The Waterfall

At the waterfall the wind ruffles
the hair of water, shaking off drops
like flakes of dandruff from the head
of a crevice top. How unkempt?
It befits the rugged terrain though,
where sprays of Dionysiac thoughts
get frozen in the cold lake
by the hill like thawing frost.
And under a violet sky
with the air of smoke-like clouds
there flutters with a greenish tinge
purple faith of a violent heart.

**Amit Shankar Saha** is an Assistant Professor in the Department of English at Seacom Skills University. He is also a short story writer and a poet. His articles, stories and poems have appeared in newspapers, magazines, journals and books nationally and internationally like Ann Arbor Review, Harbinger Asylum, Tuck Magazine and I am Not a Silent Poet namely. He has won the Poiesis Award for Excellence in Literature (2015) and Wordweavers Prize (Poetry-2011, Short Story-2014) amongst other awards. He has co-edited a collection of short stories titled Dynami Zois: Life Force and authored a collection of poems titled Balconies of Time.