

Hemaprova Moran's Poems

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An unfamiliar sky

Beneath the sky is another sky
An incessant shower of the heat of a burning fire
The bedroom and the dining-room
Are filled with live charcoal

The roar of clouds, the line-sketches of lightning flashes
And the black clouds make the sky fearsome
The storm grows more and more fierce
Amid the devastating storm dreams turn frigid

A pale sun
A sob behind the darkness

The words that had so long frolicked with the sky
Lose their whereabouts
The smiles shed tears
The pledges and the tillers' toil
Turn helpless.
For the grief of the erosion of success
Salty floods descend on the vicinity of the heart.

The miffed sun

Seeing him one day at alpenglow
I asked him,
Don't you feel weary
Along this uninterrupted journey of eternity ?

Penning histories of people and the world
Working on and on
Doesn't a tiller's fatigue
Soak your bosom?

From the first journey of the barbaric naked people
To the peak of modern civilization
Is a long road of evolution.
You're a living witness
Of each and every moment.

Amid the trials and tribulations of the route
Cosmic conflicts
Your stand is firm

People have changed
The earth has changed,
You've stopped to a stagnant state
Singing the victory-songs of creativity.

I asked you,
Sometimes wearing a black garb
You keep your face covered
Is it a momentary rest
Or your offended huff ?

Sometimes hiding behind the dark clouds
You play hide 'n' seek.
You love to make the sky cry and laugh
You bestow the river with its fullness of attainment
The seas and oceans have been your lovers ever since birth
For the urge of fervent love
The bosom filled with emotions rise and fall
Tides -- high and low.

For their ignorance
People seek to thrust you
Into a locked chamber of the temple
Can your motion and strength be measured
With the wishes of people ?
Perhaps your offended huff results for this reason

You know after all
The love of every life on this earth
Is for you.
Age after age
Why is this endless accusation by the people?

Translated by Krishna Dulal Barua

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She has published one collection of poems.

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