

I Shall Find You Again

Ankita Manna*

Myriad of memories,
The little islands that we have become,
And the synapses which have lost connection,
With ink blots on the page.
The incongruous mutterings, voices that waits to be heard,
It's been long since I've been warm,
The exhausting interplay of memories,
The strange smell of the man beside.
His presence makes me feel your absence,
And the hands that do not know its ways,
Try to clench the spirit,
Failing miserably at each attempt.

It's been long since I've been a free soul,
The clattering on railway tracks,
Wind that brought your smell once,
Have been long forgotten.
The idea of your skin rubbing against mine,
Your breath on my lips,
As the train paces up,
Seems like a distant memory.

As I sit here now,
The smell doesn't seem familiar anymore,
The creases on the bedsheets,
Is starting to fade away.

The unabating struggle,
To picturise you now,
And the half-lost memories,
Leaves me helpless.
It's not me, you must trust,
It's the memories that are responsible,
Maybe I'll find you again, maybe in some other memory,
I shall find you again.

The Water Drips

The water drips
And with every drop,
I remember how I used to be,
Long forgotten lines,
The creased photographs,
In yellow crinkled pages.

Silent prayers and lost verses
For the heretic that I have been;
The last word written,
The austere voice that dictated;
Childhood which pained,
The shuttle that was never played.

Was it all because of me?
Or was it all for me?
I failed to understand,
And turned stoic with each passing day.

The water drips still,
I have lost the count,
Your absence doesn't hurt anymore,
And neither does your presence.

Days when I'm not contemplating,
I'm counting Time backwards,
And trying to figure,
Where it all went wrong.

As the water drips now,
Your voice haunts in a beautiful way,
The nights of supposed culmination,
Doesn't give me hope anymore.

The love-hate relationship,
And the relentless sun,
Amidst all this cosmos,
The water drips still.

**Bio:* I am a post-graduate student of English Literature from Lady Shri Ram College for Women, University of Delhi. Having worked as a writer for Tufts University, USA and also for a production house in Kolkata, I strive to explore the possibilities and push myself beyond the peripheries. I am currently preparing for PhD programme and my areas of interest includes: Diaspora, Trauma and Delineation in the History of Kashmir and Memories from the land.