

An Oriole From The Hills

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Academy of Tribal Dialects & Culture

ST & SC DEVELOPMENT DEPARTMENT

GOVT. OF ORISSA, BHUBANESWAR

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(ST & SC DEVELOPMENT DEPARTMENT, GOVT. OF ORISSA)
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(An anthology of Kui Poems with English Translation)

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Dedicated to

My teachers :

Dr. T. E. R. Iyengar

Mr. Gouri Shankar Hota

Mr. Ravi Mohapatra

Preface

It gives me immense pleasure to hand over this English edition after a very short period of publication of "Kuidina Piopota" in Oriya. This volume is aiming to present those Kui poems to readers in a wide spectrum. While bringing this edition, I express my gratitude to Dr. A.C.. Sahoo, Director, Academy of Tribal Dialects and Culture, Bhubaneswar for his constant encouragement and support. I owe my thanks to Dr. S.K..Sahoo, Sri Shridhar Khiste, Shri Vinod Kumar, Ms. A. Anantlakshmi, Ms. Sharmishtha Swain and others for their cooperation in all possible ways. My wife, Kuni, whose constant support has made this work possible within a short period. If this book ever creates interests in Kui culture among the readers, I will feel rewarded for the efforts.

With Best Wishes

A.M. Pradhan



Shri. Anuja Mohan Pradhan (1969) was born in village Kalinga of Kandhamal District. He has completed his graduation from Kalinga Mahavidyalaya, G. Udayagiri and Master Degree in Analytical & Applied Economics from Utkal University, Bhubaneswar in 1991. After a brief career in Orissa Secretariate and Orissa State Cooperative Bank had joined Orissa Administrative Services in 1995. Since 1999 he is serving in National Metallurgical Laboratory(CSIR) , Jamshedpur. Shri Pradhan continues his creative writing since his college days and has been awarded 'Literary Champion' of the college. In the current edition the Kui Poems published as 'Kuidina Piopota' with oriya translation are presented with English translation. These poems bear the marks of Kui culture, their aspirations and above all their toil to stand in existence. In this book there lies a silent appeal for popularisation of Kui literature. Among the earlier publication of Shri Pradhan, Role of Dream in Kui Culture, Place of Fowl in Kui Culture, Toursim in Kandhamala, 'Kui Bhasar Okuha Katha'(Oriya) deserve mention.

The Oriole Swings

The Kondhs are one of the major tribal groups of Orissa. Depending on their habitat on the hills or in the plains they have been called Dongria or Kutia Kondhs. Kui and Kuvi are the two sister languages of the Kondhs. In terms of numbers and the cultural wealth and sensitivity of the group, Kondhs occupy a very significant position among the 62 tribal groups of Orissa.

Years ago the celebrated novelist Gopinath Mohanty wrote Kuvi Kandha Bhasa Tatwa, a primer on Kuvi language. He also compiled a small anthology of their poems along with that of the Parojas titled Kondh Paroja Stotra O' Sangita of the Kondh songs included there in he had translated some into oriya fully and in case of others had given only the gist of the song is translation. Now we have another scholar working in the same area.

Sri Anuja Mohan Pradhan has done a very useful work in composing and presenting to us a small bunch of 20 songs in Kui language. He has presented the originals in Roman script and their translation in English. Being a Kui language-man and also a scholar he is aware of the complexity of presenting a tribal language's poetry in English translation. Knowing the language well and with his educational background he has not only composed the poems but sought to analyze them in the context of the ethnography of the group. He has divided them into four groups: love poems, event - based poems, religious poems and miscellaneous ones. The division is as he would know, somewhat arbitrary but it does help in understanding the basic motivations behind his Kui poetry-creation. Sri Pradhan has also given a very useful note on the phonetic structure and equivalences of the Kui language. Sri Pradhan is no doubt aware that these are poems meant for singing. This is perhaps the reason why he calls some as love-poems and others as religious songs though their boundaries often overlap. Tribal poems serve the basic purpose

of singing to the accompaniment of musical instruments. They also have dance numbers appropriate for the text. Quite often too they combine ritual celebrations. The Kui poem or rather Kui song- poem of Sri Pradhan would surely be an amalgam of performances, ritual celebrations, personal emotions and instrumental tunes.

He has referred to the riddles in Kui languages. One wishes he did more riddles for this anthology. For riddles open a window on the tribe's perception of the world, the connectivity between objects and the way their minds act on the parallel connections. The Mundari language particularly that of the Santals, has a large body of riddles. The Santals call them Kudums and they give an idea of the way the Santal mind perceives the connection between things. Sri Pradhan apprehends that as the riddles are not in popular use now they may be lost in future. This is all the more reason that he composes, based on his personal realization more of this valuable treasure of Kui language. He has emphasized the need for proper evaluation of Kui poems. Such evaluation can be meaningful only when a much larger body of Kui poems and songs are collected, grouped under different categories, linked to the life-style of the community and presented as valuable literary assets. Sri Pradhan is eminently suitable to compose more songs himself, compile and edit more of them available in the field.

Sri Pradhan is well qualified to undertake this task and also work on the theme he has begun in this small collection. It is a very welcome addition to the existing literature on the Kui tribe and he deserves to be congratulated for this work.

Bhubaneswar
March'2007

Sitakant Mahapatra

INTRODUCTION

Kui is the language of Kuidina. Kuidina is not a geographical or political demarcation, rather is one word substitution for the cultural spread of Kui speaking area. As described by W.W. Winfield, "The people who speak Kui language are generally known as Konds, Khonds or Kandhs though they call themselves as Kuinga. They dwell mainly in and around the mountainous country that lies between the river Mahanudi, in Orissa, and the northern parts of the Vizagapatam District, forming an important section of the population in the following political divisions:-Daspalla, Bod (Baud), Khondmals (Phulbani) and Kalahandi in Orissa; Gumsur-Udaygiri Taluk and Chinna Kimedi in Ganjam District; Bissamkatak Taluk and Gunupur Taluk in Vizagapatam District. Scattered members of the tribe are also found in other parts of Orissa and Ganjam, and some have emigrated to the tea plantations of Assam"¹.

To say, Kui is language of Khonds is to limit its spread and popularity. The *damanga* (not the Dombo or Pano) who form part and parcel of Kui culture speak the same language. Winfield also remarks "many members of Domb or Pano Caste, and some other castes live with the Konds and have largely adopted their customs, religion and language."² The Domb or Pano castes mentioned by Winfield may not be the *Domanga*. As per a folk tale regarding origin of Kūinga and *Domanga*, they share the same origin. The popular story of *Kulo and Dohu*³ may be referred in this context. Some of the important aspects of Kui language are mentioned below:

1. Kui language has been classified under dravidian group of languages. The genetic relation table is reproduced from Tribal languages of Orissa by K. Mohapatra in *Tribes of Orissa* (Appendix I).

2. Kui is an agglutinative language, grammatical relations being expressed not by changes within the roots of words, but by suffixes added to the roots or compounded with them.
3. Change in gender of the noun also causes change in verb.
4. Kui has no script of its own. In past, missionaries to write the Kui language used the roman script. Oriya, which is taught as MIL in Kui speaking areas, is also not equipped to write Kui with its unique pronunciations. It is remarkable to mention that "in the recent past, between 1935 –85, at least four scripts have been designed for the languages – Santali, Ho, Sora and Kui"⁴. In case of Kui, a script is said to have been designed by Shri Dayanidhi Mallick. However, the script has never been put into popular use. Hence, it is the opinion of the Kui speaking people that the language is devoid of its own script.
5. Kui has no indigenous written literature. In the course of time, the Kui people have handed over some oral forms of literature from generation to generation.

Literary forms in Kui language mainly consist of

1. Folk tales including fables and parables.
 2. Description and use of plant and animal products for medicinal and other uses.
 3. Religious chants or Invocation
 4. Songs.
 5. Riddles.
 6. Symbolic language, Slang, etc.
1. **Folk Tales:** Folk tales represent the prose form of Kui oral literature. The stories are called '*Kerondi*' in Kui. The stories in Kui include fables and parables, stories of Gods, stars etc. The folk tale of *Kulo and Dohu* (B. Boel) describes the story of origin

of Khonds and *Domanga* from two brothers and their siblings forming various clans. The *Oda* (goat) *Kerondi* (Kui), *Koju* (hen) *Kerondi*⁵, *Metka* (Pl. of peacock) *Kerondi* are some of the popular stories. Modern concept of short stories is yet to develop in Kui literature.

2. **Use of plant and animal products for medicinal and other uses:** The Kui people, in the long run have developed their knowledge bank on use of various plant and animal products for medicinal and other uses. Those experiments and observations are from time immemorial. To cite a few, the juice from soft leaves of Guava tree, unripe pomegranate, unripe lemon is used to cure dysentery. Bone marrow of Sambhar is used as an ointment for fractured bones, clotted blood of goat boiled with little salt is taken to cure dysentery. Powder of dry mustard is tied around the neck for curing cold of children, etc. This traditional knowledge ranges from treatment of children to animals and from fishing to childbirth. There is peculiar believe that, if a dog is given tip of its own tail, it becomes more aggressive. This author, therefore, considers such branch of knowledge as a distinct category of Kui oral literature. Besides medicinal use, Kui people also have developed knowledge base on use of appropriate wood for specific purposes basing on strength, tensile and longevity.
3. **Religious Chants:** Like mantras in Sanskrit, the Kui people use their own mantras during various rituals and social occasions. Such mantras begin with salutations to the Gods or forefathers to whom they worship at the moment and also mention sun and moon as witness to the event. These mantras are chanted with offerings of liquor, rice, fowl etc. The following marriage invocation⁶ with translation in English is reproduced as an example.

*Olspor Parbati ne-enju siteni aha
site gati kalu tasanai samdi salrani
the taki vajamanamu.*

Ole bolo kunaganda vava side

*Mata pita penka manga, mati ma,
gram-seni, turki penu, goberi
penka-ganderu, sandi jori gidu.*

*Krandi oli sid a kari***

Sapu guta sid a kari

Papo dangi sid a kari

Putuni janjani sid a kari

Momeri duko sid a kari

*Gati muda gipki manamu, pans
loko koksa nai*

Siki ina kari, puku ina kari

Ne-enju tekka mai pidari pita ate

*Ineti tikka eneti tikka laiti kuiti
ajaneka saadu, vaadu*

Mai tlau gandi ate

Gati muda gitamu.

O Iswar Parbati, today having caught the sitenju, and having brought site gati kalu, we have come to the samdi sahani (i.e. the girl's father and mother who become related to the boy's father and mother by marriage)*

We have not come on this visit for ealth or for wealth.

