

Noni Bordoloi's Poems

You're a Hassle-free Man

With the bag in your hand you're going to the market
On the deserted road just in front of you
A speedy car that came up all of a sudden
Knocked down an aged man and went away
The man is writhing in pain
Shouting incessantly for help
As if you haven't seen anything
Pass him by
Don't show any reaction
Why invite problems
You're a hassle-free man!

The person is none but your neighbour
Whose face you descry always getting up in the morning
Fallen into an undescrivable danger
That very person is saying something to you shouting
May be he is asking you for help
You aren't a person who invites unnecessary problem
Go away pretending you haven't heard
No need to get into the problem
You're a hassle-free man!

Its twilight hour when the evening spreads its veil
Its time for a stroll maintain health
Time to lose weight
You've gone out
Tearing the veil of faint light and shade
A scene is running towards you
A helpless cry
A number of unruly roadside bullies are
Harrassing a helpless young woman
Her helpless cry reaches your ears
Don't look at, don't pay heed to
Come away indifferently
Why get involved in these problems
You're a hassle-free man!

Returning from evening walk you enter home
A noisy atmosphere at home
Cries and tears, noise and shouts
Your grown up daughter has become a victim of rape
It was she who shouted
She is still shouting like she did on the road

Would you pretend you haven't heard
Or pretend you don't know
Or you haven't seen
You're a person who doesn't like botheration
A hassle-free man you are!

His Name is Biplob

The spot is permanently his
Haven't seen anyone else
Sitting in that roadside spot till today
Biplob, well his name is Biplob
Not a body-- rather a stone
That huge stone is self-possessed
It doesn't care flowing time
As if one that ignores even the current of a mountain river
The colour of his body is like that of an eel
On his face a glimmer of exhausted satisfaction
The tattered banyan with hundred holes to cover his body
His demeanour remains unchanged
Whether its cold season or hot
In front of him betelnuts in units of eighty each
Some four bundles of betel leaves in units of twenty each
Several hands of naturally ripe bananas
And with these the weather beaten discoloured umbrella
Not to protect himself from the sun and rain
But to fulfill the needs of the customers
He has never thought of earning money cheating people
(Something that is the firm notion of most at present)
Therefore, he doesn't have to wait for customers
Rather the customers wait for him
As if Biplob is the name of necessary waiting.

Since the last several days
An emptiness has occupied the particular spot.
Biplob has not come
No information about Biplob
Where has Biplob gone
Will somebody go in quest of Biplob
Will the spot remain empty till another Biplob comes.

Translated by Uttam Duorah

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