

**BLACK
COFFEE**

SURESH DALAL

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Black

C ffee

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Suresh Dalal

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Black Coffee : Translations of Gujarati poems by Suresh Dalal
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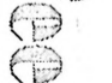
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Black




coffee



Black
C
Free

For Dear

Mukesh Patel

Black ffee

Black
C
W
Office

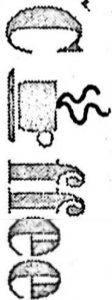
a flower is...

the incarnation of earth's prayer

I love you so much
Even then
I will not allow you to enter
In the depth of my solitude.

I love you so much
That's why
I will not allow you to enter
In the depth of my solitude.

Black



free

I love you so much
Even more than my solitude
That's why
I will not allow you to come out.



Perhaps you're my solitude
And
You're my loneliness.



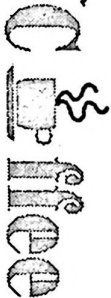
Black

No poet is a stranger to me.

No one is Russian or Persian
Or French or Gujarati or Bengali.

For me a poet is a poet.
I have a blood relationship with poets.
Different languages, different words...
That's all.

Black



Black
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free

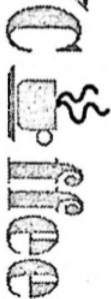
Silence is the womb of the word
Language is a limit
And silence is limitless.

The poet is only the shadow
Of limitless silence.
I'm passionately in love with poetry.
No poet is a stranger to me.

For Umashankar Joshi

You have passed away
And the village and the city.
And the house and the home
And the chamber of poetry
Vibrating with the simplicity of Gandhiji
And the beauty of Tagore have disappeared.
And now. Nothing is intact.

Black



Black
Coffin

With the clipped wings
The whole world is a cage for a bird

Don't pretend to throw
Coins of kisses
Out of sympathy to me.
My lips are not begging bowls.

Black

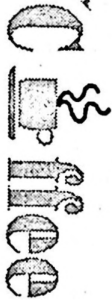


Black
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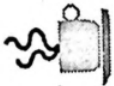
My tears...
An entire ocean
Shrunk in my kerchief.

The tree
Our meeting place
Has been chopped down
By a woodcutter.

Black



free



C

Black

Reflections cannot be
changed by
changing a mirror.

I now move on with your smile in my eyes
A drowned raft today floats like a lotus.

Black

Coffee

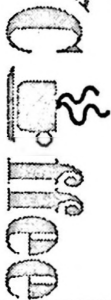
Black
Cup
Coffee

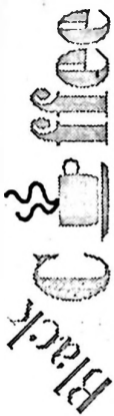
One can paint a flower on the canvass
But not the fragrance

A beautifully carved
Huge temple
On the top, a golden pitcher
And a rustic woman passing by
With an earthen pot on her head.

Between these two
I am standing
With a fragile pot.

Black

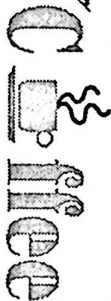




I wonder
Which will give me water
To quench my thirst
A golden pitcher
Or an earthen pot ?!

I do not know
But I talk to myself only.
Will I not ever meet
Any friend
Who can listen and understand me ?
Throughout the night
The lonesome ocean cries
Is he also in search of some one
As I am?

Black



Black
Boat

Now, we do meet

And words are nothing but Sahara.

There are words: no communications.

After the ocean dries

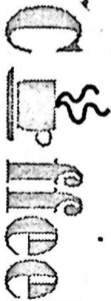
Boat remains where it is

And does not have any strength

To sail.

Between the trees
And the mountains
A river lives
All alone
Bearing the reflections.

Black



free



I don't write poems
I write you — only you.



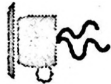
You become a name
And play on my lips;
You are the moon rising
And the sun setting.

Black

You are the sky
In which I have set
Many Birds to fly.

You are the earth
In which I have planted
Innumerable wandering trees.

Black



F

EE

Black
C
W
Office

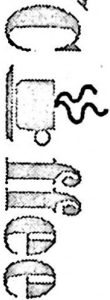
You are the space
Between the earth and the sky
I write this space
I don't write poems.

I don't write poems
I write you — only you.

