

Classic Poetry Series

**Hiren Bhattacharyya**  
**- poems -**

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# Hiren Bhattacharyya(1932 -)

Hiren Bhattacharyya (Assamese: হিৰেন ভট্টাচাৰ্য্য) is one of the wellknown poets in Assamese language. He has innumerable publications in Assamese and achieved many prizes and accolades for his poetry. He is known as Hiruda (Assamese: হিৰুদা) among his fans. Prem aru Rodalir Kobi (Poet of Love and Sunshine) (Assamese: প্ৰেম আৰু ৰোদালিৰ কবি) is his another name in the Assamese literature.

## <b> Biography </b>

He was born in Jorhat district at Assam in the year 1932. His father was Late Tirthanath Bhattacharyya and mother was Late Snehalata Bhattacharyya. His father was a jailer.

## <b> Literacy Work </b>

Hiren Bhattacharyya mainly works in the field of Assamese poetry. he has been the editor of several Assamese magazines and newspapers. Some of the magazines are Chitrabon, Monon and Antorik.

## <b> Awards </b>

Bishnu Rava Bota, 1958

Rajaji Puroskar, 1984-85 awarded by Bharatiya Bidya Bhawan

Soviet Desh Neheru Bota, 1987

Sahitya Akademi Award, 1992

Asom Upotyoka Sahitya Bota, (Assam Valley Literary Award) 2000 awarded by Megor Sikhya Nyash

# Ahinor Landscape

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Asomvob Onubad

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Bodhn

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Boshonter Gaan

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# Failure

He is sitting sullenly,  
The pale night on his lap  
Like a child, just dead.

Failure! I know not thy other names  
Thou may be a heap  
Of murky sky.

Who knows, in which part of the sky,  
These pale dim infernos  
Lie slumbering on!

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# Kobir Hator Chhobi

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# Lanchito Surjyo

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# Moon Soaked (Autumn Strophes)

I

Icy autumn winds sway  
In the cradle of dusk  
Like honey bees drunk on orange blossoms.

II

Between the desire and the deferral  
Windswept autumn.

III

Hemonta - the season of heartbreak  
When pregnant paddy fields swell in fragrant prayer.

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# Mor Aru Prithibir

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Mor Bukut Ki Jwale

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Mor Desh

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Mor Ei Shobdobor

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Nagorik

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# October Landscape

I

It's over -  
The orgiastic frenzy of a brutal sky.  
In the restive fields now ripple  
Wave after green wave.

II

The white of the kohua  
Breaks the lull of an inky sky.  
An autumn sky whispers -  
There's a season for every poem.

III

In every crease of descending light  
A revelation.  
With every emotion  
Awakens a word...

[Kohua is a kind of river reed with fluffy white flowers]

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# Plenty

You know

This poet has nothing more

Just this one shirt

Coming apart at the seams

Love also is perhaps like this

Unclothing itself to sate the heart...

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# Prayot Kobir Soronot

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Prithibi Mor Kobita

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Prostabona

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Raudra Kamana

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Sodesh Sokal

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Sonkot Din

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Stobok

Hiren Bhattacharyya



# Thake Buku Juri

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Vogali

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# What Is It That Burns In Me

What is it that burns in me  
That swells  
The agony and ekstecy my heart.

In all my senses  
Hums the tune of your love  
Burns intensely that  
Saturates with ash  
Inside and out of my heart.

Maybe the colloquialism of your love,  
Will incinerate me in a slow pace.

Hiren Bhattacharyya

# Xor Xondhan

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