

My snapshots of

INDIA

In pictures and words



Images by Sarmita Majumdar

Words by Harry Jivenmukta

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Sarmita Majumdar - Photography is my passion.

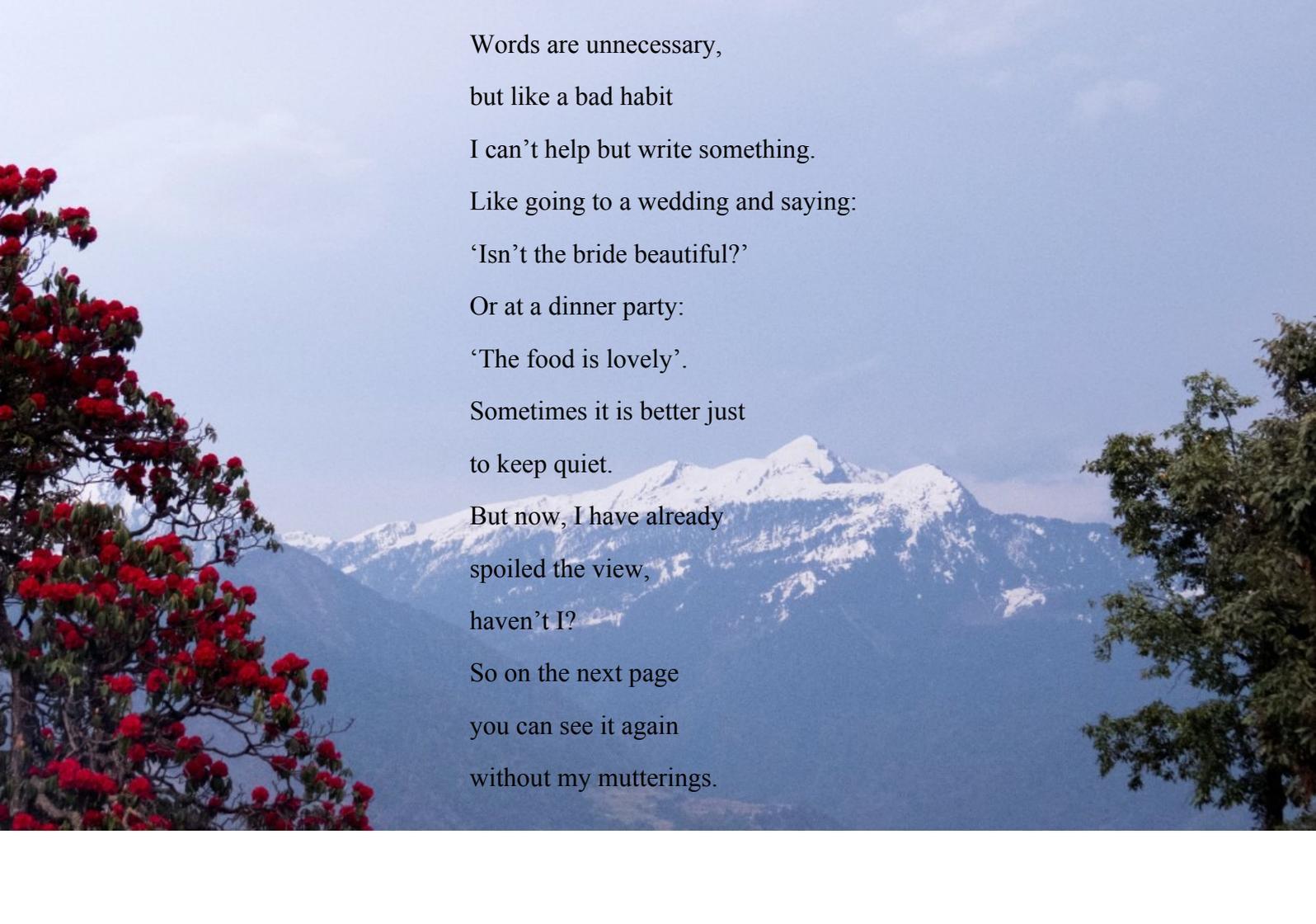
Harry Jivenmukta - Her photography is inspiring.



