

# Translating Form over Lexis: A Study through Select Odia Poetry in English Translation

MADHUMITA NAYAK &  
ASIMA RANJAN PARHI

## Abstract

*Translation is a productive exercise born out of linguistic activity. It not only shares the knowledge system of one literary narrative with the target language readers but also fulfils the pedagogical requirements. In fact, translation of the poetic form is caught in the perennial dilemma of transferring the sense, form, mode, and content. A kind of poetry that manifests its lyricism, formal beauty by relying on native imagery or a certain sentiment poses the biggest challenge before the translator in the sense that unless its very mood is captured in the target language, the essence would be lost. Utilitarian prose does not run this risk since the transfer of idea becomes its prime aim. So the translator of the poetic domain categorically develops a formal schema by retaining rhyme, metre or other such devices of the source language thereby guiding the readers to the original text. The present paper is an attempt to explore the nature of translation in terms of poetry, specially written for consumption by the common mass. The data for the same is drawn from Odia poetry in English translation. The main focus of the paper will be on:*

- i. The importance of translating the form while balancing the originality of work and in recreating a piece that evokes the same response and sense.*
- ii. Comparing portions of the poetic text in translation and ascertaining a valid space for this conceptual and philosophical essence.*

**Keywords:** Translation, Native, Target Language, Utilitarian Prose, Bhajan.

## **Introduction**

Translation of texts has been a platform of the transaction between literary and cultural texts across linguistic and political territories. The increasing number of reading enthusiasts with rapid advancement in the field of technology has shrunk the world to a global village. This has been acting as a stimulant for the growth of international communication. Hence, the global village calls for a better understanding of different cultures across the world. Translation here seems to act as a bridge. Translation not only converts one language into another but also acts as a medium of exchange between two cultures developing a sort of intimacy and assigning the translator the role of a cultural guide. By translating, a translator is adding to the creative world of literature in every possible way. Translating poetry is not so privileged in comparison to prose on the account that prose is provided with some leverage to rely on the lexical. But the unprivileged translator of poetry has in fact the fortune of translating the lexical and refining the formal. In this paper, we would like to argue that in poetry the original essence is not contained in its lexical source since the words are already metaphorical, rhetorical, and persuasive in nature. This brings invariably the stable, consistent, and unusual nature of great poetry. Primarily the aim of the poetry is to flourish in the formal technique. Dasarathi Das in his essay “Kavyaanuvaad” explains “The emotion and form of poetry are likely to have a significant effect on a particular period. This suggests that the form and rhythm decide the course of poetry. A complete consciousness leads to our understanding of meanings as the conscious mind enables an individual to use language in a particular manner. What soul is to the body, meaning is to the poetry! The soul can leave the body and wander around. However, the essence of poetry lies in its meaning which when dismantled kills the motive” (76). The arbitrary relation between the form of a

word and its meaning is a complex aspect of language which makes language learning challenging for both children and adults. In such cases, whether mere observation and overhearing would be enough to accelerate language learning is debatable. However, if lexical flexibility is allowed and focus on 'form' made the foremost construct in task-based language teaching and learning, it might allow the learners to involve themselves in different instructional contexts contributing towards an explicit language learning process.

Poet and award-winning literary translator Aaron Coleman is of the opinion that poetry is as much a thing of words as it is a thing of sound (Bowman). As Robert Frost's often-quoted line goes, "Poetry is what gets lost in translation"; the intention of the author and the meaning that the reader derives from the text can never be the same. The risk of losing the soul and intention of the poet in translation is high but David Damrosch puts it succinctly to do away with the concern while addressing the issue of translation: "what is lost and what is gained" and "Read intelligently, an excellent translation can be seen as an expansive transformation of the original, a concrete manifestation of cultural exchange and a new stage in a work's life as it moves from its first home out into the world" (Damrosch 66). The gain is a wonderful piece of art which otherwise we could never lay our hands on, had it not been translated in the first place. It is through translation that we read great works of Baudelaire, Neruda, Balzac and many celebrated figures who belong to a world canon. Readers have often questioned the faithfulness of a translator towards the original piece of text. And it is common to look for a proper definition of a "good translator". But then Desmond Egan in his "The Arts Poetry and Translation" sounds more appealing when he writes- "I have been talking about a 'good' rendering; there's the rub! What makes for a good translation? What qualities might one look for? The problem with trying to

answer such questions is that any kind of scientific definition is impossible. Not surprisingly, since one can never succeed in defining anything in words which always dance around like the shadows on the wall of Plato's cave" (227).

