

# Hemaprova Moran's Poems

## Mending a Dream

Holding a dream in my hands  
I'm running  
Running on I've stumbled at times.  
In the midst of fog of pain  
And smoke of fire  
Sometimes the dream slips down from my hands.  
Picking up the dream I've resumed my journey  
Yet I haven't become tired.  
I've been one with the dream.  
Dream has no size, no mass, no weight  
Has no shape.  
Nevertheless, wafts and floats in the heaven of bliss  
Sinks in the sea of sadness.  
Dream can change the colour of man's life.  
My old dream is getting tattered in places  
I'm trying to stitch it  
At times mending holes  
Like my great grandpa's old rickety shirt.  
I'm mending a dream that touches my life.

## Sometimes in Seclusion

Sometimes in seclusion I open up the door to my heart and see  
If there is a patch of light in some nook or cranny.  
I open the window.  
Groping in the alien room  
Even the draft of wind loses grip.  
In the pitch black darkness I search here and there  
If in the midst of the very darkness I shall find my lost dream,  
The lost past filled with sadness  
Of my unfulfilled hope, of withering petals.  
Its darkness, sheer darkness.  
Its there that walks a mysterious shadow.  
My golden childhood shivers.  
The mound built with potfulls of soil and sand  
Gets dismantled strewn all over,  
The dining and sleeping room stained with soil and sand.  
The draft of wind goes away whispering in my ears  
Germinating sprout grows into bud

The tender leaves turn yellow from green one day.  
The connection with roots comes to end  
The strong yearning to remain holding hand in hand  
Comes to an end.  
Even the fallen leaves have  
An unwritten history.

*Translated by Uttam Duorah*

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