

Poetry Series

**Geetima Baruah Sarma**  
**- poems -**

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## Geetima Baruah Sarma(April 26,1969)

Geetima Baruah Sarma is currently based in Guwahati, Assam, India. She studied English Literature and worked as Teacher-in-charge in a School. She has also attained 'Visharad' in Sitar and has performed in many cultural programmes. Her poems and articles have appeared in several newspapers, e-journals, e-magazines, websites and souvenirs.

# A Ballad On Self-Realization

A tale,  
Of two pals,  
Ego possessed the former,  
Self-respect imbibed the latter.

The former faced problems, complained;  
The latter solved problems, smiled.  
One, choosy and demanding;  
Other, suitable and acceptable.

Fortunately,  
Acquiring jobs  
In a corporation,  
Standing at the threshold  
Of promising careers,  
Days rolled on  
And the day arrived  
For promotion.

Self-respect surpassed,  
Ego lagged behind.  
Thoughts converted into self-realization,  
Truth revealed.

Ego satisfied merely the senses -  
'I want this' and 'I want that'  
Self-respect implied acceptance -  
'I respect this and I accept that.'

To further proceed,  
To reach the summit,  
'I' and 'my' be discarded,  
'We' and 'ours' be adopted.

[Published: 28 February 2010 in 'melange' of 'The Sentinel']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# A Dream

I lost touch with you  
For so many years,  
But when I think of you,  
It seems like -  
Time is passing by  
Yet, everything between us  
Remain just the same.  
Meeting you was  
An unforgettable moment,  
Meeting you again would be  
The happiest moment.  
I reminisce  
Your care and attention,  
Your association and deep bond.  
My wish has  
Turned into a dream  
And I wish to  
Realise my dream.

[Published: 3 October 2010 in 'melange' of 'The Sentinel']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# A Gift

(Dedicated to my mother)

You smiled at me,  
Even though you were in pain,  
You sacrificed for me,  
Never thought about your gain.  
You brought me up,  
With lots of love and affection,  
You stood by me,  
Giving me utmost protection.  
You inculcated in me,  
Good habits and values,  
You patiently taught me,  
Prepare savoury menus.  
You still care for me,  
Although I stay remote,  
You are divine to me,  
My precious gift from God.

[Published: 4 February 2012 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# A Lady With A Difference

An old lady,  
Wrinkles stamped on her face,  
Greeted me 'Merry Christmas',  
Invited me to her residence.  
Her cottage was simple and cosy,  
Filled with love, kindness and humility,  
Her daughters welcomed me,  
Served dinner with cake and sweet.  
With a simple job,  
She struggled hard,  
To educate her daughters,  
Till they stood on their feet.  
On Christmas day,  
She thanked Jesus,  
Invited guests,  
Celebrated by serving a feast.

[Published: 6 March 2010 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# A Letter

Dear Feelings, Horizon,  
You inspire me to write on and on.  
You've provided a platform for many poets,  
To express their feelings and thoughts.  
Horizon is the place for the sun to rise,  
Feelings is the space for the poets to write.  
My thanks to you for publishing my poems,  
Every Saturday I eagerly wait to read poems.  
Through this letter, I wish you 'Happy New Year',  
Long live Feelings, may you prosper every year.

[Published: 26 December 2009 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# A Reunion

Those golden days  
Amidst fun and frolic,  
Those cherished moments  
Of smiles and laughter,  
Are they not clinging  
On our vine of memory?  
Can we let them  
Just fade into oblivion?  
In our march  
At breakneck speed,  
To sustain in  
This illusionary world,  
Can we not  
Keep in touch,  
And associate again,  
To reunite,  
In a reunion?  
Can we not  
Spare some moments,  
To lift our heads,  
From the hectic schedule  
Of our monotonous life,  
To enliven our spirits,  
And afresh rejuvenation,  
Preserve our memories  
From the brink of oblivion?

[Published: Website of Assam Engineering College 1984-89 Batch on 17 March 2010]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# A Sleepless Night

She kept awake  
whole night long,  
her eyelids  
refused to bow  
and a thought  
whirled  
round and round.  
Seconds, minutes  
and hours gone,  
slumber stood  
at the threshold,  
the moon sailed  
through the sky  
reflecting light  
all around  
but her thought  
recurred  
round and round.  
She felt miserable  
and it seemed as if  
huge black curtains  
were forcefully  
pulled before her,  
blocking her vision  
of radiant light,  
leaving her  
farthest behind,  
leaving her  
all alone,  
all by herself.

[Published in 'I' in November 2013 issue]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# A Song For 'Melange'

Can I not sing a song  
In appreciation for 'Melange'?  
My journey started  
With the magnificent magazine -  
The issue on every Sunday,  
On one fine day,  
When I picked up the weekly,  
Browsed the pages that  
My eyes fell upon,  
Read quite a few features,  
Admired the beautiful compositions,  
Usage of English language  
And began to learn...  
Facts about our motherland -  
Culture, communities, civilization,  
Little things about little ones,  
Informative titbits, counselling tips,  
Contributions of illustrious personalities,  
Significance of festive proceedings.  
My experience...'twas truly inspiring.  
So, can I not sing a song  
In praise of 'Melange'?

