

Poetry

1.Title: “When you left this house eight years ago...”

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When you left this house eight years ago,

a roister parade of the different versions of me that previously breathed inside of a coffin,
finally felt free to exist.

The aching parts that longed for you to come back,

And hold the three of us together and say “everything’s gonna be alright, I’m here, I’m here,
to stay this time.” wanted to completely forget the memory of the first and the last time you
hugged all of us together.

I remember that time, how your arms were spread around,

trying to gather comfort for us out of the nothingness filled in the air.

Was it even possible for you to stay at all?

maybe you had already left us years ago.

//Maybe you were never here (?) //

You know, life had never been a celebrated canvas of colours for me

often it felt synonymous to a faded screen playing in a loop, displaying pictures tinted in
different shades of darkness.

As if it was presenting to me the distant possibilities of the dreams I knitted every night-
while staring into the void of emotions that had become my only loyal companion when the
world out there told me to simply drink away my sorrows.

I can still vividly recall how five weeks later, I, for the first time, sensed the curtain of the
false hopes falling down – the curtains that dangled around the imaginary spectacle I
fantasized about everyday

I was so afraid; the child-like fear overwhelmed me and subtly attacked my will to
acknowledge what I had always secretly longed for- was finally happening.

// maybe I am just a virago in the battlefield who knows only to fight someone who is
unacquainted with victory and was here only for a memory of the triumph //

eight years have come to pass since I last saw you

I remember giving away your favourite brown-wooden chair that was kept inside. That room
is now filled with coloured furniture with glimmer lightings hung on the wall.

every morning I wake up to comb my hair, not because I need to,

but because I want to

there's a rosy-coloured lens that I now wear;

the canvas -is now an artistic mixture of colours, of not grey or black – but of yellow and
green.

I do sometimes revisit the garden of memories-with flowers and the grass that have been in
the process of drying up since some years. I am sure now that there's a possibility of life even
on the darkest nights.

//the world yearns for the sunshine so much, it has forgotten completely about the existence
of the moon- who has no one looking forward to its arrival//