

Satyakam Borthakur's Poem

Arid

Fragrance of jasmine smelling like tears
Has entered my room through the bedroom window.

Seven hundred and forty seven houses have been demolished
To broaden the highway.

Along the road in front of my house
The road- rollers went on incessantly
Smashing up the stones underneath.

The fragrance of jasmine smelling like tears
Has entered through the bedroom window
To sweeten with fragrance
The deadbody of a rascal
Who knew not how to weep.

Translated by **Ananda Bormudoi**

Satyakam Borthakur is a poet, critic and Professor of the Dept of Assamese, Dibrugarh University.