

Gitanjali Devi's Poems

Wind

Those who have lost their sleep
Are pleading in desperation,
"O wind! touch me with
The wand of gold
Touch me with
The wand of silver
And make me invincible till eternity."

Those who are awake
Are standing erect
With their feet
Stuck in the water hyacinth.

The meek and docile
Are just breathing
And toiling hard
To feed the false and frivolous.

We have shed one more leaf of life stealthily
And rooted deep into the ground with our toes.

To step into the clump of hyacinth
Is not my wish.

Staring into the dusky sky
I flung open my arms
And take the shape of a
Banyan tree
I hold firmly the ground
Beneath my feet
Not to get uprooted.

Evening

When the boat set sail,
I beheld long lines of countless water ants
Drifting on the streams.

It was twilight then.

The Sun sank deep
When I looked again.

Inscribing my signature
On the deed of silence
I left behind
A river, a stream and a shore.

I warmed up the fatigued thoughts
of my heart.

An unknown cry shook me up
Memories of pleasure and pain too
Came curling up.

A news untempered fell off
From the loosening clasp of my fingers.

Embracing in its bosom a little sense of guilt
And a little unruly desire
The Sun declined making a deep mark
On the river's bosom.

Translated by **Nayan Jyoti Hazarika**

Gitanjali Devi is an Assamese poet based in Tinsukia. She has two collections of poems to her credit.

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