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’.  
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