

## Kamatipura

By Namdeo Dhasal

The nocturnal porcupine reclines here  
Like an alluring grey bouquet  
Wearing the syphilitic sores of centuries  
Pushing the calendar away  
Forever lost in its own dreams

Man's lost his speech  
His god's a shitting skeleton  
Will this void ever find a voice, become a voice?

If you wish, keep an iron eye on it to watch  
If there's a tear in it, freeze it and save it too  
Just looking at its alluring form, one goes berserk  
The porcupine wakes up with a start  
Attacks you with its sharp aroused bristles  
Wounds you all over, through and through  
As the night gets ready for its bridegroom, wounds begin to blossom  
Unending oceans of flowers roll out  
Peacocks continually dance and mate

This is hell  
This is a swirling vortex  
This is an ugly agony  
This is pain wearing a dancer's anklets

Shed your skin, shed your skin from its very roots  
Skin yourself  
Let these poisoned everlasting wombs become disembodied.  
Let not this numbed ball of flesh sprout limbs  
Taste this  
Potassium cyanide!  
As you die at the infinitesimal fraction of a second,  
Write down the small 's' that's being forever lowered.

Here queue up they who want to taste  
Poison's sweet or salt flavour  
Death gathers here, as do words,  
In just a minute, it will start pouring here.

O Kamatipura,  
Tucking all seasons under your armpit  
You squat in the mud here  
I go beyond all the pleasures and pains of whoring and wait

For your lotus to bloom.  
- A lotus in the mud.

[Translated by Dilip Chitre]