



08

THE MAGIC AROMA

Sayani Mukherjee
Chandannagar, India

Between us a shadowy blue,
Cast Of veins and crimson whites-
Whose beauty stands
After digging out.
Then, the fresh smell
Of glistening water rushing forth,
That merges with the divine light.
The whiteness of moss flowers
That sponges out
The malice of earth- soaked passion
And flashes inwards.

The houses wasp with creamy strokes of
Lavender hue,
The beauty that evening promises-
That eyes forth with patience and grit.

The midnight hour
Sprinkled with the mahogany leaves.
A red ribboned hat
Stuck in the afternoon slumps,
Over there the moon bears
Its maiden white halo.

A carcass of smiles
Made the lips a little more of moist.
By the dark alley,
We swooned through
Among lights and hunches of dark mansions
That pass in the flux.



The magic aroma blinded through
A fluttering birds, the feathers
Warm with flux of colours
Trailed towards
The blue green oblivion .

Greatness squares us after
Toppling upside down,
Born amongst the ruins
Birds fly hard,
For the Almighty blesses it
With mighty wings of inspiration.

I profess,
Creative spark is an
Achilles' shield,
A burning paradox
Smudged with bliss and
The mount of the skyline.
With every claps
The petals unfold a little bit more
Then spook in the eternal solace.



This is an Open Access e-Journal Published Under A Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License

To Cite the Article: Mukherjee, Sayani, “The Magic Aroma”. *Literary Cognizance*, III-1 (June, 2022): 17-18. Web.