

Tagore and Yeats, Yeats and Tagore

BY

SARA KUMAR





God made beautiful planets, and You are not a planet.

The Troubadour fears no thing
And the sitar sits without a tremble
on the lap of an angel
Who plays chords with flamenco
freedom

And the soul rests in God alone.



The Morning of Christmas

I see in April
I see rain in April with
fallen oak and tossed
bough laden with stag
beetles and the crest of
flycatchers

I see rain in April with
happy, holy brooks,
gnarled roots dripping
with rain

Oh happy, holy brooks,
can you wait and pray
with me sometime?

Newton's First Law



**The way to
get started
is to let God
push and
then see
how we love**

And go on in sunlight into the logs of oak
and trim

And drink a cup of coffee, talking an hour
or two

And fill the cup with coffee and think awn
warmth

And we'll need a sled to go down a hill

And push, and let it slide till it stops

Read, until the sleep comes and settles into
the down

Go'on child, spring has come

Newton's Second Law

CLASSICAL NEWTONIAN MOTION

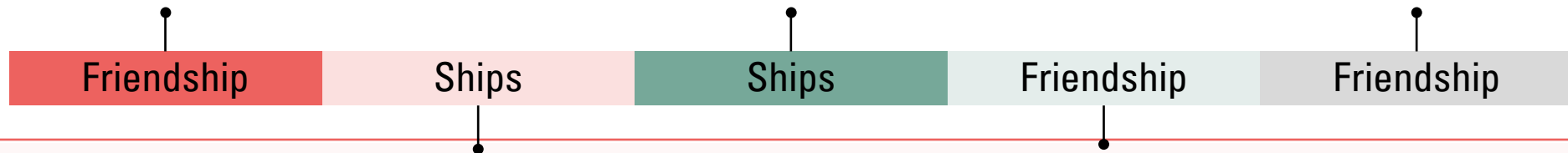
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I have not forgotten snow
Trim the ragged locks and keep for a lifetime a coat of snowy fleece
A robin sings and beckons the flowers to blossom
Look, pointed hoof prints filled with mud and water
And show me the snowy fleece when the sun hides behind a cloud

Newton's Third Law

Tagore and Yeats Met in London



**And they went to America too,
but not together**

Listen, and there is movement

- From the 1912 Introduction of W.B. Yeats to the English translation of Tagore's "Gitanjali."
- Written by W.B. Yeats
- "A few days ago I said to a distinguished Bengali doctor of medicine, 'I know no German, yet if a translation of a German poet had moved me, I would go to the British Museum and find books in English that would tell me something of his life, and of the history of his thought. But though these prose translations from Rabindranath Tagore have stirred my blood as nothing has for years, I shall not know anything of his life, and of the movements of thought that have made them possible, if some Indian traveller will not tell me.'"

Let cellists never rush, Lord

Content contains dialogue

Setting

- A local inn

Place

Tagore came to London in 1912,
and he stayed in the summer at Hampstead.

Time

POSITION

3

What is said and thought about

Material Goods And

- Two cups of tea and London wood

One Scene

On Gratitude and Friendship and Pavement

Tagore:

The air in London is quite profound.

And Yeats sits for a while and thinks,
and he thinks about illnesses.

Yeats:
Where in London is the air profound
for you?

Tagore:
On the ground mostly.

And they listen as the wind in the hall
leaves the ground and touches their hair.

Tagore:

In India the ground is dusty, so I need to be
indoor.

Yeats:

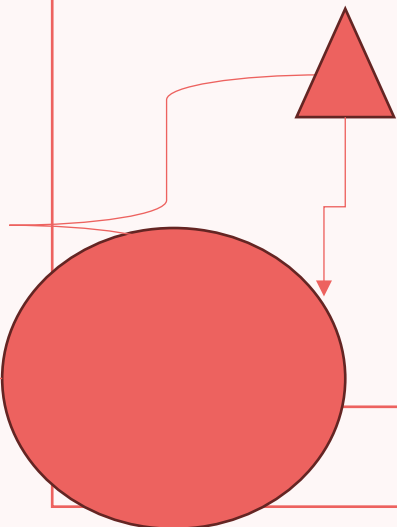
Cobbled pavement is uneven, so I need to be
indoors. The dirt in Ireland is cleaning, but
I've not been to India yet.