I was thinking about trees,
but not about trees that walk.
These trees were walking,
and on paying closer attention
I could hear them talking as well.
And I couldn't guess the genus.
They seemed to be a fusion,
several types mixed together.
And was that why they had legs?
Mutations of nature?
It's a good job we got a picture,
otherwise no one would have
believed us at all.
And I'm glad I'd not had a drink
or people would have said:
'He has a vivid imagination'.

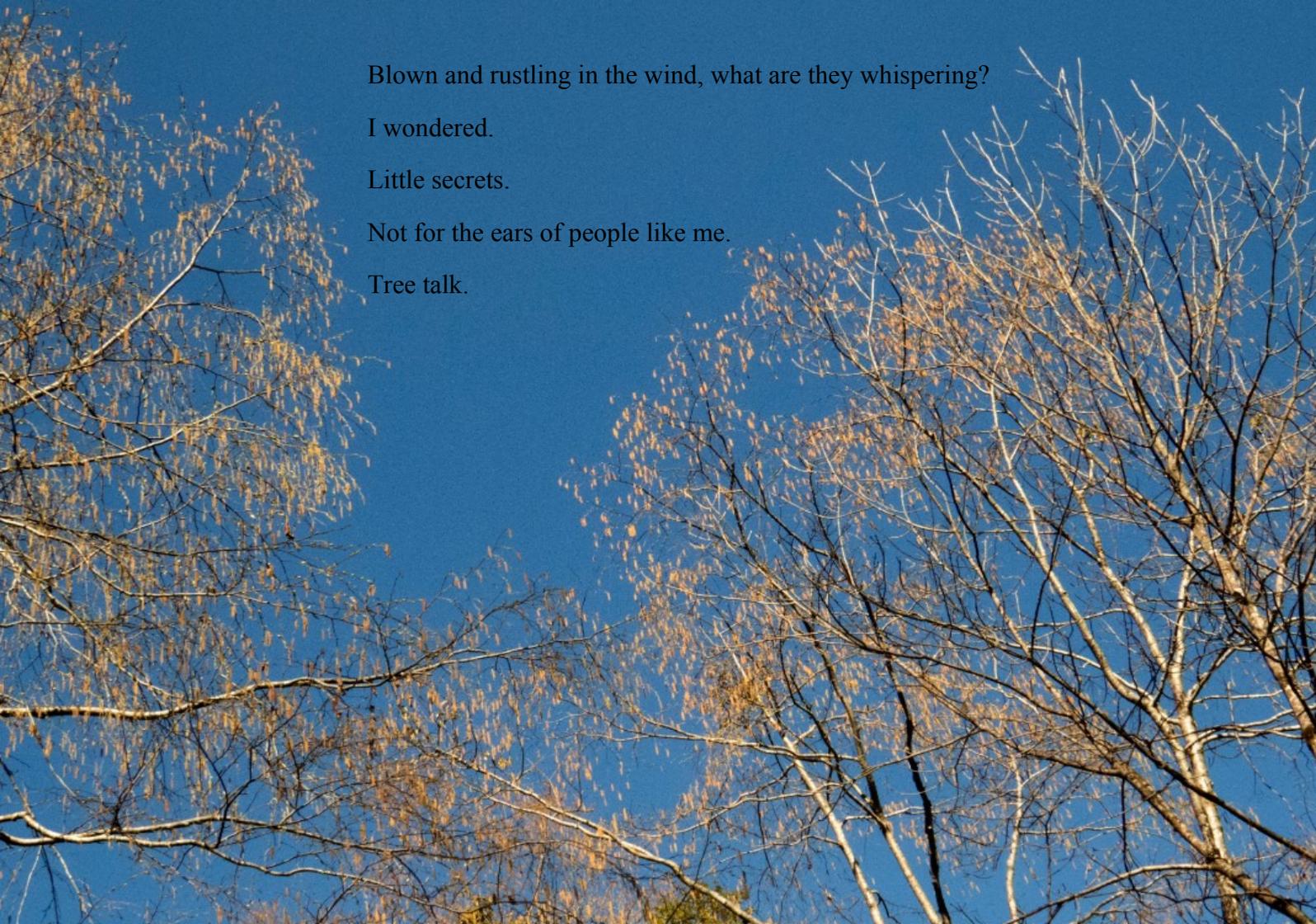






Words are unnecessary,
but like a bad habit
I can't help but write something.
Like going to a wedding and saying:
'Isn't the bride beautiful?'
Or at a dinner party:
'The food is lovely'.
Sometimes it is better just
to keep quiet.
But now, I have already
spoiled the view,
haven't I?
So on the next page
you can see it again
without my mutterings.