One can hence say that it is more about the rendering and the temperament of the translator which goes the same for the original poet. While looking for an exchange of meaning, the translator of poetry keeps the formal finish ahead of meaning in order to strike the right message in terms of rhyme, rhythm, pace and syllabic measures. The author of prose and its translator is free from the anxiety of this formal, decorative fine-tuning since the reader looks for more or less factual and ideational aspects. On the other hand, if the poetry at hand is not a part of the modern, matter-of-fact writing with some day-to-day events or representative, realistic expression, it will fail in attempting a translation of equivalent. Rather it would transcend the realm of the words and share the essence of tone. The emphasis is on the fact that the words used in poetry are already distant from their conceptual and denotative meaning. So in a way, they are multidimensional and they need each other to maintain the flow of the poetry. In other words, they are consciously removed from a familiarity with their usual meaning. Once the translator tries to match it for the target audience he/she transforms that essence into an experience that can stand on its own even away from the ambit of the original expression.

### **Fidelity and Equivalence**

The approach of the translator and his/her translation is judged on a certain yardstick which is set by the critics and non-translating users. The answer to the fidelity of a translator often ends up with superficial words like accuracy, correctness, and reliability. More than the question of fidelity there is a need to understand the process of translation as both

internal and external entity. Douglas Robinson in his *Becoming a Translator* addresses the same issue where he writes:

Ironically enough, traditional approaches to translation based on the non-translating user's need for a certain kind of text have only tended to focus on one of the user's needs: reliability (7).

This again does not suggest that reliability has to be ignored in every sense but the text as a product and process demands constituent for action. A responsible reader poses faith in the serious translator. Problematizing their bond on the premise of unsettling meaning transfer defeats the objective of the process. Whether there can be many reliabilities or realization of possibilities of different reliabilities should be the object of query. This solely depends on the need of various readers of the translated texts. They exist in variables and so do their interpretation and extraction of specific knowledge from a translated text. This is one of the reasons why translation often charts its own semantic importance. The poems cited later in the paper are chosen in order to vindicate how genuine translation of poetry depends upon fidelity towards the poetic form of the original text over its lexis; that conventional notions of 'faithfulness' to the original text fall short of capturing the true essence of a nuanced poetic narrative unless coupled with an equally careful translation of its formal aspects.

### **Challenges of Multilingualism**

In the year 2021, UNESCO highlighted the threats concerning multilingualism. Nevertheless, the topic has been the focal point of many writers, critics and scholars who even after exhausting themselves of age-old, classic writings chose to flourish by popular narratives. These narratives are for easy consumption and well-received due to their familiar content and grasp of the popular psyche. Most Indian languages share

identical structural categories. For example, Sanskrit, Odia, Assamese, Bengali, Maithili etc. resemble substantially in their poetry, music and conversation. In such a multilingual context, the argument of the paper regarding the suitable translation of poetry carries utmost significance. The essay, “The Rise and Fall of the Bilingual Intellectual” by Ramachandra Guha is a frequently referred treatise to asseverate the diminishing intellectual group of India called “Linguidextrous”. The essay no doubt voices the foremost anxiety of the sociolinguistic condition of our country; howbeit, it perpetrates no solution and simply bewails the depreciation of the creative and bi/multilingual intellectual world of India. Furthermore, it states the statistical data of a particular state which according to him happens to preserve this linguidextrority all alone. It would be indictable to charge the essayist with such accusation as he has not forgotten to acknowledge the living bilinguals of different states with marginal acceptance. After all, mass production is the key to the heart of mass society. But such a perspective leaves the pedagogical environment disturbed without any possible exit point, and the ground for multilingualism remains unexplored. What is the solution, then? How can we overcome this existing challenge? One cannot deny that it is the regional literature that has a major contribution in fostering national identity, consciousness and national culture. And hence by providing data from native Odia poetry and its translation and by applying the above parameters, we would see how far these claims can look convincing.

