

## LET TREES OF JHRARGRAM SING

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It's like green epidemic  
Green turf, green ideas  
Flowing like a rivulet  
Murmuring a green song of hope.

Big Sal trees live with history  
In the roots.  
Red soil allure ideas  
Tourists break out in numbers  
All small lanes lead to a forest  
Green reservoir of words.

The pitch dark sky smiles through the gates  
Of leaves, wondering shadows  
Ragged, rickety, forlorn

Let the moon stay for the rest of the night  
Let me now love.

My molested soft senses in a city  
Living in debris  
One night hotels  
Far away from the forest queen—Jhargram.  
My friends play games,  
I make love with the green.