

Poetry Series

**Ambikagiri Raichowdhury**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

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

# Ambikagiri Raichowdhury(18 December 1885 – 2 January 1967)

Ambikagiri Raichoudhury (Assamese: অম্বিকাগিৰী ৰাচৌধুৰী) was an Assamese poet and nationalist. Ambikagiri Raichoudhury was born on the 18th of December, 1885 in Raipara area of Barpeta, Lower Assam. His father's name was Krishnaram Raichoudhury and his mother's name was Devaki Devi.

Ambikagiri Raichoudhury was a poet, playwright and patriot all rolled in one. He took part in the Independence Movement for India and was imprisoned by the British for the same. He was the founder of "Oxom Xongrikhini Xobhaa" (Assam Preservation Council) and "Oxom Jaatiyo Mohaaxobhaa" (Assam National Congress).

Ambikagiri Raichoudhury's works include "Tumi", "Kaabyo", "Aahuti", "Joydroth Bodh", "Binaa", "Onubhuti", "Bondoo Ki Sondere", and "Bedonaar Ulkaa". He was also the editor of "Setonaa" and "Dekaa Oxom", two Assamese magazines. Ambikagiri Raichoudhury is known as "Assam Kesari" (The lion of Assam) because of his firebrand nationalist character. He was the President of Assam Sahitya Sabha in 1950.

In 1965 he won the Sahitya Akademi Award.

The Ambikagiri Raichoudhury Award presented by Asam Sahitya Sabha is named after him.

# Geet

Ambikagiri Raichowdhury

# It's The Fire-Lute's Tune

It's no song to soothe weariness of a song of fun  
It merges life and death it's the fire-lute's turn

It is infinite warmth transcending insults and hurts  
It's the rage of fire welling out of the stifled hearts

It's the song of gods' churning the sea for nectar  
It's the drinking of the great poison death itself of conquer

It's the sentiment that sheds all indigence, fear and dearth  
It's that stamp of one form one sap one colour on the earth

It's a dire insult to see humanity faint and surrender  
It's a mission to pound to dust the pride of the oppressor

It's the roar of thunder to wake the sleeping swallow of life  
It's the disciplined march to our rights through struggle and strife

It's the history that witnessed Naranarayan's indignity  
It's the feisty urge to die for life and its totality

It's the strike of cruel pain that seeks to strifle life  
It's the will to humble those who disgrace man's strife

It's to wash away the thousand hurts comes the deluge  
It's the mother's dictate that in death we seek refuge.

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# Ki Lawanu Dila Muk

Ambikagiri Raichowdhury

# Mo`rbina

Ambikagiri Raichowdhury

# Moi Biplovi, Moi Tandovi

Ambikagiri Raichowdhury

# Tumir Pora

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