

Assam Muse

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EDITORIAL

Autumn, Hope and Shakti

Autumn, the season of "mists and mellow fruitfulness" as John Keats so beautifully called it, is here again. The season when leaves adorn themselves with yellow, orange, red and brown hues and fruits ripen, autumn heralds a change in the weather, ushering in a coolness — a much-needed respite from the oppressive heat of summer.

Across the plains of Assam, one can witness the *kohuwa* in bloom, sometimes by the riverside, sometimes along country roads, a quiet, silver-white reminder of autumn's distinct beauty in this region. Its gentle sway in the breeze is almost a whisper that the season has returned.

The blooming of the *kohuwa* also brings with it an air of anticipation for the autumnal festivities. We wait for the arrival of Goddess Durga in all her splendour, magnificence, strength and fortitude. For the young and the old alike, the beat of the *dhaak* is a joyful announcement of Durga Puja, its invigorating spirit rending the air. After all, who can forget the simple, innocent joy of clutching a balloon or a new toy as a child and for adults, the delight of street-side food and delicacies, and the sheer craziness of pandal-hopping till well past midnight?

Every year Goddess Durga arrives on her chosen *vahana*, bringing with her hope and renewal. She imparts strength to the weak who pray to her for support when it seems everyone else has turned away. At a time when we witness rampant violence in our society, especially against women, children, the aged, and the more vulnerable sections, we feel the acute need for a superior moral force to free us from this cycle of cruelty and to hold wrongdoers to account. It is perhaps a goddess like Durga who can inspire us to end all forms of violence and crime.

Amidst festivity and cheer, let us awaken within ourselves that same spirit of strength to fight against evil. Let us pray with ardent devotion to the Goddess to make us stronger, more conscious of our rights, and more capable of raising our voice against all that is unjust.

With these reflections and with warm autumnal greetings for the festive season, we bring to you the October issue of *Assam Muse Poetry & Prose Magazine*. We hope that through its verses and stories, our magazine will continue to spread the enduring message of peace, tolerance, and kindness.



Warm regards

Dr. Shyamolima Saikia

After the Storm

Erdős Sándor, Hungary

The sky has met the water,
they melt in a blue kiss,
only the tip of a mast can be seen
far behind an island.

A gentle wind ruffles my hair,
caresses my face,
and in this quiet moment
I have forgotten my struggle.

My struggle with the raging sea,
with the furious, foaming storm,
as the waves tore at me
with a terrifying roar.

The beast has been tamed,
the raging waters have grown still,
the dark shadow of the storm
has sunk into the depths of the sea.

Aquatic Reflections

Gopal Lahiri

I walk and see the flushed sun lean over a hedge
Like a red-faced fisherman.

Under the lotus shadow the orange and yellow
pour down on the water, the fishes quiver.

Over the green cold leaves and the rippled white
the crane and the pond heron look bewildered.

Toward the deep black water, beneath the arches
the duck family swim slowly.

Under the dark arches, the gulls flap their wings
and look glistening white like town children.

I sit a long time, quiet under the arches
in the silence that follows,

As if it is my own departure time,
my own sorrow is hidden in the dark.

Aspect

Sayani Mukherjee

An aspect of a romance

The sand watch of Turkey

I bemused my clairvoyant soul

To see my world in a glass house

Much better for the religion

Good natured soul of my beloved children

I maneuver God in a book

Vertical lines of my poetic vision

Jargons of newly formed body

Language of harbinger and decay

I called upon thee.

Two Basque Poems in Autumn

Carlo Rey Lacsamana

Bilbao

The sun is slow in rising in Bilbao,
darkness like sorrow clings to the sky like fruit,
above the black river the stars rest their journey
like the sleeping immigrants below the bridge
dreams crawl out of their carton beds like bugs.
In a while the smell of café con leche will reunite
with the stink of blood and betrayal in newspapers
and the traveler must take up the road and go where
the river goes: to the memory of the city.

Little by little the crescent moon vanishes in the clearing sky,
the forgotten tenderness of light appears like a stray cat.
O Bilbao remind me of the stranger's plea for justice,
of the prayer that did not survive last night's wailing.
O autumn slice my heart like an apple, spill the seeds of language
in the city, in the rugged mountains, in luscious valleys, until
they shoot up from the ground of bafflement
reach for the sunrise which keeps us waiting, our mouth watering,
every ounce of praise in my body pleading.

Light-footed I walk the old streets like an aimless planet
drifting in the cosmos. The echo of street music
rises in the urine-splashed corners leading my memory
by the hand to another time and place. Yesterday
beside the bridge an old man read a poem by a Palestinian
poet and the words still linger in the air like the sound
of a far off ambulance, shards of dawn in the vowels,
rubbles of cement in the consonants, a flock of starlings in the
silence. In the plaza retired sanitary workers sang a patriotic song
in Euskera. The trams are coming and going on time reminding
us the purpose of our lives, pass the playgrounds where the screeching
children know nothing of tomorrow, they will inherit our scorched tongues.
Keep a piece of their happiness but do not insist on joy
it does not belong to you.

In the bank the mercenaries sign another contract of austerity,
behind the Peace Plan the Inquisition rearms with cynicism,
witch-hunts, clashes with Guardia Civil, liberals shaking hands with the
Falange,
even art becomes a fathomable disappointment, in Guggenheim
bad taste reigns.

It is the season of exploding bodies, red-blood leaves,
the feeding of lies, the cultivation of ruins,
the flames surround us with no exit routes.
Do not speak softly of tragedy the devastations of power
in the mind of the Visigoths is limitless. Perhaps
a shout in the corner is God's rescue, defiance the epic song
which does not rust, always fresh like flowers in the mouth of the old,
like harpoons in the mouth of the young. Go out then
before autumn swell us with its steady rain of regrets,
to the bars overflowing with pintxos and cerveza, talk over
our common miseries, in the streets 'Huelga General' among
the hives of the unheard, watermelons from the fruit-stands
sigh as we spit our shared anguish, even the sea connives sending
little boats of pathos in the ocean's nightmare, and the oak tree
offers its shade to our grief over the hundred other Guernicas
in this world.

It matters that we cherish this dusk, inside this little crack
of darkness after the long night, this crucial moment before light
exposes us to our own monsters, plot, conspire, join feet with
the dead (if only we remember), the coming winds—the blood letting
and the blessing—must change us.

The dawn opens its mouth with an immense Amen like an accusation,
the pigeons wash the air with hymns to autumn,
in the corner a queue of the shipwrecked, café con leche
awakes the hunger for fairness, the Nievron river flows
towards the heart still dark with stars.

San Sebastian

Autumn is late in coming in San Sebastian,
red-haired sycamores wreath the boulevards,
golden streets and silver buildings sparkle like Txacoli wine,
the wind combs the balconies and hills with mystery.

Because death is yet to arrive in San Sebastian
the letters are still being written, whether of mourning
or of love, the arrows fall off the Saint's body,
the doves nest in the hollows of his wounds,

his contorted body dances like the river Urumea,
his muted moans propel like cathedral bells stinging
the stone mask of the city. No one knows what's behind
the glow of these landscapes, the textures of desire that clad

the bay of La Concha, what the sweat seeks in the skin,
the breeze in the mountain, the promise in the unsaid,
but my shoulder knows the footfalls of your breath, warm, light,
so alive like the dog barking down the beach.

In the distance the island of Santa Clara unfolds like a book,
the rush of days ceases behind us in the gardens of Miramar,
we read our own desolation like a boat leaving the shore,
so we keep on moving, time a lightning that despairs in our head,

places spill out of the tip of my pen,
each syllable a city of farewell,
the agonies of leaving, the ruptures of meeting,
everything will be a blot of sunshine in the coastline of memory.

Autumn will arrive as slow as the death of the Saint.
When beauty summons be eloquent as the sob of the defeated,
as the laughter between lovers. When autumn arrives in this city
every written word will rasp the tongue like cider,

like the word love in the noise of catastrophe.
Give way for death to occupy a seat in your utterance,
let the poem name the sorrow of what is to come,
when autumn arrives in San Sebastian.

You Are My Forever

Jasna Gugić

Morning unfolds
over my sleeping city,
spreading from my outstretched arms
into the endless blue.

