

Welcome

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I welcome my image in the mirror
for I am in need of finding my error
But the image replies that my happy days are gone
and anxiety comes there to make my fun.

The mirror gives me a welcome speech
I am judged with no one to teach.
Oh Life! Give me lessons for I don't want to cry
although my life becomes an excuse and a lie.

My image is shining more brightly
And asking whether I have worked rightly?
My dreams are broken into pieces
and what to do with all these ashes?.

My face darkens the bright rain drops
I witness how the rain awakens the crops.
Just see the cry blue sky at the roof top
and all my faults are caught by the diabolical cop.

I welcome the lonely night and my fears
for I want to cry now loudly to shed poisoned tears.
The fake smile I can't hold back
for I am tired of living in the black.

I welcome the early morning sunshine
and the sun asking me whether I am fine?
He fails to enlighten my heart which continues bleeding
and the mirror offers me no one for stitching .

Now I welcome the death for I want to quit
but feel pity for those who pray for it.
With the morning all these thoughts go miles apart
when I welcome the day which gives me a fresh start.