

Advertisements hide my face

Shankha Ghosh*

All alone I wait for you
In the lane I find my place
I think of giving you a glimpse
But advertisements hide my face

I thought I'd signal with my eyes
A simple truth or maybe two
They glitter in the gaudiness
Of advertisements coloured blue

It's hard to tell how one man sees
The other one – with love or scorn?
But oh my exaggerations
But oh the land where I was born

Once my eyes were locked with yours
But now my glances have been sold
The neon creates commodities
Of private stories never told

All the things I meant to say
Are in that lane now, languishing
But my mask, so exhausted,
Dangles from the advertising

(Original: Mukh Dhekey Jaay Biggyaponey, Translated by Arunava Sinha, courtesy: Web)

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*Eminent Bengali poet, critic, essayist. Winner of Jnanpith Award - 2016, Kolkata, India.
