

BEZBOROA AND FEW OTHERS



Pradip Choudhury

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MIHIR PRAKASH

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*(A translation of few Assamese poems mostly by Lakshminath Bezboroa,
into English by Pradip Chaudhury)*

First Edition : June, 2000

Publisher :
Meena Roychoudhury
for Mihir Prakash
Sarbodoya Nagar
R.G. Barua Road,
Guwahati-21

Type setting, Layout & Printing :
Chitrabon Printers
R.G. Baruah Road
Guwahati-781003

Price : Rs. ~~50.~~ 5000 only

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Cover Art: Lovita Chaudhury

Dedicated
To
Mother, Late Giribala Chaudhury, Composer
of
Jivanar Sur
(The melody of life)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Poets

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Chitrabon Printers

CONTENTS

1. Lakshminath Bezboroa	1
2. Roghu Nath Chaudhury	17
3. Binanda Chandra Barua	19
4. Jatindra Nath Duarah	21
5. Deva Kanta Barua	22
6. Nava Kanta Barua	24
7. Dr. Bhupen Hazarika	25

PRELUDE

(The first stanza from Sri Sri Madhab Dev's Namghosa)

He, who has laid himself
Before Lord,
Earthly pleasure, salvation
Out of his desire
Is a saint,
He wears the crown of
Precious pearls,
Adore him.
Adore Him, Lord Krishna,
The Lord of the Lords,
The king of the Jadu Dynesty
of antiquity.

INTRODUCTION

Dr. Minoti Sarmah

[From "The heroic Spirit, Assam Tribune" 26-3-2000]

Lakshminath Bezboroa was indebted to nature for his literary outlook, he was still more so to his father who instilled in him the zeal for spirituality and traditionalism; and the formative influences included the eventful, lingering days of his school life at Sivasagar. Dinanath Bezboroa, his father, was a deeply religious and pious Viaishnava in the strict sense of the term. Visiting staves, entertaining monks and arranging *Kirtan* sessions were the main activities of his life in his advancing years. He had set-up a *Namghar* adjacent to his house where prayers and kirtans became regular events. Son Lakshminath followed his illustrious father in these traditional practices of the devotional cut and limbed deep into the fountains of Vaishnavism in this way.

Later on, Lakshminath went to Calcutta for collegiate education with a view to becoming a lawyer. At Calcutta he was profoundly influenced by the prevailing atmosphere of renaissance. He delved into the vast treasure house of English literature. The impact of New Awakening inspired him so much that he determined to embellish his own mother language with creative writings.

In Calcutta the Assamese students were deeply pondering over the upliftment of the Assamese language; soon an *Asamiya Bhasa Unnati Sadhini Sabha* sprang up as a result of the weekly discussion sessions. It need be mentioned here that all the enlightened of the Assamese youths in those days had developed a dislike for the Bengali language as a result of the fact the Bengali language and culture had usurped Assamese language and culture and the *Asamiya Bhasa Unnati Sadhini Sabha* originated from a desire to preserve Assamese language and culture from being swamped by Bengali. The result of these efforts was the publication of *Jonaki* in 1889 under the editorship of Chandrakumar Agarwala, with whom Lakshminath was closely associated, *Jonaki* was read every where in Assam as a vehicle of liberation. To Lakshminath it was more than that - it was the fulfilment of a dream and ecstasy filled his soul.

His first drama *Litikai* appeared serially in *Jonaki* from its very first issue. Gradually Lakshminath was so much involved in the affairs of the journal that he had to take up the task of its editing and publication as well.

At the outset of his literary career Lakshminath had doubts about his penmanship. However he gained confidence soon after. While he was the editor of *Jonaki* he attempted a novel *Padumkuwari*. During the

eighteen nineties Lakshminath contributed in manifold ways to enrich Jonaki and some of his early short stories published in it were *Ariji*, *Chennichampa*, *Kehokoka*, *Jayanti*, *Putrapran Pita* etc. But the emergence of *Kripabar* had to wait for some time.

But unfortunately, he failed to qualify as a lawyer since Calcutta University raised the minimum eligible pass marks from that year. He protested this injustice and sought the help of law, but to no avail. Frustrated thus, Lakshminath tried to go to England, but this dream remained unfulfilled due to pressures from several quarters.

But the ways of providence are strange. An opportunity presented itself even as Lakshminath was looking for alternative means. A chance meeting with Bholanath Borooah, a trying his luck at Calcutta, proved to be a turning point in Lakshminath's life and career. Both of them teamed up to form a partnership in the timber business. Fortune favoured them in their business and they began to amass riches. However the success in business did not deter Lakshminath from his first love for literary pursuits. His pen moved on and he contributed ceaselessly to *Jonaki* for his own pleasure.

