

# Premnarayan Nath's Poems

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## One day at Haflong

The cicadas sing, by night and by noon,  
a line of prayer, like a sacred chant.

The sky leans upon the slopes of fern hill, boundless,  
and I wander, searching for a city  
filled with noise and life—  
but it is nowhere to be found.

From one hill to another, winding, winding, flows a living river,  
pausing at the borders of Jatinga.

I saw no birds there,  
none to take flight with my dreams,  
heard no song,  
even the wind seemed hushed.

I never asked the name  
of the boy who sang the Maibang tune;  
among the countless dreams seen in the valleys,  
remain there silent and still.

Someday you will come,  
and under the shadows of twin hills,  
you will write anew—  
one faint song  
hummed by the living cicadas.

## A Poem

The sky or in the wind, wherever the mansion of memories exists  
There beside it, somehow an address remains  
Every monsoon it gets drenched

The flood water also dries up  
The fields become barren and harsh  
The eternal argument between Chaitra and Shravana continues  
You had said one day  
That is life and something more  
None have forgotten the vowel signs

When noise becomes tumult,  
when the gurgling silence stops  
like an unknown friend beside me  
Tell me, tell me, O voice of the voiceless,  
who abandons you

As life's fever is increasing day by day  
In the same way, Chitralkha memory lovingly  
writes monsoon poems of love's deception

People were actually right,  
perhaps only I was wrong  
I still don't see any corner or angle the same  
There, steady in height, steady in lowness, an unknown path enters from one side  
and exits from another – Dhubri

There is no such thing as faith here  
I could not understand you, life, for a lifetime.

*Translated by the Poet Himself*

**Premnarayan Nath** is an Assamese poet and translator. He has published six collections of poems. *Twensangar Gadhuli* (2021) is his most recent collection of poems.