

### Read it again

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This is it. The end. Count the seconds, one, two, infinity,  
Hear the rattling of the keys against the door, unlocked  
and asking for forgiveness, love and some more  
Do you even want to try? Or just  
give in like you did yesterday or the day before  
Or any other days before that? You do not have it in you  
To break the monotony of regularity, of symphony,  
You are afraid to be wrong, to be at the receiving end of things.  
You egotistical, arrogant prick. Look at the mirror and abhor, abhor, abhor.  
Have you ever thought about suicide? Do now,  
For the reader in you just died an abnormal death  
When you considered yourself above the author, publisher, editor,  
Everyone  
When you thought that the preface had a typo.  
I bet no one taught you to read twice before calling someone's bluff.  
Read more, child, read more  
Only more words can heal you for you are ruined,  
More words and then some more,  
You need the solace that we call  
Literature

### Catharsis

I want release. Release from the infringements of you.  
So that in you I find another me, unabashed and scattered  
Don't hold me with lies and consummation, or threats  
In a claustrophobia called love, rather demanding ego  
Go, go.  
Into the wild and fire  
to tomorrow  
Misty shrouds shall not part you or your trickery  
You cannot tempt or lure me

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Try it as you will,  
No. I won't budge  
Dreaming of freedom from you, I shall it achieve  
With prowess, shine, confidence and honesty  
For the right is by me  
No, no  
Abuse me more  
So that shackles are loosened  
And independence is born  
Dare me to consume you full  
Dare me, I dare you.  
In a heathen landscape find me life  
Will you?

### Sonnet?

Petrarchan love? Platonism? In vain  
Shakespearean? Spencer-like? Only rhyme  
Since eternity in verse was written  
Octaves and sestets, or musical chime  
Denied courtship? Pathetic fallacy?...  
Iambic pentameter? But futile  
False claims by pseudo poets of fantasy  
All but an attempt to touch the nubile.  
Thereafter in a burlesque I wrote down  
A mockery of this puny, deft genre  
Thus the critics around me will now frown  
For I have no lost love, no 'Lost Lenore'.  
The smirk, however, will shine forever  
Like those one fifty fours fade shall it ne'er