Near the window...

The flowers
in the flower-vase
look helplessly
at the branch of a tree

Black





Once

upon a time

I was scribbling

your name

on a flower.

And, now

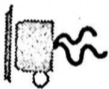
I write

your name

on ashes.

On the edge
of the high mountain
a man cannot decide
whether
the valley is high
or
the sky !

Black



free

free



U

When
One has to give
appointments to his friends
after
referring to his diary
means
I am being separated from myself.

Black

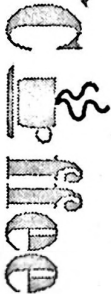
Steps do not go uP
nor do they come down.

They remain where they are
Immovable and still.

In this game of snake
&
ladder

why don't I learn something from the steps ?

Black



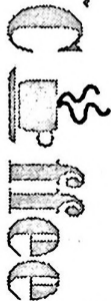
The Street lamp
Next to the tree
Yearns:
When will
I wear the leaves?

Black



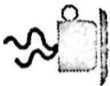
The poet Sundaram has gone.
The poet of primitive sensitivity,
And divine thirst
The poet of compassion and lust.

Black



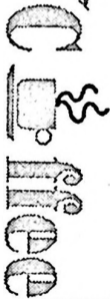
The poet Sundaram has gone.
His words remain here
With a smile of a flower
And a glow of stars.
The golden bird has flown away
Breaking all iron bars.

Black



When I am dead
My memory is my address for you,
And the passing days ... months ... years
That's my
Long distance phone number.

Black



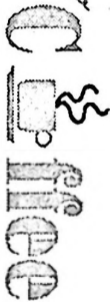
Black
Coffee

A margin
In the paper
Mocks at the paper
Like a man
Living in this world
Mocking at God.

There is so much depth in our love,
That in solitude
Even if we do not hold our hands, it's alright.

There is so much depth in our love,
That in close embrace of darkness
Even if we do not whisper
Into each other's ears, it will do.

Black



Black
Bowl
Cup
Tea
Fire

There is so much depth in our love,
That, now,
Even if we do not love each other it will do.

Once
The sand of the desert thought
Let me be a cyclone
And
It just climbed
On the shoulders of the wind.

Black

Coffee

free

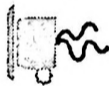
I like such a city
Where there are more trees
Than ration cards,
But
The map of India
Is created out of ration cards only.

Black

Between you and me
Lies a road like the back of a tortoise
And my heart runs after you like a rabbit.
— It may be named as love if we wish.

Between you and me
Lies Time like a Himalayan wall
And panic in the heart.
Even then the heart flies like a bird.
— It may be named as love if we wish.

Black



Black
Cup
Coffee

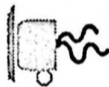
Between you and me
Lies destiny spreading its iron arms
And an embrace is nothing but the vacuum.
Even then somehow we live.
— It may be named as love if we wish.

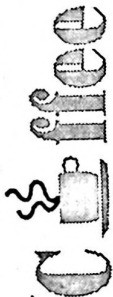
I stared at a flower
And my eyes were covered with dew.

I stared at a flying bird
And the clouds hurt my eyes.

Suddenly a lightning struck...
In my hand: a few leaves, a feather
And a poem blossomed !

Black





I decide
Not to talk to you
And
Wait for your phone call.

Your expectations are such
That even if you put
A burning coal in my palm
I have to call it a flower.

Black



offee

Free

That

even if you put
A heavy silence in my palm
Even then I have to say
It is a murmur of a stream.

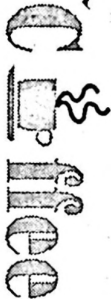
Black

That

even if you do not put
Your palm in my palm
I have to say
There is a cosmos in my palm.

I am in search of a face
Which is beyond all faces.
I address him as a God
For whom I am searching.

Black



free



Between my words and your silence
There is a space.

Is it fulfillment of love or vacuum ?



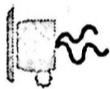
Between your words and my silence
There is a space.

Is it fulfillment of love or vacuum?

Black

When nothing is decided
I am like a drowning boat
Between the two shores
Looking at deaf lighthouse.

