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Love you forever

Atul Chandra Sarkar

Detach a wave from sea,
The glow from glow-worm,
The incandescence from flame,
The fragrance from breeze,
The melody from string,
The thought from mind,
The dream from sleep,
Then ask me to leave you;
I shall, yes, I shall leave you,
A dead leaf, whirling,
On the index finger,
Of a sadistic wind,
Soon to be hauled and piled up,
One upon the other, as,
Unsung soldiers massed,
For common cremation,
By impartial fire; but,
That shall not be my end;
My cold ashes shall mingle,
In the dust that made me;
I shall rise like a sapling,
With the first monsoon kiss,
Moist, cool, rejuvenating;
I shall bloom jasmines,
To cleave to your braid,
To make your moments,
Redolent and whiffy,
Blending in the share of air,
Fate has doled out,
For your breath.