

Benu Chiring's Poem

Tentalus

A snake, black snake
Is crawling behind me.
One, two several flames of fire
Are hovering over
Its strands of hair.
O Tentalus! we are nothing
But mere mortals
To mock , laugh at you.
Burdened with
The curse of opulence
We are as hungry, as thirsty
In life
As you are.

Translated by Nayan Jyoti Hazarika

Benu Chiring was an Assamese poet of Ramdhenu era.

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