

Meghali Gogoi's Poem

Issue: Vol. IV, No. 1, May-July, 2025

Talk

What should we talk about?
Let's talk about clouds
The clouds that rain.
White clouds are barren
Let's then talk about black clouds.
Black clouds remind me of
Nothing but of
Black fumes
That stained the azure sky.

Let's wink out
The case of the black clouds,
And talk about green hills.

We had a plan
To build a hut
At a serene bend
Of the hill,
We had a plan
To greet the sun
At every dawn,
After stretching the body
And rubbing the sleepy eyes.

A desire we had
To clinch the summit
And tell our wish
To fondle the sky
And ask
Have not they heard
Mountain green vanishing
Crests dismantled
Indiscriminate?

Oh! leave we the mountain tale
And talk about the river.
The chambers of our heart
Shall we adorn
With images
Drawn on the river-bosom
By the setting sun.

If ever we desire
To get lost somewhere
In unknown distance,
Will ascend
On the mass of
Water hyacinth.
Haven't you heard of
The river
Going mad with grief?

When the angry waves
Will thrash about

Like the drunken elephant
You will want to mock
Your luxury
Of floating on
A mass of hyacinth.

Then what should we talk
How shall we reveal
The tales of life
The tales of loving life?

We will not talk anymore
We will
Place hand on hand
You and me
And tenderly preserve the
Hive of golden memory
In nectar trove
Of resounding silence.

Translated by **Nayan Jyoti Hazarika**

Meghali Gogoi is an Assamese poet and novelist based in Rajabari, Jorhat. She has published three collections of poems.

Nayan Jyoti Hazarika is an Assistant Professor, Department of English, Duliajan College, Assam.