

IT'S YOUR LOVE! OR A HEAP OF TRASH!

.....

Taslima Nasrin

I have not loved much in my life. Many men have found me unlovable as I don't have many of the traits that orthodox men expect in women.

Despite it, I have gone and fallen

in love with men who have been staunch believers in male domination, and have consequentially been very badly hurt, for the very right reasons.

In love with loveless men of a loveless city, I have penned many poems. In this world of selfishness, greed, violence and war, when love among human beings has dried up or is dying fast, my pure, unmixed love and my intense passion are my biggest assets.

When the realization has dawned, I have always come back to my own self, come back to the endless questions life has handed down.

Taslima Nasreen

Kolkata

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ARANYA

YOU, ARANYA

-1-

So queer you are! How can you go away, just like that!
You know how desperately I desire you,
Even after wallowing for so long in the arbour of my amorous longings,
You leave so conveniently, after ten, throwing a simple 'see you' at me,
So conveniently, with stray promises like meeting the other day or calling
me up,
So conveniently.

What is the need of meeting tomorrow,
Will tomorrow be any different! The same it will be,
Drinking to the hilt and intoxicating me
Swinging roots before each cubicle
of my body that craves for your touch,
You will speak of another day, that we will meet again
And I will keep listening Aranya
This way you will go on speaking of the days to follow
Everyday the next day will arrive and depart,
We will keep talking about everything that has happened or happening

since the day of genesis of this earth to nemesis.

Two four revolutions will be brought about in the world of the destitute with
thunderous thumping on the desk,

the communion racing in any direction, from mud to mortuary,
playground

to Mohana ,

whichever way you desire, and that too so agreeably.

Every day I will keep gazing helplessly at those eyes of yours capable of
dripping gorgeous love, little by little,

Rousing me by the second, you will turn me into an expansive desolate
dry land.

What is the need of so much of pretense, Aranya

Let your inadequacy and impotence admit to itself,

simple and direct.

-2-

You smell like a lover but you are not, Aranya

I want you to be one,

I want you to be with me the entire day,

The entire night.

There is no trace of such intimate longing in any nook or corner of your
universe,

You are more niggardly than even the ever apprehensive red ant,

Not contented with the winter accumulations,

you preserve yourself underneath, throughout the summer, rain and autumn.

Even the irresistible spring finds you surprisingly unmoving.

Everything in me fascinates you,

except the me inside and this my famished soul, that craves for you.

What is the need of drawing so near,

If you don't desire to be a lover,

Proclaim aloud that you are no lover

And set me free.

Wild elephant like your lust, does not refrain if a bit,

in trampling me under feet, to the finish,

do it and set me free.

If you can't do that, give me love then and liberate me.

No, Aranya, love is not any fine sugary concoction

that whoever wants will give it away.

You can't, but I can,

For my sake only, if so be it,

Come alive for once, O Aranya.

-3-

That I give you without inhibition my prose and my lines of verse,

You will rubbish it all one day,

You will laugh it off mockingly in the company of degenerate men,

Recounting in lewd indulgence the stories of a few days' loveless sexual escapades.

I know and give myself to you, that any day hereafter,
You will stab me at the back and walk away nonchalantly.
Some are just like that, so soft with words, so un-arrogant,
So modest, yet turn so murderous in a moment.

Not an iota of trust I waste on you,
Still every single hair root of mine longs for your touch,
My skin yearns for your kisses,
My breasts ache to be roused to a passionate frenzy,
And my innermost core for the secretive intimate explorations.
My inside and outside wait for you,
My love waits for you.

It's the flames I am flying into, I know,
Still I fly,
Some souls like me are so hapless,
Even after burning themselves into ashes
They propel themselves straight into the flames,
With the irresistible impulse to be burnt again.

May be I will forget one day,
Who, and what, was Aranya to me,
I will only remember that
One whole winter and a spring
I once had carried,
an irrepressible desire for somebody, from some city or town

Like the fleeting brightness of the afternoon sun.

-4-

You are no Greek god, Aranya
I could have done without staring at you.
You are no star blazing in the horizon, nor are you innocent or untainted,
not occupingly engrossed in me,
Even then that you turned my world up side down,
Is it because you are what you are,
Or because I had suffered desolation for a hundred years! Is that why!
Was it because I needed to cling on to something for my life!
Or it was something else!