[Published: 7 November 2010 in 'melange' of 'The Sentinel']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# A Wish

One evening I sat alone  
On the verandah  
And looked up towards the sky.  
All of a sudden,  
A shooting star passed by.  
I thought for a moment -  
What shall I wish?  
I wondered and wondered.  
Then, a beautiful thought  
Came to my mind.  
I felt as if God said something  
In my ears, silently.  
I closed my eyes and wished -  
Let there be no chaos  
And confusion anywhere  
But only happiness, love  
And peace everywhere.

[Published: 20 March 2010 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Acknowledgement

O mother, let me acknowledge  
your selfless toil and pristine love  
that you've always showered on me  
and guided me to the right path in life.  
Even today, when I'm beside you,  
your face beams with sheer delight  
and your tender heart can understand  
all my emotions even though it's a trace.  
Sacrifice, patience, trust...  
ever shine through your actions,  
wisdom, affection, inspiration...  
ever reflect in your words.  
You led me by example and  
instilled courage to face challenges,  
your vision - noble and lofty,  
Oh! I simply admire your simplicity.  
Inculcating values and self-reliance,  
you taught me how to be independent,  
I'm always proud of you, dear mother,  
O God, take care of her forever.

[Published: In 'Your Space' of the e-journal 'Muse India' on 2 February 2012]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Adieu

(A Tribute)

One of the outstanding personalities of this corporation,  
His success lied in his devotion, determination.  
An able leader, highly committed to his work,  
Laid great emphasis on co-operation and team work.  
Largely appreciated for his discipline and punctuality,  
His talent in cricket and badminton equally praiseworthy.  
His large heartedness revealed his inner goodness,  
Displaying his pleasing personality and nature of forgiveness.  
Departure to another world, a harsh reality indeed,  
Praying for his eternal peace, adieu I bid.

[Published in the souvenir 'Reverence' on 21 February 2010]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Asset

Do we analyse what we lack?  
Do we judge where we stand?  
We feel uncomfortable seeing others  
Standing on pedestals.  
We try to pull them down  
Instead of pulling ourselves up.  
A sand-clock looks  
Half full and half empty.  
Why not try to fill up the void?  
Perhaps we lack an asset.  
The asset of courage,  
The courage to move forward,  
To judge ourselves,  
To assess where we lack.

[Published in 'Fire Bird Poetry' on 23 October 2013]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Beautiful Arunachal

She engrosses her lovely name,  
As the first spectator of the rising sun,  
Her picturesque beauty conceals within,  
If tourist destinations remain undone.

Mighty Siang River flows across her,  
Also Lohit, Tirap, Kameng, Subansiri,  
Amidst the valleys towards the plains,  
To cultivate crops, produce electricity.

Bhalukpong on her foothills greets visitors,  
Tipi attracts numerous orchid lovers,  
Tawang Memorial salutes her war heroes,  
Snow-clad Sela Pass delights travellers.

Itanagar is her capital and hornbill, the state bird,  
'Apong', the local brew and 'chubas', the local dress,  
Sanctuaries, monasteries, fair at Parasuram Kund,  
'Losar', a festival and 'Ajlhamu', a colourful dance.

She's home to several major native tribes,  
A house of exotic flora and endangered fauna,  
An enlightening adventure to discerning trekkers,  
A treasure-trove of natural scenic splendour.

[Published: 12 March 2011 in 'Spark' of 'The Arunachal Times']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Beyond A Name

What's in a name?  
You remain the same.  
What shall I call thee -  
An ocean or a sea?

What's in a name?  
You remain the same.  
What shall I call thee -  
Lord Krishna or Goddess Kali?

[Published: 11 September 2010 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Bhogali Bihu

Season's yield,  
Granaries filled,  
Mid-January,  
Festival 'Bhogali'.  
'Uruka' evening,  
Enjoyment and feasting,  
Building the 'Bhelaghar',  
Pranks with the neighbour.  
The morning after,  
Obeisance to the God of fire,  
Burning the tall 'Meji',  
Made of bamboo and paddy.  
'Sunga pitha', 'kaath aloo',  
Customary delights of 'Magh Bihu',  
With friends and families,  
Flavours of Assamese delicacies.

[Published in 'Poetreecreations' on 8 September 2013]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

## Bond With Music

Fingers dance on the strings  
Melodious tunes begin to flow  
Sweet music soothes the ears  
Ah! Relaxation simply serene.  
Life's monotonous sans music,  
Music, talent of the Divine  
And language of the soul,  
Bonds a person with God.  
A communication beyond words...  
Heals the deepest wound,  
Intense emotions outpour gently  
And feelings, so sensitive -  
Like a tiny dew-drop  
Glittering on a tender leaf.

[Published: 15 August 2010 in 'melange' of 'The Sentinel']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Bordoichila

Bordoichila rushes  
To greet her mother,  
Enthusiasm turns wild  
And some heavy shower.  
Proceed of destruction  
All throughout the way,  
Lightning, thunderstorm,  
Trees tremendously sway.  
Her advent conveys  
Onset of spring season  
And Assamese worldwide  
Enjoy their Bihu celebration.

[Published in the e-magazine 'Bordoichila' on 14 April 2012]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Break Free

We are born free,  
Yet find ourselves,  
Fastened with shackles.

Attachments confine us,  
Inflict pain at times,  
A search for solace sometimes.

We yearn to break free,  
Escape and flee,  
To somewhere unknown.

