

Two Poems by Dr Meena Devi Boruah

Love is a Jasmine

Ever since the flute has given a pain
I have spread my wings.

May be for my love of you
Or for my love of the sky
I have been searching for
The sky over Baghjan, Maguri and Motapung
Leaving behind the Siberian sky.

What is dearer than love
The sky hugs the earth
An eternal bonding
Never to wear out
As mysterious as
The smile of Monalisa.

You are migratory
And that is why your presence is very slightly felt
Beyond the hills.

Hiruda's poetry
Is Rajanigandha in the air.

You are dark clouds of Shravan in the sky
A Dream turned golden from green
An awareness on the wings
From the strain of a flute of reed.

You are a bundle of dry sticks
On a dying hearth.

A rainbow illuminates the sky
A jasmine secretly blossoms forth
It's all love around.

With the Words of Love

It's no use thinking
If Euclidean geometry can decide
A definition of love.

Love may be defined as instinctive
But many equations in the process
Cannot be ignored.

Reading out a ready reckoner in a rhythm
Also does not make things easier
Red emoji cannot substitute a meal.

Love may preponderate over hunger
But the sale of phenyle rises
Tree branches may also be targeted for making an end.

Revenge in love is old
And so is deception
Brutus's move is unpredictable.

You cannot frighten away love
The sky stands guard.

A question remains unsolved
Euclidean geometry cannot answer
Whether it was Radha or Rukmini.

If a snake and a mongoose
Sit for a chat
Love certainly becomes a controversy.

Translated by Ananda Bormudoi

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