

# Banalata Sen by Jibananda Das – A Translation

Anjan Goswami

Centuries have I trodden this earth,  
From the twilight of Malacca's berth  
To the Ceylon shores in morning's birth.  
Countless journeys I've taken in stride -  
In the shadows of Ashoka and Bimbisara, I confide,  
Beyond, to Vidharbha's midnight tide;  
Amidst life's tempestuous sea and tide.  
Yet, in her aura, my soul did hide -  
She: Banalata Sen, my countryside.

Her tresses, as dark as Vidisha nights,  
Her visage, a Sravasthi sculpture so bright.  
A mariner adrift on the high seas, no land in sight,  
Then spots an emerald isle in soft moonlight,  
So she appeared, in my heart's twilight.  
Whispering in the hush, she inquired,  
"All these epochs, where did you reside?"  
Her gaze like a bird in boundless flight -  
She: Banalata Sen, the lantern light.

As the evening heralds with dew's chime,  
Golden threads of dusk weave through time.  
Merging into the nocturnal rhyme  
With fireflies dancing, in a silent mime.  
Birds find refuge as bells chime -  
Life's marketplace quiets, as if on a dime.  
In this serene tapestry, sublime,  
Only she remains: Banalata Sen, my lifetime.