

Echoes of my Heart

bury me under these
yellow flowers, their beds
will keep me fertile

my flesh shall slowly
grow into tiny buds and
flowers will bloom in the
Spring

I am a Hindu, I cannot be
buried for that can take
away the essence of my
death

I should be burned till my
ashes scatter and reach
the sacred corner of the sky

but will I ever know who
will perform my last rites?

if I am buried under these
yellow flower beds, I will
know deep in my death

that someone has heard
and listened to me and
my wish has been fulfilled

I will grow back on this
Earth as bright yellows
and swing in breeze

what a moment that will
be, what a dream will that
be

voices are heard in living
realms, who will hear mine
on death bed

I am yet to bring my own
progeny, who will in my
death stand by me

In Love with Mountains

are those mountains alive, do
they know that I have come

what I am seeing in minutes
and hours are my lifetime
dreams

the evening brings the mist
and against the grey coloured
valley I see white puffs of
smoke

the eyes dream of a time that
is still ancient to this world,

my heart longs to know do
the mountains feel that I have
come...

and I hear voices,
we sharing the stories of our
cities

and then we are silent, lost
and hungry

wishing for more of what we
are witnessing at the moment

and my heart bleeding to know,
do the mountains sense that I
have come...

*Born and brought up in Kolkata, **Anindita Bose** is inspired by the zeal of her city of joy. She has an interest in psychology, which she believes has connected her closely to universal ideas and human emotions. Her poems and short stories got published in various National and International - Online and Offline Magazines and Anthologies. She is a working professional, currently a high school English teacher in Blue Mountains School, Ooty. Apart from poetry she is involved in story-telling, translation, painting, photography, script-writing and travelling.*

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