

# Three Poems by Satyajit Gogoi

## **The Trees and Creepers**

The trees and creepers here  
Are stretching their stone hands  
Towards the sky.  
I have seen lifeless birds and animals  
In a glass cage.

I am walking down a slanting road  
Meeting children on my path  
And I have lost myself  
In their hearts.  
I have exchanged words with them  
I have felt the warmth of the words.  
They have asked me  
About vultures closing their flights  
The frightening fact  
Of the bees losing their power of reproduction  
And I have turned pale  
Looking at their faces.

## **On the Burial of the Veel**

Stone trees are growing  
On the burial of the veel.  
I have not seen for a long time  
The flight of the storks  
And the flock of wild ducks.  
Their voices have become fossils  
Under the newly built stadium.  
The weeping of the watery lives  
Have not yet been quietened  
In the lap of the wind.

## **Climbing on the Rocks**

Climbing on the rocks, an excavator  
Is flying a dark red flag.

The greedy owners  
Are immensely powerful.

The day disintegrates  
And hides itself

Bending over the swamp.

The whispers of darkness  
Are striding in the wind.

[Translated by **Ananda Bormudoi**]

**Satyajit Gogoi** is a contemporary Assamese poet based in Duliajan. He has one collection of poems to his credit.