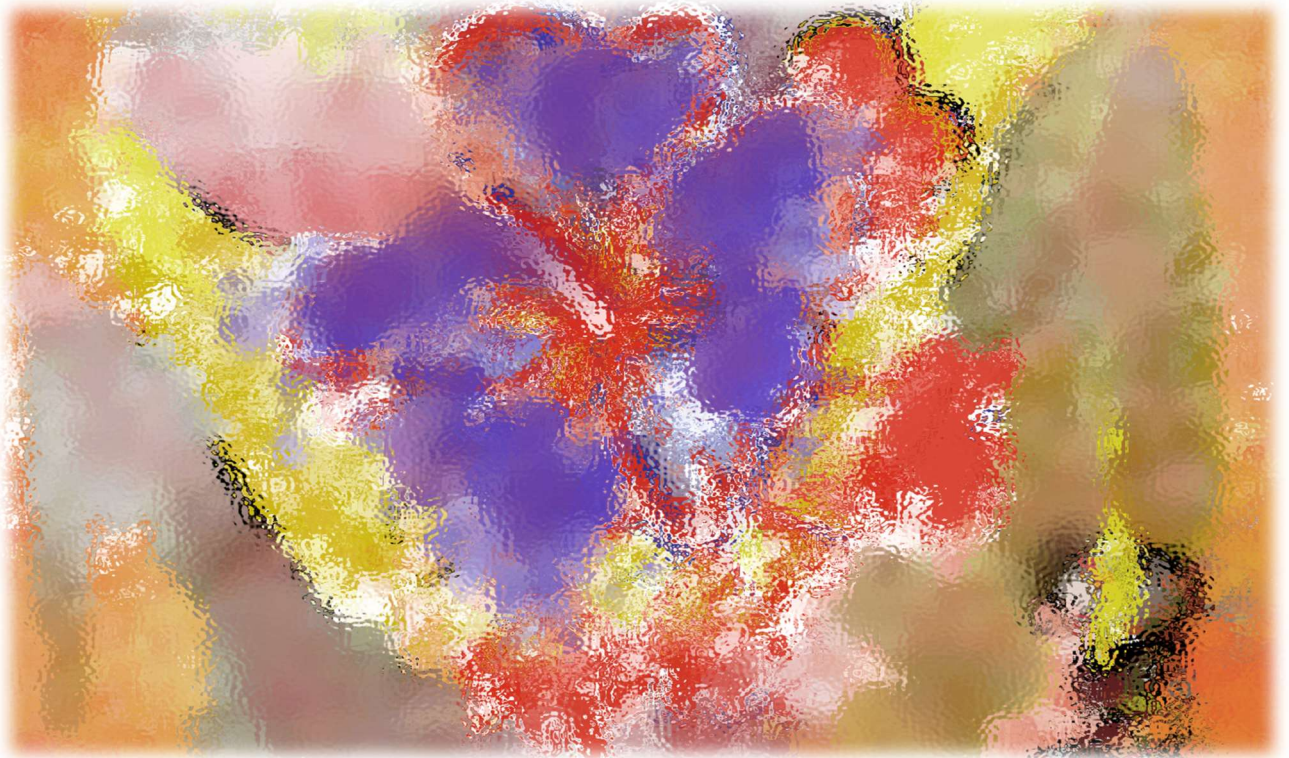




CAESURAE: POETICS OF CULTURAL TRANSLATION
Vol 5:2

SPECIAL FEATURE - DREAMS



“... O magnolia radiance breaking in spume, magnetic voyager whose death flowers
and returns, eternal, to being and nothingness: shattered brine, dazzling leap of the ocean. Merged, you and
I, my love, seal the silence while the sea destroys its continual forms, collapses its turrets of wildness and
whiteness, because in the weft of those unseen garments of headlong water, and perpetual sand,
we bear the sole, relentless tenderness.” – Pablo Neruda

Contributions by Jayita Sengupta

Which is a dream? The Cosmos within or without?



Digital Painting by Jayita

“Beyul”, as they called it, and still would want to do so!

