Hiren Bhattacharyya(1932 -)

Hiren Bhattacharyya (Assamese: ???? ???????????) 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: ?????) among his fans. Prem aru Rodalir Kobi (Poet of Love and Sunshine) (Assamese: ???? ?? ?’?????? ???) 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

Hiren Bhattacharyya
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!

Hiren Bhattacharyya
Kobir Hator Chhobi

Hiren Bhattacharyya
Lanchito Surjyo

Hiren Bhattacharyya
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.

Hiren Bhattacharyya
Mor Aru Prithibir

Hiren Bhattacharyya
Mor Bukut Ki Jwale

Hiren Bhattacharyya
Mor Desh

Hiren Bhattacharyya
Mor Ei Shobdobor

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]

Hiren Bhattacharyya
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...

Hiren Bhattacharyya
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

Hiren Bhattacharyya