

Two Poems by Sarifa Khatoon Chowdhury

Copper Coloured Time has been Slowly Changing

Copper coloured time has been slowly changing
I have not heard the melody from a flute for a long time.
Suddenly there was a sound
A bird in the bougainvillea.

My vision touched
Each leaf in the forest
So cool so smooth
The song of the papiya resonates.
I have received it as a blessing.
It has been raining today.

A Zero Sticks to a Zero

I never belonged any day to anybody.

They told me
You are our daughter
Our heart beat
Our dream
And it was not true.
And yet that assurance
Helped me to travel a long distance.

And then there were none.

I was told
You are my beloved
My dear wife
A mother a house wife
I was overwhelmed.

But those were dialogues
From a play.

You are a poet
A writer
An artist
Our inspiration.
On my supposed death
Mournings condolences bouquets
Burning of incense.

That was the most
Improbable of incidents.

I was desperately in search of a river
And I heard the warbling of a river
I went near

But it was all sand.

I was thirsty
And I heard again that warbling
And I went close to it
With my palms cupped
But those were all pebbles.

Actually nobody belongs to nobody else
Rivers are all dry.
The fields and forests
Are all discoloured paintings.

Every day is a sum
Right or wrong for life
A zero sticking to a zero.

Translated by Ananda Bormudoi

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