O ye ancestor gods and goddesses, (i.e. the manes of the ancestors), earth-goddess, village-god, god of the refuse-heap, gods of the dung-hill, be ye propitious!

Keep away (lit., let there not be), tigers and bears!

Keep away thorns and splinters!

Keep away sin and hatred!

Keep us from tripping against stones and boulders!

Keep away the fever affliction!

We five men sitting together are propitiating all of you.

Protect us from worms, protect us from vermin!

From today she has become our pidari pita (i.e. she has become related by marriage to the manes of our ancestors).

(O ye manes of ancestors), from our side and from her side wherever ye be below or above, do not be disagreeable and absent yourselves.

She has become ours, head and body.

We have made propitiation.

<i>Samdi sahani gitamu.</i>	We have made samdi sahani.
<i>Purba bidi api bainke samdeni, amanke sasu gitamu.</i>	According to ancient usage we have made our api and bai (sisters) her samdi, our father's sister her sasu (mother-in-law)
<i>Sorbo sahani gia itamu</i>	All of them having been made sahani, keep ye them so.
<i>Manakai Ispor Parbatindi</i>	Let all of us remain well, O Iswar Parbati!
<i>Ne-enju tikka samdi gitamu</i>	From today we have made samdi.
<i>Ivaru kute ka pronju sineru</i>	If they should recede from their promise (lit., deny), they shall give pronju (damage in the shape of a buffalo for a feast).
<i>Amu kute-ka amu pronju sinamu</i>	If we should recede from our promise, we will give pronju.
<i>Kalu siki janamu; undu tinju</i>	We are pouring out liquor; eat drink!
<i>Poru sila sid a kari</i>	Keep away quarrels and fights!
<i>Momeri duko sid a kari.</i>	Keep away the fever affliction!
<i>Mati ma, gram-seni, turki penu, goberi penka-ganderu, mata pita penka manga, Ispor Parbatindi.</i>	O earth-goddess, O village-god, O god of the dust-heap, O gods of the dung-hill, O ancestor gods and goddesses, O Iswar Parbati!

* Samdi is a corruption of the Bengali sambandhi, "a relative, connexion," which is vulgarly pronounced samdhi or sumdi.

** The sign ' shortens the vowel which it follows by a sharp stoppage of the breath during its enunciation, as mali "I am".

4. Songs: From time immemorial Kui songs are sung by people speaking the language. Generally, Kui songs are composed by the men folk and sung with rhyme and music. When young men of a village visit dormitories of other village, on occasion of a bride

coming, Kedu etc. sing songs playing music with Khanjani (hand drums like daffli), flute, small symbols and changu, Tuhtu pota (a wooden bird with a flapping tail for producing rhyming sound during dance in kedu). The women or girls dance to the tune and do not sing while dancing. Researchers like Winfield and J.E.F. Pereira are of the opinion that Kui language has no poetry. Pereira says "the songs of the Khonds have no pretensions to poetry – that is, poetry in the sense of finished literary productions. They are composed in a rude and often ungrammatical language; they are loosely constructed, and carelessly worded and vague in meaning; they are destitute of anything in the nature of metre or rhyme; and above all they are often a grotesque medley of the serious and the ludicrous, resulting in a frequent descent to what is known as bathos". At the same time, Pereira also mentions "But yet they possess a peculiar charm of their own. They are eminently true to nature; and their crude and half-developed thoughts, struggling through a mist of faulty express, occasionally afford a glimpse of high imaginings, of tender feeling, and of fanciful imagery. And when they are sung to the weirdly plaintive melodies that seem to have been caught from the sigh of the wind in the gloomy depths of the forest, or the moan of the waterfall over some desolate mountain side, they reach an intensity of beauty that is enchanting". These views are self-contradictory and about a century old. If poetry is to be assessed in the light of Wordsworth's definition, i.e., "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings arising from emotion recollected in tranquillity", the Kui songs fall within the scope. In modern times, subtle difference of a song and poetry is stressed no more. The Kui songs have plot, sense of rhyme, metaphors and similes and above all the power of imagination. The Kui songs (may also be called poetry) can be divided into following categories based on their theme.

- (i) **Love poems:** Perhaps every man is a poet when he is in love. The sentiment of love, which is probably as old as the human race, has been the subject of both poet and painter from time immemorial. To a people like the Khonds, among whom real courtship and a reciprocal feeling of affection form the preliminaries to marriage, it becomes the great topic of song⁷. Love poems constitute the major bulk of Kui songs. Love has the imagination of youth, faith of a maiden, lyrics of a bird and politeness. The love poems very often depict the humbleness of lover, promises for future and pleadings. It sometimes speaks of the occasions, the dance and a vivid picture of surrender. The songs "*Badu budi nisadu daRi, Bestai minge kui kanja gaRi*", can be cited as examples. Love songs are melodies, having beautiful tune and rhyming. Of late, many such songs are cast to the tunes of many Hindi/Oriya popular film numbers, e.g. "Gudiya roothi rahogi", "in najaron ko tum dekho" etc. A translation from a Kui love song from *Some Khond songs* by J.E.F. Perreira is reproduced below:

The Wooing

Gladden my heart¹,
To-day is the (fateful) day.
Move your body in dance,
Here in this place².
Why do you decline, my darling,
For what reason do you decline?
My love, gladden my mind,
And shed lustre on your country.
Come, little woman,
Will you take away my honour?

Come, little one,
Will you take away my reputation?
(i.e. by refusing me in the presence of my friends)
A crowd has gathered together
On your account;
Groups have collected together
For your sweet sake.
With the happy eyes of a *titeri* bird
We shall see you dance;
With the happy eyes of a *jogeri* bird
We shall watch your posture.
Move both your arms³.
Your mother having given birth to you,
Dance gracefully;
Your father having produced you,
Dance rhythmically.
Come, my beloved,
I shall tie up your Pan-woven cloth round your waist;
Come, my beloved,
I shall tie up your Gond-woven cloth round your waist⁴,
On your account
We have come;
To fulfil your desire
We have come.
Do not behave so as to take away my honour (by
refusing),
Your (intended) husband has come;
Do not let my labour go in vain.
Your (intended) husband has come.
Bear for a little (while) my wishes on your head,
You are the millet-stalk, and I the grains you bear.

On your account.
 I will take a great she buffalo,
 On your account
 I will take a great he-buffalo;
 Both our people will go together.
 On account of my great love (for you)
 I cannot leave you.
 And the obstacle to our daily converse.
 Will be removed (i.e., by your coming with me).
 I cannot, will not, leave you.
 On your account
 I will bring a brass water-pot;
 On your account
 I will bring a water-pot pulled out from the potter's wheel.
 I will procure them from *Tikabali*
 After giving silver pieces;
 I will procure them from *Erabali*
 After giving British rupees.
 Why are you afraid, little woman?
 You have a father;
 Against you being afraid
 The village-father will speak to you.
 Against your being distressed
 The neighbour-father will speak to you;
 They are people of another village^s.
 I will take you to my dwelling,
 I will take you to my house.
 I will give a large gelded pig to the village headman.
 I will give a large boar to the village headman.
 I will lighten the sorrow of your aunt (father's younger
 brother's wife)
 I will kill a buffalo for a feast to your mother.

I will hold a flowered earthen jar;
 I will hold a jar of liquor.
 There at Kerigora
 Is Chakkar Sahu⁶.
 At Dongolgora
 I will call a meeting of the elders;
 I will settle everything at the meeting,
 On your account, little woman,
 For your sweet sake, little woman.

- (ii) **Religious songs:** The women sing songs in the Kedu festival while they feed the sacrificial buffalo. Those songs like "*E siro Ri la benjamu*" speak of sympathy to the sacrificial animal and pray for good crops and fortune. Besides the ethnic religious songs, the missionaries have added Church songs i.e. '*Penu gaNi*' in Kui to be sung aloud in the church and other Christian festive occasions like Baptism and New Year/X-mass processions. As clear by name, they sing glories to the name of God, Jesus and Mother Mary, e.g., "*gira Desa nai*", "*nenju puni basari tangi E ta tasu Re maenja*" etc. Many of the church songs have been composed by by Mr Sunam Chandra Patra. Such church songs have contributed for development of Kui literature. Sri Sunampatra Nayak, Smt. Rupabati Pradhan and others are few to mention. Of late, the Hindu devotional songs have also appeared from print. Sri Sudaya Chandra Pradhan of Kotingia has composed and published booklets. Those poems are devoted to many Gods and bear the name of poet very often. The Gods in his poem are not ethnic Gods, rather the Hindu Gods like Krushna and others. Shri Sarangadhar Pradhan has also authored Kui devotional songs and published by the Academy of Tribal Dialects and Culture, Bhubaneswar. Unlike songs of Shri Sudaya Chandra Pradhan, his songs are devoted to ethnic Gods like Bura penu etc.

(iii) **Event based poems:** Kui poets also sometimes, played the role of chroniclers. Many songs were composed and spread like a detailed news paper report. The events like air crash at Penabida, inauguration of Burbinaju Dam by Mrs Indira Gandhi, Murder of a woman and child while travelling in a bus, introduction of Baimala bus etc. have left living memories in the minds of people. In most of the cases, the names of the poets are unknown though songs are quite popular.

(iv) **Other poems:** Beside the above stated traditional categories of poems, a new set of poems has arrived in recent years. These poems are need based and pin point a social issue like adult education, prohibition etc. Some songs by Ghumusar Mahila Sangathan, like '*Nagali Ajana gaRi Ajasi soru birata*' can be cited as examples. Mr Klemant Nayak, Uma Charan Digal are some of the contributors to such Kui poetry. It is also apt to mention that, some of the songs appeared in audio cassettes form. Many kui songs about the beauty and glory of Kui culture and Kuidina are presented in State organised Kandhamal Mahotsav i.e. the official annual festival of Kandhamal district. "*Ese sanjane Kuidina, lupu lupuna Punga Pusana*" is one such example.

5. **Riddles:** Like any other developed languages, the riddles in Kui language are short, apt and signify the symbolism and common sense of people. Elders ask riddles as favourite mind sport to children, maiden to young men and alike. For example, Chuno iduta dara side (There is no door in the white house) means an egg; "*kogeri kogeri DeTi tari, esoli sinDanga TaTanari*" (She has a slim waist, still wears so many sarees) – means an onion; "*neDe baDi senDo suga*" (nether is rock with water source above) – means the saragosa palm from where the sweet juice oozes and taken as a drink. As the riddles are not in popular use nowadays, Kui language may loose its valuable collection in near future.

