

O' Baliapal  
von Sri Brajanath Rath

In geographical maps  
and government records  
O' Baliapal!  
You are not  
just a name of a hamlet  
you are the  
emboldened fiery challenge,  
an eternal protest.  
You are the nest-of-peace  
of countless life-birds.  
You are the culmination  
of a sweet and cheerful life.

You are a bright  
beautiful picture  
in the sparkling eyes  
of hundreds of peace-loving  
labour.

In this grey dusty earth  
you are a placid oasis  
for countless blooming lives.  
You are a soul-stirring raga  
"Purabi"  
heralding many a  
bright fragrant mornings.

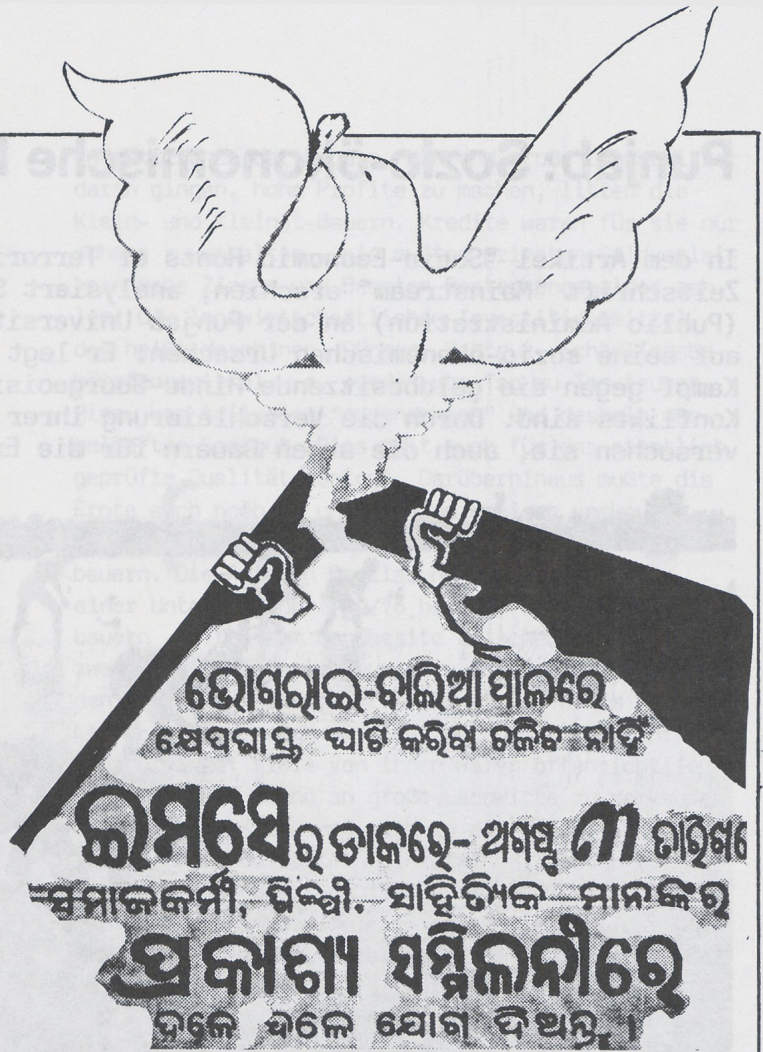
You are the secret art  
of living a decent, clean life,  
you are a great epic  
of labour and construction,  
tools, at work silently,  
incessantly.

You are not alone  
earth, sand and mud,  
nor water and air,  
tree, plant and shrub  
you are the sweet music,  
of a swift flowing river,  
you are the flow  
of a lively bubbling stream.

In your shadowy zone  
hundreds of humming bees  
move about incessantly  
filling countless pitchers of  
honey.

In your azure sky  
white kites spreading their  
wings  
fly far away.  
Hesons flap off  
marble-white snowy feathers.

(Übersetzt aus dem Oriya von Ashok Kumar Das)



In your blue ocean  
numberless boats  
go forth fishing  
dancing on the waves  
cutting their ways,  
sea-voyage over  
a few of them  
their black bare bodies  
sprinkling with salt  
return home in the afternoon  
tired out.

But today, at whose  
ominous, damned manoeuvre  
suddenly, covetuous eyes of a  
power-mad hunter  
like the evil eyes of "Sani"  
has fallen in your green body?  
To cut to pieces  
your delicate body,  
to drink to heart's content  
fresh red blood.  
A damned hunter  
has indiscreetly taken aim  
at your heart  
to launch a fiery missile...