

Two Poems by Rita Barua

The Sun Sets as Scheduled

Life is confined
By an invisible lock
On a nonexistent room
The wind carries viruses
Inflation is unchecked
The face is masked.

How can I tell you
I am fine?

Today I wish someone
Speedy recovery
Tomorrow I shall pray
For his departed soul.

Breath itself is struggling
I can hear breathes
Ending in a moment.

I fail to keep my hand
On a hand of someone
I have failed to talk.

The sun sets as scheduled

How can I say
I am fine?

The Sun that doesnot Set

The water flowing along Charikoriya
Was hardly illuminated.

He found a path from Luit
To the sea in the trembling light of the lantern
His father lighted.

Travelling along that path
We meet Socrates, Somerset Maugham,
Francis Bacon, Paul Johnson and Jean Paul Sartre
And sit for a conversation.

I discover myself in the poems of Frost.
I walk along the dark alley

Branching out from the road
And become green as the summer forest.
I look at the rainbow
When the storm is over
And being a yellow bird fly into the cropland
To peck at the paddy.

He travelled along that path.

Charikoriya river was hardly illuminated.

Yet he blossomed forth
On the bank of the river
And now the sun doesnot set.

Translated by **Ananda Bormudoi**

Rita Barua is an Assamese poet based in Guwahati. She has six collections poems to her credit.