

Two Poems by Deepali Bhattacharyya Borua

Life

I accepted a life with all humility
Life is a breath, a voice
Ecstasy and a shriek
And colour reflected from the wings of a butterfly
And yes, this is Life...
Inside its womb
I grew wings in silence
There was no time to halt
There was the beckoning hand in front
You stretched out both your hands
To hold me my mother
My mother is indeed great
You are great with an undying glow
I had no time to close my wings
This stage is very large.

The Quest

Some poems of the inner apartments
Time is hazy in the ancient temples and shrines
I am immersed
I am sinking and sinking
Caught in the net of sadness
Who goes there
Whose arrival is heralded
Verses of time, of inner apartment
I have wiped the approach road with tears
Who is large hearted
Man is caught in the fist.
And devoid of humanity
Where are the saints ...
Voiceless and silent...

Translated by Ananda Bormudoi

Deepali Bhattacharyya Borua is an Assamese poet and writer based in Sibsagar, Assam.