

## FORLORN SOLITUDE

O, you, you never know that here, in this crowded University,  
I feel more utterly alone than any intransmigrated soul  
in Hinduism.

There is much joy and very little sadness in every life sur-  
rounding me.

But, deep into my heart, there are but tears and the sound of  
my lonesome moan.

Yes, indeed, I am a stranger among the strange people in this  
strange land.

Late at night, when every soul is happily enjoying his sweet dream,  
My desperate heart feels even worse than a little lamb that  
loses his way in the dark and stormy desert of Egypt.

As he worriedly runs here and there in the vast and empty  
oppressive atmosphere,

His little innocent eyes are restlessly looking round and round  
for a small shelter.

No tears has the lamb, for they, a long time since, are  
strained and transmuted to the fears of catastrophe and  
disaster that endlessly persecute him.

His delirious cry, then, is nothing but the present lonesome wail  
of my heart.

And through the incredible stillness of the night, when the sad  
sound of music is brokenly heard from a far distance,

My soul must squirmingly shriek in the utter painfulness.

For, every cadence of the musical melody is transformed to your  
powerful sharp knife that is rhythmically and mockingly  
slicing my doleful heart to pieces.

O!! Please, please lie to me that you will throw a little  
hope as an almsgiving to me.

So that I would cherishingly keep it for relieving my forlorn solitude.

But, if the kindness in your generous heart is not prepared for me,

And you cannot give me that feigned hope,

Then, please bear with me, and patiently pretend to be a little  
more kind as to shout at me with your loudest voice  
"You! Valueless Being!! Begone!!"

And say no more, please say no more.

But, if a year has passed and your beautiful eyes do not come  
across my valueless being again,

Then, be awarned that he, The Valueless Being is absolutely no  
more for a year since.

*Ananta O'Krissa*