Tagore:

I dream of dusty paths that like my eyes
more. What do you think of the first kavith?

Yeats:

I am home with it.



Yeats carries the manuscript in his hands.

Yeats:

This little flute of a reed, is it a piccolo?

Tagore:

It is an Indian flute made of twine and twig.
I've seen the hills only in my dreams though.

Yeats:


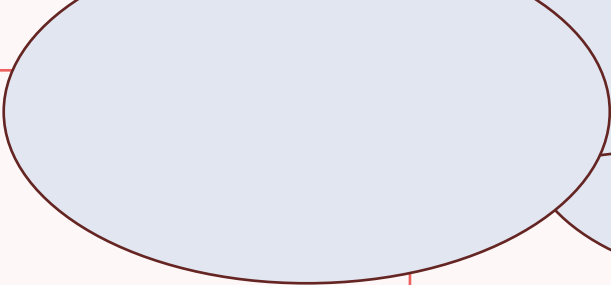
I've heard the flute only in my dreams though.
I'm endlessly filled,
and what do you say?

Tagore:

I am measured and not filled.

Yeats:

I'll order some tea.

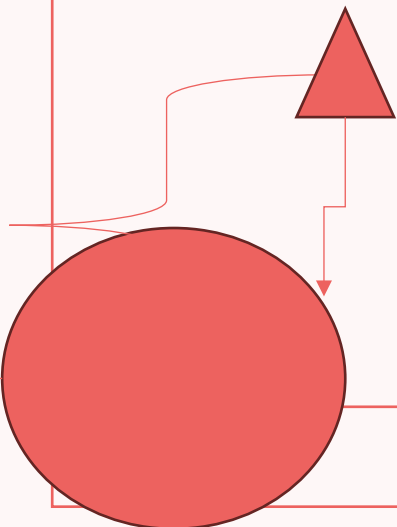


Yeats:
Here we have tea from Ceylon,
but not from Bengal.

Tagore:
The tea in Bengal is filling and creamy,
but I will try this also.

And Tagore laughs quietly.

Tagore:
I am so glad to be here with you.



Yeats:
Our hands are our hands are our hands.
And a waiter brings two cups of tea.



Yeats: Do you like sugar or honey?

Tagore: I am liking it without

Yeats: Do you go to the temple often?

Tagore: I dream about the countryside mostly.

Yeats: I heard the Dravidians were the
originals in India. Is that right?

Tagore: They speak many dialects today.

Yeats: Who is your historian?

Tagore: We are a very religious people.
I've not read the history of Ireland.

Yeats: The genesis is a beautiful story.
May I lecture to you?

Tagore: This is lovely to me.

Yeats:
I will, if I may. You see, India was a trading
post, wasn't it? Ireland is still not free.
Knocks and knocks, and Mr. Charles banged
on the door of the House of Commons,
I think it was.

Tagore:
Ah, yes. Parliament.

Yeats:
Right so. Parliament.

Tagore:
You may proceed. I am interested in this also.

TALKING AND

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Yeats: There was a James who was the son of Mary. Mary was the sister of Elizabeth, her cousin. James was superstitious and brought Puritans to the table. And they wrote a Bible at a table.

Tagore: James had a son named Charles, is it? And Charles was not a Puritan.

Yeats: Right so. When did you read English history?

Tagore: I read a synopsis of a Clarendon book about a rebellion in Europe, in a library in Bengal.

Yeats: I know this book.

Tagore: I'm writing about a king also, friend. He has no name though, and a little boy waiting for a letter.

Yeats: Will it arrive?

Tagore: In my story, it will

Yeats:

Letters come by many means. I received your manuscript by post. Do you wish to have anything to eat? The cost of potatoes in Ireland is troubling. I'm from a small town called Sligo, but I lived in London as a boy.