You are a man of frivolous playfulness
Giving you up after a month or two would not have changed anything,
Yet I indulged in you a whole year, is it because
you were insipid and numb whom my surging vitality can beat into
submission.
Or it was something else!
Or it was my love!

Does anybody love such a worthless being!
There is nothing like love in India, I know.
Let us name it lust for now and carry on with the kissing.
You also are the squint-eyed, chauvinistic charlatan in your mid forties,
eager to finish with the kissing
with your eyes, ears and mind closed

The magic of kissing can cure hypocrisy, if, then why not!
Can't tell if I had ever resolved to transform anybody
from top to toe!
May be I had, may be not.
Besides, what if I go and fall in love! It is in me to fall in love,
Strolling side by side in the golden forest in the moonlit midnight hours,
Can a hand resist the touch of another next to it!

-5-

Let the frenzied excitement of wild histrionics go on,
Let tongues wag,
You know and I know,
To get together in bed how much we have gone through.
You keep the woman of the house your sacred cow and flirt around
outside
Carry on; it's in your blood,
more than blood it's in each and every cell of your brain.
See if only you have time to sit and share a few words in this month of
spring!
Will you stop your hurricane drive after free liquor to sit beside for a while?
Do you have the inclination to speak one two things sans odd
expectations?
The chivalrous men in this Bengal are the ones capable of having a dozen
women
You great chivalrous male burst out with pride before me
in the eulogy of those fawning wenches.

My life is my own
Which no body is to share.
I live it on my own terms, wild or whatsoever
Of all that you are aware Aranya.
I have always been alone and had been happy in my aloneness,
You stormed in turbulent and put out all the light from my universe,
Made me lonelier, terribly desolate.
Let go of those accounts, other things, my matters.
You are not alone after all; your carnival runs through all seasons.
Your are so insignificant, so small, yet one has to give in to the small, time
and again,
Her heart is the worst enemy of a woman.

-6-

Lost in the ecstasy of your love, I didn't know of the disease you passed on
to me.
I sealed my lips with yours for a kiss, didn't notice the poison
you passed on to me covertly.

-7-

With your disease inside me now I lie in the boat,

And the boat inches towards death little by little, you see it does.
It does, but what is it to you! The drops of water don't dampen your
celebrations!
Those who love, those who don't understand the language of give and
take, they
float away to the yonder shore,
There where it rains fire.
You love to enjoy the sunset while drinking from a glass, you will do so
unperturbed.
I understand everything about you, only I didn't understand that you
never loved me.

ARANYA, YOU

-1-

You are standing before my eyes, Aranya,
I can't see the world beyond,
You numb my senses with your darkness,
I hear no voice, not even my desperate moaning.
Only your voice I hear,
Your lies,
Your treachery and guile,
Your fang and your deception.

You engulf me,
My body is in eclipse, a bloodsucker has forced its way into my heart,
I melt down to the last hair-root of mine.
She who breathes inside me now is somebody else, not me.

I had wanted to batter and shape you into a civilized being,
But I see the master's whip in your hand,
You hold the reins so tight as if there is nothing except your lips
in my reach, as if I kiss you and you only when I do.
You have become a man after two three stimulants down the throat
The way you get aroused, only your arousal can satiate my unending
hunger.

Don' t keep standing before me like that Aranya
I can see a thing in the world.
All in your world is well, the accounts of your home, your wife and son,
your evening peg,
Everything you manage, Sonagachhi, Rupagachhi, Nandan, Chandan,
Your house and vehicle air-conditioned, your money, honey, name-fame
Every thing you take care of,
Only you don't understand love, wish you had understood it any day
anytime.

I had wished you to be a lover,
Now after I drain and empty everything, I see,
Whatever you have become, poet or businessman,
A lover you have not become.
All can not become also. Remain whatever you are,

You need not be a civilized being, a man, not even a lover.
Just move out of my sight,
Stand beside or go behind.
Let me be my own self at least.

