

And Still

And still
 The swallows have taken their shadows south
 And the geese
 Arriving
 Keep calling, and calling
 As though witness
 To a fresh parting.
 Now
 The months return to this day
 Of promise
 When you cling
 To feeble 'ever and ever'
 Like the wreck
 Of some great ship
 That will,
 You hope,
 Keep you afloat.

Perhaps,
 Even today,
 Old wine shall ease worry
 And the chrysanthemum bush
 Keep me from the ruins of age.
 But
 What if you live
 In the dry bramble tenement
 Of the moment,
 Helpless,
 As the wind in season
 Takes umbrage
 To your wall
 Of small silence?

Shall I sing to myself today?
 Idleness would then have a sound.
 Perhaps
 I will give memories
 That I have made
 But not had
 Their time.
 Perhaps,

Debasish Lahiri. 'And Still'.
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I will take my time today.

Seeing off the year's final day, --
This worm-hole winter,
Cold pimples on the skin of warmth, --
Could be a very long waving.
If I write
Words will break off in sentences.
I want things to stand fast.
So much eludes me today
That I will meet them all
Today
And do
Nothing.

Debasish Lahiri