The history of translation discourse in Odia is quite stereotypical. Though there are a few research papers published on Odia translation studies, a systematic study on the English translation of Odia poetry has not yet been made. The present study has a significant role in conceptualizing the English translation of Odia poetry. The ideas of English

language teaching and learning can be experimented with through the translation of such literary texts which have used the codes of a native language in a way that instructs and inspires language users both in the native and target language for building a corpus. So English translations of the most popular Odia writers have been selected to be discussed and highlighted in this paper.

The first poem is taken from Kabisurya Baladev Rath's works. Champu is a type of poetry whose origin lies in Sanskrit. What makes it unique is that it has a fine blend of both prose and poetry. This makes it complex, requiring tremendous effort to produce it. It is basically known as "Gadya Kavya". According to Haridas Bhattacharya:

*Chamakrutyapunati Sahrudayan Bismiya Krutya*

*Prasadayati iti Champuhu!*

(Aanandakanda Champura Upakramanika)

This means Champu can surprise, impress and illumine the soul of an individual. The reason behind this is the extraordinary harmony of both prose and poetry. It even has the power to excite the Unnata Ujjvala Rasa within us. Hence tremendous literary expertise and command over language are required to both compose it as well as translate it. The following is an excerpt from one of the fine composition of Kabisurya Baladev Rath titled *Kishore Chandrananda Champu*:

*Ki hela re*

*Kahita nuhai bharatire*

*Kali ya duraru dekhi*

*Kalani kala mo akhi*

*Kala indibara arati re/ pada*

*Kelikadamba latara*

*Kole ki syamala tara*

*Teja se rabisutrara tire  
Kampi mora kalebara  
Hoigala ara para  
Yahaku darai tara tire*

(Dennen: 195)

Translation:

*What happened, O friend,  
cannot be expressed in words;  
Yesterday I saw from afar  
A dark-blue lotus at rest. (refrain)  
Within the keikadamba creepers—as if a dark-hued  
star—  
That radiance on the bank of the sun's daughter [= the  
Yamuna]  
Trembling, my body became troubled,  
Fearing with the arrow.*

(Dennen: 196)

The first few lines i.e. *what happened ... at rest*, somehow sound pleasant but the rest of the lines fail on the ground of emotive evocation. The poem describes the divine bond of Shri Radha and Shri Krishna. It can be considered that the complex structure of Champu is difficult to translate. In any case, it is nearly impossible to maintain the actual flow. Champu stands out because of the high and intrinsic use of alliteration and onomatopoeia. These are the primary devices that give an unusual and sublime sound effect to Champu. In such cases, the translator is given some sort of liberty where he can go for the stylistic shifts. Though the above translation has gone for a few such shifts, it has been done haphazardly. The Champu form has therefore not been accommodated by the above translation. Even if the translator has tried to focus on the message that was to be conveyed he let the form loose thinking it would suffice. Such creations make one believe that it is



nearly impossible to translate the poetry of different forms and structures.

Odisha shares an immaculate bond with Lord Jagannatha. As Niranjan Mohanty puts it in his *Makers of Indian Literature: Salabega*, “No other Lord or deity is perhaps involved so much in the political, social, cultural, economic life of people. Both at the personal and socio-cultural levels, the relationship between Lord Jagannatha and the people of Orissa is intimate and intense. The purity of this bondage, the ennobling intensity of this relationship make the Oriyas proud of being Oriyas” (7). Hence a number of poems have been written on the Lord that reflects the intimacy rooted in the bond each individual of Odisha shares with Jagannatha. Salabega was a staunch devotee of the Lord and his divine songs have enriched our Odia Literature. In his composition, one would find the Lord in his different manifestations. Sometimes he is the Lord of the Universe, sometimes a true friend in need, sometimes a great lover and most of the time the conscious self or the “Brahma”. Here is the poem “O’ Jagabandhu” from Salabega’s *Nilasaila Songs*. The original poem is written by Salabega in Odia language and translated by Niranjan Mohanty into English in 1996.

