

Bartok in Udaipur

Golden city on her bed of sand
breathing through her towers at the night
immense distance between city and stars
doves passing overhead
taking their upper light from sky
their lower light from city

...

No way to staunch flow stop river
feed hungry pour drink down thirsty
drop a coin into every one of a million hands
no way to stop care quench sorrow
no way to end it no way to keep flow
from drowning out eyes no way to finish
no way to grow into salvation no way to end it
roadsign on way to city life is short
do not make it shorter think who awaits us all

...

From all our eyes flows pain
 roaring into life with every birth
 more births than can be counted on an army's hands
 equipped to conquer continents
 heroes stand out spearing at one throw
 a myriad boars or tigers
 but one blood flowing out one sufferance
 under dynastic sun sword stroke or parry
 calm in sky's eyes profoundly caring

...

Great sails in a sea of crimson
 women advancing in greens and blues
 flowers of air on a desert morning
 gait leisurely pot akimbo high

...

City raising its hands to moon
 over quiet water birds in hand
 among leaves asleep flowers asleep
 in purple blood spread over water
 fisher his blinding turquoise dimmed
 catching a flash of moonlight burning star
 among cold stars diamond set sapphire
 slant fish in beak yet another star

...

To live with one's own face alone
 that face for a whole life over whatever
 waters night may provide in constant presence
 heroes rush down flame clad on battlefield
 women walk with their children into fire
 warriors thunder down to inevitable deaths
 and lonesome moon with one face only
 shines with an equal constancy over them all

...

Slinking in poverty by grey green lights
of palaces throned among emerald waters
it used to be our princes inside
exploding fireworks across this lake
now foreigners one with their money
to buy our rings and bangles buy some thing
would cost each one of us earth's price
a dozen incarnations or a life's wages

...

Blue god drains all world's love to him
as his great heart walks over waters
no need of feet wings alone unaided
suspend it at a comfortable height
terns at ankles gulls at knees
over a hunter where he waits for tiger
sudden receiving prey from sky
in astonished gratitude

...

Down rushing warriors in burning clothes
saffron on fire against golden sun
sun's visage peering out of roses
"Ornaments of the State" flowers palaces
what matter which perfume on air
invisible fires in devotional heart
of princess in love with a blue forest
youth on cloud enormous and inflamed
blue sword cascading on blind child
crippled for money set in his mother's arms

...

Epic simplicity in drams of stone
raising its walls above our desert

stone of sand and sand of stone
 streets running with saffron and blood
 stone hands the only archive left by women
 a bruin noise of camels in high distance
 night ships asleep over golden waters

...

Seed syllable towns pink white cerulean
 wait for their portraits on rising light
 but—lens crashes to ground and shatters
 with which we saw the stars and closer planets
 and studies all the more originalities
 blind now we cannot work or must develop
 new eyes inside this fire so that whatever burns
 with joy or sorrow is but an ornament
 of one same state and not a decoration

...

To leave walk out in early morning mist
 from dung and dust women rise like flowers
 name fourfold origin see fourfold sufferings
 which from that day to this under one sun
 have not desisted from this land in which
 we see love's fourfold origin in pain
 including that immense pain inflicted by beauty