

Renu Bhuyan's Poems

Realisation

1
Yes, my mother's skin
has wrinkled
the skin on the face
has become earth like
a silent sob
has swathed me.

2
I am a lover of the woods
the root of the forest is
the open walkway of my breath
you'd realise as you set foot on the
fallen leaves wetted by dew
the history of simplicity of green.

3
The fish with listless eyes
swim upstream in shoals
in the light tucked in by the sky
the heartfelt sounds
turn alphabet of screams.

My abode is on the other bank of the river

It is winter now
village, town everywhere winter plays
as you wake up at midnight
you'd listen the dripping sounds of dewdrops
like graceful steps with hypnotic tinkling sounds.
The melodious coo of nameless birds
rise with the sun
your abode is on the other bank of the river
I continue to wait on this bank
jotting down the rotation of day and night.
Hoping you to come over
opening the warren of magical mist.
Maybe I hear 'Om'
the awakening sound
that shakes the universe.
How distant am I from you?
Winter, spring pass by
and so many seasons do
eternal wait, endless quest
keep on waiting
on this bank of the river of life
your abode is on the side of the river

Translated by **Bibekananda Choudhury**

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