

Lakshminath Bezbaroa's Poem

Lost in a dream the bower creep

Lost in a dream the bower creeper
Drinking in the flute's nectar
Spring makes the dream headier still
By fondling the head often
The breeze wakes the creeper
Gently the bud eyes open
The moon pours the honey rill
The heart gets its fill

Translated by Nirendra Nath Thakuria

Lakshmiath Bezbaroa (b. 1864-d. 1938) was a renowned poet, novelist, playwright and satirist of Assam.

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