



**In Communion with Cosmic Consciousness:
Translating
The Poet Narendra Modi**

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ધન્ય

પૃથ્વી આ રમ્ય છે.

આંખ આ ધન્ય છે.

લીલાછમ ઘાસ પર તડકો ઢોળાય અહીં.

તડકાને કેમે કરી જાલ્યો ઝિલાય નહીં.

વ્યોમ તો ભવ્ય છે.

ને પૃથ્વી આ રમ્ય છે.

આભમાં મેઘધનુષ મ્હોરતું, ફીરતું.

હવામાં રંગના વર્તુળો દોરતું.

ક્રિયા ભવનું પુણ્ય છે?!

જિંદગી ધન્ય છે, ધન્ય છે.

સમુદ્ર આ ઊછળે સાવ ઊંચે આભમાં.

કોણ જાણે શું ભર્યું છે વાદળોના ગાભમાં !

સભર આ શૂન્ય છે.

પૃથ્વી આ રમ્ય છે.

માનવીના મેળા સાથે મેળ આ મળતો રહ્યો.

ને અન્યના સંગાથમાં હું મને કળતો રહ્યો.

આ બધું અનન્ય છે.

ને કેંક તો અગમ્ય છે.

ધન્ય ધન્ય ધન્ય છે.

પૃથ્વી મારી રમ્ય છે.

SANCTIFIED

Sanctified is the Earth.

For our sight's delight.

Sunshine is pouring on emerald green grass.

It cannot be seized surpass.

Sky is majestic.

And the Earth is equally charismatic.

Rainbow in the Sky thriving and escalating.

Colours in the wind circling.

Is our being boon of some birth?!

Life is an eternal mirth.

Leaping and soaring is the Ocean.

Secrecy stored in the womb of the clouds
known to no one!

Oblivion is absolute.

This Earth is innate.

Man joyous in congregation with men in
association.

And I envisage myself continuously in
compassionate relation.

All is unique undefinable.

Amazing and inexplicable.

Exceptionally adorable.

My Earth is affable.



અમે



અમે જિંદગીના જગરી યાર છીએ

અમે છાકમછલ્લો પ્યાર છીએ.

કોઈ રોકે નહી, કોઈ ટોકે નહી:

અમે મનગમતો દરબાર છીએ.

અમે મનફાવે તો ઊડીએ છીએ.

કે દરિયામાં જઈ ડૂબીએ છીએ:

અમે પ્લાડ ઉપરના સૂરજ થઈને

મઘરાતે પણ ઊગીએ છીએ.

કોઈ છોછ નથી, સંકોચ નથી :

અમે વહાલ તણી વણજાર છીએ.

શાણાઓ અમને પાગલ કહે છે :

એ સાચા છે.! અમે ખોટા નથી.

એક વિશાળ દરિયો ઊછળે છે :

અમે ફૂટીએ એ પર પોટા નથી.

અમને ક્યાં કોઈ કાંઠો છે :

અમે દરિયાની મઝઘાર છીએ.

WE

To lovely life we are closely akin.
To exuberant love we unconditionally give-in.

Do not halt us, do not joint us within
As to preferent company we joyously turn-in.

If we wish, our flight may begin
If we want in deep oceans we plunge to dip-in.

Alike the Sun on hill top grin.
In mid night too we upraise to be seen.
Neither reservation, nor hesitation fin

Towards affection we always lean.
By wise, as lunatic we are chargin;
Neither they lose, nor do we win!

A huge Ocean leap where-in:
We are not the bubbles that break-in.
Do not think of us, as shore on the scene
We are the main stream where Oceans begin

આજ

આ હતું તે હતું,

આમ હતું, તેમ હતું,

અહીં હતું, ત્યાં હતું –

અહીં હતાની

હતા—હતાની મનમાં હવા

ખંડેરોમાં ખોરડાં વૈભવનાં

ને

ગલીઓમાં

કેમ અટવાયા કરીએ છીએ આપણે

પડછાયાના પ્રેતની જેમ?

ભૂતકાળ જાણે

ભૂત—પ્રેતની છાયા

લઈને

ભટકતો ઈતિહાસનો

આત્મા.

આત્મા

અમર છે...

અમરત્વને પણ

જોઈએ છે

વર્તમાનનો

દેહ.

આવતે કાલે

અમર થવા માટે

ગઈ કાલની આટલી બધી

માયા રાખીને

આજને

આંખ સામે દગો દઈને

જીવવાનો અર્થ ખરો?

TODAY

This was there, that was there,

Like this was there, like that was affair,

It was here, it was there-

Was there, we bear

In mind the air,

Diachronic hovel of grandeur

And

On the through fare

Why we wander pare

Are we the shadows of ghosts that ware?

Past glare

Shadows of past-spirit stare

With care

Drifting history beware

Ātman fair

Ātman unpair

Immortal flare.....

Immortality also declare

The embodiment of existent share.

To be immortal in future, we prepare

But from excess Māyā of past can we spare

Is present aware

Of its purposeful betrayal unfair

This is how, to live we dare

Is there a meaning to life that we rear?



આપણે

સમીસાંજની વેળા: આપણે રમતારામ અકેલા.

મારા આ તનમનમાં ઊભરે તરણેતરના મેળા.

કોઈ પાસે નહીં લેવુંદેવું: કદી હોય નહીં મારું—તારું,

આ દુનિયામાં જે કે છે તે મનગમતું મઝિયારું.

રસ્તો મારો સીધોસાદો: નહીં ભીડ: નહીં ઠેલમઠેલા

સમીસાંજની વેળા: આપણે રમતારામ અકેલા.

