

SITA

TORU DUTT

Three happy children in a darkened room!

What do they gaze on with wide-open eyes?

A dense, dense forest, where no sunbeam pries,

And in its centre a cleared spot- There bloom

Gigantic flowers on creepers that embrace

Tall trees: there, in a quiet lucid lake

The while swans glide; there, herds of wild deer race;

Three happy children are eagerly waiting to hear a story from their mother. They are sitting in a dark room. They are eager to listen the story of Sita and it is reflected in their wide open eyes. The story begins with a description of natural beauty. The mother of the poet tells about a dense forest. The forest is so thick that even the rays of sunlight cannot enter into it. In the centre place of the forest, there is a clear spot where giant like flowers are blooming on creepers that embrace tall trees. Apart from these there is a beautiful lake which has clean and clear water and is quiet. The white swans swim here making the sound of wings moving quickly from an area full of bushes. The peacocks also dance with joy. There are even herds of wild deer racing among them.

There, patches gleam with yellow waving grain;

There, blue smoke from strange altars rises light.

There, dwells in peace, the poet- anchorite.

- ❖ Anchorite- a person who lives in seclusion especially for a religious reason.(here “the poet- anchorite” means Valmiki)

The patches are shining bright because of the yellow grains which are waving. The blue smoke of the strange altar is spreading light to the forest. In this forest, the great poet anchorite Valmiki lives in peace.

But who is this fair lady? Not in vain

She weeps,- for lo! At every tear she sheds

Tears from three pairs of young eyes fall amain,

And bowed in sorrow are the three young heads.

Here, it is said about a lady who is fair and very beautiful in the forest. The lady is weeping, perhaps there is a great cause of her shading tears. The three children are listening the story of Sita from their mother. When she tells them that Sita from is weeping, they also begin to shed tears. They are bowing in sorrow listening the sad story of Sita.

It is an old, old story and the lay

Which has evoked sad Sita from the past

Is by a mother sung... 'Tis hushed at last

And melts the picture from their sight away,

Yet shall they dream of it until the day!

When shall those children by their mother's side

Gather, ah me! As erst at eventide?

It is an old story, very ancient, a short narrative poem on the sad incidents of Sita's life. But although short, this story told by the mother is able to bring Sita from the past. The story of the mother makes Sita as if she is here now. The image of Sita disappeared gradually from their minds. But they are unable to dream such a situation in their lives. There is no probability of the children again gather around their mother and the mother realizes it in pain.