

Biren Gogoi's Poems

Village of my birth

Water abounds all around during the monsoons
With fish and turtles right upon the roads
Arums and ferns fill
The fields and household yards

In the dry seasons just sand and dust
Pathways here and there
The place of my childhood and youth

Haunted mid-days in the miry pond
When the snakeheads respire
The flippant youthful heart begins to quiver

In the monsoonal brimming brooks
The elengas bite the bait
The dwarf catfish wriggles on the bank

Drifting in the breeze of reminiscence
Never ever shall those days return !

People impede the unruly rivers
The fields remain unreached
To the silty soil
When shall the sand turn green again

The day's sun has remained the same
The night's moon has remained the same
The trees and grasses have departed
The decor of free nature
Has been shattered to its end
The village of my birth is laid barren

Flowers shall surely bloom

What flowers do is bloom
They are blooming
And shall keep on blooming

What creepers do is climb
They are climbing
And shall keep on climbing

People's savage hands
May uproot trees
There too flowers bloom

Even if encaged
Flowers open their petals

To tend flowers
There are the wind rain and soil

Finally to pluck the pretty flowers
We people are there
For only people possess
Hands and hooks

Translated by **Krishna Dulal Barua**

Biren Gogoi is a contemporary Assamese poet based in Dibrugarh. He has five collections of poems to his credit.

Krishna Dulal Barua is a prominent translator and writer based in Nagaon, Assam. He received the Katha Award for translation in 2005.