Blown and rustling in the wind, what are they whispering?

I wondered.

Little secrets.

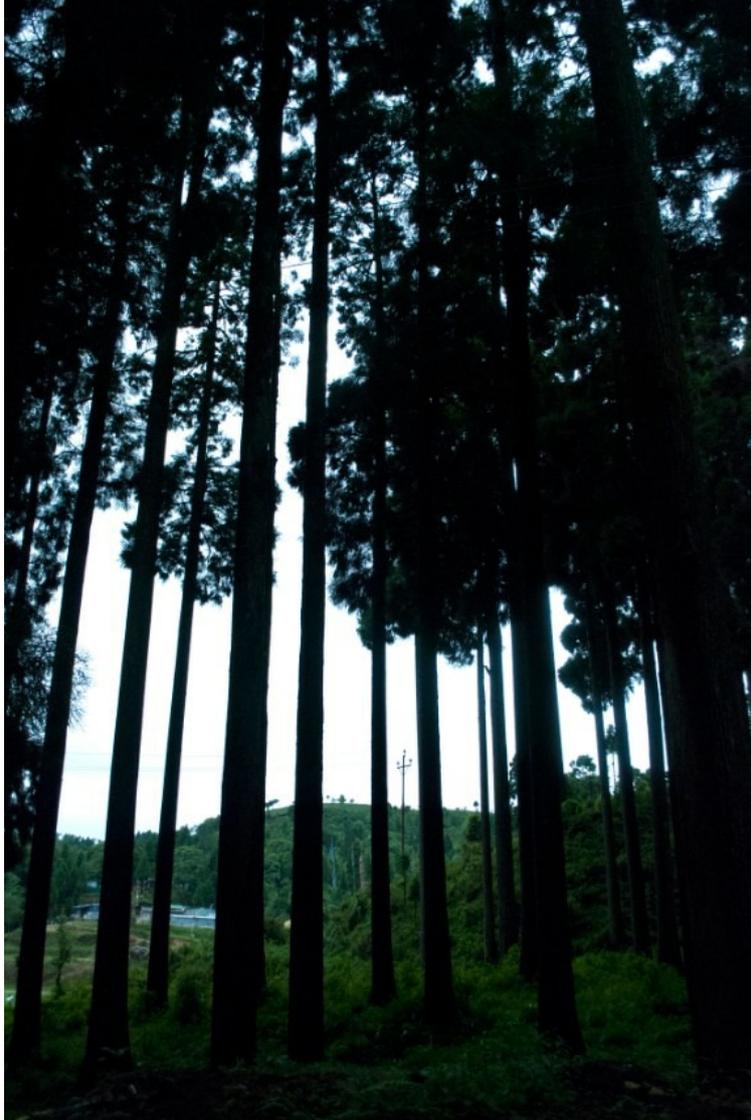
Not for the ears of people like me.

Tree talk.

It was here, I saw,
at dusk, a wolf.

No! Two wolves.

It is difficult to say,
in the gathering darkness.



It was here, I saw,
a man,
like a silhouette
standing motionless,
to get a snapshot of me.



And now,
the dusk brings,
at last,
some respite.

Under these boughs
men have sat
and bargained for hours
for oxen and buffaloes,
for farmland and cement.

The oasis of shade
in the impossible heat
of the Bengal summer,
where marriage deals
have been done
amongst the men,
to be corrected later
by their wives.

And dowries argued over.

The detachment of the tree
Cooling the hot heads of men.





A couple entwined
in passion,
whispering promises
and swearing love.