But can we live alone,  
Or can we stay long,  
In a place unknown?

Responsibilities summon us,  
Relationships beckon us,  
To bring us back to reality.

[Published in " on 23 September 2013]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Challenges

Big dreams and high ambitions  
Engulf the young minds,  
Desire for a rosy life  
Of fame and comfort,  
But feelings of despair  
Cripple imagination,  
When incidents occur  
That never wished before.

It's all right O seekers,  
Bravely endure challenges...  
The blows shall immune you and  
Extract hidden talents from within,  
You fall to rise again,  
The dawn shall usher new scope,  
Hard times come and go,  
Pursue and enjoy life's rainbow.

[Published in 'Writers Web Well' on 4 September 2011]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Change

We cry for change,  
A better place to live in,  
We long for peace,  
A world sans misery, fear.  
Who shall change?  
Do we ever ponder?  
Am I not the first?  
Oh! Fingers point exterior...  
Absolute power is within us,  
Only efforts needed to afresh,  
Just dare to speak the truth  
And bring about a change.

[Published in 'Creative Thoughts' on 7 August 2011]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Child Labour

Whoever he may be,  
Tom, Dick or Harry,  
Wretched poverty stares,  
Sternly at his face,  
Compelling him to toil,  
With exertion and foil,  
Losing childhood joy,  
Discarding shame and coy,  
Deprived of learning,  
In course of earning,  
To contribute for the family  
And get rid of scarcity.  
Little did he know,  
The world thinks for him so,  
Dedicating a day every year,  
As World Day against child labour,  
Observing it on June 12  
By creating awareness and a wave,  
To ban child labour  
And protecting him forever.

[Published in the following:

- (1) 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune' on 11 June 2011
- (2) 'melange', the Sunday supplement of 'The Sentinel' on 26 June 2011]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Danseuse

She speaks through her steps,  
Dancing and revolving,  
Expressing her art,  
Going beyond the self,  
A bond with the Supreme power,  
A complete surrender  
Of the mind and the heart,  
A performance  
Filled with true devotion.

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Dew-Drops

Dew-drops,  
Adorn a morn,  
Glitter like pearls,  
Cling on to cobwebs,  
Rest on petals and grass,  
As if to herald the golden sun,  
And shine with a bright sparkle.

[Published in 'HighOnPoems' on 21 January 2014]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Digboi

Located in Tinsukia district of Assam,  
In the north-eastern part of India,  
The town stands with pride  
As it has the first refinery in Asia.  
During the nineteenth century,  
While a railway track was being laid,  
Crude oil was accidently discovered  
And the place got its name, it's said.  
'Dig boy dig' were the words,  
When the first oil well was dug,  
Digboi still remains unique  
As it has the oldest producing Oil Park.

[Published in the souvenir 'Yuletide Jamboree' at Digboi Club Annual Meet held from 18 to 25 December 2011]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

## Feathered Friends

The veil of darkness fell  
As refreshing dawn emerged,  
The stretch of silence snapped  
As feathered friends twittered.  
A wish to watch their frolic,  
I peeped through the pane,  
Oh, but I could perceive  
Only a number to name.  
A flashback reminded my home...  
Our courtyard filled with multitudes,  
With hay in their tiny beaks,  
To make shelter on our roofs.  
Now perhaps, one can figure,  
Their reason behind being sparse,  
High-rise buildings and apartments,  
Social upgradation at large.

[Published in the e-journal 'Indian Ruminations' on 14 November 2011]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Fly Away

As I opened the gate,  
I heard a noise,  
In the bush nearby.  
I stopped and looked.  
I found a little bird scuffle,  
Between the fence and the bush.  
I picked it up and  
Brought it home.  
The cute little bird was beautiful,  
With green feathers, a blue neck  
And a red patch on its head.  
I tried to feed it,  
But it looked sad.  
It got hurt,  
In one of its wings  
And one of its legs.  
I thought of putting it  
In a cage and  
Watching it everyday.  
But then, I decided.  
Little bird, fly away.

[Published: 11 July 2010 in 'melange' of 'The Sentinel']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Footprints

He left his footprints,  
For us to trail,  
His legacy unparalleled,  
'Mahapurush' we hail.

Born at Bordowa,  
Nurtured by his grandmother,  
A child prodigy,  
His pilgrimage thereafter.

Founded a new cult,  
'Ek Saran Naam Dharma',  
Preached doctrines of 'Vaishnavism',  
Set up 'Namghar' and 'Satra'.

Composed devotional songs 'Borgeet',  
Wrote 'Bhakti Ratnakar', 'Kirtan Ghosha',  
Created one act plays 'Ankiya-Naat',  
Innovated the dance form 'Satriya'.

An inspiration for all,  
A great humanitarian he was,  
Enriched Assamese culture and literature,  
Lived for hundred and eighteen years.

He is Srimanta Sankardev,  
An outstanding personality ever,  
A versatile genius of creativity,  
The saint, scholar, and reformer.

[Published in 'iBuzzle' on 3 January 2014]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Freedom

A step to freedom,  
If bitter bygones fade,  
As deeds all done,  
Now cannot be undone.

A step to freedom,  
If detachment prevails,  
Nothing to call mine,  
Sign of a stable mind.

A step to freedom,  
If equality perceived,  
Decrease in suffering,  
Experience of blessing.