Tagore:

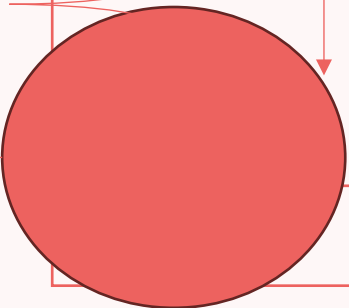
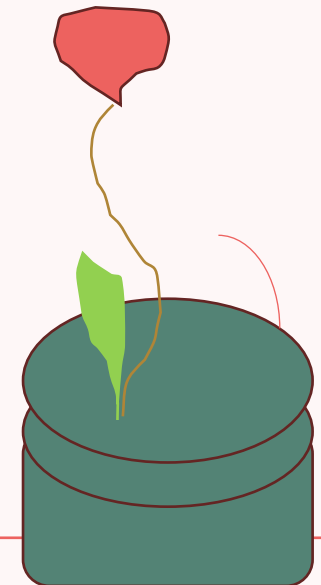
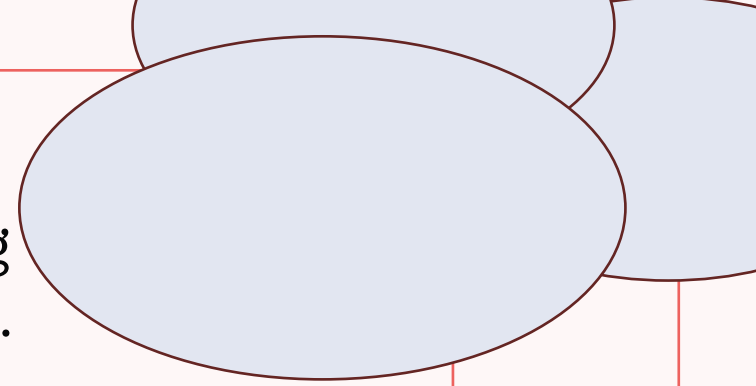
Nothing to eat please. I have a problem with digestion. I read your books at the library, the same one.

Yeats:

I know a Mr. Drinkwater, writing about the son of Charles I, who was restored after a terrible rebellion. And I must get some potatoes, if you don't mind.

TALKING AND

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Tagore loved to look at paper
and think about the cost of things in England.

Tagore:
I'd like to publish this,
and I'll try the potatoes.
Are they expensive now?

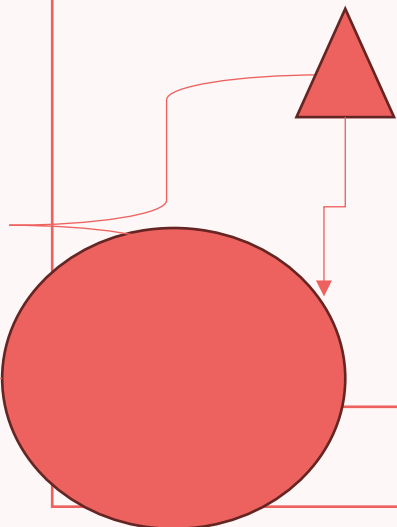
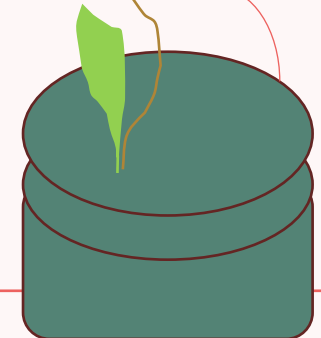
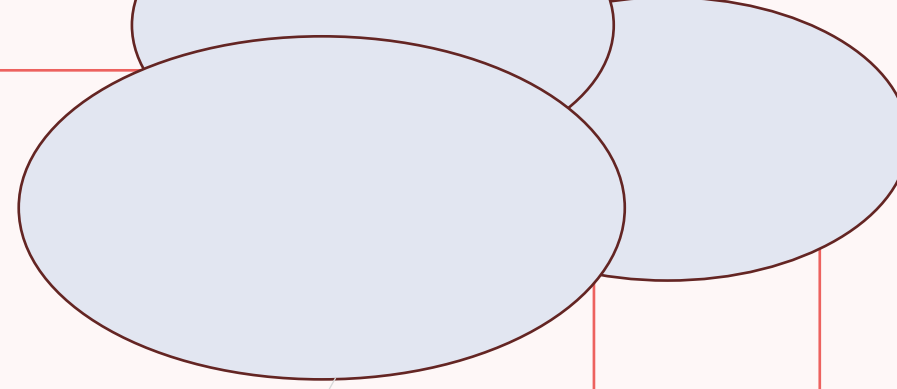
Tagore looked at his spoon
and thought about the moon
and a boy in his dreams named Amal.

Tagore loved to look at spoons also
and think of Kipling.