6. **Symbolic language, slang etc.:** The symbolic language is very sparse, said and understood by very few people. In the marriage negotiation meeting, the spokesman from bride side will say, "*Paiti kama selu aleka deri kelenga siaderu*". *Aleka* means a pair, *deri* – big, *Keleka* -big knives used for cleaning shrubs, but the meaning as a whole is to provide a pair of buffaloes as bride price. The maidens also use some symbolic language to communicate among themselves before the young men or strangers. Such language will have a particular prefix or suffix in each word. For example, *Ipninu epninu dipniki sapnini mapniji*, (where are you going) etc.

Slangs are the pungent part of every language, however they have strong communicative power. The words used are short, tense and intended to hurt opponent's feeling. However, the abuses and slang show the obverse picture of the existing social values. Possible categories may be to (i) immoral or illegal relations, (ii) curse or natural disaster or disease, (iii) self-cursing or conditional (*kRaDi bele desa*) etc., (iv) comparative characters (*saru dehngi ruga kanju*) etc.

Evaluation of Kui poems

Research work in the field of Kui literature has been mostly confined to collection of Kui songs or stories at the individual level. Few researchers who study Kui culture deal Kui literature as a part. Unless those individual collections are kept in some archive or library, Kui literature will be languishing locked in someone's cupboard and may meet an unnatural end. To the conviction to this author, Kui literature qualifies for an independent study. Kui literature needs to be evaluated in its own merit. Can there be any

'ages' in Kui literature? Is the song poetry dichotomy really holds good? All such questions can be addressed in more specific chronological and scientific manner through research.

Problems of Kui literature:

- (i) **Shrinking in Kui creative writing-** In the recent past, writing in Kui in any literary form has diminished in contrast to many non-Kui service men have received Kui learning certificate. Kui is not yet recognised as literary language and not taught in school curriculum. Above all, the Kui speaking people too presume the inferiority of Kui language and culture and simply leave it than to uplift their own language. Kui language is in the need of singing bards and active pens.
- (ii) **Lack of Script:** Indigenous script of any language gives the language its fullest expression. Kui language has its unique pronunciation and expressions, which are quite difficult to write in languages like Oriya and English. In the past, Kui has been written following the Roman English. The Kui Bible, Kui church songs, cleric instructions have been printed and widely circulated in the community. Citing lack of script as main hurdle in developing Kui literature is not well accepted. Santhali language also did not have its own script till recent past. Till date, most of Santhali literature has been written in Bengali script. If the issue of script alone existed, why the script developed by Shri Mallick has not been popularised? The problem can be dealt in other way. "It is of course, true that the tribal languages have such phonetically peculiar sounds as checked consonants, glottal stop, low tone, stress, long or geminate vowels positionally different articulation of palatal

and velar nasals, different qualities of vowels etc. It is also true that no language has perfect one to one equation of its phonemes to graphemes. Hence, instead of developing separate writing systems for each and every spoken language, a more practical solution could be to employ the existing Oriya graphemes with necessary diacritic marks for standardising the orthography of peculiar phonemes of the tribal languages. Experimentation in this direction are gradually getting more popular and academic support because of the simple fact that the tribals being bilingual, by necessity, they can use a single script for writing their own languages as well as the State language. It is noteworthy that publication of more and more books in many tribal languages during the last few years by adapting Oriya writing system has greatly expanded literary activities in the tribal languages"⁸. Similarly, the Roman alphabet is used in almost all European countries with simple modifications to write different languages. The case of Kui language also falls within its scope. The need of the hour is not the script first, it is the writing in Kui that comes first.

- (iii) **Effect of Sanskritisation:** M.N.Srinivas defined sanskritisation as a process by which *"a 'low' Hindu caste, or tribal or other group, changes its customs, ritual ideology, and way of life in the direction of a high and frequently 'twice-born' caste. Generally such changes are followed by a claim to a higher position in the caste hierarchy than that traditionally conceded to the claimant class by the local community."*⁹ The Oriya culture and the Hindu culture have over shadowed Kui culture. As a result, the Gods. Kui rituals of marriage and other occasions are

getting fast replaced by Brahmin dominated Hindu culture. The Kui social institutions like Dormitories have vanished. In other words, the systems, which were simple, co-operative and less expensive, are getting complicated. Examples of performing yajnas, annual sradhs, marriage, etc. through Hindu rites are on increase. In the name of education, the elite people of Kui language keep themselves aloof which has catastrophic bearing. With such a backdrop development of Kui literature becomes more a herculean task.

- (iv) **Lack of awareness among Kui people:** Most of Kui people are unaware of the importance of their culture. While accepting other cultural practices, they should not forget the intrinsic values of their own culture. In other words, supplements should not supplant its basic structure. Kui language is one of the vital pillars of Kui culture. People, in long run may not be able to establish their cultural identity being devoid of language. All the benefits that they derive through their culture will cease forever, if they fail to preserve their culture. On the front of language, they have to adopt new literary forms. The poetry, short stories and drama will prove the most powerful areas for literary adaptation. Wide translation of existing Kui literary works are also to be preserved and must be brought to the wider world through multilingual translation.

While presenting the current anthology it will be apt to indicate few points. These Kui poems first appeared in the name "*Kuidina Piopota*"¹⁰ in Oriya script and also with translation in Oriya. The current edition is the English edition containing Kui poems in Roman script. While writing Kui in English, the standard phonetic

and velar nasals, different qualities of vowels etc. It is also true that no language has perfect one to one equation of its phonemes to graphemes. Hence, instead of developing separate writing systems for each and every spoken language, a more practical solution could be to employ the existing Oriya graphemes with necessary diacritic marks for standardising the orthography of peculiar phonemes of the tribal languages. Experimentation in this direction are gradually getting more popular and academic support because of the simple fact that the tribals being bilingual, by necessity, they can use a single script for writing their own languages as well as the State language. It is noteworthy that publication of more and more books in many tribal languages during the last few years by adapting Oriya writing system has greatly expanded literary activities in the tribal languages"⁸. Similarly, the Roman alphabet is used in almost all European countries with simple modifications to write different languages. The case of Kui language also falls within its scope. The need of the hour is not the script first, it is the writing in Kui that comes first.

- (iii) **Effect of Sanskritisation:** M.N.Srinivas defined sanskritisation as a process by which *"a 'low' Hindu caste, or tribal or other group, changes its customs, ritual ideology, and way of life in the direction of a high and frequently 'twice-born' caste. Generally such changes are followed by a claim to a higher position in the caste hierarchy than that traditionally conceded to the claimant class by the local community."*⁹ The Oriya culture and the Hindu culture have over shadowed Kui culture. As a result, the Gods. Kui rituals of marriage and other occasions are

getting fast replaced by Brahmin dominated Hindu culture. The Kui social institutions like Dormitories have vanished. In other words, the systems, which were simple, co-operative and less expensive, are getting complicated. Examples of performing yajnas, annual sradhs, marriage, etc. through Hindu rites are on increase. In the name of education, the elite people of Kui language keep themselves aloof which has catastrophic bearing. With such a backdrop development of Kui literature becomes more a herculean task.

- (iv) **Lack of awareness among Kui people:** Most of Kui people are unaware of the importance of their culture. While accepting other cultural practices, they should not forget the intrinsic values of their own culture. In other words, supplements should not supplant its basic structure. Kui language is one of the vital pillars of Kui culture. People, in long run may not be able to establish their cultural identity being devoid of language. All the benefits that they derive through their culture will cease forever, if they fail to preserve their culture. On the front of language, they have to adopt new literary forms. The poetry, short stories and drama will prove the most powerful areas for literary adaptation. Wide translation of existing Kui literary works are also to be preserved and must be brought to the wider world through multilingual translation.

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English form available in Indian language softwares such as Leap Office and Sri Lipi have been adopted. A separate chart of major adaptations or assumptions has been appended. Regarding its literary evaluation in terms of Kui literature, it is a humble attempt to compose poetry on themes quite different from traditional ones. It is rather an experiment to write Kui poems in modern style. While translating, attempt has been made to maintain the simplicity of Kui language. This anthology touches various issues, emotions and aspirations in Kui culture as a whole. In the present day context, Kuidina is not an area where humans sacrificed in the turmeric field, rather it represents the quest for development for one of the ancient people of this land.



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*An Oriole
From The Hills*

KeronDi Teki

deri nari mainaju tiRi iDu,
nai Elu pusi bahaRe Ehenge mane.
derini iDutari kunDradara,
naRisoDu soRiTj joReka kiskanga,
Ronde kiru Ojane,E kuiti polmatani,
deri itane bisakanga,rosNo, Enga singagunDa,
SoDu kuiti Ruksana itane saru min-ga,
Kogeri sora tani ARsana itane sorukanga.

BiluRi Ateka derini naRi soDuta,
GuleE miDanga grusana kopkiseru,
Aja,keronDi ronDa bestamu,
derini baha mase keronDi Teki,
Gunji keronDi,metka keronDi,
Kasi nahoRi DanDa dehkitara,
Paikanga,mastronga maDa betara,
AndarikuTu ruTu, DrenDosuka sRohtatara,
SoTo keronDi,lamba keronDi,
Ise lambaje- gaRa Rai kusaDanDiki Enu,
Beite beite besteka beE bihoO,
deri Eskimase gaNi keDutani,
Ikoli banDitake deri jamba puneE,
Geera beE deri nari tiNi.

THE MAGIC POT

In the corner of our street lived,
Deri, ¹ defying her wrinkles,
The single plank door of her hut,
Two big pitchers near the fire-place,
Mutilated one stored all spices on its lid,
Turmeric, garlic and red chillies,
Dry fish poked in ceiling above the hearth,
Yet another pot stored the pigeon peas.

In evening the children of the street
Assembled encircling her fire
To listen a story from her
The tales of Owl, Peacock and goat
Wild dog carrying a slippery log ²
The records of police beating and teachers thrashing,
Making of the road and the star with a tail,
The stories run longer,
Can pass from one village to another, ³
Yet another pile for every morrow.
Deri had her melodies too,
For the planting season and Kedu⁴
It flowed with a sip or two.

Elu baimane,
Chakiri gibatingi natoti sRohtati gala,
derini kan-ga kanDruka lipilopo,
nonjana bestate,
Salamuba ,baDi uDi Amu,
Bateka naiselu sinDa ronDa koDajiadi.

Imade Ese dina basari sase,
Ijoki bajana mehte,
derini daratani Odanga Dosanu,
dara dapa Aiside,
Aja bestate,
derini sa'jana ri maso Ate,
Sih,deri nanda sinDa ronDa TaTa muAte.

tuRenjia derinaA kiskanga tuhaseru,
RosNo,Bisakanga lanjaseru,
AngamiDanga boganga besi besi Enda
duhneru,
Gule lokuri kapka gipisari mai deri,
Kapka giE giE,
Kali muDenji longi muDenji soTe,
tandara keronDi Teki Dusanai.

