

Nilam Gogoi's Poems

A Dot Saying

HE fights at boarder
— a choice of his own to play
Hide and seek with death

Shines— bravery
Spreads— patriotism

She fights within the four walls
—a destiny pre-ordained to hide
A secret of silent death

Shines— womanhood
Spreads— an archetype

In HIS hand, lethal weapon— to save the Nation
In her duties— to nurture the family

HIS struggles— tears of agony
Her wounds— mockery of negligence

HIS death— National pride
Her— an usual affair

HE is the centre of this constructed world, and
She is those numerous invisible points within the perimeter.

A Foolish Saying

When a currency is decoupled—
The value of the coin
Becomes meaningless
It is a talk about forcibly extracted.

Force is proportionate to pressure
Pressure vanishes the intellect
Vanishes intellect, so does 'Sanskara'

In that 'sanskara', it was written: "Song and Dance."
While sipping from that wealthy dancing cup,
And immersing in the melodies of songs—
Eyes ignite; there appears
The stain of power upon eternal sanskara.

"Stains are good"— but only
As long as you have ten rupees in your hand
To buy a packet of Surf Excel.
Ten rupees— the backbone, to stand tall.
Without it— a crab or an octopus
Curving downward the extended fingers,
Turning body's color into pale,
Signaling submission through silence.

Accepting submission— is a convoluted path.
To hide slipped stains— wars erupt in world.
In war, kings die, subjects die, religious leaders die,

Soldiers and children die.
What does not die— is hunger and greed for power.
What does not die— is fear.
Fear either loses or clutches onto faith.
With the phrase "Please believe me," begins
"A hundred lies for a single lie."
Lies increase the pressure, pressure evanesce the intellect
Decoupling— is not power,
It is foolishness.

Translated by the poet.

Nilam Gogoi is a poet and critic. She has published one collection of poems.