

Farida Ahmed's Poems

The Stream and the Moon

Looking at the stream
The moon said
Turning and turning I am getting tired
Shall I take a rest in your breast
The stream was worried
Her warbling sound
Might make the moon sleep
For long hours!
She thought
The moon will go on shining
Even while taking a rest
If clouds do not hide him
Let the lanterns of the sky
Burn in her breast today.
The stream asked Na-noi for an answer
Na-noi is the name of a river
The river said
Let him rest a while
I shall flow on today
On your behalf.

The Raging Storm

The storm is striking disaster inside
It is calm and quiet outside
I cannot bear it any longer
I must go out
In search of myself.
I am still undecided
Someone will cry out to me
Someone else will tug at the frill of my chadar to stop me
They will bar the path.
Nothing happened as I wished
I slowly walked far away
I myself do not know which way.
Now I am in nature's clasp
The storm is raging outside.
I halted

The storm outside
Cooled down the storm within.
I am uncertain
How far I have come.

Translated by Ananda Bormudoi

Dr. Farida Ahmed is a poet and former Professor of Anthropology in Dibrugarh University. She has one collection of poems to her credit.