

Tejimola

By Chandrakumar Agarwala

The blood red sun sends off rays to hug the earth
The morning breeze wakes and asks Tejimola to get up.
Clouds wearing red sprinkles hope in a wreath
Elated water reddened by smile washes her feet.
Blooming *parijat* adds to beauty and Tejimola dazzles
Water plants all around embrace her in love.
Which friends have you chosen cast off by your kins?
Your love has won one and all, little green.
Birds are swimming around and some are flying above
You befriended breeze, and yet no news from home.
Midday sun brightens water, throws pearls and stars
Pearls are swimming in crystal water.
Gold and silver fishes are now your own
Remember the pair of pigeons, when called, sat on hand.
Garden is in wilderness, does the deer come to graze?
Who can tell you of your friends and consort
Getting separated, will you meet someday again?
Forgetting love, kins cast off a maiden mercilessly
If this be love, my tears roll down.
Sweetness flowered in the front yard but they could not see
They cut it off, smashed it up and swept it clean.
How could she put her trust where there was no love?
Tejimola struck her roots away to bloom as a *parijat*.
She has been bound to the bottom with a hundred knots
What can anger and storm do her now?
Why are you worried as in the other evening
Prevailing over sadness, the setting sun discarded you.
The sun this morning sends a message with a smile
A boat bringing hope is sailing upstream.
It is nice to see man's boat and all his hues
The kin of a man is so dear, what trap he may have laid
The grave face is familiar he is my love I worship.
He is going to catch me, do I need man's company?
Boatman, wherever you are from, don't touch and pick me.
Man knows not a flower's worth, I am Tejimola speaking.

Translated by **Dr Ananda Bormudoi**

Chandrakumar Agarwala (b.1867-d.1938) was a notable Assamese poet and journalist.