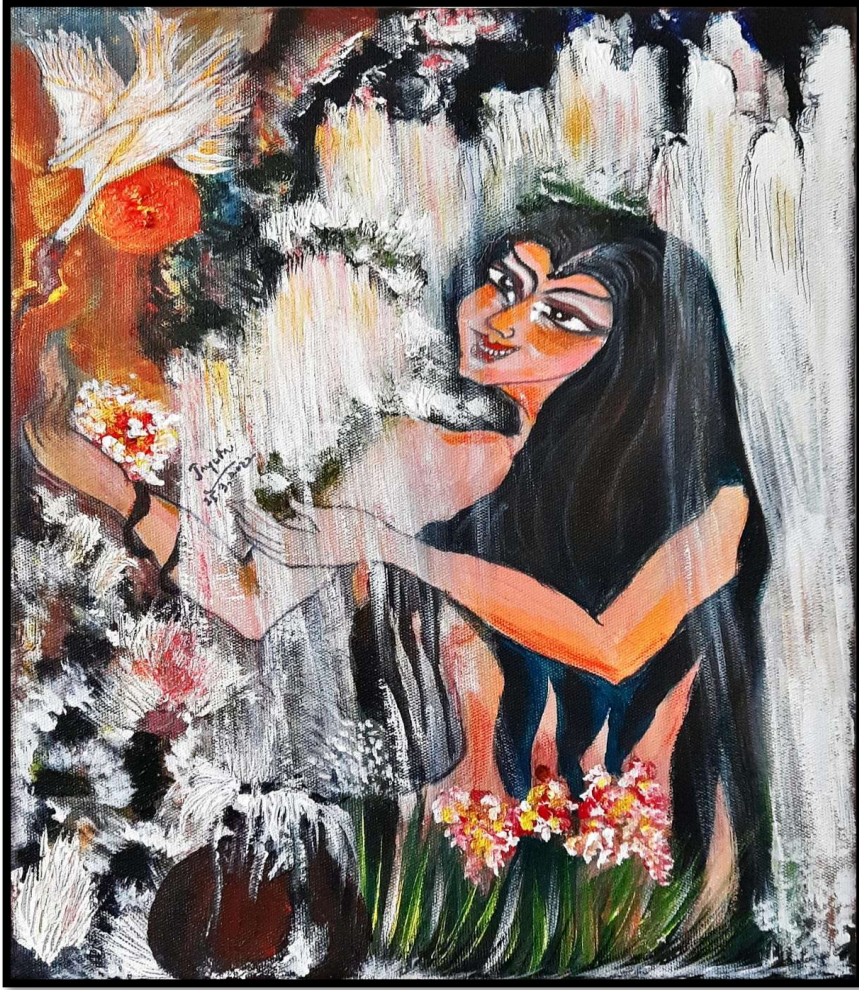
The land of dreams, the land blessed by the divine soul, Padmasambhava.

The land which holds the gateway to the paradisaal realm,

The land where mind flees

On the other side of the tumultuous mountains...

Across the flanks of Kanchendongza ...



Acrylic on Canvas by Jayita inspired by Tagore's song, "Tomar oi jhornatolar nirjone".

In that land of Paradisal bliss and hidden streams
In that niche among the craggy hills where the water spurts
as the wine of life,
dear BELOVED across life and death
reach out to me.

May this earthly vessel spilling over with thy grace
Turn golden with the tender caress of Love divine,

cleansing the smears of pain and sorrow
healing the oozing wounds which bring me closer to you,
entwining me, you and the spring of divine wine into inseparable oneness.



