

Two Poems by Rekha Borkotoky

On the Path of the Sun

The sun comes riding a white horse
Illuminating black stones in the dark
Brightening dews on grass blades
And making its path all a dream.
It enlivens reeds and rhododendrons on its path.
It carries in its heart
The damp happiness of the clouds.
In the moonlit nights
The fireflies stay awake
Waiting for the daybreak.
They murmur seven tunes
They are for the sun; aren't they?
Oh yes, the sun is always on a hurry
It takes a rest
When the moonlight is awake
It begins a long journey at dawn.
It is committed to the earth
To the rivers and tracts of sand
The huts and mansions
And peak of the mountains.
The ducks and the herons
The poor creatures on the grazing grounds
The trees and creepers
All need sunshine
And the sun will give it to them all.

In the Rhythm of a Poem

The soul wails in blood
Dropping like rain.
In sweat, blood and tears
A poem groans.
The silent cries swallowed by darkness
Doze off when rain consoles.
One who gets tired
Basks in the morning sunshine.
Is it the worth of a poem?
The hands and feet of a poem are bound during the day.
The sky hangs far above, the river remains dumb
And the stallion of imagination gets tired.
The poet's spontaneity is shattered and held in check.
And yet the poet works
Day and night to create a thousand tales...

Are poems born at midnight?
The breast of a poem gets silted...
The words are swimming upstream
Like climbing fishes
Up against the stream
In the dark river
Like a shoal of cheerful small fish.

Translated by **Ananda Bormudoi**

Rekha Borkotoky is a contemporary Assamese poet based in Jorhat, Assam. She has three collections of poems to her credit.