While a student in the degree class at Calcutta University Lakshminath became intimate with Sudhindranath and Kshitindranath of the Tagore family of Jorasanko. He began to visit Thakurbari, and by his brilliant looks, amiable disposition and literary bent of mind. He captured the hearts of the family. The family found prospective groom in Lakshminath for the marriageable daughter of Hemendranath Tagore (Rabindranath Tagore's elder brother) and without delay the marriage was performed much to the pleasure of the tagores. But this marriage of Lakshminath created rather a commotion in Assam, and he was severely criticised for sacrificing his culture an language. This reaction reached Lakshminath and guarded him against persuasions to convert him to a Bengali and Bahmo.

His marriage to Prajna sundari, however was a great success in his personal life and their happy conjugal life has become proverbial. Of course the premature death of their first daughter Surabhi created a great void in their lives. However, they had three daughters whom they made proficient in various arts.

The Lakshminath and Bholanath timber partnership waned towards the middle of the first decade of the 20th century. Lakshminath had lost his father in 1895 and his first daughter five year later. The grim realities of life had matured him more, Sharp ending his insight of life and things of nature, testimony to which can be found in the period of his great literary efforts that followed. A period of financial hardship came in his life, after a long period of comfortable existence in Calcutta. This period of hardship continued till he sold off the business in 1916 and left for Sambalpur in Orissa.

During the period starting from 1904, Lakshminath, though faced with adverse circumstances, did not submit to their pressures, he rather displayed his heroic spirit by continuing to wield his masterly pen to give

us several master pieces. Some of these were *Kripabar Baruwar Kakator Topola* which were essays in a lighter vein but with a message, *Podum Kuwari* - an attempt at a novel, *Kripabar Baruwar Obhatani*, and *Surabhi* and these marked him as powerful writer particularly in prose, and a dominating personality in literature. There were farces, collections of short stories, folk tales, historical drama, poetry anthology, writings on the life and literature of Sankardeva and another book on Sri Sankardeva and Sri Madhavdeva, life history of his father Dinanath Bezboroa and philosophical writings, humorous essays and many other valuable writings.

Lakshminath was forced by circumstances to accept service under Messrs. Brides & Co. The nature of this job frequently took him to the forests of Assam and Orissa. In 1917 he settled down permanently in Sambalpur and began to live a peaceful life away from the din and bustle of Calcutta. The family was also greeted by the Oriya society and these ties were strengthened by the feeling of oneness by both the communities born out of their efforts at preserving their respective language and culture from the onslaught of the Bengalis. Moreover Lakshminath's family imbibed deep into the renaissance movement of Bengal, found a primary position in Sambalpur's cultural life and their company was much sought after in cultural functions. Prajnasundari, her two daughters and their friends played a major role in staging Tagore's Valmiki Prathibha at Sambalpur. Lakshminath himself took charge of making the image of Kali for the theatrical performances. Such was the prestige enjoyed by Lakshminath at Sambalpur that he was honoured with membership of the municipality.

Away from the people of Assam and from his associates in Calcutta, Lakshminath did not sever his literary and social connections. He continued to publish *Bahi* which he started in 1909 in Calcutta. The place of publication of this periodical later shifted to Guwahati. He considered no sacrifice too great to run the journal and maintain its high literary standard.

Lakshminath was elected President of the Assam Students' Conference in 1916. In 1924 he presided over the seventh conference of the Assam Sahitya Sabha. He was honoured with the title of *Rasaraj* in the Sabha session of 1931 at Sivasagar.

By the early thirties Lakshminath's fame had spread beyond the eastern zone, reaching all corners of the country. In 1933 he was invited by the Maharaja of Boroda to deliver lectures on 'Vaishnavism' and 'Rasliila of Shri Krishna' which earned him fame and esteem. These lectures were included in the posthumous publication *The Religion of Love and Devotion*. Regarding the Maharaja's invitation, Dr. Neog remarks "It was a rare honour, for such an invitation was extended earlier only to such personalities as Rabindranath Tagore, Dr. Radhakrishnan and Sir C.V. Raman."

The climate of Assam's forests did not suit Lakshminath when he came to take charge of the company's work in 1927. He returned of

Sambalpur, resigned his services and started his own timber business. He was then about sixty four but even at this advancing age he did not rest from work, be it for earning or for literary causes.

