

# You, the Pole Star

by Shihab Sarkar

Darkness fades as decades go by  
The fiends of the cruel night crumble into dust  
The clusters of poison-fruit fall  
one day—rotten and withered and stinking.

You see a maiden path in the dark of the wilds ?

An apocalyptic night of tsunamis swallowed our  
dreams in the small hours of *Sravana*,  
We've seen the dance of black monsters  
in the sun-bathed, wistful Bengal after the war.

But the paws of darkness clawed at my  
vitals, they gouged out my eyes  
The wind stopped amid groans of the tongueless,  
In a grave at Tungipara was lowered the Pole Star,  
On the stairs of the 32 echoed the blood-stained boots  
The orphaned pair of spectacles lied motionless.

But see, his smoking pipe still exuded a serene warmth.

Then the new star came up in the evening sky  
None had noticed it in the sky before,  
As the night turned deeper, the star shone brighter  
In the morning sky the star keeps shining,  
Who'll resist us, primordial darkness has died down  
Hyenas won't burst into laughters anymore.

Look, there shines the Pole Star  
Rusts get swept away from nightmares.  
I take a long, fresh brteath

The earth awash with starlight flooding the stifling dark.

*Sravana: The second month of the season of monsoon in Bengal.  
The poem has been translated from the original Bangla by the poet.*