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SHAILA LOHIYA

A Tale of My Salvation

A tale is never to be told of struggling in darkness.

Birds are not to soar and sing songs

Whose wings are cut off.

Sad are the tales woven neatly in the wedding dress,

Needless are the sorrows spread out in the auction.

Burning is forest in its leaves,

Cry not out the songs of the departing,

viewing the sun set.

Tattooed is the sky

With the joy of labour pains,

Breasts are no more full of nourishing sweet milk.

Try not to stop the waters while imprisoned wind is burning slowly in its words.

Naked are the lines discarding the cover green,

Innocent embryo is peeled off by bleeding hands.

Ecstacy lies in soaring up freely in the sky,

With new wings and new morning songs.

Translated from Marathi by Prof. C.D. Bhundari.

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