

Anis Uz Zaman's Poems

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In the Course of Your Words

While on the old way
I suddenly saw the flock of birds drifting away
That the strength of the sun is my body
I never told anyone
Very much like the fly caught in the spider web
I was lost in your lips
No one knew the things except the wind
Neither did the curtains on the windows through which air came in
The dry leaves that fall down in the gateway
during the misty season, too, didn't

Just when I was trying to get lost
in the course of your words
the russet hue in the west bade goodbye.

You Are Coming Tomorrow

You're coming tomorrow
I'll meet you tomorrow
Tomorrow in your light
darkness will disappear in my bosom

The doors and windows inside my bosom
were shut down
In a shower of torrential rain
the dry leaves completely buried the floor

Just after that it's darkness
the travel companions of the stupid people
Just after that it's light
the song of the wise people sung in the moonlight

Right after that you're coming
A small bird that can fly up with a sudden leap
It will fly up and perching on the tree
filled with green leaves and will chirp
With moonlight the sky will be clear
the way limbs of the body loosen up after lovemaking

You're coming
Through your sleeping veins
blood will rush
and will dance with the chirping bird
You, too, will dance, sing and become wild with joy
And for a night
will sleep taking within your bosom
opening the windows that were shut.

Translated by **Uttam Duorah**

Anis Uz Zaman (3 February 1947–20 September 2026) was a distinguished Assamese poet and translator of Assam.

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