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MAPPLE DREAMS

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Today I woke up to a pastel hued morning.
Had a platter of mapple dreams for breakfast!
The sunrays stealing its way through the vertical louvers of the
window blinds
Strobed around my room.
The sequins off my dress scattered on the floor
reminded me of our clandestine tryst last night.
The mosaic verses and the innocuous times.
The sudden crescendo of happy hysteria midst our prosaic lives.
Made me compose haptics poesy,
I could prod on somber noons.
The roaring gush of wind shook me up from my ictus.
The concerto of the drizzle broke my slumber and plunged me into
the abyss of reality.
I tumbled headlong.
My body heavy like the tectonic plates
awaited a seismic release.
As the volcano of distress erupted
the hot lava of paranoia ran down my cervix.
Blurring the fabrics of space and dimensions.
The rhetoric of grief gradually gnawed at my mapple dreams.
Am I still your inamorata?
I try to sleep again.
For my dreams are a safer place.





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To Cite the Article: Sen, Debarati. "Mapple Dreams". *Literary Cognizance*, II-4 (March, 2022): 14-15. Web.