+++

How can I forget the day,
I departed to join the service,
She kissed me good-luck and happy home coming,
With a saree for her, in fun.

Long crept the days and years,
On coming home I saw,
The single plank door shut,
Goats chewing on the verandah
My mother told-
Deri passed two months past,
Alas, not a single saree I could offer.

At the extinguished pyre-
Her pitchers shattered yet marks legible,
All her spices scattered
The group of her grand children
Would have danced beating old baskets⁵
Tickling others to laugh,
Deri walked beyond the clouds
With her unending magic pot.



ToTokoRi

*ToTokoRi TokoRi TokoRi TohTo TokoRi, TokoRi TokoRi
ToTokoRi TokoRi TokoRi TohTo TokoRi, TokoRi TokoRi*

MeDu bali kuiti mande kuRi,
Mai Apo bepinenju Emba ToTokoRi
Pakali kapsane mande neDa
Kanga tasamanu punga prusna prusna
MakaRaka baimanu piski piski,
Makinga Ruskimanu laiti laiti
Ladaketa maiselu mande kanga neDa,
Mehpiduhmu noiti,beoti,
Anu broRpinjai duali,
Apo,
Pakali urmi gieesi betamu ToTokoRi

Bahiti ginaka Eba,
Jambamu, Omu ukoRi,
Aja siAnane jilinga,
Sugibamu saruminu ronDa,
Anu tapkingai siru kalusoDuRai
Idene baimai,
Made made bepiduhmu ToTokoRi .

The Hollow Drum¹

Aabc abc abc Aa abc abc abc²

Aabc abc abc Aa abc abc abc

Our thatch fixed on the peacock's stone³
Pigeon-pea crop stands across the slope,
Flowers peeping in full bunch,
My younger brother merrily plays the hollow-drum.

Langoors predate in open stride,
Macaques do torpedo steal,
This swidden is our granary,
Be alert and watch around,
Beat your drum echoing the valley.

Take a breath, if tired my dear,
We have lunch of rice and baked dry fish,
I'll just fetch water from the brewing spot⁴
Between the rest,
Play your drum just.

BenDabela sunjakuna,
SoDanu makinga ninge Otane makaRi,
Kanga sahteka ninge putinga koDajiAi,
Iskuliki sajiRe baRonDi,
Mehpinjito kanga Delanga bReskinu,
Igari Aju ronDa koDinasu koDi.

naRi sapumu kuRitara,
Bela Ete rengerI kuiki,
Peni punga pupimanu
PoTakaTi bRepimanu taRa jonDingangi,
Maiba to kalu poTa,
Eaniti side Elu gina Deli,
SaRa saRa takaramu,
rakuRi baDinga Aba mehana DuDamu,
Oneni pakali tari beE jambite ToTokoRi .

+++

Watch, no afternoon nap,
I'll get books for your school next year,
See how the foliage sweeping the floor,
We will buy a cow to make a pair.

Put out the fire,
For the Sun touching the Rengedi's top,
Occidental empyrean painted in,
The colours of winter.
The avian returning to their homes,
Our father has lost his sense to liquor,
Alight, the trek is filled with stones and pebbles,
Night descending fast on the slopes,
Hollow drums around too retired to silence.



Kuidina PiopoTa

BaiseE ronisi bulibuli,
PenabiRa rahatani lengite guli,
Pipali Degatani klapisu kakanga,
Embeki sasi PiopoTa –
AnaRiki kin isi ?

Luhurangani PeTapanga ,
Mionehera nisananga Ese trehte kan-ga,
Esakala PiopoTa sase irpi Deli,
TuRimaha peskaimai roAne, EkoRi, EkoRi.

Gunjeli punga putekani ninge dahpinjai,
LoErimala pojanai senDo mehpinaí,
Ana Ati,Embe soTi,,
Margiti mahapolata gina irpipolata,
nibaha gaNi ronDe side inji-
Kapka mili injisiDe loku Tondangani.

MehpisiDai gina bringaimanu naska,
Palsi Ahpa buRjiteru labenga,
Mape jhio rihejako pheli,
Kan-ga susitake mRangine gina-
Kuidinatari dukusaki !

ODE TO GOLDEN ORIOLE

Wandering around Kuidina¹
Stranded by carriage broken at Penabida²
I found,
The serenity marred by the crows on the Peepal,
Where hiding are thou, dear Golden Oriole
Why this lull?

In the outskirts of Petapanga²,
My eyes surveyed far and wide,
The season of Mohua is past,
Wild mangoes oozing with juice,
Where concealed, my dear,
Come; sing in your sweetest note.

I look for you with bloom of the flowers,
Ripening of sweet potatoes,
Where gone are you, my dear
Or you slumber in mango or mohua³ holes
Draught of your melodies has taken
Smile from the faces of the milieu.

Can't you see, how
The knit of village streets loosened,
Young men turn off the work,
My daughter failed twice in ninth class
Can your silence wipe out
Agony and hunger from this country?

Esakala PiopoTa pilipilina,
ningakaru suskinaka,
Tijakaru panjanaka,
Ejakaru trosanaka,
nee gaNiRai besumu puni paheri.

Aimane jidabana masumanguri,
BRetamu ute PiopoTa-
Jopinjai ninda paheri.

+++

Come on, my dear Oriole,
Give a clarion call
Let the sleeping awake,
Let the drunken regain sense
Let the encroachers recede
Your song may pave a new way of life.

Dusk descending, my love
Come back, hurry, and come on,
Without a wink I do wait,
Dear Golden Oriole.



BeroRi baDi

Benjamula nai juTu roga,
Labenju baisenju naibaga,
Siana sajatenju ju'ga.

ningeto bestate roga,
Salbakuna sasinganiselu Ejubaja,
rohe Aju sipsinga Dusina,
Mosola glahnasu,siru Dusina,
MunDi AEnu Anu EAritara mlakna mehpa,
Ajuto paiti gatasu paiti gina,
Mai manu jilinga Eju,mane kopukusa.

Musuki inji musuki inji soRiki batenju,
Siru gilasi jasanai kaju pojatenju,
JeDa giAi injanai-
GoDa katatenju.

Asa Elu gosa solne,
Kedumade kisatake penisruDu betane,
SoTeka kali kokteka-
Teki gina OteE prapasane ?

GOSSIP STONE

My bosom friend,
How painfully bleeds the scar-
Gifted by gallops of a betraying lover.

I cautioned thee, my dear,
We are here to toil, not a favour,
Unbearable are the hawk-eyed glances-
Of those alien outsiders,
Be happy with our watered rice and greens.

He threw the loop through smiles,
Exploited through a thousand pretence,
In the guise of affection bestowed
An unknown vengeance.

Its a maiden step slip, yet unforgiving,
The feel that shivers the heart,
Who lends a hand to take
A blackened earthen pot ?

Anutola gonju beDi,
Shasi soteRi kiana kaDu leksamai,
Ree maso saseRai,
dahajiamu roga,
naiselu gaspa Doru.

KuADoru manakari siru koDatiki,
AnaRiki sadi inu E pedakoDi bagi,
Eanjuto durudina kuluri pota,
Ajusana Osotingi uspamu DaTa,
MRiA Delanga lenga kai,
Pranju malanga pRungakai,
Jeeu ninda kopka kuna,
Andari bajane Aju Dipo rutina,
Giani duso sepanjang rihegi nimbina.

+++

Alas, heaven takes toll for loving the alien,
Desire for a diamond in the shoe-
Has crippled my leg - an unwanted mother.
Mercy be it of heaven when falls fatal,
I pray for death, even unnatural.

Creator wrought nothing without a purpose,
Never think of dying for an unworthy lover,
He came a winter bird and left in spring,
You have to live, dare and strong;
May stones break and pave the way,
When there is will there is way.

Do not worry the dark,
If there is a lamp to kindle,
Never think to die,
Having an option to live again.



Mliba KRaDi

GosaRai mRaTka kruhka gule muhi Atu,
Punitani OTe KRaDi gRapi siDe,
Aja Aba gule loku tijadu,
naska naska trebimane mliba KRaDi.

IDupaTi dahkataka mehimehi saju,
Angaranga prakataka DukiDuki DuDadu,
Mipe pReki soDataka Aji Aji manju,
Lokuraka banDane Eri mliba KRaDi.

AkaRi Ateka dehane soRiki baine,
Aspa giteka musuki injine,
Embeki inu degidi, naibaha dianadi,
KoReka rikoRi deere laiTi kohtamu,
Bhotta Odi, lun Odi gina Odi saTifikeT,
DrenDo Desana jaRsa jiAi,
Anu,
Sorkari pohigiAni deri kRaDi,
Mliba KRaDi.



LYCANTHROPE¹

No more Hares hop and Deer leap in the forest
Tiger strolls in full moon² neither,
Beware all my people,
A new tiger prowls in the streets
A lycanthrope.

Beware, entering forest for a pole for your house
Walk cautious while going to sell charcoal,
Keep mum, if thief steals from your house,
For, the new tiger has tasted human blood.

It comes closer when you shout
Smiles when you try to scare,
Says, you are in my row, no way out,
Present me flakes of nickel and silver.
Then see, whatever you want in favour,
Pension, certificate or finance,
Can produce with a wag of my tail,
I'm state's pet, Big Cat,
The bureaucrat.



Baha Teki

Inu misa buRja duhdi,
Mi sainehera suga kuiti,
ni pakamasi paDeli puju,
nenju beE ARsana iTamai.

Esigala piopio Danju tani,
Mi miningo mrahnDu neDeTi,
DaRbata koksasi inu tlaui pihana,
Mazamasi A'ka ni kuiti,
MuDenjiRai sukanga juRpinatu,
ArDa kuiti Doi Dehngi,
DuruTi mehanate,
Inu Reki injana ningiti, Enga-
Minde Digali litilot Ate.

Kulibilu paTangani kakaAhana koksasani,
Inu jasanati-Anu ninge AnaA siAi,
JeDato Agone sianate,
Ote Anari mase naibahta,
negari,mulutari Enga ni luRatari,
ninda lokubaha poOnga,
ni padaReE Osko kesoRi benba muAnaki,
ni bahaRe duruki saseE,
pRiha be'sani A'ji baDi Dehngi.

GARDEN CHAIR

I do not wonder,
If you forget the day not lettered in red,
You had pinned wild flowers in your lock,
From near the fountain head,
Still I preserve it.

In that moonlit evening,
Under the drumstick tree in your courtyard,
You, sitting with hair loosened,
The falling yellow leaves,
Sewed stars to your cascade.

