Meena Devi Baruah's Poems

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Calamity

And
And time rolled over
Like that

The dreamy moment
That
You and I became we
Both of us recited
Slogan of revolution
For those working class people

In our powerful voice
The slogan turned lively
We were deeply emotional for the downtrodden

Cutting up the Cartons
We made placards
Powerful weapon

Our voice strong
There was no place
Our voice could not be found

Appearing interviews for jobs
Turned into mere routine

Protest continued
In our strong voice

You bagged a job
A government job
A Grade III one
We rejoiced
Slogans were in our lips

The slogans
In your lips
Getting gradually weakened
Was noticed

Time was such

Another day
Turned into a seller
In a huge shopping mall
I too forgot
Keeping track of transaction
Correctly

What slogan did we recite
And when

Cry of Forest

The sun would rise today too
Colouring the eastern sky crimson
The sun would perform it's task

Spreading the heat of midday
The sun would complete the task of setting today also

The path of the sun would not change
Just because it is a new year
The sequence of rise
and setting remains the same

There is great change
When the trees quiver
When the chirpings of the birds
Making the trees happy
Turns into shrieks
The animals in the jungle feel distressed and cower

The forest man would quiver
In the journey of the sun
Between rising and setting
The cries of the birds would waft in smoke

And
And a group of lunatics
Indulging in brutal luxury

Translated by **Bibekananda Choudhury**

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