

Uadoi Kumar Barua's Poems

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Transcript of Unique Pain

One day at this point you compared
With the darkness of seven stars
The depth of sadness.

That day the gentle wind
Suddenly turned into a frenzy,
And the sun too wept
In the eyes of lord Buddha
Seeing the horrors of war.

Even the glow of seven mountains
Couldn't radiate the minds of
Siang's damsels.

You asked me the origin of the lines worry
That glimmered on their slanting foreheads.
I said, they are the transcript of Unique Pain.

Perhaps you didn't know that
I was searching myself
In the circular dreams of seven forest

But what a wonder!
Apart I wanted to become
In the concealed bosom of your memory,
To sink like a star in the sea
Calm, gentle
Serene and eternal.

Soliloquy of a Stone

Apparently
What the solitary tree
Owns
To pacify
Its inner soul
Except soliloquy.

It has not revealed
Even to the stone
Entwined in its roots
The mystery of its birth.

A thing mundane
In the city
Growing erratic.

A question hovers
Uninterrupted
Is it the impulse of creation
or steep decline of consciousness?

In the coldness of its eyes
A vibrant forest
Swallowed by
Its illusion.

The day
A stone he was born
From the womb of sadness
Of the forest,
The sky wept
Losing its
Rhythmic essence.

The silent talk
Of the evening
Stopped
With the stone
Threatened
By the ravaging Time

Still he wished
The sadness of the forest
That groomed him
Like a stone
Be sharpened with light.

A forest
Life saving
Grows
In the bosom of
The present time.

The classical address
Of which
Will be
The heart sensitive
Of the soil, water and
Sky eternal.

Translated by Nayan Jyoti Hazarika

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