A step to freedom,  
If senses subdued,  
Command with will power,  
Command over laziness.

A step to freedom,  
If struggle persists,  
To escape bondage,  
To enjoy liberty.

A step to freedom,  
If human nature identified,  
Contrast in being and acting,  
Harmony of soul and body.

[Published in the magazine 'The Hudaang' in April 2011 issue]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Get-Together

Life becomes tedious  
By workload and stress,  
A daily routine trails  
If nothing found fresh.  
A reunion of course  
May change the way,  
As 'har ek friend  
Jaroori hota hain! '

Families introduced,  
Extends friendship,  
Experiences shared,  
Association grows deep.  
It's been a long time  
Since we all met,  
A get-together once more,  
Come, let's celebrate.

[Published: Website of Assam Engineering College 1984-89 Batch on 9 March 2012, on the occasion of their Second Get-together]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

## Haiku # 1

crimson sky  
a pair of mynahs  
pen and sheet

[Published: In 'Your Space' of the e-journal 'Muse India' on 2 August 2011]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

## Haiku # 2

peak summer  
frolic in a pond  
rural lads

[Published in 'Your Space' of the e-journal 'Muse India' on 22 March 2013]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Harmony

On a Sunday evening,  
Swinging on a swing,  
I remembered a saying -  
'Work while you work,  
Play while you play.'

I pondered awhile,  
Exploring significance.  
Does it mean concentration  
Or detachment  
Or perhaps,  
A harmony between the two.

Though different, yet inseparable,  
One cannot sustain without the other,  
Just like  
Energy and matter,  
Metaphysical and mundane,  
Soul and body.

[Published: 28 November 2009 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Horizon

Strolling on the sandy beach,  
Enjoying the cool gentle breeze,  
I looked at the people around.  
Little children built sand-castles,  
Young couples sat close together,  
Elderly people enjoyed the waves.  
My eyes fell upon a pair  
A grandchild and a grandfather,  
Talking and munching ground-nuts.  
One rising sun, the other setting.  
Miles apart, yet, both rising and setting  
At the same place - the horizon.

[Published: 13 August 2011 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# I Feel

(Dedicated to the youth)

When I was young,  
My teacher once asked me,  
What will I be,  
When I grow up.  
I replied, 'a teacher'.  
But today,  
In this age of 'kalyug',  
I feel -  
Each one of us,  
Should strive to be,  
A good human being first.

[Published: 27 February 2010 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# I Like

I like to see -  
The sun rising,  
The flowers blooming,  
A baby smiling,  
The stars twinkling.

I like to hear -  
The notes of a sitar,  
My husband playing the guitar,  
The advice from a well-wisher,  
The encouraging words of my father.

I like to touch -  
The dew-drops on a flower,  
The water of a flowing river,  
The soft hair of my son,  
The lovely sweaters knitted by mom.

[Published: 30 October 2010 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Introspection

Through an introspection,  
One can analyse any reaction.

Situations remain the same,  
But we try to put the blame.

When do we feel good?  
When do we behave rude?

When everything goes our way,  
We feel good, happy and gay.

If anything turns turtle,  
We become unstable.

Circumstances make us dependent.  
But, don't we like to be independent?

Well, attitude should change,  
Evade incidents out of range.

Instead of regulating the outer,  
We should try managing the inner.

Controlling outer events and past,  
A difficult task, but forgetting is a must.

Contriving the inner-self and thoughts,  
Would work wonders and achieve lots.

[Published in 'iBuzzle' on 20 August 2013]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Kopili Immortalized

'Kopili Kopili rangdhali suwali'...  
Lovely verses flowed through his pen  
When he stayed in an inspection bungalow  
Thirty three years back on July ten.

His artistic insight captured the beauty  
Of meandering Kopili gushing down the hills,  
Her changing moods, her fascinating youth,  
Immortal lyrics composed with finest skills.

His inspiring rendition enthralled Umrongo,  
Each and everyone that loved his golden voice,  
With a heavy heart Kopili today pays her tribute  
And she shall ever cherish the song and rejoice.

[Published: 13 November 2011 in 'melange' of 'The Sentinel']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Life Regained

A pleasant day 'twas,  
That turned into tears,  
Long drive, long journey,  
A trip to a distant city.  
Left home in the morning,  
Dad at the wheel was driving,  
Brothers asked me riddles,  
I tried to solve the puzzles.  
The sun reached overhead,  
Sandwiches, sweets we shared,  
As destination half-way remained,  
A soul-stirring incident happened.  
Suddenly the road turned wavy,  
The car toppled topsy-turvy,  
Rolling once, twice, thrice,  
Our tender nerves froze like ice.  
I closed my eyes in fear,  
O God save us, an earnest prayer,  
Then slowly opened my tearful eyes,  
But just couldn't believe my eyes!  
Our backs were on the ground,  
With countless people all around,  
Dad, brothers looked at me,  
I heaved a long sigh faintly.  
Gradually the crowd dispersed,  
Our car lied with wheels upward,  
The day in my memories remained,  
I thanked God for our lives regained.

[Published in the e-magazine 'Fried Eye' on 1 September 2011]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

## Limerick Verse

A simple man, loved countryside life,  
'How 'bout city life', proposed his wife,  
Her naggings bitter,  
He made a murmur -  
'Another issue to start a strife.'

