

Two Poems by Dr. Meena Devi Baruah

A Few Stanzas

(1)

It is time for sunset
The sky is afire
Trees, creepers and the grass
Are all agog.

(2)

The mind is all a quivering
Enchanting colours
The stallions are restless.

(3)

The west wind is playful
Dust ridden earth is thrilled
Shyness of the frill loses itself
In the red of *palash*.

(4)

Phagun burns in *palash*
Fallen flowers weep
Phagun consoles them.

(5)

Naked branches dream
Re-assuring clouds clasp
Vernal woods arrive.

(6)

Life's here
Is in frenzied *Phagun*
The outcry echoes.

The Impossible Possibility

It may not be easy
And neither is it impossible
To keep life in order.
The sky sagging low
Spreads out the rainbow
Across the sky.
Suffering handicaps you
And yet the birds sing in joy
At dawn.
Worried over losing security
The newborn babe cries
And that is novel, eternal.
The rainbow maynot be spread
Across the sky
And yet the canopy
Is above us.
The birds know how to pick happiness.
The river that has been for ever flowing
Towards the sea with all passion spent
Fought a battle against heavy odds.
Who is free from pain?

The way to suffer
Is the way to happiness.
Tejimola blossomed forth
In the fire of pain.
The strings are unbroken
Play the melody.

[Translated by Ananda Bormudoi]

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Dr. Meena Devi Baruah is an Assamese poet and author based in Doomdooma, Tinsukia, Assam. Her poems have been published in *Prantik* and other leading magazines of Assam. She has two collections of poems to her credit. She can be reached at: meenabaruah2@gmail.com