2018

After Much Pain

Bibhu Padhi
studio1@csbsju.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one/vol43/iss1/33

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Studio One by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@csbsju.edu.
AFTER MUCH PAIN

“After great pain, a formal feeling comes”
Emily Dickinson

After much pain, a feeling alone is there—alien, far from all that you have known from books and pictures, scientists’ discoveries, wisdom’s commentaries.

The mind finally feels distant, the body is drawn away from its basic functions, feels too amply satisfied to remember itself or other bodies, other worlds, not its own.

Body and mind are entwined by a thread of compassion for the heart’s much-dislocated spaces and years, happenings of hopes and tears that could never be what they were meant to be, while the passive earth looks on and withdraws into itself, as if it was thinking of something gone wrong somewhere in the wild universe—something it had never witnessed or understood.

The time is late morning now, and there are invitations from near and faraway places, each to be attended to, taken notice of, each to be believed as something where no pain could ever be, no tears.

Every small thing is overly busy recollecting itself in the very middle of a whirlpool of disbelief, even as the same feeling quietly relaxes, recalls each pain and insult, each piece of advice, each earlier body.

-Bibhu Padhi
Odisha, India