Stormy Waters

It’s been years & years, my love,
Since we tread these stormy waters
On a stranded lifeboat
Like a fisherman with a death wish,
Like a reckless drunk driver on snowy lanes.
Tire rolls as your love trolls, on me,
There’s a permanent laceration
With a picturesque scar on my chest,
You have so many sides, uniquely devastating
Like the patterns of a new snowflake.
The two icebergs in your eyes did not
Even sweat when you looked in my fire eyes.
You said we can never be friends
Who keep no secrets from each other
But darling, how do you stay in love
With an acquaintance of a mysterious aura,
With a stranger you don’t find comfort in?
You drink my red wine on a Sunday at a beach
I feel like it’s my blood you are having,
Not literally, but does that even make a difference?
I am calling myself a damsel, and
You a dark knight who leaves me
In these stormy waters every single time.
Barenya Tripathy is more of a literature fanatic than she is a poet or a writer. She is an English Honours student at Delhi University, and currently is in her second year. Beaches and forests are her most loyal sources of inspiration. She believes that she is a time traveller who came from the time when Shakespeare roamed the streets.

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