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## **The Chime**

**Mrinal Kanti Ghosh**

-The forest is dense though, there is no tree;

Do you want to come with me?

-Are there laurels to wear on my sun hat?

There still is the timber yard where I sat

Last time; fox crossing your road

With feline grace, and toad

Frothing for necrophilia you can see;

Do you want to come with me?

-Are you taking your swim-suit?

-The city is on fire owls hoot,

And fire hoses are being filled

With crystalline water chilled.

You can enjoy Marinism and Puffery;

Do you want to come with me?

-The bear and the squirrel had you seen

At their play? -Hunted the forest had been

And is now haunted...ramshackle.

Rampart around the forest; no maniacal

Animal from outside to tear you.

Snapped out-roots, now tanned, few

Wet and white, polished mahogany chair

To rest your knees, good regional fare

They serve with hot green tea.

Do you want to come with me?

-In the quiet of the grassy afternoon  
To hear the cuckoo is a boon.  
-At the end of the forest there  
Is a cuckoo-clock nailed to a bare  
Log; at every second it does chime  
For all...from both sides Time  
Is looking at us...Too near is the age  
When we can hear only hearse and Marienklage.