[Published in the e-magazine 'Frog Croon' in March 2012 issue]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Love Sublime

Listened to the heart,  
It whispered,  
Fear not, go on...

Listened to the head,  
It said,  
O forget, go ahead...

Feelings versus thoughts,  
Sandwich between the two,  
She knew not what to do...

Dark circles appeared as silhouette,  
On the fair and lovely face,  
As nights rolled on sleepless...

Feelings caged behind  
Mind and intellect,  
Days rolled in melancholy...

Beautiful is love sublime,  
Not at all on compromise,  
Ah! A decision for destiny...

Listened to the heart,  
Abound in love sublime,  
Fearing not, stepping on...

The red carpet of roses,  
Amidst life's prickly thorns,  
To build her Eden...

To make dreams a reality,  
By power of love sublime,  
A home truly divine.

[Published in the e-magazine '7sisters' in March 2011 issue]



# Misery

Why is misery  
Ruling the world?  
We strive for pleasure  
But land up with misery!  
As clocks tick  
And moments fleet,  
We slowly realize -  
Misery is a teacher,  
Showing us the path  
To face life's realities.

[Published: 19 June 2010 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Misunderstanding

Dark clouds of depression  
loomed in her mind,  
followed by long sighs,  
accompanied by sobs.  
Few minutes later,  
came a heavy downpour  
of salty water,  
continuing for an hour.  
The clock ticked  
and as the cell beeped,  
a smile peeped  
through the wet cheeks.  
Had she gone out of her mind  
or was there a reason for it?  
A misunderstanding?  
A coincidence, that's it!  
The name announced on media,  
a deceased victim of the blast,  
matched with the name  
that was close to her heart.  
Relief approached  
as she answered the beep,  
sent to her by one  
who was close indeed.

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Nature In Oblivion

Walking down memory lane,  
I feel myself fortunate,  
I've seen colours of nature,  
I've myriad memories to cherish...

Playing hide-and-seek  
And doll's marriages,  
Jumping on puddles  
And sailing paper-boats.

Walking through crowded streets,  
I feel as if -  
Nature's on the verge of oblivion,  
Been replaced by technology...

Playing games on mobile  
And watching videos,  
Browsing the internet  
And viewing the idiot box.

[Published: 2 October 2010 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Nature's Lament

Unpleasant feelings veil her  
And she laments in agony,  
Helplessly observing from the horizon...  
Evergreen trees and dense forests  
Mercilessly being cut and cleared,  
Modern endeavours by humans  
Damaging the beautiful environment.  
She sheds tears in pain  
And makes a silent appeal...  
Plant and conserve trees,  
Make the surroundings green,  
Love Nature, save environment.

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Night Queen

She appears bright as ever  
At the onset of night,  
Steadily wades across the canopy  
Amidst the twinkling stars.  
Her phases attract the star-gazers  
And elegance fascinates the composers,  
I stare at her mesmerized,  
Admire her queenly grace.  
She reigns in the dark hours,  
Sprinkles silvery light around...  
But her shine fades down  
As her benefactor arises -  
Majestically from the eastern horizon  
To sustain life all around.  
She's no match with the reverend,  
But in shape and shine during the nights  
Oh! She has some moments though  
To outshine and prove her might.  
She shuns her majesty's brilliance,  
Casts a shadow to form a night,  
Displays her feat to myriad spectators  
Watching the eclipse, a celestial sight.

[Published: 12 December 2010 in 'melange' of 'The Sentinel']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Not For Long

Bad days do not last long,  
One should have patience,  
To overcome them all.

As the day ends,  
Darkness rules all over,  
But not for long.

With the change of seasons,  
Winter brings about chill,  
But not for long.

Trees shed off leaves,  
Appear like dead trees,  
But not for long.

Hurdles emerge in life,  
Rays of hope seem shadowed,  
But never for long.

[Published in 'Buzzle' on 8 August 2013]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Obeisance

A rivulet thronged,  
Obeisance to the rising sun,  
Celebrations...  
Rituals performed at chill dawn.  
Burst of crackers,  
Twilight sky illuminated,  
Earthen lamps lit,  
Fragrance in the atmosphere.  
The wait ended,  
As the sun appeared on the horizon,  
Knee-deep in water,  
The devotees offered their oblation.

[Published in the e-journal 'Indian Review' on 2 January 2012]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Ode To Morning

Mother Nature gives you birth,  
As golden sun-rays touch the earth,  
Chasing away shades of darkness,  
Brightening your beautiful face.

You sparkle with freshness,  
You sprinkle around happiness,  
Awaken people from deep slumber,  
To march forward and shine brighter.

Closed buds prepare for bloom,  
Fresh roses adorn my room,  
And I simply love to hear,  
The tiny feathered friends twitter.

Fragrance of burning incense,  
Purifies the air with radiance,  
With the cool gentle breeze,  
Presenting a caress of perfect bliss.

Nature lovers consider you a boon,  
Nocturnal activators say, you appear soon,  
In fact, you're a harbinger of hope,  
To discover new horizons and better scope.

