



Sain Sucha



Rabi Dash

Dr. Rabinarayan Dash – is a senior consultant rheumatologist practicing in Malmö, Sweden and India where he is the cofounder of Shakuntala Rheumatology hospital, a charitable hospital for rheumatic patients in Odisha, India. Apart from being a reputed physician in his field, he is a prolific writer who has published poetry in English, Swedish and his mother tongue Odia. His works have been appeared in numerous literary magazines and news papers. His first novel, “A peddler of emptiness” was published 2019 from Studera press New Delhi. His other publications include Clinical trials, Mirrored Dew, Butterfly Buddha, Dialogues with the a caged parrot and Gazals of an Eavesdropper, Grisarnas kånsta för solen, Hunden Ramakrishna, Jesus trädet, Abeam Kadha etc.

Sain Sucha – a writer/publisher/taxi driver who has gone through many phases of life in different fields of existence. He has graduated from Punjab and Stockholm University in Natural Sciences and Humanities. He has written since 1955 and his short stories are published in periodicals in various countries. Among his noticeable books in English are The Roots of Misery, Discourse with IT, Reflections and The Evil Eyes. He also writes in Urdu, Punjabi and Swedish. He has also translated Faiz Admed Faiz and Sahir Ludhianvi into English, and Ahmad Faraz and Faiz into Swedish.

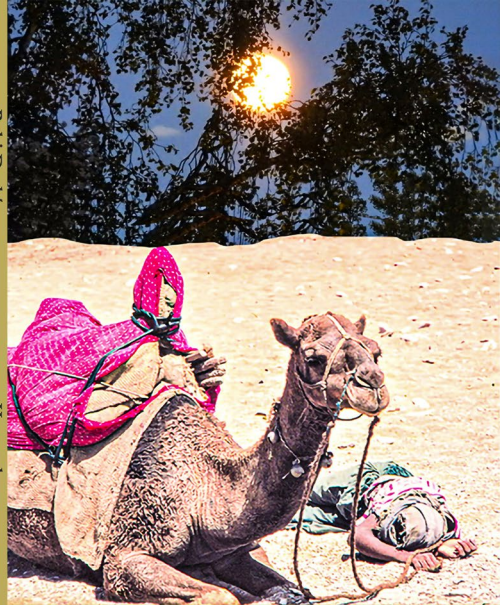
978 91 86620 59 2



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Rabi Dash's
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Heavenly
and
Earthly
Poems



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VKF Publication

Vudya Kitaban Förlag

www.vudya.se

vudya@vudya.se

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First Published 2021

e-BOOK edition 2021

Title picture and formatting: Sain Sucha

ISBN: 978-91-86620-2-59 e-book.



9 789186 620592

Dedicated to the people who appreciate life and care for the only planet, as far as we know today, that sustains life in so many different forms, shapes and colours.

It is for us to actively participate in exploring our fellow residents on the planet Earth and find means for mutual care and co-existence.

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Preface

Dr. Rabi Dash and I are two writers with the same goal, Humanism; but, two very different roads to tread upon to reach that goal.

Rabi is a tree-embracer, who sees his elves, fairies, spirits, butterflies, and universality in every running stream, singing bird, the undulating ocean, limitless desert, or lush green fields. He writes heavenly poems that caress you to appreciate life the way it is.

I am, on the other side, an evolutionist who believes in toiling, winning a half-step here and then slipping down a bit, and then toil again to move forward. I write earthly poems that, I hope, activate you to appreciate life the way it is.

Both of us have our basic training in natural sciences – he is a medical doctor who heals people with medicine as well as rejuvenating poems. I was trained as a zoologist and chemist and, once, worked with research chemists and palynologists – but that

was a long time ago. Now I have driven a taxi for the last forty-four years.

Both of us meet a lot of people in our work, and both of us are life-long learners. That what we learn, we try to capture in our writings to share our experience.

Both of us write prose and poetry, and this very strange collection of poems is an invitation to our readers to appraise the two paths we have chosen and then find their own path to the Humanistic World that we both aspire for!

April 8, 2021

Rabi Dash & Sain Sucha

Rabinarayan Dash

The Enigma That is You

The stranger inside you
Shocked, terrorised and hunted me
and resurrected me to hope, dream and
rejuvenation.

Whenever I ask myself for an explanation
Someone says, "Halt".
I looked back and asked,
"Who is there?"
I saw a faint echo and the presence of someone
Who came from somewhere.

I asked, "Is it you?"
You came in shape and contour
You appeared before me like one yet to be expressed
in any language.
I screamed, "It is something that was well known!"
You smiled and embraced me
In the depth of a subtle, revolting and fragile self.

