

Two Poems by Juliana Begum

Doubts

The heart of hearts is packed with sufferings...
Those who sweat blood out
Take time to go from one village to another.
While walking in measured steps
Along a foot bridge with water underneath
The heart swings like a pendulum.
It is uncertain when one falls.

This is the Seashore

This is the seashore
Where I met you once.
One heart united with another
We stood here in silence.

This is the seashore
On which I could sense
A terrible night and tales of darkness
In your heartbeat.

This is the seashore
Where Sophocles could hear
Tragic tales of unfortunate men
Carried into his heart
In a tremulous rhythm.
This is the seashore on which
Crowds of racists trembled
At the pointing finger of Mandela.
Protests resounded in the air.

This is the seashore on which
Faith and trust filled men's hearts
And assured them of a dawn of hope.

The seashore...
The waves have rolled over the beach
The tide has carried pearls
The shells have been scattered over the scorching sand.

My friend! Flowers slowly blossom forth
The sun rises at the end
Of a dark night .
None can hide the sun.

Sophocles and Mandela!
Stretch your hands towards us.
Let this be the shore
Where you and I shall meet
To sing the song of life
Let this be the seashore.

Translated by **Ananda Bormudoi**

Juliana Begum is an Assamese poet based in Moran, Dibrugarh. She has two collections of poems to her credit.