

Two poems by Hemaprova Moran

House

In the green valley of my heart
I am building a house of my own
My childhood will play there
In the front yard.
Grandmother will tell tales
Of a washerman carried away by a crocodile for telling lies
And the tricks of a cowherd
Who hoaxed the villagers twice
Warning them of a tiger.
I will sleep peacefully
Listening to the tales of
The faerie queen, Tejimola and Kamala Kunwari.
My adolescence and youth
Will come back confidently to re-assure.
My heart will be overwhelmed by love, peace and faith.
Trust will germinate in hearts
From one generation to another.
My old age will breathe freely
Sharing the joy of germination.
Air will circulate all around the house
Being flames of fearlessness.
Heart will resonate the words of the dear ones
And a helping hand of the dear one will be stretched out.
Sometimes a cropland withered long ago regenerates
Drenched in a rain of memory.
Time standing still in a corner
Becomes all eloquent.
Loneliness becomes company
Tiredness gives way to energy.
Thus a human heart shelters
A house of its own silently
Washed in blood and tears.

The Face behind the Mask

He is hungry
There is hunger inside him
Hunger in a myriad form
And they clamour and protest.
He steals and hoards
What is due to a hungry million
And wears a mask to hide behind it.
Life changes hues
As the face changes.
Food, cloth and house are re-defined
Garments change
But they fail to hide nakedness.

[Translated by Ananda Bormudoi.]

Hemaprova Moran is an Assamese poet and writer based in Kakopathar, Tinsukia. She can be reached at hemaprovamoran@gmail.com