

Harekrishna Deka's Poems

In this Bhogali

In the empty fields what's the wind looking for so restlessly?
The crops have been harvested. The paddy seeds are in the granary.
In the rumpled wind's lamentation the slumbering stubbles
Lift their heads with a jolt and look around. The tears of the wind
Fall as dewdrops and the stubbles get soaked.
To light up the wind's face with a smile come and chant the name of 'Hari'.
Looking at the dawning sun come and say,
Do have our fields gilded with paddy next time too.

In this very Bhogali,
Over hills and plains
Across the fields
All folks and kinsmen
Pray and unify
Around the heat of ricks.

Two sudden mistakes

Today
Two little things
Went wrong
All of a sudden.
With a red ribbon
Tied round the neck
Arrived
A silly she-goat
I couldn't feed her
With grass
Flames were about
To emerge
From the dry grass.

While trying to traverse
The forest
That seemed to be
Covered by
The beard of oldsters
I caught sight of
The twin figures
Of Gemini
Beside it I saw
A huge stretch
Of golden crops

And countless
Golden eggs
That filled me
With varied hopes.
Just then I spotted—
The old chowkidar
Making off with
The golden crops
And golden eggs
Little by little
Stealthily.

I couldn't prevent him
I couldn't uncover
Any treasure-trove
Of gold
Only my beard
Grew longer.

Translated by **Krishna Dulal Barua**

Harekrishna Deka is a Sahitya Akademi award winner poet, short story writer and literary critic of India who writes in Assamese.

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