

## Poems

### Shayan Sarkar

#### Blues I

By the river bed,  
wild stones float,  
and far ahead a lonely boat,  
going down a dreamy road  
enchanted!  
Thou eyes of sunset,  
do you know  
the yearning of this heart?  
For its love gone apart?  
Leaving me lying like a stray stone  
dying by the river bed?

## **Blues II**

I will keep this for later.

This loneliness.

This pain.

This unending cycle of thunder and storm  
that reign my heart:

I will let it remain.

Later when I am travelling on a distant train,  
or on some nights of unending rain:  
maybe then, maybe then  
there will be time for  
me and all the rhyme,  
to sit and talk of my life in vain.

## **To Beloved**

I know that you don't think much of me.

But I in my foolish love  
like a wayward dove float  
in the blues of sky,  
for a glimpse of your eye,  
and your ignorance?

Let it be.

For I know that in the distant shores  
where time crumbles to stones,  
thou shall wait for me;  
and I like a wave  
will break upon thee.

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**Shayan Sarkar** lives in West Bengal, India. He has completed his B. Tech from MAKAUT. He writes in Bangla and English.

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