કોઈ પંથ નહીં: નહીં સંપ્રદાય: માણસ એ તો માણસ,

અજવાળામાં ફરક પડે શું? કોડિયું હોય કે ફાનસ.

ઝળાંઝળાં ઝુમ્મરની જેવાં ક્યારેય નહીં લટકેલા

સમીસાંજની વેળા: આપણે રમતારામ અકેલા.

ME: SOLITARY WANDERER

Of dwindling dusk: I am the perpetual
solitary wanderer.

Within me leaping fairs of Tarnetar.

Neither borrower nor a lender: between
you and me no barrier,

Best-loved, dearest among dearer our
uniter, pious be our prayer.

My ways simple, straight anterior: never
foregather or posterior

Of dwindling dusk: I am the perpetual
solitary wanderer.

No stern doctrine: Not even dogma: of
humanity we humans are torch-bearer,

Does it matter to bright light? Shinning
forth earthen or lantern lamp a carrier.

Never displaying to dazzle like chandelier

Of dwindling dusk: I am the perpetual
solitary wanderer.



ઊઠો વીર

નીદરની ચાદર ઓઢીને

સૂતાં રહ્યા શરીર.

વીર તમે ઊઠો જાગો

કે ઝળકી રહે ખમીર.

આસમાની આગની

ઘગઘગતી એ ઝાળ લાવ્યો છે...

ભાલો ભોકાય એવાં કિરણોને

ઢાલ થઈ પડકારો.

દેવી કામાખ્યાના –

એના ચિત્કારોને કાન ભરીને સુણો.

એ પહેલાં જાગો તો, કંઈક કર્યું કહેવાય

તે પૂર્વે ઊઠો....

રુકિમણીનું રુદન સાંભળી

દ્વારિકાના નાથ થઈને દોડો.

આપણી પાસે સમય રહ્યો છે થોડો

સુદર્શનનું ચક્ર લઈને દોડો.

હવે ના વાંસળી થઈને વાગો.

વીર હવે તો જાગો.

ને વાણી ચીથરેહાલ થાય

એ પહેલાં દોડો ને જાગો

કે માનવતાને ક્યાંય કદી નહી

લાગે કોઈ ડાઘો.



WAKE UP HERO

Cuddled under comforter

Mortals slumber.

Arise, awake O'Lion-hearted asunder

Shine by thy vigour.

Desire thy fire

Blaze by heavenly luster.....

As rays pierce like spears

Demur thy armour.

Devi Kamakhya-

The thunder of thy out cry we hear

Harken ere act without fear

Wake up from slumber.....

To redeem Rukmini's rumble yonder

Like lord of Dwarka dart near,

Time: the swift surpasser

Surmount shoot sudarshana here.

Thou shalt not flow only like flute mere.

O'Lion-hearted let courage be thy power.

Before wards worn-out faster

Awake O' heroes headway further

Everywhere disgrace defeated, hail honour

Let us spread altruistic culture.

સ્વપ્ન...

આગની રાખમાં

રોળાયાં છે..

આંધળા રાહદારીઓથી

મતપેટી મોતપેટી બની છે.

મત નહીં માથાં ધર્યાં છે.

હિમાલયની કૂખને દવ લાગ્યો છે....

આ દવને ઠારવા માટે દોડો.

ને ઈશ્વરકૃપા માંગો.

વીર હવે તો જાગો.

આસામ કાંપી રહ્યું છે.

વધ થતાં બાલુડાનાં ચિત્કારથી..

નિઃસહાય બની પડી છે સપ્તભગિની.

ચિતા પર સળગતી

ઊઠો... વીર અને ધીર...

આસામ જ નહીં

દેશની કાળ સળગી છે.

ઊઠો વીર ને ધીર

કાયરતા કોઠે પડી જાય

તે પૂર્વે ઊઠો...

વીર હવે તો જાગો!



Dream Desire.....

Turn to ashes from fire

Crushed cumber.....

Visionless wayfarer deliver

Ballot-box to death-box changeover

Only not the vote, heads offered in number
matter.

Womb of the Himalaya at fire.....

Pace, extinguish, cohere

Ask for mercy, God is the giver.

O' heroic conquerer, wake by thy vigour

Assam Shiver

By bloodshed of her children dear....

Very helpless Saptbhagini appear.

Recline burning on the funeral pyre

Stir up..... enduring and daring..... jeer

Only about Assam to ponder at this juncture.

At flames is our Nation's future.

Hark bold and cold with fire trigger

Cowardice turns to habit and you be a cur

Before that stir.....

Rise at best now O' conqueror..... !

અચાનક

અંધકારના કાળા કાગળ પર
હું ચીતરું છું એક સરોવર.
સરોવર પર ઝૂકે છે એક ડાળી
ભમરાનો ગુંજારવ લઈને.
ઘેરા અંધકારને હળવો કરવા
હું ચીતરું છું એક ચંદ્ર.
હવાને આપું છું ભૂરો ભૂરો રંગ
સરોવરના શાંત જળ જેવો.
અચાનક વૈશાખનો બપોરી સૂરજ
કાગળને બાળીને ભસ્મીભૂત કરી નાખે છે
અને મારા હાથમાં
થીજી જાય છે પીછી –
મેડકનો ચિત્કાર
મોસમનાં સપનાં
સપનાંની મોસમ
સઘળું બાષ્પીભવન.



SUDDENLY

On darkness of the page black
I paint a lively lake.
Along with the bee humming for merriment
sake.
One bought tend to bend inclined upon the
lake.
To lighten the darkness opaque
One enlightening Moon I make.
For winds, bluest colour I unpack
Like serene waters of the lake.
Suddenly the scorching Sun of (Vaishakh)
partake
Burning the page, turning it to ashes flake.
And in my hand
Frozen painting brush unrake-
Frog's shriek rake
Dreams of season retake
Seasons of dream awake
Everything evaporates at stake.

