

Within

~~~ Sikha Sengupta

Old window panes amidst a new city  
I see mothers there,  
Cleaning and seeking  
Seeking a world outside  
Dust, cars, horns and sometimes  
A bit of orange pink skies  
Slow walking through the street lights  
I think of coriander and groceries  
Like a pocket notebook  
Where lost travellers scribble about  
Love as a pretense of poetry  
Sketching emptiness, within.

I see children here  
Mud on one hand, crayons on another  
Birds flying back to nests  
The absurdist piano playing  
Moments beneath afternoons  
Afternoons and evenings.  
I sew threads of a memoir  
Slow breaths, long hymns  
Cathedral in the eye of a stranger  
For *Ephesians* on mundanity  
I carry the clouds of summer  
While there is a knock at my door, within.

I have seen the sketches of a world  
A world where breaths are heavier than hymns,  
I pass by the rain of a winter  
A winter where poetry is warmer than love.

Within,  
Within.

~~~ Sikha Sengupta is a passionate poet whose voice resonates with reasons. She studied Master of Arts in English Literature at Cotton University.