

# Two Poems by Nibharani Chaudhury

## I Fly Like a Kite

My brother taught me the first lesson  
With the kite my father bought me.  
Mother taught me  
To fly like a kite.  
She taught me to rush against the wind  
To touch the sky.  
I have been a warrior from that day  
I have won against the ecstasy of the summer  
I stand firm in the mellowness of autumn.  
Spring cannot excite me  
And neither can winter cripple.  
The scorching sun cannot burn me  
And neither do I drench in the dew.  
Binding myself with patience and trust  
I fight against myself.  
I fly like a kite spreading wings  
A red and blue kite.

## Mother had a Name

Mother had a name  
A beautiful name  
And she spent her childhood with that name.  
Celebrated the crossroad  
Of youth and adolescence.  
She was happy with her name.  
The name frequently moved  
In between the paddy field of *Aghon*  
The big tank and the tamarind tree in Panimala's yard.  
One day the name got lost  
While coming across  
An approach road  
Hiding face under a bridal veil.  
She turned into a wife, a mother, and an aunt.  
The name was never used  
In introducing her  
To guests and friends.  
There was no need  
To utter her name for anyone.  
Changing quarters  
From one river ghat to another  
She got wet in the rain  
And dried in the sun  
And read lessons with father  
Of happiness and sorrow .  
But she left her name  
Far behind with green splendour  
Of untameable childhood  
And adolescence.

*Translated by* **Ananda Bormudoi**

**Nibharani Chaudhury** is an Assamese poet based in Tinisukia, Assam.