

ROCK

Original : Assamese : Guna Moran

A rock can be only made smaller
By beating and hitting
Can never be made larger

The rocks are generally homeless
They lay everywhere

Run over by vehicles
Rock do not get flattened
Passer by stamp on it repeatedly
Not even the epidermis is damaged

Struck by hammer
Rocks turn smaller and tinier
Even after that we term it hard and ruthess

Rock for benevolence
Rocks are immortal-never ageing
Because it can turn itself smaller immediately
(benevolent never die)

Time-winning aesthetic is impossible sans sculpture
In every era the rock sculpture stands best
Still we find it hard to accept
The eternal rock is the ever spreading glory of the mankind

Translation : Bibekananda Choudhury

MOTHER

Original:Assamese:Guna Moran

Mother
Bless me to turn into dust
Would stay stuck to both your feet every day

Mother
Bless me to be your teardrops
Would glitter in your eyes in times of joy and sorrow

Mother
Bless me to become air
Would turn lively in your inhalation-exhalation

Mother
Bless me to turn into a tree
Would protect you from sun and rain

Mother
Bless me to remain a baby throughout my life
Would always remain a adored sweetheart in your lap

Mother
Bless me to remain full of laughter always
You'd also smile seeing me laugh

Mother
Bless me to be a yellow metal
Would shine as a star on both your ears

Mother
Bless me to be your best attendant
Would attend to you every moment

Mother
Bless me to become a magician
Would bring you back to life even after death

Mother
Bless me for rebirth
Would take birth as your child
Again and again

Translation : Bibekānanda Choudhury

TIME WILL WRITE HISTORY ON YOU

Origin: Assamese: Guna Moran
(dedicated to all those perished in Corona pandemic)

Time how cruel you are
My devotion is still far tougher than it

Fighting on
I would continue penning
on your bosom
The history of my triumph

You would remain a spectator
To my indomitable entity
You would remain a listener
To my fame and glory
You would turn into history
To carry to my progeny my motto

You would lose on the brink of winning
I would win on the brink of losing

I would stay alive even after dying
You would die even though living

You'd rise again
Like Phoenix from the ashes
Our Progeny would fight again with you
Pages in the
history of triumph would keep added on
countless diyas would blow on my altar

Time how cruel you are
My devotion is still far tougher than it

Fighting on
I would continue penning
on your bosom
The history of my triumph

You just watch

Translation : Bibekānanda Choudhury