

DEAR ONES

Pratim Baruah*

*Thick darkness. Inert air.
Mothers bereft of their offspring's
Heave sighs.
(Will their dear ones returns!)
I've put on the garb of silence
There's nothing left for me to utter
(When I get to see faces afloat
Of the dead children in rivers of blood!)
Mothers bereft of their offspring's sob
(The unending streams of tears
Haven't been able to return
The breath of the dear ones!)*

(Translated from Assamese into English by Krishna Dulal Barua)

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