આખું વિશ્વ

ગઈ કાલના રસ્તાનો આવી ગયો અંત.

એની ધાર પર ઊગ્યું છે

આજની સવારનું વૃક્ષ.

હવાની ડાળી પર ઝૂલે છે

કિરણનાં ફૂલ.

કોઈ મનગમતી ભૂલ કરતું હોય એમ

પંખી નિરાંતને જીવે ગાય છે.

હું ખોલી નાખું છું તમામ બારી.

અસ્તિત્વ આટલું રૂપાળું ક્યારેય નથી લાગ્યું.

હું મારા શરીરને, મનને, હૃદયને

પ્રભુપ્રસાદ જ જાણું

અને આખું વિ જાણે કે

મારી બાથમાં સમાઈ જાય છે.



WHOLE WORLD

Ways of past came to an end.

On its edge stand

The morning tree called present
apprehend.

On the bough of wind wend

Flowers of rays God-send.

As one willingly err to defend

The bird sings with contend.

When all windows ajar, rend,

I beheld my being transcend.

Ruminating body, head, heart
whole blend

It seems to me delight that God has
lend

As if whole world ascend

In my embrace impend.

એકાદુ આંસુ



સંબંધો આવે ને વહી જાય.

આંખમાં એકાદુ આંસુ રહી જાય.

થીજેલાં આંસુમાં પથ્થરનો ભાર છે.

ખૂણે સિતાર, એના તૂટેલા તાર છે.

લહેરખી લૂ થઈને સળગે ને ક્યાંય નહી જાય.

આંખમાં એકાદુ આંસુ રહી જાય.

જાળવશું ક્યાં લગી કટકાઓ કાચના ?

ઝંખના, ઝુ રાપો કે હોય નહી યાચના.

બેતા જળમાં તો સહી નહી થાય.

આંખમાં એકાદુ આંસુ રહી જાય.

શીતળ સંબંધ મને કાળઝાળ લાગતાં,

ફૂલના પંથ ઉપર કાંટાઓ વાગતાં.

વિજન આ વનમાં હવે કોઈ નહી ગાય.

આંખમાં એકાદુ આંસુ રહી જાય.

ONE TEAR DROP

Life flow, relations high and low , come and go.

But, a tear drop in eye stay and show.

Stones burdened in frozen tears as though,
Sitar aside, its broken strings ex-nihilo.

Like *Loo* burn soothing breeze, no where blow.

But, a tear drop in eye stay and show.

Fractions of broken glass till when will we stow?

Desiring, longing pleading be it not so.
No signs are scripted on water's flow.

But, a tear drop in eye stay and show.

Pleasing feeling to me seem scorching such
a contrario,

Thorns hurt even on flowery soft roe.

Amidst forest's melancholy, no melody will echo.

But, a tear drop in eye stay and show.

ક્રિયાપદ

મારી આસપાસ

દોરો એક શબ્દનું વર્તુળ.

પછી એ વર્તુળને ચોરસ કરો.

એ વર્તુળ—ચોરસમાં

મૂકો રંગબેરંગી લખોટી જેવા

શબ્દો —

શબ્દો લિસ્સી લખોટી જેવા.

કાચના શબ્દો :

સાચના શબ્દો: આંસુ જેવા

કે પૂર્ણવિરામ જેવા.

વિશેષણોની આસપાસ

મૂકો લક્ષ્મણ રેખા

રાખો મર્યાદા રામની

નામની આસપાસ રમ્યા કરો

શૂન—ચોકડીની રમત.

અને ક્રિયાપદને મૂકો કેન્દ્રમાં,

પછી દોરો

એક અનંત વર્તુળ.

VERB

Around me

Sketch a circle of words.

Subsequently convert the circle – to square.

In circled square place marble like colourful words

Words-

Marblized glossy velvety words.

Vitric words:

Veracious words: like tears

Or like full stop.

Around the adjective

Stretch a limit, 'Laxman Rekha'

Retain reverence to Lord Rama

Play around name game

Of crosswords.

And place the verb in center,

Then sketch

An infinite circle.



ઓચ્છવ

પતંગ

મારે માટે ઊર્ધ્વગતિનો ઓચ્છવ.
મારું સૂર્ય તરફનું પ્રયાણ.

પતંગ

મારો ભવભવનો વૈભવ.
મારી જ દોર મારા હાથમાં
પૃથ્વી પર આ પગ
ને આકાશમાં
કોઈ વિહંગ હોય એવો

મારો પતંગ...

અનેક પતંગોની વચ્ચે પણ
મારો પતંગ અટવાતો નથી
કોઈ વૃક્ષની ડાળીઓમાં
ક્યાંય ભેરવાતો નથી.

JUBILATION

Kite.....

For me jubilation ascending height.
Towards Sun my flight.

Kite.....

Of my multitude births grandeur
bright.

I control my string light
My feet rooted on Earth right
And in the Sky infinite
Like bird my kite lithe
My Kite.....

Amidst many kites alight
My kite constant upright
In trees too its untangled might
Unhooked sprite.



પતંગ —

— જાણે કે મારો ગાયત્રીમંત્ર.

શ્રીમંત હોય, ધીમંત હોય

કે રંક હોય —

બધાને જ 'કટી પતંગ'

ભેગા કરવાનો આનંદ.

આ આનંદ પણ નોખો—અનોખો.

