

**A Traveller Called Time**  
**Basudhara Roy\***

Time, yesterday, called at my door,  
a weary traveller seeking refuge;

offering in age-weathered hands  
soiled promises of a forgotten past  
like crumpled notes stiff with disuse.

In a box he brought me  
reminiscences, he said -

the long wait's fulfillment -  
shredded rainbows, patched sunshine,  
discoloured petals, bottled raindrops.

I smiled and showed him  
my trousseau of darkness.

Necklaces threaded  
with broken, misshapen promises  
faithful perfumes of renewed loss.

He evoked culinary nostalgias  
of fiery love-fed days.

I offered him on Betrayal's plate  
scraped up remnants of ash with salt  
and brine water - a rich cobalt.

He hurriedly got up, certain  
that an error had been wrought

And the wrong house taken.  
I urged to assure him it was the right place  
Only its doors now shut forever to Grace.

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