—14 June, 2005. K-stad

The Enigma That is You (II)

In between your kisses
I asked myself,
*What were those explanations?
That you who stood by the door
showed me the path toward a snowy landscape?
What has grown over you
In your belief and the power of a new self?*

I stood there
And listened to the footsteps.
They are coming
I am ascending.
What am I ascending?
The height? The fall?
What am I going towards?
As every single angel escapes with no role.

For that part of you
I could go on dreaming
For the fall of faith,
Can a dawn ever transcend a subtle beginning?

Rabinarayan Dash

The Enigma That is You (III)

That day, you remember, you could take your horses
to the desert

And travel in the night.

Now you come close

Enquiring, "What has awaited us in the road?"

You sat down and whispered

"I am leaving my soul behind.

You are going to walk with the rest of humanity
who are lame and blind!"

I waited night after night

No one came and knocked at the door

Often in the middle of the night

I came and opened my way to the world

Something like a shadow stood on the other side of
the shore

I sailed near and asked

"Who is weeping?"

You said, "Something in you
is struggling and unbecoming!"

I left the door open the rest of the time

So far no one has arrived.

On the horizon there were echoes of horses
marching

And something, as if riding over the waves of an
incoming tide.

—10 August, 2005. K-stad

The Enigma That is You (IV)

For me to see through your eyes
Blinded with my own light
To ask the love-nourishing sun
For his grace
I have to beg for another flight
To a land unknown
Lighted by a thousand suns.

As the shadows of my past world faded
I could see a clearer day
Holding your hands
I could only explain, "I have nothing to say!"

But the light has been shadowed by a mountain
Where awaited *Rahu*, the sun-eating demon
Who keeps my eyes intact
My prejudices to roll away
My pride can never be belittled and succumb to a
fall

I cried, "Oh, *Rahu*, free the sun!"
I am beginning to understand
The Other's vision
As I am understanding
Something of my own.

For your eyes to be shared
I have come and gathered
My layers of petals

At the altar of a God
Who has shown me the
Path of uncertainty,
Where something could ever hold.

—*1 March, 2009*

The Enigma That is You (V)

The two-headed bird
Sat and meditated
As the heads went on arguing
“Hi, there, do you ever understand me?”
“Oh, never...
...as you never understand yourself!”

The other head argued, “Hi, I know your trick, Sir!
I can read from your beak
Your eyes speak of pain
Your face expresses an incoming shower of rain.”

As the tree, along with the body of the bird,
sat with the man behind the charioteer
And imitated silence
Both heads continued the dialogue
As the wings of night break with nuances.

With one head saying, “I!”
The other, “You!”
They have finally agreed to
Ask the charioteer for her view
She failed in convincing them
As the night deepened
And the sound of heads
Echoed through the landscape
Where the sound had actually echoed their voices.

“Right”, “Right!” said both heads
Before they went to sleep.
They believed they knew the mystery of the Other.
Both at the surface and deep.

—2 March, 2009. LAH

My Wish

Everyday, I wish to see tears in your eyes –
Tears of joy!

Hope

I

"Wake up... wake up!"

He turned his head
And there it sat,
Outside his window,
The black myna bird

"Why are you whispering,
And why are you so hoarse?"
Asked Suez,
The old farmer.

"Stupid was I
Who flew over the city
Instead of flying around it;
And now I cannot sing!"

"What do you want?"
The old man heard the anxiety
In the bird's voice
And enquired about it.

The myna replied:
"I have come the long way
Because you are a true son of the Earth;
I believe you would understand me!"

"Just tell me,
What's in your heart?"

II

"Our Mother Earth feels sick!
Her children torment her
With gruesome games;
Her skin is torn asunder by tanks,
Dynamite inflicts burning sores on her body,
Toxic chemicals run through her veins,
And lethal gases fill her lungs --
She suffers from shivers, cough and fever.

Do you remember how last Christmas
She suffered from severe stomach-ache,
Her whole inner being shook with convulsions,
And she threw up a violent wave of her fluids --
A tsunami that drowned all far and near?

And do you recall how a few weeks later on
She got palpitation and breathed so heavily
Exhaling a wind storm that violently
Fell haughty pines and majestic firs?

And haven't you heard either
About her rising fever
That is causing flood in the oceans
When the snow melts from her breasts?

The bird paused, and then added:

"Earth, our mother, needs us now!
We must hurry to help her.
We must stand by Mother Earth!"

III

"What can I do?

An old man am I
Far away from all,
Neither strong nor rich,
Without influence or authority.
I own a little land,
A flock of sheep, and my ram Sathi,
Imdad, my dear wife
And my daughter Arodnap;

Haven't you flown into the wrong direction?"

"No, it is you that I seek!
It is you who have the daring ram
And the golden girl.
One fears no hurdle
And the other knows no evil,
Together they make an invincible pair –
And it is for their sake I have come here!"

The old man shook his head:
"It's true that my ram is strong and brave,
And my daughter is chaste,
But what service could they perform