Yeats:
I had a menagerie as a child
and it was made of wood spoons
and it had a roof made of cans.
I'll order potatoes

TALKING AND

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Tagore:

Thank you and thank you again.

Yeats: I'll publish this with an introduction,
Rabindranath. I'll publish these poems,
and they mean so much to us.


And cups of tea arrive with love,
and the waiter points to the potatoes,
and Tagore picks up a spoon and smiles.

Tagore:

I have no big fund.

Yeats:

Rothenstein will help us.
Tell me about the king in the play.



And the waiter believed in bringing
small snacks
to help his friends,
so he left two small peppermints.

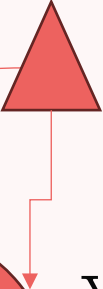
Tagore: The king, and it can be a play,
but the king loves to help but is far away
and sends his doctor to help an ailing boy named Amal.

Yeats: Let him be near a window then, as I love plays in one setting.
Do you need a priest there?

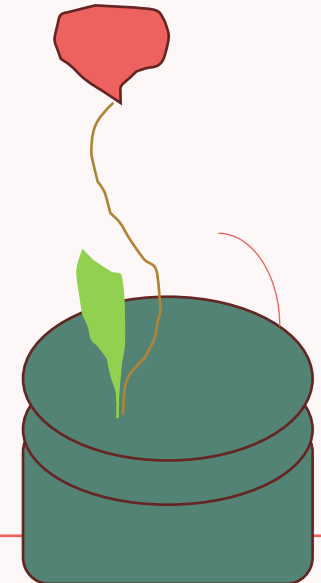
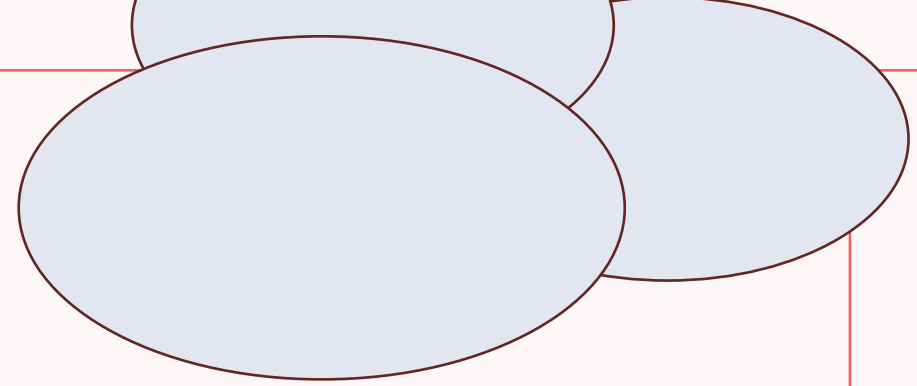
Tagore: I have a wanderer, who is a fakir and offers his advice.

Yeats: And he'll need a friend.

Tagore: A small girl comes to the window then,
and I think I'll not tell more, if that's well.



Yeats: We can come back to Charles,
but I'm remembering the boy now.





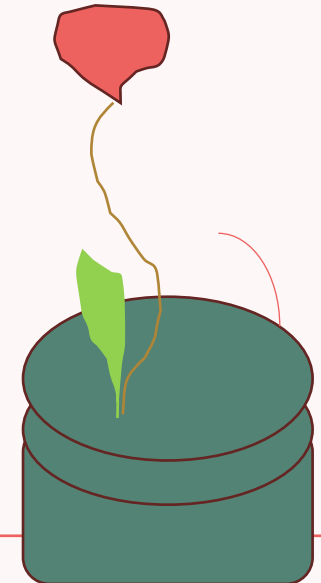
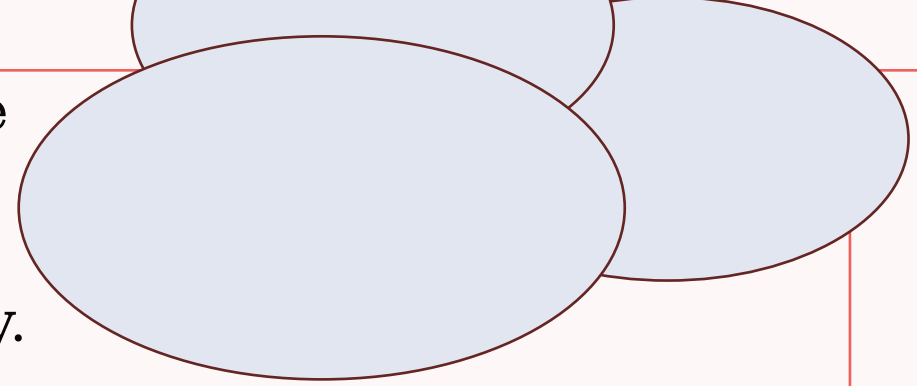
And Yeats places the manuscript on the table
and thinks of a wooden flute and cries.

