

# I won't come

By Kabir

Translated by Arvind Krishna Mehrotra

I won't come

I won't go

I won't live

I won't die

I'll keep uttering

The name

And lose myself

In it

I'm bowl

And I'm platter

I'm man

And I'm woman

I'm grapefruit

And I'm sweet lime

I'm Hindu

And I'm Muslim

I'm fish

And I'm net

I'm fisherman

And I'm time

I'm nothing

Says Kabir

I'm not among the living

Or the dead

Notes:

[Read the translator's notes on this poem.](#)

Source: *Poetry* (March 2011)