

# Hirendranath Dutta's Poem

## Shadowy

Along which track should I go to the mellifluous stream that resembles the melody of the oriole  
Where is the implicit direction in the sudden dazzle of an expanding cool ring of moonlight  
How would I behold the sidelight of glinting words like stars of golden ale colour,  
How would I make up for the scarcity in the soul brought by love that exceeds hope?  
I love the making and breaking of attributeless thoughts that are like flying clouds  
The quest for the hilly path resembles the hawk cuckoo's shrill growing louder after repeated  
cracking  
My mind is fraught with thirst of emptiness like the hanging roots of orchids;  
But where shall I get a foothold?  
The legs are like those of the mole cricket with sudden celerity producing hollow sound dilemma  
around the fiery thought  
Creative synthesis for me is like the image of the legendary queen seen on a mirror by the fervid  
sultan.  
The circumference of my mind expands with the speed of proliferating mistakes  
The sand storm rises the inquisitive traveller drowns in the desert fault  
Settings silvery knife the snows catch the legs roughly  
The rain washes away the pollen anthers  
Tears wash away the fragrance of the soul;  
Piercing the impassable forest of the night flows the sounds of breathing of the old master smacking  
of indifference  
The waves of which nourish the forests of the legendary medicine mountain  
But how far, how far is that philosopher's stone?

*Translated by Uttam Duorah*

**Hirendranath Dutta** (1937-2010) was an Assamese poet and critic. He received Sahitya Akademi award for his poetry collection *Manuh Anukule* (2000) in 2004.

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