

Agastya Baruah's Poems

The Night When Garcinia Blooms

In quest of a scream
Went away a sunny morning

Does the sun rise in the village now

Does the red thread of buti line pass
Through the iron wood shuttle

Through the quietude comes the moist spring

Seeping in through the slits in the wall
The glow worm light talks with the covered meal lying cold

The household keeps on waiting anxiously

On a night when garcinia blooms.

Poetry

Once uttered
The utterances no longer remain the same
Like the mishaps after happening

Poems may be written on the man
Who can't move
Having been dumped on the roadside by someone
Likewise, one can write on the neighbours suffering from hemiplegia

At the indecent behaviour of a man
In gentlemanly attire
I suffer a eunuch evening thrashing words

At the time when I felt like talking
Gazing straight into your eyes
It was that I yearned for fading out in your smile
In another evening

Sometimes I paint with words
A melancholy afternoon

The readers think- the poet is a nature lover

Once uttered
The utterances no longer remain the same
Like the mishaps after happening

The utterances go away by
the road with twists and bends
to the midst of men
taking their own individual forms

In reality, poetry is just like you and I

Both of us think we know each other
Not really knowing many things.

Translated by **Uttam Duorah**

Agastya Baruah is a poet based in Tinsukia, Assam. He is also a medical practitioner by profession.

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