

Two Poems by Renu Bhuyan

Splendour of Life

Motion changes its nature
That's an eternal law
Inescapable.
On either bank of the river of life is written
The ancient manuscript.
The westwind of hope
Builds beyond the blue sky.
Arms energized
There is no leisure to look back.
The unfailing weapon of the splendour of life
Is meant to create.
Life shattered hides
A discourse of life in colours.
The call of a morning
Transmits energy, splendour and motion.

Time Past and Present

Mother tells me tales
And I listen
I am lulled asleep
Mother sobs out at times.
I could guess with my intelligence
Mother's unnamed sorrows.
Mother cannot stand
Time present
Anger changes the course
Of boat with the sail unfurled.

Life keeps changing
Adolescence youth and age.
Mother understands things now
Or she pretends to understand
She has changed the strategy
Of measuring life.
Instead of digging into ancient civilizations
She climbs up the mountain of sorrows
To find herself in an image of happiness.
Mother in her own way
Begins to realize
That worth of time and life
Is enduring.

Translated by Ananda Bormudo

Renu Bhuyan is an Assamese poet based in Doomdooma, Tinisukia, Assam. She has one collection of poems.