

Abha Das Sarma

Besieged

The car raced past the cobbled road
Silencing the women sweepers delighting in the morning sun
While the hawker continued his baloney in an empty quest to sell.

It was a while before the rickety sounds died
From the passing of a garbage van,
The ragged sunshine seizing the moment burnt each grain of the sand
Sterilizing the land, threatening a return.

The clouds thundered then
And the lightning attempted to break free,
Flashes brightened and vanished shortly,
The air still, the mind anesthetized
Neither betraying the ensuing struggle.

The dark seeping into the light, a family huddled,
Palms spread over the burning coal
As silence returned from the singing bowl,
No smoke or incense rose, only a shrine by the fireside.

A hallucinating world had beguiled her wisdom,
Strangled her breath, morphed the screams,
Laying the enraptured body in depths of her dreams.

Abha Das Sarma is an engineer and management consultant by profession, who enjoys writing the most. Besides having a blog of more than 200 poems, hermy poems have appeared in *Spillwords*, *Verse-Virtual*, *Visual Verse*, *The Ekphrastic Review*, *Sparks of Calliope*, *Trouvaille Review*, *Muddy River Poetry Review* and elsewhere. Having spent her growing up years in small towns of northern India, she currently live in Bengaluru. Find her at <http://dassarmafamily.blogspot.com>),