Though fate had ordained that Lakshminath should live away from the place of his birth, his mind was always in Assam, in her sights and sounds, in her gentle people and in her culture and language.

Indeed love for Assam, the Assamese people and their culture and literature became a passion in his life - almost a romantic passion - which inspired his literary production. This yearning for his native land found adequate expression in *The Will of Kripabar Barboroa*. In this will, patriotism has been sublimated into a romantic passion unsurpassed in any literature.

It was this passionate love for the motherland that inspired him to emerge as '*Kripabar Barboroa*' with *Kakator Topola*, *Obhatani* and *Bhavar Burburani* and others since all these missions had sprung from the melancholic homesickness.

At the request of the Assamese public he set his hand to writing and autobiography which he patiently wrote up to 1936. This autobiography *Or Jivan Sowaran* is the most humane and intimate of all his works. It was this hankering for association with his fellow men that brought him again and again to his native land, and when he visited Assam in 1931 he was flooded with receptions, honours and ovation wherever he went. The Assamese people had made him an emperor of their hearts, the love and respect of his admirers was indeed a great solace to him in his last days.

As if in fulfilment of Lakshminath's cherished dream to mix with the dust of Assam, he came to Assam and fell seriously ill at his daughter's home at Dibrugarh. On recovering slightly he decided to go back to Sambalpur. But he could not do so. Providence had willed that his mortal remains be reduced to ashes on the banks of the mighty river Brahmaputra, on March 26th 1938, to mingle with the flowing waters which had cradled him once in its lap at his birth. A strange coincidence indeed !

THE LAND WHERE WE ARE BORN
(Hera Aamar Janmabhumi)

The land where we are born !
The land where we are born !
A land beyond comparison
The land where we are born !

A little heat
Makes rice fit for dish
Curved sour fruit !
That leaves a memory to your ~~tooth~~.
Bambo pickle, fern fry,
Sticky card ! unremovable
Don't try.

Bihu, miri dance !
Cow delivers babe
Her first milk, frozen and fresh !
Noble smile of healthy children
Can you show me anywhere ?

Does such a land exist on earth ?
No, never,
I assert, from my heart.

RELIC
(Abases)

Flower blooms, petals fall
Fragrance pervades.
Vina lies in pieces, chords tear
The sweet melody vibrates.
Death snatches the bloude's beauty
Smile her lips, pretty.
The moon of the second night sets
It's light, sweet and soft lies.
Gently passes the evening air
Mild pleasantness in mind.
Eagerness of desire, agony of mind,
Unfulfilled lust, bitterness of hope
Gradually diminish
But their echo relics
Bride leaves her childhood's home
Tears roll over the floor.
Wealth departs, companions forsake
Fame or defame of the soul remains.

THE ASCETI'S SONG
(Vinbaragi)

Who has broken the noontime silence
In my foreyard ?
Whose music grieves me so much ?
Probably an ascetic
From some unknown place !

O' ascetic !
Are you playing on
Sita-Joymoti,
Srivatsa-Damayanti,
Maniram-Pyali ?
Or the ravage on Assam,
Our remorseful antiquity ?

.....
My heart aches;
Play no more, ascetic !

Play on and only play on
Silarai-Barmana,
Ban-Bhagadutta,
Sankara-Madhava,
Our glorious and pride:
Fill my heart with merry and mirth !

Play off the old
play on the new.

.....
.....

STAR

(Tora)

Who art thou sitting in the infinite sky,
Meditating deep on though high ?
What remorse you have ?
Tiny man I, fail to understand.
Sorrows and sufferings, pangs of life,
Envy, jealousy, hypocrazy of human mind ?
Dew drops, thine tears, fall on earth
In what grief ? unable to understand.
Art thou flowers blooming in heaven in delight
Spreading fragrance and light ?
where love-laughter, sorrow-sufferings
You won't find.
Or the bright diamonds and precious pearls
Spreading in all directions, up-above
His Holiness sparkling in the universe ?
Or the millions of the eyes of the God of death
Rewarding our sin-virtue, scandal-achivement
Nothig I comprehened;
Impart me wisdom, O' Lord of the Lords !

LOVE

(Prem)

The soul of the universe moves
Though forests, mountains
Through the green leaves of plants
The glee of innumerable smiles
Blooms in the petals of flowers
The river of love springs up
Minute particles of matter unite
And inspire us.
Souls lose their individuality,
They come close
And merge with the universal soul;
Secret comes to light
Difference in man diminish
Delight prevails all around
The universe is in the grip of Him
Beyond our imagination;
A little gratification
Throws the light of heaven upon man
Desert sinks, store meets
In a single touch
The Great power manifests itself.