કપાયેલા પતંગ પાસે

આકાશનો અનુભવ છે,

હવાની દિશાની ગતિનું જ્ઞાન છે,

પોતે એક વાર ઊંચે ગયો ને ત્યાં થોડુંક રહ્યો

એનું પ્રત્યક્ષ પ્રમાણ છે.

પતંગ.....

મારું સૂર્ય તરફનું પ્રયાણ.

પતંગનો જીવ દોરમાં

પતંગનો શિવ વ્યોમમાં

પતંગનો દોશ મારા હાથ

મારો દોર શિવજીના હાથ

પતંગ કાજે પવનવાટ

શિવજી બેઠા હિમઘાટ

પતંગનાં સપનાં માનવથી ઊંચાં અદકાં

પતંગ ઊંડે શિવજીને ખોળે

માનવ ભોય બેઠો ગૂંચ ઉકેલે.

Kite-

- As if in me Gayatri Mantra ignite.

Prosperous or perceptive equally wight

For poor too no divide-

It is eventful to loot 'fallen-kite'

It excite- give delight, words can't cite.

Fallen-kite spotlight

Its unique experience in Sky recite,

Wisdom steer and speed unite,

In the sky once precipitant had topflight,

This fact no one can unwrite.

Kite.....

My acceleration toward Sun outright.

Kite's spirit, string's rite finite

In the sky strength of kite

Flight of kite my hands inclite

To Shiva surrendered my plight

For kite wind a birth right

On Himalayas reside, Shiva the Earth light

Kite and men differ in their dreams slight

Flight of kite to Lord's Shiva's lap indite

Men on this Earth destined to undo knot smite.

પુમારી

'જૂઠ બોલે કેઆ કાટે'

માટે આપણે સત્ય બોલવું જરૂરી છે?

સત્ય તો આપણી પુમારી છે

મજબૂરી નથી.

સત્ય નહી બોલીએ

તો કોયલના ટહુકાને

મરેલી માછલીની જેમ

કાગડો ચાંચ મારી મારીને ચૂંથી નાખશે.

અફવાઓ પર નભતા સમાચારો

સવારના પહોરમાં ઊગે છે કાળા સૂર્યની જેમ.

સત્યથી સત્યાગ્રહ સુધીની

આપણી યાત્રામાં

આપણને મળે છે

પગ વિના ચાલતા

પ્રવાસીના ઓળાઓ

કેવળ ટોળાઓ.

PRIDE

'It takes two to lie, one to lie and one to listen'

To express truth is it imperative to hasten?

Let truth be our pride greaten

It is not helplessness...for granted taken.

If honest voices cease to highten

Then cuckoo's song will surely quiten

Like fish deaden

Crow by its break smmiten.

By rumors stouten daily news happen

And erupt as bright Sun blaken.

From 'Satya' to Satyagraha'

In our journey

We encounter feat less shadows

.....Of travelers

Crowded and thicken.



ઊઠો લાલ! વિજય વધાવો

વસુધાની છે વસમી વેળા
માનવ સઘળા થઈ જાવ ભેળા
આજે વિજય વધાવો.

આવો, આજે વિજય વધાવો.
વેરઝેરને દાટી દઈને
મહેક ભરેલી માટી થઈને
ઊઠો, જાગો, દોડો, દોડો
એકમેકની સાથે રહેજો
રહેશો નહીં અકેલા.

વસુધાની છે વસમી વેળા.

પીડિત માનવ, આર્દ્ર જીવન
મનથી વાળીને પત્માસન
સમાજનો ચહેરો નોખો છે પણ
નથી અનોખો
આપણે ભીતર ભરેલા.

વસુધાની છે વસમી વેળા.

ઘરો ઘરાની ધૂળ લલાટે
નહીં બેસો હિંડોળાખાટે
ચલો ચલો કોઈ નવલી વાટે
સ્વપ્નો કંઈક સજેલાં.

વસુધાની છે વસમી વેળા.

માટીપગાનું કામ નહીં અહીં
વીર સપૂતનું ધામ રહ્યું અહીં
ગગનભેદી જયકારની સાથે
તરણેતરના મેળા.

વસુધાની છે વસમી વેળા.

RISE BELOVED SON! HAIL VICTORY

In Vasudha's woeful while
All men in cluster compile
Hail victory raise a smile.
Come, embrace victory up stile.
In abyss burry anathema futile
Be earthen petrichor fetch fragrance fertile
Rise, run beguile
Stop being hostile
Unison hand in hand pile.
In Vasudha's woeful while
Suffering mankind, emotions guile
For a while in Padmasan reconcile
Unique society, scene wile
Not versatile
Determinant we are yet not docile.
In Vasudha's woeful while
For motherland march ahead agile
Forbear, down time, even for a while
Let us tread neoteric path mile after mile
Follow visionary dreams worthwhile.
In Vasudha's woeful while
Mislaid difficile fragile
Hail our beloved hero's aslie
Here up roarious resonance facile
Tarnetar transpire in graceful style.
In Vasudha's woeful while

કારગિલ

કારગિલ
પહેલાં પણ ગયો હતો;
ટાઈગર હિલ
પહેલાં પણ જોયો હતો
ત્યારે
રાજાધિરાજના
તે મૌનને
છવ ભરીને જોયું હતું.
આજે
દરેક ટોચ
ગર્જતી હતી
બોમ્બ, બંદૂકની ગુંજથી.
બરફની શિલાઓ પર
ધધખતા અંગારા જેવા
સેનાના જવાનો જોયા.
અહી,
દરેક જવાન
કિસાન હતો
જે પોતાની
આજને વાવી રહ્યો હતો
એને રક્તથી સીચી રહ્યો હતો.
જેથી આપણી
કાલ
મૂરઝાઈ ન જાય.

