

Hemaprova Moran's Poems

The Balance Sheet

Left alone I sit
Facing myself
And open the balance sheet
For a reckoning.
I take stock of the rainbow dreams
Found and lost.
The moon loses moonlight
And the sky submerges in the ocean.
Age advances in ones and tens.
Cares and duties
Get added as time moves on.
Desires decrease
As time hurries on.
Divider divisible and dividen
All get mixed up
Resulting in nothingness.
Nothing has been multiplied
Half done deeds
Are in a state of confusion
And mistakes.
May be I could not learn
The sum of life.
Or what I learnt was all wrong.
The simple arithmetic
Or the equations.
Is it life
That searches for a black cat
In a dark room
That is not there?

In Search of a Poem's Address

I spent all my life in search of an address of a poem
Ranging from the fresh green leaves
To the tragic strains of the fallen leaves.
Poetry speaks in silence all alone.
Poetry sows mysterious words
In the hearts of men
And plays with the moon, the stars and the clouds
From the hearts of the hills
It brings
Sadness locked in the lonely hearts.
Poetry steals the songs of the birds and clamoring of animals.
From the treasury of forests
Uninhabited by man.
Poetry makes a home
In breathing of each man.
It brings hope and sunshine
To one who rehearses destruction of life
Getting tired swimming in the river of sorrows.
Poetry sprouts up
From the warm heart of the poet and thrives.
Poetry is a carpet

Of selected words of emotion
Of love and dejection
It peeps into the saddened hearts
And changes clothes.
Sometimes it wears all black
And at other times it wears
Flamboyant garments of light.
Poetry builds a golden bridge
From one man's heart to another.

Translated by Ananda Bormudoi

Hemaprova Moran is an Assamese poet and writer based in Kakopathar, Tinsukia.