*Jagabandhu he gosain (2)*  
*Tuma shree charana binu anya gati nahin(2)*  
*Jagabandhu he gosain*  
*Ratha charipakhe lambe mukutara jhara*  
*Jhalamala disuthai prabhu chakadola*  
*Jagabandhu he gosain*

Translation:

*O’Jagabandhu,*  
*The caretaker of the universe!*  
*I seek no other favour*

*But a solemn shelter  
At your lotus feet.  
I have now miles and miles to go.  
And uneasy fever braces my limbs,  
And my unsteady, tired mind  
Longs for watching you on Nandighosha  
Until I arrive at your crowded holy avenue.*

Here the poet introduces Lord Jagannatha as the caretaker of the universe. He is surrendering himself at his lotus feet and begging for help. The poet gives a moving picture of the great Ratha Yatra. The poet here narrates how joyfully and playfully Lord Jagannath is taken to the chariot which again makes him accessible irrespective of his divine power. This jostling of the Lord has a cultural significance that in a way assigns an essence to the poem. There is a pining, which is not only physical but divine. He has walked miles to see the Lord and hence keeps praying for a single glimpse. The poem has been sung by many great singers. It is somewhat a trance in the modern sense but the aesthetic pleasure is beyond the common grasp of the music. It sounds very ordinary when read but acquires a new dimension when sung. The translation being effortless can consider as a smooth version of the original. In other words, the argument of poetry as a form, not lexis stands vindicated. Although not fully, the translated poem partly serves the purpose of optional shifts. It very well describes the proficiency of Mohanty in the target language. This can be one of the reasons why the form is neither loose nor scattered. The cultural understanding of the translator is also clear which creates a suitable temperament for its translation. Mohanty has kept the essence undamaged by giving a nearly equal touch with an accurate arrangement of words and dictions that retains the playful procession of Lord Jagannath.

The second poem is from *Stuti Chintamani*, which is a collection of poems by the saint-poet Bhima Bhoi.

*Pada pani nahin tanku dhariba kie?  
Emanta brahma svarupa dekha na y(j)ae //0//  
Nahin tanka peta anta, phitai kahuchi gota;  
Nara deha vahi tanku kaliba nuhe/  
Tanka a pari Santi pane, Tribhuvane nahim jane;  
Ninda stuti hani labha sakala sahe //1//*

Bhima Bhoi's poems have a metaphysical bent in pursuing a spiritual release of the soul. It speaks of a void, an empty space replacing an objectified god as practiced in the *Mahima* cult. The poem is packed with colloquial idioms. The poet has marvellously maintained the mystic air in it. He has drawn on the metaphysical aspect of being that defines the divine concept of religion.

*He has no hands, no feet  
Who indeed can hold him?  
Rarely one can see  
The original shape of this Brahma.  
He has no belly, no waist  
Truly with our human intelligence  
No one can comprehend him.  
In all the three worlds  
There is none like him of peaceable nature.*  
(Mahapatra: 51)

Although the translator here tried to retain the simplicity, he has failed to keep the colloquial tune in synchronization. The form is thus scattered. Despite many efforts, the text appears dry and mundane. Certain words in the original poem touch the abstract realm of metaphysics whereas the translation more or less evokes a meaning that converges the idea into a concrete and materialistic domain. For example, the usage of words like "Profit and Loss" gives solidity to the meaning which in return

reduces the flexibility of the original Odia words (*Ninda stuti hani labha*) killing the essence so far as the context is concerned. This shows that disordered and forced form is the result of constant compulsion of evoking the meaning. In order to achieve the meaning the translator has compromised with the form and the poetry hence fails to flourish and the sense of rhythm is lost. While going through some poems of Utkalamani (Jewel of Utkal) Gopabandhu Das we came across his *Kara Kabita* translated as *Prison Poems* which is a collection of poems written by him inside the prison. The text is translated by Snehaprava Das and was published by Odisha Sahitya Akademi in 2014. We have taken up a poem from this collection titled “Vyathita Pranara Antima Ashru” or “Last Tears of a Grieving Heart”, as our data for analysis.

