

## **A Conveyance**

The manifestation of my love to you is certainly profound.

As the quandary here is not just about revelation, but fixed with definite schedule and time.

I have always aspired to indulge myself in shaping your yearned world though.

With tears rolling down my face, in the moonlit night, I pray this conveyance may prove a little worthwhile.

## **Frozen Feelings**

It's so lonely here inside me that not even the darkness can penetrate.

My body and soul have stopped confronting each other,

although their silence is similar to a hollow sound in the ear.

I am lying here in the core of an abyss with my eyes beholding the surface.

With this I ask myself, "Is it a mere interment?"

Or a beginning of a traverse to an unending dreary tomb?"

## **Yearned**

Your love is one of the beautiful feelings which made me swim in the ocean of dolour;

It is like a rain shower, which freed me when I was stuck in the sands of oblivion.

I was running behind the shadows of identities which were unreal and temporary.

Eventually, your presence overshadowed them.

When my eyes met your eyes, they created dawn.

The journey with you was filled with flowers and thorns,

Though it eventually kept me buoyant.

The days passed with you are my ultimate memories,

And I will take them along with me when I shall bid my last goodbye.

For people who think there my journey ends,

Just to tell them from here, "it actually begins.

As for those who write must never die  
because their penmanship keeps them always alive.”



**Ifrah Kayenat** is an advocate/activist by profession. She completed her LLB from the Department of Law Calcutta University. She writes on social issues and lives in India.



*The Pangolin Review; Issue 8, January 8, 2019*