

Anirban Dutta's Poems

Blunder

Thinking that it unnecessarily makes the orchard dank
I cut down the sour mango tree on the parapet.

The leaves falling daily
Bury the tidy gateway
I felled the dwarf jackfruit tree.

Not for once did I think
That fruit yielding mango and
Jackfruit trees are not just trees—
But each one a prosperous household
A bulging granary of food stuff
Belonging to somebody.

Let alone the orchard
There's not a single unwanted tree even in the forest.

Traders throughout the year that we are
For our own hunger and consumption
We're destroying granaries that belong to others
We've created
A world reeling under hunger.

Animals, birds, insects and flies are dying of starvation
Leaving the ancestral habitats
Where will these forever fellow critters of human beings go and die?

Perhaps Every Person is Blind

It seems everyone is blind
They just move holding the hand of the eyes

And the eyes
They're so unmindful

In broad daylight

How did the vehicle run over the puppy

The puppy that had crossed the road yesterday
Stopped in the middle of the road today

No one else has stopped for a while
All are going just over its body

The puppy isn't in its body that has been torn apart
In the eyes of its helpless mother
It is watching the goings on.

Translated by Uttam Duorah

Anirban Dutta is an Assamese poet and writer based in Hawajan, Biswanath, Assam.

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