Peeping like a garden lizard,
From behind the fence,
You got panicked and the brass pot-
Tossed down, obliterated.

On the rocks of Kulibilu,¹
Sitting hand in hand,
You had asked for a present,
What else of value I had,
Heart given well before,
To wipe out any rumour from your name-
I choose to wish adieu,
Melted away like the hailstone,
That brings the green mangoes down.

nindara puTo uhpA loba Aimai,
Begaka mehneru,
ninda seRi slikti gala,
Kalu uTe sina panjaA tenu,
PaDelipuju pojanai naDisi begite,
Inu nange biDa duhtadi-
Kalapaperatari jeDa inji siDe.

Mokoghati bRi natani
nisiteE goOna chhoko tani,
Elu dahpinate,
Ote soTeka kulibilu nambikai,
Kulibilu sajamase ni Dehngi duruki,
denge dengena nisamani bondopiRa injate,
BRemu bRemu O kakala,
Basamani paDeli pujutiki.

+++

The painter in me kicks,
To paint your portrait,
No. Others may glance at it.

The day your marriage solemnised,
I emptied bottles and barrels,
Even Bachus could not drive you out of me,
The night spent with those dried flowers,
I guess,
You might 've cursed,
You loved a heartless.

Riding down the Mokoghat,²
Paused at Gohna Chowk,
Heart wished to climb Kulibilu again,
But the rocks had gone a far,
New check dam wall standing between,
Ridiculed, O' frustrated,
Go back to your dried flowers.



Pusi

SonDh ugdate injana Ajitake AE,
Srasu soDate injana tirgitake AE,
UjaRanga jambaRai,
Loku suskinani tijanai,
Karajala, raka deoli puhisi,
nisagiba mane mange-
Dimbu Dehngi,
MandaA pusi.

+++

ANT-HILL

Be not afraid of
The horns of a bull,
Be not panicked that-
A serpent crept in,
For we have to fortify,
With own sweat and blood,
Like a tiny white-ant,
A mighty ant-hill.



KalinganDo ghaTi

KalinganDo ghaTi paheri,
BoDa srasu Dehngi Dosamane,
SoTeka debaki to soTeka tiniki,
Keri mlipkimane.

KalenkalaRai nisamani BaDipuRa soru,
SenDoki mehteka pago Ro' ,
NeDeki kan-ga EpisiDoO,
ro kaDu ibga punaA take ,
Embeki sajine jeebono,
SenDoki gina neDeki .

I paheri,
Ajasaka takaimanu beska, paEri Aka Doosi
Doosi,
Beparanga koDinga korka Dusi Dusi,
MiDa Diga, Ranja bojinga sajimanu,
Ben baido besi besi,
MakaRaka kehpimanu,
Makinga niju nakaimanu,
GanDinga bainu pRuna ,
Borompuru kotoko bRepisi.

KALINGA GHAT

The Ghat road basks,
Like a rock python,
Tossing lazily to left and to right.

Sky touching ancient Badipuda¹
Stands unmoved,
A sight to the gorge ceases a beat,
Where it leads the life,
If a step is missed.

This road,
Women walk with leaf bundles on head,
Merchants ferry their cattle,
Festive hoots of birth and betrothal,
Echo the rocks and deeps,
The langoors howl,
Macaques lick motor oil,
The bodies returning from Berhampur and Cuttack,²
Come covered with fog of silence.

Sajisake ruTu bihai side,
Eseloku bateka beE puriAE,
GaRinga saseka beE sit ineE,
TuNupakali joRisiru Dehngi,
Sanja Enga Aji imba Ese ADisi miDisi .

Laikui loku koksasake beE,
Draibari to roAnje EkoRi,
GaRi tlimu mehana bankonga nokiki,
ni gaRitani inu ADa ni Draibari.



The road never ends-
Neither filled by crowd nor emptied,
Like the pilasalki³
Beauty, serenity and fear so mingled,
Sides of a coin, fog buttered on darkness.

How packed the carriage may be,
The driver is always alone,
You have to proceed,
Eyeing the curves ahead,
In your chariot,
You are your charioteer.



Soska Oga

tarabaRi tanju satila Aba,
RitiRiti TuTu, pakeka Anenju,
Joteri, titeri, mRaTka ruhka Ahana tretenju,
Soska Oga tingi gamasenju.

Soju,
SopeE beE sanja siDanari,
GanDimara suli suli kilanga,
Mehtatake guRi biAne,
EARiki,
Soju garatani siDanani,
deere deere baDinga tropkadine.

Soju game trikitriki tari,
ronisi rinisiRai AE,
Ese siki dina Ahtane,
Soju Oga Ateka-
Keeta slipka mane.

CATCHING A PORCUPINE

In the village Tarabadi
Lived one Satila aaba',
Stomach walled to back, no flesh,
Combed the woods with loops and snares,
To catch hares and wild fowl,
Was a master of the game.

Porcupine,
Never hailed for its gaiety,
With spikes all over the torso,
Pierces any one comes affront,
Ever you wish to catch it,
You have to move stones near its burrow,
When it is not there.

Its vigil is so sharp,
Slowly inch your stones for days together,
More than the toil,
You have to resolve it first.

Sojuto Emberi beE joE,
Dosasake beE sajimane,
taka inji degaimane.
KajuRai poji iseka –
Banju prejuRai trusu ine,
Sanjatake Ana Ate,
Sojutari mane DaTa enga lakho,
Teepotara mahabiAna tinba mune.

Soju tini jopinani
Kin injana kopka dine,
Sojuto nai plapa laA,
Ese rati be'gagiana-
ronisi tonja Ajane,
Erito nai guNa pota,
Igari pun̄DamuAtake nange
BaRonDi irpi bela Tukna jopa dine,
Jeebono tani Teepo senga Ateka,
DeTi tasani ketaRai kaTamesana
Tlaki belba gramba dine.

†††

Porcupine,
Waits for none,
It walks when you are asleep,
Runs when you walk,
You catch it by hand, slips between fingers,
What admiration it calls for?
None, but its aim to hit the target,
Can pluck fruit from a lofty mango branch.

While waiting for the porcupine,
You've to chant silence,
It is like my beloved maiden,
Comes to me –
After many sleepless nights,
Like a tiny singing bird,
If I miss it this time.
Have to wait till Mohua blooms next year

To achieve a Big, my dear
With patience you have to learn,
Angling from a paddy field.



Mai na'To.

IArai TaNa Ese neDe,
Loku baku gaRinga karunga
Kogai kogai toskinu,
Toinga Dehngi kopkimanu Enga –
sasipoTangani Dehngi panjaimanu.

Imba,
DohoDohona behpimane bilu,
naisame mani kiRki Rai
muDenji Ese sopeE toskine,
Embato sukanga beE siDo-
Mai na'to mionehera-
Piopiona diaduhne Danju,
Kulukuluna baiduhne bilu.

MY VILLAGE

Stacked above the soil so high,
People and carriages look so tiny,
Like flocks of wild parrots they come,
Disperse like sparrows.

The wind here so hot,
Azure sky only a patch from window,
Sans stars, sun and moon,
In the outskirts of my village,
How pleasant it would be,
Moonlight buttered on fields and slopes alike,
Cool breeze blowing.

Ese base manakari
Silakolo,piRanga tropkatropki,
BuRjamupisidenu na'Tonara
Gompuni kisimisi,
KaNibihanga reinron, pukibihanga jeinjon,
Suskisake kRiskimai-
Ra'si neDanga, koDi gota, maha doRinga,
KondiAnga baRatani menDoli sata,
MorenDaka, ludrukanga Enga keta mininga,
Sugaketa ketakusa,
PaDu bReskini kuDingani pusamani piperanja,
KuDinga kuRitani koEri muringa,
Ese klongosi Aimai nenju.

Mai na'To mionehera-
Piopiona diAduhne Danju,
Kulukuluna baiduhne bilu.



Leave alone the quarrels and fence-pushing,
Unforgettable are its X-mas and Rakhi,
Sweeping of flies on the Newcorn,¹
Rhyming songs of the village maiden,
In dream, I fly to,
The golden til, mustard fields,
Jingling bells of cattle and mango groves,
Mushroom umbrella standing in the autumn paddy field,
The greens from near the pond,
Red dragonfly kissing the ear of the corn,
Warmth of parched rice in the thrashing ground hut.

From a far I yearn for all these,
In the outskirts of my village must be,
Moonlight buttered on fields and slopes alike,
Cool breeze blowing.



Baimala gaRi

Eseka Aka bane mala Baimala gaRi,
JopaRai noinjane ganDimara reRi.

Kara beE diaRe sajimane gaRi,
deere deere nambaine DinDabali,
Kerapala Desana bilu solbimane,
GaDanga TonDanga siri siri.

KoDi goTanga paheri Angaimanu,
Korka Aimanu reki,
Mokoghatitani gaRi mupiside,
Loku Oineru nasi nasi.

Beska Angaranga loku Bagarama ja'tu,
GaRi ise klasi,
Kan-ga EgaisiDoO susugan-gaRai,
tlau Dopingane begani nipitani,
Doka klapaRai gaRi urmi Aimane,
LaAmida saka japitu kaksi kaksi.

nenjutari paheri bihite Ebari,
GaRisane OteE nokiki,
Salba mane mange game duru,
Andari ine lipi,
tologidu sata bari minda,
tuhana sajane gaRi.



BAIMALA BUS

Wait, long wait,
Sprain climbs upward the waist,
It is yet to come,
The Baimala Bus.

The bus starts before the Sun
Crawls up Dindabali,
Cold morning air gushes in,
Pushing up the tarpaulin,
Cracking dry lips and cheeks.

Herds of village cattle hinder the bus,
Buffaloes rub their back,
Bus gets so exhausted,
Passengers push it up the Mokoghat¹.

The crowd that sold firewood and charcoal,
Got down at Bagarama² with black sacks and slings,
The bus yawned to relax,
Drowsy eyes so heavy to open,
Head resting on neighbour's shoulder,
Snoring echoes corners of the bus,
The rural maiden burst to giggle,
With much fun.

Today's journey is over,
Destination still very far,
Colour of the sky thickens to dark,
Have to cross miles before we rest,
Keep ready your sticks and umbrellas.
The bus waits for none.

Plambu

Keta kuDinga mugi tangi sasus,
Soru kanga ijoki batu,
Irpi mahadeli manesaA,
Tanginga, guRibiTka Enga nahka Ahana,
Plambu solba sajiseru Aba dada kokaru,
Sorka sorka sorka sorka,
Pora tani josana, i,
Sari DuRa soma panjaseru,
So-bo-irr, so-bo-irr,
Tanginga kirpigi ana naju soDateru,
KRogaRai telerehte sainehera suga siru.

