

# 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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