

Aloof from her, hid my tears
Left alone, she was there
At her house
I was there , near her house.

Light was there , even in the darkest night
Song was there , even in the melancholy sights
The past haunted me,
The present never left me
Future was a distant call.
She had passed those days,
Alone,
For I was with fire.
I was dead for her, but I was alive
In her heart
In my heart

There were mere people
With me
But I would be left alone.
The fires would die out
I would be peeping her
She would be gazing,
But neither of us talk, nor smile
She would be shedding those drops
I have a cloth,
But alas! It's of no use
For I am dead for her
For I am dead for you.

By Siba Smarak Panigrahi