દરેક જવાનની આંખમાં
ભિમટતા
સો કરોડ સપનાં જોયાં
પોતાની આંખની પાંપણથી
મોતને જકડી લેનાર
વીર જોયા
અને યમરાજને,
એ વીરોના ચરણ ચૂમતા
જોયા હતા.
ધધખતા અંગારા જેવા
વીર જવાનના
ગરમ ાસોથી
પીગળતો બરફ
ઝરણું બની
વહેતો હતો
ઝરણાંની ગતિમાં
સમાયેલા
સુજલામ્,
સુફલામ્,
ભારતનો ભાવ
અને ઝરણાંની
કૂબથી
ફૂટેલું હતું
વંદે માતરમું ગાન.

KARGIL

Kargil

Previously also I did visit;
Tiger hill
Antecedently also I did see
Thereupon
I observed mighty monarch's
Fair silence.
Today
Every peak roared
With call of riffles and bombs,
On the snow clad peaks
Glow fiercely, emit spark
Army Jawans.
Here,
Each jawans
A farmer
Sowing anticipating moments
Nurturing them with life-blood.
So that
Our tomorrows
Won't wither away.

In every Jawan's eye
Ascent
Hundred- croer heroic dreams
Death lightly caged
In their gallant gaze
And angel of death,
Were seen kissing their feet
With gracious gasp
Of valiant heroes
Melt the icy chill
Streaming
Embracing
'Sujalam',
'Sufalam',
Voicing India
Springing from the womb of
streams
The devotion of "Vande
Matram".

આશ

અજવાળાની આશા લઈને અંધારા ઉલેચ્યાં.
માનાં અંધારા ઉલેચ્યાં.
અજવાળાની આત્મા લઈને અંધારા ઉલેચ્યાં.
માનાં અંધારા ઉલેચ્યાં.

કાલચક્રની વીધી કાલિમા
ઉજાસને અવ નહી કોઈ સીમા.
જ્યોતિ આજે પ્રગટી ઊઠી.
જાણે નવ-રંગી પરવાળાં.
અજવાળા અજવાળા.
આજે અજવાળા અજવાળા.

અજવાળાની આશા લઈને અંધારા ઉલેચ્યાં.
ગતિ એક ને મતિ એક
ને પ્રગતિનો પણ પંથ એક છે.
અચળ ટેક ને અચળ નેક
ને જીવનભારનો ભેખ એક છે.
કુસંપના તો કાયમ માટે વાસી દીધાં છે તાળાં.
અજવાળા અજવાળા
અજવાળાની આશા લઈને અંધારાં ઉલેચ્યાં
યશ-કીર્તિની કોઈ તમા નહી.
કોઈ ગમા કે અણગમા નહી,
હેયામાં તો સદા ક્ષમા રહી.
હૃદયને રામ તણાં રખવાળાં.
અજવાળા અજવાળા.
અજવાળાની આશા લઈને અંધારા ઉલેચ્યાં.

HOPE

Hark happy hope thou hast cast away despair dark.
Thou hast cast away motherland's despair dark.
Hark shining splendor thou hast cast away dolent stark.
Thou hast cast away motherland's despair dark.
Time wheel sharp pierced the mask
Boundless brilliance spark.
Manifesting lustrous arc
Like Kaleidoscopic coral disembark.
Bright light embark.
Abreast alight in all quarters defeat dark.

Hark happy hope thou hast cast away despair dark.
Stride continual drive equal: bulwark
Progress pace parallel Ozark.
Firm affirmation fair declaration marque
Constant devotion land-mark.
Discord discarded check-mark. Aglow alight pitch-dark.
Hark happy hope thou hast cast away despair dark.
Fame-name just debark
Like-dislike shun remark,
Hark, compassion heart's monarch
Thou wakeful keeper to thee we lark.
Glorious brilliance our hallmark.
Hark happy hope thou hast cast away despair dark.

Abstract

Inventively the present study evaluates and shares the experiences of translating the poetry of Narendra Modi, (Source language Gujarati into target language English, text in translation: *AANKH AA DHANYA CHHE*). It traces the course of translation as the journey within, a divine communion with cosmic consciousness an idea of nation building and collective harmony. This paper is an attempt to decipher poet's universal vision of harmony and his idea of nation building discovered while translating his work. The quest of translating *AANKH AA DHANYA CHHE* initiated in 2012, I am glad to present this study after working on it gradually for long, in this paper, poems 1 – 18 are selected for translation study and conclusions are drawn thereby. The paper focuses that translation can be taken as power and it is linked with national identity, in the process of translating the poet he is seen celebrating the spirit of individual, society, nation and the grandeur of cosmos as a whole. Poet Narendra Modi in translation is keenly observed as a poet and leader with multiplicity of stands. The paper projects how and why poet Narendra Modi and leader Narendra Modi is promising because while translating him he shows that the poet in him sings about internal order of man, while the leader relates to ordering of men. A quest for internal order in a given epoch coincides with the external ordering and this finally leads to construction of better society, new nation and a new world. The present study is progressively morphed into concern with cosmic rhythm instead of simply looking for influences and forerunners of translations in literature from various periods. I have gravitated towards sharing my zest of translating the poems from *AANKH AA DHANYA CHHE*.



It is a more radical investigation into the possibilities and limits of translation as field of human creativity. Attempting this translation is like advocating a way of inquiry, the interchange of human spirit, language and the objects of nature, corresponding to the interplay of poet and readers. I conclude and elaborate on following points related to translation and present study –

Language consist of words

Words are signs of natural facts

Nature translates its own semiotics of spiritual facts

Nature is symbol of spirit translated in creative works of men and women.