JipingaRe laringaRe bateru,
Dolanga Dolanga TuTka gaTaka,
Baskaka gaRi suna mudinga kiAna,
Johari pahteru,
Musi bRihŧa miDakani gaDa Rusa jiteru,
dina rosnara kata pititeru,
Iskulaka ginasu,
OspaTali, Eleketre tanasu inji-
BhuTo jateru,
Mande chinho minde Chinho,
Dubu uhpa buRjeru.

HUNTING

Paddy, pigeon pea harvested and stored,
Season of Mohua and mangoes yet to come,
All the male folk of the village-
Assembled with axes, bows, arrows and dogs,
For a hunting in the wild.
Roamed from hill to hill and across the hills,
Hunted a large bison,
Swirling their axes in air,
Entered the village triumphantly,
*So-bo-irr, So-bo-irr,*¹
Echoed the village, for days,
Fat kept floating in the village ponds.

One day,
Loaded on Jeeps and Lorries people swarmed,
One Pot bellied man-
Golden rings glittering in his fingers,
Bowed to one and all,
Touched cheeks of children with snot dried,
Talked how to make the village beautiful,
With good schools, hospital and electricity,
Begged for Votes,
Showing his symbol said-
My symbol is your symbol,
Never forget to put your mark.
Mounting back the vehicle asked-
How much we will net?
Not a single will go outside, sir
Just have to spend some before the fateful day.

BReponDi basi Aiseru,
GuEli tani Esoli dinu-
RonDe beE Oreki saleE, Ajna,
BhuTo Agone ikoli lanja dine.

E beOTi bateru,
Tlau jarsuRaka,gaRapoRanga marataka,
Ajasani guRaki Dabanga,
BuDangani kalu jinjeranga,
najuguRa Odanga boji tosanai,
Kari karteru,
DeRi neDanga mehanai ruhka Ogiteru,
BRepondi po'kteru,
Mande sorkari baimane,
Begali chinho gaTaka budi gianeru,
Gule loku maibaha bhuTo sideru.

OteE ronisi jipingaRai laringaRai,
Dolanga besi besi sajiseru,
Kalka panjana gooli Aiseru,
So-bo-irr,so-bo-irr,
Johari maTasi DolaTuTu gatani,
PungaRai musaseru,
naju solba to durukata-
GaRibeE nisa giAteru.

After that,
Came on motorbikes riding-
The hay-haired, big muscled and heavy built,
Offering tobacco to women,
Liquor to the old men and feast for all,
Laid the trap.
On return they announced aloud-
Our government is coming,
Others may fool you,
Cast your vote to us.

Again one day,
They came loaded on jeeps and Lorries,
With drums beating and loud speakers cheering,
Hip-hip hurray, Hip-hip hurray,
The man who bowed to one and all,
Was decked with garlands,
Leave alone to enter,
Did not even stop at the village.

KutkaRai puTonga mrungitu,
Iskuli kuDutara brisa piju nogde,
Mainaju paheri pijuta menDanga kRuinu,
PaipoRai rongosiru beE baisiDo,
Oneni paRa mase Aba-
Alu baRata siru neskinenju.

BaRonDi OTeE bhuTo mane,
Dolanga Dolanga TuTugaTaka ,
Sunamudinga kiAna ,
OTE rihegi plambu soDaneru.

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Slowly the posters got teared,
Rain washed writing on the school wall,
Village road is bumpy as ever,
Not even yellow water comes from tube well,
Teacher in the neighbouring village,
Irrigating his potato field.

Next year,
There will be election,
The men with potbelly and golden rings,
May come for hunting again.



Pana kappa

ningake E jhionitanji,
Isara sunjiti,
Koju rihe klateDeE,
PoTakaTinga Ritu,
Ura bangoRe mehisa,
SRohanane bega boDoRi.

Srohpinane bela sajine Andari,
Ajuto netokisana,
Jhio salakari iskuli,
Mainaju iskuliki to didi baisiDe,
Ese sanjinema.
Mai Gunduri Ateka mastreNi !

Uh !OnganbaRi Aneki AE,
Eseduru mastreNi.

nee suDaRai negikata Eseka bane,
igarito mionaju Sonto Apo tohnenju meTriki,
bloku,tahasilitani bari kokeru-
mahapatronga Potnaiko babunga,
maimiDaka sRohtekani mande Ani Aji,
mehpisiDai,
jhioni saTifikeTi selu Ese paheri gipinji.

ECLIPSE

Awake, my husband
Still asleep,
The cock doodled twice,
Birds chattering aloud,
Look through the roof gaps,
How bright is the morning star!

See, rises the Sun recedes darkness-
We will go to forest,
Our daughter must go to school,
No teacher comes to our village school,
How good it would be-
If my Gunduri becomes a teacher!

Oh, so difficult to be an anganwadi,
Teaher- a pipe dream.

Will you ever utter any thing good?
Santh aapo¹ of next street appearing in Matric,
In the block and Tehsil offices,
There will be no more only,
Mahapatra and Patnaik babus,
When our children will come up,
There will be nothing to fear,
Can't you see, how many times you shuttle-
To get a certificate!

Kursi kokpimane loku kuiti,
Kursitani kokteka gule deriloku,
Maibaha manjaduhne mande saki duku.

ningaka O kalupoTa karainjate julu,
rieesitai ideTukna pihasiDaroO kalu,
Anu sajimai netoki Eju Dusana-
UjaRitini Tuku giAna Dosaduhmu joma pojana.

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Hey! The chair seats on the man,
Babus feel aloof,
Whoever may sit,
We will have problems, grief as ever.

Get up, you drunkard,
Sun is shining so bright,
Last night's liquor still hangs on,
I am out to forest taking all rice meal,
Showing your back to Light,
You sleep to hell.



Si'Disaki

ATapanga broDi Rugatani
GanDi ronDe diAmase,
Kusaboro sarunijugiba bajasi lokutaka,
Kakani moRinga Ahana grusana mehpiseru,
Kaka baritake sajiseru,
nuResaba gina sidisaki-
muda dahpiseru.

Beska tasasaka Eseloku Enga kolej miDanga,
Lokuri Dusteru,
SinDanga dukaniRai punisinDa-
Sitaranga bahaRai TaTi takateru,
TaNaRai Desaane ganDi trepteru.

GuTa bringani tlaui made tiri muhun,
Mehteka ispine salaAside jeeu,
MuhunRai sRohpine supaRi ujaRi,
Aandari muDenji tani bega boDoRi,
Susamani kan-gani trupka toskine-
Kalenkala nimbinari mono,
BaDiuDi Ajana braDinari mono.

THE GLOOM

Under the banyan tree of market ground,
A body was seen,
People coming to buy grocery and vegetables,
Surrounded it till their hands cramped,
Returning they queried,
Is the death natural or else?

Some sellers of firewood and college guys,
Arranged for a funeral,
They brought a shroud, Bamboos for the bier,
Lifted the body to the bier.

Amid the loosened hair was a divine face,
As in the dawn comes up the Venus,
A lily dew drenched, moon peeping from the cloud,
Her closed eyes transpired a desire to live till the End.

Guleloku Ajanai ganDi Desteru,
Kuidina rahaRai ganDi Oiseru,
Mmasi siDatari muDenji nikte,
MuDenji sada Ajana buru diAte,
GanDi beOTi sajisaka senDoki mehteru,
KalimuDenji made pideripita,
Dakitlau kosikosi bre brena Ri maseru,
Emberi tuRenjiki OpinjeruA,
SaAsiDe,saAnari iri,
O laja siDanateru.

KanDurka piju puhanai ,
Ningite sunjaimasi ganDi,
Dehkasaka Ajibaga duruki degiteru.

tlauguTa loksanai Aja Arte,
naibahangi badu,
O' nai miDakanDeru,
PlitibelaRai Anu mil suDatanu kata,
DakiRai siAnjai Anu minge raka.

Ese base poRi Adu sasi,hindi,inglisi,
nange iru buRjakuna,
Anuto mi mramu tika,
Kuikata.

The bier marched in procession,
On the main road of Kuidina,
The sky broke with thunder,
The people following lifted their faces,
In the dark clouds –
Forefathers were crying frantically,
Beating their chest.

How are you carrying her to pyre,
Who is not dead?
For heaven sake, stop it.
O! Shameless,
Clouds crushed and started to ooze,
Drenched with rain of tears,
She came back to life,
The bier bearers fled in panic.

Regaining her consciousness,
She called with arms stretched,
Come to me, O! my children,
Do not forget I am your voice,
I am the first word of the child
Have given life from my blood,
Learn French, Bangla, Hindi and English.
Do not leave Kui,
Your flag and voice.



Kakadraga

neDe baDi senDo suga –

Bestamu Anari ?

neDe koksane kalugoTi senDo sarta Teki.

tiri tiri siru kuiTi toskinu,

keranga Eanari-

bestamu Anari?

Kalu gilasia iTka ketanga kRuinu,

draga Eri Esari.

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WHIRLPOOL

Then, solve this riddle –
It's dry rock at the bottom with
A pool atop.
Yes, it's the Saragosa Palm¹
Where from flows the elixir.

One more knot to unravel-
So clear is its water,
Yet unfathomable –
Oh, its a cup of Mahua² liquor,
Where sink –
Hundreds of men, houses and fortune
A spurious whirlpool.



Taj mahal

DoDa soru tini isenju,
nee neDeTi baha ike siAmu,
Dindabali paTangani japisenju,
nage baDi ronDasiadu,
Anu nai poraNikadini selu,
RonDa mondiro gaRigiee,
Soru enga joRi dapeE injana kin isu.

UstuguDu gahi naju briti kuRitani,
KanDruka taski taski bikali Aisenju,
Bestamu rajali,
niselu Anu Anagiee ?

nande baRa sideto Ana Ate,
Dono siDoO to Ana Ate,
Anuto mai,
Inu Anu Adanai roAsu,
nee pihana salbane Anuto pahaRaka,
EARiki,
nai ganDitani tiniTi Enga debaTi rahiAna,
Anu OrjiAi inu loktadi,
Anu mudi kiteka kajuta-
niselu kiseRi koDajiAi,
nai kaDutangi soteRi koDitake,
paujumangaReE ninge sojo giAi.

TAJ MAHAL

He pleaded to the Doda¹
For a plot of land at its foot hills,
Asked the rocks of Dindabali² a Stone,
For he needed to build a temple,
In memory of his beloved wife,
Unbelieving the tiny man,
The rocks and the hill kept mum.

In a broken hut in Ustugudu³ street
Tearfully he thought of a timeless memorial,
For his departed love.