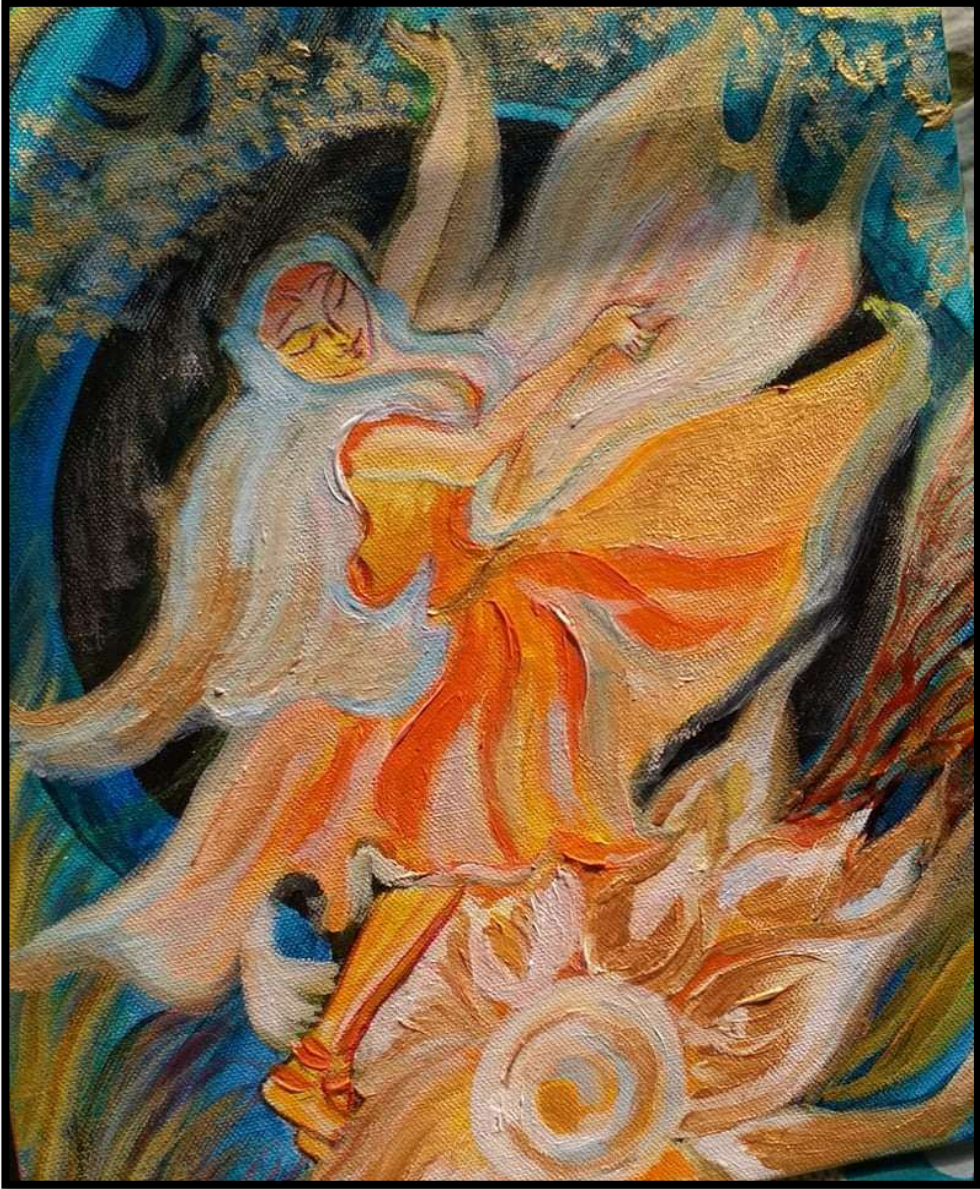
“Sunrise on the Beyul river”, Acrylic on canvas by Jayita

The golden autumnal shivelight
Streams over the warbling waters over the rocks,
Ensnoced by the pines and rhododendrons
stretched across the snowy crags...
The maiden Teesta rises over her shimmering misty
flow to receive the Golden.

