

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Ajit Barua**  
**- poems -**

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## Ajit Barua(1926 -)

Ajit Barua , born in the year 1926, is an exuberant Assamese poet who introduced an intellectual dignity to modern Assamese poetry. An adept in applying Eliotean technique in poetry, his remarkable works include 'Padya Aru Gan' (Verses and Songs), 'Brahmaputra Ityadi Padya' (Brahmaputra and Other Poems), and 'Sahityar Bishaye ' (Essays on Literature). In addition, Ajit translated Albert Camus' play 'Les Justes' and 'The Plague' (a novel) from French into Assamese.

Sahitya Academy Award and Bhartiya Bhasha Parishad Award are among his achievements.

# Dukhar Kabita

Ajit Barua

# Jengrai

A little before it was dark  
We fell into the Subansiri  
And with a tinful of water from the Subansiri  
We washed the bow of our boat.

We are superstitious -  
Only,  
If our superstitions had been blind without a hole in their blindness!

At night on an islet of the Subansiri  
We moored our boat.  
(Will the guardian spirit of the islet watch over us?) ...  
Overhead are the stars  
The music of the spheres plays in our buffalos' bells  
And this - is this the terror in the bells  
Of the buffalos scattering at the scent of that tiger?

The smell of eddies bursting, the smell of the stars blossoming  
The smell of the eddies blossoming, the smell of the rupees bursting! ! !

Lying on the bow of the boat  
One can see the mud and the stars at the same time  
The tiger's roar, the buffalo bells, the song that mermaids sing  
All play together in discordant harmony.

At midnight  
At the last frontier of peering  
Or, is it in the inner side of my pupils  
Two fires come and go... unceasingly  
Fire of the will-o'-the-wisp, sentry at the Death-god's door  
Otherwise, at the rising of the curtain -  
That perhaps is the fire which will light my funeral pyre.

'Brother fire, be in this my hour merciful'  
'Oh! What fire-burnt eyes.'  
'If you think over it Lilymaai, in this life there is nothing'  
When it was morning we unmoored our boat  
And  
(To me it is seemed all on a sudden)

Two Gangaa Chilanis began circling in the mist.

[ Translated by Ajit Barua ]

Ajit Barua