In act of translation we enter the cosmos of the poet and we are entirely in spiritual union with his consciousness, while departing we never lament but we celebrate the communion.

Key Words: *Communion, Consciousness, Cosmos, Nation Building, universal harmony.*

Introduction

In our increasingly multilingual and broader shifting world, translation study in recent times has thrived beyond the science of converting one language into another. Ahead of conventional theories of translation, innovative and experimental poetry, literary theorization and the internalization of literature, translation and communication are all shaping the definitions between originals and the incarnations.

As globalization rewrites the national and cultural identities, so does it refine and define anew the previously cut – and – fit idea of translation. It recreates wearing striking outfits, colored glasses, novel makeover, and entering in kaleidoscopic interdisciplinary designs, shades and colours. Inventively the present study evaluates and shares the experiences of translating the poetry of Narendra Modi. It traces the course of translation as a journey within, a divine communion with cosmic consciousness an idea of nation building and collective harmony. This is a humble attempt to decipher poet's universal vision of harmony and the basic idea of nation building. Few poems from the collection *AANKH AA DHANYA CHEE* are selected for translation study.

Discussion

Translation can be taken as power and it is linked with national identity. In the journey of translating the poet Narendra he is discovered celebrating the spirit of an individual, folks, society, nation and the entire cosmic consciousness. While in translation the text reveals him as poet and a leader, with multiplicity of stands. His poetic text features him as very promising as a poet he sings about internal order of man, while as a leader he relates to ordering of men. A quest for internal order in a given epoch coincides with the external ordering and this finally leads to building a enhanced society, new nation and newer harmonious world.

This work is progressively morphed into concern with cosmic rhythm instead of looking for the influences and forerunners of translations in literature from various periods. It is gravitated towards sharing my zest of translating the poems from *AANKH AA DHANYA CHEE*. It is a more radical investigation into the possibilities and limits of translation as a field of human creativity. Attempting the translation of poems from *AANKH AA DHANYA CHEE* is like advocating a way of inquiry, the interchange of human spirit, language and objects of nature corresponding to the inter play of the poet and readers.

Translation as Process of Analysis

The act of translation in cultures has been going on since olden days, but the act of theorizing about translation is of newer origin. In last few years an attempt has been made to comprehend the progression and methodology of translation. Critics and writers have tried to evaluate its merits giving rise to whole range of conceptualizing which is now called translation studies. While transforming minor area translation studies into a major scientific discipline, scholars in linguistics, cultural studies and other associated areas have taken methods from structuralism and linguistics to theorize about act of translation and its activities.

Translation has been described variously by several scholars from time to time. Theodore Savory defines translation as an ‘art’; Eric Jacobsen defines it a ‘craft’, while Eugene Nida describes it as ‘science’. Horst Frenz goes a step ahead and says – Translation is neither a creative art, nor imitative art but it stands somewhere between the two. (Horst Frenz, 1961, 72-76)

It has been argued that there can be no perfect translation as translation always exists within the translatable and the untranslatable. As theorists of translation study say that text possesses the metaphysics of presence and therefore cannot be reduced to a formula, ideology or method. Look at the following poems and translations from *AANKH AA DHANYA CHEE*.

In poem *Sanctified* the spirit of poet celebrating the grandeur of nature can be retained aptly in the translations. The translated text sings with similar ecstasy, it is chanting the fortune of mankind for subsistence on this glorious earth. The divine persuasive power of the poet is retained in the TL text. It strengthens our belief that God has gifted only human beings with cognitive capacity of perceiving, experiencing and understanding so let us embrace the whole world with open arms and thus celebrate the glory of our being on earth. The flight of transcendence of poet in SL text transports the translator in TL text and ultimately the readers relive the same experience.

Translating a text or theorizing about it is one of the most effective forms of political and institutional interventions that not only transform the text but also its context. (Derrida, 1986, 160) Since translation is pervaded by ethical political and judicial considerations, it cannot be reduced to formula, ideology or methodology. The text always exists as 'field of forces' which is often 'heterogeneous, differential, open and so on' (Derrida, 1986, 167-8). The text possesses the 'metaphysics of presence' to use Heideggerian phrase. The above translation of poems try to convey that translation is something more than art, craft or science. It is a process of analysis, interpretation and creation that leads to replacement of one set of linguistic resource and values for another. In this course it is possible that sometimes the original is lost but an easily identifiable core is kept intact. Translation is in such situation an act of adjustment and negotiation.

Translation is an operation performed on languages: a process of substituting a text in one language for the text in another. Clearly then any theory of translation must draw upon a theory of language – a general linguistic theory (Catford, 1965, 1).

Language has been described by linguists as ‘patterned behaviour’. Translation is a kind of operation performed on two languages: the source language and the target language. Since communicating the correct meaning is the main goal in translation there is not much problem in non literary translation. Poetry translation is a real challenge as it is not easy to find equivalent textual and literary material of SL in the TL. Examine the translation of the following poems with its original text.

Mark the words like ‘Atman’ and ‘Maya in poems like *Today* and *Me the Solitary Wanderer* these are almost untranslatable words of Bhartiya Darshan (Indian Philosophy). Therefore for such words glossary at the end of the poem is inevitable or else the reader may look for footnotes. In the next poem it takes great efforts decide the title of the poem as it is within the poem. By single reading of the poem one cannot decide its spirit.

The delight and mirth of the wanderer in the poem are to be recognized before finalizing the title of the poem. The poem consists of words like ‘Tarnetar’ that needs cultural understanding on part of poet, translator and audience.

