

BRIGHT MORNING !

Jaydeep Sarangi *

Here it goes—
The scented early sunshine,
From the river and high mountains,
Sweet lines of Victoria Ocampo Aguirre
Or Jorge Luis Borges.
She stops nearby to caress and kiss,
Like the perfumed morning breath
That touches and plays
My timely radiant face,
Awakens me for the day's hard work
In my stuffy suburban den,
Near the vigorous metro railway bridge
Between offices and homes.
Kids and old guys keep guessing
In the overcrowded local trains
From Sealdah Station.

On summer grey and smoggy afternoons;
This morning sunshine is like
Centering Tibeto-Burman languages,
A ferocious lion excavated in Madan Kamdev.
That always revives me and leaves me fresh and fragrant
For all the petty battles of the rusty day.
I slept not even knowing when
Time lifted the curtain.
Poetry dies hard on a summer afternoon
Where life falls flat in a busy metro city.

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