

Arcchana Puzari's Poems

Issue: Vol. V, No. 3, November-January, 2026-27

Tangle of Thoughts

You go on thinking in your own way
Let me think from my point of view
But you aren't what you seem to be
I too am not as I appear to be
In midst there's a bridge
That can't bear weights

On this side the moon melts and keeps falling drop by drop
On the other side splitting apart the nether world
The sun sprouts

Which sky is yours
The sky of God with honey-dripping words
Or the peasant's sky
Dropping the sweat of its head on the ground
Where it keeps waiting with mended patches
Distraught over the lack of food, clothing and shelter

Now and then you drown yourself in the sorrow of incompleteness
By carrying the half-truths on and on
For completeness
I too probe the possibilities warily

When you're engrossed in the measurement of emptiness
I step aside
From measurements and calculations
And grab
The scream of Munch's painting

Which flower was supposed to bloom

The wind wishes not to enter the house
The sun's smile is lying crumpled up inside

Only darkness keeps shrieking desperately

The embroidered minds
Tear up into shreds
Clambering over the bodies of the smiles
A whimper
Slowly turns into a sob
And keeps rolling from one side to the other

No one asks
Which flower was supposed to bloom
Now there's neither any sound nor an echo

With premature ripening
The leaves of the rose chestnut at the gateway
Fall silently
One after another

Translated by Krishna Dulal Barua

Arcchana Puzari is an Assamese poet and writer. She has published twelve collections of poems. Her poems have been translated into English, Bangla, Hindi, Malayalam, Nepali, Russian, Spanish and other languages.

Krishna Dulal Barua is a prominent translator and writer based in Nagaon, Assam. He received the Katha Award for translation in 2005.