Translation is new field in theory and in practice of literature its epistemological importance lies in its contribution to the ‘theoretical practice’ of homogeneity of the natural union between the signifier and the signified. This homogeneity is proper to all social enterprise which we call writing (Steiner, 1975). Here the problem of translation is enhanced by linguistic indeterminacy which is result of cultural variations and perpetual changes. Next to it is the unfamiliar words of the ‘text’. In poetry translation the ‘text’ is vital as the ‘text’ has to be rendered in another language.

Some lines are arguably more powerful in TL in poems like Wake up O' Hero because of the role that systematic use of native languages played in the world history. Modi's intended audience is plain he is speaking and addressing the entire human race. His poetry exemplifies the notion that when poet creates in a language, it helps that language become vital, potent, and beautiful. It won't be agreed upon easily but still I say that translation trans-creation can prove positive both culturally and linguistically. The chief question is can translator translate poets of diverse cultural history into English to communicate the untranslatable. Do Modi's poems communicate Indian experience (while in translation), through the agency of English language? Or actually they help to make English more Indian, and in turn more encompassing of the full range of its cultural history?

Language has a long memory and so it is the job of the poet, translator and even the reader not only to choose and interpret their words wisely, but also to remember how easily words lie, and to consider it as our duty to strive for a language that is full and complicated and culturally loaded as it is to be human.

It is said that we are a memory of narrative, we tell to ourselves. Words are our tools to this end. Words gain meaning by existing in relation to other words just as we gain meaning by the ways that we exist in communion with consciousness of other beings on the planet. Give a close reading to poems Suddenly, Whole World and One Drop of Tear.

If we believe in universal consciousness, eternal harmony, and in idea of human contact being intrinsic in exchange of ideas and language then we are all talking to each other all the time. Language belongs to all of us, and what we mean to say by our words is contextual and shifting. Back to the notion of original, it is commonly acknowledged that everything said has been said before. Just as we cannot find our way back to our past, similarly we cannot find our way forward to final translation. Hence there is no master text to which all translations are lesser. In poetry as well as translation there is no ultimate meaning. Indeed, the ‘trans’ in translation and trans – creation indicates that we are always moving across, languages and cultures.

With the above mentioned facts in mind translation and trans- creation have the power to do much more than just presenting copy or different language version of the original text? With these tools translator can add to the concept of literary property. Translator can create and assert a distinct space for his/ her translation to exist. And can expand the parameters of accepted language poetics.

One of the most insightful issues concerning translation has always been the question of faithfulness to the SL text. Historically a good translation was seen as something that tried to stay as close to the original text as possible in language, meter and rhyme and content. While that literal approach still exists today, present day translators are also concerned with the cultural implications of the text.

We understand and experience the delight of poetry in layers. The layers of culturally specific information that enlighten our understanding of text that is negotiable. In all these translations as a translator, I have considered the information load, aesthetic beauty and the limits of which a poetic translation may be able to convey this load. It seems that translation is an experience easier said than done to convey without prose narrative, glossary or footnotes.

Jacques Derrida believes that translation exists between the fine boundary of translated and un-translated. A good translation must be able to transcend language and cultures (Venuti, 2004, 18). According to Popovic translation involves high degree of creativity both linguistic and cultural. He argues that though the translator's art is "secondary" he has to "mix analytical thinking with creative abilities; creates according to fixed rules, and introduce the prototext into a new context" (Popovic, 1976, 38) Popovic defines source text as prototext and target text as metatext. Most translators employ their creativity to "choose within choices already made" (Popovic, 1976, 39). The German translator Hans Vermeer introduced the concept of *skopostheorie* where the objective of the translator and the targeted reader become more important than finding similarities between languages (Nord 1997; Kussmaul 1995). Katherina Reiss and Vermeer saw a typical translation occupying the space between a translator's ability (Knowledge and Sensitivity) and interests (who commissions the translations). They visualized the text as an "Information offer" by the producer to the receiver, an offer about the meaning and form of the source text (Reiss and Vermeer, 1996; 14).

It is somewhat interesting to note that Lyotard differentiated between language translations and language games; He argued that languages can be translated but the rules of one game cannot be translated into another. Also phrases and mathematical proof cannot be translated. He wrote, Languages are translatable, otherwise they are not languages; but language games are not translatable, because if they were, they would not be language games. It is as if we wanted to translate the rules and strategies of chess into those of checkers....A move in bridge cannot be "translated" into move made in tennis. The same goes for phrases, which are moves in language games; one does not "translate" a mathematical proof into narration. Translation is itself a language game. (Lyotard, 1979: 53; 1993; 21)

Observe poems like *Verb*, *Jubilation* and *Pride*. We come across the word ‘Gayatri Mantra’, in the second poem observe the phrase ‘Laxman Rekha’ and in the third poem feel the words like ‘Satya’ and ‘Satyagraha’. Now this brings us back to fundamental questions of either “bringing the audience to the text.” This again poses the next question - how do we treat cultures equally and remain readable and interesting? Fortunately, new and exciting forays into multilingual translational and trans-creational poetics are continually emerging. The most obvious approach in translation is using established English equivalents.

As a translator one must allow the mystery of language to come through as language in the work of art expresses power and powerlessness. It is the poet’s and the translator’s function to create a world with words.

As a translator I would always like to capture kaleidoscopic possibilities of interpretation. Another method of translation is that of importing words without explanation while writing in (or translating into) into dominant language.

