

Hemaprova Moran's Poems

I am Scared of Writing Poetry These Days

I cannot write a poem without fear these days.
Suspecting, no one would read
I am scared,
doubting, none would understand
even if they read
or, pretend they don't understand
even though they do!
Perchance someone would tell
the opposite meanings of the delicate words
that germinate in my heart.
May be someone would quip
Is this too what is called a poem?
Someone might indict
This is plagiarised poem
Someone might say is this a poem or a non-poem?
When the rhythmic words set up a home in the heart
flowing through every vein and venule
become a poem
The words cannot be tethered
nor can be kept inside a fence
considering them ancient or modern
The words of poetry tear off tether
break fencing
Nor do the words of poetry remain
within restriction of rules.
The world of poetry is one of colourful words,
a world of feelings,
A poem is a bud that sprouts in the garden
of cherished feelings in the bosom of the poet.
Whether someone understands or not,
whether someone reads or not
The poet cannot remain without writing poems.
Sometimes, its the fire of hushed up anger
At times, its the shadow of depression
At times, a rainbow of smile
At times, a rain of sorrows.
I'm scared of writing poetry these days
Its for the poems that one has to incur
wrath of the rulers
has to be behind the bars.
The pangs of the heart for the inability
to write poems without fear
Becomes an azure river.

When Dolesome Darkness Envelopes

In darkness even ones own shadow
doesn't remain with one

At the hour of aloneness one doesn't find
well-wishes and the close ones,
All of them go away surreptitiously,
Its only in darkness that one knows
who is close at hand
and who is at a distance.
When darkness descends
there come crawling a torrent of sadness
Even the nearest and dearest ones become enemies.
The bonds of friendship get broken
The delicate foundation of faith
collapses at once
The promises filled with momentary assurance
get lost.
It's impossible to look at anyone's face
in darkness,
Just the true identity of the face behind the mask
can be apprehended
On one side loneliness
on the other, the sorrowful sighs of the barren heart.
In the book of accounts are added
what one has got and what one hasn't.
The throbbing heart remains writhing
in the overwhelming urge to keep alive
In the lonely moments of seclusion come
the ominous dark moon of engulfing hopelessness
The wick of hope doesn't burn
in the heart of darkness
Humanity is in deep slumber.
With frantic laughter approaches
cruel sense of pity
In the darkness of the new moon
Cool moonlight is insanity,
Mere insanity.

Translated by Uttam Duorah

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