You Will Remember Me

Once you had told me,
You would forget me.
Forget me,
Forget me somehow,
Do, if you can, forget me.

With every meeting
I called you a flower.
Whenever a flower you see,
In garden or market,
You will remember me.

Cars may be racing,
Stars swiftly,
Falling your friend beside you may be.
In route from the meeting,
You will remember me.

Your hair you'll be combing,
Your fingers will tremble,
Once I have combed them for thee,
Your hair will remind you,
You will remember me.

If in the evening
You stroll down the pathway,
Who for you waiting will be,
Who'll see you homeward?
You will remember me.

If at a funeral,
All in black garments,
Someone will ask: who was he?
Then you will remember,
You cannot but remember,
Then you will remember me.

Once you had told me,
You would forget me.
Forget me,
Forget me somehow,
Do, if you can, forget me.

The Two of Us

The bus takes you,
My dreams take me,
Dreams—will they come true?
The seat is soft,
As soft can be,
And all about
Straight streets you see;
The road is smooth,
The highway free
But rough the pathway
Facing me.

We both drive on:
You are driving home
And I
Into my dream alone.

On foot proceeds
The one of us,
The other is riding
In a bus.

Your destination—
It is near,
And everything
For you is clear.

But I have very far to go,
And what I'll find,
I do not know
Within an hour
You'll be home,
My thoughts mid death
And woe will roam.

The driver is sitting at the wheel,
And you are calm, you need not fear
I'm driver passenger and all,
I could swim across then tempestuous ocean
One single poppy to pluck

I could cut down impassable woods with one motion
To help my people down on their luck.

I could grope through the curling mists
To ascend the highest peak
Passing star after star, I could fly
To the sun
Through space austere and bleak.

A Conversation

One night, with my watch still on,
I got into bed,
Listened to the watch:
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock!
Then to my heart:
Thump,-thump, thump-thump
The watch said to the heart,
"Rest!
Have a bit of sleep,
You are tired!
How long it is since you were wound up?
You have a hollow sound sometimes."
The heart began beating
Ever so fast,
It said: "what do you mean,
'wound up'?
I've been hurt,
I've been angered,
I've been broken,
I've been hit,
But never wound up.
Whether I beat quietly,
Loudly
Or unsteadily,
I'm a heart
And I don't need winding.
If I could be wound up,
They would call me like you—a watch,
And then I would sit calmly

Wherever they put me—
In pockets or on wrists,
As it is, I just go on beating,
Unwound,
Untouched
And I'm proud of it.

– Vinay Kumar Dubey*

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