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.