

Editors' Remarks

Clouds and Waves

by Rabindranath Tagore

Mother, the folk who live up in the clouds call out to me-"We play from the time we wake till the day ends.

We play with the golden dawn, we play with the silver moon".

I ask, "But how am I to get up to you?"

They answer, "Come to the edge of the earth, lift up your hands to the sky, and you will be taken up into the clouds".

"My mother is waiting for me at home", I say, "How can I leave her and come?"

Then they smile and float away.

But I know a nicer game than that, mother.

I shall be the cloud and you the moon.

I shall cover you with both my hands, and our house-top will be the blue sky.

The folk who live in the waves call out to me - "We sing from morning till night; on and on we travel and know not where we pass". I ask, "But how am I to join you?"

They tell me, "Come to the edge of the shore and stand with your eyes tight shut, and you will be carried out upon the waves".

I say, "My mother always wants me at home in the everything - how can I leave her and go?"

They smile, dance and pass by.

But I know a better game than that.

I will be the waves and you will be a strange shore.

I shall roll on and on and on, and break upon your lap with laughter.

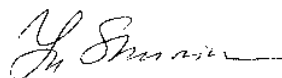
And no one in the world will know where we both are.

Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941)*

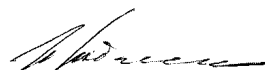
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* **Rabindranath Tagore (7 May 1861 – 7 August 1941)**, was a Bengali poet, novelist, musician, painter and playwright who reshaped Bengali literature and music. As author of Gitanjali with its "profoundly sensitive, fresh and beautiful verse", he was the first non-European and the only Indian to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913. His poetry in translation was viewed as spiritual, and this together with his mesmerizing persona gave him a prophet-like aura in the west. His "elegant prose and magical poetry" still remain largely unknown outside the confines of Bengal.

