

Pronobi Gogoi's Poems

The Tree

I have planted myself
I am sprouting up
I have stretched out branches and leaves
And I am playing with the wind
I am growing taller and taller.

I don't mind scorching sun
And heavy shower
A flock of birds have woken up
In a cold dawn
Frost has collected on my leaves
The splendour of spring has arrived
Crawling across my breast.
The red of flowers burns bright.
During autumn I am stripped naked
Nakedness moves the cold of winter.
The seagull shines in the morning
Clasping a sea of sadness.
I have given freedom to the birds
To fly away to the horizon.
The wayfarer is happy
Picking ripe fruits fallen underneath.
I am aging
My roots have a firm grasp
Over the ground.

The Mask

The face wears a mask
The silent masks claim time
The head and the heart are controlled by the mask.
Those who wear masks are proud oppressors
The century is chained by them.

Nobody notices faces without masks
Those who shelter humanity with simple hearts
They are pure hearts till they wear masks
They talk with sweet voices in moonlit nights.

The masks change day and night
The hues of happiness and sorrows.
The face and the mask are different
The masks are smiling.
The mysterious mask and face.

Translated by Ananda Bormudoi

Pronobi Gogoi is an Assamese poet based in Duliajan, Tinsukia. She has one collection of poems to her credit.