

Before coming here for one year I stayed in Pune. The city is like a cultural hub of the state. Well, so much so that once a famous author and humorist P. L. Deshpande said, “If one throws a pebble at a random person traversing the Lakadi Bridge (an old bridge in Pune city) there is a good chance it will hit a poet”. Surely, this is an exaggeration but it is true that at one time Pune was flocked by many poets.

Now, I would like to present a short poem by Mangesh Padgaokar. It is a romantic poem written in Marathi. The scene is as follows: a couple is walking along the sea shore, and the following are lines are said by the man to the women. First I will read out the Marathi version.

-- The marathi version goes here --

Here is briefly what the poem means.

Title: When the breeze ruffles your hair (or tresses)

When adamant breeze ruffles your hair
I am myself no more, loosing the shore.

Your forehead is sky, your tresses are birds,
The needlework (embroidery) on your saree pulls apart my heart even more.
The waves within me are unable to find the shore.

When the adamant breeze ruffles your hair,
I am myself no more, loosing the shore, loosing the shore.

Comments: Notice that the poem is strewn with minute details, the needlework, the saree, the compassion between sky, forehead, tresses, and birds. All of Padgaonkar’s poems, at least the ones which I have read, give meticulous attention to details and, offcourse, words. This I believe makes his poems subtle and enjoyable.