*Kaha aage gaibi parana sangita  
Ka pakhe gaibi antara bani  
Ka kane kahibi marama bedana,  
Manakatha mane rahila sina!  
Jibana prabhate apanara boli  
Karithili jahaku parana sakha,  
Se ta na janila mo antara gati  
Dela mo parane daruna dhakka.*

Translated text:

*Who would listen to the music that  
The harp of my heart does play,  
Who would listen to the song of my life  
The unheard tale of my woe  
Somewhere buried inside me lay.  
That one friend whom since  
The morning of my life I had closest to my heart,  
Failed to fathom the depth of my love  
And hurt me real hard.*

(Das: 22)

The poem is a personal grievance that Gopabandhu Das penned down while in prison. The poem is a personal account of his suffering. The speaker here seems to be heartbroken by one of his close friends. There is a sense of heaviness in the words used by the poet yet the linguistic simplicity shows his tranquil rendition. While translating this poem the translator wrote, “the translator here is confronted with the most difficult dilemma of prioritizing between the content and the form” (Das: 14) and no wonder it is true while the risk of criticism hangs around. However, the remarkable thing that keeps the temperament and essence unblemished is the flexibility of the form which the translator maintained throughout. Here the translator has done some stylistic shifting. In translation at a certain level, a need for stylistic shifts is required to develop a flexible and sound form especially when the inconsistency leads to divergence at a formal level mostly to solve the rhetoric asymmetry. Again this is another example of how by keeping the form complete the essence can be communicated to good degree.

The third poem is from Bira Kishore Parhi’s “Aame Sabu Nuaa Juga Chuua” (We are the New Age Children) translated by Asima Ranjan Parhi. This is a song of hope. The poet is trying to create a sort of utopia for the growing children who will feel encouraged and work towards the development of our country. The poet says that children have the capacity to build the world anew and it is the children who have the power to revive the buried culture and rich heritage of our country. Lines like “janha mamu aganare khelibu bagudi” and “Boitare bhasi bhasi, jibu java bali”, weave the essence of the poem. At first, it is a moving picture of little kids playing in the courtyard of uncle moon which is a reflection of their innocence. The poet here has beautifully made the moon attainable. Secondly, it is the fleeting of time that promises new opportunities which he has perfectly expressed through

the line “Boitare bhasi bhasi...java bali”. “Bhasi Bhasi” here not only refers to sailing but also the advancement of modernity. Exploring the unexplored and revealing the unrevealed give a musical touch to this poem weaving its essence into a fabric of new aspirations, dreams and desire. The poem is of great historical and cultural significance:

*Aame sabu nua juga chhua  
Nua kari gadhibu e puruna duniya re  
Aamari hatare dina hasiba e maati  
Nua dhana keru keru aame jibu kati re. aame sabu juga  
chhua...  
Aame jibu kheli kheli saragra ku udi  
Janha mamun agana re khelibu baagudi  
Pacharile kahi dabu naan  
Kahibu asichu mamaun pathaichhi maa re*

Translation:

*We are the new age children  
Shall build up this world anew  
We are the new age children  
One day this earth shall smile in our hands  
We shall reap golden paddy by golden scythe  
Mother earth will smile holding its swaying golden fields.  
We shall fly to uncle moon and play there  
Shall tell our names there when asked  
And tell him that mother earth has sent us.*

(Parhi: 153)

In this poem, it is the linguistic simplicity of the original text that creates the biggest challenge for its translation. The clear challenge is to convey the simple yet core feeling of the context in an alien language keeping the form and essence intact. The translator here seems to have a thorough grasp of the original poet’s intention of the poem for which he is able to retain its simplicity and is successful in evoking the meaning.

The translator has effectively maintained the sense of time which has been helpful in retaining the essence. The translated poem equally guides the reader to a promising future filled with opportunities. Moreover, it is the regional touch in the target language that makes it more acceptable and appealing. If the translator effortlessly strikes the balance in terms of his linguistic form then the evocation is satisfactory and the manifestation of the cultural and native aspect becomes concrete. It is the fineness of the form that becomes the vehicle for the emotive meaning.

### **Translator's Choice**

The linguistic choice of the translator depends on the context. Often this affects the lexico-grammatical preferences of the translated text. These preferences also represent the translator's intention. Sometimes a translator can afford to have this discretion in order to validate a required form. However, in such cases, Venuti's 'invisibility' might not seem a fair way to enable a fluent discourse. What works here is the application of Systematic Functional Linguistics. House in "How do we know When a Translation is good?" says:

Attempts to explicitly link text and context, and at the same time take account of the human agents involved in the text reception and production operating from a functional system approach provide one of the most fruitful bases for analysing and evaluating source and targets (134).

