Reflection

The fragrant bouquets bow in reverence
To the framed silver photograph
Paying obeisance
Like a priest when he chants
Eyes closed, palms joined.
The wreath of flowers,
A meditative amalgam
Encircling the frame, in solemnity,
Homage to a gentle, meditative soul,
A *Yogi*, call him whatever,
Saying it all with his ubiquitous smile.
Misconstrued and misused
He had rejected none,
Forgiving and encompassing
All those who had sought him out.
A solitary pilgrim
On his wondrous pilgrimage
With me, blessed, lying prostrate
A silent griever, a mirror image.

Seclusion

The rocking chair oscillate
Back and forth and back,
Who, she wondered,

Would take over her silent Space
Once when it stops in its track?
Forsaken, forlorn,
In an empty space zone
Her world limited to

The chequered cheerless canvas rocker
Inertia, in a secluded lonely world
Musings and Reminiscences,
Ode to a misty past and

A vacant future
Like a persistent, perennial ache
Her confined world rocked silently
Back and forth and back.

– Rumna Mitra Lala*

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