[Published in the e-magazine 'Enajori' in February 2011 issue]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

## Panorama, North-East

Behold the beauty of Brahmaputra, (Assam)  
Travel to Tawang for tranquillity, (Arunachal)  
Look at Loktak Lake the lifeline, (Manipur)  
Cherish the charm of Cherrapunjee. (Meghalaya)  
Cemetery at capital conveys courage, (Nagaland)  
Balance on bamboos bring beams, (Mizoram)  
Palaces of princes provide pleasure, (Tripura)  
Rafting on river renders relish. (Sikkim)

[Published in the e-magazine 'Fried Eye' on 1 February 2012]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Pen Power

The voice of a commoner,  
The problems of the poor,  
Woes of the downtrodden,  
Issues of suffering women,  
Anyone to hear their story  
And restore lost glory,  
By lending a patient ear,  
To redeem without fear?  
Perhaps, a prolific writer  
With mighty pen power,  
By delving on violation issues,  
Highlighting oppressed issues,  
Acknowledging responsibilities,  
Shouldering difficulties,  
Concerning the victimized masses.

[Published: 12 January 2012 in 'Utkarsh', the School Magazine of Vivekananda Kendra Vidyalaya, Umrongso, Assam for the year 2011-12]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

## Questionable

They hacked the horn of  
An innocent wobbly denizen.  
Alas! It's truly questionable -  
Men of lame justification,  
Whom are you hacking?  
A mere animal for its horn  
Or the state's glory  
Nay, the world's pride?  
Don't your hearts bleed  
When you bleed it to death?  
Perhaps, you possess  
Wretched hands of cruelty,  
But terribly lack  
The most precious asset -  
An inner voice.

[Published: 4 July 2010 in 'melange' of 'The Sentinel']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Recreation

The aroma of green tea,  
Palm-laced beaches by the sea,  
Beautiful thundering waterfalls,  
Shopping spree at the malls,  
A rejuvenation with a spa,  
Christian pilgrimage in Goa,  
Fresh snowfalls shivering the bone,  
Pristine perfection carved in stone,  
Enchanting wildlife on a safari,  
The cushiest ride ever on a Ferrari,  
Temple shrines representing reliance,  
Heavenly Kashmir witnessing romance,  
Expedition towards the majestic summit,  
Gurgling rivers meandering proceed,  
Just a glance through a kaleidoscope,  
Fragments of India's recreation, wow!

[Published: 2 July 2011 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Reflection

Mirror reflects light,  
Mind reflects actions.  
Wavering thoughts eclipse -  
Peace of mind.  
Thoughts converged -  
Into an idea,  
Conceives an art.  
Creation becomes possible -  
When two merge into one;  
Mind and intellect -  
When merge together,  
Impression takes birth.  
Thoughts, words, deeds -  
If line-up perpendicular,  
Integrity reflects Divinity.

[Published: 21 March 2010 in 'melange' of 'The Sentinel']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Relationship

I remember those words,  
That Shakespeare once wrote -  
The world is a stage,  
And we are all actors.  
Are we really actors?  
Do we actually play roles?  
Our relationships...oh, yes!  
We act in so many roles!  
When we are children,  
We are with our parents;  
When we are parents,  
We are with our children.  
When we are students,  
We are with our teachers;  
When we are just souls,  
We are with The Supreme Soul.

[Published: 27 November 2010 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Remembering Gandhiji

Born to our great motherland India,  
We regard you as 'Father of the Nation'.

Your greatness was your simplicity,  
Your life was an example of integrity.

You followed the teachings of 'Gita',  
Kabiguru entitled you 'Mahatma'.

Gandhiji, we love to call you 'Bapu',  
We, the nation, pay homage to you.

[Published in 'iBuzzle' on 1 October 2013]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Remembering Netaji

Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose,  
Born on twenty-third January,  
A great inspiring leader,  
The greatest patriot of our country.  
He formed the Azad Hind Fauj,  
Or the Indian National Army,  
Left the Congress party,  
With difference of opinions  
With Gandhiji.  
Netaji roused the words -  
'Give me blood and  
I will give you freedom',  
Awoke the youth of India,  
Instilled into them  
The fire of nationalism.  
'Chalo Dilli' and 'Jai Hind',  
Netaji shouted the slogans,  
We'll remember you, Netaji,  
Every year always and again.

[Published: 22 January 2011 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Rongali Bihu

Spring has arrived  
And 'Bohag' beckons,  
Parents await their  
Homeward sons.

The cuckoo sings  
And 'kopou' blooms,  
Dancers dance  
To the 'Bihu' tunes.

Tinge of 'jetuka'  
On the delicate hands,  
Offering 'Bihuwan'  
To pay reverence.

'Chira', 'pitha', 'laru',  
Home-made delicacies,  
'Muga mekhela-chador',  
Pride of the ladies.

'Dhol', 'pepa', 'gogona',  
Rendition by 'Husori',  
Merriment fills the aura,  
Ah! Spirit of 'Rongali'!

[Published in the e-magazine 'Bordoichila' on 15 April 2011]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Saga Of Friendship

The words shattered  
His countless dreams  
And he could imagine  
His sand castles being  
Knocked down by waves.  
Remaining days could be  
Counted on his fingers...  
Alas! So much left undone.  
Being stable was  
His sole shield.  
Wise proverbs instilled hope  
To his flickering mind -  
'A friend in need  
Is a friend indeed'  
And amazing indeed!  
His friend stood beside,  
With smiles of gratitude,  
To donate an organ,  
To shower love and charity,  
To a helpful soul-mate,  
Whom he owed his life,  
His humble effort,  
To save his friend,  
To save a precious life.

