

Nagen Saikia's Mitabhash

The Leaves Dry up Turning Yellow

The leaves have fallen turning yellow— Being worn out, the branches have helplessly stretched out their hands— a blank sky above and a stony earth below— earth buried under the dust raised by the hooves of the galloping horse— and yet the root is trying to draw in sustenance from deeper down. I am standing near the tree.

Paddy is Harvested

Paddy is harvested— The green of Ahin is now death in the stubble— the smell is spread over the dried lake— a few shells of snails are scattered here and there— sighs of farewell on the fallen feathers of the birds. The cropland entered his eyeballs and he collapsed.

Who has Buried the Thorn

Who has buried the thorn— Tiny leaves appeared at noon. — There are thorns on the leaves— Touch them and blood oozes out from the heart of your fingers— It began to shine in the purple light of the afternoon— Time's small flowers pass away like blue pea— their look is like dew drops on the eyes— I sleep and wake in between.

Translated by Ananda Bormudo

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