

Nagen Saikia's Mitbhash

When the Words of Silence Pervade

When the words of silence pervade like a melody, the words turned into a painting of mists penetrate my eyes and I lose myself in the memory of a bright star— a dead bud drops off— I wake up and fall asleep again.

The Floor Littered with Fragmented Pictures

The man is sleeping on the floor littered with fragmented pictures with reflections of different parts of his body and he has been sleeping this way for days at a stretch— he knows not whether he is dead or alive— and I am uncertain if he is hiding himself within me.

As Hard as Stones

As hard as stones— as soft as clay—as cold as ice— a house on the bank of a river— stands all alone— during summer flood water submerges the floor and winter dries it up— I bathe in the river and dry up my clothes in winter on its bank— I can see my image trembling in river water.

Occasionally He Becomes Clouds

Occasionally he becomes clouds to shelter me under his shadow— wets me in rain and scorches me in the sun— I wait for him thinking he would come back as the wind but he never comes— someday I find and lose him in thick darkness.

[Translated by Ananda Bormudoi]

Dr. Nagen Saikia is a renowned scholar, creative writer and intellectual of Assam. He developed *Mitbhash* as a unique style of poetry.