Udoi Kumar Baruah's Poems

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Theme : Rain

Even though scorched by fire
Molai Forest sinks in green again and again
Since the theme is rain

A sky of soil and cloud lies at arm's reach—olivegreen

The scent of moist dust on the cattle path—a hangover now

In the copper coloured eyes of tender leaves there is the perfect sculpture of rain

Mind camera captures the aesthetic picture of
Hiruda's morning walk on the newly built flyover

In his hand lies the fresh bud of a purple poem
—The theme is rain

The mournful songs of felled trees ebb and flow on the soft path of breath

In the backdrop
Lazily rings the final song Raag Kharman
Life
Is stilling.

Illusion-Delusion

Light does not know how much darkness lies within, waiting to glow.

As evening falls Mother returns wrapping up her countless chores
As if an unannounced shadow play of light
And darkness begins with the lamp in her trembling hands

The glowing lamp does not see the tears of melting stars
Mother too does not see the darkness behind the light.

The wrinkles on her forehead never realise how
They have endured the fierce conflict between darkness and light

The metallic bang of the wallclock remains oblivious
To the silent screams of the heart

Yet, on the circular stage of illusion captive lives go on endlessly

Even the grandfather framed on the wall stays silent
Beyond it, is there a solitary ghat of delusion
Or the unseen gate to the glorious life?

Will you tell me, O my Lord,
Listening all night to the wild cricket's mournful song,
Are we living in an illusion of reality,
Or in the reality of delusion?

The flickering lamp must have turned into a blazing flame by now.

Translated by **Rashmi Rekha Bora Hazarika**

Udoi Kumar Baruah is a distinguished Assamese poet based in Guwahati. He has published four collections of poems.

Rashmi Rekha Bora Hazarika is a versatile translator and writer, proficient in both Assamese and English, with expertise in translating to and from these languages.