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Incarnation

Atul Chandra Sarkar

You peep through frosty panes Of my stanzas, I may not have been able To hold your slippery hand, But your finger-prints Are still fresh on me; Your lingering aroma Enlivens your unseen presence, For me, it's yesterday regained; I recall our vows to cross, All seven seas together, Ripping tides and storms; It's then that I see our dream Capsize mid-sea, in splashes, Thrashes of cold realities; Oars of fantasy Slip out of grip; Our wrecked dream floats With the current: A petty, helpless driftwood, Rushing to unknown destination; My hysteric hand gesticulates, Through heartless waves, My flooded throat Gasps for articulation; It's decibels are weakened, In the rise and fall. Of huge and small waves, Widening the distance between us; You blur out, Into a gaudy horizon; The colors of which, I have borrowed to fill up, The tumblers of words, To compose my memories; You have incarcerated me, In an agonizing confinement; For my deliverance, I have incarnated you In my poems!