

Two Poems by Udoi Kumar Baruah

God is expected to Arrive

God is expected to arrive
For an interview
Preparation is underway, time is short.

Many a veteran journalist
Have taken positions
Questions are arranged
Setting TRP as the target.

Is there any primary condition for becoming God?
How much indifference is needed for godliness?
Does blindness pervade the path to it?

God arrived ahead of time
And began to speak
Addressing the journalists:
My dear journalists,
I have a humble request
Please don't allure anyone
To attain godliness.
I have just one cause to be sad
I couldn't become human
With flesh and blood and emotion
Before becoming God.

Like thousands of others
I also like to see my distorted image
Standing before the mirror of time
Hear green notes of my soul.

I forbid you to make me an item for sale
With chandan, incense, flowers and blood.

If possible lower me from the spires
Of temples, mosques and churches
With your magnanimous hands.

Blood congealed in the dust
In the twenty first century
Is my blood.
Believe me, now I cannot dispel darkness
From anybody's heart
I am a dead sun.

A Non-poem

The pen had no refill
The point of the pencil was broken.

I had a lot of things to write
My eyes are reading a manuscript of sighs
On the blank paper.

As I opened the window
Gentle wind blew in
And turned into a lyric.

Buds began to show on the Beena tree
Not far away
S.K.C's sun on the pointing finger
Makes a beginning of creation.
Entire Panbazar is floating on
The melody of an unwritten song.

Translated by **Ananda Bormudo**

Udoi Kumar Baruah is a senior Assamese poet based in Guwahati. He has three collections of poems to his credit.