



PROJECT MUSE®

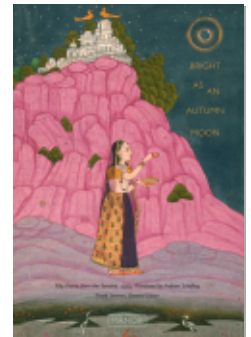
Day by Day Goes Past

Anonymous, Andrew Schelling

Manoa, Volume 25, Issue 2, 2013, pp. 86-87 (Article)

Published by University of Hawai'i Press

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1353/man.2013.0058>



➔ *For additional information about this article*

<https://muse.jhu.edu/article/539319>

FROM A POEM AT THE RIGHT MOMENT

Anonymous



दिने दिने गच्छति नाथ यौवनम्
यभस्व नित्यं यदि शक्तिरस्ति चेद् ।
मृतस्य को दास्यति पिण्डसन्निधौ
तिलोदकैः सार्धमलोमशं भगम् ॥

[PRM p109]

dine dine gacchati nātha yauvanam
yabhasva nityaṃ yadi śaktirasti ced
mṛtasya ko dāsyati piṇḍasannidhau
tilodakaiḥ sārddham alomaśaṃ bhagam

dine dine. (loc. abs.) day after day
gacchati. (loc. abs.) is going past
na. nor
atha. again (will there be)
yauvanam. youth
yabhasva. fuck (me)
(second-person imp.)
nityaṃ. (indeclinable) now, by
all means
yadi. if
śaktir. power, capability
asti. there is (for you)

ced. if
mṛtasya. in death
ko. who
dāsyati. will give
piṇḍa-sannidhau. rice ball
(traditionally a corpse is cremated
with a rice ball in its mouth)
tilodakaiḥ. with sesame seeds
sa-ardham. along with
(literally, with the other half)
a-lomaśaṃ. hairless (shaved)
bhagam. (f.) sex organ

Day by Day Goes Past

Day by day goes past, and youth too.
Fuck me now
if you can—
Dead, who will give you
along with the
sesame-rice ball
a sweetly shaved
cunt?



This poem is inexcusably direct for Sanskrit. Official rules, for a tradition that valued suggestion or indirection over direct statement, forbade the use of sexually explicit words in poetry. The terms in question—*yabhasva* (fuck me), and *bhaga* (“the bestower” of pleasure, or of birth)—won’t appear too raw if you look them up in a dictionary. To find them in a Sanskrit poem, though, would be more troubling than any words I could use to translate them. The poem is so outside the tradition of Indian poetry that it was probably never written down. The editors of *A Poem at the Right Moment* therefore transcribed the oral version.