

Copper Coloured Time

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Translated from Assamese by
Dr. Ananda Bormudoi



A PWF Book

The Copper Coloured Time

*A collection of poems originally written in Assamese by
Sarifa Khatoon Chowdhury and translated into English by
Dr. Ananda Bormudoi.*

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The World is a Country of Poets

The poet did not die
Even after he was declared dead
They knew it and yet they covered him
With a shroud and whispered
No worries now
Let's go.

Everybody left
Yet the poet was not alone
The words of the fellow poets rallied around him

Clasping the breathing of the words
He took the pen and resumed journey.
He collected the invariant core of the conversation
With bleeding time
About Eukraine, Srilanka, Afghanistan, Africa
It also includes what pain has scratched
Out of the people of India and Ethiopia.

They did not know one thing that
The poet could move among the masked people at ease.
Neither did they know that
The world is a country of the poets.

While Walking Along the Footpath

While walking along the foothpath
Someone elbowed me to overtake
I narrowly saved myself from falling.
But the words I so carefully carried
Scattered all around
I hurriedly picked up some of them
And some others were kicked off by the walkers
And they cried out in great agony.
A few of them were trodden to death
And they were priceless for me
Those which I could pick up wept bitterly
Tears turned into a river
And swept me along
I have been moving on ever since.

Things are Not What They are Thought to be

Meanings hidden by the words
Tears behind the smiles and loneliness
Are not exactly alike.

Mistakes occur
A forest of sorrows
Grows luxuriantly
On a mistake committed
Nobody misinterprets
The words you would have said
After your return
Illusion all around.

I did not die
But I am cold as death
The fading moon at daybreak on my lips.
The butterfly on my breast is fixed
And my answer is over.