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## Remember the Roses

Megha Mazumdar

Your words haven't let me sleep-  
Pierced more than I had measured  
Un-physical words-  
Words within digits and pixels,  
They don't have a voice.  
There is madness around me,  
I'm watching rough cinemas,  
Inside my comforter,  
On a sultry, summer night-  
With a thick breeze around  
That's ghosting with my smoke.

You're like an ailment,  
Sheltered inside my loins-  
That burns weirdly hot,  
Enough to summon me through its thuds-  
For me to call for help,  
A help from you,  
To away all the scars you've given me.  
You're the ammunition, you're the cure.

We got another night  
To argue, and make love,  
Fiercely, freely, without a sheet on us,  
In the open, in the naked,

The forest, clapping for us-  
When my bare skin touches yours,  
After a fight-  
With our nerves communicating,  
And our thrusts, complementing.  
The moon is in favour,  
Has stricken a flash on  
My favourite part on your skin-  
I fit in you, you fleet in me.  
You're awake in me,  
While my lungs aren't heaving in you-  
This night will be all,  
That you want-  
Me, my long, matte hair,  
My chest against yours, in breaks  
My senses absorbing your sentiments

But to die is to invoke-  
My filaments, you govern.  
Death would be humorous,  
To come without you-  
There's no death,  
If you're not awake in me-  
If you're not awake,  
In me-

**Bio:**

Megha is currently a student of English Literature, pursuing her Master's from St. Xavier's College, Kolkata, India. She has always had a knack for writing and is also a part-time content writer and proofreader. She has been writing poems since her childhood and her major turning point in life have been Keats' trance romantic poems. Megha also takes a keen interest in learning new languages and she's declarant about her fluency in 7 different languages as of now! She also extends her reach to learning about multilingual poetry, her current area of interest being Spanish Imagist poetry.