The Wait

The old ring,

A remembrance for the odd king,

Lost its way amidst the watery depths.

I waited for the lost plant to bear fruits again.

I waited.

The wait lasted an eternity.

The ring came back from the depths of your memory,

And resurfaced on the wrinkles

Of my old skin.

I am still waiting.

For what?

I remember not.

Not anymore.



The Wish

The dried petals

Carried away with them

The sleep deprived soul's

Tiredness.

I waited for you to deflower.

I wish your silence to leave your cloudy bosom

And

Blossom like new leaves
On that cold withered
Stick that once was a rose tree.



The Word

I shot a word through the loop of light.

It whirred and purred,

Somersaulted in my

Frozen dreams,

Melting away the icy silence.

It darkened,

And danced,

On the precipice

Of my shadows.

The ripples of the

Madness

Kept me alive

Awakening me in

Aishwarya Das Gupta is a weaver of words, a dreamer who bleeds ink. She loves to lose her way in the silent alleyways of life. Autumn breathes new life in her and she nurtures dreams of a new spring.

A new dream.

The Pangolin Review; Issue 9, March 8, 2019