

***CURSES***

**By Ananya Chatterjee**

I wish I could undo  
all the hurt, the constant blaze  
of infinite sadness in your gaze  
every time we bid adieu  
Your eyes plead a fresh reply  
A trained silence.. is all they receive  
I wish there was a different truth  
From the one we now believe  
A sweeter reality  
than the one we now share  
But fate has gifted each of us  
a different bane to bear .  
My bolted lips.  
Your unfaltering stare.



***SOLILOQUY OF A DREAM***

I drift and hover from eye to eye  
Searching for a mind  
that would usher me in  
A dustless space where I could softly rest  
Spread my roots and settle for good...

I hunt for sparkles  
underneath calm waters  
For eyes brimming with insanity...  
A futile exercise, all of this..  
Hungry minds are nowhere in sight  
Every eye, comfortably withdrawn  
Where have all the dreamers gone?

***FREEDOM***

I celebrate my freedom  
having won a war or two  
having killed a million or two  
I wear my victory  
for the world to see...  
but ...  
you wonder why  
i can't see you eye to eye  
You are curious of the shadows I cast  
You have no clue  
You will never find  
the horrors that hide  
in the ghettos of my mind  
After all, just one syllable  
divides the victim  
and the victor.

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*AFTERLIFE*

The room smelt of stale tears,  
fresh jasmynes  
Burning incense  
At one corner a few heads were huddled  
Discussing perhaps the lunch menu  
At the other end children played and fought  
A midweek holiday was a bonus for sure  
A young man shifted on his chair  
Stealing a glance at his watch.  
Not everyone could afford a weekday off.  
I found my better half in the other room  
Sifting through my files in a messy cupboard.  
Her familiar fragrance choked me dry.  
But then of course I couldn't cry.  
Someone pointed to my photograph  
The one by the bed  
If that would need a garland too  
She replied with an absentminded glance  
"Not necessary.  
He was never fond of flowers anyway."  
And with that.. She looked away.  
I wished I could negate those words  
I wished our memories would match  
Her memory of me  
My memory of myself  
Why did they have to differ so much.

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They say death hurts  
But trust me, I have learnt  
Regrets hurt way more.

**Bio:**

Ananya Chatterjee is a software professional working for Oracle India Pvt Limited. A gold-medalist in Computer Science from The University Of Calcutta, Ananya has always been passionate about writing verses. She is a trilingual poet and translator in English. She is the author of the Amazon bestseller, *The Poet & His Valentine*, a collection of verses. Another *Soliloquy* is her second book co-authored with poet Shruti Goswami.

Her works have been published as part of the anthology on erotica, *Hot Summer Nights 2014* by Inner Child Press Ltd., USA, as well as, as part of an anthology of Epitaphs, also by Inner Child Press Ltd., USA. Her poems were a part of "Soulful Whispers" - An Anthology of poems from the All India Poetry Competition 2014 By Poetry Society India . She was the winner of the Ekphrasis Poetry Contest at the National Poet's Meet 2015. She has been awarded Certificate of Merit as part of Reuel International Award for Literature, 2015.

Ananya also worked as a translator for the poems by actor and poet Soumitra Chatterjee, published in the book *Forms Within*.

To find out more about her works, please visit [www.ananyachatterjee.com](http://www.ananyachatterjee.com)