



## Nay, Never Such A Death

*Original Poem - Nityananda Mohapatra  
Translation - Dr. Ramakanta Rout*

I see there the belly and back equally thin in hunger  
But the body fattens gathering ample flesh there  
The last breath of life struggles in trembling ribs there  
Here the feast of wine and woman in the perfumed parlour  
There burn hundred lamps with the fuel of hunger  
The varied coloured lights richly decorated here  
The poor lives worth a mere penny there  
But lives are measured in pearls and gems here  
There the flesh and blood eaten up by fever, thirst and hunger  
All along the lust of luxury and liquor are here  
There the temple of Konark breaks down, uncared for  
But here the God less pompous palaces glitter  
There with the hungry crowd the Death procession is on  
Here the Time's Virus tatters heart -flower-vase and torn.  
  
Life lives there amid ailment, hunger and thirst  
But here the coward Death to enter does hesitate  
I, ere crossing the Bar, lie in the cross - road of Twos  
I prefer rather that Death, nay never this, never this

[Indian Poetry - 1954 -55]

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