

Hemaprova Moran's Poems

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The Times

A pair of doves
That passed a sleepless night
In quest of a safe refuge
Is wearied down

At times' crossroads
The whereabouts of many have been lost
For a momentary let-up
A place of solitude is needed
Where can a fixed address be found?

When rivers have lost
Their fixed locations
The green has lost its intrinsic hue
The fragrant flowers have become
Odourless.

Now everything has undergone changes
Who can ponder about others,
Can the afternoon with its change in complexion
Provide a fixed address?

Agonies

What's there to say about something being yours or mine?
The hours and days— are they mine or yours?

What's also there about the moments being day or night?
Can anyone divide days and nights with others
Claiming the days to be one's own, the nights to be someone else's?

Who can own the sun or the moon?
If the full-moon night's enchanting moonlight is mine or yours
For whom is the new-moon night's darkness?

Would you be able to say that the greens are mine
The yellows are yours?
Never can agonies be divided
Who knows when the vagrant agonies come
To stop by his door.

In the superfluity of light too
Shadows linger in the form of darkness.

Translated by Krishna Dulal Barua

Hemaprova Moran is an Assamese poet based in Kakopathar, Tinisukia, Assam.

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