Have no land or riches, not to worry
For I am here,
You and me are one.
I am only a half having lost my love,
Therefore, we will live,
In my single body, sharing left and right,
I will earn and you will nurse,
When I wear a ring on my finger,
An earring will be for you,
Shoes for me will also bring
An anklet for the left foot.

GaRa raha DanDotani sajisaka,
MiDanga,labenga Enga buDagaTaru,
Eani mehana kapkiseru,
Mehdu, iAnju bai Ainenju,
Loku bai Atara mehana-
Eanju kaktenju, Riteju Enga Enditenju,
Sango besi besi,gaNi Esi Esi.

Idali Ote bojariA Dolgu RieesiDe,
GaRi jopimani miDakani jambagibatiki,
Embai Ote EndaisiDe,
JujisTi naiko Aba nimba masekani,
Kata podeka tiki Itka bripkimani,
UDana kuikui saimani ponDerinDi ,
KorT DepaRai nisana mehnuma,
Sajamani taRa kuRaniselu,
Isingi siasenju EAnju ,
TaRa ganDiTara ro pahaRi.

GeTe EAni meli Aja duhnema
rajeni Topri,
Ote ronDe tajmahal
nisa duhnema kuidina tani.



The children, young and aged alike
Walking in the streets of G.Udayagiri
Laughed at his sight, thought him mad
Seeing people's madness he too
Laughed, cried and danced
Beating his Changu¹ and singing to himself.

Now, the streets wear silence,
No more Changu beats heard,
To tickle the crying children to laugh,
No one sings and dances at the bus stop,
Had he⁵ been alive today,
The couples bidding for divorce over a trifle,
Would have seen from the Court Verandah,
How an old man still loved,
Had given half of his body
To his lost beloved,
Was a memorial in walking.

Had he ever been bestowed,
The crown of an emperor,
One more Tajmahal would have stood,
On the soil of this Kuidina.



KanDruka gipimase toRi

Kata poOngite,
Aimane kuinga Domanga kala,
Esoli ganDinga kuritu,Itka kuTka bRosu isu,
Loku degiteru gosagosa desa tuhana,
BaRonganDo miOTi mahadoRi tani
ApimiDa suskimase,
Paheri taka muARe saki EskiRai,
Kara bateka tijaisiDe,
tarka tiseka ningaisiDe,
kuidina maran Aja-
bihanga pehipehi jopimase
KanDruka gipimase toRi.

denge dengena nisamani ghaipiRatani,
guRani Aja tlau pojana koksamase,
neDe geerjaiDu naRi kapsase,
EARini miDanga DuRanga keranga Ahana,
tarune tarune kala saiseru,
koido dikateru.
Musasaka Esigala ghaipiRa briпка,
Baru pihana sapsa duhnema naRi,
kamba duhema kuidina kala kuturum Rai.

LAMENTING MOTHER

News spread like wildfire,
The conflict among the Kuinga and Domanga
Flared up.

Many people died and houses smashed,
People ran leaving their home and hearth,
In the mango groves outskirts Bhalingia,
A little girl was asleep,
With hunger and fatigue,
Neither the heat of the Sun
Or biting of ants could wake her up,
Mother Kuidina,
Waving flies from the child,
Sat lamenting.

On the wall of the check dam,
Was sitting remorse, head in hand,
Watching the smoke and fire
Arising from the burning church.
Her own children,
Armed with lathies and weapons
Fighting among themselves, and
Were put behind bars.
Had she been able to break the dam wall
Would have put out the fire,
Washing all enmity away.
Could the Dibari Hill move,
Must have stood amid the market place,
No stone would have hit either,
The face of Kuidina would have been,
Saved from a dark smear.

taka musasake Esigala Dibari,
sajana nisinema Atamade,
roAnitari baDironDe begani goRema,
kuidina gaDatani Ahema srobi.

Rieemane kuidina Daki l:osi kosi,
Begari kataReE Aba saAdu mruksi mruksi,
Tikanga uhamai inji nande Ajiside,
TuAlaka TaTamai inji nande laja side,
ro raka tateru iru kala satekani,
Emberiselu injana Riee Anu.
KuEni бага gina Domeni bagi.

Iru baDiuDi Ateka sina poNo nandari,
miee itka bringitake Anu Embe ruDiee,
lokumade muhun isingiana tosiee,
begali loku kataRai baiAba kuna,
O' nai poraNi kaDi.

+++

Mother Kuidina cries beating her chest,
Do not plunge into conflict on others incite,
I am never ashamed of my tattooed face,
Or my short clothing.

You, my children share same blood,
For whom shall I mourn,
A kuenju or a domenju?

My pride is in your progress,
How shall I show my face to the world,
If you are ruined!
Never go astray,
O my sweet children,
Keep peace and harmony,
The tonic of growth.



Ganda maha

Tipo Degata Agani mahata
EmbeTi Adite raka,
Bestamu mange Bestamu mange,
O ganda mahaRe,
rogosi kalo kata.

Bhonjo rajenju raijo tuhana
margitenju rajagaRa DoDasoru,
kuidina gule ronDane Ajana
Angiteru Gura saibongani,
GRapasiateru andarikuTu,
GoRa rakaRe sitribetu paTabaDinga,
pada rahiAte goRaraka soru.

O ganda mahaRe,
Embeki saseru kuidina poRanga,
Bangu malika, Kanu, Sidu-
losagiaseru kui klambugule,
dospollaRai baibali Ramna,
DoDasoru kola tani.

Esoli ganDinga kuritu imba,
Esoli tlaka trongitu imba,
gaRigiba Embai mune,
gandamaha seera ketanga neDanga,
PaTali Ahte lokuraka,
E rakaRai suTanga pahanu,
ganda Aine nande maha.

THE MUTE WITNESS

In the fruit of a lofty mango tree,
How comes smell of human blood,
Reveal to us, reveal to us
O! Gandamaha¹
The tales of the Yore.

Bhanja king loosing the throne
Sheltered in Rajagada² and the Doda hill,
British police could not cross Andharikot³,
Breaking people's resistance.
Blood of the slain horses,
Tanned the rocks into red,
Hill bears the name Godaraka⁴.

Tell us, where gone
The Kuidina heroes
Bangu Maalika, Kanhu and Siddu⁵,
Who united the people,
From Daspalla to Baibali⁶
At the Dodahill
O' witness
Can you ever tell?

Countless bodies lay beheaded
Soil drenched in the blood,
Leeches born then still exist
Mangoes got the blood smell.

Tangi TeepoRai jasasi rakaRe
Bangu malika briпка muAtenju kaka,
Ese dinarati margitenju gosa
Dahteru gura paikanga,
tule naDangi pangeRisugata-
kaka ura gipisani,
gura pulisanga Ahteru malikai,
Reteru sitapanga gunDabroDitani.

O gandamahaRe,
kuidinaselu poraNi sitariee,
buRjite kuidina,
EAri pada sodi muda side,
PaTho putinga itihaso duru kata,
rosel saibo, mokoDela saibo,
brisiteru bangu malika kata.

sitapangaRe seetaDobanga
TakuRamna muhiAtu,
itihaso chinho gunDabroDiReE
Ese bhaTi iTa bete!
OThoromuThaRe kanu sidu beE
Anabani mrangiteru,
i kuidinaRe Eseka Ejine Andari
mai loku tijineru?

+++

Blood dripping from the axe tip,
Clotted Maalika's hands joined,
Escaping to wild,
He roamed for days,
Sans food, sans water,
While dipping his hands in Pangedi suga'
British caught him at midnight,
Maalika died a martyr's death
Hanged on Gundabrodi⁸ at Sitapanga.

Russel Saheb⁹ and Mokodela Saheb¹⁰ wrote
The bravery and crushing of the heroes
No book ever teaches our children,
History keeps silence,
The martyrs who laid their lives,
Still go unsung.

In the drifting of time,
The holy banyan tree,
Cut for the brick kilns,
Kanhu and Siddu too forgotten,
Atharamutha¹¹ slumbers in silence,
When will recede this darkness,
And my people will awake?



PiriDaRi

paDretaA ketanga Embai Dasane,
paTaA dhono gule musana iTanenju,
OReki toskine PiriDaRi.

piritani kuDi siDe-
kuDidiatake piri koDi beE tineE,
goda goda putinga poRiAteka AnaAne,
katatani geTe jeDapodo siDe.

Esoli maTiti Enga Esoli koOti,
preju giana Dasiti Ese gohNi,
dinaselu geTe Dunjiti ronisi,
kalenkala nisaduhne nee padatari,
PiriDaRi.

+++

HAYSTACK

Why to argue about his Land
In acres or hectares,
Rich man has buried all his riches,
What visible is the haystack.

The entire paddy thrashed out of hay,
Hay is not tasty even to cattle,
If paddy was unripe, stale.
What is the use of heaps of books read,
If not learnt to say a kind-word!

How much you showed and reaped,
Grabbed much more in secret,
If lived a day for the country-
Defying wither of time will be standing,
A glorious hay stack.



Penu kura

tlau kuiTi karatani
poTakaTi Ruga dahpisani
gosamade kuraRi injise
Toh, Toh, Toh,
KuraRitinge paro igjana
Kambaimasi TuTuRai baise
behnari ukoRi,
mungeli TeepoRai japisi karaReE
tahpa beju puhaimase,
mRangaimase gari,
baro miru paTinga, kunDra daranga,
tahpimasi AbanganDeru-
minge johari, johari.

muhuri begaRai kanDiruRa musanai,
trongamiDa Epogiana, Eju Dusanai,
pangamani gaTasakaRe
gomna gomna baDinga DuDana
paheri takaimani AjasanDeru,
Minge johari, johari.

PILGRIMAGE

When the Sun rained hot over the head,
Birds too retired to shade,
The sound of axe hewing wood,
Did not stop –
Rhyming the beat,
Hot air exhaled from a burning stomach,
Sweat drops falling from steep nose,
Spreading the lines on the log,
Hands, who furnished,
Eighteen feet beams, single plank doors,
My Salutations, to thee.

Well before the sunrise,
Packing crawling babies on their back,
Icy pebbles and sharp stones,
Pinching the cracked heels,
Those Mothers who walked incessantly,
Salutations to thee.

kuidinata bajamane Ese dukusaki,
minda TuTu tali giana
mange panja gianaderu,
siri siri penitani
beska Angaranga Dusanai
sorka sorka Aka koAnai,
maiselu paTaputi sianaderu,
AjaAba,
minge johari, johari, johari.

+++

Time and again,
When draught plagued over this Kuidina,
Living upon tubers, mango kernel and saragosa stuff,
Fed us, even you starved,
You have led us ahead.