And the great golden sun
enters your radiant eyes.

Can you not feel it,
on this morning of hope,
the gentle trembling of my hands,
open to all your infinities?

Good morning, my love.

I kiss your eyes,
bathed in dew,
on this morning of blue longing,

And I give you
the embrace of a lifetime,
forever.

Father
Muhammed Musthafa

He never said
“I love you”
every morning.
Instead,
he woke before the sun,
carried the weight of the day
on his tired shoulders,
and left home
so my dreams could stay alive.
He never asked
what I wanted from life.
He only asked,
“Did you eat?”
When I was afraid,
he did not give me
big speeches.
He simply stood beside me.
And somehow,
that was enough.
I grew up
and began to understand
the language of his silence.
The worn-out sandals,
the quiet sacrifices,
the hands that grew rough
while mine remained soft—
they were all
his way of saying
what words could not.
I may grow older,
I may walk farther,
I may build a life
of my own.

But somewhere inside me,
there will always be
a little child
holding his father's hand.

Fire

Sophia Jamali Soufi

You
whose entire being
is spring
and the colors of flowers...

Your hands...
Ah, your hands
release those two white doves
into my hands

This place of exile
is in need
of tenderness
Let the lips
with the first words of the sun
speak of existence again
in the feast of words

Against death
we are alive
only through the miracle
of a kiss

Let fear
settle like dust
upon the night

Within your arms
we ourselves
are the storm!

Let the wind come
let it carry us away
Like a tree

twisted within itself
we stand
so that our roots
may interpret
spring
in the embrace
of death...

Flouroscent belle

Biswarup Sinha Roy, Kolkata

wakes up with blushing smile
rinses her face with mandarin grains
makes her presence felt all day long
through swaying boughs of oaks and birch
and dancing Daffodils
she has been moody since time was not born
and her enigma are best known
in the pages of Emily and Shelly

Again when the king of cosmos
resigns behind the skyline for a night long rest
she appears in her neon gown studded with blinking beads and pinkish
makeover
lovers' romance reaches its zenith beneath
under the twilight canopy
mortals get submerged in fun and fest.

For a Beige Summer

Lazer Nathaniel

Cool breeze spills over the meadow's bloom;
Daisies nod, fern sways and drinks the dew
That slips, one by one, through every plume;
Twin lenses frame fields so plentiful,
One gaze alone roves gently as it flew.

The straw hat stoops, and honeysuckles haze
Through rustic rails; a hand at pocket-mouth,
A silver watch gives back the blaze;
The lane falls quiet into golden light
While loose petals crowd about his path.

Faint footsteps fade into a dwindling tune
In summer green, so spiteful yet so warm
When distant notes melt into the noon;
My shirt flutters, answering nature's voice;
Grasshoppers leap in a playful swarm.

Blue sky breaks open, sunny rain above our black hair,
Soaked, pattering the mud to a refrain;
The sleeping grasses rise into open air,
Tilting their little heads toward the clouds,
But nothing will flourish again, nothing will flourish again.

Hurt Park

Ted Bernal Guevara

It's been broadcast that "Love One Another" is a program
with interruptions. Channel me in and feel
the static, for positive ions will grant you stay
in a carnival where we are wild ponies
on pre-set. You're able to comb our manes,
our open-mindedness for sharing and mutuality.
And on the brighter side, you can stretch
to measure the circumference of the merry-go-round,
when you've loved up and down. Bless the whirl,
but ignore the stop. It is there where you're able
change your mind back and forth, back and forth.
Your label becomes dry and loses all ability to stick.
Procrastination. It's selling tickets at the gate.

Meet me once

Gayatri Phukan

Translated by Bibekananda Choudhury

Please do not leave this city
Without meeting me once
Who knows
Perhaps this would be our last meet
Please do not leave this city
Without meeting me
I shall take a cup of tea
Would feel the relationship
Touching your hands.
I shall wrap around the afternoon hue
Turn around as you depart
I shall wave my hands
With a vow to wait for you.
Please do not leave the city
Without meeting me
Who knows
This may be our last meet.

Mother Knows
V G Rao, Kochi, Kerala

Mother knows what is best
For her child
But child does not know
That his mother knows
What is best for him
So the child becomes him
He protests, cries and weeps
His whining filling the air
Full of maternal love
She takes turns, turning on
Her fount of adulations
Or a few admonitions
To her progeny, when he
Is sniveling and venting
Having his way with mother
Sadly, he will learn
The lessons of life, in ways
Hard and onerous, before
Child, he becomes a man

Ode to the womb

Rekha Borkotoky, Jorhat

Trust me, I can imagine you though not recognized.
perhaps you are enclosed within my imagination!
I think that's supernatural,
I do breath to inhale your fragrance.
I can imagine the glittering eyes
with pinky pointed nose
that assimilates thy pap's image
You naughty, falling gently on the slippery fluid
Tenderly kicking mumma's belly, perhaps
your craziness
to come out to avoid the heavy darkness
You knocked mumma, she trembled--
How naughty you are!
You pleased and happy, sucking honey from her blood
praying sincerely to God
for mumma's safety or
it may be the sincere regards
for carrying you within her gently .
You the tiny angel
asking again and again
whispering in mumma's ear
that when will be the gorgeous moment
"I may touch you?"
She is waiting eagerly
for the joyous welcome --- she will get
when the sweetest cradle will embrace her
with the perfume of paradise
an embodiment of pure love and divinity

Palette of Dreams

Kuma Raj Subedi

Dreams deferred are not stale like vegetables in pale and pink,
Nor leak like water from a blocked kitchen sink;
They have colors to transform themselves
Into art on canvas of life, like magical elves.
The held brush is not like a magician's stick
It does not strike itself to touch unfinished work with a flick;
It needs will-powered bristles to transform with the grit
And sustainable need of the dreamer holding it.
As white as snow on a mountain top, dreams dazzle and allure
The aggression will melt them away without potential to cure;
Neither can these be played anymore,
A slippery path can not be averted, is now impure.
Still and serene like waters of a blue lake-
Dreams are Co2 unlike oven ready to bake;
Nonexistent, without nurtured feelings and thoughts,
Nor do they quench onlookers without joining the dots.
Dreams deferred accumulate,
With the green time, they germinate;
Cracking the grey rock of the status quo,
Pushing boundaries with will-powered blow.

**Rooted,
Yet I Bloom**

**A poem about staying true to yourself
while still growing.**

Chawa Nandini Meghana (Apparna)

I was taught to be small,
to not take up too much space,
to soften my voice,
to dim my shine.
But the sun does not apologize
for lighting up the dawn.

I have roots—
in my stories,
in the love that raised me,
in the soil that shaped me.
They keep me steady
when the world asks me to change.

But I also have wings—
made of dreams,
fueled by faith,
and fearless choices.
They remind me
that I was never meant
to just survive.

So I bloom,
not in spite of where I come from,
but because of it.
Rooted in strength,
I rise in my own way.

Soil - the giver

Dr. Soma Chakraborty Baidya

The scalpel of a farmer
 sharp and chiselled.
The first cut -
 tears the cover layer.
The second cut -
 pierces underneath.
A surgical precision
 reaches deep down.
The soil bleeds
 but never weeps.
Farmer looks at plough
 soil on its edges.
Sweat drops on forehead
 smile inches to ears.
Soil looks at gaping cuts
 bliss is its soothing
balm.
When will the wait end?
 stares at the vexed
puzzle.
A baby at last seen
 eyes struggling to
open.
Farmer offers water
 Soil too gets its
share.
Lovely 'little' sucks a bit
 soil bares its breast.
Steps into the outer world
 soil forgets its pain.
Smiles at the farmer's gain
 Father gets, mother
gives.
Mother soil teaches

Give, give and
only give.
Lovely 'little' to a giver lady
 fruits, shade,
medicine....
Father's scalpel
 mother's sacrifice.
Life is only giving
 for some it is
receiving.
Both smile at the end
 Outer joy and inner
bliss.

