

That Night
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That night
That late night
Just a minute before midnight
The hair on my skull
Raised itself like a wig
It floated in mid-air
Like a grisly flying saucer

That night
That late night
Just a minute before midnight
My skull split open
Like a knifed watermelon
A strange labour surge
Cracked open my bald pate

That night
That late night
Just a minute before midnight
Strange unhinging and heaving within
My skull cracked open
Among the coils and cells inside
There was a cheeky grey cell
That revolved like a trained ballerina

Someone whispered
It's a cerebral stroke
Just before the stroke of midnight
Not a cracked skull
That had split wide open
Stealthily someone stroked the
Crunchy, juicy, red innards
So like a split watermelon
I sank and sank and sank
And then zoomed out of sight
As the world spun around
In a furious tandava
That startled Lord Shiva
As he eyed his dizzily spinning
Cosmic competitor!

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