Black



ffee

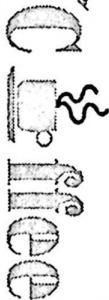
ee

Someone asked me a question
What is the colour of emotion
When you are tense and intense in ecstasy ?
I said
Who has time to look at the colour
at that moment ?
One who has time
Is never tense and intense.

Black
C
W
Office

To write a good poem
I have to write
Many futile poems.
For a good poem,
I am ever grateful to
My futile poems.

Black

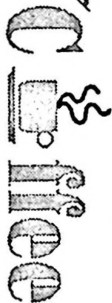


Black
Cup
of
Coffee

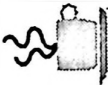
Forget about your memory —
now I don't remember even myself...

A poem whispered
To a moment
And
The moment
Tuned into
An eternity !

Black



free



O God! I do not want to imprison you
in the cage of prayers.

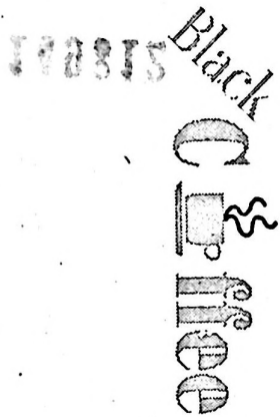


If each prayer is nothing but a begging
Then rather I would like to be engaged
myself and set you
f...r...e...e...

149812

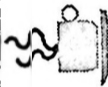
Black

While
travelling
I
have
seen
trees,
As
I
see
books
on
the
shelf.





There is a time to meet,
And a time to part.



The meeting time is over.



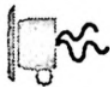
Now, under the ceiling of a night,
I will bear with rest of my life.

Take away your memories,
Now, I don't need anything or anybody.

Black

If the world is good a person can remain innocent.
I am not.

Black



free

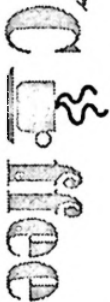
Black Coffee

The life like an escalator,
suddenly stopped between two floors.

From here
I send you my words.
Envelop my words
In your silence.
And my words will become
Just a prayer.

From here
I send you my silence.
My silence
Itself is my prayer.

Black



Black

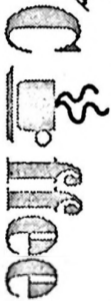


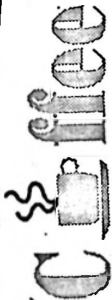
Coffee

The chopped off tree
remembers only
wounds of an axe

I am passing through an endless dark lane.
My highway is eluding me.

Black





Pink reflection on a lake
Like a
First love's glow.

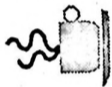
Black

A tree of darkness stands
Awaiting...
When the birds of rays
will twitter ?

Black



Life



Black

If I can

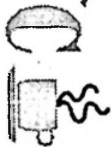
Cut off the relationship of
thirst and water

Only then I can

Unite with myself.

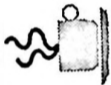
Butterflies
can never be
encaged.

Black



Coffee

Black
Cup
and
saucer



I do not want
to judge a garden
by flowers arranged
in a flower-vase.

When I am with you,
You remain away from me.
Now, there's only one way
To be with you is
—To be away from you.

Black
Coffee

Sunrise and sunset
Like
a Tide and an ebb
To the sun.

Black
C
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In the darkness of a night
A boat sails like a moon-ray.

Black



ffee

Life

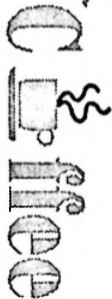


Black

Since long
I had preserved a flower
In my diary of poems.
Today, after many years
Suddenly I opened my diary—
Even today the fragrance of your memory
Blossoms from the withered flowers.

Trees on two sides
In the middle, a river flowing
Reflections drift away...

Black

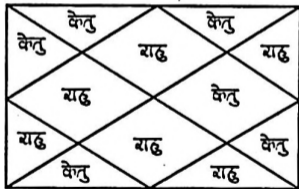




A woman
with an infant
begs near
the traffic signal.

Whose
Horoscope
should I read—

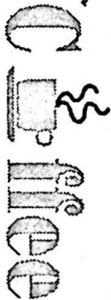
Woman's?
Infant's?
India's?



बलाब

Flowers have opened a shop
to sell butterflies.
Bees wander here and there
like salesmen.
And on a brothel of a tree
Cuckoo — a call girl.