This will always come with a contextual reference and its comprehensive nature will let language flourish in its true nature. The critical essay, "Bada Kathina Se Priti Paliba" (It is Difficult to yield to those Desires) discusses the linguistic structure of the text and how formal knowledge of the same can be useful in translating a text (Mohanty: 152). Now let us pay attention to this part. Contemporary assumption and

expectations from writings, for example, “Bhanga Mandira” by Sachidananda Routray in original does not reflect the aesthetic and rhyming pattern in the poem in order to question its history. But his other famous poem “Konarka” to which the former is a sequel retains a majestic lyrical flair while not compromising with his ideology. Its translation in the July-August 2020 issue of *Muse India* infuses a sort of innate lyricism undistinguished from the sculptures of the monuments. The translator’s liberty here comes out of both the reader’s expectations and an inherent critique of the original master.

*Bhanga mandirara mukhasala dekhicha  
Konarkara sachitra samsane?  
Aswathara karuna chhayare  
Bhanga bishnura mansapeshire,  
Hajara hajara nagakanya aau jakhyabandhuka  
Lalita hasara dheure  
Eka neibyaktika swapnara indrajala  
Chuda melithila.*

(Routray: 136)

The translated text:

*How often have you seen a Mukhasala that led  
To the graveyard under Konarka which bled  
Ruptured bust of Vishnu’s bed  
and,  
Sad Peepal’s brooding shade?  
The magic charm of dryads and angels  
Did you hear them?  
Woven dreams or unheard trails?*

(Parhi: 2)

Terry Eagleton, a famous British literary critic in his provocative work *How to Read a Poem* writes how form transcends content in poetry. He wisely examines certain



excerpts of poetry written by different poets and the greater depth of their form. He exclusively begins with Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* where Cleopatra is seen lamenting the death of Antony:

*The crown o'th' earth doth melt. My lord!  
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fall'n! Young boys and girls  
Are level now with men. The odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon.*

(Eagleton: 79)

According to Eagleton, these lines are 'ravishing' and immortal. The modulation that takes place over the fleeting images show the 'sheer metaphorical flexibility of this passage, its delicate rhythmic stops and starts, its brief, broken snatches of gorgeously inventive imagery, suggest both the distraction of sorrow and its transcendence through language' (79). He gives a clear picture of how lexical rigidity in a language would never let it flourish in its natural state.

The stagnant 'imaginative logic' will rather compress the shifts and the flamboyancy of any language will be defunct. Similarly when translated to any specific target language one needs to understand that the nature of language is universal. Thus stressing lexical rigidity will be a serious impediment in language learning.

The above excerpt from Cleopatra's grieving lines is proof of the same. In fact, Eagleton demonstrates the same while dealing with the shifts of an image through the arranged lexical pattern. For example he elaborates upon the phrase, 'visiting moon'. While the first shift is 'suggestive of universal order', the second provides a sense of 'futility'. He admires the 'genius of the adjective 'visiting' (80).

### **Limitations of Study**

The scope of this research paper does not allow for an extended list of writings in the area. Hence it is restricted to a few poems in the language to prepare a model study in the domain by opening a possibility of further research.

### **Result and Conclusion**

Analysis of these gathered data shows the dominance of form over lexical corpus which does not only give an idea about a good rendition of text in the target language but also provides an explicit and spontaneous task-based learning of inferring new meanings to already existing words. The rhythm and musical pattern of poetry not only provide ample opportunities to learn the language but also structures that by their unusual arrangements help to understand the intricacy of the same. When the form is taken seriously poetry in the target language opens a new world of language to its readers. It is the primary work of poetry to introduce us to the world of language. From the very beginning itself when the words didn't make their way to the sheet of paper through ink, they made their strong presence felt through oral majesty. Let us go to Robert Frost now. It is possible that the time, Frost made such remark was due to the narrow perception of the term "translation". And probably he misunderstood translation with that of replication. And if at all it becomes the question of the essence then it is an elusive and unattainable content, which is internal and exists in hidden form. This statement will hold its ground if we understand essence from the viewpoint of Kant. In that case, translation becomes provisional in nature. And every time a poem is translated it will give the idea of different aspects and vision which in a way is an attempt to understand the hidden perception that constitutes the whole of poetry. In the simplest language, it is the meaning and significance of poetry that defines its essence. When the translator is successful in

conveying the meaning then the job is already done. A good translator of the poetic domain categorically develops a formal, narratorial schema by retaining rhyme, metre or other such devices of the source language thereby guiding the readers to the original text. In this way, essence plays the role of a metaphor which is attained by the arrangement of diction.

