

Two Poems by Junu Buragohain Nath

Buddha

He is not waiting
Slowly and quietly he is going on and on
We have been running after an ordered life
We fail to catch with the rhythm of life
Being defeated by its complexities
The passage of breath
Has also been narrowed down.
A lesson acquired
From the colourful experience of life and begging of life
The earth is struck by sorrow
With blue lips and yellow legs
He keeps cool and he has no answer.
Like Angulimal in Buddha's tale
I would like to ask
How is it Buddha
You are the still centre while going on
And I am in the flux while standing?

The Forest

I entered the forest
On the hill side
And walked over knee deep
Fallen leaves.
They creaked
And I startled .
I felt as if something was broken
Somewhere within me.

I went deep into the forest
And I could see coloured mushrooms
Growing on the stems.
The bole was buried under
The parasites.
Huge creepers hung from the branches
Like a beard.
I felt that the tree had a soul.

I went ahead
And the rows of trees were breathing
A blue butterfly was dancing around.
I went further and heard
A soft melody wafting from afar.

I prayed to God
Let no terrible storm

Batter the forest.

Translated by Ananda Bormudoi

Junu Buragohain Nath is a Guwahati-based Assamese poet. She has one collection of poems to her credits, titled *Pani Shilanir Gaj*.