

Mukesh Singha's Poems

Lake- Tale

A blood red arrow pierces
The heart of the lake

A bubble submerged in the lake
Slowly enters the water world
Water slowly swallows it

Many a village is burnt out by fire
That does not burn in the hearth to satiate hunger
Bhogali bonfire burns and likewise burns hungry man
The violin plays the tragic strain

The bright faces
Are illuminated by darkness

While zooming the top view
Of an HD photo
I can see the flying skill
Of a flock of birds.

Water Shadow

The roots of rocks have twisted
Round the fingers of the forest

The fingers which paint
The picture of time's error

Whose colour is that water's shadow
That the sky wears and changes...

The eyes of a dead horse are open and dark violet
A broken cry is slowly sinking

Water takes the shape of the container
The container contains according to size

If water runs over to the floor
One might slip and tumble down

Where does the water shadow go in the evening
Along the path across the field
Does it or does it not merge with the void
Of the water container?

Translated by Ananda Bormudoi

Mukesh Singha is an Assamese poet based in Morigaon, Assam.