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## Appendix 1

The full poems with translation:

*Jagabandhu he gosain (2)*  
*Tuma shree charana binu anya gati nahin(2)*  
*Jagabandhu he gosain*  
*Ratha charipakhe lambe mukutara jhara*  
*Jhalamala disuthai prabhu chakadola*  
*Jagabandhu he gosain*  
*Age chale Balabhadra madhye Chandamunhi re*  
*pachhare as kalia gahali lagai re*  
*Jagabandhu he gosain*  
*Satasapanchasa kosha chali naparai...*  
*Moha jiba jaen Nandighoshe thing rahi*  
*Jagabandhu he gosain*  
*Baishi pahacha tale bika hue bhata*  
*Darshana teniki thau Kaibalya mukuta...*  
*Jagabandhu he gosain*  
*(Salabega)*

Translation:

*O'Jagabandhu,*  
*The caretaker of the universe!*  
*I seek no other favour*  
*But a solemn shelter*  
*At your lotus feet.*  
*I have now miles and miles to go.*  
*And uneasy fever braces my limbs,*

*And my unsteady, tired mind  
Longs for watching you on Nandighosha  
Until I arrive at your crowded holy avenue.  
Thin pearl-wires hung around  
The chariot and the Lord in the core  
Sparkling with love; all around  
To take care of the universe profound.  
Beneath the twenty two steps,  
Rice is sold as love's honeyed food.  
Touch of the steps and taste of the rice  
Redeem one before he gets  
A chance of watching you, O'Lord.  
Balabhadra, the eldest, moves first,  
And in the middle is seated  
The moon-faced, lily-eyes, Subhadra.  
At last comes Kalia,  
Jostling and swaying and sweating  
Amid the winkless sea of people.  
Let my exhausted being  
Shelter at thy lotus-feet;  
Thus sings Salabega, the lowborn,  
The son of a cold pathan.  
(Mohanty 48)*

*2. Pada pani nahin tanku dhariba kie?  
Emanta brahma svarupa dekha na y(j)ae //0//  
Nahin tanka peta anta, phitai kahuchi gota;  
Nara deha vahi tanku kaliba nuhe/  
Tanka a pari Santi pane, Tribhuvane nahim jane;  
Ninda stuti hani labha sakala sahe //1//  
Bhaksana nahim ahara, Raja Viry(j)yaruru Bahara,  
Ksudha trsa kale ksira nira na pie /  
Na lagai ange dhuli, Viraji Disanti Jhali;  
Nidra Ghumaile ubha asane sue //2//  
Icchare asanti bhrami, Bhakata Bhavaku Premi;  
Suni Chahimbaku karna chaksu na thae /  
Nahim mukha jihva nasa, Uttara na die bhasa;  
Aga pachha jani dhire samire rahe //3//  
Ulata palata nohi, Maha sunya sunya dehi;  
Mukha bate jihvakanthe bakhani nohe /*

(Bhima Bhoi)

*He has no hands, no feet  
Who indeed can hold him?  
Rarely one can see  
The original shape of this Brahma.  
He has no belly, no waist  
Truly with our human intelligence  
No one can comprehend him.  
In all the three worlds  
There is none like him of peaceable nature.  
He is indifferent to both praise and blame profit and loss.  
He takes no food and is not  
Born out of any union of husband and wife.  
He takes no food or water  
To appease hunger and thirst.  
Dust cannot touch him  
And his body shines resplendent  
He stands and enjoys his sleep  
He goes wherever his devotees seek him  
With the ardour of the soul  
(Mahapatra 51)*

**3. Kaha aage gaibi parana sangita**  
*Ka pakhe gaibi antara bani  
Ka kane kahibi marama bedana,  
Manakatha mane rahila sina!  
Jibana prabhate apanara boli  
Karithili jahaku parana sakha,  
Se ta na janila mo antara gati  
Dela mo parane daruna dhakka.  
Ja mukha anai antima sanketa  
Dei labhithanti sesa santwana,  
Mo netra lotake satya saralata  
Na dekhi dekhe se niche chhalana.  
Jara gourabe mo bhagya bibhaba  
Jara krutitwa aye prana ullase  
Mora upajoge se jebe katara  
Aye jibna aau ki sukha aase?  
Jibanata khali nirasara bali,  
Maru mariachi ki sandeha priti,  
Tebe ki aasare kaha aye sansare  
Para lagi nara maruchhi niti?*

