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Damages

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RUBY RAHMAN

DAMAGES

Translated from the Bengali by Carolyne Wright with Syed Manzoorul Islam and the author

There are some sorrows, some damages, for which there is no compensation; you are that irreparable loss of mine. Where you cast your glance light of the conjoining stars dances along the great longitude; the courage to dream blooms in the blood and the difficult habit of staying alive, nurtured from the moment of birth, crumbles like conch-shell dust. You are that inconsolable sorrow of mine that tears apart this neat and tidy day-to-day existence.

Someday this present time will slip out of my grasp like a fisherman missing on the high seas. The still lighthouse’s flickering beam of light will tremble only on the vast deep, dark waters of the sea—a wounded wind; and there will go on lying my boundless time—my destiny!

There are some sorrows, some calamities—that can never, from any quarter, be compensated for.