

*Tapati Gupta***Making Bridges**

Bird calls encourage me to make bridges  
Over crevices of the night  
Into dense leaves  
Where sleeping sparrows dream.  
She who wears the sun in her hair  
And steps over moonbeams  
To vanish into the night air  
Inspires me to build bridges.  
But I look in vain for  
Mortar and bricks, steel rods and sand  
To make my bridge.  
At last the crow at my window  
Offers to make my bridge with the sticks it has gathered  
To build its nest.  
“Why do you waste those twigs  
That you have brought, how will you build your nest?” I asked .  
“Your bridge is more important”, it said,  
Because you cannot fly to connect with distant places.  
I am better off than you. I carry the world on my wings,  
My silver gray wings.”  
So finally my bridge of twigs is built

And now I can go to you  
Who walk the universe balancing the sun on your head,  
Your feet washed with moonbeams.

**Dr Tapati Gupta** is retired Professor of Calcutta University and former Head of the Department of English. She is a theatre studies scholar, translator, painter and creative and academic writer. Her edited and co-edited volumes include *Tagore and Modernity*, *Harvest Modern Bengali Short Stories in Translation, Vols. 1&2*, *Bankimchandra's Bangadarshan*, *Selected Essays in Translation*, *Contemporary Indian Theatre*. Dr. Gupta has also been an art critic in art journals and reputed dailies. Her research papers on theatre have been published in journals both national and international. She has travelled extensively and read research papers in many international conferences and has been on the research team 'Ibsen Between Cultures' of Oslo University. She has been guest professor in the universities of Oslo, Leeds and Vienna. Her volume of poetry is in press now. She is currently preparing for publication a book on modern Bengali drama.