

I wish to be a woman

Shyam C. Tudu*

I wish to be a woman
There is a wish deep in my heart
To feel the joys and sorrows of a woman
I wish to bear the seed of a man,
In my womb.

And I
Want to water the earth
By the stream of my breasts.
I wish to love the love-children and orphans
And again wish to carry
For a sterile.

Then, our count will increase
And those teemless would feel
The pleasure of a mother.

But, today
I grieve for the bride
Married beyond twelve mountains.

Her cheeks do not conceal kisses
But slaps;
The back doesn't have the pat of love
But the stripes of banging;
The head lacks the caring touch
The pain of scratching the long hair
Still persists.

And intercourse...?
She bears the thrust of
Hot, red rod.

Her dreams have shattered
Like fragile objects.

I haven't declined my wish
To be a woman
Rather my wish has strengthened
More...and...more...

(Translated from Santali by Manoj K Pathak)

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