

Purabi Saikia Baruah's Poems

The God of Love

As we set foot on the path of Buddha—
He tells us—"God doesn't exist,
Emptiness itself is God,
Its only with the light of love
That monuments remain glinting."

Time brimming with love said—"Come, with a red rose in hand."
A sweet pang is now beside me as an eternal company,
I'm fascinated by the inner emptiness of the distant horizon also.

He puts a red rose of faith everyday in my hand
And says, God doesn't exist,
Emptiness itself is God.

Fellow Passenger

Let this journey begin today itself
Would you too be a partner?
May be I won't know where it would end
Nevertheless, I want this journey to be for eternity
The days left behind will accompany
Inaugurated will be the thousand processions of hazy pictures of life.

Lets go together in quest of silent prayers of life's eloquence
Shall we find out the information of that abstract dream.

This that we're going
Just going
How far you'd go on this journey hand in hand
Would you be a fellow passenger
In this endless journey of yours and mine.

Translated by Uttam Duorah

Purabi Saikia Baruah is an Assamese poet based in Sonari, Charaideu.

Uttam Duorah, the translator, retired as the HoD, English, Women's College, Tinsukia and is based in Tinsukia, Assam.