

Manashi Gogoi's Poems

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In the Heart, Celestial Garden

Whom we cherish in our womb
our path was
forbidden by them at Sabarimala

We defeat our fear
to bestow them life
Sacrifice the strength and life
supplication for life
to the sufferings

Agoli Kolapat, Guwapan
and the offerings are knotted
in the Pokhorotong
offered at the gateway
They had forbidden our path
at the Borpeta Kirtonghar
whom we feed our white blood
Endearments to them
to sleep in the sweetness of lullaby.

With patience and intense desire
to have them, a yearning dream for us
"This time a male baby would be better"
Warmth them with care and affection
Bring up them waking up repeatedly over the nights
Delighted in watching them grow up day by day

But they assault and ravish our soul

How to walk
How and what to we wear
How to lough
How to speak
Where to go
Where not to go
What to eat
ruled by them
Monu is created for us
Lakshmi Charita is written for us
They rip off our body and soul to the shreds
They want to be the shelter tree
and we will be the vine forever
They want to be cherished and glitter
with our heritage and culture

We are humans!
Hands freed from the bondage,
celestial garden in the heart

To rest in secluded
crooning tunes is in the solitude.

The Human Matters

Uproar and noisy
Scarcely passed through
the arduous and abstruse path

Do you have time
to perceive the sobbing droplets
in the cupped hands
feel the sadness of the nocturnal birds.

The dreaming people of one body
are drowning in the darkness
falling off in the light.

The people,
Shaping the life with branded materials
The People,
discarding the neonatal in the dustbin
The people,
leaving the mother
for begging on the footpath
Heartfelt people
Cheating people
Cheated people
The people
leaves own country in search of foods
over the years exploited people
starved and sick children people

Fire and flood affected people
The people, travel on flight for attending gatherings
Gamocha felicitating people
the felicitated people

The people who snatch away
the happiness of the dreaming people
calculative people for adjusting the benefits

I too a human re-born from a corpse
die for becoming a human

They laugh at, nothing is in my fortune
they are not able to perceive
in reality, I do nullify the fortune.

Translated by **Nabin Kaman**

Manashi Gogoi is an Assamese poet and writer. Her poems have been published in *Prantik*, *Goriyoshi*, *Satsori*, and other local magazines. She has published three collections of poems. *Nakshatrar Udyan* is her latest collection.

Nabin Kaman is an Assamese poet. His poems have appeared in various local newspapers and magazines. Recently, he has turned his attention to translating poetry between Assamese and English.