-2-

You would leave me insane Aranya.
You stand more colossal and more dangerous before my eyes,
My vision blurs day by day, and gradually I turn blind.
Am I a headless trunk,
Why don't I drive you away from my eyes pelting stones !
Someway you have intruded into my life and now you have crowded it,
As if my life is yours,
My house and furniture are yours,

My utensils, bank documents, the flowers in the garden, my books,
All are yours,
The wines in the cellar are yours, the reshmi kababs are yours, the toilet
too,
My bed and pillows are yours, my body is yours too.
You rule around as if I live on your bread,
As if I will die without you.
As if my heart will spill out, my lungs will gather moss.

You stand covering my door,
You will not allow any guests to my house,

You will bestow a sudden kick on the stomach of the guest,
Only people approved by you will find an entry.
Your eyes are bloodshot, do you understand?
When I try to escape you grab me quick
As if my life is yours only,
You have also acquired my heart by virtue of
That three or four inches long half- functional penis of yours.

The genie has emerged from your bottle,
You have failed to hide or subdue it for long.
It is you who has emerged from the bottle,
Your bare body covered with filth, your semen sticking to the penis
Freshly got out of somebody's vagina to stake your claim as a lover.
You want to dominate Aranya?
You keep one in control with vermilion and bangles,
Another with the claim that you give love,
Whole day you keep raping in your mind whichever woman you come
across.
All these attributes of yours are to be just because you are a man!
Just because you are a man promiscuity is not a crime for you!

Whatever I may give you Aranya, domination I can not.
If you want love, fresh and crunchy, take it,
Take and do whatever you want to do with it,
Throw it into the Ganges or keep it buried somewhere as you wish.
Sleep as many times as you want,

You can sleep even without washing off the sticky semen from your last escapade

You have to tell lies that you love me

You have to take to lying that you love only me and nobody else.

You don't have the guts even now

to touch my lips without an admittance to love.

You don't have the audacity to touch my body

for the sake of lust alone.

I don't know if you know or not

That I am as capable of no- love as I am of love.

To rouse your half-erect penis into erection,

Not even an iota of love is required, Aranya

Listen, keep it in mind, I kiss you without any love,

I touch you for the sake of your body alone.

I had always been my own self all these years,

I am in togetherness with you now, because I desire so, Aranya.

Understand?

-3-

Do you have the mind to understand these things?

If you ever possessed a mind, you have got it scattered now in thirty six directions,

You have made so many pieces of it that it has ceased to exist,

Even you yourself can't make out any of the pieces.

You had set sail in the sea of your women, you were busy

With the business of give and take.

You carried on with joy, for years,
You lived in happiness,
In heavenly indolence of pleasure, you
thought you basked.

Now when you start looking for your mind,
It is nowhere in the nook and cranny of your broad trunk,
The pieces only wiggle here and there, in the planes and abyss.
Put your mind together one day, make it into a whole, Aranya, be
enriched,
So that I get enchanted on seeing you, hold me mesmerized.

Whatever I tell myself, how much I tell that I touch you
Without love,
I want to believe whole-heartedly that it is the body that matters,
My desperate love emerges breaking the delicate veneer of my
self-respecting denial
proclaiming its presence
putting me to shame, defeating me completely.
This is my struggle with my own self
You have a negligible role to play here Aranya,

Make your mind whole and give that mind to any body
you wish,
retain it if you don't want to give.
I have never begged for it, not any time.
If you don't find anybody on this entire earth to give,

Then look in this direction, if can't do without giving,
Then only give.

-4-

I talked with that handsome youth, with him,
What is it to you Aranya?
Why do you bring down the roof shouting?
Abuse in the name of parents, slap hard on the face!
Making an exhibition of your love?
To hell with your love, In knocked out drunkenness you think
Of turning the world up side down,
You drag me by my hair; push me against the wall,
Test the strength of your wrist on me,
Yet turn your wrist again and again to check the time
To go back to your house when it's time,
There your Nandini would be waiting with served rice plate,
There your Nandini would be sleeping disheveled,
You will rouse her from half-sleep with the soft touch of your hand,
Will kiss open her drowsy eyes and show your presence,
The hen-pecked self of yours, the dutiful, conscientious husband self
On lowered face and bended knees.
There I have no place, neither my stories have,
not even a droplet of me is anywhere,
there only are smiling faces, egg and milk, fish and meat,
there you have progenies, the carriers of the family lineage,
there is only your future,

fresh fish swimming in the crystal clear water.
There you have your friends and relatives, your neighbours,
Pure, refreshing breeze,
There you are the man of the house,
Ah! The completely secure blissful existence.

