

## Two Poems by Akan Das

### Our School

We are little lads and lasses  
Going to school for attending classes  
Like a motley of garden flowers  
We blossom forth in splendours.  
Like the garden we grow  
And go learning all through.  
What poverty lays bare  
Cannot scare.  
A day will be surely foreseen  
The world we will illumine.

### The River of Life

Silently the river meanders  
Our lives are also on the move.  
As days pass by the memory of the golden field and the environment  
Rally around me.  
Drawing pictures and reading lessons aloud  
Under the blue sky  
Are now no more  
Those days left behind  
Are a half forgotten memory.

*Translated by Ananda Bormudoi*

**Akan Das** is a young poet based in Morigaon, Assam.