

Poetry Series

MINTU DAS
- poems -



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MINTU DAS(04/08/1990)

Mintu Das (Born: 1990 -) is a state award-winning, young eminent Assamese Poet, short story Writer, Essayist, and Literary Critic from North East India. He writes all his poems, short stories, literary critiques, and essays in the Assamese language, which is a regional language of India.

He has been honored with state-level awards and prizes seventeen times for his achievements in state-level poetry competitions and for his self-authored poetry collections. His poems have already been published in national and international journals in English, Hindi and Bengali languages.

Having been engaged in literary pursuits since his school days, Mintu Das has so far published several books. Among his notable works are Ronga Shimulur Rodot, Tez Pora Matit, Tez Aru Ghamor Slogan, Ei Juddhor Xexot, and Kone Jane Jibonor Xothik Khobor.

The major awards received by poet Mintu Das include the Yuva Lekhaok Sanman conferred by Assam Government in 2025, Kabyapran Chujauddin Ahmed Award 2024, Tikendrajit Gogoi Memorial Award 2017, Bandhuchaki Award 2020, Rohini Medhi Poetry Award 2017, and the Chitradhar Thakur Literary Award conferred by the Asam Sahitya Sabha in 2017.

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Gradually I Turn Out To A Human Machine

Mintu Das

In a whirlpool of stiff breathing
My pen remains silent
Fretfulness of trying times all round
The child workers, browbeaten, could not even
Make me weep

Hard actualities of common men
Do not even leave any mark
In the tailor station of my mind
My heart's sandy façade too fails to bear
My spirited words

Gradually I turn out to one of human machines of
Ash-coloured world
Could not I share smiles with my fellow beings
Could not I play with the house sparrows
Gradually I turn out to a dumb man for the dead sun
Showing corroded teeth me in my breathing on my evening walks

A big failure my life is
That is run without fuel
Gradually as if I turn out to a human machine

The mechanical world makes me forget
The helpless folk living on the sandy riverside
It allows me burning while keeping alive
Like the prisoners

A long while
I've not treaded on such a path
The path where blooms countless roses
The path where revolutionary missiles are on the run
A long while
I've not participated

Gradually I turn out to a human machine.

Translated from Assamese by Abhigyan Anurag

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