

Deepika Saikia's Poems

The Voice of the Earth

I carry the voice of the earth on my lips
The voice sustains my life
The kiss of the voice soothes the heart.

The wild ducks have made home
In the cluster of bamboos in the forest
Their songs are lamentations
The language of the earth is soothing.

The river warbles through
The hills and mountains
Carrying a remembrance of the infinite deep.

The voice of the earth drowns
The river's flow.

The earth's heart is all enthusiasm
One can hear the voice of the earth
In cropland and fisheries in summer and winter
Across the sky and in the air.

Fear

A constant turmoil within the breast
Like one just before a storm or a flood
Looking over the window I can see
Turmoil on the back of a mirage
Noise, scuffle and collision
This moment a Namghar will collapse
Or a bridge will be flushed out
And therefore myself runs up and down in my blood.
It's shadow falls in every breath.
Time draws in the turmoil and becomes still in the heart.
The speck becomes the ocean
And its power is growing
Many other proofs are there in the blood cells.
A religious self may exist and he may be a follower
But grumbling and boasting also exist there.
And for all that Buddha became unperturbed
Under the Bodhi tree.

Translated by Ananda Bormudo

Deepika Saikia is an Assamese poet based in Duliajan, Tinsukia, Assam. She has published seven collections of poems.