

AboutUs: http://www.the-criterion.com/about/ Archive: http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/ ContactUs: http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/ EditorialBoard: http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/ Submission: http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/

FAQ: http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/



ISSN 2278-9529 Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal www.galaxyimrj.com



Windows

Sagnik Mukherjee

Everyday,

The sea kisses those termite laden woods

Called windows.

Some of them are opened

Some are not.

In some windows, you can see,

A luscious snake gliding through a bazaar.

In some windows, you can see,

A Night watchman arguing(Did it rain last night?Yes,indeed it did).

In some windows, you can see,

Clothes hanging from ropes.

(Some of them with spots of blood as innocent as the sun).

In some windows, you can see,

The smell of vapours, swirling in a cooking pan,

In some windows, you can see,

Meat filled skeletons grasping for mobile tower,

In some windows, you can see,

Closed windows.



Bio note:

Sagnik Mukherjee lives in the southern suburbs of the city of Kolkata in India. He has done Masters in English from the University of Calcutta, and currently pursuing higher studies, an avid reader from childhood, his works are influenced by eclectic art forms like film, photography and paintings. His poems characterised by psychological imprints made by the human mind as it enters into dialogic relationship with the world.