# Winter Story

It was winter, we shifted home, with our invisible load of walls and roots
we lugged our memories, our half dead souls, from another world ...
here the cold wind slapped us hard, the sun looked bleak
we unpacked our bundles, our eyes groping...stretching across...

we envied, how our neighbours were warm inside their curtained homes
we almost tasted, the smells of hot coffee and toasted bread ...
pouring out from the crevices of their secure doors, seemed shut forever ...
and just three yards away, a dog and a cat cuddled in peace
lifting our hopes for another life … I felt a blob choke my throat ...

and I quickly tried trapping the residual heat in the tight of our clasp...
holding hands, we stepped into the uninhabited space... I felt the walls ...
they exhaled cold vapours of rejection, and we breathed out fog ...
then huddling in the leeside corner, we made a nest ...

father scampered in, holding a kitten by its scuff,with a dog in tow...
he placed the baby on my lap, in a most unassuming way…
on other days, I know, how he dismissed the idea of having pets...
we shifted and squeezed in , and the dog curled up just next to me

and almost at once, our mother did her favouritetwist
her song was a vintage hit, we knew its tune, all by heart
shetwisted and twisted in perfect pace, setting fire to a misty sun...
andvapours of kerosene and boiling tea blended in the air ...
we knew for sure, we have another ballad waiting to be spun …

It's tea-time, father said, and we need to invite our neighbours for sup...

# Loveless

...have you ever been in love, that serious sort?
the type that leaves you totally drained ...
the kind that never lets you be ...
well, that is past ...
it doesn't matter any more ... not imperative like before ...

this fresh sweet thing, this pungent brine surely kills
just any time, and time again, but that's so cool...
this is not the serious pang, that dying throe ...
these throwback-Thursdays come and go, weekends change...
like wishing-words, signs and posts, virtual roses, coloured red
and the premeditated serenade ....
with earphones, hands-free, quick doses of dopamine
varying themes of rendezvous, podcast-moans and shoutcast-shrieks …
quick and brazen signing out before the final kiss
silhouettes and shadows shake in bouts and spasms spill ...
thousand and one nights of changing tales...sins and sinning without guilt...

but do you remember, how I craved to curl up close to you ...?
close enough to merge in purple bonds of wisteria-bliss ....
and how I wished you blotted out this blue of death overpowering me
how I wished your deep canopy shaded the fire you couldn't see...
why didn't you see?
that fire was enough to urge the waning moon to wax again ...

**– Nibedita Sen***

* *Ms. Sen is a poet, an Indian artist and a seafarer. Her work "Black of the Mind" is a series of images forming a stream of consciousness story; and another work "Sea Inside" is a series of sea painting. Her major work, a reflective research comprising of installations, poetry and paintings titled "Gitanjali and Sea Inside: Parallel Journeys" was showcased in India, UK and Argentina. She writes in English and Bengali. Address: Ms. Nibedita Sen, House No.76, Mahipalpur Main Road, New Delhi 110037, India. Email: nibesen@gmail.com*