

# Nilim Kumar's Poem

## The Temple of Afruza Akhtar

Even after having a mosque in the bosom  
 Afruza Akhtar was not at peace  
 Till she had a temple in her bosom.  
 Many stories are making rounds  
 Many hearsay and whispers.  
 But one thing is true that Afruza asked me—  
 Where from the bricks be brought to build the temple?  
 I said—  
 It needn't be brought from Ayodhya or Vrindavan  
 Just fetch from the nearby kiln  
 Said—  
 Get Cement and sand from the petty shopkeeper  
 Near your hour house, the poorest one  
 The one who remained with the smallest shop because he couldn't lie  
 And you need not fetch water from the river  
 Countless corpses floated down the river  
 in the clash for temple-mosque  
 How troubled the river was being forced to carry down those dead bodies  
 The rivers do not remain river any more Afruza  
 So to mix the mortar get water from the well  
 Filling into a pitcher

After the temple was made in the bosom of Afruza  
 How excited she was to tell me  
 Now Allah and Bhagwan relishes food  
 From the same plate in her bosom  
 Shares the same bed to sleep

I asked her—  
 How are they to look at?  
 Afruza said—  
 Both are in fact twins.  
 So now it has become rather difficult for her  
 To identify  
 Which one is Bhagwan  
 Which one is Allah

*Translated by* **Bibekananda Choudhury**

**Nilim Kumar** is a prominent Assamese poet and novelist.

**Bibekananda Choudhury** is a writer and translator based in Guwahati, Assam.