

*Two poems of Rabindranath Tagore translated by Gouranga Chattopadhyay*

**THE BOND OF TREADING THE SAME PATH**  
*(Pather Bandham)*

Our paths came together without strings attached,  
The two of us dwell in the here and now.  
Colourful moments grounded in reality  
Fill our hearts with rosette hued experience,  
The monsoon clouds fly like the veil of the dancing horizons –  
Our minds brightly glow with flashes of sudden insights.

We have neither a garden of golden *champa* trees  
Nor a grove full of *bokul* trees.  
The scent of a nameless flower  
Suddenly floats up in the evening breeze –  
Rhododendron flowers, uncared for in the morning sun  
Stand out atop the branches bursting with limitless pride.

We have no accumulated wealth,  
Nor are we pampered at home.  
We don't put into the bondage of a cage  
The bird that hops along the roadside –  
We are content to listen to its song as it flies away  
We glow with sudden flashes of insights of thoughts unthought till now.

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**THE LAST SPRING OF MY LIFE**

*(Shesh Bashanto)*

Before the end of this day  
I have to fulfill my desire –  
Just for this occasion the two of us will  
Go collecting all the spring flowers.  
*Phalgun* will come to your garden time and again,  
I beg only one of those standing at your door.

In futility my days have passed  
That had made me oblivious for so long.  
All on a sudden in the dying light I have spied in your eyes  
The imminent end of my time.  
Hence like a miser I am counting one by one  
In anxious embarrassment the last days of my spring.

Do not keep fear in your mind –  
In your flower garden in bloom  
I shall not tarry for nothing, nor shall I look behind  
At the hour of leave taking at day's end.  
I shall not look into your eyes hoping to see tears there  
To fill forever my memory with a flower of compassion.

Do not go away, please do listen –  
The sun is yet to set.  
Time is still at hand, to cheat time  
Do not harbour anxiety in the mind.  
Let the afternoon sun peeping from behind the leaves  
Shine for some more time on your dark hair.

Loudly bring forth your sweet laughter  
In relentless aimless delight –  
In the lake-side forest to suddenly startle  
The meek squirrel with fear.  
I shall not whisper in your ears the words that are forgotten  
To slow down your quick foot steps.

After that you can leave  
Stepping briskly on fallen leaves,  
At the time when birds softly call returning to their nests  
To distract the end of the day.

In the evening shadow of the bamboo grove your image will  
Vanish in the distance with the last strains of the flute.

The dark night will set in  
Do sit at your window.  
I shall pass down the road in front, dearest, leaving all behind –  
There will not be another chance to meet.  
Throw away the soiled *mallika* garland threaded in the morning –  
That will be your last touch, that will be your parting message.

*English Translation of Some Poems & Songs of Rabindranath Tagore*  
By Gouranga P. Chattopadhyay