

Abha Das Sarma – Two Poems

A Romantic Death

When all is alive
I dream a romantic death
Of wishes I made
All I imagined,
A thin line
That shall grow
Into full
Moonlit night that will cool,
Mind and soul
Rest in peace
As the egret flies
From the window seen,
And along the car
A white shadow
Swift in front
The windshield,
Way back from
The birthday
The celebrations
That no more, shall be.

Unbound

Step out, let others reach
Leaving an empty field
Behind
An imagination of the wild
The anecdotes weaved into a life
And festive days,
The music is playing loud
In the mountains, those are seen
Someone is in the kitchen, washing endlessly
With you asleep, next to me
I remember
Life is all that one needs,
For life and happiness
Unbound, as you said
The sounds are comforting
Hammering of stone, running of water
A vehicle approaching

A dumper overturning,
The schlokas in Malayalam
They heal, all the same
And when these fail
There still remain
The mountains
The breeze.

The Vanishing Point In Life

Where we begin
To return
And draw only the past,
Leave an empty horizon
A level
Above the eye;
When the beliefs
Are dropped, and pulled
Forcibly out,
Off the sea
Beyond the vanishing point
With pain and froth;
All we want
Is to leave
The things as they are,
At home, preserved
Or
May be not.

Abha Das Sarma is an Indian writer with a blog of over 200 poems. She has also written several anecdotes as a part of family memoirs. Currently she lives in Bangalore with her scientist husband.