

# Gopal Chandra Hazarika's Poem

## Joy

A fine morning of a fair day  
The village woke up with the song of birds,  
The lowing of cows, the bleating of goats  
And conversation of farmers in the field.  
Golden morning sunshine delighted me.  
We two started walking along the village road  
My words were few as the heart was full.  
I looked at my companion  
Did he share my joy and happiness?  
I was amazed to find that my companion was myself.  
A few paces after I encountered a little boy  
Who tried hard to cross the fence of an yard  
But he could not succeed.  
The gamocha he wore got stuck up to a stake.  
A close look revealed  
That the boy was I myself.  
The fence was that of our own yard.  
I helped him to cross over the fence  
Untying the tangled knot.  
Then both of them trotted along the village path.  
I gazed at them till they disappeared.

*Translated by Ananda Bormudoi*

**Gopal Chandra Hazarika** is an Assamese poet and writer based in Dibrugarh. He is a retired Professor of Mathematics of Dibrugarh University. He has five collections of poems to his credit.