

## Two Poems by Anirban Dutta

### Illusion

With the assurance of the horse of progress  
Gallop along this way  
The streets by the gateways have been straightened as arrows  
Widened and made spacious  
Concreted

In reality—  
Rows and rows of old trees have been hewn  
The clamorous ponds have been buried  
The tender backs of farmlands have been ripped apart  
Dug and grubbed out

In front of everyone's eyes—  
The rustic hamlets  
The evergreen trees  
Rivers and rills with untied tresses  
All have been dragged by their nose-strings to hell

A civilization follows hobbling behind

For misapprehension or hunger  
The king and his men,  
When asked,  
Utter not a word

### Clamorous both outside and within

In whose grip does the sharpened sword seethe  
Drops of blood remained dripping from the roof  
All through the night

At whose feet are the finer veins  
Lying genuflect  
In which corner is the enkindled star  
Hiding itself  
The night of the hailstorm shattered  
Unopposed  
All dreams of Saraighat

The interlinking village-paths have eroded away  
The bonding bridges of faces and minds have crumbled  
Amid the incessant clamour

The detached people have become  
Unfamiliar with their own selves

Wonder, to which dense forest  
Are the hushed inaudible screams,  
Floating in the emptiness,

And the echoes of their resonance  
Heading for?  
And the countless afflicted faces with shattered dreams?

How clamorous both outside and within  
How were the times, what have they turned into!  
Has the phase of war ended herein!

How strange  
The white-feathered birds that had come to town  
To sing the morning wake-up songs  
Met their ends in the noose in the Jatinga of greed

*Translated by* **Krishna Dulal Barua**

**Anirban Dutta** is an Assamese poet and writer based in Hawajan, Biswanath, Assam.

**Krishna Dulal Barua** is a prominent translator and writer based in Nagaon, Assam. He received the Katha Award for translation in 2005.