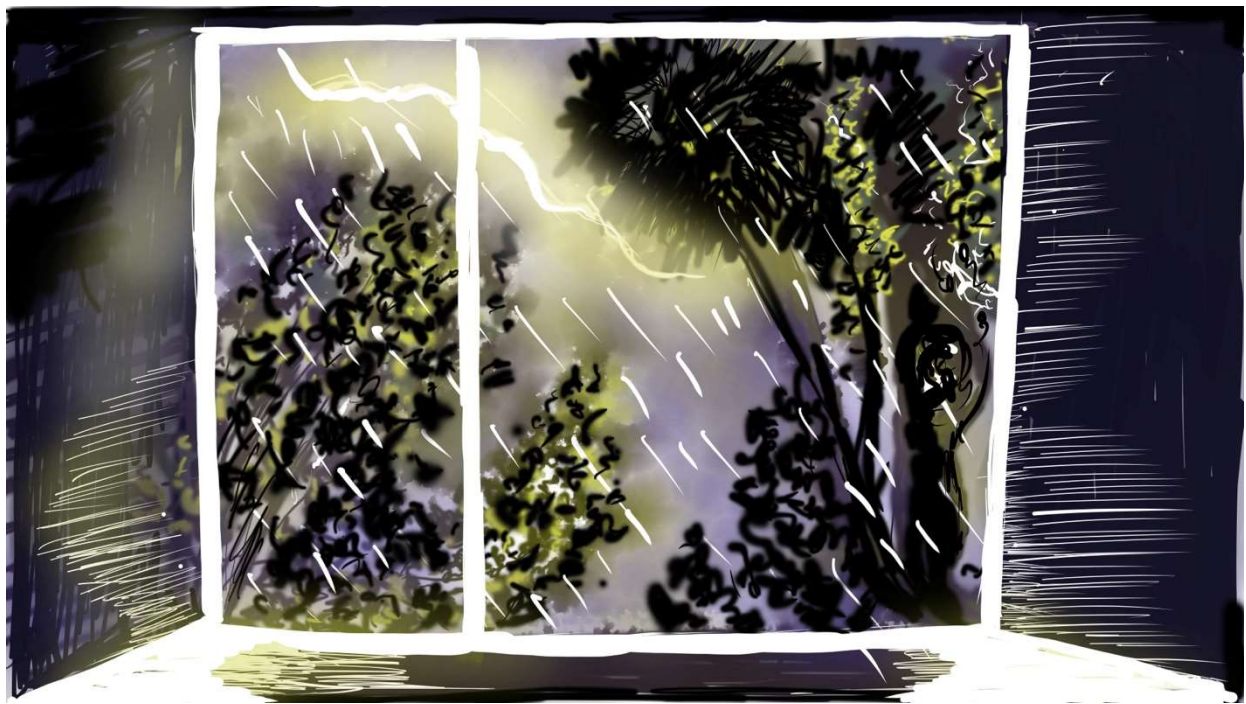
My heart rejoices in her flow of Love
In that Light which breaks through
the void that separates the inner and the outer
to oneness of Desire.



Drunken with Your Wine of Love
Shedding the skins of desire
across the hilly terrains
in the moonlight shine of peace
the bird of flight
Let me reach out to you.



In that divine madness
In that eternal flute
mingling with a thousand
melodious waves of light
may I dance forever in your blossoms of Delight.



