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The River

The night when I became the river and heaved
the night when you longed to flow into me
and submerge in my hidden depths, was the night of my rebirth.

You flew summarily into me with the energy of a hundred horses
when I made you the ocean.

We then defied the empirical discourse of home and hearth.

I became your nether world, the
archetypal tragic protagonist, the prototypal woman, morphed into
a river, permanently standing in the past till the last breath.

My desires did lie in limbo for ages.

My isolation, world weariness and middle-class quandary,
my ever dependable pledge coated in grime, lay in your path.

Dingy and submerged in gloom, we were deep-deeper-deepest
with a metallic taste in mouth and nostrils. Lamp attached to helmets
and battery shoved into the holder of our waist.

You knew, this river has more stories in her life than
all your textbooks put together. And she has emotional authority
over all of them, like ontology and epistemology, the myth.

In my endocentric approach, I did confuse dignity with disposition.

Integrating public and private lives for healing was my need.

I had nothing except myself to offer you. Did you loathe?

But you were the sail that left too early, much before time.

I respected myself way too much to beseech. Sometimes you
play to the gallery. You say things to make people acclaim your worth.

Slowly I became just a white elephant in your life, though
you were my apples and oranges—completely a different truth.
Well, you appealed, I was a hot potato—too difficult to deal with.

Convivial, going too sad, I was flowing from desirable to redoubtable.

You were my temple where you made me the benign
Goddess. Small, not voluptuous, the Goddess with humble breasts.

You christened them, they were slippery, white, pure, holy and divine.

You created a life of consequences that is best in emergency.
Equipped with more intelligence than needed does me nothing worth.

You are a ten --but I never trust your success or failure.
Because I am the river of cosmic loss. Loving even when hope is over,
because there's no other choice, like birth or death.

I was like wheels settling in motion—because I know that
the universe has a perfect timing. I am perfectly capable of
managing my moods, I am the river of youth.

No one should patronize me by deciding my pain and pleasure.
Naming names is the game that I could never play.
False narratives did never germinate in me, they are rather uncouth.

My face suffuses with colour when you murmur or dribble in my ears
those Agamemnon jokes. You are privileged, thus your
ultimate act of love is effortlessly letting someone go, refined and couth.

These days I mostly see myself as a painting.
That is my borrowed brilliance, at the cost of
making animosity with crocodiles I share my water with.

One little step at a time, I practise that, repeat that to myself.
With the hollow cynical smile of the isolated, I am
too invested in your esoteric world of bubbles of froth.

Working all the while, I cannot figure out what I am working for.

The big question is, how many stories am I willing to write!

Like a rising tide I do lift all boats of amity as well as wrath.

When I rain, I actually pour. Can you simply

enjoy this rivery-rain when you can?

After all, your life is where you direct its path.

Tune out the noise and listen to my heart.

You taught me to turn tables and drop heartbeats

and thus I grew on you. As if you are prudence's goldsmith!

You built something where nothing existed before.

In your large heart, there was a roomy-room for me anyway

beyond these demographic shifts of destiny's hidden depth.

Now, a quick ten-point-summary of our lives

I ask from time for only what I bring to the table myself

has been my impassable or my uncluttered truth.

Never more deceitful is it than when one espouses virtue

and brevity or foolhardy as hidden agendas of truth.

Truth does grow on you if you give it time's unbreakable faith.

I have been able to think of little else than this
for my past invades my present in an unsettling way.
Present can't give me a respite from the heartache of the past.

I am an automata, just a moving sculpture
breathing to the ocean's most exacting taste.
You will agree that there is no sad wisdom than a ripe fruit left to rot?

Pain doesn't get any easier, even being the river!
There are larger forces at play here than live-love-die; it's
a course I believe worth striving for in some metaphoric heath.

You have been there by design, not providence
you are the one I have set my heart on. I am mindful about my footprints
while marvelling at the enthusiasts' orbiting me mammoth.

Well, I am done with the life that I thought I wanted.
I did do away with the notion that life ought to be
what I designed long ago, this is my ground beneath.

But then, at the end of the day, I know that
"The Sabbath was made for man,
not man for the Sabbath."