

Sumitra Nandan Pant, "Gramya" (Allahabad: Bharati Bhandar, 1940), pp. 17-19.
Text provided by Dr. Susham Bedi; scans by FWP, March 2006.

[*"Gram Yuvati," text*](#) -- [*Translation by David Rubin*](#)

ग्राम युवती

उन्मद यौवन से उभर
घटा सी नव असाढ़ की सुंदर,
अति श्याम वरण,
श्लथ, मंद चरण,
इठलाती आती ग्राम युवति
वह गजगति
सर्प डगर पर !

सरकाती - पट,
खिसकाती-लट,—
शरमाती झट

वह नमित दृष्टि से देख उरोजों के युग घट !
हँसती खलखल
अबला चंचल
ज्यों फूट पड़ा हो स्रोत सरल

ज्यां फूट पड़ा हो स्रोत सरल
भर फेतोज्वल दशनों से अथरों के तट !

वह मग में रुक,
मानो कुछ झुक,
आँचल सँभालती, फेर नयन मुख,
पा प्रिय पद की आहट;
आ ग्राम युवक,
प्रेमी याचक,
जब उसे ताकता है इकटक,

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ग्रा० २

ग्राम्या

उल्लसित,
चकित,
वह लेती मूँद पलक पट !

पनघट पर
मोहित नारी नर ! --

मोहित नारी नर ! --

जब जल से भर

भारी गागर

खींचती उबहनी वह, बरबस

चोली से उभर उभर कसमस

खिंचते सँग युग रस भरे कलश ; --

जल छलकाती,

रस बरसाती,

बलखाती वह घर को जाती,

सिर पर घट

उर पर धर पट ।

कानों में गुड़हल

खोंस, -- धवल

या कुँई, कनेर, लोध पाटल ;

वह हरसिंगार से कच सँवार,

मृदु मौलसिरी के गूँथ हार,

गुडओं सँग करती वन विहार,

पिक चातक के सँग दे पुकार, --

वह कुंद, काँस से,

अमलतास से,

आम्र मौर, सहजन, पलाश से,

निर्जन में सज ऋतु सिंगार ।

निर्जन में सज ऋतु सिंगार ।

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ग्राम युवती

तन पर यौवन सुषमाशाली,
 मुख पर श्रमकण, रवि की लाली,
 सिर पर धर स्वर्ण शस्य डाली,
 वह मेड़ों पर आती जाती,
 उरु मटकाती,
 कटि लचकाती

चिर वर्षातिप हिम की पाली
 धनि श्याम वरण,
 अति क्षिप्र चरण,
 अधरों से धरे पकी वाली ।

रे दो दिन का
 उसका यौवन !
 सपना छिन का
 रहता न स्मरण ।
 दुःखों से पिस,
 दुर्दिन में धिस,

जर्जर हो जाता उसका तन !
 ढह जाता असमय यौवन धन !
 वह जाता तट का तिनका
 जो लहरों से हँस खेला कुछ क्षण !!

दिसंबर '३९]

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David Rubin, "The Return of Sarasvati: Translations of the Poetry of Prasad, Nirala, Pant and Mahadevi" (University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia: South Asia Regional Studies, 1993), pp. 129-131. Scanned by FWP, March 2006.

The Return of Sarasvati

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A Village Girl

Exuberant with youth,
beautiful as an early monsoon cloud,
dark-skinned,
on languorous feet
the village girl comes walking,
proud, stately, graceful,
along the snaking path.

She trails her scarf behind
and pushes back her hair;
quick to be embarrassed,
she glances down at the twin pitchers of her breasts.

A woman, restless:
her laughter ripples
like a brook spilling over its banks--
her lips--from teeth as bright as foam.

Along the road she stops,
bending a little
to smooth her skirt; turns her face
when she hears her lover's footsteps--
a village lad draws near,
her ardent suitor;
while steadily he stares at her,
surprised,
rejoicing,
she shuts her eyes.

Beside the well
enchanted man and woman!*

When she draws up the heavy jug
filled to the brim,
her breasts, like overflowing pitchers,
are tensed so that they strain
against her tightening blouse.

She spills the water
in a shower of beauty,
then throws her scarf across her breast,
sets the jug upon her head
and starts the zigzag path for home.

Hibiscus at her ears,
she weaves a garland--
shephalika, white lily, oleander,
and trumpet-flower,
braiding blooming stars all through her hair,
and roams the woodland with her cattle,
calling out with lark and cuckoo.

In the deserted forest
she adorns herself through every season

she adorns herself through every season
with jasmine, cassia and fragrant herbs,
forest-flame and mango blossom.

* *mohit nārī nar*. In a paraphrase in *Fifty Poems from Chidambara*, ed. Alokerañjan Dasgupta & Lakshmiçandra Jain (Calcutta, 1969), p. 15, the editors interpret this to mean the people watching.

The Return of Sarasvati

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Youth's splendor is on her limbs,
on her face the sweat of toil
and the sun's red burning;
a basket of golden grain upon her head,
she comes and goes along the boundary dikes:
her waist supple
and thighs that shimmer--
eternal child of rain and heat and frost,
this agile-footed
dark-skinned girl,
with a sprig of wheat between her lips.
Heigh ho, two days--

Heigh ho, two days--
that's all her youth!--
dream of a moment
not long remembered.
Ground down with sorrow,
worn out by troubled times,
her body withers,
its wealth of youth untimely spent:
a blade of grass adrift from shore,
that laughed and played a few brief moments with the waves.

from *Grāmyā**

*Original title, *Grām Yuvatī*. Many of the figures of speech describing the girl are traditional images, i.e., the comparison of her breasts to pitchers, and her walk, described as "stately" and "graceful" in the translation, is "*gajgati*", "with an elephant's gait," a cliché in classical literature. Pant emphasizes his admiration for his humble subject by employing these figures once reserved for nobly-born heroines.