

Morning Infant

Morning is still unborn,

Cloudy curtains like crushed Sarees disappear
after the rain,

The sky is now awashed with
hope and innocence,

A row of spotlight nails to the boundary wall,
Stone lamp glows in front of the temple,
removing darkness,

The green leaves,
against the silhouette of trees,
the wilted jasmine sinks, longing for sunlight,

Somewhere a tiny voice crack
the first sound,

Morning has never been such a restless infant.

Whisper Skin

Everything is in order as it should be—
lie down, listen to the wind knocking,

just enough of rain, run across the face
even the wet smell from the umbrella,

Indeed, each door carries its own story,
Each window screams in tiny verses,

I come looking for that tamarind tree
Gently loved by the southern breeze,

Seen earlier, the pond water shimmers
like a silver coin, ever so softly,

The night I fill out in memories,
Silence piling up in the dark corners,

If only, I know the whispers shed
Their skin in my frayed diary pages.

Drunken Breeze

Nights rush in a restless way
as if drinking poison with
a heavy heart,

Thunder rambles, rains pour down
A deep darkness descends slowly,

Hidden are the stars,
The salvation path missing in the cloud wrap,

But the cool eastern breeze
whispering a secret to all ears,

and that very night sadly sails away.

The pool is filled up in one rainfall
Now night birds are ready to set the tunes,
To sing a song on war and war only.

Gopal Lahiri *was born, grew up and lives now in Kolkata, India. He is a bilingual poet, writer, editor, critic and translator and published in Bengali and English language. He has had seven collections of poems in Bengali and eight collections in English and edited one anthology of poems in English.*



The Pangolin Review; Issue 7, 8 November 2018