

Udoi Kumar Baruah's Poems

The Wall

From the window itself can be seen
An ivory-like wall standing stiff
In its bosom is inscribed
The vivid tale of age-long isolation

Disregarding the sun and rain, even the tempest
As though it were a golden anticipation for someone

Yes, a wall only separates
Impeding the way it can lead one astray
Sometimes with misunderstandings it can cause
Estrangement from one's beloved

For such negative notions
I've a strong aversion for walls

However, today an exception
Led me to think anew
All of a sudden I noticed a flock of birds
Perched upon the wall in a row
Singing mellifluous songs of the sun
When queried they said
We've come from a cold land

Instantly the wall too was lit up with joy
The euphonic chirping of the birds
Streamed forth along its veins
As a rivulet of music
As if it were a vigilant artistic entity

And what was this?
We were all extending between one another
Our long hands of warm clasp

And on seeing us
There the sun was chuckling

Unknowingly an unfamiliar adoration for walls
Held me captive
And unknowingly I became a lover of walls

A tone of perception slowly mounting in intensity
Seemed to come and tell me
Only love and affection can untie the complex knots of the mind
And make life meaningful
What do you say?

The Mind

The mind too has a law court
In its deep recesses
Sometimes the tiger of the mind impales
The body of your consciousness
That very moment in protest
The mind keeps on blundering correctly

Don't you think
Sometimes sitting in solitude
As a companion of the mind's restraint
The expanse of serenity would
Touch the sky

Yes, to behold the mind
That doesn't get reflected in the mirror
Or to read the mind
Without letters and words
The mind's lamp has to be lit

However, if the vision isn't alert
Even the mind that's firm as flax-straw
Could be wrecked in the whirlpool of time
At that very moment in unknown apprehension
The unsteady mind stretches out towards the Unseen
The synthetic hands of prayer

Translated by Krishna Dulal Barua

Udoi Kumar Baruah is an Assamese poet based in Guwahati. He has published three collections of poems.

Krishna Dulal Barua is a prominent translator and writer based in Nagaon, Assam. He received the Katha Award for translation in 2005.