The Flower Seed

Hanh Chau

A tiny blooming seed
exudes in an exquisite
yellow, delicate petal
flourishing color rose
cast a magnificent view
at the vibrant garden
with a sweet, fragrant
of fresh air aroma
bring an unfold
storytelling at the
mesmerizing stage
in nurturing care
with her enchanting
vivid, scintillating image
showcase in a lively,
vivacious dance of the
greeting smile poise
instilled the mind and
heart with a sense of
joy and hope in the
spring season.

The Harlot of The East

Md. Naeem Aziz

In the hour when daylight bled into rust,
I saw a young girl dragged through the dust.
Her eyes were rain, her face full of pain,
As humanity drowned in greed and shame.

Her father was helpless with fever and debt,
Coins were borrowed as time was the fate.
Then poverty sharpened its merciless blade,
A daughter's deal that made her a slave.

I purchased not a body that night,
But only time to stand beside her fight.
A crushing debt that broke a human life,
Turned streets and walls into chains of night.

Before the sun rose and shone,
My messenger returned with coins I owned.
The debt was paid and humanity won,
Freedom was the gift that left her reborn.

The Recipe Box

Barsha Paul

The box was where it always was: top shelf, behind the extra pillowcases, wrapped in a *Fabindia* scarf that had gone thin at the folds. Ira almost didn't see it. She was only looking for a spare blanket because her father kept the guest room cold enough to hang meat in, and her hand had brushed the tin edge instead of cotton.

She knew what it was before she opened it. Her mother had shown it to her once, years ago, when Ira was maybe fourteen and had asked, with the particular cruelty of fourteen-year-olds, why they never ate "normal food" like her friends did. Her mother had pulled the tin down without a word, set it on the kitchen table, and said, "Normal is not a place. It is a person who decided something is normal." Then she'd gone back to the stove and never explained further, and Ira had been too embarrassed by the silence to ask again.

Now the tin sat in her lap on the guest bed, and her mother had been dead five months and eleven days, and Ira was thirty-one and back in her father's house in Guwahati for reasons she hadn't fully admitted to anyone, including herself. Officially she was here because her firm had approved two weeks of remote work. Unofficially, she'd stopped being able to fall asleep in her Bangalore flat without the sound of someone else breathing in the house, and her father was the only someone left who fit that description, even from two rooms away.

She opened the tin.

Inside were index cards, at least sixty of them, in her mother's handwriting, the handwriting that slanted right and got smaller toward the bottom of each card as if she were trying to fit more life into less space. Some cards had oil stains gone translucent with age. Some had a second layer of ink where a measurement had been corrected. *Duck egg — no, hen's egg, the market boy lied about the duck eggs again.*

One card simply said, on the back, in a different pen: *Ira did not eat this. Try again with less mustard.*

Ira sat very still.

She had not cried at the funeral. She had cried in the bathroom of the Guwahati airport eight hours after it, in a stall, with her suitcase wedged against the door because the latch didn't work, and that had felt like the correct amount of crying to do, privately, efficiently, before flying back to a job that did not pause for grief. She had assumed that was the crying.

She was wrong, apparently, because now, over a recipe for what looked like a fish curry with a smear of turmeric still ghosted into the cardstock, she was crying in a way that felt like something structural giving way, not a leak but a wall coming down.

Her father found her an hour later sitting on her mother's armchair. He didn't say anything about the crying. He wasn't a man who commented on crying, his or anyone else's. He just sat on the edge of the bed, the mattress dipping under him, and picked up one of the cards.

"Duck egg," he read, and made a sound that wasn't quite a laugh. "There was a boy at the Fancy Bazaar market who used to sell her hen's eggs and swear on his mother they were duck. Every week. For years. She knew. She let him do it because she said he needed the extra forty paisa more than she needed to be right."

"I didn't know that," Ira said.

"There is a great deal you didn't know," her father said, not unkindly. "There was a great deal I didn't know too. She kept things in her hands, your mother. Not in her mouth."

Ira turned the card over, running her thumb along the note about the mustard. *Try again with less mustard.* “She wrote a comment about me,” she said. “On the back. Like I was a customer leaving a bad review.”

Her father actually laughed at that, a short bark of a thing, the first real laugh Ira had heard from him since she’d arrived four days ago. “That sounds correct,” he said. “She would have found that funny too. She used to say motherhood was just running a restaurant where the only customer refuses to tell you what’s wrong, only that something is.”

He picked through a few more cards, slower now, quieter, and Ira watched something in his shoulders come down half an inch, the way a held breath finally leaves a body.

“I can’t cook any of these,” Ira admitted. “I don’t know what half these words mean. What is *bhut jolokia* to taste, but you know what taste means, so use your sense? That’s not a measurement. That’s a threat.”

“She never measured,” her father said. “I asked her once, write it properly, in grams, so someone can follow it after...”, he stopped. Ira understood the sentence he hadn’t finished, and so, evidently, did he, because he pressed his lips together and looked out the window instead of at her.

“After what,” Ira said gently, because someone had to say it out loud in this house eventually, and it might as well be her, and it might as well be now, in a cold guest room with a tin of index cards between them.

“After she was gone,” her father said. “I asked her to write it down properly so that after she was gone, someone could still make her *tenga*, her *masor tenga*, without ruining it. She said...” and here his voice did something complicated, cracked at an angle Ira had never heard it crack, “...she said if I couldn’t taste when it needed more salt, that was my failure of attention over thirty-eight years of marriage, and no card was going to fix that now.”

They sat with that for a while, the light going orange and then grey outside the window, neither of them turning on the lamp.

The next morning, Ira did not go back to her laptop. She had told her manager she needed the full two weeks, and today, for the first time since arriving, she meant it. She went to the kitchen and pulled six cards at random and laid them on the counter like she was dealing a hand of cards for a game whose rules she didn't know. Then she went to the fridge, which her father kept stocked out of habit rather than need. He mostly ate rice and dal and whatever the domestic help, Runumoni, left covered on the stove, and she began pulling out vegetables that seemed to correspond, loosely, to the cards.

She burned the first attempt at the fish curry so badly that the smoke alarm, which she hadn't even known existed in this house, screamed for four straight minutes while her father stood in the doorway with his hands over his ears, laughing properly now, laughing the way she remembered him laughing when she was nine and had tried to bake a cake using salt instead of sugar because the containers weren't labelled.

"She never labelled anything either," he said, once the alarm quieted. "It runs in the family, apparently. The refusal to make things easy for the next person."

"I'm trying to make things easy," Ira said, more sharply than she meant to, smoke still stinging her eyes, or maybe that wasn't the smoke. "I came here to help you. That's the whole...that was the point. And I've burned fish and made your kitchen smell like a crematorium and I don't even know why I'm doing this instead of just buying you groceries and going back to my flight."

Her father was quiet for a moment. Then he came and stood beside her at the counter, not touching her, just standing close in the way he'd always shown affection, sideways, adjacent, never head-on.

"You know why," he said.

"I don't, actually."

“You’re not here to help me, *moinuni*,” he said, using the name he hadn’t called her since she was small, a name that meant something like precious one and that she’d once found embarrassing in front of school friends and now felt like being handed something warm. “You’re here because you don’t know what to do with all of it either. The house is not the problem you came to fix. You are the problem you came to fix. And you thought a recipe box could be the door in.”

Ira put down the spatula. Her hands were shaking slightly, the way they'd been shaking, she realized now, off and on for five months, in meetings, on the metro, at odd small moments she'd been attributing to caffeine.

“I keep thinking I should be over it by now,” she said. “Everyone at work was very kind for exactly two weeks, and then everyone went back to normal, and I felt like I had to go back to normal too, because who wants to be the person who’s still sad in March about something that happened in February. And I go back to my flat and I make dinner and it’s fine, it’s completely fine, I have a whole system, and then some nights I just stand in my kitchen and I can’t remember why I’m standing there. Just standing. Holding a spoon. For no reason.”

“There is no timeline for this,” her father said. “I would like someone to have told me that. Everyone tells you what to do at the funeral. Fold the cloth this way. Say these words. Nobody tells you what to do on a random Tuesday in July, eight months on, when you reach for the phone to tell her something funny that happened and remember, again, freshly, as if for the first time, that you can’t.”

“Does that stop?” Ira asked. “The reaching for the phone?”