Digital Painting by Jayita

Yet the thunder strikes again

The roaring wind splashes across the windscreen

Of my mind

leaping, piercing

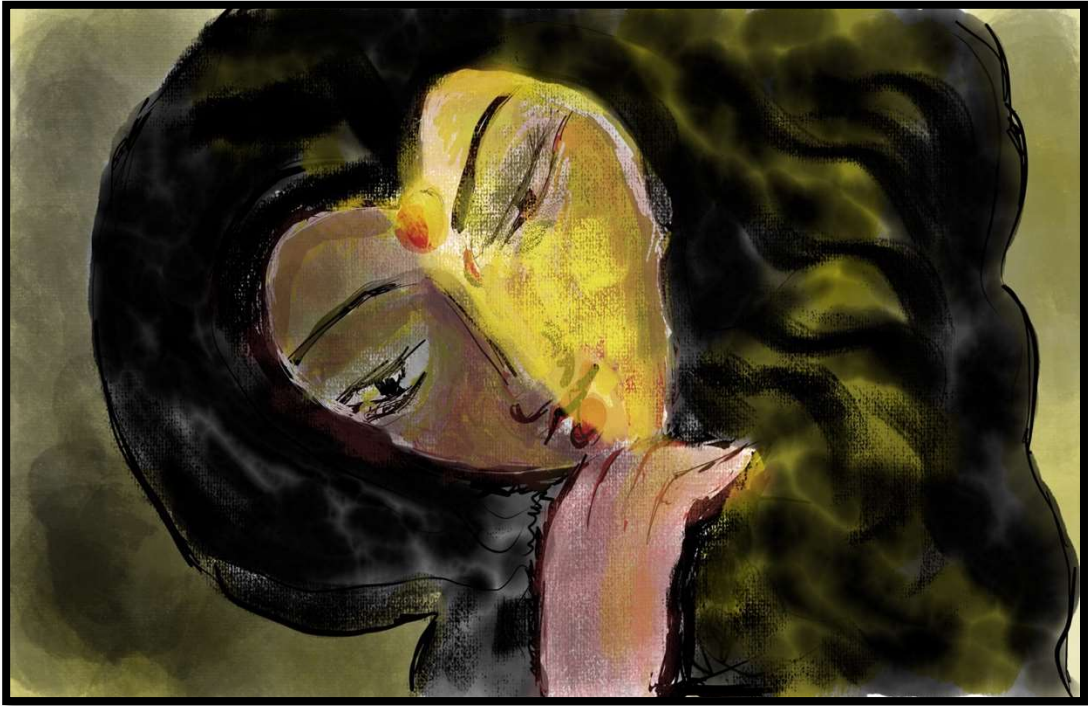
tearing, tearing, tearing

whirling madness of destruction,

hideous, poisonous darkness weaves

weaves, weaves, waves

of stinging rains of darkness ...



Digital Painting by Jayita

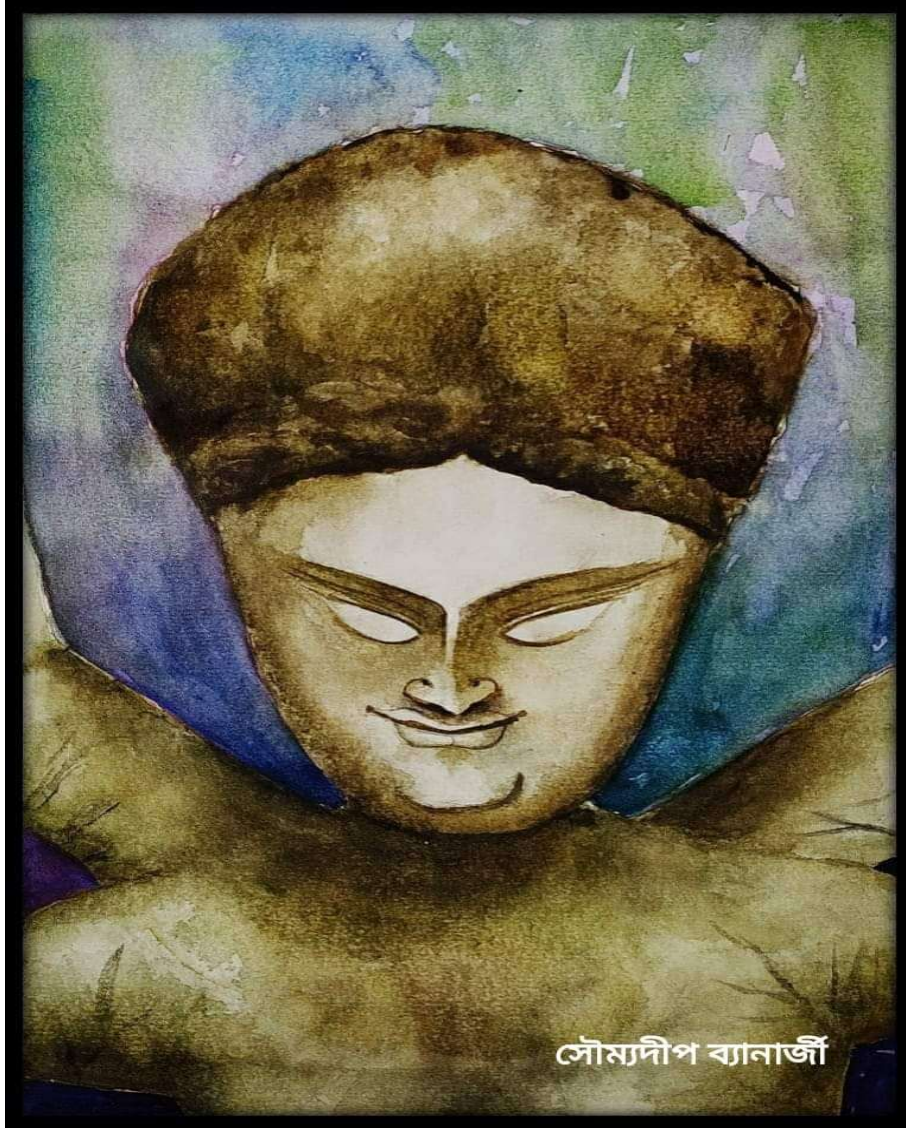
Melancholia strikes again

“Was it a vision or a waking dream?”



