

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