Bijita Sharma's Poems

The Graveyard of Light

While digging my own grave
I could not guess
When the storm would come
When sense revived
There was fungus
And the decaying roots
Of a silk cotton tree on my palm.

Confusion

Not a dream
And neither
It seems real.
The door has been broken down
But there is not a scratch
On the walls,
Come out quickly
The terrible smell inside
Drives my house mad
Nobody can tell
When it will trample down.

Translated by **Ananda Bormudoi**

Bijita Sharma is an Assamese poet based in Hyderabad. She was born and raised in Assam. She pursued a Mass Communication degree and completed a Graphic Design diploma in Bangalore. Currently, she is working as a librarian and a literary trainer for children in a school.