

TWO AUTUMNS AT SIMON

Arjun Mandal

Five years ago

Winter was late to come.

Yes, days were green then & night was moonlit.

I saw your cherry lips first time at Simon in a starry night.

You're in a world of oblivion, holding someone very tight.

I was the Fool, I did not ask for the Ticket.

You're as beautiful as first drop of melting snow,

Like the green Highland waiting to kiss Autumn Rainbow,

Like your ring finger allows a dew drop to flow,

.....and like

I remember your days at Simon with red maples.

Your eyes told me your transparency for someone,

But your eyes were like mirror, broken!

A wind started blowing from North.