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## Reverie

Shreyashi Chakraborty

Her face bathed in the milky light glowed. The serene eyes betrayed the meandering thoughts, beautifully accenting her wide forehead, the slender bridge of her nose and the delicate hollows of her collar bone. The gentle breeze lifted the loose strands of her messy bun as she rested her hands on the railings of her veranda.

She looked up and stared at the moon teasingly engaged in a game of hide and seeks with the soft feathery clouds. She loved watching the silvery pallor getting shrouded by the white cottony clusters sprinting across the dark sky like the veil concealing a bride's face. Standing in the second floor balcony of her house, she mused over the time when her building was the tallest in the neighborhood and none could disrupt the smooth panoramic view. It is now cluttered by livid masses of concrete and bricks. The one storey modest home opposite her abode has been taken over by a monstrous six storied one. The mango tree has been ripped up, planting garages in its place.

Night descended engulfing every soul, inducing a languorous sweetness in the summer night. Her eyes fell on a lone cat, stealing its way into an unlit kitchen of a house. A solitary man, late for home, shuffled by. A fond smile lit her face as she cherished the last time she met her lover and how they had sat for hours in the coffee shop clasping hands. She could hear the buzzing of air-conditioners, mingled with muffled shrieks of children, strict rebukes of their fathers and the clinking of cutlery in the sinks. One light was put off after another. The surroundings plummeted into silence; a silence that spoke to her and refurbished her tranquility. Her thoughts spiraled from the cavernous gulf of her flaring heart whilst her face remained placid, her eyes vacantly scanning the moon suffused landscape.

Positioned opposite her balcony, in a pitch-black verandah, was another pair of eyes following every movement of her unhurried eyes. He watched her face bathed in the milky light, striving to trail along her path of thoughts. He had come to take his last puff of the day. Resigned he sacrificed it, lest the flicker of his lighter rattles up her reverie. Turning back he went inside, leaving the door open for the gentle gale to lull him to sleep which usually was the work of his last cigarette.