

Uday Kumar Sarma's Poems

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White Steed White Rose

No paddy in the field-sand
No fish in the pond- clods of earth
No tree atop the hill- fire
No bird upon trees- blood
No more space for rings in the fingers of the city

As a white steed
Death beckons with a nod

2)
Let people in thousands fall asleep and dream
Let the gaze be an August sky
Let death glint in the darkness
As feline eyes

3)
What incantation does the butterfly chant
Beside the ears of flowers
The woods can still feel the language of the storm
Fire of hunger
Fire of wrath
A rill of light flows over the grass sprouting anew

Songs of frogs
Songs of planted seedlings
Forever I'll watch listening
The nude eternal youth
Of the white rose in the sky

Gamble

No fruit falls transformed into stone
Flower has never hurt anyone
Do the mountains chide anyone ever?
The flute bites none
A newspaper does not cry-
Tells silently

So many suns set
So many Gods immersed
On so many peoples' foreheads
Death has put its stamp
: COVID - 19

Who would do the embroidery
On the kerchief today
Sobs silently

Coming nearer
The variegated birds asked
: How are you friend?
: Gamble

Gambling, simply gambling
With life
Utterly silently

Translated by **Krishna Dulal Barua** ('White Steed White Rose') and **Bibekananda Choudhury** ('Gamble')

Uday Kumar Sarma is an Assamese poet and writer.

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