You want to confine me within the four walls,
To put me away in the dark,
You want to have everything in your control,
You want to own me,
You want to control my desires and detestations
Putting a stamp on me by any means you have wanted to own me.
with your stamp on.

So that my eyes don't fall on any other young man,
You have wanted to dig out my eyes with your ten fingernails,
You have wanted to bit and tear my nipples with your teeth
So that nobody else can touch them with his lips,
Wanted to sear my vagina with burning flame,
To brand my heart after your name.

Are you human Aranya?

You are just a man like any other of your species.

Impoverished, mean,

A glutton like any man,

Blind in your selfishness.

A nasty bigot.

You have shackled Nandini, and have vowed to shackle me.
Whoever you get closer to, whoever loves you without
thinking and understanding

You pounce on her and want to put shackles on her.
Your entire body jangles of chains, Aranya,
Intoxicated of playing around with humans, you live now
as a plaything of humans.

The greed of ownership salivates in the under belly and the belly,
You crave the ownership of some flesh every moment.
Entire life you have suffered from incurable dental ailment,
The freedom of others has become your panacea now
Which you dissolve in your adulterated water and drink
Like an indisposed fellow throughout the day.
The germs of megalomania keep eating into your system,
I pity you,
I spit a hundred times on your promiscuous body.

Had my indignation been a little less, I would have showed you
What freedom means by making love to a hundred handsome men.
But I will not stand the touch not only of yours but the your entire race
For there is too much hatred.
There is no other expression of love left on my lips
Except "Get lost Idiot".

-5-

You beg forgiveness with outstretched hands,

Do you know in the name of giving, nothing you have added to your credit!

You have emptied the debit side of not less than two crores
Do you remember you had stripped me of everything,
Didn't leave behind even a little.

Are you a lesser devil!
Laying traps in the pretext of kissing,
Eating and living on my resources and
tying to destroy me.

The moment you know that you will not be forgiven
You run to another woman,
All my life I nursed deadly serpents with banana and milk.

-6-

Now you seem to be so distant Aranya,
You come just to spend the evening, repeat some meaningless phrases,
Kiss me two three times lest I start doubting if you don't.
For the mating, you take off your clothes in a way you remove your
Socks after coming back home from the errands of a hot, sultry day,
The things you do with my body afterwards is very similar to having your
afternoon bath,
Similar to dipping your hands into the rice plate on the dining table
After the bath, moving into a siesta in bed after a post-lunch burp,
Going hurriedly out for a evening out after the nap.
Have you taken for a house wife Aranya?

Am I an object of your habit consequential of making home with you for two consecutive decades!

You run towards the dense fog ahead with or without realization
Your evening face wears a whole new expression every another day,
The face looks like yours, but not exactly the same.
The man I touch is you, but not exactly you.

Once there was a wriggling heart sitting somewhere in your chest,
You have sweet-talked it into and left it forever in which forest, Aranya!
You are now like a 'If you come-okay 'or 'if you don't come- okay'
person,
Whether you blabber continuously or sit absentmindedly, it's the same.
The way you have done it to my eyes by smearing moss
That I can not read anymore.
Do you want that I shouldn't read!
Do you die of exult inside thinking that I will die in this way,
little by little !
Do you die in desperate anxiousness that you have planned to kill me little
by little?

-7-

You go away, I also run behind

The 'I' that laughs, frolics, rejoices,
Goes swimming to the other side,
That 'I' cries morning and evening throwing up her hands and legs.
Something similar to a block of stone lies inside the house,
Lies coiled in itself in the dark,
The entire body of it covered with disgusting white patches.
I, the one lies, the naïve and the foolish one that is me,
A woman keeps lying there
for six thousand years.

That you carry away the whole sky in your palm
Do you ever look back to see what remains?
Your absence causes how much of suffocation,
How many pairs of death!

Where do you go Aranya night after night?
Who gives you something thing more than me!

So flamboyant you are, with whom I fill in each and every corner of my
self,
so that you can go and give yourself somewhere?
And return hollow and despondent one day after emptying yourself!
I have been unable to stop you from going away,
Catching and pulling at your clothing with all my might,
Why don't you budge, Aranya,
So that I can get for myself a bare little part of your
self that spills over!

