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I Held the Seeds

Mrinal Kanti Ghosh

I was just mooning around, so to the Sundarbans-Where the land is torn and stitched by old rivulets-You sent me. I could not hold any tree, I held the seeds You had given me, my lord... I scattered them all over. I saw One Green Land, You smiled on me...
I saw the sun shining, moon walking, earth wheeling And wind blowing. You came into me replacing desires...
Now there are so many trees.