

Nirod Gohain's Poem

Issue: Vol. IV, No. 3, November-January, 2025-26

Destroying a Home

While returning home having destroyed others'
In the quietude of the road
do you think
you, too, have a home

At the time of opening the gate
of the walkway
do your wife and
children – your son and daughter
see a drop of tear in your eyes

Once in a while a severed hand pounds on the door
A torn sador* lay reddened in the bush
The soiled faces keep yawning amidst potsherds

Waiting on the river bank a bevy of women were crying that noon
The group of adolescents were masticating
the half baked crabs with crunching sounds

A simple scene

While returning home having destroyed others'
does the image of your mother in sound sleep come wafting

To tell just this
I've been waiting
Can't tell
It can't be told

May be I won't be there one day to tell
Nor would you to hear

Nonetheless—

.....
**Sador*. A part of “mekhela sador”—the traditional attire of Assamese women which is a long piece of woven cloth wrapped around the upper portion of the body.

Translated by **Uttam Duorah**

Nirod Gohain is an Assamese poet, writer and Assistant Professor, Dept. of Assamese, Moran Girls' College. He has published two collections of poems.

Uttam Duorah, the translator, retired as the HoD, English, Women's College, Tinsukia and is based in Tinsukia, Assam.