

Two Poems by Intikabur Rahman

In Search of Green Leaves

I enjoyed silently the sight
Of the squirrel jumping
From one branch to another.
I am one of those early risers
Who greet the rising Sun
Breaking through habits.
You also accompanied me.
The intimacy of your silence
Accelerated my mind.
I have been walking ever since
Looking at the Sun.
Even now I believe
That the weather will be fair
After a heavy shower.
Soft green leaves will come
To the naked branches
Where the squirrel jumped about
One day.

Time

Father asked me when I was young
Not to weep on death.
I grew up and he said
You have given me clothes
And towels to wipe
Myself clean
You will bid me farewell
With a smile.
And yet at the news of his death
Tears rolled down my eyes.
Time cannot be hidden with clothes.
If you do not acknowledge death
With tears
Smiles will also accompany Time and death
Very quietly.

Translated by **Ananda Bormudoi**

Intiqabur Rahman is a contemporary Assamese poet based in Dibrugarh, Assam. He has one collection of poems to his credit.