[Published: 15 May 2011 in 'melange' of 'The Sentinel']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Salutations To 'Kalaguru'

Salutations to you,  
O 'Kalaguru',  
Your love for culture,  
Your songs about Nature,  
Are still on our lips,  
As treasure one keeps...  
A versatile genius you were,  
Your deeds shall never wear,  
Your portrait of Sankaradeva  
And title bestowed for 'Tandava',  
'Rabha Sangeet' your creations  
And 'Siraj' your direction,  
Your acting in 'Era Bator Sur'  
And 'Ban Theatre' in Tezpur...  
An urge to demolish evil from nation,  
Your lyrics reflected revolutionary notion,  
For the need to uplift Assamese society,  
You penned the book 'Axomiya Kristi'...

[Published in the souvenir 'Umrong' on 20 June 2011]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Save Water

Oh! Precious drops,  
A view crystal clear,  
Life without you,  
A complete mess,  
Perhaps a nightmare.  
Your pleasant existence  
Sustains survival,  
To blades of grass,  
Green paddy fields,  
Greenery spreading out -  
Touching the horizon,  
Every living creature,  
The chirping birds,  
Flocks and herds,  
Mankind as well.  
A clarion call,  
For each individual -  
Let's join hands,  
With purpose and mission,  
To save every drop,  
Every single day,  
And live in fellowship,  
Harmony with nature,  
For healthy living,  
Benefiting mutual welfare.

[Published: 6 November 2010 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Season Sojourn

O winged ones,  
You come in thousands  
From distant lands  
To enjoy the cool lap  
Of the winter season  
And enjoy your sojourn.  
Don't you feel weary  
Flying across the miles?  
I overwhelm with  
Feelings of wonder  
As I observe your unity,  
Strength and splendour.

[Published in " on 10 October 2013]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Secret

A secret remains a secret  
Till it's kept a secret,  
If once it's revealed  
It doesn't remain sealed.  
All depends upon self-restraint,  
The power to retain and refrain,  
Indomitable spirit - unyielding,  
Sheer determination - untiring.  
Aren't these secrets  
Of keeping secrets?  
If we try we can succeed,  
A resolution to just proceed.

[Published: 8 October 2011 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Self-Defence

Dreams began to wane  
as she faced distress  
and she proclaimed  
there were lots to express.  
Physical tortures  
day in and day out,  
character assassination  
by holding doubt,  
restrain imposed  
on pursuing her career,  
severe criticism  
for not being fair,  
harassment by  
demands of dowry  
and an heir  
on the first delivery.

Her endurance one day  
lost the bound  
and extreme courage  
she finally found.  
To get rid  
of the evil monster,  
she sprinkled pesticide  
in a fried lobster.  
Hours later,  
the neighbours gathered,  
'self-slaughter'  
they all murmured.  
None suspected  
it to be a mystery,  
'self-defence'  
she sighed silently.

[Published in 'Indus woman writing' in July 2013 issue]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Silent Enemy

Creeping slowly,  
Each day, every moment,  
Through my thoughts,  
It haunted, attacked,  
Made me miserable.  
The enemy,  
Mocked at my resolutions,  
Began to build its base,  
An attempt,  
To ruin my imagination.  
Helpless, frightened,  
I searched for aid everywhere,  
To evade the silent enemy,  
But none could rescue me  
Or provide a defending solution.  
One day, exhausted,  
I dropped on the floor,  
And dormant self-confidence sprang forth!  
Ah! I discovered my remedy ultimately!  
To overcome fear, the silent enemy.

[Published: 24 September 2011 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Silent Sufferers

Judgement day arrived to  
Determine success and failure.  
Festivity and celebration  
Ruled the institutions...  
Sense of pride glowed  
In the faces of those  
Who had expectations,  
Glorious smile shone  
On the cheeks of those  
Who burnt midnight's oil;  
Except for the bulk  
Who remained unsuccessful...  
Depression, fear, shame  
Reigned the pale young faces,  
Feelings of guilt reflected  
In the eyes of those  
Who whiled away time.  
But, my heart pained for  
Those unfortunate innocents...  
Who just recovered from  
Encephalitis or glaucoma,  
And those puppets of fate  
Who tried to cope with the loss  
Of a parent or sibling.  
Questions whirl in my mind  
And I do wonder...  
Can three hours judge the  
Performance of tender brains -  
Their intelligence, their brilliance?  
The silent sufferers,  
Tagged as failures,  
Shed tears in solitude,  
Their dreams being eclipsed...  
Stare towards a bleak future.

[Published: 31 October 2010 in 'melange' of 'The Sentinel']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Sojourn

Nature embellishes with  
The advent of autumn,  
The blooming of 'sewali',  
The swaying of 'kohuwa',  
To herald Divine Mother,  
Who alights with her children,  
For an annual sojourn,  
Bedecked in ornaments,  
Equipped with weapons,  
To represent  
Elimination of evil  
And symbolize  
Victory of the virtuous.  
Her earthly sojourn  
Delights every worshipper,  
Enthralls the youngsters  
And elderly equally,  
To the rhythm of 'dhak',  
To the sound of 'uruli',  
To the illuminated 'mandap',  
To the instant 'jalebi'.  
Her sojourn ends  
On the tenth day  
Of the moon's phase  
And she proceeds  
Towards the river  
With divine grace,  
Along with the crowd  
Who follows her  
With utmost reverence.