You don't want to give me, then don't give,

But whoever you give, give with love.
Learn to love if you can Aranya,
Pick up the alphabets and move on faster to complex letters.
Let this be at least be of some consolation to me---
Whom I love, he is not a piece of brick or wood, and he is human.
Whom I love is not an absolute dream, he is flesh and blood.
He also knows to love somebody, even if it is not me.
He knows to go to somebody even if he has to brave a Tsunami
overhead,
He knows to gift the sky out of opened palms.
He also puts his warm hands on somebody else's hand,
If that hand is not mine, so be it.

Aranya, whoever you give your life, give it with love.
This way you may rise to be deserving of my love.

-8-

I also feel like going one day, and coil myself around somebody,
One day I will not be tempted to look back.
Wait and see Aranya, I will suddenly break free one day
Of your half-hearted and casual embrace, smothering with my two hands
the afternoons laden with impositions, I will extricate
each and every moment of ecstatic love to the last count,
I will get two pennies in exchange for two.

You used to cheat on others someday and come near me Aranya,
Now you cheat on me and go to somebody else,
But you are the same you. Your boat is safely anchored to the harbour.
I would also have cheated on you had I known you did,
As I didn't know, you will walk on before my eyes as far as you want,
Holding hands with somebody else,
Will bath in the sea before my eyes, do many more things before me...

You didn't ever give me anything Aranya,
Give a day to me at least, on which day with the single touch
of a hand my eyes will flip open shedding sleep's covering, I will
look through the dripping dew like golden dawn
That there is nobody called Aranya,
There was no body ever anywhere, by this name,
And across the bed sleeps a dishevelled new Youngman!

-9-

Young men will sleep with me, so be it. In chaotic love and lust
they will give me one one night equal to the length of twelve years,
Let it be so, I will surely receive.

I love nobody any more Aranya.
My days and nights will be thrown into a colossal emptiness if I do.
Like a delirious woman I will only think of that man if I do,
Pouring out all the essence of my mind, flesh and bone
Forgetting my own being,
I will drop in his pot only.
Then only the space in my heart, the open plateau
All will be on fire, all will keep burning
As long as the last drop of blood dries up and the heart stops.
It is a bad habit with me, whoever I love, I make him my world
The world keeps growing and emerges in its bare self from
under the earth,
In the mad frenzy of rapturous delight
It takes me in its hands at the end, kneads and grinds me.

It's sure death for me once I am in love,
Who knows it better than you Aranya!

-10-

There is no knock on the door, still it feels as if somebody knocked,
You don't come, even then I don't want to believe that you
really haven't come.

Let the people do, why you should hesitate anymore
You know and I know why we are drifting apart.
The two of us were there, were together, for so many days,
I, without caring for anything, not even any slur on my character.
Admit to this truth-
That if there was any love, it was I, who loved,
You didn't love even a minuscule.
Who knows where you spend your Sundays and Saturdays,
You know quite well a few vaginas of the other street.
It is I who has loved Aranya, you have never loved.

You don't loaf around any less,
Just it is me you can't in your two eyes.
You loiter in this street and that; your steps would not just take
the path to my house.
In whichever direction you want, nothing is truer than it,
that your caravan proceeds straight that way.
Everybody is there in your scheme of action, only I am not,
Somewhere else you have got your riches, the wealth of the genie,
Mines of diamonds and gemstones!

You don't come because you love,
It's just that you don't love, you don't, and you don't!
It's over. Does anything gets finished so easily,
The pain in the left part of the heart eats into me with its nail and teeth.

YOU, ARANYA, YOU

-1-

This life overall has no meaning for me,
It will end any day while I would just be getting ready to live it.
Human life on this earth of the history of this universe
Is nothing but flick of a moment.
In the belief that there is heaven and hell hereafter,
All have taken to religion—what is, what not—
Grapple with insecurity all the time—
Let's leave them aside, and face the truth
I don't remove the fanciful sword from it's sheathe!
His own bomb will destroy man today or tomorrow,
The earth is in doldrums.
Besides, Uncle Sun will die exhausting his gas
And will play its game by sucking the earth in
At one go.
Everything will be over
Despite it there's greed to pounce on some insignificant material
To tear, bite and acquire,
Terrible jealousy and indignation against one another spreads.
When will man get over this misfortune!
It takes courage to get over the hopes for the future and
Enjoy the present moment in abandoned ecstasy.

