

Hemaprova Moran's Poems

The Things Untold

Certain things remain untold.
The lips quiver with certain things
And yet they donot articulate
Like the clouds that cover the sky
But donot rain.

You plan going somewhere
But you cannot go.
The mind moves faster
Than your paces.
You plan telling something
But it remains untold.

Sometimes painting pictures of despair
Clouds keep floating in the mind's sky
No sooner than a ray of light gets released
The cloud of sorrows come floating.

The shattered dreams get lost
Behind the smiles
Hiding tears.

A great war is waged within
And the heart tosses
The pain of inability to say things intended
Makes time weep forever.

In the eyes of one who has only acted out a role
Fire of grievances burns all the time.
Words intended remain untold.
The words untold get lost for ever
Between the quivering lips.

Memory Flows Back

The river flows for ever
Carrying waves
On its breast.

The river of time is untiring
The river of memory
Flows back.
It doesnot flow with swelling torrents
And yet it erodes
Either bank of the breast.

The words turn into weeping
And instantly the smile disappears from the lips.

Reminiscences are a backflow
It brings loneliness.
It is unstoppable.

Talking to oneself
Playing with oneself
One makes a retreat
Someone's words of courage
Cannot make forget
The sorrows of the eroding banks.
Can one stop the backflow of memory?

Translated by Ananda Bormudoi

Hemaprova Moran is an Assamese poet based in Kakopathar, Tinisukia, Assam. She has published one collection of poems.