Appendix 1

Poems on W.B. Yeats by Indian Poets

1) Hindi - Harivanshrai Bachchan.

I bow before you, O proud poet of Eire.

I first recall your gift, when you put the feelings of 'Gilanjali' into English,
The beautiful and clever craftsmanship of Shri Gurudev which was precious silver,
You transformed into a gold-plaited jewel.

I bow before you, O proud poet of Eire.

Your throat oponed up when other voices were failing, When Art for Art's sake led to an escape from the mental conflicts of men,
Poets put on strange garments,
leaving behind the shadows of themselves,
At such a time, you determined to give expression to your silent nation.

I bow before you, O proud poet of Eire.

When the patriots were battling for independence,
You were busy writing plays, stories, essays, songs, through every word of which, The soul of Eire spoke firmly, of the history and imagination of Ireland.

I bow before you, O proud poet of Eire.
From a dream world to a world of naked truth, whatever you embraced, you embraced with fearlessness. Without being ashamed you sang of the sweet bitter experiences in a living language. Those who fear life, the world and the age, their voice is dead.

I bow before you, O proud poet of Eire.

The voice is not an end in itself, through it the poet finds expression. Through your voice you revealed a new dimension of the young Ireland which hovers over the beauty of the universe like a butterfly. It also proceeds, unhesitant like truth, like a hawk.

I bow before you, O proud poet of Eire.

The path of a poet is like the endless serpent who holds its own tail in its mouth. While intellect is like an arrow that draws a straight line. The two are far removed from each other, in vision and in direction. Yet you held that one who mingles the two is the Realised One.

I bow before you, O proud poet of Eire.

I dived into the ocean of your poetry, fulfilling my duty as a diver, I gathered a couple of pearls. Let the world recognise their beauty,
For me, the experience of playing in the deep playful waves of your poetry was the highest happiness.

I bow before you, O proud poet of Eire.

From the start I was attracted to your personality,
The stream of your voice was unique,
I wish that I too, may not be overwhelmed by others' voices but live a life that is my own, a way different from all others.

I bow before you, O proud poet of Eire.

(Aarati aur Angare 55)

2) English - Shankar Mokashi-Punekar

The Yeatsian Dark

The Dark is not darkness; It is not Qualitative but existential;
To be felt, not known,
Or known only in result;
Holy and mysterious as the primeval chaos In which were suspended forms
Like unborn children in the womb
It is darkness not of a room
But of the womb
Known only in the fruit;
Not known to, but lived by the offsprings
Discovering and forgetting
Their own line of least resistance;
Suffering by denial.

The dark is not twilight because
The dark created the delicate twilight
To veil the matrix of its deep mysteries.

The dark is not opposed to the day,
Since the dark it was that wrote the Orphic life-line
On day's Apollonian palm.

All life is like the tree to the seed of the Dark:
Twisted or bent, tall or stunted
Depending on the soil, the weather, the sun;
But inheriting a need
To spill another seed
Of its own kind
For the blind propagation of the emergent kind.

Those who enter this shadow of God know it
By the steady pulse beats of their arteries,
By their locks oozing anointed heroism.

(The Captive 51)
To W.B. Yeats

The moon floating in the Ashadh clouds:
Deep, solemn, compassionate, unquiet, piteous
And restless, sorrowful love that bears the gently moving waves
Such are the eyes -
Crimson roses, longing for the past love, and
The same age-old tale of the heart's suffering
Beauty - sense - tide you grasped it all;
An aged man whose youth was spent at the bank of the Ganges
You listened to the tale of his ridicule from his own mouth:
All that is beautiful, like water, flows away.

(Swapna Prayan 15)