THE RITUAL OF MOTHER

(*Matrishradha*)

Abundance of love in nature
Little by little, mother
You have stored and built me
A heart wet in tears !
An idol of tolerance !
An offspring of the famous poet
Ananta Kandali,
Assam's glory !

Oh, mother !
How do I adore you
This day of your ritual !
Pauper child I am
Let my tears roll over your feet;
Bless me, mother !

THE SMOKING ORGAN
(Dhoau-khowa)

Blow smoke through your *hoka*
Towards the infinite sky
Forget loss, fatigue
And apatite.

Long neigh of your *hoka*
Not a joke !
Fill the air with smoke.
Blow in all directions
Quench your thirst
Surpass cloud's roar
Snake eater's trot.

Let the holy smoke *vafn*ish
And *hoka*'s smoke remain
The smell of intoxicating tobacco prevail.

PEACE

(Santi)

Discomfort brings homely displeasure
Displeasure disturbs peace
Annoyance flows
In the river of life;
Earthly desire
Is but the mirrage, thirst in desert !
Search for tranquility fails;
The devine ray is the only shelter.
The cloud of envy, hypocrasy
It overs over life
Darkness grips the infinity;
Ignorance leads to lust, lust to endurance.
The sun of spirituality is eclipsed;
The darkness of cloud disappears
The sun of spirituality remains.
Forget the momentary
Embrace the **eternity**
What is glass **before** jewels !

KISS
(Chuma)

Mad in kiss are the pairs of dove !
The pair of deer and of parrots
Kissing each other
Are sucking the honey of love
Flowerborn bees, black
Are flying in the garden of kiss;
Everyone is running after kiss
Why should I miss ?

Kiss every where
In mind, in sea
Heaven and earth
Are the mines of kiss
The village girl too in kiss.

The beloveds of Krishna, addicts of kiss
Forget a while, they exist.
Everyone is mad is kiss
why should I miss !

FLUTE
(Bankhi)

Dusk carries the music of someone's flute
Who is calling from far—
The beloved of Krishna !
The wind is mild now
Someone meditates upon Her.
Flute transits me
From home to outside
Fear, shy, I keep aside.
Shaky mind, unstable heart
Which is the right path ?
Oh, for a glance at her
To greet with garland !
For a drought of honey
To smile and smile in pleasure !

ACHIEVEMENT

(Krititta)

Self-control
Self-repect
And self-knowledge
Are the three tributaries of success

Fear not, work hard
Victory will be your's
In the long run.

THE LADDER TO PROGRESS

(Unnatir Jakhala)

The ladder to progress
He has climbed up
Don't think
Without any foil,
He was tilling
From morning till evening
while you were asleep.

MY LIFE
(More Jivan)

Thanks to god—
My life is not running smooth
Struggle stops my breath;
Let despair arouse
The conscience in me
Oh, how terrible
A foillers life
And a heartless mind !
God ! I am content
With what I am.

REAL AND UNREAL
(Satya kowa)

What is true, God ?
Who is thy best companion--
Who lies in thy bosom ?

Ambition stands in the way of peace
Desire builds the cage of unhappiness
Realisation rescues from remorse;
O' the golden treasure !
Save me from danger.

OUR SPRING FESTIVAL

(Bihu)

Drum beats
horn organ blows
Bihu songs
Oh the score !
Here dances
Our Honourable Bihu Uncle
Welcomes the new year
Line the mother-in-law
Receives her new bride

Trees forward their leaves
Mango-corns bloom in myraid
Amidst the song of the cuckoo bird !

The Spring of Heaven,
Come, dear, to our earth !

.....
.....

THE CALL OF SIX SEASONS

(Soi Ritur Dak)

Spring and winter
Unite
though summer
Bondage of friendship
Can lone save your lifeboat
In danger.

Spring whistles
Winter coughes,
Summer burns
Autumn sniffs, loosens knots;
Bangles ring
In our ears.

CUCKOO

(Cooli)

Mother secretly lays her eggs
In crow's nest
Egg warms, I spring up
And crow anti picks up
Treats like her own kid
And fill my beak.

Suddenly sense and wings
Prompt me to look and fly which
Send me to the distant grassland !

I run restlessly
False impressions chase me

Kalidas, Bhavabhuti arrive first
Shalley, Keast lay behind
A crowd of poets after me !