“No,” he said. “But you get faster at remembering. It used to take me a full minute to remember she was gone. Now it takes half a second. I am told, by people who have done more of this grieving than I have, that eventually it takes no time at all, it’s simply there, sitting quietly next to you like a second, smaller shadow. I am not there yet. I don’t know if I want to be there yet, honestly.

The remembering, even the bad kind, is still a kind of talking to her.”

Ira picked the burned pan up off the stove and scraped the ruined fish into the bin, and started again, this time with her father reading the card out loud to her, translating in real time: *khar, that means alkaline water, we make it by soaking banana peel ash, don't worry we'll skip that part*, and somewhere between the second and third attempt, the curry stopped tasting like a chemistry accident and started tasting, faintly, distantly, like something that might have once been served in this kitchen by someone who is no longer in it.

It wasn't right. It would never be exactly right. Her father tasted it and closed his eyes and said, quietly, "close," which from him she understood to be enormous praise, an admission and a grief and a small gift all folded into one syllable.

She stayed the full two weeks. By the end of it she had cooked through eleven of the cards, ruined four more entirely, and photographed every single one of the sixty-something on her phone before she left, because her father had said, almost shyly, that he didn't trust the original tin to survive another flood season, the way the roof leaked sometimes over the store cupboard.

At the airport, waiting to board, she opened her photos and looked again at the card that said Ira did not eat this. *Try again with less mustard*. She thought about texting it to her father, some joke about finally getting the mustard right after seventeen years, but instead she typed something else, something she hadn't planned to type until her thumbs were already moving.

I made her *tenga* again this morning before I left. It's not right. But it's closer. I think I finally understand what she meant about taste not being a number.

Her father wrote back before she'd even reached the gate, three words, no punctuation, the way he always wrote, like punctuation was an unnecessary tax on feeling.

Come back soon.

She put the phone away and looked out at the tarmac, at the heat shimmering off it in the late morning sun, and she thought about her mother's hands, not in her

mouth, in her hands. Sixty cards of things she'd known and never quite managed to say directly, written instead into the margins of food, corrected in a second ink when she got something wrong, left behind for someone slower to catch up.

She would never cook exactly like her mother. She understood that now, sitting in a plastic airport chair with her boarding pass creasing in her palm. But she could get closer. Card by card, burned pan by burned pan, she could get closer, and maybe that was the whole of what any of it: grief, love, the whole complicated inheritance of a person, had ever actually asked of her.

Just closer. Not perfect. Just closer, and willing to keep trying.

The Sky Still Waits

Harshita Shrivastava

Finding the HAPPY BIRD
Where has it been lost?
Have searched every corner
Tell me where it can be found?
In search of the world, I lost the most precious bird
The Bird which used to fly high
Always had passion high
Dared to aim big
Not only dreamt
But also felt
Now caught in a cage
Once was a chirping queen
Now doesn't say a single thing
Once was mountain lover
Now the silent lover
Where is the Bird?

Is it flying
Or just dying inside
From when I lost the precious bird ...
Does she even remember me?
The Bird lost
Lost like everything
Everywhere I searched for
Not even found the feather
I hope one day it flies again
Above every cage, into the open rain,
Where freedom sings and silence breaks
And when the silence heals, the bird will rise again
— carrying a world reborn in peace

The Trap of Suffering: Ascension and Power

By Masha

Look at you crawling, panting, trembling from a world that was never meant to be kind. You call it struggle. You call it growth. But all I see is a ritual of defeat, a performance of pain. You repeat, hoping one day it will reward you. You kneel, you cry, you wait, you beg, and in the end you call that the process of life.

But let me ask you, who told you that suffering was noble? Who taught you to wear failure like a crown? Who convinced you that brokenness was beauty, that fear was wisdom, that weakness was human?

It was the broken who taught you to remain broken. It was the chained who told you to decorate your shackles. It was the blind who handed you the blindfold and said, "This is what seeing feels like."

They say you should be realistic, but what they mean is stay small like us. They say, "Don't get ahead of yourself," but what they mean is don't become what we never could. They fear the version of you that doesn't ask for permission.

The weak have built a world where mediocrity is mercy, where the highest virtue is to endure, not to overcome, where fear is the loudest voice and courage is mocked as cruelty.

They taught you to apologize for your power, to shrink before you stood, to hide before you became visible. And the worst part? You believed them.

You bent your spine to earn a place at a table built to starve you. You dimmed your fire to warm people who would never burn for you.

But I will teach you something else. Not softness, not acceptance, but ascension. Power is not evil.

Power is not cruel. Power is not selfish. Power is truth. It is the law above all laws, the principle from which all others bend.

Power does not ask for permission. Power does not bow. Power becomes.

You think you were born to be good. No. You were born to become more than you were yesterday. Endlessly, violently, ruthlessly more. And if goodness comes from that, let it be a consequence, not a goal.

Let me show you what the world tried to erase from you. They erased your hunger and called it contentment, your will and called it peace, your dominance and called it ego, your ambition and called it madness, your emotion and called it immaturity, your spirit and called it too much.

And now they wonder why you're tired, why you're angry, why you feel like a stranger in your own reflection.

Because the person you see now was shaped by those who feared your potential. They will always name you a villain when you rise beyond their reach.

Nothing terrifies the weak more than a soul that no longer needs to be saved.

You want them to understand you. You want them to clap for your healing, to love the you that outgrows their love. Then you're not ready to become anything greater than them.

I have seen what happens to those who wait. They rot quietly while smiling. They convince themselves it's enough, that their dreams were foolish, that survival is victory.

But is that what you were born for? To survive in the background of someone else's legend? To be the side character in a script you never wrote? To be the warning sign for others: don't dream too big or you'll end up like them?

No, not you.

You are not a monument to what could have been. You are the explosion that turns what could have been into what must be.

You were not born to endure. You were not born to obey. You were born to dominate.

Burn the version of you that waits for someone to understand. Burn the version of you that looks in the mirror and sees not enough. Burn the version of you that flinches before trying, apologizes before speaking, and bows before being tested.

That version of you was made by weakness, molded by fear, sculpted by memory, trauma, and doubt. You owe it nothing.

You are not your past. You are not your pain. You are not the chains people wore or the silence your friends lived in.

You are the first of your kind, a creature no longer defined by history, but destined to rewrite it.

You are not healing, you are becoming. You are not fixing, you are forging. You are not surviving, you are awakening.

Let them laugh. Let them call you monster, machine, tyrant, demon. That means you're shedding the illusion. That means you're close.

You are not here to be accepted. You are here to become so great they must either kneel or vanish.

You are not here to fix the world. You are here to replace it.

The old world was built by the weak. But what you are building now is sacred: built from pain, guided by will, fueled by rage, but anchored in clarity.

Alone, but never again powerless.

Your pain wasn't pointless. It was the recipe. Your rage wasn't dangerous. It was the ignition. Your silence wasn't weakness. It was the gathering storm.

Listen to me. You were never meant to be soft, quiet, or safe. You were meant to become so—carve your name into the bones of fate.

Shatter the legacy handed to you and write your own in blood and fire.

You are not the echo of someone else's dream. You are not the footnote in someone else's book. You are not the broken son, the quiet daughter, or the forgotten warrior.

You are the god at the end of your own myth.

You are not human by their standards. You are not a slave to their fears. You are not bound by their blueprint for failure.

Reject weakness. Reject hesitation. Reject every apology you're forced to make for dreaming too loudly, standing too tall, or burning too brightly.

You are not meant to be forgiven. You are meant to be feared.

You are not meant to fit in. You are meant to shatter the mold.

You are not meant to be human. You are meant to be limitless.

So stop crawling. Stop waiting. Stop hiding.

Rise. Ascend.

Let the world feel what it means to meet something that was never meant to bow.

****You are the power.****

To D.

