

ONE DAY

Dedicated to late Kanishka Paul, MD

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One day, there would be a day
when the sun would rise
and drive the mist away
and look at the lost lustre of eyes
that got dissolved into shouts of pain
and some miserable sighs...
It will dry the dry tears...
Get our dreams back, drive away our fears.
Because beneath the masks
of flawless smiles
Dry throats and parched words
with agony resides.
The sky's golden seems pale yellow
But maybe the sun shall get the shine back
And even though the breeze blows a cyclone in our hearts
We hope, maybe one day the sun won't seem so black...

One day the night shall sink beneath the horizon
and leave the sun with us.
While we hope and hold our hands
to get back our lost trust.
One day, destiny would greet
not just situations and our bodies
but our souls too...
Because every day we open our doors
But sun, we can't find you...
Yesterday, one cold night, we heard
the curtains whisper to the wind.
They said that night has bored them
and they wished to dance and sing.
We tucked the curtains back and closed the windows and door
But dear sun, please tell us...
will we get to dance anymore?

You are a source of heat and warmth
But why is it so cold?
Because even though you are so far
you give the false hope of being close.
But as the days trudge on

People say, "See how warm the sun is!"
The weather forecast and the people are wrong
because we don't feel the bliss...
We still wake up and blink in eternal darkness.
Where will we go to celebrate and smile
when we don't feel our best?

As we chant our own prayers
and hope our hearts won't go through another storm...
we wake up again in the darkness and, sun, you are gone...

end.