

Anubhav Tulasi's Poem

The Noon of Rome

The shadow of an ancient building
Ancient as the city itself,
The youthful celebration of intimate moments-
Youth too that has lasted for ages.
The tiles of the roofs have decayed
The water of the Tiber wears a similar look.
Whatever it may be now
Their homes of childhood and youth in Rome
Made of red brick, lime and brick dust of history,
And it is they who are Rome
In their veins run Leo da Vinci and Michelangelo
I am a blank sheet on the move.
Rome has grown up in its soil
Not arrived in any flying saucer from another planet.
The blood of Caesar is wiping the stains of this city of flying flags.
Now I have reached a postbox-
The letters Dante wrote to Virgil is in techno-tested latest Latin language.
The quiet lessons of history heard in the intimate solitude
From their leafy lips from the craving of their fingers.

Translated by Nirendra Nath Thakuria

Anubhav Tulasi is an Assamese poet, translator and film critic. He has more than fifteen collections of poems to his credit.

Nirendra Nath Thakuria, retired Associate Professor of English, is a translator.