

Two Poems by Dibakar Bordoloi

Under the *Simalu* Tree in Our Village

Spreading out the flag of development
Under the *simalu* tree in our village
Luxuriantly grew up the shops and stores
But the *simalu* tree is no more

Waving the huge red standard in the sky
One that reared the windy month
Something that was on the road for the alien passers by
That *simalu* tree is no more in that very place

Driving away
The birds that invited mornings and evenings
Luxuriantly grew up the shops and stalls
Under the *simalu* tree of our village
And my heart aches!

Hope

The people who live in hope
Subsist on hope
Year after year
Although some do become despondent
And becoming despondent lose hope

And the people, too, who show hope
Live on showing hope
To the people who subsist on hope
They live showing hope to the despondent
Not to give up hope
With their infallible words—
Good days will come
Change will come.

And the people, too, who live in hope
Continue to live on
In the hope shown by the hopemongers
Day after day
Year after year!

Translated by Uttam Duorah

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