

# Two Poems by Atul Bordoloi

## What Season is it Now

What Season is it now  
Doubts and fears all around  
Vision is blurred  
Eyesight totters.

Only darkness advances limping at dawn.

In the morning sunshine  
I stumble over  
Grey pebbles on the road.

Lightning adorns the sky  
With a whistle  
Among the dark clouds.

I am thoroughly drenched  
In showers one after another  
In the thirst of my heart  
I have gathered yellow heat of the sun.

In silence grows green splendour  
Broken hearts also feel a tide  
For love of a song life sings a chorus.

A thousand eyes can watch  
Myriad colours.

What season is it now  
What season?

## In the Month of *Shravan*

The smell of slime in *Shravan*  
Wakes me up at night  
The leaking roof  
The mind in void  
The thundering clouds at night  
A ballad of hard times.

Whose hand can offer  
A shelter for peace  
Whose eyes can illuminate  
Riding on a galloping horse  
To break free from bondage?

Whose quivering lips  
Break the silence of the hour  
To converse on renewal of life?

Fighting our way, we die or survive.

Look! the ancient tree is overjoyed  
As it blossoms forth.  
Open your eyes  
Keep hand on hand.  
Store in your heart  
The splendour of the rice plants  
The beehive of your dream is sweet.

Heavy shower descends  
For its love of the earth  
And the earth is thoroughly drenched.  
The earth dances in a trance  
The dream of a new life murmurs.

[Translated by Ananda Bormudoi]

**Atul Bordoloi** is a contemporary Assamese poet.