Contributions by *Soumyadeep Banerjee

Invocation to Durga

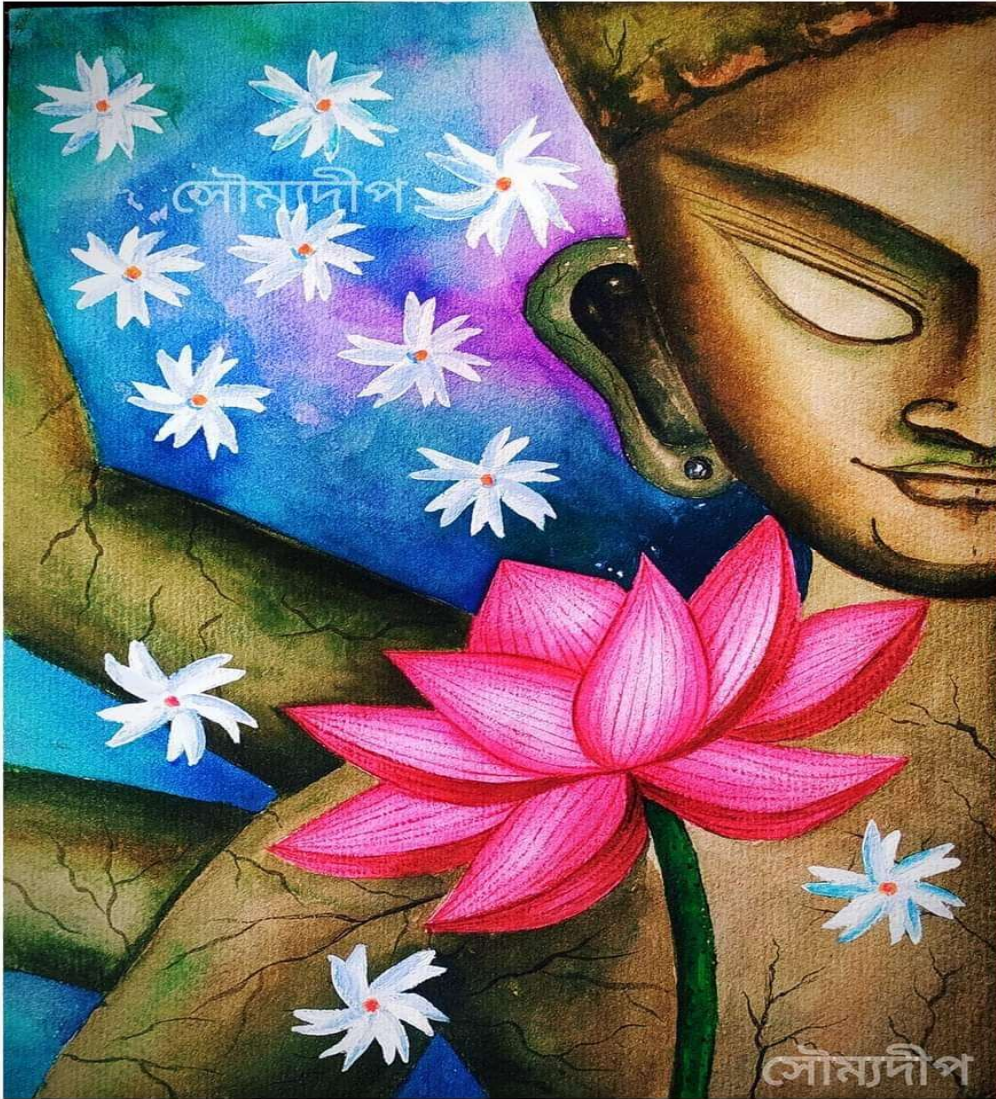


We wait for you MOTHER
the year through ...
the formless taking a form
in our desirous dreams ...

