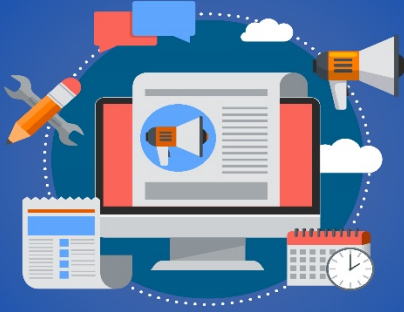


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Brown

Megha Mazumdar
Kolkata, India.

Unstrung hymns and unaided feelings,
Have been served fresh in the cup, today.
I am sitting in an old coffee shop, across the road-
Mapping my way,
Out in the grey highways,
A forest in my mind,
A brown tulip between my favourite pages
Of your favourite book!
And the rain outside,
Served just with affection-
Two caramel cookies.
You never liked your coffee warm.

I spot a grey man,
In his grey suite-
Sipping from his cup,
His eyes on an ochre piece of paper,
Must contain the words of his lady-love,
Who has failed to reach him today.
But has sent a silver mirror,
His eyes rest firm on the glass in his hand,
Must be fishing for the last glance of her face.
I look away-

The rain seems to be chasing my perturbed bunch of thoughts,
The more I try to glee through,
The more I cry-
Looking at failed romances and dismantled minds.
You also cried that day,

Sitting right here, on the seat in my front-
Tears of pretence and judgments,
Fell on the dry, brown petals of the same tulip-

You didn't leave me a mirror,
Nor any other condiments of our company,
But left this book of yours by me,
And the flower within,
Which has taken your tears that evening, and today, mine
I am a dew on your last leaf,
Held along the tensions of your kiss,
Your dead kiss.

Bio:

Megha is currently a student of English Literature, in her third and final year, in AMITY University, Kolkata. She has been extremely enthusiastic about poetry for quite a long time now, her favourite being the trance-romantic poems of John Keats. She doesn't believe in staying biased to any particular language, for which her reach for poetry revolves around various regions and culture, her preference currently being Spanish poetry.