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Pratim Baruah



Image credits – painting by Pieter Bruegel the Elder, 1565

Assamese poems trans. by Amitabh Ranjan Kanu

A COLD LONE SENSATION

(One)

I felt a sensation cold
after reaching at the gateway

saw a hazy body
who drowns in my nerves

The gateway is of an ancient day

I got goosebumps
looking at the body walking in the shadow
wearing death

(two)

Putting out the light
the lamp is suddenly set on fire

in an endless cold
the swelling void dances in the bamboo grove

(three)

A jackal foes
when cicada calls in the dark

A raven swings across the bamboo grove

Sitting on the withered heart
A nameless bird cries

(four)

Wished to get back to the watery womb of my mother
Or to take a halt as the whirlpool turns green

But I cannot return
Can I stop here?

An indomitable time haunts

(five)

The gate seems like a sacred canopy
Lone
Extremely cold

Tears get congealed

Like an unnamed bird
Someone is coming and going

Someone's footstep echoes
in the darkness
when ants built their mounds on limbs

(checha nirjan anubhatir ekhon toronr tolot)

Prayer

(To Maa)

Walking with a streamlet gusto

It takes away happiness

Breaks heart

I grew in water
and abandoned the watery bed

her face creases
eyes turn pastel
I sob

'Be careful in every step of life' her eyes had uttered
As every step is a pointed thorn

I wish to return back with air
to the watery bed
Before getting comingled in soil

(parthona)

Absences

The sun is gradually sinking
The city is an impaired child having no toes
Void engulfs everyone in the city where I live

In the shadow
dream blooms
An afflicted heart burns

the bygone voice hums in a conch shell

2

Darkness fastens me while I was stepping into a dungeon
And wet me with fresh music

3

Taking a vow, I'm floating away with streamlets

The last light of the day
falls down on my heart with a sigh

Opening the cover of the box
a blue grief emerges from darkness
a dream smeared with blood trickles down in the same motion

tears fell on muddy palms
a red lily blooms in jubilant air

Clasping the shattered dreams amidst smoke and ashes
The night ignited to a quiet fire

I am searching for someone since long

But I'm botched up

(anupasthiti-1, 2 ,3)

♣♣♣END♣♣♣



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Poetry

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