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## ***“Atigyan”*: The Paining Knowledge**

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*Translated by Sahdev Luhar*

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The far-off vision showed the empty sky  
With unclear ways and a foe aside  
The darkness had set all of sudden  
Fuelling the city with a new burden

The men of Indraprasth were thinking today  
Where this ablazed suspicion was on its play

A messenger sent by Duryodhan had come  
Who looked like a rogue and a rough  
He had appeared in the darkening night  
And went to the royal home without fright

Why he had come - was a question that disturbed  
All nodded their heads to a danger they confirmed

The hidden suspicion was getting clear  
It was not without a reason  
Dharmraj was invited to play the dice  
With a malice intention of doing vice

The eldest Pandav consented with a yes  
Later he invited three bothers to face

Sahdev was considered like a child  
Hence they ignored him all alike  
Others went to meet the king  
With paining thoughts on the swing

The youngest was with Draupadi in his room  
She could read his face that had lost its bloom

The youngest had the knowledge of future  
He could see the far-off things clear

He had seen the defeat in the game  
And a risk to Draupadi's by shame

He knew it all but was not permitted to speak at all  
The mind had set a duel and he had failed to sprawl

"Oh, I cannot save anyone  
Just I have to cry as a weak man  
This boon seems to me a paining curse  
Bringing the past and future to rehearse"

"Shame! Shame! What an ungrateful man with this doom  
I can see all but cannot make a single boom"

The thinking eyes are flowing with tears  
The body had also lost its conscientious  
Facing his wife's breasts from near  
Head fell on her loosing the pride sheer  
The merged bodies separated many a times on that night  
"My love! How can I touch you? I don't have the right

All this knowledge is merely a vain  
When you can't stop the decided game  
This pain bites my heart with every movement  
I fight with my thousand selves in a moment

My dear! The night has many minutes  
I have lost my slumber in a duel of eyelids  
Fondling with your long black hair  
I stare at your body moon-like fair"

His head ached on speaking these words  
Lost his control to speak a more  
The youngest made a severe cry  
Said, "I should make this try!"

He stood up and held a bottle  
Poured it into a glass and brought it to lips  
He drenched his throat emptying the bottle  
Forgot his pangs and was saved from throttle

The pious lady fell down on the bed with a smell  
The omniscient lie with a glass at his bosom well.

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**Translated by Sahdev Luhar**