

Indian Literature

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Eureka

I am sending you too off, flying
To many, many lands
To be my ambassador.

You must go into densely populated areas
Like cities, like mountain ranges,
Like trees in bloom
And tell the travellers there
That there is a country which is I.

There will be children
Lying open-eyed
In the tree-shades by the roadsides.
You must tell them, tell them
About someone who flies butterflies
From sixty kilos of flesh spread out.

In the frozen countries
Where dreams are cold
You must tell the birds
Sleeping with their beaks down
About my wheat fields
Lying ripe.

Tell the blue-eyed maidens
Tucking smooth, rollicking youth
On their bodies
And to the youths hanging
To their fingers, about
Pomegranates-blossoming, cold monsoon nights
Which will still be cold
Even if they cover each other with their bodies.

About harvest seasons
When bodies turn festive
About the wondrous hours

