

Two Poems by Hemaprova Moran

Forbidden Journey

You and I shall go along the same path.
In spite of holding hand in hand
We cannot become fellow travelers.
The journey is very lonely.
The path is safe and secure
And yet the companion is forbidden.
Taking off silently my old garments
Throwing away the green dream of life
I am silently moving on.
Hands worn thin
Drudging all the way
Are now bare.
In this silent moment laden with pain
I promise to you
Never to come back.

The Postman of Sorrow

The postman of sorrow
Strolls at the gate of my heart.
He always brings me letters of sorrow.
Sometimes the words come
Like sad dark clouds
And at other times they rage like a storm
And shatter into pieces
My home of hope.
And yet at other times
They rain heavily
And my heart is flooded.
Words turn into angry oceans.
I keep swimming
With the shore nowhere at sight.
The trees weep
The flowing river turns its back on me.
Digging into the hearts of the words
I myself turn into
A river of sorrow.

Translated by Ananda Bormudo

Hemaprova Moran is an Assamese poet based in Kakopathar, Tinisukia, Assam.