O' it is spring time !
Let me fly to the mango twig
And deliver my music.

"Alas, my bird !
You have forsaken this poet."

LIGHTS OF LIFE

(Renuka)

Plan without materialisation
Is a dream without deed.

Entire earth revolves round love
Millions of lotus bloom kissing each other.

High ambition makes active
A life without hope is but an idle hive.

Forgiveness begets forgiveness
Noble deeds lead towards heaven.

Life is momentary
Love flows in eternity.

The long night of misery
Ultimately meets its end
The says of the dawn of hope
Twinkle in the east.

A messenger of truth
Is your best friend, indeed.

Politeness brings honour
Unruly mind hits back ever.

History, rank disappear from memory
The poem queen enjoys eternal beauty.

Human life is a gift of God
Work for day and night—
His ordain.

True love does not deviate
True disciple sits constant.

OUR PROVINCIAL ANTHEM
MOTHERLAND

(More Desh)

O' my motherland
So hearty !
O' my motherland
So lovely !
A land of abundance and melody !
O' her lyrical lips !
The sweet tune of Assam, indeed !
Thy endless toil to find a kind
Is in vain my friend !
O' the land of the first sunlight
To my eyes !
O' my Assam,
My motherland,
My glee !
My desire never ends
To cast my eyes upon thee.

(Assam Tribune, March, 1999 : Revised)

ROGHU NATH CHOUDHURY

GOD

(Isvar)

We dont know Lord
Where art thou
Small children we are
Our cries for you go in vain
You wont respond from far.
We dont know
The art of workshiping
Small children we are
Art thou in heaven in the guise of
Sun, moon or star ?
Unable we to understand
The loving words of thine
Only hear a music indistinct
From some unknown far.
Yet Lord
Immense love for you we bear
Devine grace, devine kindness
Fill our hearts ever.
Cast the golden rays of love
From above.

SING ONCE MY BELOVED
(Goahe Eban More Priya Bihangini)

Sing once my beloved
Appear my heart;
Music that touches wild sentiments !
Wave it from your heart
Pour thy honeysweet voice
And quench my thirst.

Deep and silent forests
Are themines of beauty;
From branch to branch
Thou fly in spirited dance.

Sweetheart bird thou art
Orchards, carves, waterfalls
The sacred spring from Godhead
Thou manketh all mad.

O' bird ! it is the same music
That madened the love lorn devotees
On the bank of Yamuna *
Centuries past.

.....
.....

* Yamuna— A tributary of the Ganges, by which Lord Krishna played with his beloveds.

BINANDA CHANDRA BARUA

TINY THINGS

(Saru Bastu)

Cloud melts into water ;
Little drops of rain
Fill the wide ocean
Minute sands unite each other
Make this big world.
Tiny pieces of time depart
Days' months, eras cross
Lord's sweet words gather
Make a wreath
And transforms our earth to heaven.

Is this world full
Only of happiness ?
No, nevers
Sorrow accomanis it ever.

Falls a smile from heaven
Lights the world
And given us eternal joy.

OUR ANCIENT CAPITAL

(Gargaon)

Gargaon, Gargaon !
Startling stories around
The Road of mossy stones
Towards the town !

The down stream of Dikhow
Pulls back the yacht
Gargaon is at sight !
Perplexed land
Full of legends
Blunt wood cuts iron,
Tiger and cow
Drink together
In pairs
In the hanted bay of the town.
Foreigners' greedy eyes
Natives chivalry
The land of spirits in man !
Exciting race damages face
Noise silences voice.

Endless flow of man
Their varying appearances !

.....

.....

JATINDRA NATH DUARA

DONT FORGET THE PAST

(Antitak Nejaba Pahari)

My dearest friend
Dont forget the past
The game of my life is towards end
Soon I'll depart
Don not forget the past.
Behind the happy and sad moments of life
Lies the sweet memory of past
The mirror of the gone by love
Suddenly stands in infront amidst sorrow
The fond dream of past !

Trembling lips fail to bid
The farewell of departure
Only tears roll over the cheeks;
The cloud of despair novels over life
Trace of light is dim,
The road is dark, nothing is visible
Poverty walks slow;
The jgraveyard of reminisence is near,
Many a stories of love assemble
And sing pathetic songs.

.....
.....

HAVE YOU SEEN OCEAN, EVER ?

(Sagar Dekhisa ?)

