

# Why do I write poetry?

**Biren Gogoi**



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Something always inspires me to write. It could be any one of those things—sorrow, happiness, love, and so on. While in high school, I wrote verses about Bapuji and Kanaklata. I read the poems in the school textbook. I wrote summaries. These were all done to pass exams and get marks. In my view, this is exactly how a person becomes attracted to literature during their school days.

Environment is a major factor for literary practice. The study of literature is necessary for the creation of literature. Many of us are deprived of that environment of literary study. I was too. Aside from the stories and novels of Homen Borgohain, Syed Abdul Malik and Hitesh Deka received as wedding gifts, I had no opportunity to read anything. When I went to the city for college, I got the chance to read the poems of poets like Navakanta Barua, Nilmani Phookan and Hiren Bhattacharya. Besides these renowned poets, after moving to Guwahati, the proximity of poets, writers, and artists like Ram Gogoi, Abani Chakraborty, Rabindra Sarkar, Robin Sarma, Dhananjay Sarma, Rohini Kumar Pathak and Rafikul Hussain inspired me to write.

I became neither a rebel nor a romantic. I started as a patriot, a category for which the number of readers is negligible. Does poetry necessarily have to have love in it? I had no direction on this. Therefore, I am neither a sparrow nor a swan. Initially, I had the idea that poetry is not for life, but for art's sake. That notion vanished after gaining the companionship of a few communist poets and writers. The idea was wrong. And because of this notion, I feel as though I lagged far behind as a poet. Of course, I cannot say now how many excellent poems I would have written had that not been the case.

In literature, the contribution of inspiration and environment must exist. Especially in adolescence, one feels like doing the things that look and sound good. Reading a good story makes one want to be a storyteller; likewise, reading a novel makes one want to be a novelist. The actions of some member or the other in a joint family inspire one to write. In a house where there are musical instruments, at least one singer will surely be created. Similarly, in a house where there is a collection of books and magazines, a writer will surely be born. There are many examples of famous writers being created in such environments in the field of Assamese literature.



The inspiration created by the environment attracted me too. Hopes and despairs, sorrows and pains have also compelled me to write poetry. I cannot write anything just by taking a pen and paper in hand. There must be a need for some experience, environment, or inspiration. I spent a period of my life within a joint family. I found many characters and subjects within the house as materials for writing. I could not express those characters through stories, poems, or novels. Finally, my literary work moved toward poetry. Many love poems written in college were lost. I didn't give them importance either. At one time, a certain wave came; I lent a small hand to that wave. It was nothing special. Later, I gradually saw that there is a divine realm for poets and poetry, a place for thinking about society, and an environment to fulfill one's purpose. In this regard, personal associations play a special role. These events happened in my case. Even if I cannot express them exactly, the matters come to my mind in fragments, and I want to let people know through the medium of poetry. But I have not accepted poetry as a very easy medium for this dissemination. It is a sufficiently difficult and arduous medium. If I have given anything to a minimum number of readers, on this day, I have given it through poetry. Therefore, for the sake of talking about poetry, reciting poetry, and the discussion and criticism of poetry, finally, only poetry remained in my life.