When poet Narendra Modi renders to the words like Gayatri Mantra’, ‘Laxman Rekha’ ‘Satya’ and ‘Satyagraha’ he does so because it places the poem firmly on his turf. Here the translator compulsorily needs to include glossary at the end of the poem. Modi writes in the language of his people and to my opinion culture contextual, ethno – Indian words have no translation and if translated forcefully they lose their original appeal and sense. They are what they are. For example say ‘truth’ instead of ‘satya’ in the context of Bhartiya Darshan go to the root of ‘satya’- ‘sat’ and explore the unsaid layers of meanings. The word ‘truth’ won’t convey the same sense of ‘satya’ in context of the poem and its setting.

By offering some Indian words of language as translator I am underlining the indigenous, local and native component of Narendra Modi's poetry. This is something like bringing the 'text to the audience.' As translator I intend that readers should understand and undertake the linguistic and cultural journey with the poet as translator.

The use of culturally contextual words and phrases in English translation is a hand extended. It is the zest of preserving the SL spirit of the original in the TL translations. Through the culture specific words and phrases poet declares to his audience that '**Meet Me Here**'; the translator re- declares repeats and reemphasizes the same. This is what we call 'bringing the audience to the text.'

To be very clear poet's or translators hand extended is by indicative of possibility of relationship between two cultures or languages. It does prompt us to ask the question – is it possible for languages to meet as equals in poetry? This is where the idea of trans- creation comes into play and where the word play gets actually interesting. Such writings / translations are typically conceived as cultural exchange and can take many forms. In this paper we have seen some poems and translations from *AANKH AA DHANYA CHEE* and it can be said that they carry much load of cultural context. The poet brings in the colours of multiculturalism, spirit of native land and a vibrant live dialogue with life. Modi's poetry so much about regional and national culture through his choice of themes words and phrases that it becomes inevitable to maintain the same tempo in the translations.

Narendra Mod's poetry serve a positive purpose and gives social clues to the readers, without taking the reader out of the text, as typical scene setting passage might. These possessions are to be justified in the translation too. As a translator I am not translating as much as articulating a distinct or dominant global language. I am writing in the contact zone, where cultures may come together to establish ongoing relations. This contact zone is where most interesting and innovative poetry exists and live now. Different narrative voices representing different worlds sing together in bilingual, multilingual poetry leaving aside all contradictions, collaborations and cohabitations.

Translation and trans- creation confirm that world is global village with ever expanding horizons. It is confirmed that cultures and languages are not autonomous, but plural, multilingual and dialectical. Poetry in translation is changing the scene, reminding us that language is living and breathing intertwined with culture. Thus translation is not only about new solidarities built by inter – connectedness of language. Reading and translating Narendra Modi's poetry stir up the feeling that, he is delivering the highest moments in poetic and political life.

The translator has to maintain equilibrium between close fidelity to the original and the utter freedom from it. Sri Aurobindo is in favour of taking liberty with the original. He states that – A translator is not necessarily bound to the original he chooses; he can make his own poem out of it, if he likes and that is what is generally done (Prema, 65).

The importance of translation lies in the fact that it brings the readers, writers and critics of one nation into contact with those of others not only in field of literature alone but in all areas of development : science and Medicine, Philosophy and religion, political science and law, so on and so forth. Thus translation helps in cause of nation building. Close reading of these poems echo the idea of cosmic concord and nation building.

In present context of national growth, trans- creation and translation is an important medium of communication. Due to modern techno gadget communications the role of translation has widened its horizons. Translation is a tool of bringing national integration on national platform and at international plane it brings nations together and makes the world a better place to dwell.

Paul St. Pierre reiterates the concept of translation as nation building in following words- The importance of translation can be located in the fact that translations brings the readers, writers and critics of one nation into contact with those of others, not only in the field of literature but in all areas of human development: science and philosophy, medicine, political science, law and religion, to name but a few. Translation in this way plays an essential role in determining how a nation establishes its identity in terms of others, be this through *opposition* to foreign influences, through *assimilation* or “*naturalization*” of the foreign whereby differences are erased to as great a degree possible, or through imitation of another, usually dominant culture. These are all different strategies of translation, becoming possibilities at different moments in history and underlining the various types of relations between nations which can exist. There is, thus a particularly strong interconnection between translation and the constitution of national identity, and the study of translation can be useful - in determining the nature of this national identity, and the nature of the relation one nation institutes with others. Seen in this light, translation is a social practice with a definite role to play within a given society, serving in a sense as a form of selection process restricting, conditioning, and in any case modulating cultural immigration. Through translations nations define themselves and in doing so they define others (Das, Pierre, 1998, 68 -69).

In a way translation is power and it is a means to express culture, religion and national identity. Hence translation can be taken as power and it can be linked with force and spirit of nation building. The role of translation in nation building cannot be disregarded.

Conclusion

Narendra Modi's poetry in journey of translation unfolds that; poetry communicates through language, language consists of words, and words of particular language has its own cultural, national, social, political and many other seen and veiled contexts. The poet Narendra Modi is always in communion with cosmic consciousness building collective concord transporting the idea of nation building, which is to be decoded by reader / translator eventually. As a poet Narendra Modi's motion is always the motion of giving himself; it is a great penance. As a translator if not exact spirit retained it is followed as a disciple follows the master with humble *Namaskar*.

Our imagination is highly enriched while journeying through AANKH AA *DHANYA CHEE*; however, we cannot help look twice at our own reflection and this wonderful world around us. Throughout our journey we feel the assertive presence of the poet, by the end of the journey the divinity in assertion is transferred to whom so ever that comes in touch with the poet. One starts the journey alone poet happens to be a cheerful companion. As poet, reader and translator come together they complete a circle and proceed towards a greater charisma forming a **divine metrics**. It creates a collective harmony embracing the thought of nation building and cosmic concord.