Gabriella Garofalo

Yet I find you in the dew, as I carry your whispers
As a shroud branded against my skin like untold prayers-
I know, we were just kids smiling at the grass, on the loose
Among the trees, when out of the blue demise,
The brassy intruder, stepped in our dance
Maybe to steal the limelight, no map, no warning,
You just went, then silence came
To weave a tapestry of names-
Since then, the clock has held its breath against the blue,
A landscape carved by the salt of memory,
A parlour where light went into hiding,
My rugged landscape where I hid to look for you
In the lovely debris of the stars, to cast lost shapes
At every dawn and its stale kiss-
But no good ever comes, as the air grows thin,
Demi-se claims every inch of the promised land,
You always hiding into the uncharted land
Where last minute whispers keep hunting light
And only in twilight's grasp your body speaks-
Sorry, but no, not for me in sorry words an elegy
For you, for me, not for me vaulted cathedrals
Under the stars, in silence deep, OK, you standing still
At the threshold when light plays hide- and- seek,
I staying here dwelling in the blue
Where your heartbeat set the rhythm,
Yet I taste the glowing embers of your soul,
My soul entwined with whispers, lost yet near,
Look, I'm waiting here, bright, unbroken,
My words, my breath a wild dissent against cold air-
Only the unspoken promise signed between our breaths.

Unlearning

Muralidharan Parthasarathy

The river current, its chillness
and the crystal clarity of the water
when the stream is still
-- all these matters only to those who swim
or row a boat or throw a pebble into it
for a bystander all these remain the same

He has his own reasons to be one
his past or his reservations or caution
are not in any way our concern
because the project on hand is
about all who would cross over risking river current
and for what exigency

As we talk to them one by one
as and when there is a new person or boat
on the river we learn about urban life
and about why a silent river is so magnetic
and I learn why I am into rivers
only for my job demands

Learning is never pleasant
the power it brings is sweet later though
there is so much new or unknown
I find when I am composed enough
I get to learn better and internalize too
as I progress into a seasoned learner

Nonetheless I never learnt
there is going to be a phase of a specific
unlearning

नदीं कदापि मा पृच्छ वयःकथाम्
गायत्री देवो बरठाकुरः

नदीं कदापि मा पृच्छ
वयःकथाम्

नदी जीवनस्य सर्वेक्षणं करोति
मानं करोति
सङ्गृह्णाति च शस्यानि
पक्वानि अपक्वानि वा

कदाचिदपूर्णे चन्द्रमसि
नक्षत्रैः सह कथयति
कथा आकाशस्य
अथवा अनुगच्छति
पालनौकाया
परिचितमपरिचितं
किञ्चित् गीतस्वरस्य

यथा मुखस्थं
वक्तुं शक्यते
तथा नदीवक्षसि
कथाः उपलभ्यन्ते

अवकाशसमये उद्घाटयति

अन्तरङ्गालापस्य
पुटकम्,
श्रुताश्रुतवत्
कदाचित् कदाचित्
गायति गीतमेकं
वा द्वयम्

नद्याः वक्षसि कस्य छाया—
इति दृढभावेन वक्तुं
नदी असमर्था
तस्मादेव पदे पदे
अपवादाः

स्रोतः त्यक्त्वा
उपस्रोतोम् भवितुम्
यद्यपि नास्ति कश्चित् संकल्पः
तथापि प्रवाहितव्यमेव—
वस्त्रमावृत्य अपवादस्य

तथापि—
नदीं कदापि मा पृच्छ
वयःकथाम्

Assam Muse Poetry & Prose Magazine

कोसी के किनारे

अमन कुमार

कोसी के किनारे खड़ा हूँ,
पानी से नहीं, समय से लड़ता हूँ।

हर बरस नदी कुछ ले जाती है,
फिर भी मिट्टी उम्मीद उगाती है।

टूटी नावों के बीच
सपनों की पतवार बची रहती है,
डूबते आँगनों में भी
एक सुबह खड़ी रहती है।

मैंने बाढ़ से सीखा है—
रास्ते मिट जाँएँ,
तो रास्ते बनाए जाते हैं।

मैं उसी मिट्टी का बेटा हूँ
जिसे मौसम झुका सकता है,
मिटा नहीं सकता।

कोसी बहती रहे,
मैं चलता रहूँगा—
जब तक मेरी आवाज़
अपना किनारा न बना ले।

माँ के लिए रीतांजलि दास, बरपेटा

मेरी माँ एक
हरी-भरी अरण्य है।

लोरी की मधुर तान में बीती
सुखद रातों के
सुगंधित सपनों जैसी

मेरे हर बीमार दिन की
अथक प्रहरी

भोली-भाली,
क्षमा, त्याग और धैर्य की
बहती हुई नदी है वो

मेरी माँ
दुनिया की सारी उदारता,
या फिर
पूरी की पूरी एक 'दुनिया'!

कभी माँ
अंतरंगता की शीतल मलय-पवन,
अक्षय स्नेह
और सुरक्षा की घनी छाँव

तो कभी माँ अनुशासक-
इसलिए आज भी
माँ की लाल-लाल आँखों से
मुझे बहुत डर लगता है!

माँ के शब्दकोश में नहीं हैं
निराशा, पीड़ा
या थकान की उदास आह...!

अपनी सरल मुस्कान के पीछे
अभावों के लंबे दस्तावेज़
छिपाकर सिर्फ माँ ही
सिखा सकती हैं हमको

जीवन-संघर्ष से लड़ने का हुनर!

क्या आपकी माँ भी
ठीक मेरी माँ जैसी है?

माँओं को कैसे पहले ही पता चल जाता
है
कि उनके बच्चे को
भूख लगी है या प्यास?

जीवन के दोपहर में भी,
हर घायल दिन के बाद
जब भी माँ की
शीतल गोद में सिर रखती हूँ,
ऐसा लगता है—
मैं दुनिया की
सबसे भाग्यशाली संतान हूँ।

अचानक मन में उभर आती है
एक वृद्धाश्रम की तस्वीर
और कुछ अभागे बच्चे!

व्यस्त जीवन की दौड़ में
घड़ी की सुइयों के साथ
दौड़ती जा रही हूँ
उँगलियों पर गिन रही हूँ—
मेरे और माँ के बीच
अब कितने योजन का फ़ासला है!

फिर भी,
दिल से दिल तक बहती हुई
'यह प्यार',
और मैं
एक नन्हे बच्चे की तरह
खेल रही हूँ आजन्म
माँ की ममता की छाँव में!

অনন্তিত্ব বৰ্ণালী ভৰালী

অকল তুমি আৰু মই
হে নীৰৱতা
ঝৰঝৰকৈ সৰিছে পাতবোৰ
শেষলৈকে বুকুত সাবটি প্ৰেম
ৰাতিৰ বাঢ়ি অহা দীঘল চুলিকোছা
ধূলি-ধূসৰ পৃথিৱীৰ আদিম গোলক
মোৰ টোপনি ভাগিছে
বাৰে বাৰে উভতি গৈছে
মোৰ পৰা মোলৈ
ফুলৰ সুগন্ধিৰ দৰে
গোলকটো উজাই আহিছে
ৰাতিৰ চুলিত মই আকৌ মূৰ গুঁজিছোঁ

সৰাপাতবোৰ মোৰ কাষলৈ আহি আছে
যেন মই এডাল গছ হৈ উঠিম
আৰু সিহঁত লহপহকৈ গজি উঠিব মোৰ গাত
সেউজীয়াকৈ বাঢ়ি আহিব ৰ'দৰ স্পৰ্শসুখত
তেতিয়াই হয়তো বুজিম
মোৰ মৃত্যু মোৰ পৰা বহু দূৰৈত ৰৈ আছে

কিন্তু হে নীৰৱতা
মাথোঁ তুমি আৰু মই
আৰু ছিন্ন-ভিন্ন সপোন এটি লৈ
শুই আছে বিষণ্ণ পৃথিৱী

জানো, ভালপোৱা সকলোবোৰ বস্তু
হেৰাই গ'লেও শেষত ঘূৰি আহিব
অন্য পথেৰে
তেতিয়া মই থাকিমনে সেউজীয়া হৈ
হে নীৰৱতা? ♦

মুলাই কাঠনি

(এটা চিনেমেটিক কবিতা)

তুতুল মানৱ

ফেড্ ইন—

ওঁনামুখ চাপৰি। আউটডোৰ। ব্ৰহ্মপুৰা।

কেমেৰা পেন্— নৈৰ গড়াৰপৰা অৰণ্যৰ পাদদেশলৈ।

অফ্ ভয়চত মুলাইৰ মাত :

“উঠ কাঠনি উঠ! জাগ কাঠনি জাগ!

