

Bikiyan Bailung's Poem

Dear Doll

(For Piu)

Things were like
cosy dreams.
Mounting up
Bit by bit

A child soft as a morn
As a woodland lay
Shut in a dewy envelope

You were the star
Sparkling in the fringe of blue...
Awakened from the last sleep
With a leaf-splitting cry.

Sudden in your plenteous plain
With the delightful frenzy
Of water sport
I see my childhood
Hanging on your visage,
In a knotty artificial
Gyre of life
Muddy and dusty hands of
Childhood is better.

What is there in selfish pursuits!
Pearls sparkle in parents' heart
The temple
Emancipate

Like the fields
Cracks relation
Tongues paralyze.
Scarcely easy
To live such a life-
To smile on
Amidst failures.

Be a 'man'
Piu
Sprinkle for man
Green seeds
And taste happiness
To the lees.

Once again
Lighting for you
Delighting firecracker
Sand castle for your
Playful fingers

And all that
For your butterfly searching
Eyes,
Be a man Piu.

Translated by **Nayan Jyoti Hazarika**

Bikian Bailung is a young poet based in Doomdooma, Tinsukia. He has published one collection of poems.

Nayan Jyoti Hazarika is an Assistant Professor, Department of English, Duliajan College, Assam.