After Crossing Seven Seas

After crossing seven seas
and thousands of miles
You will touch
the moist morning soil of my city
the rising sun will
get a glimpse of you
my city will soak itself
with your presence
will transform and
never be
the same ever
though I shall
wait till eternity to see you
I will touch the moist morning soil of my city
try to feel the air
for your fragrance
look for your footprints
and write a poem on them
my words will linger forever
in the soul of my city
only you will
not be there to know
the longing of your twin soul.

In This Season of Snow

In this season of snow
and freezy rain
you are my winter song
I wrap myself in you
and walk hand in hand
with life
I have not yet
stacked you
in the museum of memories
I would not be able
to do so ever
your telepathic thoughts
reach me so often
you mingle in all moments
of my days and nights
some souls are inseparable.

– Sangeeta Gupta*

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