ভূ-ভাৰস্তু জাগি উঠাৰ আগেয়ে

মাটিৰ বুকুত লিখিব লাগিব সেউজ বৰ্ণমালা।

সাজু কৰ বুকুৰ কুটুম পশু-পক্ষীকুলক। সাজু মোৰ ৰোপনৰ পাঠশালা।

দুঃসহ বতাহে বুকু গধুৰ কৰাৰ আগেয়ে

কংক্ৰিটৰ অৰণ্যত শিপাব লাগিব নৈসৰ্গৰ কবিতা।”

ইন্ছাৰ্ট—

সাত সাগৰ তেৰ নদীৰ ইপাৰ-সিপাৰ একাকাৰ

ক্লাইমেট ছেঞ্জ আৰু গ্লোবেল্ ৱাৰ্মিংৰ হাহাকাৰ।

আকাশৰপৰা কেমেৰা টিল্ট ডাউন—

অৰণ্যৰ লুংলুঙীয়া বাটত পদব্ৰজে মুলাই।

“সেউজৰ ভাষা অনুদিত-আবৃত্ত হওক দশোদিশে, প্ৰতিক্ষণে!

তাৰবাবেই ৰোপন কৰোঁ বৰ্ণময় আশা।

আশাবোৰেই বয়স্কৰ আশ্ৰয় আৰু প্ৰশ্ৰয়ৰ পাঠ।

(নাজানো, নাভাবো, নপঢ়ো আৰু নুবুজো।)

তাৰবাবেই মোৰ কৃচ্ছসাধন।

তাৰবাবেই মোৰ সেউজ পৰিক্ৰমা।

কেতিয়াবা মেস্কিকোত, কেতিয়াবা পেৰিছত আৰু কেতিয়াবা দিল্লীত।”

কাট টু—

এয়া নৈ-পথেৰে অহা এজন পৰ্যটকৰ কেমেৰাত বন্দী।

শিৰোনাম : অৰণ্য-মানৱ (গছ-বন, পশু-পক্ষীকুলৰ ত্ৰাণকৰ্তা)।

লগে লগে ইকাণ-সিকাণ-সহস্ৰকাণ।

ফাষ্ট্ ফৰোৱাৰ্ডত টিভি-পেপাৰ-ছ’চিয়েল মিডিয়াৰ ব্যস্ততা।

কাগজ-কলম-কেমেৰা সপ্তম।

অৰণ্য-মানৱ মুলাইৰ ভৰিত উবুৰি খাই পৰেহি গ্লোবেল্ ভিলেজ।

চহকী চহাই টানে। ৰঙীণ মায়াই মাতে।

“আহা মুলাই আহা চহকী জগতলৈ! আহা মুলাই আহা বিলাসী চহৰলৈ!”

উপৰ্যুপৰি টনাটনি। বিশ্বৰ কোৰ্হাল।

“মুলাই আৰু কাঠনি অভিন্ন হৃদয়।— নাটানিব! নাভাঙিব!”

মুলাই বিব্ৰত-অশান্ত। উচ্চস্বৰে তীব্ৰ জোকাৰ মাৰিহে স্বস্তিৰ নিঃশ্বাস।

তাৰপাছত এজাৰ নিজাৰ পৰা অৱস্থা।

উভতি আহে সকলো। উভতি আহে মুলায়ো।

ফ্লেছ্-বেক—

মহাবাহু উৰ্ধবাহু। তৃষ্ণাতুৰ-ভোকাতুৰ। জিভা মেলে লকলক।

গোথাসে গিলে মুলাইৰ ঘৰ-বাৰী, গাঁও-চাপৰি।

প্ৰাণৰ আত্ৰাণি। তৰা-নৰা চিগা দৌৰ। ভোকত জাগে। পিয়াহত চিঞৰে।

এসময়ত— মহাবাহু ক্ষান্ত-মৌন। বালিচৰ ওকালি যায়।

মিক্স ডিজল্ভ—

মুলাই আঁঠুকাঢ়ি বালিচৰৰ মাজত।

টপ্ শ্বট (ডাইগোনেলী আপ) —

মৰো-জীও-সোঁ আধিকৈ বালিত পোত যোৱা সৰীসৃপ, জন্তু আৰু পক্ষী।

অ’ত-ত’ত সিঁচৰতি কামিহাঁড়, কাঁইট আৰু উচ্ছিষ্ট।

পাৰাস্তম্ভ উৰ্ধগামী। দেহ জৰ্জৰ। বুকু গধুৰ।

অৰণ্য ৰোদন। মুলাইৰ পিঠিত গুৰুৰ হাত। মুখত অভয়-বাণী :

“জ্বলিছে জ্বলক জুই! আশাৰ পুলি যা ৰুই! নৰবি এধানো তই আন্ধাৰ নমালৈ!”

মুলাইৰ মুখত পোহৰৰ ৰেশ।

মণ্টাজ্ শ্বট—

মোলাই মাথোঁ আশাৰ পুলি ৰোপনত ব্যস্ত। অৰ্জুন, কৰৈ, শিমলু,

এজাৰ, বগৰী, গমাৰি, সোণাৰু, কৃষ্ণচূড়া ৰুই গৈছে।

পুলি-পোখা মেলি বাঢ়িছে। ওখ হৈ গৈছে।

পশু-পক্ষীকুল হিল্‌দল্ ভাঙি আহিছে।

কেমেৰাই ট্ৰাক্-বেক্ কৰি বাঢ়ি অহা সেউজীয়াৰ ধৰিৰ।

টপ্ শ্বট— হালধীয়া অৱধি এচিকুট সেউজ প্ৰাস্তৰ।

কেমেৰা জুম ইন : সেউজীয়াৰ মাজত দৃশ্যমান চহকবিৰ নাম-ঠিকনা।

অ টি পি বাণীকান্ত লহকৰ

সময়ে সময়ে সলনি হয়
বিশ্বাসৰ সূত্ৰ,
ৰামৰ দূত হনুমানে
আঙুঠিৰে সীতাক বিশ্বাস দিছিল
তেনেকৈ মানুহে বিশ্বাস কৰে
মুখ, কথা, চকু, আচৰণত
এতিয়া বিশ্বাসৰ প্ৰমাণ এটা ছয় অংকৰ সংখ্যা।

যাৰ প্ৰভাৱত নিমিষতে কৰিব পাৰে
আদান প্ৰদান লেনা দেনা
সংখ্যাটো ভুল মানুহক দিলে ধন হেৰায়;
বিশ্বাস ভুল মানুহক দিলে কি হেৰাব?

নিদিষ্ট সময় সীমা উকলিলে অটিপি কামত নাহে
অটিপিৰ দৰে মানুহে যদি হেৰুৱাই
বিশ্বাসৰ সীমা ৰেখা
সি কেতিয়াও আপোন হ'ব নোৱাৰে
কি ঘৰত কি পৰত

বিশ্বাস বিলালে চক্ৰ বৃদ্ধি সুতৰ হাৰত
বাঢ়ি গৈ থাকে ক্ৰমে ক্ৰমে
অটিপি যদি বিলাই দিয়া হয়
নিমিষতে তলী উদং
সেয়েহে কোনেও ভুলতে
অটিপি নিবিলাই
আৰু যাতে আনে পাব নোৱাৰে
তাৰবাবে সাৱধান হয়
তাৰ বিপৰীতে মানবীয় বিশ্বাস কমিছে নেকি?

পৰিচয় প্ৰমাণ কৰিবলৈ অটিপি লাগে,
কিন্তু মানুহ বুলি প্ৰমাণ কৰিবলৈ এতিয়া কি লাগে?

