

## Sarifa Khatoon Chowdhury's Poems

### Hides Itself in the Crowd

It's strange how loneliness  
Hides itself in the crowd.

The day and the night become all one.

Events and incidents  
Repeatedly prove  
How suffering  
Keeps men alive.

The blur reminds you  
There was a forest here once  
And a river which got thoroughly drenched  
In the rain.  
The dream was realized in the green cropland.

The hands stretched out have now become stones  
Feet turned into stones  
And in between  
The words inscribed in the heart  
Keep murmuring.

### I Have Been Sinking

Ornamental words have passed over my head  
I am least interested in catching them.

I know that sea water is not meant for drinking  
And yet I have waded in to sea water  
To play with saline water.

I don't remember who stretched out a hand first  
Did you or I?  
I have touched and touched not  
That hand of silver moonbeam.

I have been sinking  
Water under my feet  
Above my head.

*Translated by Ananda Bormudoi*

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