Poetry Series

Khammoun Phukan - poems -

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Freedom

Sitting on my mausoleum don't enjoy the beauty of an evening sun you might become a diagram on his canvas by an unknown artist

You know it's good not to have a justified ending for all things

Unless

They will die in their dreams.

Where The River Ends

My grandpa's bones are fossilized here.

When my mother was making white tea My grandmother was listening The song of an unsolicited land If there was a war Between the two rivers and for one land.

Why are you telling the story of a dead fish The red river never cries
Still he hears my grandpa's voice
From the grave...
Where the river ends.

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