[Published in the e-magazine 'Enajori' in October 2011 issue]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Stranger

My mind was filled  
With too many thoughts,  
Thoughts of the past,  
Thoughts of the future,  
Thoughts about my near and dear;  
I began to worry,  
I was unhappy,  
I felt so heavy.  
One night, I saw in a dream,  
A stranger on a train  
Sitting opposite to me  
And asking me,  
'Why are you unhappy? '  
I was shocked!  
Had he the power to read my mind?  
He said slowly,  
'Let go everything,  
Fix your mind on the Almighty,  
Think of Him  
And He shall think about you.'  
I woke up with a start!  
Who was this stranger?  
I thought,  
Well, let me try.  
I let go everything,  
Began to think of Him,  
My worries disappeared,  
I felt so happy and so light!

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Sunrise

Sightseers swarm  
To catch your glimpse,  
Your spray of colours  
On the lofty peaks.  
Your appearance delights  
One and all,  
To experience rejuvenation...  
A new day, a new life.

[Published: 29 September 2012 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# The Fallen Leaves

The cold wind knocks,  
And the dead leaves fall,  
One after another,  
And the tree stands revealed.

A song of sadness flows,  
Through the solitary branches,  
Feelings of loss and destitute,  
Alas! No leaves to swing and smile.

The season has arrived again,  
And solitude reigns all around,  
I feel sad,  
When I look at the fallen leaves.

The wide green leaves that,  
Once adorned the huge tree,  
Are now brown, scattered, lifeless,  
As they lie beneath the bare tree.

[Published: 30 May 2013 in 'Buzzle']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# The Light Of Life

Does she cry in desolation?  
Equally gifted with a body  
And endowed with a talent indeed,  
But abandoned,  
As failed to fulfill her parents' need.

Education in reality,  
The light of life,  
Tears her cocoon, destroys hibernation,  
Her career,  
Now breaks barriers of discrimination.

Happiness gained,  
Her smile makes the stars twinkle  
And she finds love on the horizon,  
To celebrate  
And cherish moments on a pristine occasion.

[Published in the e-magazine 'Frog Croon' in December 2011 issue]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# The Lost Smile

In the corner of her cheeks,  
There was a sweet smile.

That reflected her heart's contentment,  
And displayed a horizon of happiness.

A bolt from the blue one day,  
Crushed her innocent smile.

Concealed her enthusiasm,  
And made her miserable.

Her cheeks now fail to show,  
That charming exquisite smile.

Which could perhaps make,  
The faint stars twinkle.

Brighten up myriad lamps,  
Kindle hope in the heart of a forlorn.

[Published in 'Buzzle' on 20 June 2013]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Time

Time waits for none,  
A moment if we shun,  
We'll find the difference,  
Its worth, packed with chance.  
It can make us or mar us,  
Every second depends on us,  
Whether we plan properly,  
Or be idle, lazy and sleepy.  
It's certainly a great healer,  
Also life's best teacher,  
The perfect time is the present,  
To utilise it and win a present.

[Published in 'Fire bird poetry' on 7 October 2013 and " on 9 October 2013]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Traveller

Life ceases,  
not for the soul  
that travels through  
myriad earthly bodies  
between births and deaths,  
untiring, undying.

The solitary traveller  
enters and exits,  
detached and peaceful  
throughout the journey,  
sans belongings,  
sans company.

[Published: In 'Your Space' of the e-journal 'Muse India' on 8 July 2011]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Veil Of Darkness

A sea of knowledge,  
Gradually switched over  
To a sea of ignorance,  
And a veil of darkness  
Prevailed in every  
Nook and corner.  
Desperate souls tried  
Their level best,  
To lift the veil  
But went in vain.  
Seeking the Divine,  
The source of light,  
Every soul strived  
To peel off -  
Each powerful ruling vice,  
Attached to their bodies.  
And lo!  
The veil of darkness,  
Drifted away and  
Light began to flow.

[Published: 30 May 2010 in 'melange' of 'The Sentinel']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Waves Of Terror

A daring voyage,  
We sail in a ship,  
Amidst mighty torrents,  
On a turbulent sea,  
Swaying hither and thither,  
Making way across,  
Rapid high-rise waves,  
Waves of terrorism,  
Bullets and blasts.

[Published: 29 May 2010 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Why?

Days pass by  
and I sometimes  
wonder...  
Why do we do  
certain things?  
Helping an old man  
to cross the street  
and helping a child  
who has lost his way.  
Perhaps, for the  
love of mankind  
and sympathy  
towards one another,  
that we go forward  
to extend  
a helping hand  
even to a stranger.

[Published in 'I' in January 2014 issue]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

# Yearning

My heart yearns,  
To go a long way,  
Far across the fields,  
Across the echoing hills,  
Towards a place enchanting,  
Lovely and silent,  
Beside a gurgling stream,  
Where I can see myself,  
My reflection...  
And speak out my feelings,  
My tormenting desires,  
To ease a heavy heart,  
In the serene atmosphere.

[Published: 11 August 2012 in 'feelings' column of 'Horizon', the Saturday supplement of 'The Assam Tribune']

Geetima Baruah Sarma