

SOMEONE BEAUTIFUL DROPS WINE

Anamika Debdas

*Towards some glamour this rose will direct
Curtain is there, curtain behind, in curtains
In curtain open not the curtain swear my name
Where I look people see
Where waits my sight
My dream queen I am, yes I am
Poet of beauty, lover of guest
Cloth I will not leave will break
Fear torturer generation gestures or the others
Your face show light
If I take your name will the pigeons accuse me?
Not in concert make you cryful
It is curtained then open curtain
God is graceful looks are overflowing
Colours of sight is spreading
Someone's life is flowing from eyes
Someone is smiling disturbing that way
Punishment taking mad hero it is nature
Torture is popular annoyed face hiding
Your youth is fire
My love is Himalaya's breath
All your false anger will be cooled.*

** Poet, Jamshedpur, Jharkhand*