অতিথি ভৰ
ভৰ অতিথি
লক্ষী প্ৰসাদ বেগন

গলি যোৱা মম এডালৰ সিপিটিত
এন্ধাৰ পৃথিৱীৰ অসংখ্য তৰা
মাৰলিৰ ৰুৱাত চাৰিটা বৰলৰ এটা আটকধুনীয়া পৰিয়াল

শৰতৰ এটা ধুনীয়া আবেলিত
নিৰ্গন্ধ কঁহুৱাৰ নিৰ্ঘাত আত্মহালন। ভাগৰে-জুগৰে এজাক
ঘৰমুৱা শিশুৰ চিঞৰ

চকুৰ ছবিত খুঁত উজাৰি
মনৰ নিখুঁত পৃথিৱীত পমি যোৱা কবিতাৰ আঁহ আৰু নিৰ্লজ্জতা
কবিৰ উকা হৃদয়
ৰংহীন দুহাত

কলিজাৰ ৰং দুখৰ ভৰ
চেৰাবলিয়া নৈৰ সুঁতিৰ
লেখহীন টো
পাৰভঙা কথাৰ পাক
আশে-পাশে ভৰ যৌৱনৰ খকা-খুন্দা

অলীক কল্পনাত মুচৰি যোৱা কলিজা
নতুন গান
নতুন পৃথিৱী

শিৰীষ গছৰ ঠাল এৰা পাত
অতিথি ভৰ
ভৰ অতিথি

অসাধাৰণ নাৰী

মূল(ইংৰাজী): মায়া এঞ্জেলো

ভাঙনি: ৰুদ্ৰ সিংহ মটক

সুন্দৰী নাৰীয়ে ভাবে—

মোৰ গোপন সত্যটো বা কি?

মইতো বৰ বেছি ধুনীয়াও নহওঁ,

বিজ্ঞাপনী মদেলৰ দৰে নহয় মোৰ দেহবল্লৰী

কিন্তু যেতিয়া ক'বলৈ আৰম্ভ কৰোঁ,

তেওঁলোকে ভাবে—

মই যেন মিছা কথাহে কৈছোঁ।

মই কওঁ—

মোৰ বাহুৰ প্ৰসাৰত,

মোৰ কঁকালৰ বিস্তাৰত,

মোৰ খোজৰ লহৰত,

মোৰ ওঁঠৰ জ্যামিতিত।

মই এগৰাকী নাৰী—

অসাধাৰণ ভাৱে।

অসাধাৰণ নাৰী—

সেইজনী মই।

মই যেতিয়া কোঠাত প্ৰৱেশ কৰোঁ

নিৰ্ভীক, সহজ, স্বাভাৱিক ভংগীমাৰে;

পুৰুষবোৰৰ—

কোনোবাজন থিয় হয়,

কোনোবাই আঁঠু কাঢ়ে।

মৌ-মাখি এজাকৰ দৰে

মোৰ চৌপাশে গুণগুণায় থাকে।

মই কওঁ—

সেয়া মোৰ চকুৰ আঙনি,

দাঁতৰ চমক,
কঁকালৰ দোলনি,
ভৰিৰ খোজত উজলি উঠা আনন্দ।

মই এগৰাকী নাৰী—
অসাধাৰণ ভাৱে।
অসাধাৰণ নাৰী—
সেইজনী মই।

পুৰুষ বোৰেও ভাবি তৰু মানো—
মোৰ মাজত নো কি দেখিলে?
ইমান চেষ্টা কৰে,
কিন্তু স্পৰ্শ কৰিব নোৱাৰে
মোৰ ভিতৰৰ সেই ৰহস্য।

মই যেতিয়া দেখুৱাবলৈ যাওঁ,
তেতিয়াও কয়—
“আমি এতিয়াও বুজি নাপালোঁ।”
মই কওঁ—
মোৰ পিঠিৰ ধনুৰ দৰে ভাঁজত,
মোৰ হাঁহিৰ সূৰ্যস্পৰ্শত
নাৰী সুলভ কমণীয়তাৰ গৌৰৱত,
অথবা মোৰ ভংগীমাৰ সুষমাত।

মই এগৰাকী নাৰী—
অসাধাৰণ ভাৱে।
অসাধাৰণ নাৰী—
সেইজনী মই।
এতিয়া বুজিছা নিশ্চয়—
কিয় মোৰ শিৰ নত নহয় কাহানিও।
মই চিঞৰি নুঠোঁ,

উন্মত্ত হৈ নজপিয়াওঁ,
উচ্চস্বৰে নিজকে উদঙাই দিয়াৰো
প্ৰয়োজন বোধ নকৰোঁ।
যেতিয়া মোক পাৰ হৈ যোৱা দেখা,
তোমাৰ বুকু অভিমানত ওফন্দি উঠিব।

মই কওঁ—
মোৰ হিলৰ মৃদু ঝংকাৰত,
মোৰ চুলিৰ লিহিৰি টৌত,
মোৰ হাতৰ তলুৱাত,
মোৰ আদৰৰ উমত—
মই যে এগৰাকী নাৰী—
অসাধাৰণ ভাৱে।
অসাধাৰণ নাৰী—
সেইজনী মই।

আলাপ অৰুন্ধতী কোঁৱৰ

ঠিক কবিতাৰ দৰেই কিছু কথা

বৈ বৈ প্ৰশ্ন কৰে

জীৱন
উদযাপন নে
শুভবোধ

তৃপ্ততাই হাত মিলাই ক'লে -
ঠিকেইটো
অজুহাত বিহীন জীৱন কাম্য

ঠিক এৰিষ্ট'টল আৰু লিজি ভেলাছকুয়েজৰ
দৰে মানসিক সৌন্দৰ্যই যত জীৱন মধুৰ কৰে

একাকিত্ব

উদয় কুমাৰ বৰুৱা

ৰাতি গভীৰ হৈ আহিছিল
ভিতৰত কোনো নাছিল
বাহিৰত জোনাক

পাৰহৈ যোৱা ৰাতিৰ ৰেলখনৰ
দীৰ্ঘায়িত উকিটোৱে থৈ গৈছিল
একাকিত্বক

তেতিয়াই মোৰ নোহোৱা টোপনিৰ
হৃদয়ত ঘৰ সাজিছিল একাকিত্বই
আপোনমনে,
জীৱন্ত হৈ উঠিছিল মৃত বুলি ভৱা
সপোনবোৰো

ক'ব নোৱৰাকৈয়ে ক্ৰমশঃ একাত্ম হৈ
পৰিছিলো একাকিত্বৰ লগত

স্বয়ংক্ৰিয় ভাৱে তাৰ মায়াবী হাতত
ধৰি অতিক্ৰম কৰিছিলো
নিজৰো অতীত

আৰু উপনীত হৈছিলোঁগৈ নিস্তৰংগ
কোনো এক সমুদ্ৰৰ হেঙুলী তীৰত

য'ত এদিন উটুৱাই দিছিলো কলিজা-
নিজৰি অহা আমাৰ আত্মিক
আলাপবোৰ

নিজাকৈ কোনো ভাষা নাছিল যদিও
একাকিত্বই পঢ়িব পাৰিছিল
আমাৰ মনৰ সেউজীয়া লিপি

বকুৰএন্ধাৰ মচি বিয়পাই দিছিল
আপাদ মস্তক বিগলিত
জোনাকৰ ঢল

চহৰ খন টোপনিত যদিও
আমি সাৰে আছিলো
জানোচা টোপনি আহিলেই
নিজান একাকিত্বৰ কথোপকথন

কটা যোৱা চতিয়না জোপাৰ হেৰোৱা
চৰাইজাকৰ হুমুণীয়াহ বোৰ আমাক
বিচাৰি আহিছিল

আৰু সাক্ষী হৈ ৰৈছিল একাকিত্বৰ
স'তে হোৱা আমাৰ মিলনৰ
সেই ধ্ৰুপদী নিশাৰ।

কোবাল সোঁতে আহি তোষেশ্বৰ মিৰি আগৰৱালা-

কোবাল সোঁতে আহি
চিনাকি নৈখনিক শেষ কৰি থৈ গল
নৈখনি বুকুৰ সপোন আছিল ঐ
এতিয়া চকুৰে নমনা দূৰণিলৈকে কেৱল পিয়াহতুৰ বালিচৰ
শিলাময় আস্তৰণ
হৃদয় গধুৰ কৰি তোলা অজান্তি শব্দ
তামৰঙী গাভৰুজাক তাহানিৰ দৰে
মুকুতাবুলীয়া হাঁহিৰে কাকো শুভেচ্ছা নজনাই
সঁহাৰিও নিদিয়ে
মাথোঁ আমন-জিমনকৈ তাতশালত বহি
হেৰুৱাই থৈ অহা জীবনৰ ছবি আঁকি
চকুলো টুকে
পানী তোলা ঘাটলৈ আহোঁতে
বাহীৰ কোমল সুৰৰ সন্ধানত
নিৰৱতা আৰু শূন্যতাই সী থোৱা নৈপাৰত
থমকি বৈ চাই
কাৰণ বাহীৰ সুৰত বিচাৰি পাওঁ
নৈ আৰু জীৱনৰ আজন্ম প্ৰেম।