(Gopabandhu Das)

Translated text:

*Who would listen to the music that  
The harp of my heart does play,  
Who would listen to the song of my life  
The unheard tale of my woe  
Somewhere buried inside me lay.  
That one friend whom since  
The morning of my life I had closest to my heart,  
Failed to fathom the depth of my love  
And hurt me real hard.  
It was my wish to receive soothing solace  
From the eyes of that friend in my last days,  
But he mistook my honest tears for  
Base and pretence.  
The one whose fame and glory  
Makes me feel fortunate,  
And at whose success I feel elated  
For what happiness shall I live on  
If he looks upon my love with distaste.  
Is this life but a desert of despair  
Like the mirage are love and faith,  
Why then man in the name of such love  
Torments himself to death?*

(Das: 22)

**4.** *Aame sabu nua juga chhua  
Nua kari gadhibu e puruna duniya re  
Aamari hatare dina hasiba e maati  
Nua dhana keri keri aame jibu kati re. aame sabu juga chhua...  
Aame jibu kheli kheli saragra ku udi  
Janha mamun agana re khelibu baagudi  
Pacharile kahi dabu naan  
Kahibu asichu mamaun pathaichhi maa re  
Boitare bhasi bhasi jibu Java Bali  
Paradeepe talu maa dheere debu chali re  
Athala daria haba saha  
Ratana manika gheni leutiba naa re  
Aji ra kalika ame kali hebu phula  
Ei mati maa pain debu ama mula re  
Ama hase hasiba dunia*



*E Bharata heba sara jagta ra saha re  
Aame sabu nua juga chhua...*

(Bira Kishore Parhi: 70)

Translation:

*We are the new age children  
Shall build up this world anew  
We are the new age children  
One day this earth shall smile in our hands  
We shall reap golden paddy by golden scythe  
Mother earth will smile holding its swaying golden fields.*

*We shall fly to uncle moon and play there  
Shall tell our names there when asked  
And tell him that mother earth has sent us.*

*We shall float by boita to Java, Bali from Paradeep port  
The sea will be at our rescue  
We shall come back carrying pearls and riches.*

*Today's buds that we are;  
Shall be blooming tomorrow  
Shall lend our lives for our earth  
The world shall smile with us  
Our India shall be the site of  
Promise for the whole universe.*

(Parhi: 153)

*5. Bhangā mandirara mukhasala dekhicha  
Konarkara sachitra smasane?  
Aswathara karuna chhayare  
Bhangā bishnura mansapeshire,  
Hajara hajara nagakanya aau jakhyabandhuka  
Lalita hasara dheure  
Eka neibyaktika swapnara indrajala  
Chuda melithila.  
Eka pathuri parbati dine jibanta thila.  
Aau ek nagakanyagana  
Dine jibanara lomasha ucchwasare  
Khelibuluthile,  
Keun nirala pokhari tuthare,  
Keun nirjana naikulare bakula tale*

*Silpira taruna manare dena melai.  
Semanakanra trasta padara chapala nupura  
Baji uthuthila nirjana padara murchhanare.  
Matira kalasi padirahuthila tale  
Palli sanjara bohu muhana dekha  
(Routray 136)  
The translated text:  
How often have you seen a Mukhasala that led  
To the graveyard under Konarka which bled  
Ruptured bust of Vishnu's bed  
and,  
Sad Peepal's brooding shade?  
The magic charm of dryads and angels  
Did you hear them?  
Woven dreams or unheard trails?  
Once, living and vivid at some village stream  
Evening hush and Bakul gleam  
They roamed around hills and glade  
River bank their beauty fed  
Did you see them bathe in mead?  
Spread in dreams of some sculptor hid  
Jingling anklets and coquettish rush  
Left out pitcher from arms sensuous  
Shy, slippery, the village daughter  
Where is today that living creature?*

(Parhi: 2)

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