Field Notes

Eight photos, eight captions

In the spirit of Jibanananda Das, Frost, Tagore, Ray, Oliver and Whitman

Not Rumi. Not Himu. Not Imtiaz Ali. Something else, on purpose.

Photo 1 of 8



The sun is going down over the paddy, and he is in no hurry to follow it. In this light, the whole field turns to gold — and for a moment, so does he.

— after Jibanananda Das, the poet of Bengal’s fields and dusk



“The woods are lovely, dark and deep, but I have promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep.”

— Robert Frost, “Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening”

Photo 3 of 8



He looks at the field the way Apu looked at the train — not like something to own, but like something to remember. The sunglasses are new. The wonder is old.

— after Satyajit Ray’s Pather Panchali



Red checks, a silver watch, hands with nothing to hold. Some afternoons are not for doing — they are for standing in a field and letting the time pass through you.

Photo 5 of 8



The last light catches the building and turns the concrete to gold. Evening does not ask permission — it just arrives, and everything ordinary becomes something else.

— after Rabindranath Tagore

Photo 6 of 8



The rice is almost ripe, bending under its own weight. The field waited all season for this — green giving way to gold, quietly, without asking anyone to notice.

— after Jibanananda Das

Photo 7 of 8



A water hyacinth opens in the mud, purple against the green — as if the field kept one small, beautiful secret for itself.

— after Mary Oliver

Photo 8 of 8



Arms crossed, red shirt against the green field. He is not waiting for anyone. He is just here — and that is enough.

— after Walt Whitman