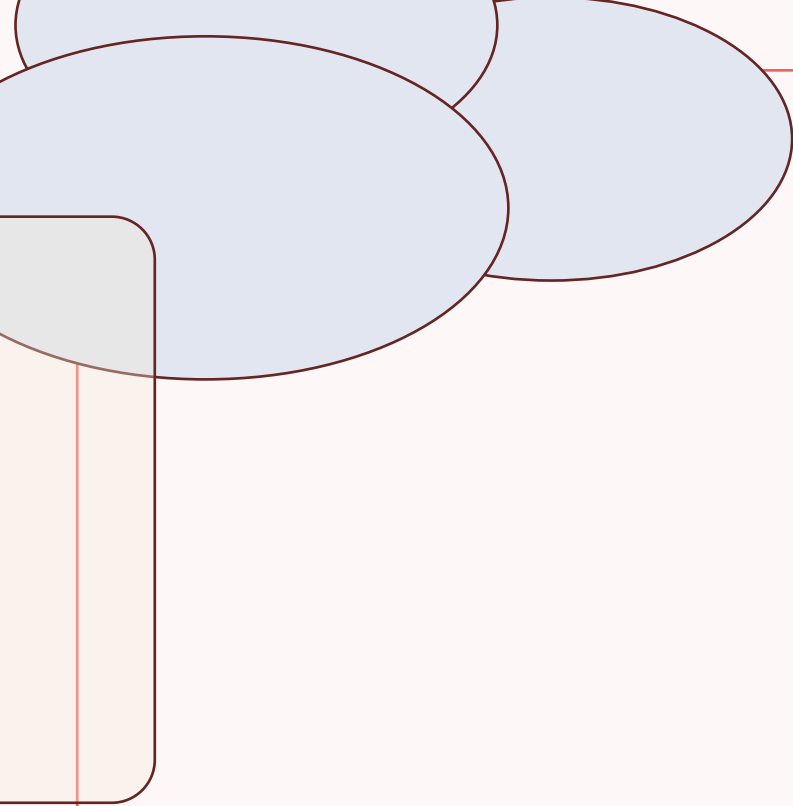
Tagore: Don't cry, William. The boy won't cry.

Yeats: I'll say he lost his head and there was so much bloodshed...

And Tagore holds his hand.

Yeats: I needs to be in America fer a time then methinks.
I needs to be in New York.





