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**TIME'S TENTACLES**

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Time died in this place, trying to find a home far away from home.

A penchant for nostalgia fluttered amidst the crevices where periwinkles bloomed

Reminisce flipped through the pages of my heart

and spoke to the cerulean bosom in metaphorical sighs.

Wearing clouds on my eyelids, I looked for the effaced graffiti on unfinished pages.

Days of la dolce vita plummeted the spiral staircase of the cavernous house.

The coffee stains on the table calendar, the unused kettle in the sink where the cassoulet  
of remembrance brewed

muttered unfinished tales of love, loss, and time's tentacles.

This place was once a happy home

now churned the bricks of loneliness.

My happy place is now a kryptonite

that makes my head dizzy with the migraine of grief.



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**To Cite the Article:** *Sen, Debarati, "Time's Tentacles". Literary Cognizance, III-1 (June, 2022): 22-22. Web.*