

Sarifa Khatoon Chowdhury's Poems

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Without Saying a Word

Without saying a word
Many things became clear

A hailstorm passed by
And I stood all alone
In pitch dark

It's strange
He was the only reliable man
In the journey of my life

With the words reliable and unreliable alike
A wall rose unaware
And also crumbled from moment to moment

And I washed clean every day
The stains of sorrows and sufferings
Along the blood stained path of life

You may be miles away
But at the time of suffering
If you put your ripe paddy field like hand on my head
I can fall in love with life again and again
Before uttering these nectar like words
A meteor was blazing through the sky

It's strange

Even then the journey from a dreamland to reality
Was uninterrupted
Imon Kalyan, a raag as soft as moonlight
Was humming within my heart
Leaning head on the shoulder of the one most ancient.

At What amount of Suffering

The boats of the fishermen are lost
The men clasping the history of dreams

The sea is turbulent with the tide

The pride of the rocks on the coast
Locked in the golden beach
Has been swept along

When the storm subsides
The injuries are swept clean
By a velvet cloth
The silent coast is filled with strange noise

They ask life again and again
How dreams survive in silence
After so much of suffering

To answer the question
Life silently examined all faces

How can each of them be told
That the sea also asked life
What amount of pain can transform
Life into unmoving rocks

You can tell me
Can't you?

Translated by **Ananda Bormudoi**

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