

## FISH GO DEEP INTO THE POND OF MY MIND

Surabhi Bhattacharjee  
Kolkata (W.B.)

The wild geese have flown, through air  
A fable set down in invisible ink  
you wave your hand at walls of books.

Clock, pen stand, old love letters  
idol of Buddha  
Brecht and Che Guevara  
cranky music from an old record player  
I close my books  
Love looks like a dishevelled nest  
And  
everyday see myself  
sitting an empty,  
picture frames sink, flail and pull back out  
words instead of dust, fall from my papers.  
Such deepness such loneliness  
seem to flow like waves  
words come up to my lips.

Wet leaves float on moss-coloured water  
The wild geese have flown through air  
A fish goes deep into the pond of my mind  
And  
A fable set down in invisible ink  
You wave your hand at walls of books.