Love takes energy, and heart and everything else divided into equal halves,
How many can contain their colourful desires?

The way you forget, you can not be trusted for a moment,
I feel so bad to see the swampy, frog-in-the-well existence of yours,
Yet the humdrum affair of your day and night goes on increasing day by day,
How do you sustain yourself on this wretched earth Aranya?

Hell!
Let's go near the sea!

-2-

For once only you die for me Aranya and see,
See how I give you back your life.
Love me one time and see,
See in what terrible happiness I die!

-3-

What are you doing and with whom, in this rain Aranya?
In whose house do you lie?
Does she love you more than me?

If it is so, then you are better off,
What is the need of wasting time coming to my house?
In my house you know you will have to trouble knee deep water.

You indulge there in the festivities of Khichdi and fresh fish!
Whoever you stay with,
May be like me, she also ventures out to buy fresh fish braving the rain,
Like me, may be she also remains immersed in you the whole day
Your favourite food, your clothes, your comfort, your sleep, what will make
you happy!
and covers each mole on your body with thirty kisses. These things
happen?

When you drift away even a little, does it pain her?
Why should it be like me, certainly more than me.
If it is not more, why should you go at all to another woman
releasing yourself from my embrace in some crooked way!
Are you really happy Aranya, even more than before?

-3-

The 'I', who can not live without love one moment,
You are not giving her love for the last seven days,
You are not giving her love for the last seven million years Aranya!
Now there is sunlight on her skin, a vast desertland inside her breast,

The cascading rain doesn't touch her even a little,
It rains throughout the night yet does not wait even a single hair root of
her body.

Your fingers knew some magic Aranya?
At a single touch I transformed into a river,
With a kiss, into a sea from top to toe!

You are not there.
Floating in the warm wind, my world has suddenly gone quiet
and has entered some dark abyss.
The atmosphere has suddenly turned intolerably empty.
You are not there any more; sometimes I feel I am alive no more.

-4-

You long for freedom in your mind of minds, no Aranya!
That freedom itself is being available to you, you will get the freedom
of your own body, and colourful wings. A wide blue sky also.

Who are you SMSing to ensure if she is free or not,
Whom did you take to a directionless city, whom did you kiss,
With whom did you sleep,
I will not tear my head off thinking about all this.

I want to love you that much which will not cause any pain
when you kiss another woman,
I will not care if you sleep with a hundred beauties,
It will throb nowhere if you went delirious in love with somebody.
What more do you want Aranya.

I want to love you only that much
That I will not think that it is you when the mobile phone rings,
It will not seem that it is yours when the sound of SMS startles,
I will not rush to the door thinking it is you when somebody knocks.

I want to love you only that much,
That I will not desire to have you with me when the sky bursts into rain,
My hand will not make a move to touch yours when you come and
stand before me.
With what much love the lips will not crave for kisses,
with what much love I will not soak even a bit inside or outside.
See Aranya, I will love you that much with what much love
I will not feel that it would have been better if we had met,
when we will not be meeting anymore.

-5-

For how long would I go on loving you, Aranya?
For how many days would you go on loving like this, tell!
Someday, a human being comes face to face with his own self!

If a little bit of the human self remains alive anywhere inside,
He searches and brings it out.
On with the debauchery, the betrayal, telling innumerable lies,
Someday he gets tired, speaks out the truth.
Man comes to suffer one day, one day cries.
A day like that never comes in your life Aranya,

Before Nandini, you stand facedown, eyes downcast,
She is your goddess. Do you really think her to be so?
Today it's me, tomorrow another one, whatever it may be,
Nandini should be in her place, the way she lives life joyfully like a small
child,
So that she understands nothing, so that she does not ever feel any pain,
Never comes to think that you have left her.
How do you manage to live everyday your
Double, triple, multiple standard lives!

For how many days would I love you this clumsily, tell!
Let me go back to my human state Aranya, let me push you away from
my eyes.
Let me be human, let me stop loving you.
Let me be human, let me hurt you a little.
