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Disjointed Lines for Maa

Bistirna Barua

In this dark, dingy and silent
Hostel room of mine,
Sometimes, when I wake up early
I try to get back to sleep, forcibly.
For it is only in my dreams
I hear you sing lullabies for me.
Songs without a beginning or an end,
Songs that carry the fragrance
Of you weary body.

Why do I always remember turmeric
When I think of you Maa?
Or is it the fragrance of basil?
At times Maa, I hear your foot steps
In my dreams, I don't see you
But I hear you coming to me;
And I wait for your hand,
To caress the unruly locks on my head.
And the divergent confusions of my soul,
What do I do Maa?
For you are the only respite.
Of my journeyman soul.

Maa, I know I talk to you
Over the phone every day.
But I don't hear your silence.
Those varied silences of yours
That gave me appropriate replies
To my unasked questions.
Maa, sometimes I think;
Did I even deserve you?
For I am a monument of unending faults
And you, an architecture of sublime truth.
In every angelic face I see, I seek you.
Everywhere I go, I find you.
And I know, you are both my search
And my eventual discovery.
Maa, why don't you just bundle me
Like those keys of our home
In some corner of your Saree.
And I promise, if you do
One day, when you will open
That subtle knot, you will
Find a flower blooming, and it will
Remind you of you.

Without you I am a shivering silence
For you are my sheltering light.
Without you days pass, nonchalantly by
And sleep deserts me at night.