

When Memory Calls

*Ayan Ghosh**

Under the shades of tree
Leaves care the way
Under the canopy of sky
Clouds cover the bay
Little gestures sometimes
Fill the debts -
If we feel for what
We left
Season only knows the fragrance
What nameless flowers spent
Mark the minds carefully
For you, if they really bent
Memory blinks, passion dues
I count my years upon your hues.

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