

## Late

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She lay there with a calm look,  
Not even for once, at the guests her head shook.

They say away has she passed.  
But, how can it happen so fast?

It was just yesterday that she was born  
And today, from the world, away was she torn.

I did know her.  
A soul so crystal clear,  
Never have I met  
Perhaps no more chances will I get.

Has she left me forever?  
A person like me who is not at all clever?  
No, it can't be,  
She cannot abandon me.

Where are you, my dear?  
So long have I been looking for you here and there?

Are you under that table?  
Or in the stable?

Come on, don't hide  
Or you will miss the adventurous ride.

I am in bed  
But no, you are not here, as you said.

I can feel you  
But cannot touch you:

Is it another naughty trick?  
Wait, let me get out my stick.

I am coming with you,  
I am bringing your favourite chicken stew.

I am now by your side,  
Would you still hide?

I am quiet and calm,  
Am having a cold body and an icy palm.

Oh, for that silly smile  
Down and down into this grave did I climb.

Taste some stew,  
Perhaps you will find it new.

They say we are dead.  
This has gone into their head.  
They say we had a poor fate,  
Have placed a word before our names  
“LATE”  
Poor, rugged, old, sad, connected fate  
Alas, we are late...

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**\*Debdatta Banerjee** is currently pursuing her Master’s degree in English Literature and Language from the University of Calcutta and has been a lifelong learner of how works of art mould the mind. When she is not studying, her fields of interests vary from running just for the fun of it, doodling, capturing the beauty around through her lens to reading anything that is not a part of her coursework, mostly romance, historical fiction and fantasy novels. She is very much interested in writings that bring out the indelible marks left by the waging of different wars, especially the ones that show the almost popular theme from a new, different perspective.