

Lacustrine Song



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Jhuma is a fresh graduate in law, bidding time till she can take the final plunge into the world of literature. An alumna of the Symbiosis Law School in Pune, she is a budding lawyer, a sporadic blogger and a poet by choice. She resides in Calcutta.

I am a lake, fathomless,
Bound by land
Just land,
With a dash of green here, ochre there
And a colourblind sailor
On a sinking ship
To trace a lost island.

I am a lake and I follow no uncharted path.
I go around in concentric circles,
I nudge you to play
Will o the wisp with me
On these meaningless waves.
But you insist
In waiting for me
To transform into a beautiful blue sea
Just a beautiful blue sea.

I remember I remember now
Topaz was my stone cold eyes
And azure was my sky.
So I shall become the blue sea tomorrow
And carry the sinking ship in opheliasque motion
To the lost island
And the island of colourblind sailors.

But I am just water you see everywhere
And I am cold,
So when you whisper my name
It warms not my heart.
It steers your path clear of languid sunsets

And opaline twilights,
Castaway longings
And that crumbling burning house of cards
That withstood the zephyr
And lost to the wildfire
Of Kursha and McNally.

So when you whisper your crumpled love
And pale fears into my crystal waves
I promise you empathy to hold hands
And a box of crayons to colour the ship
And an albatross to find land again.

Werewolves

Ah my careless whispers,
Hush now.
My silent prayers and poems
Begin
In earthbound solidarity.

I bore heartbeats
That penetrated
Thickness of walls
And impregnated
Wriggling shadows.
Tell me, tomorrow will my children
Of tangible sweat
Remain faithful unto me
Till death and desolation?

So my naked love,
Find me here
Amidst thick foliages of Eden
And vipers.
Caress me now
And serenade me with a lute
Made of maple and rosewood.
Let us bear deep gashes
Of our futile lovemaking
In agony and in glee,
Of redundant animal instinct.
There is a full moon tonight
Calling upon us
To be werewolves again.

The Tryst

A drowsy film wraps days
 And sun burnt afternoons
 My somnolent gaze fades away
 In the nights to come.
 Away from earth's alertness
 And dreamless walks
 Time builds up like a tombstone
 Around the grave of days long ago.

The hourglass still holds her memories
 Shimmering and sparkling against
 The contour of past and future.
 Now that I am reborn,
 Uncontaminated and untainted
 In rootless nomadic freedom
 I sense her once more,
 In my countless heartbeats.

She took me home once
 When I was a careless stray
 On cobblestones, the urban lights
 On my disfigured nonchalant shadow
 Tracing my forsaken dreams.
 She sheltered me again
 When I was walking silently
 Along an echoing shore
 Where the waves whispered my name.
 She had fed me when I was hungry,
 Ravenous as the next beggar
 Starved of the delicacies of life.
 She washed me, cleaned me
 Till I shone and sparkled
 Like a shimmering dew drop tiara.

We grew together as we inched closer
 Breath by breath, sweat by sweat
 Corps et âme together.

Au revoir! Goodbye we bade
 On the sands of Egypt
 Like the mighty pharaohs bidding adieu
 To golden mornings of desert sands
 With promises of lives beyond
 The seven wonders.