

# Two Poems by Renu Bhuyan

## Realization

Life becomes stagnant  
On the crossroad of desire and fulfillment.  
The seam of coloured thread threatens to snap  
In the conflict and tension of sorrows and happiness.  
The heart swings between  
Belief and skepticism .  
Hope is born out of despair.  
In the land of the rising sun  
The ever mysterious mind  
Browses through the coloured pages of a book.  
We call it life.

## A Stanza of Life

I learned from my great grandfather  
How to take a rest in my own shadow.  
The river that I saw everyday  
Slowly gained in length and breadth.  
It asserted existence by eroding banks.

The river was blocked by someone somewhere  
And the river lost its existence.  
My shadow became shorter and smaller  
Than it had been before.  
I don't feel like weeping.

I looked up at the banyan tree  
The branches and leaves  
Were strong and fresh.

The funeral pyre was burning  
Brightly in the crematorium  
Illuminating all around.  
The light is left  
For the next generation.

*Translated by Ananda Bormudoi*

**Renu Bhuyan** is an Assamese poet based in Doomdooma, Tinisukia, Assam.