

Kaushik Baiswas's Poem

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Probably a love poem

My sky is tiny
Yours vast—the wings, too, are freshly grown.

In one corner of your vastness lies my place,
A little cloud to hide my body.

There ends the restlessness

There is no end to the thinking
after wanting to say something
The nights too are long—

So, I pass them with a wavering mind

When I wake,
you've already begun to fly

That's how it should be—
even this waiting has a name

there's some truth in it,
and a part of sorrow too

That too is happiness

I change myself like changing a bedsheet

and become natural—
perhaps too natural

The way a car stays carefully in a garage,
but that's not its real place—

Ha ha!

My garage isn't even covered

You fly when you rest,
and also when you truly fly

Even this ease has a name—

Hey the respected, beloved public

You
you live only in the waiting to not exist

What once was

has slipped through the fist

Your company means
the death of my void

and the death of my void means

the raving of your simplicity

Translated by **Jyotirmoy Talukdar**

Kaushik Baiswas is presently working as a Senior Resident in the Department of Radiation Oncology, AMCH. He has two Assamese poetry collections to his credit, namely *Babari Bilas* and *Ei Batahkhinikei Dilo*.

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