

Two poems by Indu Dutta Uzir

The Terror of Death

A sad note from a flute is wafting
From among the crowd
I am heartbroken
Losing many dear ones
Untimely and unexpectedly half way.
A tragic strain rings in
Is it a surrender to the endemic?
Struck by terror we have learnt
To play hide and seek.
How long will the hearts in closed rooms
Be set apart for social distancing?
How long shall we wait
For the dawning of the dark night?
Those alive are exhausted.
I pray for freedom
From the wrath of time,
From the jaws of death.
Let the forest get back
Its last green splendour.

Chlorophyll Stands Still

The flock of migratory birds
That once swam and sang in the lake
Are now depressed.
The lake has dried up
The birds are depressed
They are cursing the lake
Flying indifferently elsewhere.
The dry lake searches for moisture.
The birds tell *Phagun* their tale of woe.
Robbed of chlorophyll
The leaves once green are trembling
In fear of being shaken off.
Does *Phagun* listen to the wailing
Of the fallen leaves?
Phagun is engrossed
In playing with the west wind.
Losing foliage the trees pray
To the sky
To give them back their green.

[Translated by Ananda Bormudoi]

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