

Nilmani Phookan's Poem

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In this valley full of rocks and rills

When it rains in this valley of rocks and rills,
They leave me alone.
The slanting rain begins to erode my innards.
The midnight wind opens in their eyes the boat sails
Snapped and floating away

In the incessant night rainfall
I hear someone screaming in pain.
Someone is screaming to get out of the rock.
When it rains in this valley of rocks and rills,
The face of Kamala Kuwari floats up
In the watery darkness of those viridescent fields.

Translated by **Rashmi Rekha Bora Hazarika**

Nilmani Phookan (b.10 September, 1933-d.19 January, 2023) was an Assamese poet and art critic. He was awarded the 56th Jnanpith Award for the year 2020.

Rashmi Rekha Bora Hazarika is a versatile translator and writer, proficient in both Assamese and English, with expertise in translating to and from these languages.