

Two Poems by Pronoti Borua

An Epic of Nothingness

Happiness had been torn asunder
From the people
Reduced to begging and starvation

They can see in front
A river catching fire
A burning river
Is flowing unto their hearts
The dream with pearls
Studded into it
Have fallen into the flames

Men who have suffered
Are writing in tears
An epic on nothingness.

Silence

Silence has its own language
It lays bare the heart
When dejected emotions
Keep the gate of the cottage unlatched.
Silence watches
The course of the wind
The play of clouds in the sky.
The world of silence
Is far beyond the map
Of the latitude and the longitudes.
But I cannot restrain
My desire to touch
The situation of silence.
The bird spreads wings.

Translated by **Ananda Bormudoi**

Pronoti Barua is a contemporary Assamese poet and writer based in Saikhowaghat, Tinsukia, Assam. She has two collections of poems to her credit.