

***GWALIOR***

**By Amitabh Mitra**

1

your long unruly hair  
had grown on me  
always  
and on a  
sunny afternoon  
like this  
stretched to a breeze  
i had known its sheen  
rustle  
gentle on your neck  
whispers knitted  
once a silk tapestry  
that stayed  
between our lips  
eyes that caught a day  
only  
sometimes

2

i had gone to see you  
again  
a desolate road had once tied the heart

the wind and dust hid the palace  
a lone watchman told me  
you have left  
doors and window panes shrunk back  
as trees forced its way  
there would be an invasion  
you had always told me  
where have you gone  
where have I gone  
only a breath stood  
waiting  
the clouds tomorrow will accompany  
and summers of endearing  
loving  
would finally rest  
nights and strangertimes  
would take us back  
lonesome  
forever

**3**

today  
the evening has come back  
in its finery  
streets coil back in languor  
i smell an aroma  
like distant footsteps  
lying on a *divan*

behind curtains  
hiding shadows of  
once  
small talk  
once  
tiny kisses  
i wait  
i wait.

4

my nose had  
touched you  
as i uttered  
i love you  
lips that would never leave the crypt  
of a season  
strangely looking  
for another reason  
i let the kites wall the sky  
threads slackened  
pulling the sun far away  
mosque windows  
left a resolute  
eyes closed down slowly on a ruddy  
earth that took over  
us  
as always

5

summers were imprisoned  
outside closed doors  
nights are your shy eyelashes  
left half open  
i had stood reckless  
against the *peepul* tree  
unveiling the wind  
off your face.

**Bio:**

Dr. Amitabh Mitra is a Poet, Artist and a Medical Doctor based at East London, Eastern Cape, South Africa. He heads the Department of Emergency Medicine at Cecilia Makiwane Heritage Hospital in the black township of Mdantsane. Widely published in web and print, Amitabh straddles the world of poetry and art of two nations, India and South Africa. He essentially belongs to Gwalior