

Hemaprova Moran's Poems

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I'm lost somewhere

In the fading light
Of the setting sun
I'm scouring for myself.
When, where and how
Had I got lost
I wasn't at all aware.
Now rummaging through every nook and corner
I'm scouring for myself.

Where could have I lost
Those illusory sweet days of childhood and boyhood

When with genuine affection and infinite trust
Everyone could be made one's own within moments!

I was hardly aware of the loss
Of a heart brimming with confidence and sky-high dreams
Of the days of not getting wearied down
By swimming across the turbulent waves of youth
Now I'm scouring for myself
All around and everywhere.
Had someone published an ad in the papers
About my missing status!

History

Do you know
Whether history is written or created?
Do you know when the sunflower's dreams
Become history?
The pedestrians get exhausted walking on and on.
Does history know about the fatigue of the legs
That keep on traversing age after age since creation?

The raw blood of so many people's hearts
Paints pictures and fills history.
Does time know about it?
Do you know
Whether history is written or created?

Unwittingly people write histories
Of the times.
Just as some artists had sketched pages of history
In the caves of Ajanta and Ellora
Unwittingly.

Translated by **Krishna Dulal Barua**

Hemoprova Moran is an Assamese poet and writer based Kakapathar, Tinsukia. She has published two collections of poems.

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