

Archana Gogoi's Poems

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Illusory

Everything is illusory
Illusory is the play of shadow and light
As a well-acquainted face
Coming adrift at the dead of night
An unseen cord
Keeps us all tied up
Everything is illusory
To look or not to look
To go or not to go
To speak or not to speak
A sudden liking
Then falling in love
Everything is full of mystery
As unrestricted movement in a secret cavern

Stanza

As poems you're reading
The language of my heart
The journey of poetry from this heart
Isn't very short
This journey
Spans from the morning fragrance
Upto the evening emollience
The sighing of a fallen leaf
From weariness to the estuary of creativity
Read my poems carefully
If by some means my poems
Get transformed into your heart

Life

Life is said to be an effervescence of water
Sometimes steaming
Sometimes placid, solemn
Sometimes chilly, lonesome
Solidified into ice
Life seems to be
Something for which one needs to remain alive
For comprehension
Understanding more and more
Till reaching the point of incomprehension
Keeping on solving the riddle
Till it turns into a riddle again
Following the trail of riddles
I'll go out some day in search of myself

Before my last breath
I'll go out in search of life
For the sake of life
Just as a fallen leaf
Merges with the soil
To begin life anew

Translated by **Krishna Dulal Barua**

Archana Gogoi is an Assamese poet and painter whose works have been exhibited in Kolkata, Lucknow, and Mumbai. She is currently employed in the Civil Engineering Department at Oil India Limited, Moran.

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