

Bittersweet

- Soumi Chakraborty

The stars still watch at night,
and the morning still rises as before
But April is the cruellest month yet.
Memory and desire, stir.
Pools of sorrow and waves of joy
Drift through my mind.
A sense of pleasant ease in the day,
Turns into the darkest evenings of the year.
Yes, it sticks in my heart's deep core
But well, we are made for both joy and woe.

References:

- Rabindranath Tagore: The Last Curtain (15, 16)
- T. S. Elliot: The Burial of the Dead (11, 13)
- The Beatles: Across the Universe (15, 16)
- Elizabeth Barrett Browning: Sonnets from the Portuguese 14: If thou must love me, let it be for nought (16)
- Robert Frost: Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening (18)
- William Blake: The Smile (19)
- William Blake: Joy (16)