

# Arcchana Puzari's Poem

## **The Milky Conch**

A drenched milky conch  
Rises from the salty waters  
To sun itself on the sandy shore  
And wait for the boys in search of conches

The boys shall arrive as a clamour  
Pick them up and tuck them into their bags  
As it were wish-fulfilling trees  
Rinse them aglitter  
Patch up the pores and polish them  
Put them up for sale  
At the fairs

The women too shall come to the fair  
Pick up the conches  
Touch and probe for the perfect ones  
Penta-faced or octa-faced  
As their choice be  
With an eye shut, peer into the distance  
Trust a gust of air  
With pursed lips

The noise of the conch shall shake  
The sky's canopy  
The wars of the soil, the wars of rocks  
All shall wake up

What rings in the nymph's voice, what's it  
All shall be stupefied  
Just then a tiny wave  
From the Luit's bosom  
Shall pop up afloat on the sea

*Translated by* **Krishna Dulal Barua**

**Arcchana Pujari** is a prominent Assamese poet based in Guwahati. She has nine collections of poems to her credit.

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