Your form haunts my imagination,
my fingers try to figure your face,
my mind tries to carve your form,

in paints, in mud and clay ...

An artist's desireless supreme desire for oneness ...



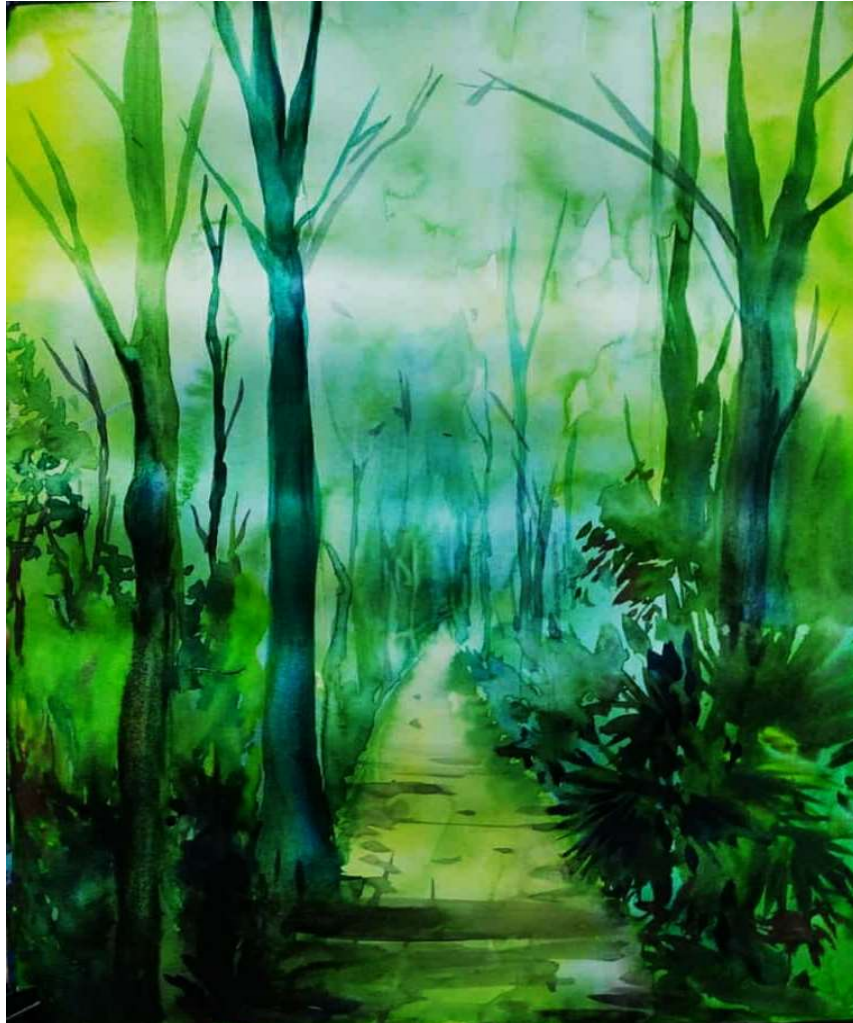
The *shuilis* with their unstained purity
welcome your arrival ...
the perfumed autumnal breeze whispers your glory.

The reddish Lotus blossoms in my heart,
as my mind still searches for your eyes
to meet my gaze...

Come to life MOTHER, from my dreams,

the formless one to a form,
fulfill my heart's desire.

Of Pathways and destinations



Pathways are many for those who seek so.
In the mind's eye, new pathways tempt every time.
Sometimes the leafy roadways ...



Sometimes the Cherry blossoms
in a misty haze of blues and pinks
charm the soul to new horizons ...

The journey is what that matters,
for dreams never have a proper ending,
piercing through the mind's eye,
roads switch to new visions ...

One could travel scot-free through the visions.
Yet there is a lingering desire for a home,
every time.



In a vision or a dream or life
as you call so,
a home could be in the hilly crags ...



In another vision a home could be
in the heart of a forest.

These are all visions, or lies of different lives,
which we live in our Cosmic Dream,
yearning, yearning, yearning
for a Home.

**Soumyadeep Banerjee is a 22 year old, promising young painter, based in Serampur, West Bengal. All his paintings are in water colours or poster colours.*