

Poetry Series

**Abhijit Sarmah**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2017

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Abhijit Sarmah()

Abhijit Sarmah is a writer from the North-east Indian state of Assam. He has one chapbook of poetry, *The Voice Under Silence* (February 2016) , to his credit. His next collection is due for publication in 2018. He writes in English. Join him on Twitter:

# Brown Woods

A frosty Friday noon  
December blooming in winter  
underclothes hung of all dead under the sun

Her screams echoed for decades  
and following a dead one, I was born—  
she laid there perspiring

my mother—  
under a tall dusty ceiling,  
screeching in pain

while the nurse  
nonchalantly pushed in  
an isotonic solution—of

sodium chloride and distilled water.  
She was ailing too  
When I was in her arms and gone, crying

all night and day  
counting days of me to return  
I never returned, ever

Ever— as the one  
she grew with love

Abhijit Sarmah, "Brown Woods" from *The Voice Under Silence*.  
Copyright © 2015 by Abhijit Sarmah. All rights reserved.

Abhijit Sarmah

# How To Stop Rape

don't add drugs in her drink,  
if she's walking all by herself  
leave her alone,  
if you pull over to fix her broken car  
remember not to rape,  
don't creep into her house, or  
spring out at her from between cars,  
if you are in a lift and a woman gets in  
don't rape,  
fyi: it isn't sex when done with someone unconscious  
it's rape.  
don't rape.

Abhijit Sarmah

# Nothing (Spoken Word Poem)

nothing  
absolutely nothing  
makes sense in this life  
until  
we love, and  
let someone go,  
until we make a man  
of the kid within  
and abandon everyone  
and just walk away  
quietly,  
never until  
we stop judging the good  
from the bad and learn  
that people  
are just like weather.  
i dare you say  
life means anything  
until you feel accepted  
for once at least  
and until you know  
that nobody loves anybody  
more than themselves  
that nobody can  
ever know what is in your head  
ever, even if you write  
a thousand poems and songs  
in hundred years  
that words are incomplete,  
that you die with your own  
thoughts and  
dreams and emotions  
with you people  
in your own time  
unheard—

nobody  
ever  
can reach you.

Abhijit Sarmah

# On His Death

the day he died  
all I could think of  
was clanking pipes and moon.

his stories sat everywhere  
in the strange room  
like morning flies.

sleepless books were bushed (already)  
of unfamiliar touches, so  
I kept his shoes.

Abhijit Sarmah

# Song Of Hope [translation '??? ?? ???']

They'll come, good days will come,  
Hard days will pass.  
The sun will shine in huts,  
Kids will bathe in milk.  
In the colourful threads of dreams,  
Flags of freedom will fly.

The original poem:

'??? ?? ???' / ????? ???????  
?????, ????? ?? ???????,  
?????? ?? ??? ?? ?? ??????? ?  
???? ??????????? ?? ???????,  
????? ?? ??? ?? ????????? ?  
????? ?? ??????? ????? ??  
?????? ?? ??????? ?????????? ?

Abhijit Sarmah



# Stealthily, The Other Day

stealthily, the other day i  
checked father's notecase to see  
if he's got a few strips of contentment,  
and also his pants and drawers.  
i am too 'fraid to ask for one, we  
don't talk often. last tuesday i  
wrote a poem and didn't tell him.  
i prepared cups of tea and read  
printed politics to him instead. he  
made me believe I must consider going  
back, i feel sick. it seems, only the  
windows understand why i come home. no  
longer I run four flights of stairs, mother  
has dissolved into the darkness of human  
memory. sister and i appreciate the smell  
of uncooked tea, collect leaves and walk  
home. she wants me to come home often.

i reach the perfect cube, and wait for  
somebody to pick the phone back at home.

Abhijit Sarmah

# To Dibrugarh

My town of clouds and river  
Of terrifying minds and young dreams  
Streets with some people  
Good people smiling  
Train tracks of dreamers,  
High, happy, celebrating—  
Us, themselves and the beauty.

So many poets were born  
Under this clear blue sky  
Dissolving incessantly  
Into the dark stations  
So many mad dreamers  
At the edge of destiny stood  
Facing—  
Mullah's howls, circles of wind  
And the harsh test of time.

Years go by, dreams fly away  
And madmen get replaced  
Years later, the dreamers  
When come in search of themselves  
Insult the beauty of my place.

My cold, wet, silent town  
Shall see me walking every dawn  
Adoring the dark side of life  
When I too am gone.

Abhijit Sarmah, "To Dibrugarh" from *The Voice Under Silence*.  
Copyright © 2015 by Abhijit Sarmah. All rights reserved.

Abhijit Sarmah