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## The Escapist

## Sayanti Dey

A blissful dawning it was, I recall; Seasonal birds assembled to intone their carols.

Sweet-scented lavender whispering the summer song; The lad in the backyard blew the foam bubble from the glass straw on.

While watering the Hyacinth mum gifted last spring; Glimpsed, the delicate petals are unhurriedly withering.

Will my secrets wane too; Like that of the Hyacinth's red-blood hue?

Secrets that behold me, waiting to smother with me in the pyre; The darkness that's burning my heart emitting my breath like soot air.

Longed to be an escapist me, Longing to escape the trance of misery.

## About the Author:

Sayanti Dey is 25 years old and is from Kolkata. She holds a Master's Degree in Literature from Vidyasagar University. She has contributed in three anthologies, till date. The author is surely an instinctive poet – she can be often found inebriated by caffeine and stumbling upon the unruly track of words. Readers can call her 'midnight muser' because, when people are at their lowest vitality, she's at her best, scrawling until her brain fogs up and a new dawn breaks.