

## Love Lost

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Not a matter of ease, but of discomfort-  
To pen down the stories of the creaky rusty bygone;  
To revisit the realm of the sordid ruined landscape,  
Vanished into the fog of endless reminiscences.

Her portrait resurrects memories-  
Memories of agony and excruciating pain;  
For she was an untutored youth; puzzled and distraught,  
Unmindful of the world's crafty ways.

Her outward calm could barely hide  
The inward strife of her tumultuous soul;  
Her eyes were well-versed in furtive glances  
But not contaminated by the burden of her sombre secrets.

An imbecile by choice, looking for solace in a wily universe  
Crippled by devotion, blinded by hopes of unalloyed happiness,  
Failed to agnize the demon disguised as a saviour  
Naive and beguiled, she was obedient to his artful provocations.

His enigmatic smile aroused in her a maddening sensation  
His irresistible charm beguiled her innocuous heart  
His spell , so outrageous and bewitching  
And she was a marionette wirepulled by unbridled passions.

She was drowning in the caverns of self- flagellation,  
Her steps now fast, now lingered slow  
Clouds of gloom often sought refuge  
In the loveliness of her tear-laden eyes.

She bothered no more for her long, dense , dishevelled hair-  
Recounting interminable anecdotes of her libertine soul,  
She weeps ceaselessly the demise of her shattered self,  
What else could be done to eradicate the remaining vestiges of love lost.

Forsaken, she transcended her corporeal existence

Embraced death over failure – and once again,  
In the garden of his treacherous heart, a rose bloomed,  
Lamented it's sad fate and witnessed it's fall.

### **By your touch I am healed**

Oh friend, by your touch I am healed  
You are the sole witness of my cooped existence  
The only spectator of my miseries abound.  
You are not ignorant of the fear and trepidation  
That rush violently to beseege me as the night falls.  
When the gushing wind blows across my face  
Resuscitating the memories of unbridled impulses let loose,  
The scintillation of your shimmering eyes lightens up  
The darkest corners of my heart wherein dwells sadness ineffable.  
That my heart has been mercilessly ravaged  
By the sweet persuasions, concocted by the wily mendacious  
And my mien is swaddled in the canvas of desolation,  
Is not unrevealed to you for nothing escapes your eyes.  
Quick and alarmed, they are deft in the art of scrutiny

They read from the tremors of my lips that which the words can't express.

When the fierce storms turned my world upside down,

My feet stumbled on the rugged terrain and steps faltered,

You held my hand and we walked on the primrose path.

My voice was choked with pain, eyes dimmed with anxious thoughts

But you aroused me of my langour.

You held in your delicate hands the parasol of love

That dispelled the troubles thick and vowed solemnly

To shield my innocuity from the blazing heat of despondencies.

Amidst the flickering secretive shadows

You are the harbinger of light and hope ,

You brought calm to the tempest tossed world of mine,

Alas! oh friend, by your touch I am healed.

### **Bio-Note**

Meghna Roy is a writer and scholar in the field of English Literature. At present, she is working as an Assistant Professor in the Department of English at Bankura Zilla Saradamani Mahila Mahavidyapith, West Bengal. She obtained her M.A degree in English Literature from the University of North Bengal. She has published several Indian and International peer-reviewed journals such as – “The Anti-establishment values in Blake’s art with emphasis on *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*”, “Mysticism: The Glorious Incomprehensible” and “Nature Philosophy in Atwood’s *Surfacing*.”