her *trivali* was rippling like trinity of *gunas*,
 While her girdling attire was full of light,
 Her feet were vibrant with the musical rhythm.

I will like to allude to two philosophical verses in relation to time and space culminating in music and its innate rhythm for peace and progress in life.

देश कल्पना काल परिधि में होती लय है,
 काल खोजता महा चेतना में निज क्षय है।
 वह अनन्त चेतन नचता है उन्मद गति से,
 तुम भी नाचो अपनी द्वयता में विस्मृति से।

(संघर्ष)

Notion of Space is merged, within the feeling of Time,
 Time seeks its own redemption, in core of higher consciousness.
 Infinite consciousness dances in a dynamic rhythm.
 You also join this dance, oblivious of all duality.

क्षितिज पटी को उठा बढ़ो ब्रह्माण्ड शिविर में,
 गुंजरित घन नाद सुनो इस विश्व कहर में।
 ताल-ताल पर चलो नहीं लय छूटे जिसमें,
 तुम न विवादी स्वर छोड़ो अनजाने इसमें।

(संघर्ष)

Lift the line of horizon, advance in the cosmic cavern,
 And listen to rumbling clouds, in this mysterious universe.
 Move harmoniously in rhythm, without missing any beat.
 Do not unknowingly stumble, rendering discordant notes.

While passing through commotions and agitation of perturbed life Manu sinks in dismay frustration his heart torn by mounting dissensions. Poet Dinkar calls it the immortal song of Kāmāyanī.

तुमुल कोलाहल कलह में मैं हृदय की बात रे मन विकल होकर नित्य चंचल, खोजती जब नींद के पल, चेतना वक सी रही तब, मैं मलय की बात रे मन! चिर विषाद विलीन मन की, इस व्यथा के तिमिर वन की, मैं उषा सी ज्योति रेखा, कुसुम विकसित प्रात रे मन! जहाँ मरु ज्वाला धधकती, चातकी कन को तरसती, उन्हीं जीवन घाटियों की, मैं सरस बरसात रे मन! पवन की प्राचीर में रुक जला जीवन जी रहा झुक, इस झुलसते विश्व दिन की मैं कुसुम ऋतु रात रे मन! चिर निराशा नीरधर से प्रतिच्छायित अश्रु सर में, मधुप मुखर मरन्द मुकुलित मैं सजल जलजात रे मन!	In tumultuous uproar of bitter strife I am heart-consoling thought, Oh Mind! Bewildered in perpetual tiring activity, Searching moments of retiring repose; When consciousness appears fatigued, I am the <i>Malaya</i> Breeze, oh Mind! To the mind immersed in sorrow In these woods of painful anguish, I am like at radiant ray of dawn, The morn of blooming flowers, oh Mind! Where those desert-fires are blazing <i>Cātakī</i> thirsts for a drop of water; In those hills and dales of life, I am the soothing shower, oh Mind! Enclosed in recesses of the wind, Living a dismal ematiated life, Of this scorching day in the world, I am the vernal night, Oh Mind! Clouds of deep despair reflecting, Over the lake of tears wherein, Buzzing bees hover over its pollen, I am that moist lotus, oh Mind!"
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(निर्वेद)

Prasad eulogises the glory of woman as Śakti guiding man to the highest realms of spiritual realization of the beatitude of Bliss Ananda or Śiva in his cosmic dance.

It is like Beatrice guiding Dante in 'Divine Comedy', Sāvitrī leading Satyavān in 'Aurobindo's Sāvitrī' and Śraddhā leading Manu in 'Kāmāyanī' for self-realization. Thus Kāmāyanī concludes with Iḍā visiting Śraddhā and Manu in Kailāśa. They are blessed with

spiritual realization in which the exquisite harmony matter, spirit and beauty transcending into Infinite Bliss.

समरस थे जड़ या चेतन
सुन्दर साकार बना था,
चेतनता एक विलसती
आनन्द अखण्ड घना था।

(चिन्ता)

Matter and spirit were harmonious
Exquisite was the form of Beauty
Consciousness alone was blossoming
Transcendental infinite Bliss.

Ānsū after Kāmāyanī I took up Ānsū, Tears the famous lyric of Prasad for translation. It is an elegy written by the poet for his beloved. It is by far the longest elegy written in Hindi. The poet does not reveal the name of the person to whom the poem is addressed.

