

MESSAGE OF THE GREAT LITTERATEUR
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This Museum

This is no museum - as it is said -
For, as you know, a museum is dead.
~~And thus which millions shall come to see~~
Is all alive with immortality.

Here, like a panorama, wide-unfurled
Before us lie the treasures of the world:
Ivory statuettes, great pairs of girdle
mirrors and boxes with bright jewels inlaid,
Persian carpets, ivory carpets - and
Carpets of multi-colours from our land
With sail that's multi-coloured... Chandeliers
Of choicest crystal, tiers on glittering tiers
Rising in curved chains without a fleck
These chandeliers, are obviously Czech,
(Perhaps, from Prague) - suddenly swim to view
Miraculous China vases tinged a blue
That is the soul of blue, not blue alone,
A blue that almost makes blue heavens atone
For their pale-blueness... China through whose art
You see the throbbing of an ancient heart
Laden with majesty subtly drawn
Out of the secrets of man's earliest dawn;
Egypt is here, and Russia and Japan,
All history of time and place and man
Fluents as from room to room and never

ceases

To take our breath away with
its great masterpieces