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My House on the Hilltop

Anikendu Ghosh

My house on the hilltop,
Where winds don't blow
It rages.
Where clouds don't pass
It gathers.
Where people don't stock
The birds do.

My house on the hilltop,
Where the garden resides
Maybe, No longer
Or is it ashtray?
Where the doors
And the windows,
Often talk.

My house on the hilltop,
The fireplace so damp
The firewood.
I do not remember the firewood,
Hard dry oaks,
They must have been.
The classic fire smell
With the strong odor of rum.

My house on the hilltop,
The rocking chair still creaks,
And the charpoy is ruined,
And the upholstery stolen.
The carpets remain,
But reeks of marijuana.

My house on the hilltop,
Reminds me of Saturdays.
The mascara smitten eyes
Of Mandara Bai.
I still recollect her embrace.
Also, reminds me of Mondays.
They were no different,
All days of the week.

My house on the hilltop,
The sun, moon and the stars,
So clear,
So was the rainbow,
On some days though.

The stray dogs,
Bikul and Bittu.
They were no longer stray.

My house on the hilltop,
The library rich with literature,
The hockey ground had polo players,
The tin roof always clattering,
The long handled almirahs.

My house on the hilltop,
The ghazals, the raindrops,
I did not understand then.
But I live of it now.

My house on the hilltop,
The admirer's eyes,
The vigilant cries.
All so prolific.
Now silenced, by time,
Or maybe absence of life.

My house on the hilltop,
The only house in the hilltop,
Then.
My house on the hilltop,
The only house on the hilltop,
Now.

My house on the hilltop,
My Mon Repos.