

Debashis Sen

What is now left of you with me
is this small dream address of yours: And your uncoded face,
our long feet trudging through the dust of years,
and our lonely mind interweaving:
your voice ringing through the spaces of me, building
its solitary nest, your bird wings
that had carried me far till time's beautiful confluence
appeared, restricting our further flight through the cosmos:
What is the intimation of the immortality that you had brought
to me?

Which eyes did hold that brimful of your soul substance
as if it were the clay with which I should build my time image
and hold it out again in its refreshed and reborn form
before your shores:

What were you then to me? A small island?
A small dusk through which I had gently inched my way,
hearing all the thirsting bind elegies, hearing
all the lovely falling leaves, hearing the moan of the past?
How do you appear to me now? As an unislanded picture frame?
As a curious keyhole through which I would look at the fraction of
the infinity?

Or are you a living myth upon the palm of my hand,
waiting to be reshaped by my random imagination?
Or are you now just a tiny anchored boat, expecting
idly an unkilld innocence that might still remain
in my big adolescent eyes with their adultish mask?
Whatever it is, I still cannot understand you,
Nor can I explain the perfect contours of your inner body
Behind those jagged rock edges of your temperamental coldness
towards me