

Pronobi Gogoi's Poems

The Spider

The cotton like gossamer
Sways in a gust of wind
The spider itself is imprisoned in its web
The fickle spider slowly moves ahead
Where should its accounts be kept
Which boundary should the mind not cross
The magician spider is weaving a web
It doesnot sleep, takes no rest
Weaves all the time
The spider needs rest
It needs sleep
The wise spider can weave
A new web
In the empty room of the heart.

Night

The nights according to natural laws
Are rains of dews,voice awake
Stream of deep consciousness.
The nights search for the musk.
The silvery nights are elite
With green words they burn
Saline darkness
In the silence of the night
They sustain with oxygen
Bring eternal sculpture
From beyond the clouds
And the sky.

Translated by Ananda Bormudoi

Pronobi Gogoi is an Assamese poet based in Duliajan, Tinsukia. She has published one collection of poems.