Poetry Series

Geetima Baruah Sarma

- 60 poems -

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Geetima Baruah Sarma (April 26,1969)

Geetima Baruah Sarma is a writer from 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.

She has contributed poems and articles to 'Horizon' of The Assam Tribune, 'Melange' of The Sentinel, 'Spark' of The Arunachal Times, 'Your Space' of Muse India, Indian Ruminations, Indian Review, Enajori,7sisters, Fried Eye, Frog Croon, The Hudaang, Bordoichila, Mon-Sonyog, Articles Base, Creative Thoughts, Writers Web Well, North-East India blog, Assam Engineering College 1984-89 Batch website and several souvenirs.

Her work can be read at geetimabaruahsarma.wordpress.com

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 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

Assamese poem # 1

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Geetima Baruah Sarma

Assamese poem # 2

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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 'Ajilhamu', 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

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

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

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

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

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 Umrongso,
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]

Geetima Baruah Sarma

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

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

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

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 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

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

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

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 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

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

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