

# Two Poems by Nilakanta Saikia

## Second Person

I keep on hearing his words  
I keep on seeing him within my mind

Everything so auspicious  
Everything so spruce

I'd become a devotee of his dress, demeanour  
Odour of the heart  
Nature, character, his graciousness

One day I met him  
He wasn't the person I'd conceived in my mind  
He was a second person

Thenceforth he disappeared

Fear-stricken I avoid everyone now  
Lest I myself were to vanish

## Poetry of a Thousand Hearts

I need no urn to leave myself behind  
I'm neither weighty nor light  
Neither hard nor soft  
Thickened or liquefied  
My entity is neither pervasive nor plenteous  
I'm neither tears nor laughter

I'm not even perturbed over  
Where I've come from or where I'll go to  
Heaven or hell or rebirth are beyond my credence  
I don't seek to sketch my future with the frontiers of life and death

I want to end myself within me  
On the shoulders of humility I go each day  
To have my vanity cremated  
I wish not to shape human destiny with my times  
May the world be moulded with fresh thoughts  
Newer ideas, novel incentives

I don't want to make others go through  
The woeful pages of my diary

I'm myself the sole witness of my agonies  
I long to keep on penning poems of life  
Infused with the warmth of a thousand hearts

I yearn to listen to the primal music of certitude  
I crave to have a glimpse of the world's new vibration

Before life comes to a standstill with the final whistle

Translated by **Krishna Dulal Barua**

**Nilakanta Saikia** is a contemporary Assamese poet based in Duliajan, Assam. He has six collections of poems to his credit.

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