ঋতুৰ তেজে তেজে লিপিবদ্ধ মৃদুস্মিতা মহন্ত

কিমান মৃত কলিজাত ভৰি থৈ
আগবাঢ়িছে সময়
মৃত্যুৰ আখৰা প্ৰতিপল
জলাশয়ৰ গভীৰ গাঁতত
উচুপনি সেউজী প্ৰহৰৰ
সৰলৰেখাৰ দৰে বাঢ়ি যোৱা দূৰত্বৰ সীমাৰেখাত বন্দী
আত্মিক সম্বন্ধ...
পুৰণি সকলো অনুভৱেই ইতিহাস হ'ল
উদং বুকুখন কাৰ হেঁপাহত বৈ থাকে...
মৰিচিকা কেৱল মৰিচিকা...
পক্ষাঘাতত পিষ্ট শৰীৰ
ধীৰে ধীৰে বতাহ জাক বৈ আহিছে
কলিজাৰ অভ্যন্তৰলৈ...
বতাহৰ সতে প্ৰেমৰ আলিঙ্গন
জীৱনৰ বকিয়াত ঋতুৰ তেজে তেজে লিপিবদ্ধ
সোঁৱৰণি হৈ পৰা মোৰ পৰিচয়
মই প্ৰেয়সী, মৃত কলিজাত ভৰি
থৈ আগবঢ়া সেই দূৰন্ত সময়ৰ

খণ্ড-বিখণ্ড পৃথিৱী ব্রজেন মেধি

নৈৰ নিৰ্জন বুকুত নানাৰঙী মাছ চৰি ফুৰে।
থিয় গৰাত পখোৱা কাঁহীবনৰ গাত ধৰি
নামি গৈছিলোঁ বৈ থকা পানীলৈ
মোৰ খোজৰ ভৰত নৈৰ নিৰ্জন বুকু ভাঙে বুলি
লাহেকৈ আগবঢ়াই দিছিলোঁ প্ৰতিটো খোজ।
ইতিমধ্যে মোৰ উপস্থিতিৰ উমান পাই
কাঁহীবনৰ চোপত আশ্ৰয় লৈ থকা
এহালি টোকোৱা চৰাই উৰি গৈছিল
অদেখা বায়ু দুফাল কৰি।

মোৰ যাযাবৰী চেহেৰা
বনৰ পখীৰো ভাল নলগা হ'ল।
মানুহ আৰু প্ৰকৃতিৰ মাজত
মানুহে দিয়ে সৰু-বৰ ৰাল
খণ্ড-বিখণ্ড কৰা পৃথিৱীখন দেখি
মানুহৰ ওপৰত পুতৌ ওপজে সিহঁতৰ।

ছায়া ফুকন হিতেশ গগৈ

ছায়া ফুকন মৰাৰ বহু বছৰলৈকে
মোৰ আত্মীয় হৈ আছিল
বিশ্বাস আছিল এদিন উভতি আহিব

ৰ'দ দিলে ভাৱ হৈছিল তেওঁ জ্বলিছে
বৰষুণ দিলে চিন্তা হৈছিল তেওঁ তিতিছে
কিনি থৈছিলোঁ শীতৰ গৰম কাপোৰ

কিন্তু তেওঁ নাছিল
বিস্ময় বতাহ হৈ গুচি গ'ল, সুখ-চহৰলৈ

বেবিলন চহৰত
মোৰ বন্ধুৱে তেওঁক দেখিছিল
গছপাত হৈ তিতি আছে
মাটি হৈ ৰ'দ লৈ আছে
পানী হৈ বৈ আছে

মানুহ মাটিৰ পিঞ্জৰত বন্দী
মাটিয়ে জীৱন কৰি তোলে স্বয়ংসম্পূৰ্ণ।

ডিজিটেল অৰণ্যৰ মানুহ ৰতন ৰাগ

আমি এতিয়া এটা পিক্সেলত বন্দী,
যন্ত্ৰৰ দ্ৰুতিত জীয়াই থকা
পৰ্দাৰ সিপাৰৰ কিছুমান নিজীৱ
প্ৰতিচ্ছবি।
ৰাতিৰ নীলা পোহৰত মোৰ
চকুহাল—

যেন একোটা শুকান কুঁৱা,
য'ত আবেগবোৰ কেৱল কিছুমান
ডিজিটেল বুদ্ধ-বুদ্ধ,
আৰু প্ৰেম মানে— এটা শীতল
'লাইক' বুটামৰ টিপ।
আমাৰ বাৰ্তালাপবোৰ এতিয়া বৰফে
ঢকা পথ,

খোজ দিলেই পিছল খাই যোৱা
শূন্যতাৰ এক দীঘলীয়া ৰেখা।
ওচৰত বহিও আমি এজনে সিজনৰ
চকুলৈ নাচাওঁ,
যেন আমি দুখন সমান্তৰাল
ৰেলপথ—

দূৰত্ব অতিক্ৰম কৰিবলৈ অহা, অথচ
কেতিয়াও মিলিত নোহোৱা।
চহৰৰ এই যান্ত্ৰিক কোলাহলত সময়
যেন এখন তীব্ৰবেগী ট্ৰেইন,
আৰু আমি তাৰ থিৰিকীৰে অহা
ধূলিকণা।

এই ব্যস্ততাৰ মাজত মানৱতা
আজি—
এটা পুৰণি পকেটৰ ছিগা বুটাম,
যিটো কোনোবাই পাহৰণিৰ গৰ্ভত
পেলাই থৈ আহিছে।
অথচ, এই কৃটিম জিলিকনিৰ
সিপাৰে

এতিয়াও জীয়াই আছে কিছুমান
'অফলাইন' স্পন্দন—
যি কেৱল দুহাতেৰে চুই বুজিব পৰা
যায়,
যি কোনো চাৰ্জাৰ বা নেটৱৰ্কৰ
ওপৰত
নিৰ্ভৰশীল নহয়।
বৈ যাওক অলপ সময়,
এই ডিজিটেল অৰণ্যৰ পৰা
আঁতৰি—
আহক, আমি পুনৰ মানুহ হৈ পৰোঁ,
য'ত শব্দৰ কোনো ফিল্টাৰ নাথাকে,
থাকিব কেৱল হৃদয়ৰ উম থকা এক
নিৰ্মল প্ৰশান্তি।

হাইকুৰ দৰে অংকুৰিতা ফুকন

১

ছায়া-মায়া পোহৰ
পদূলিত শুনো চিনাকি সুহুৰি

২

চিলমিল টোপনি
আকাশখন নামিছে সমুদ্ৰৰ বুকুলৈ...

৩

দোকমোকালি
ভাগৰুৱা শেতেলিত কান্দে পপীয়াতৰাই

৪

সাগৰ হোৱা নৈ
উভতিব পাৰেনে পুনৰ নৈ হ'বলৈ

৫

এজাক চৰাই
হুৰাই দিলে চোতালত
সময়ৰ পাখি পৰি ৰয়...

ঝিল্লিআ যোগ্য ফুকন

এপা ফুল
এটা ভেটি
এতুম আশা
এমুঠি মঅম
এটি কেঁচাপতীয়া হাঁহি

এখনি বোরতী নৈ
এবেগত আওলা
এপঁহ বৰদান
এহে অলংকা
এচও সুখ
এভর্তি আমলৈয়া সপোন

একাশ' জোন
এগোজা সন্মান
এচলু আশীবাদ
এটি মিঠা গীত
এদালি চেং চেং চাকচনি

এবৈয়াম সম্পদ
এতোলা সোণ
এবিঘা শইচ
এনেছা সূতা
আই পিতাইঅ এগেমা

এচুঙা চাপানী
এজনী লখিমী
এডোবা জহাধান
এদালি বটিয়া
এঝুতি কলীয়া বিহা।।