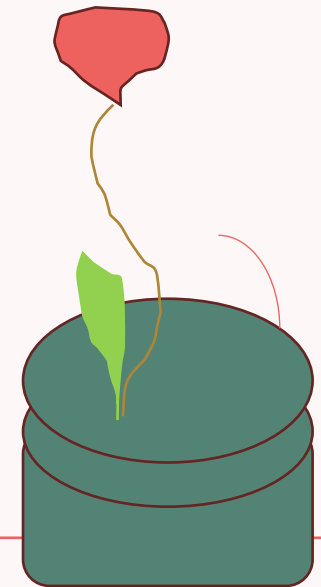
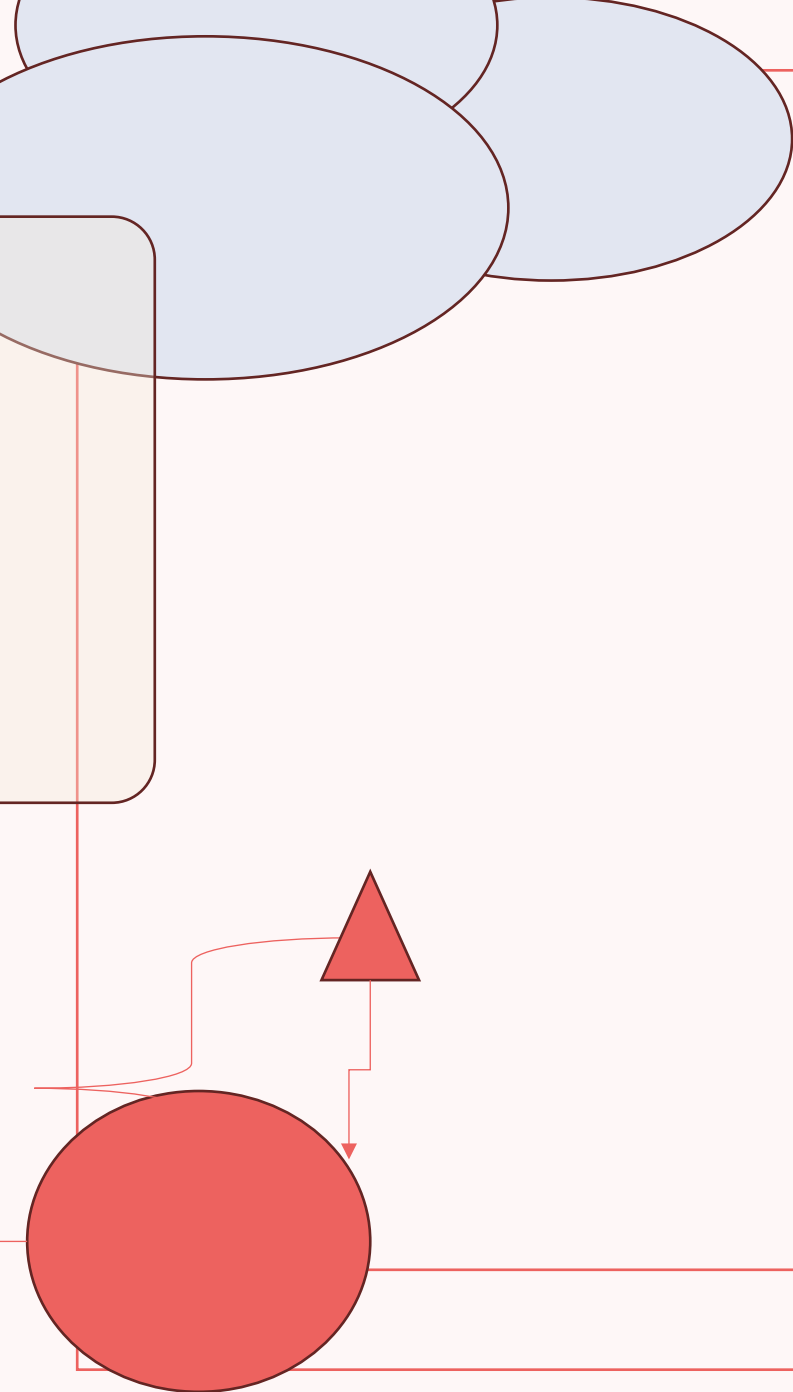
And the clouds formed images of clouds
on the manuscript.

And the waiter brought potatoes,
and he sat down at the table.

And after they met that day,

Tagore liked to look up at the moon,

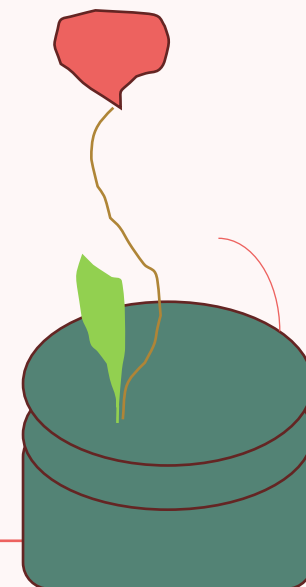
And Yeats liked to look down at the ground.



