

Two Poems by Tripti Das

I was Alive till Yesterday

We built a house
Falling in love with life.
It was a small house
To accommodate
From two to three
And from three to four
We four lived like birds in the house
With love and affection.

We bought the essentials from the market
Wants kept constant company
And happiness came as a guest.

We burnt like lanterns
To illuminate the house
And served our children
Meals of happiness.

I donot remember since when
I have worn this garment of sorrows
And the river of life
Has changed bends.

This life has taught me to fight
Some withering dreams
Cannot waste away life.

As night becomes darker
I feel as if I am walking through a dense forest
I could not guess earlier
That sleepless nights could be so terrible.

When I am all alone
I open the old casket
Where I have carefully stored memory.
I pass time this way.

My dear kith and kin
I donot blame you
For not sharing love with me.

I was alive till yesterday
Today I am in a circle of void
I have welcomed death
And none except me knows
That I am dead.
My children are also unaware of it.
Time ! You may ask me of the pain
Of breathing after death.

Towards Light

" There is shadow in the sun
In darkness depend on yourself. " --Mother

We are creatures
Woken up by sunshine.
The fire under the rice pot
Is a source of our happiness
And so is a roof that does not leak.
The bulging bag that father carries
After shopping is our dream.
Mother says,
" Give up the uneven path
Practice flying spreading your wings."
Those days were golden
When we sailed paper boats
On channels of rain water
Flowing down the roof.
Learning the alphabet
Was a journey to light
Water sundered this life
And yet there is love for water
A river has been for ever flowing through the heart.
Unlettered mother spoke the truth
She said things long ago
The words still abide.

[Translated by Ananda Bormudoi]

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