

Two Poems by Abhijeet Gogoi

The Story of a Hand

While digging into the privacy
Of a blue night
My path was suddenly blocked by a hand
All skin and bones.
Waiving itself it dashed off
Towards me.

The hand somehow attracted me
But I could not gather up courage
To go near it.

The lines in the hand
Got tangled
In the cottage of my mind
Breath turned into a boat.

Looking at the birds
Which flew away
When they were fully fledged
The hand rowing the boat of breath said,
' Its a story of the hand.'

Waiting has its own Glee

Alluring of land
The song of a flower

Look! Sadness is gone
Replaced by giggle.

The loyal
The future
Land flower smiles.

May be
Waiting is alluring
Because there are
Land flowers and smiles.

[Translated by Ananda Bormudoj]

Abhijeet Gogoi is a young Assamese poet based in Demow, Assam.