

Editor's Pick

Fallen leaves

By Jatindra Nath Duwara

True, everything lies as before
Yet something seems amiss,
The frenzied winds of the past
Has blown it away by some way.
Does the melody sound still
Quivering the leas of Assam ?

Is that melody still heard
Upon the wide bosom of the Luit ?
Who has robbed me today
Of the blissful dreams of youth ?
Who has laid his cruel hands
On the strings of my endearing *veena* ?

The fallen leaves come flying to say
There's no space on the laps of trees
The boatman with a heavy heart
Listlessly oars away downstream.

[Translated by Krishna Dulal Barua]

[Click here to read the original Assamese poem.](#)

Jatindra Nath Duwara (b.1892-d.1964) was a notable Assamese poet.

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