

Indu Barua's Poems

Invisible Battle with Oneself

Mossy chest in absence of sunlight
and a grim face
battling with oneself day in day out
the languid body
Keeps sleeping on the headside in the vigilant night...
What remains, what is it that remains
in the abandoned woodlot of the mind
aberrations of love and affection
or wailings of the broken heart
What is there
equations of what has been obtained and whatever not
or the cindered mountain of
what has been obtained and lost...
On the other side of the high waves of
the vast sea of hurt emotions
you construct the lonely island of indifference.
We spread our hands becoming sunlight
You become a mirage...
Being lost in yourself
in the seventh underworld of oblivion.
leaving behind family and relatives, friends and companions

Had it been possible to push away
with touch of both hands
the dark clouds of lost confidence
the hordes of midday suns wouldn't have sunk
in the tides of inglorious death.

Baffled Times

The sun is sinking in the abyssal sea...
With no idea how to swim
we've jumped
in an all out effort to lift it up.
The feet are losing hold
In the water made turbid with
frantic movements of your arms and legs
we are drowning and drowning
drowning gradually...
You won't ever understand
Repaying with life
the price of love
One may be satisfied...

Translated by Uttam Duorah

Indu Barua is an Assamese poet based in Guwahati.

Uttam Duorah, the translator, retired as the HoD, English, Women's College, Tinsukia and is based in Tinsukia, Assam.