

# Two Poems by Geetanjali Borkotoky

## A Phone Call

A phone call has a life giving power.

A phone call may have  
The source of a short fiction.

A phone call may create rapport.

A phone call may illuminate  
The dark room of an old home.

Loneliness may be dispelled  
By a phone call.

A phone call may end a war  
And negotiate a treaty.

A phone call may enliven  
A dead city, a sigh  
And a dead dream  
A dried river  
And a withered leaf.

A phone call can  
Negotiate a peace talk.

## In Losing Words

For quite a few days  
I have suffered from absence of words.  
My thoughts, my soul, my consciousness  
Are all buried in the dust.  
I sit clasping barren time.

Words spiral out  
In curls of smoke.

Void is unendurable  
I am upset  
By non fulfillment.

I strike myself  
With a sharp weapon  
Scrutinize myself closely.

Where are the words basking in the sun  
In a flowing river  
On the wings of the birds  
Or on the red flowers of *Fagun*?

I need them  
To communicate love.

[Translated by Ananda Bormudoi]

**Geetanjali Borkotoky** is a young Assamese poet based in Namrup, Assam.