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## **No More Do I A Mermaid Seek**

**Tuhin Sengupta**

A popping head on water surf  
Of moon hit ocean-  
Lonesome region of uncharted seas,  
Immortal young and fair-  
A moment to drown in loveliness-  
When the moon sits high... and...  
Beams fall strange and sweet.  
Drowning...drowning.  
Water clapping like a womb...  
Darkness pure...  
Smelling of sleep, savoury of rest  
Bringing the reddish lips` taste ...  
The adolescent dream, healer of pain  
That shut life gave... i no more dream

No more do i a fairy need  
To meet me in the forest deep  
When noon silences the silence even  
And unseen cicadas` drowsy strain  
And sun hides his face  
Under a mask of vapoury cloud

And under the bush is clammy and soft.  
And soft her skin fair, aglow  
That i may lie and drop  
Like ice thawing into the astral body  
And like the evening coming  
In the wings of last melancholy rays  
On the roof of some haunted deserted fort.  
No more need i dream that again  
The dreams of fancy desire and death.