

"Bonjour, cinta teman,  
That very dark night  
You realise would  
What a fine morning could  
Await your grand presence."  
She replied them with a smile  
That smile which exposed  
The tiny gap betwixt the incisors.  
The slit always made me laugh  
And as usual received a smack  
On the fragile elbow.  
"Sorry I am  
Forgot again" said she, and rubbed  
That pain with care.

She saw me with respect  
As I could perceive  
I had infatuation  
What caused that unaware was I.  
We talked late in night  
I opened my entire box of woes  
And feelings.  
I don't know if she listened  
But her words passed a cause to cheer.

I had my tenure at here completed  
I told her, even all my friends  
I am not from here,  
Far from here is my home  
And I am a hundred and twenty years old  
They laughed at those lines  
Never believed them true  
I know that's difficult for you to digest too!  
One night disappeared I  
When double hundred completed I  
That became a greatest mystery to solve  
Which remain unsolved  
Till date when I pass near Milky Way  
Remember I -  
Neither she never told me  
Nor said I,  
Bonjour Cinta Teman.

By - Siba Smarak Panigrahi