Have you seen ocean
Even ?
Never you ?
I have also not
Still come soetimes to my ears
..... Blue beds of water
Unobstructed waves
Extend
To far, long, deep horizon.
My heart is also blue, of pains;
Behind the goal of lust
Lies the wave of sea
Caressing the line of the dead past.
Have you heard ?
Have you heard in my sea
The exciting music of storm ?
Have you felt
The sign of spring
In the flower garden ?
Have you seen rainblow
In the clouds of summer ?
The devine glory of light and love !
The ceremonious colour in the sky !
Have you been woken up ever in midnight
By the pathetic song of the winterbird ?
Have you pondered for a moment-
Bird's cry convey
The sad sentiments ~~summer~~ of human life !

.....
.....

WE OPEN THE GATE
(Aami Duar Mukali Koro)

On my table lies
A picture
By Nicholas Borik
"We open the gate" – its name !
Where this gate leads to ?
To sunrise or sunset or to hell,
Or is it that royal gate to heaven ?

At ths departing moments of my youth.
Only a momentary gleam of the futile long way of life
Lies before me
Cheers and laughters ring
In my retiring ears;
But is there really any rest
In this moving world ?
No, flow of men at the gate
Prevents me to depart.

My heart quivers
Along the fanatic shymes of life
I am destined to perpetual motion
That never meets the open gate.

.....
.....

SAOTALI DANCE

(Saotali Nas)

The child of the earth's brest
Hillock lass !
Certainly
Sea is beyond your eyes.

O' the winterflower
In my dear lock !

The black doimond lass !
Certainly
Sear is beyond your eyes

The silent sea vibrates
In the jugglary of music
The violent typhoon dance stops
• Music pacifies seawaves too.

THE FIBROUS REEDS ON RIVERSAND

(Kanhua Ban)

The fibrous needs on riversand
Severely shake my mind
Let me fill my bosom
With a gentle touch

Little moments of life
Treasure of pearls !
Once we miss
Never appear again

Suddenly falls a star
From the blue sky
Embrances the earth
In the thick darkness
Of the silent night.

A dream of some past night
Cast a momentary glimpse
In my mind
The infinite sea is before me
A stream of noise
Awakes me from slumber.

Wil mind
Moves from way to weay
The ray of the dawn
Will bring a new day
Little moments of life
Pillars of determination !
Once we miss
Never appear again.

MY HEART ACHES, MOTHER

(Bookoo Hom Hom Kare)

My heart aches, mother
Someone steals my sleep
Helpless son I am
I lay myself at your feet.

The clouds of destiny
Hovers over the limelight of land
Spirits enter into veins
In my raid.

The rampart around
As strong as thnder
Is invincible
For dread.

Let the first light of freedom
Be my wreath
At your altar
And my blood pour over there !

A SUMMER SONG

(Sneha Aamar Sata Srabanr....)

Fanatic flood !
Rolls over the the deserted beach of youthful lust
Kindness sweeps our ~~heart~~
Like the unceasing summer rain

Springful life tides
Breaking the silence of the medicationg dark
Waves of silver summer
Quiver in praise of the new

Your eyes, dear
Sparkling like current
Bring unspeakable sensation
Trust in the certainly of hope
Knows no bounds of content.

Transient songs I sing
In the horizon of friendship and love
That subdues
The sound of the thundere storm
Thirst fir rain moves after monsoon
Faster than our vision.

(Assam Tribune, July, 1999 : Revised)

THE BANK OF LUIT DAZZLES

(*Gilikalga Luitore Par*)

The bank of Luit dazzles
The spring of light
Flows
Along Pragjyotishpur, of past
Breaking the hurdle of darkness.
Hundreds of glaze of knowledge
Make Luit dazzle.

Antique scripts
Emit mothers' lips
The symphony of chiphung
Conveys hope
'Ronghar' waves the flag of glory
Society embraces Humanity, the Great
The tide of science is on rise.

We, the gallant young blood of Luit
Thwart
The dreaded whirlpool of Ignorance
And
Swim across this river of life.

- * Luit – River Brahma putra that flows through entire Assam.
Chiphung – The flute of a particular section of the Assamese
Ronghar – The ancient mausion of the Ahom kings for rest and entertainment.

Printing Mistaken Regretted

At the cross point of Sea
(Sagar Sangamat)

How many times

I have swam

Across the cross point of sea
yet I am not tired at all

The violent waves of the Pacific
still in mind.

At the cross point of sea-----

The solemn and still of mind

The breast of sea

Endless flow of tides,

Innumerable waves

With novel marks

Bring plenty of hopes.

At the cross point of sea-----

