

SIMON, THE STATION

Arjun Mandal

I ring the bell at Simon.
Only One train a day.
The day is not green here, but the night is not grey.

You got down alone last night with just a overcoat.
Dews started sleeping over the rail.
It's too cold & blue; your face was pale.

My ink dried last night.
Alcohol started bleaching my blood, not the page.
You're retorting yourself whole night, sitting on the bench.

I didn't ask you a single word.
Your mind gently asking for a ticket to lay down.
No smoke & spirit, just to be free like a unicorn.

Yes, a smoke's coming out of your mouth.
It's too humid to capture my subconsciousness.
Your heart's burnt, just a little smoke from ash.

Have you ever walked over the ferny life?
I have and I'm walking to see the next sun.
Surely I will ring the bell at Simon.