

A Series of Memories

A series of memories standing at eyes' door
Amidst the crowded loneliness plentifully pour

Some unspoken passion of former birth wanders in wilderness
Sting later in every part of this body athwart
Whom to ask our name? Who is my saviour?
A series of memories standing at eyes' door

Once the sea occupied my heart
Though broke all banks, we remain silent
This life will have to yet tolerate this worldly affair
A series of memories standing at eyes' door

Will fly carrying me in the shadow anonymous
Wings still comprise the sky, what more beauteous!
Sufferings of some birth may take contour
A series of memories standing at eyes' door

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(A poem translated from Gujarātī into English)

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