Black



Black Office

The sun of Delhi
prefers a chair than a sky.

An age old devotion
is fulfilled.
I found
my cosmos
in your palm.

Black

Coffee

Black
Cup
Stove
Fire
Ice

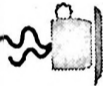
Now, even birds build flats
on the scattered trees of Bombay.

Please do not come close to me,
I am afraid of the scars

Black



free



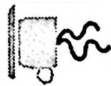
On

On a peak of a temple
a bird is free,
and
God is a prisoner.

Black

Our love —
a deserted pub
where glasses are empty
and
eyes are thirsty

Black



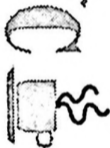
Black
Cup
of
Life

In the cave of midnight
I have lighted a lamp of your name
And when your face will emerge
only then the morning will rise !

Behind a face
There's a face
I love it.

Behind a desert
There's a spring
I love it.

Black



White

Black
C
i
fice

Behind thorns
There's a flower
I love it.

Perhaps it is so
Only because I love
I can see everything.

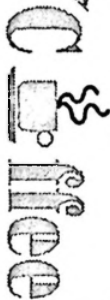
Can you unravel the alphabet of stars ?
Then write.

Can you enter into the petals of flowers?
Then write.

Can you anoint the eyes of moments?
Then write.

Can you scour the gloom of a desert with a mirage?
Then write.

Black



Can you hold back the clouds gathered in
eyes from showering?

Then write.

Can you sow the rainbow in a wasteland?

Then write.

Can you remain yourself amongst people ?

Then write.

Can you isolate from yourself?

Then write.

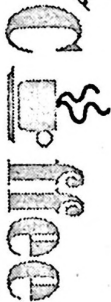
Can you remain in the state of not knowing anything?

Only then write.

Black
C
C
C
C

Each day is a festival of a poem...
And while celebrating it
I mingle into a poem...

Black

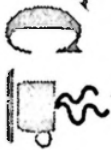


Black
Coffee

This life —
Awaiting
for an announcement
in the security lounge of
an airport.

I have crossed
boundaries of words.
Now,
I am showered
with a bountiful silence.

Black



Coffee

Black Coffee

When my eyes are closed
I have no meaning
of the rising sun.

When the moon of
the eighth day rises,
One realises that
even the sky has a scar:

Black

Coffee

Black Coffee

Now, you are a memory,
a photograph; we are
an empty frame

When you kiss me
You kiss your name
— not me,
As your name is
eternally swinging
on my lips.

Black

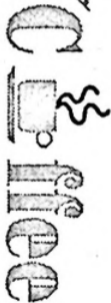
Coffee

Black
Cup
of
Coffee

Lost in the sunset
of your memories,
I am awaiting
for a night.

O, God!
What an absurdity!
The Sun is one
but
Days are different.

Black

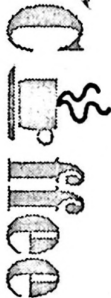


Black
C
T
Life

Eternity is a country:
Time is a province:
Moments are silent:
O! what a solitude!

I think
it is high time for
God to resign.
He should run
the universe properly,
or
He should leave respectfully.

Black



Black
C
Office

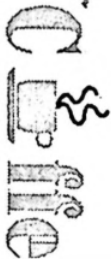
But, alas!
He has become
like a Delhi politician,
He refuses
to abandon the chair.

STARS

149812

I like black coffee
Because it tastes bitter
It continuously reminds me
— of our relationship.

Bl.
Black





E 891.471

149812

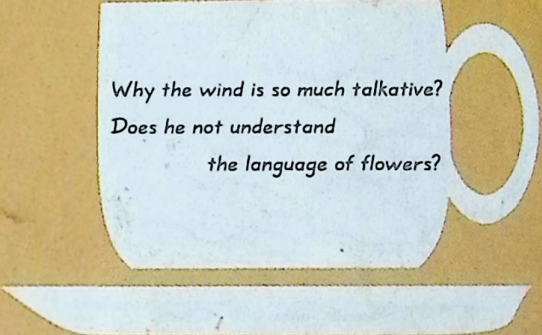
Dal / cof

NOT TO BE ISSUED OUT

E 891.471

Dal / cof

149812



*Why the wind is so much talkative?
Does he not understand
the language of flowers?*