



Branching Out

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*Born in Montréal, **K. Gandhar Chakravarty** is a poet, singer, and scholar. His poems have been published throughout the world and several have been translated into Bengali. He is currently pursuing a Ph.D. in Religion at Université de Montréal and has recently had a collection of his poems and photos, “Kolkata Dreams”, published by 8th House Publishing.*

UNDER THE OLD BANYAN TREE

K. Gandhar Chakravarty

When you sit
Under the old banyan tree,
Recite a verse for me.
I may be long gone by then,
My soul wandering along,
But this banyan will live on.

New roots spawn
>From every branch,
Spilling until they tickle the ground,
Burrowing down,
Slowly turning into trunks,
>From which the same tree will again sprout.

And as one side withers away,
The banyan defies decay,
Continuing to drop
New roots to the ground.

Generations gathered
Under this old banyan tree,
To ponder verses in the shade.
So I ask you:

When you sit
Under the old banyan tree,
Recite a verse for me.
I may be long gone by then,
My soul wandering along,
But this banyan will live on.
But this banyan will live on.