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Tower of Babel Tonight

Debasmita Ganguly

Let us piece together a Tower of Babel tonight

With decaying bricks, worn out asphalt

And the dead weight of the small talk we have.

The slit moon bulging out,

Our crippled scars talk of dreams we barely hold.

Another single inhalation -

Another body dismantled –

The cold sanguine fluid trickles down.

We share loss.

We saw the blur.

The more we proceed, the more torn our road becomes.

Hark!

Lend an ear to the air in motion

A chafed vehemence,

Furore against the grain,

May be a change of scene racing acrossthe clock

"And there shall be signs in the Sun."