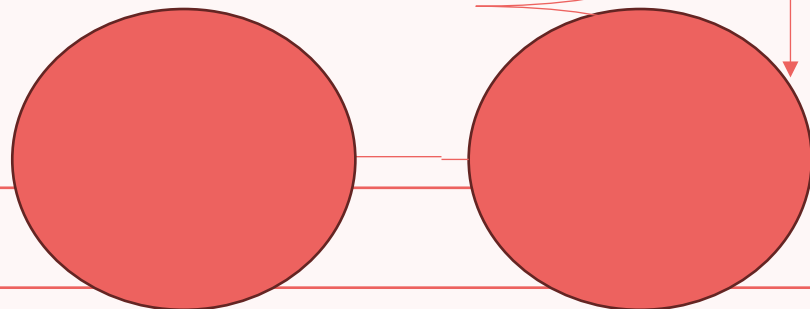
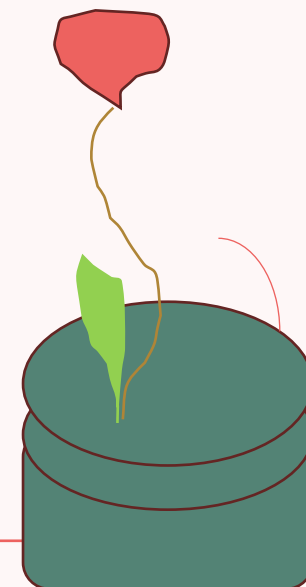


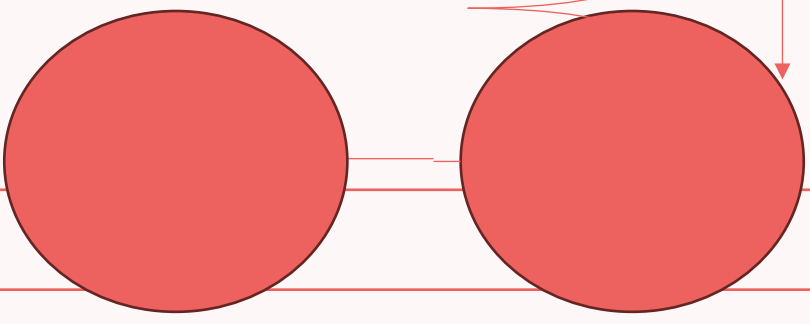
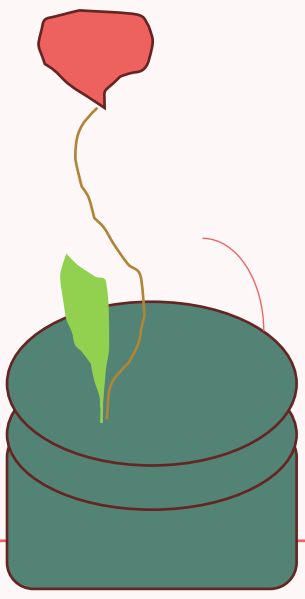
Mahler met Tchaikovsky and Pollini in Hamburg.
Einstein played piano in Japan.

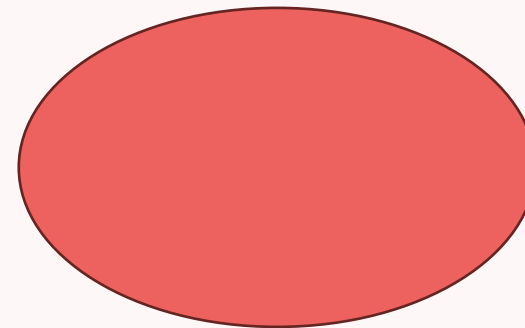
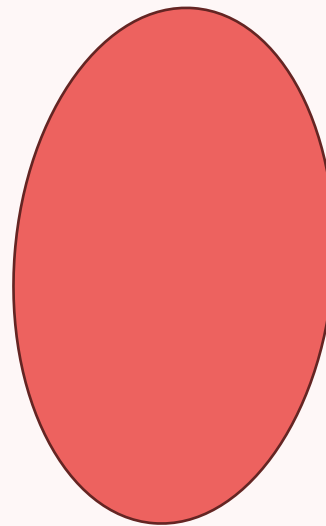
And the planet got pushed by the hand of God.



And the boy sang at the window.







Works Cited Artists from Shutterstock

Lahutkin Anatolii
buradaki
Dima Zel

Vasilyev Alexandr
Lysenko Andrii

Thank you, Lord Jesus, for healing me this Autumn of 2024.

Sara Kumar has a B.S. in Electrical Engineering from Rice University and an M.A. in Faith and Culture from the University of St. Thomas. Sara is currently serving as the Artistic Director of The Rhapsody Theatre in Frisco, Texas. She has written, directed, acted in and composed music for many different dramatic events over the years.

Sara especially loves responding with contemporary pieces to Shakespeare and writing about ancient and new intersections of culture, faith, science, and reason.



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This nook is a place to thank ma editor and St. Joseph, who love so much so,