

Nilam Gogoi's Poems

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Don't Forget

For many a reason
I've kept time dangling
Over you and I
Turning into we --

Time is a giant phenomenon
'We' just one topic --

Subject : Personal happiness, personal liberty

While computing the proceeds of progress one doesn't forget --
The conglomeration of individuals is a nation

For a nation to turn blue green black
How longer would it take !
How long shall we remain forgetting
I 'myself', you 'yourself' / goodness !

It's only to forget the bitter truths
A picture is set up with creamy fables

The wrinkles on the skin at the back of the hand
Can't be seen with the palm before the nose

Over the skin there's another skin
That even a vulture can't split
The shortcomings of sight -- the strength of tall walls
In the phenomena of time
The brain's acrosome is manifest

And we --

We keep telling yet we keep forgetting --
"Drop after drop of cloud-water
Make the wide ocean brim over ..."

We discuss and we forget --
"Many a little makes a mickle"
(A river can be made to flow by people shaking their nails)

We listen but keep not in mind --
"If no one responds to your call
You go on all alone ..."

The first stage of Alzheimer's disease.

Your dress is my arch-enemy

How many times do you keep changing your dress ?
-- Morning strolls, office, meetings-seminars, hills, seas, evening strolls
or friend's invitations
Running suit, office-wear, track suit, party-wear, tankini

Embracing the warm wintry breeze
Removing the post-spring sighs
Night-wear, lounge-wear or Sleeper brands for bed

A dress has two truths --
One,
From seed to tree or from tree to seed
There's no need to know about its esoteric sense
From my benignity she was born
The features change
But not the traits
After her duties she merges with me
Growing apt for revelling in
She becomes 'I' (the world) -- cautiously
I'm at ease.

Two,
She too has her birth in my very womb
Aborted without consent
Who turns her into a love child (?)
-- You !
She seethes
What shrieks of heat !
My trachea gets clogged up
She freezes
Let her walk on the red carpet gracefully
Your artifice of supremacy glitters as the sun
After using her up when you throw her away
She's unable to merge with me
My apprehension mounts
She turns into a sore wound
My skin itches
The way to the womb gets clogged up
The eggs in the uterus rot putrefy
Stink

You think you've escaped !
Inventing a new trick
You've kept her suitable for use
Bringing her out of the hand's reach
From the fast fashion mall
And made her available

What are you doing (?)
-- Planning about my murder !

At the temperature in which she melted or solidified
At the same degree she grows imperishable
From a score to a double hundred years

After knowing everything you still say --
Do save me !

Let me say a thing or two, listen --
One,
The dress of fibre that merges with me
Make it available for all

Two,
Keep using over and over again
The misbegotten dress arranged by you

Or else collect it and redesign it with newness

Change is an objective

(Don't throw it upon me)

A lot has been discussed on the environment.

Now transform your thoughts into action

You imply the world

By flaunting modern aristocracy

Don't clog up the duct of my womb ...

[A precept for the solution of sustainable attire]

Translated by **Krishna Dulal Barua**

Nilam Gogoi is an Assamese poet and writer based in Golaghat, Assam. She has one collection of poems, *Bhal Hoatu Pap: Comrade*, to her credit.

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