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The Borrowed Dream

Tuhin Sengupta

They were playing on the sand
On a speck of dust called earth.
Homeless both- alien on the land
In silent tears their dreams were weaving
New sky and stars.

They sat inert- like wind before storm
Their fancy gave the shapes of homes
Where their souls
Weary worn
can be gone
when decay threatens the world
more and more.

So long before has he seen the drop
Of life`s liquid gold
His dreams were but constant mould
Of blood and sand and dust.

He peopled his space with mighty wars
Where revenge holds the supreme sway
And slashed throats or sharpened swords
One must have on the way.

He put some woman or call bodies
In the dream`s sensual bed.
Food and gold and the she
That is the world that must be
Where enjoyment never fade.

Yet he sensed wastage drip
On every side dark and deep.
Darkness covered the dreaming heart
And empty rage gnawed in it.

She was giving life to hers
A world of flower and of colours
Where sapphire sky gives the rain
Of lily drop on emerald plain .
And in her singing the vision grew
And rosy fragrance constant blew
A cottage in woods
Hurricane hits
Secret under the forest`s care.
When the mighty ancient king
With crashing noise goes tumbling in
And roots knots snap.
Two figures at rest- heart to heart- sharing
Even the selfsame dream.

He frowned and looked at his

Blood had soaked the sky
And he thought blue a better dye.
He looked at his land..
Stone and sand
Cactus land
and thought a rose should be planned

he kicked at his guarded fort
and went whistling to the land
his muse has spun for him
in her sweet motherly dream.