

# Two Poems by Swapnali Kalita

## The House

The main post of the house squealed

As I seek, the sun shall revolve  
As I seek, the wind shall drop  
As I seek, the gardener shall come  
To weed and trim the greenery

At the time of a yawn  
The house pretended to be asleep

Flinging off the buzz of a house-fly  
The bamboo battens of the house  
Found a renewed vigour

Two fingers submerged in liquor  
Kept a 'real-life story'

Dunked in it

The main post was laying aside  
The floor-dust  
To raise a squeal

## Life and Death

'Kamala Kunwari, my sweetheart'  
Are you listening...  
How much has the water-level risen!

Whatever the level of water be  
I've a heavy hand on my shoulders

Kamala's hut is humped  
I wonder who shouted--  
End yourself inside it!

At that very spot the storm tucked  
The folds of its dress firmly

In Kamala's finger was Lorakon's forefinger

Kamala won't die

Someone's green-hued hand  
And an oft-heard unvoiced voice

For sounding upon the shoulders  
They're special

As a matter of fact...  
It's easy to die for oneself  
And

To live for others

[Translated by **Krishna Dulal Barua**]

**Swapnali Kalita** is a young Assamese poet based in Golaghat District, Assam. She has one collection of poems to her credit

**Krishna Dulal Barua** is a prominent translator and writer based in Nagaon, Assam. He received the Katha Award for translation in 2005.