

Poetry of a Caterpillar

*Abhijit Mitra**

It's a squaring game by multiplying you with you. We call him Algebra who doesn't know you. Let's say, Geography has blossomed today on Algebra. This is the map where we don't have any abode. There is a door after walking two hundred nautical miles through the pages of Algebra. Opening the door means free sunshine will splatter on us. Before bidding adieu, we shall draw a doe on the door. We won't ask for a waveform every moment, rather we would wait for another eight minute twenty second. Whatsoever time sticks on the skin of our wait, there is another x inside it. That will melt the ice. On every droplet, a slow procession of music. Kneeling down on the road, we'll tune such ice and light. Their tune, their syllable is called youth. On the mirror of a young leaf, I see your every reflection. We are ready to tear down the syllable, the river and the spider-web to get a key upon which we can dream you. A poster size dream on the roof of our bedroom, where a smooth apple is flying toward Sunday. While feeling Geometry of the apple, I'm seeing blues in this autumn, p plus n equal to atom, the pedigree of evening children's park. Evening is kissing my split lips. You have never seen those dry saliva, salt or vowels. Even I've never told you I don't have a lover. On silent language, two single s and a full-stop make two half circles. If you push two such half circles from two corners, do you know, you can write a heart? Or if you can make a similar bridge of fingers, a singular I can become plural? When I look back at my adolescence, my notebooks, I can see all our Tuesdays. I go on spreading the seeds of Tuesdays and find that my pencil wants to be your earpiece. Before budding winter, my files call my graphite an affair. I surrender my nib before you without knowing your Algebra, your Chemistry. Even I've put off all green glasses before drawing one lining of light another lining of light another lining of ice. I feel your breathe on every leaf. You can peel off all my pictures in that waveform. I just want back all my coffee color Tuesdays upon which the droplets of your breast flowed toward April. That water paint was the Morse code of a caterpillar's poetry.

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* West Bengal based writer and poet, co-editor of literary magazine 'Kaurab'.
Email: chithimitra@gmail.com