

Classic Poetry Series

**Bhaben Barua**  
**- poems -**

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## **Bhaben Barua(27 November 1941 -)**

Bhaben Barua is a poet and a critic. He served as a faculty member of Guwahati University. He edited The Assam Quarterly, The Assam Academic Review and The Research Journal of Guwahati University. He received the Sahitya Akademi award (1979) for Sonali Jahaj, a poetry-collection.

# Hands Of Darkness

The feel of your hands  
Comes like the cold.  
On the asphalt road at night,  
In disjointed bits of song.

The feel of your hands  
Between the teeth of a dog  
Clenched on to a scrap of leather.

In your hands  
The quivering of yellow leaves;  
The sound of glass breaking in the wind,  
In your hands.

The fearful blue notes of the ocean  
Descend, leaning on your hands,  
And roll on to my body.

In the miles of solitude  
Fenced in by barbed wires  
Just the sound of the wind,  
Just the sound of the wind.

In an expanse of blue waters  
Through the breathing of serpents  
In your hands  
Blooms the lotus of deathless sleep

The moonlight glitters  
On the barbed wires.

Bhaben Barua

# Spring

He keeps humming  
on the moments of the midday--  
    hung out on the clothes-lines.

In his bosom  
is an expanse of grass--  
his hummings keep it vibrating.

In his fingers  
are the flames of a green fire :  
they come floating on his hummings.

Far and far off  
treading on the flutes--  
in the winds he stays.  
Further and further  
He goes trembling--  
humming and humming.

[Translated by Lalit Saikia]

Bhaben Barua

# The Voice Of Whiteness

It's the voice of whiteness -- a blue-throated restless silence :  
That's upon the peaks of life, and of death too;  
Found through meaninglessness at intervals -- in lanes and bylanes, over hills  
and mountains.

It comes with the sun and the rains; the human colour added --  
Through the hours, through the seasons -- to the endless, senseless motions of  
nature;  
A rainbow drawn upon the forehead by the sun -- and the rains.

Perhaps, it is what love is or the greenery of conjugality :  
Touches, warmth, the murmur of memories, the pressure of enamoured fingers;  
Perhaps, it is the friendship full of waiting, the blue flute of life.

Perhaps, it's the victorious flashes of the apples crushed upon the teeth of Time;  
The glitter of emptiness filled with broken glasses; the ever-awake wind  
Moving -- through darkness -- over deaths and snows.  
Over the grasses and the scorched fields, over the flowers and pyres --  
Full of a duality -- it's the form of meaning of desire and emtyness.  
Lonely, crowdfull, marked with sweat and blood -- wavy, greyish.  
It's a secret voice coming through the ages, through light and darkness.  
In the villages, in the cities -- amidst the foul vapours, greediness,  
The wildness of the uncivilised -- pained and iron-like it's the voice of  
whiteness...

[Translated by Emdad Ullah ]

Bhaben Barua

# The Weight Of The Lead

Search, search in the bosom of night  
With your hands outstretched  
Those hands where time keeps moving.

Search in the mirrors at daytime  
With your fingers in the reflection of your face;  
Where darkness keeps moving.

All along descending relentlessly  
Is a heavy load of lead.

Your face is dark,  
In your hands is the weight of lead.

[Translated by D. N. Bezboruah]

Bhaben Barua

# The Words

Each word is an angel. Have to  
Find each one in that smoky solitude — where  
An evening drowns in the water — And above the  
Dark forest suddenly is visible the glimmer of a star-studded sky — flapping  
Its wings flies the bird of the night...

Each one has its individual personality, each one has secret goals. Have to  
Find each one in an immobility inside the tremor  
Where time stops in secrecy, and the meaningless mass of things  
Change shape into various stages of meaning

Each one has its designated place, like the planets, in a sky  
And each one is silent observer, as if — of numerous tides  
The waves that line up one after another.

Bhaben Barua

# Tomalokar

Bhaben Barua



# Transparence

Down the very heart  
Of a wide expanse of waters  
Lies a music of transparence  
Of unfathomable sorrows.

Amidst the reeds lie drawn there  
In lines vibrant with hummings  
The transparent sorrows.

Scattered there lie one or two rotten fruits.

Everything becomes transparent in that depth.

Everything gets measured --  
The pressure of hands, the waves of light,  
the speed of darkness...

Underneath the commotions of storms --  
That music of transparence !

Bhaben Barua

# Winter, Cold And Graceful

There's a silent grace mathematical, in each and every bone,  
Like smiles unembodied, in each and every cell,  
The ultimate that has no colour, no sound, no taste or smell.  
The far-off nebula all empty, empty, empty  
Only the blind restlessness of matter through millions of light years;  
Where only heaps of matter way, straight, bent, zigzag, prolonged, angular,  
rounded....

Blind restlessness!  
Upon the peak of the non-living, the first flash of  
Joy of the 'Palash'-  
The commotion of blood-red lives,  
The blood-red voice of seeds in the sun's abode.

Blind restlessness:  
Flowers and fruits on the tip of brush-  
Filled with ambrosia,  
Blood-red smiles rise all over the body,  
The moving passion of youth, its muscular enterprise

O'erflowing the banks-  
Blind restlessness?  
There's a silent grass mathematical,  
The unembodied smiles of matter-  
In our songs too?

Bhaben Barua

# Xeehor Aaloron

Bhaben Barua

# Xossota

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