

# Two Poems by Monika Teronpi

## **Blood Soaked**

You have forgotten your history  
Snapping your roots  
You have become a chameleon  
History is stained with blood.

Our roots are the same  
Our blood was red  
Drinking blue poison  
You turned into a god of different hue.

How could you build a rampart  
Around your mind  
As cold as ice  
As hard as fire  
Dividing us  
A great disaster.

The flag of peace flutters  
A storm is raging in the heart.

Wiping out history  
You are now history yourself  
Bloody time  
Is so thirsty.

## **Arleng**

We have filtered through  
The pages of history  
Orally passed on from man to man.

Who are we?  
The stones say we are the naked tribes of the hills.  
History recorded us as the Mikirs.  
We have carried in our hearts  
The fire that burnt our house long ago.

Our friendship with fire is very old  
The age old trees of the hills  
Cry out to us  
We are orthodox.

Our lives wander up hills and down dales

We have an ancient binding with Sriram.  
Kalaguru also wrote about our culture.

We are the offsprings of the blue hills  
We have never been savage.

Our hills are a separate self  
We are complete  
With separate culture, language and attire.

Folklores flowing through generations  
And the myths tell our story  
Our identity is that we are men  
We are Arlengs.

Translated by **Ananda Bormudoi**

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