In the chilling winter,
Carried fire wood and charcoal to towns,
Collected Siali leaves from hills,
Daring all fears of the wild,
Bought slates, chalks and textbooks for us.
The parents,
Salutations, Salutations to thee.



Reference

The Magic Pot:

1. Wife of father's elder brother or any one of such relations in the village.
2. A kui folk tale endorsing uncle (maternal)-nephew relation between man and wild dog with a belief that for this reason, wild dogs do not attack humans.
3. Indicates the length of a story in time to cover the distance.
4. The festival of buffalo sacrifice to earth goddess among the Khonds of Kandhamal district.
5. A custom in Kandhamal of saying happy farewell to grandmother on death who lived a long life.

The Hollow Drum:

1. It is a wooden instrument played with two sticks to ward off birds and monkeys.
2. This is a simple beat of music of hollow drum. The letters in bold indicate high pitch.
3. A high rise rock in the forest where it is said that Peacock used to dance during the rain.
4. A place where Mohua liquor is distilled, generally, a place with a water source.
5. The hill in the western side of Village Kalinga in Kandhamal district.

Ode to Golden Oriole:

1. The Kui speaking area as a whole.
2. Villages in the district of Kandhamal popular through Kui songs.
3. The tree *Madhuca indica*.

Lycanthrope:

1. The word comes from two Greek words Lycos and Anthropos meaning a man transformed into a hyena. A magic of changing oneself to a werewolf. In the present context, into a tiger.
2. It is believed in Kuidina that tiger passes through a particular route in the full moon night.

Garden Chair:

1. A hillock at the foothills of Mokoghat near Gohna chowk.
2. A Ghat road between G.udaygiri and Paburia in Kandhamal district.

Kalinga Ghat:

1. A hill in Kalinga Ghat cutting which the road is made.
2. Places famous for medical college and hospitals.
3. A river originating in Kandhamal district.

Catching a Porcupine:

1. Aaba-A word of respect for elders in Kui language.

My Village:

1. The Boralaka festival in kui culture is observed in the month of September or October after getting autumn dry land paddy. In that festival, there is a custom of sweeping flies from every house of the street by children and maidens in the evening.

Baimala Bus:

1. A Ghat road between G. udaygiri and Paburia in Kandhamal district.
2. A village enroute Paburia after Mokoghat.

Hunting:

1. In Kui, the slogan " So-bo-irr, So-bo-irr," is only used while a returning after hunting. Hip-Hip Hurrey may convey the closest sense.

Eclipse:

1. A word used for junior boys in affection, literally younger brother in Kui.

Whirpool:

1. A branchless tree from which white sweet juice is harvested and used as staple drink mainly by tribals viz. Khonds and Bondas.
2. Mohua (*Madhuca Indica*), from its flower liquor is distilled.

TajMahal:

1. The tallest hill of Kandhamal district located in the west of G.Udayagiri.
2. A place at the outskirts of G.Udayagiri enroute Gresingia.
3. A street at the entrance of G.Udayagiri town from the east.
4. One sided large hand drum played with two sticks.
5. Late Jujhisti Naik, working in NAC office, G. Udayagiri.

The Mute Witness:

1. Literally, a smelling mango tree in Kui. Such a tree existed in East of Kurumingia in G. Udayagiri tehsil where there was a battle of Khonds with British due to smell of blood it was cut by people.
2. In the interior of Kalinga ghat forests was a hideout of Bhanja king; remnants of structures still exist in the place.

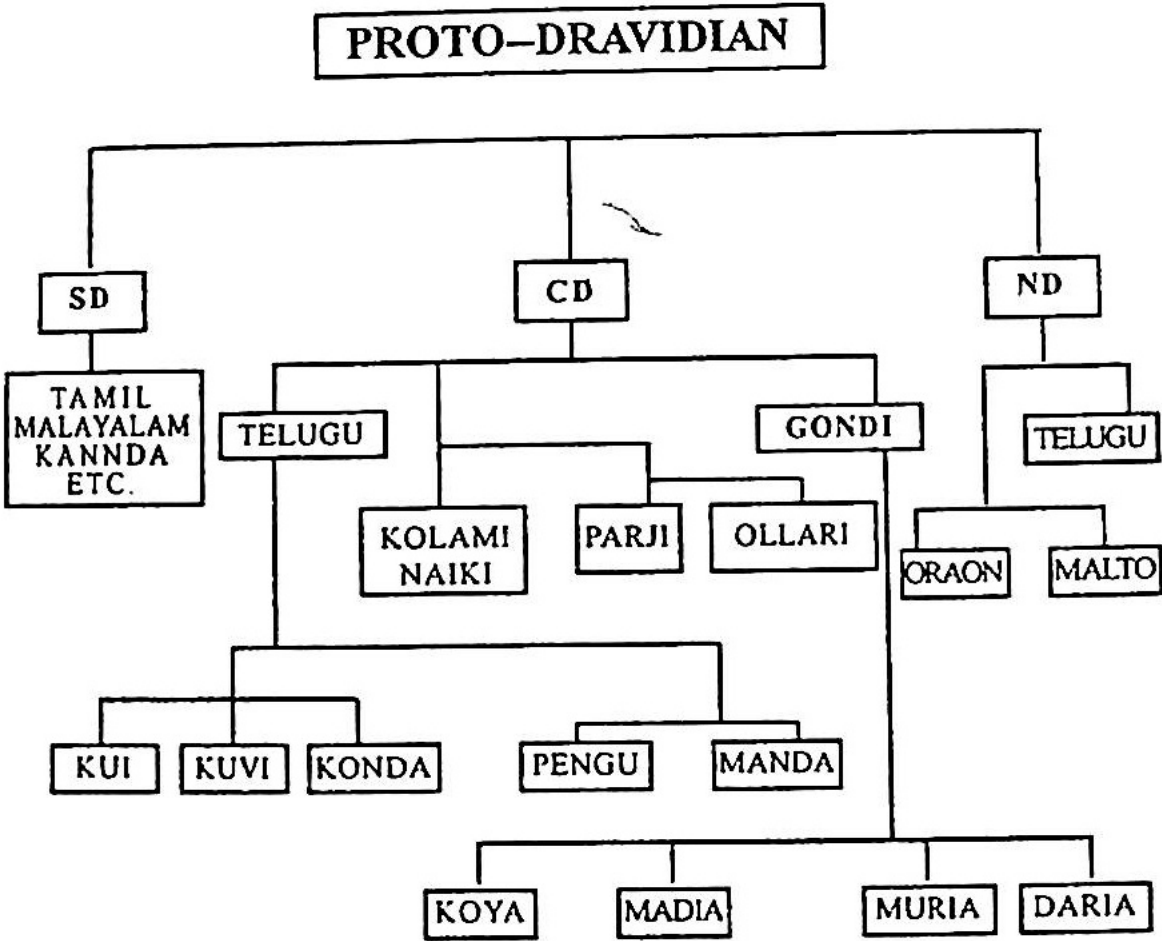
3. A place in Kalinga Ghat through which ancient road between Ganjam and Kurumungia existed.
4. A hill bordering Ganjam and Kandhamal district near Drapingia in Bhanjnagar Tehsil.
5. Bangu Maalika was from the village Kurumungia. Kanhu and Siddu were from Ratamendi village. All the tribal leaders who fought against British in different areas.
6. Baibali of Soroda Tehsil of Ganjam district. Andhrakot and Baibali were two routes for migration of Khonds to Kandhamals.
7. A source of water in Kurumungia village. (Suga means Chua in Kui.)
8. Name of Banyan tree where Bangu Maalika was hanged in Sitapanga near Kurumungia.
9. G.E. Russel, after whom Bhanjnagar was known as Russel Konda.
10. Capt. S.C. Macpherson was collector of Ganjam. Both Russel and Macpherson were given the task of suppression of human sacrifice among Khonds. Also see – Some Khond songs by J.E. Friend – Perriera, *Journal of Asiatic Society of Bengal*, Vol. LXVIII, 1899.
11. A group of villagers is called a *mutha*. The *mutha* is governed by a sardar who is known as *mutha malika* or *mutha sardar*. He settles social disputes. (courtesy: Orissa District Gazetteers – Boudh-Khondmals, 1983)

Pilgrimage:

1. Siali (Botanical Name: *Bauhinia vahili*).



Appendix-I:



Appendix-II:

Phonetic adoption for Kui

Kui	Oriya	Instance
A	ଅ	<u>A</u> pple
B/b	ବ	<u>B</u> ob
Ch	ଚ	<u>C</u> hennai
Chh	ଛ	<u>C</u> hhtrapur
D	ଡ	<u>D</u> umb
d	ଦ	Bag <u>d</u> ad
E	ଏ	<u>E</u> gg
F/f	ଫ	<u>F</u> un
G/g	ଗ	<u>G</u> od
H/h	ହ	<u>H</u> orse
I	ଇ	<u>I</u> ndonesia
J/j	ଜୟ	<u>J</u> oy
K/k	କ	<u>K</u> angaroo
Ll	ଲ	<u>L</u> ocket
M/m	ମ	<u>M</u> oney
N	ଣ	Ra <u>v</u> ana
n	ନ	<u>n</u> omination

O	ଓ	<u>O</u> thello
P/p	ପ	<u>P</u> uppy
R	ଡ	Raig <u>a</u> rh
S	ସ/ଷ	<u>S</u> un
T	ଟ	<u>T</u> om
t	ଡ	<u>th</u> ief
U/u	ଉ	<u>U</u> lanbator
V	ଭ	<u>V</u> odka
W	ଝ	<u>W</u> ork
Y	ୟ	<u>Y</u> olk
Z	ଝ	<u>Z</u> one

Vowel & Following Consonants

Kui	Oriya	Instance
Ka	କା	K <u>a</u> shmir
Ke	କେ	<u>K</u> ettle
Kee	କୀ	<u>K</u> een
Ki	କି	K <u>i</u> ck
Ko	କ	<u>C</u> ost
Ko	କୋ	<u>C</u> oast
Koo	କୁ	<u>P</u> ool
Ku	କୁ	<u>P</u> ut

Consonants Following Consonants

Kui	Oriya	Instance
Bh	ଭ	<u>B</u> hubaneswar
Kh	ଖ	<u>K</u> horasan
Kl	କ୍ଳ	<u>C</u> lamp
KR	କ୍ୱ	-
nD	ଣ୍ଡ	<u>B</u> and
nd	ନ୍ଦ	Porband <u>a</u> r
oh	ଓଃ	<u>W</u> oh
jn	ଜ୍ଞ	<u>J</u> naneswar
ng	ଙ୍ଗ	<u>G</u> oing (but not as in revenge)



*An Oriole
From The Hills*

Walter D. Hodge



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