

# Two Poems by Geetanjali Borkotoky

## Advertisement

I am a Muslim by birth  
And you?

The cries of the riot victims  
Wash away colours of time  
And leave a void in the heart.

The stone throwers are in ecstasy  
The obscene words shouted aloud  
Have driven away sleep.

The sound of the frog jumping into the pond  
And the cluttering of the loom  
Have been drowned.

Now in Bohag it is time  
To stand guard in turn.

All on a sudden a news comes  
A newborn baby is found in a dustbin  
An advertisement is published  
Inviting its antecedents.

## The Words

The words dazzle in sunshine  
They dazzle in the darkness.

Everything in the world is relative.

Birth and death  
Happiness and sorrow  
Sin and piety  
Smiles and tears.

Words sometimes become insipid.

Unwanted reckoning.

Sometimes they become interesting  
Like gossips after lunch break in office.

Words raise tide  
To drown many a man.

Some words are confined in quarantine centres  
Once released  
They loiter in the market place.

No word can be buried.

Some words are written on the sand  
To be washed away by the waves.

Words are fish in water  
The predatory bird scoops  
And snatches away.

Words ripen  
And are conducted  
By evidence.

You cannot tell  
The friend from the foe.

The walls have ears  
And you have to be careful.

Everybody is wearing a mask .

Words bring one reward  
One is beheaded for words  
You lose your path  
When the tongue slips.

*Translated by Ananda Bormudoi*

**Geetanjali Borkotoky** is an Assamese poet based in Namrup, Assam. She has one collection of poems to her credit.