

THE GIRL WHO SPOKE TO THE WINDS AND OTHER POEMS

BY Titas Biswas

The girl who spoke to the winds
Woke up one morning,
Strained her ears,
But all she heard was the neighbour's TV blaring,
The passing cars honking out
Owners' exasperation,
The puja pandal's choicest distorted music
And a salad of words that had meaning but meant none.
The girl who shared her secrets with the winds
Lost her way in the afternoon bazaar,
Among the wilted gerberas
Fish with mouths gaping and eyes still,
Flies competing over squashed stray cabbage leaves.
The girl who embraced the winds
Wandered for years,
Lost and forgotten,
Without a name.
Till the day the storm came.
The girl who sang to the winds
Circled back home,
Face covered with dust
And hair wild.
Her eyes now saw open windows
Where there were only walls.

DROWNING

I could have stayed on the shore;
Darkness groping for my feet,
Receding after each violation.
The wet imprint on my skin
Claiming its territory.
Grains of evidence between toes.
Whispers floating in salty air.
Soft voices calling my name.
What chain can bind
A misfit's soul?
I answered...
Disowned by land,
Lives another me:
Catching dewdrops,
Drowning in the sea.

LOSING COUNT

I heard that sunsets made you sad.
It reminded you of bloodshed,
Of happiness diffusing:
That shirt left behind
No longer smelt of her.
One could only watch.
Helpless.
Paralysed.
I wondered if no one told you

About star-gazing under the night sky:

And how even today

Once in a while

Losing count

Teaches us to smile.

Bio

Titas Biswas is a post-graduate in Literature from the University of Calcutta. She enjoys confessional poems, both reading and writing of them. She wishes to join a publishing house in the near future. She also hopes to be a part of the performance poetry scene in Kolkata.