

# Satyajit Gogoi's Poems

## **The Stubble is Crackling**

Fire is surrounding the field  
It turns black  
And the stubble is crackling.

The tips of the flames like fresh green leaves  
Are leaping up in the air.

Smoke spirals  
Towards the houses.

The sky is afire  
With blossoms of simalu  
Querulous joy of the children  
Drowns the cries of the burnt insects and frogs.

## **To the Forest with Sunshine**

Yesterday I went with sunshine to see the forest.  
Sunshine came in the morning and waited at the front yard  
Loitering noiselessly on the durba grass wearing golden boots.  
We walked along the path and entered the forest.  
Sunshine didnot talk.  
It looked at each tree, creeper, grass, brushwood and the leaves  
Fallen from the head of the forest  
And listened to the joyous songs of the birds and the gnats.  
Sunshine then painted them all in golden colour  
Including the hollows on the boles and the dry stream.  
It softly painted the injuries done to the forest trees  
By the greed of the poachers which left them half dead.  
I just gazed at the injuries of the half dead forest  
With which the later generations are destined to live.  
I looked at the face of sunshine and its silent imperative was  
“Hold sunshine in your hearts.”

*Translated by Ananda Bormudoi*

**Satyajit Gogoi** is an Assamese poet and Documentary filmmaker based in Duliajan, Assam. He has one collection of poems to his credit.