Prasad's poetic diction has its own uniqueness. He frequently invests his words with allegorical and symbolical suggestions along with concrete meaning. Thus the words glimmer with dual meaningfulness. This does pose some difficulty in selecting equivalent English words. I have tried to choose such words which allude both to the allegorical and the concrete suggestibility. Tonally rhythmic pattern of 'Ānsū' is close to English trimeter. I have followed the fluid parallel rhythm.

Ānsū commences with the memory of some poignant moment which overwhelmed the poet and puts him in a mood wherein his sorrow melts into surging flood of tears.

जो घनीभूत पीड़ा थी
मस्तक में स्मृति-सी छायी
दुर्दिन में आँसू बन कर
वह आज बरसने आयी।
मकरन्द मेघ-माला-सी
वह स्मृति मदमाती आती
इस हृदय विपिन की कलिका
जिसके रस से मुसकाती।
कितनी निर्जन रजनी में
तारों के दीप जलाये
स्वर्गङ्गा की धारा में
उज्ज्वल उपहार चढ़ाये!
बाँधा था विधु को किसने
इन काली जंजीरों से
मणि वाले फणियों का मुख
क्यों भरा हुआ हीरों से?
इस छोटी-सी सीपी में
रत्नाकर खेल रहा हो
करुणा की इन बूँदों में
आनन्द उड़ेल रहा हो।

That which has intense anguish,
Awning the mind like memory,
In the fateful moments now,
It showers in the form of tears.
Like a trailing cloud of pollen,
That drunken memory returns,
Budding in the woods of heart,
Smiles with its luscious nectar.
In the dark deserted night,
Star-like lamps are lighted;
In the stream of milky way,
Peerless gifts are offered.
Who has enchained the moon
With these dark dire fetters?
Why hoods of ruby serpents
Are full of precious diamonds?
In this the smallest oyster
Ocean seems to be sporting,
In the drops of compassion
It seems to be pouring bliss.

The poet sublimates his love into spiritual union and aspires to meet his beloved in track of planets.

चमकूँगा धूप-कणों में	I'll shine in the glow of sunbeams
सौरभ हो उड़ जाऊँगा	I'll fly in the form of fragrance,
पाऊँगा कहीं तुम्हें तो	Per chance I happen to find you,
ग्रह-पथ में टकराऊँगा।	We'll unite in the track of planets.

The mystic incomprehensibility of the feeling of love inspired Prasad to pen a memorable verse of great beauty.

शशि-मुख पर घूँघट डाले	Veiling the moon-like face
अंचल में दीप छिपाये	Concealing a lamp behind drape,
जीवन की गोधूली में	In the evening twilight of life,
कौतूहल-से तुम आये।	You came as a quaint surprise.

Similar feeling also overwhelms Tennyson and he is unable to comprehend the mystic meaning of Tears.

"Tears, Tears, idle Tears.

I know not what they mean."

Prasad concludes the book *Ānsū* by making tears more purposive and meaningful. He exhorts them to shower like morning dew and give solace to hearts that are bereft of joy, and make the entire universe happy.

सबका निचोड़ लेकर तुम	Taking the quintessence
सुख से सूखे जीवन में	Shower tears as morning dew
बरसो प्रभात हिमकन सा	On the life sere of joys.
आँसू इस विश्व-सदन में।	In the entire universe.

Through these two books in my own humble way, I have tried to establish that the thoughts and emotions of one country can always be brought home to another by translations and the diversities of language in no way hinder human relationship. Amalendu Bose rightly says that "if languages are like so many flowers in the same vast national garden (as in India) the translation can excellently serve the purpose of a unifier." The national, ethical or cultural variances can always be appreciated by a deeper understanding of human wisdom conveyed through translations. The translator is immensely in love with world literature. This makes translation an act of supreme patriotism where in the translator carries the wisdom of his country beyond its shores and makes it the wisdom of the world. The Bible and Gītā are not the literature of the Hebrews or Hindūs alone, they are the literature of the world. So are also the great works of world-literature translated by savants and poets in different languages. The translator transcends the cultural and linguistic barriers and given a universal dimension to literature. Like gentle breeze, he carries the fragrance of one literature to another spreading a message of peace and goodwill. I take this august occasion to pay my humble obeisance to those great writers, poets, and thinkers who dedicated their selfless spirit in translating the masterpieces which inspired them and made literature the common heritage of the entire mankind.