

### Verse Talks

By **Ananda Bormudoi**

I saw my first crop of poems  
Beating wings  
I knew they would be able  
To fend for themselves.  
I said: Try flying in the sky  
And pressing on your wings return home.  
Don't say the way home is unknown  
You're born out of none but their wombs.  
Poems of the poor people  
Having grown up crawling in their yards  
Having stood up wobbling in their porch  
Your first babblings with their sorrows.  
But then, the poems—it seems—don't find out the way  
To their hearts.  
The way to the hearts of the poor,  
People say, is only through their stomach  
And what a fire in their stomach!!  
The winged words of mine  
Get burnt down in the fire  
Cannot find out ways and doors to the heart.

*Translated by* **Uttam Duorah**

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