

Jiten Bhuyan's Poem

On the Death of a River

Does a river die?
No, it doesn't, it gets killed.
A man who talked to the river
Played with the river
Is running in quest of the river
Hoping for an encounter with the river
Someday somewhere.
Carrying an ocean of sorrows within
The river is flowing
In an unknown land
Getting reduced to a thin rivulet.
The runner stopped and picked up a pebble
That blocked the stream
It was really heavy in the dream.
Once the sun bathed in the river before setting down
Delayed for a while
Swimming in the shining waters
And now it hides its face
Going down the hill
Without even stealing a glance
Of the dying stream.

Translated by Ananda Bormudoi

Jiten Bhuyan is a writer, poet and retired veterinary Doctor based in Guwahati.